

Riley's First Ride

(Homily to Mulga Bill)

'Twas Trevor Riley from Larrakeyah
That caught the motorcycling craze.
He turned away the good old station
wagon
That had served him many days.

He dressed himself in biker leather,
Resplendent to be seen.

His wife hurried off to town to buy
him
A shining new machine.

And as he wheeled it through the gate,
With air of lordly pride,

His grinning mates said,
"Hey, Trev, can you ride?"

"See here you blokes," said Riley
From Darwin to Alice Springs,

From Tennant Creek to Broken Hill
There's none can ride like me.

I'm good all round at everything
As everybody knows.
Although I'm not the one to talk,
I hate a man that blows.

But riding is my special gift,
My chiefest sole delight.

Why, just ask McDonald - can he talk?
Or Waters, is he tight?"

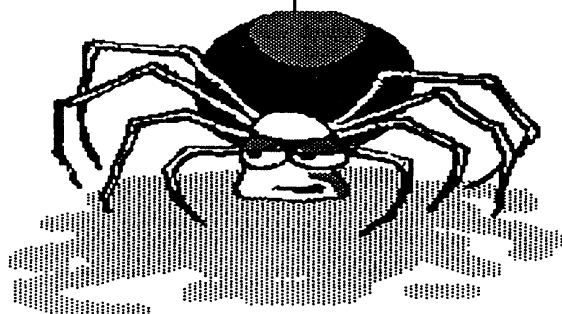
'Twas Trevor Riley from Larrakeyah,
Who sought his own ego,
That perched upon the Gardens Hill,
Beside the Gardens Hill Road.

He turned the Harley down the hill
And mounted for the fray.

But ere he'd gone a dozen yards,
His balance - it gave way.

With a shriek of "Christ, you brute!"
There came the sound of bitumen on
chrome.
For Riley had dropped his brand new
Hog a dozen yards from Bradley's home.

THE SPIDER'S WEB



'Twas Trevor Riley from Larrakeyah
who lay,
Pinned beneath the bike.

It was his yells of "Help me, boys!" that
Brought the blokes from tennis to the
site.

As they lifted up the Harley with Trevor
underneath,
They waited for red-faced Riley
To draw a ruddy breath.

He said, "I've had some narrer shaves
And lively rides before.
I've rode the children's tricycle round
the yard,
For a fifty dollar bet.

But this is the most awful ride
That I've encountered yet".

I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best,
It's shaken all my nerve.

I'll have to be more careful when
I next go out for my Sunday pose."

And now the Harley's safe at rest,
In Riley's big garage.
For it will be some time yet,
Before Trev tames that soft tail
heritage.

(The creator of this ditty has chosen to remain anonymous. However, editorial tongues have been known to loosen upon receipt of bottles of 10-year old Irish single malt whiskey).

Anyone You Know?

Victorian Bar News (Spring 1997) carries an article farewelling High Court Justice Sir Daryl Dawson AC, KBE, CB.

The article contains an anecdote from His Honour's earlier days at the Victorian Bar where he "obtained the acquittal of an Egyptian sailor accused of smuggling drugs consisting of a banned aphrodisiac. His Honour achieved success in that case by pointing out to the jury that the small containers in which the drug had been found bore the inscription 'for elderly gentlemen and those suffering from importance.'"

Where There's Fire, There's a Smoke

Heard the one (true story) about the man who bought himself a box of rare, exotic and presumably expensive cigars and proceeded to insure them against fire?

Having dealt with the cigars in the usual manner, he then claimed against his insurance, blaming a series of small fires for the demise of his bounty.

Needless to say, the insurance company (they're no fools) suggested that he had smoked them and refused to pay out.

Off to court they went and the owner of the ex-cigars won, with the judge ruling that, as the insured had a policy and as the insurance company had insured the cigars against fire without stipulating what sort of fire, the claim was valid.

The insurance company pragmatically chose to pay up the \$15,000 rather than spend potentially more in litigation.

However, before the claimant had managed to wipe the self-satisfied smirk off his face, (in fact, as soon as he cashed the cheque) the insurance company (I said they were no fools) had him arrested on 24 counts of arson.

Using the insurance claim and testimony from the previous case against him, they secured a guilty verdict and a sentence of 24 consecutive one year terms.