

Walking The Dog

Malcolm Johnson had been to Sydney before, and was keen to return so as to renew his relationship with a very attractive girl, whose name I cannot now recall, so for the purpose of the story, I shall name her, in the Aussie tradition, "Sheila".

Sheila had only the one flaw, as was usual back then, the attractive girl always seemed to have a friend who could never 'pull' her own bloke. In the parlance of the day, the 'supernumery' became known as "The Dog."

Now Malcolm, as you can well imagine, was VERY keen to meet his girlfriend and sometime during the course of the day, get down and dirty, which of course wasn't about to happen with the dog having to be looked after. It fell to me to come along on a blind date, to "walk the dog."

Having organised a half day off, Malcolm and I made our way via taxi from Glebe Island, to Circular Quay, and hung around the entrance to the railway station for the girls to arrive. Naturally I had no idea what "The Dog" would look like and if Malcolm had any clue, he wasn't about to fill me in! I was however, informed that "The Dog" had a rich father, and that they lived in the exclusive suburb of Point Piper in the Eastern Suburbs, (which to me at that time meant four fifths of five eighths of bugger all!)

In due course, the girls arrived, and I was shocked and horrified to realise that "The Dog" was not only ugly, but bloody huge to boot! At the tender age of 17 with my 18th birthday just a day or so off, it was exciting to be going out with "an older woman" (she was 21) but I sincerely hoped that we could always meet inside the pictures!

Ah well, I'd told Malcolm that I'd do him a favour, so true to my word, I hung in there.

It soon became evident that Coral, ("The Dog") was indeed from a wealthy family, she had in fact, recently been given a brand new Holden car by her father, sadly it had a bench seat and Coral always asked me to slide along and sit next to her. Another fact that couldn't be denied was that she had taken a shine to your's truly, despite the fact that I made it reasonably obvious that I wasn't keen on walking next to her, or to be seen in public actually holding her hand! I digress.

After a few days "courtship" I was reasonably satisfied that Malcolm had indeed played hide the sausage with Sheila and thus my duties as dog walker were now to be considered as having been fulfilled, and I therefore feigned some mysterious exotic illness the next time Malcolm was to meet Sheila and Coral. Unfortunately I wasn't about to get out of it that easy, and I was mortified to hear one of the AB's on gangway duty shout out into the accommodation, "All hands fall in to rig the heavy lift derrick" A quick shufti down the gangway was enough to confirm that Coral, Sheila and Malcolm were coming aboard!

A party in the 2nd Cook's cabin was soon organised and after a number of bebies, Coral was beginning to look OK to me. I figured that I might as well "have a crack" at her, and invited her around to my cabin.

Of course, no sooner were we in the cabin, with the door locked, than I'd unzipped her dress and she allowed it to fall to the floor. Apart from several layers of formidable looking underwear (well it was the late 60's) it looked as if I might well get me end away!

We climbed into the bottom bunk, and at this point I have to make mention of the sturdiness of the bed frame, how it stood the combined weight I'll never know! The thought did cross my mind though that there could well be a problem with the amount of available space between bunks, should the occasion arise, but that could be sorted later if need be. It was just as well that I wasn't afraid of heights!

So there I was, Coral lying on her back, on the bottom bunk, while I lay alongside on whatever space was left over, undoing her corset with one hand, and holding onto my vantage point with the other – remember, one hand for you, the other for the company!

It wasn't long before I climbed out of the bunk and ripped my gear off. The only things I had on were my socks and a stiffy! I squeezed back on top of Coral, who still had on a large pair of dark blue, cotton bloomers, and the biggest bra I'd ever seen in my life! After a few minutes, the bra was off and her boobs fell to each side, to rest, one under each armpit! Things were definitely looking up in the nooky department despite the fight that she was putting up. I moved to the bottom end of the bunk and grabbed a handful of bloomers, on each side of her thighs. Down I yanked and almost immediately she was yanking back on the middle part. I yanked the passion killers down again, but without her co-operation I doubted I'd be strong enough to get them down as far as her ankles, but the struggle continued, down, up, down up.

Eventually I asked her what was wrong, and she informed me that she was still a virgin, and that she was keen to stay that way until such time as she got married! "Stuff me, girl", I almost screamed in my frustration, "You want to think about giving it way while you still have the option"

There was a deathly silence for perhaps a second or two. I hoped that she was mulling over my tempting offer, perhaps she had, but the result was not the one I'd hoped for.

She rose from the bunk which tried valiantly to return to a straight and even keel, but was forever to remain slightly bowed in the centre, and began to put her clothes back on.

In my mind, I replayed the last couple of minutes of conversation, but for the life of me couldn't understand what I might have said to have given her the shits, but dead set, she had a cob and a half on!

Having dressed, she stormed out of my cabin and after collecting Sheila who Malcolm was right in the middle of, they both stormed ashore, never to be seen again!

The very next day, the whisky in No 5 hatch caught fire, and there were far too many people such as shipping office wallies, Firemen, agents and Insurance brokers around for anyone to be able to smuggle 'guests' aboard.

I'm sure that Malcolm forgave me because no sooner had we arrived in Auckland, than he asked me to "Walk the dog" again for him!

So near, and yet, so far. The story of my life!