

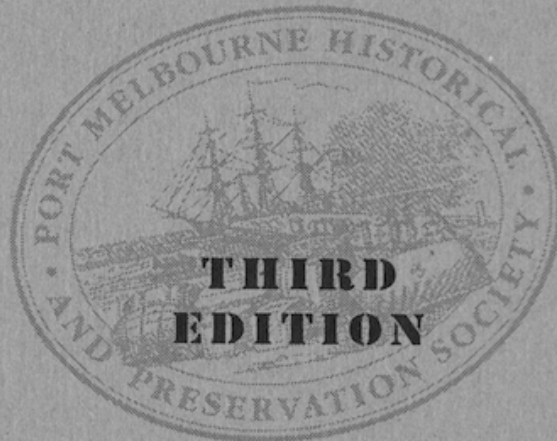
PORT SAYINGS

*What we
heard in Bay Street*

Remember these?

Remember any others?

*Write them down, send them in
to go into our next edition.*



Borough rhyming slang

Dad and Dave - a shave

Mopsy Fraser - a razor (*Port captain/coach, mid 1950s*)

Laurie Dwyer - a liar (*North Melbourne footballer, 1950s/60s*)

Nervous wreck (or, **Gregory Peck**) - a cheque

Pelaco shirt - a squirt (*a revolver*)

Terry Wheeler - a sheila (*Williamstown coach, 1980s*)

Dan McGrew - vomit, or spew

Acker Bilk - the milk

Al Capone - the telephone

Wally Grout - a trout (*former Test Cricketer*)

Molly the Monk - drunk

Noah's Ark - a shark

Holy Ghost - the toast

A Porphory Pearl - a girl

Farmer Giles - piles

Butcher's hook - crook

Dr Spock - clock

Bees and honey - money

Bag of fruit - suit

St Louis Blues - shoes

A Nellie Bly - a fly

Optic nerve - a perve

Plates of meat - feet

Sausage roll - a goal

Dead 'orse - sauce

Rory O'Moore - door

Billy lids - kids

From the Flower Hotel, 1960s

A pig's ear - beer

Also: a 'frothy top' or a 'malt sandwich'

Giddy gout - stout

Red Ned - red wine

C.O.R. 10 - Corio whiskey

(i.e. Commonwealth Oil Refinery 10 Grade)

Also: 'Cec. McKenzie's embalming fluid' (South Melbourne funeral director)

Short arms and deep pockets - reluctant to shout his turn

Port Melbourne goitre - beer gut

And into the toilet bowl:

**A Port Melbourne gargle,
a chunder,
going for the big spit,
the technicolour yawn,
splashing the boots, or
calling out for Bert or Archie.**

After closing time and too late for tea:

**'The only thing I'll get now is hot tongue and cold
shoulder.'**

About driving the car home under the influence:

'I've got to drive, mate, I'm too pissed to walk.'

Footnote:

In the late 1950s there was an advertisement on the radio during football broadcasts on which the announcer would finish by saying *'Noon Pies – in everybody's mouth!'* From the public bar of the Flower would come the chorus, *'Yeah, going down and coming up again!'*

Watzit mean?

A 36 door sedan (or, a 48 cylinder sedan) - *nightsoil cart*

Port Melbourne meals on wheels - *PMCC garbage cart*

Port Melbourne roast dinner - *fish 'n' chips and a bottle of coke*

Port Melbourne cocktail -
mixture of brown shoe polish and methylated spirits

Wheelmeat sandwiches - *made with sliced Strasbourg*

Springvale barbecue - *cremation*

Watering hole - *pub*

Bone orchard - *cemetery*

Coffin nails - *cigarettes*

Necked - *hanged*

Over the line – *past the railway; i.e. west Port Melbourne*

Lavatory pigeons - *blowflies*

Putting out the ashes - *drinking lots of water the morning after*

Dragging the toes - *moving slowly*

Down the road - *sacked from the job*

Pig sty - *police station*

Knuckle sandwich - *punch in the mouth*
(... with sauce - *if it bleeds*)

Outlaws - *in-laws*

Chewit and Spewit - *low class hamburger shop or takeaway*

Agony wagon - *Harbor Trust Port Emergency Service*
ambulance

Webb Dock honeymoon - *courting couples in cars parked*
late at night on vacant land near Webb Dock

Watching the submarine races - *same couples, same cars at*
night, looking out to sea from Garden City foreshore

Broadmeadows divorce - *murdered by spouse*

Po Lice - *Police ('Po' being abbreviation for chamber pot)*

Kerbside Court of Petty Sessions - *summary justice*

Underground mutton - *rabbit*

Having the ears lowered - *haircut*

Devil dodger, or sky pilot - *clergyman*

The House of Stoush - *old West Melbourne Boxing Stadium
in Dudley Street, controlled by John Wren. Destroyed by fire
just before the '56 Olympic Games, rebuilt as Festival Hall.*

Knockometer - *hammer*

Squeeze box - *accordion*

Squawk box - *the wireless*

Legal eagle - *barrister*

Demon - *detective*

Writing a book - *stealing a cheque book and writing
and cashing all the cheques, knowing they will bounce*

The Wife

Trouble and strife

The dreadful bedful

The War Department

Old 'Rigor Mortis'

The Secretary of State for War

Mother

Mum

Of solid build:

'I wouldn't trade her in for quids.
She's warm in winter, shady in summer.'

Of thin build:

'She's like a drover's dog, all skin and bone, but I'll
still renew the licence when it comes with the Rates
Notice.'

The descriptive phrase

More front than Myer's

Game as Ned Kelly

Up at sparrow fart

Set like a jelly

Two-bob toffs

She has everything but snake bite

(woman with many complaints)

Graham Street State School Spelling Champ 19__

(can't even spell their own name right)

All over the place like a mad woman's washing

Buzzing round like a blowfly in a strange dunny

(running in circles getting nowhere)

As miserable as a bastard on Father's Day

Cold as a witch's what-not

Up and down like a bride's nightie (restless)

He couldn't knock a sick moll off a pisspot (couldn't fight)

He couldn't lift the skin of a rice pudding

He couldn't lead a an alcoholic into a bar room

He couldn't organise a chook raffle

He'd pinch the wheat off a blind chook or

he'd pinch the sugar out of your tea

(thief who'd steal anything from anyone)

He'd wade through a river of (*take your choice*), **carrying a bullock on his shoulder**

(someone desperate to get something and not letting anything stand in his way)

Expressions sometimes heard

It all depends on what school you went to.

Spend an hour in the Flower with Watty Power.

All clear says Teddie Freyer.

Bugger the expense! Give the canary another seed.

Fish and visitors smell in three days.

**There are two types of people in this world:
people who come from Port -
and people who wish they did.**

She's putting on the war paint
(applying lipstick, eye shadow, nail polish and rouge)

Be a sport — shop in Port.

You don't have to be dead to be stiff.
(said about a person having bad luck)

Every dog has its day.

You wouldn't have 'sport' if it wasn't for 'port'.

**If it was raining mansions I'd get hit with a Ferntree
Gully dunny.**

We'll have to see the union about this!
(when anything goes wrong - e.g. it's raining)

Anything past Pickles Street is the Outer Darkness.

Thank your mother for the rabbits.

Put your own Port Sayings here

Please send us other sayings you remember:
you can leave them at the Port Melbourne Town Hall,
or post to Box 552, Port Melbourne 3207.

Thanks to those who send additional
contributions for use in this third edition, and to
Les Pont of Frankston in particular.

Produced by the Port Melbourne Historical and
Preservation Society

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