

FROM WHERE I SIT

JOHN COONEY

How Do You Doo-oo-oo?

Several years ago, as my children (one by one) were getting their own cars, I allowed myself to believe I would no longer have to cart kids around in mine. But, as my family keep reminding me, “*Wrong again, Dad!*” Before I could even taste the pleasures of child-free travel, along came our grandkids ...

I hardly get to go anywhere these days without at least one such little person in tow – wriggling out of his seatbelt ... locking and unlocking doors ... asking “Are we there yet?” ... smearing icecream on my windows ... kicking the back of my seat ... fiddling with my stereo ... busting to go to the toilet ... sobbing uncontrollably ... and sometimes bouncing balls off my head while I’m trying to drive.

I had two of them with me a while back. Brothers. Sitting in the back seat. Fighting. And the youngest one ended up in tears. Do you know why? *Because his big brother would not stop looking out his window!*

Is it any wonder I get migraines?

I mean, take the other week for example. My wife and I had a five-year-old with us. A good kid, mostly, who has never once vomited in my car, like other kids have. But it was a long trip. And we’d all grown tired of “*I spy with my little eye ...*” So in an effort to distract him, I suggested we do some singing.



GOD, GIVE ME PATIENCE, AND I MEAN RIGHT NOW.

“What’s your favourite song?” I asked, helpfully.

And can you believe this: the only song he wanted to sing was the Warehouse jingle – THE WAREHOUSE JINGLE!

So that’s what we ended up singing (heaven help us) for the next 80 kilometres!

Which reminds me ... You know how good tunes are catchy? You know how

you'll hear a good tune – and, for hours afterwards, you'll be humming it, singing it, whistling it over and over? You know how sometimes you'll wake up the next day with it still replaying, again and again, in your subconscious? And you simply can't get that tune out of your mind?

Well, I discovered last year that it doesn't just happen with GOOD tunes: it happens with DUMB tunes, too. And, thanks to another of my grandchildren, there's a very dumb tune that still goes round and round in my brain like a stuck record.

I won't sing it, because the same thing will happen to you. And then you'll hate me. But the words of this song speak for themselves:

We are the Hooley Dooleys

And how do you do?

We are the Hooley Dooleys

And who are you?

We are the Hooley Dooleys,

Hooley Dooleys, Hooley Dooleys –

How do you doo-oo-oo?

These pointless lyrics are sung repeatedly by three mental Australians on a video which my pre-school grandson watched at least 13,000 times last year.

As these men keep saying, they are the Hooley Dooleys. For 50 embarrassing minutes, they sing and dance and shout and jump and flap their arms and pull stupid faces and fall over each other and look totally insane!

They are the Hooley Dooleys. They're morons. And they should be banned forever from our TV screens.

But that'll never happen. Why? Because my grandson LOVES the Hooley Dooleys! He knows all their songs, word for word.

And guess what?

So do I ... *aarrgghh!*



JOHN COONEY, GRAPEVINE'S FOUNDER & EDITOR, IS A CONNOISSEUR OF FINE MUSIC. IN FACT, HE COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF WHISTLERS. "I ONCE TAUGHT MYSELF TO WHISTLE BY SUCKING IN AS WELL AS BLOWING OUT!"

THORT



**"Fishing is boring,
unless you catch an
actual fish, and then
it's disgusting!"**

(Dave Barry)