

*Updated:*

George Cole handed me a note, and did declare,  
 It was time to gather, and a drink to share.  
 Summoned by our commander in Chief,  
 A chance to socialise, drink, and get some relief.  
 An interesting part on the note, what could it be?  
 Were the typed letters, A. E. M. S. C .  
 An acronym of sorts, its for us to rearrange,  
 Like, Australia's Eminent Men's Society for Change,  
 Or is it Alert, Enthusiastic, Masterful, Successful Chaps?  
 Does it mean something else? Well maybe, perhaps!  
 What's that said Donny, I'll give you the rub,  
 It means Austinmer Early Morning Swimming Club!

At this gathering, said George, will you be a sport,  
 Produce a poem to give members, an up to date report.  
 Well what could I do? When I was asked so nice,  
 Except to comply and write this poem without advice.  
 The early morning swimmers are such a hardy crew,  
 Mainly men, but of women there are now a few.  
 Lets talk about the Women, the Her and not him,  
 There's Sue, Myree and Lilli all come for a swim,  
 Elaine, Penny and Bernadette do it before heading off to work,  
 There's Sandra, Ceri, Fay and we can't leave out Judy Bourke.  
 Why do they do it? Well, it's a secret you must keep,  
 They believe its better swimming, then to lay in bed asleep

Now change was in store, our council did preach,  
 Improvements are needed down at Austinmer beach.  
 Due to corrosion we need to renew the storm water drain,  
 To allow all rubbish to enter the pool, washed in by the rain.  
 They started in February, so it would be ready for next season,  
 They were wrong! As they usually are, for no apparent reason.  
 Access to the pool was difficult after installation of a fence.  
 They never considered the brilliance of the ones, thought so dense.  
 There were many attempts to ease our walk to the pool,  
 Some seemed to be by children who never went to school.  
 Each effort appeared as dangerous as the last,  
 Until a voice said, " I know what to do, I'll fix it fast".



In the darkness, nothing was thought to be madder.  
Then to see John Mercer, put in place his ladder,  
Utilising a Dolphin torch held by human hand,  
Illuminating all the steps, till we reached the sand.  
Once finished our swimming, this procedure was reversed,  
The ladder removed, and those left behind began to curse.  
This was a shortcut to avoid the bighting wind,  
The alternative, to walk the road and beach to get in.  
What was thought a problem had been overcome,  
Though the purists would say " it didn't please some"!  
To upset the swimmers, what else could our Council do,  
They were determined to make it hard for the swimming crew.

Paving in front of the clubhouse and around the trees,  
Was next in line, and done just to please.  
Council closed access to the toilets, putting on a temporary door,  
This was done just so they could recoat the floor.  
The workers installed new cut out showers in the shed,  
They should have given us, hot water instead.  
Though the out door shower with pipes set in concrete,  
Absorbed solar power providing warm water from head to feet.  
New lights to illuminate the pool, stairs leading to the sand,  
Finished with stainless steel rails, on which to run our hand.

They clean the pool of sand, removing each last grain,  
Depositing it nearby, so it gets washed back in again.  
Council finally finished the building of the drain,  
And just in time to take the winters rain.  
To make the job look better, or to make it completed,  
They laid the turf, installed some bins, a place to be seated.  
To the toilet, the cleaner has his private road,  
Using it each morning to clean the vagrants abode.  
The job is now finished, it was given a touch of class,  
When all the dirt was covered over with newly laid grass.

A blackboard has been added, causing some frustration,  
As well as swimming, we now get an education.  
George writes his questions for all of us to see,  
Well I never get the answer right, well bugger me!  
Birthdays, sunrise, date, water temp, tides high and low,  
It's all included on the board, to keep us in the know.  
Of what we subjected ourselves to the day before,  
We find this information, brings us back for more.  
Well I've filled you in and brought you up to date,  
It's time for me to finish, have a happy Christmas mate.  
Wait there is,..... just one more thing,  
I think it's Peter Wren, I hear he's going to sing.

Another Roscoe original 11/08.

by

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