2009

2009 A.E.M.S.C. UPDATE:

The large sign went up, just to let us know,
It was time to gather and have another show.
Christmas time was getting near, it's an important date,
To come together and have a drink, with your mate.
An update would be required, to fill our members in;
Said George smiling, ...with his usual grin.
Can you do it again? Remind them what took place,
Certainly I said. It was worth the look on his face.
Where is it going to be? Was a question without snub,
Well, after last year, we thought we'd try the Surf club.

Has it really been a year since I stood here on the brink,
Relating what had happened, whilst sipping on my drink.
Well the time has gone quickly, don't you all agree,
For those of us who choose to swim beside the sea.
I mentioned George's blackboard, the questions he did ask,
Answering them, ...was sometimes quite a task.
While on that topic, allow me to have some dissention,
Its about a question he asked, that deserves a mention.
Who was Florence Taylor? the board so starkly said,
My aunty, was the answer that reeled from my head.
Not so said George, she was the first female architect,
Not only was I wrong, my day had been wrecked.

Anyway that's beside the point, I want you all to listen,
Of what's happened in the last year, let me fill you in.
Completing all the drainage work the place looked a sight,
The area was illuminated with a brand new light.
The pools been cleaned, they left behind some sand,
If we don't supervise, maybe we should lend a hand.
The cleaner has been and hosed out the shed,
All done while others are laying in their bed.
Michael White, one of the first to arrive,
Running on the beach in winter, knows he's alive.

That new light showing up the pool, was such a boon,
It seemed to disappear, around the middle of June.
Unsure if it was stolen, we didn't have a clue,
Finally learning council removed it, without much ado!
This was also the month we lost a dear old friend,
Accompanied by his master, he hung on to the end.
He had been crook for a while and didn't last that long,
His most endearing habit, was to join you in song.
No more will we hear him, singing from the ledge,
We will all fondly remember, ...dear old Reg.

Bernie and Hugo both headed overseas,
For rest and relaxation or to do as they please.
Where did they go? Trekking in Nepal?
Or off to China..... to do the wall,
No! it was off to Spain to do the Pilgrims Walk,
A joint decision,.... done without talk.
On his return Bernie declared it not a walk but a trek,
And after five weeks at it, "I'm a bloody wreck."
Hugo when asked, couldn't make up his mind,
Though his comments , compared to Bernie's, were kind.

John McNamara went OS later in the year,
Taking wife and family, he holds so dear.
He did Des Champs Ely sees and the Eiffel Tower,
Fine weather forecast, he got drenched in the shower.
Frank chasing his family roots, to Ireland he went,
Included Morocco, Italy and France before his money was spent.
He visited the Louvre, to see paintings by Picasso, and Renoir,
Pollock, & Devinci, though the Frank Nolan, was best by far.
If your looking to see Hussain come through that door,
You can forget it,..... he's having a week in Singapore.

Early morning swimming is a matter for debate,
As some swimmers come early, others come late.
Some have a ritual, arriving daily at the same time,
Others adjust to the light, when from the bed they climb.
In winter we can see the same, regular team,
While in bed others sleep, ...lay and dream.
Come the warmer weather, winter dreamers engulf the pool,
Making it harder for us regulars, who remain calm and cool.
Now George Cole, and I want you all to remember,
He made his first appearance on the 21st of September.

Remembering September's "red Wednesday" surely is a must,
When the sun didn't shine, the skies were filled with dust.
It had come across Australia to hinder us out here,
It was late in the afternoon, before the skies did clear.
A special Mercury feature of our sometimes hardy band,
Kirk Gilmour with his camera, was seen to be on hand.
A single page of pictures, of the swimming clubs elite,
Those who saw the photo's really got a treat.
They also showed the official temperature recording tool,
The blackboard, the temperature @ 12.7, it was bloody cool.

Speaking of the notice board and the questions they ask,
Has now become a job for two, making it a dual task.
Garry Elliott has linked with Brian Cummins to do the job,
To answers some of the questions one would have to be a snob.
The shortest sentence? the answer given, was sorry.
What about no, me, or I. ...I'll kill them with me lorry.
The one question they still have to ask, of him,
Is weather Jan and Elaine have had their first swim?
Though the rumour has it, they hit the deep end of the pool,
Climbing out they said, "see you in January when its not so cool.

Sydney, Australia hosted the world masters game,
A few of our club went to compete, in search of fame.
The reason for competition, was to show, they were not old,
One member just missing bronze, the other scored a gold.
It was early in October, just after daylight saving,
Something happened, that had the swimmers raving.
No longer were we swimming in the pool in the dark,
John Mercer organised illumination, enough to light a park.
For this we are grateful, and John we truly thank,
Though, I'm still not sure it's just a council prank!

Last Christmas morn' we gathered, as we always do,
Respectful salutations between the morning crew.
Imbibing at that time with a beer or a glass of wine,
Doing what we usually do..... and that is fine.
Photographs are taken by many, that's for sure.
One of them appearing in the Mercury, on page four.
Showing the early morning swimmers, a sight so grand,
Spilling from the pathway out onto the sand.
The photo was accompanied by a story, its true,
But came under the caption of "Woody and his crew".

This just about covers, what happened through the year,
Many good times, tinged with a few to bring a tear.
Its plain to see, that swimming here at 'Austi' pool,
You can learn more, then what you did at school.
George Cole, the leader of the ladies and the men,
Has been successful in getting us together again.
He changed the destination, with a different venue,
With his saying "it is always good to try something new."
I'm sure you will all agree, this venue we will keep,
As long as the catering, is done by Mrs Zweep!
Lets raise our glass and here's good cheer,
To a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Another Roscoe original 11/09