

REUNION

The silent mist embraced the flowing Ouse,
The swans were gliding swiftly mid the gloom,
The quiet market town of Old St Ives,
Now peaceful - yet to be awakened soon.

A sudden rush, my God here come the Yanks!
Flown-in from frantic places far and wide,
To bed themselves secure in Dolphin Inn,
What could the peaceful townsfolk do to hide?

And if this in itself was not enough,
Some Bloody Brits are also on the scene,
They fill the bar with jokes and trivial talk,
They're ancient, vague, forgetful, keen and lean.

What a group - an upright, dogged crowd,
A crowd some large, some little, and some tall,
A crowd renown - to set the place alight,
Their mil-it-ary bearing says it all!

"Why are they here"? The local folk all cry
"Why are we now so toughly put upon?
There's desserts large in Kalahari plains,
Where they could hold their trite reunion."

Undaunted, the attendees soldier on,
"A fig for your complaints", in chorus cry,
"There's Happy Hour tonight and more to come,
You'd better place your ear-plugs on standby"!

The jokes are told, and then told once again,
As 'mem-or-y' is not their strongest suit,
Some yarns are bawdy - all are very old,
A few are witty; most are less than cute.

Who are these stalwarts? do I hear you cry?
Such names to put the absent mind at rest,
To set the backers loudly to acclaim,
"Well sir - they are a pick from all the best."

There's Ron and Barbara, Al and Penny too,
Don and Debra, Lidia and Jim,
Wes and Myna - Linda here with John,
Jerry and Jackie - full of verve and vim.

Our Sandra bought along [her driver] John,
And Pam just tolerated nuisance Geoff,
Mike and Shirley there with Chris and Dave,
And all could see - but several of them deaf.

Clifford, from up-north, was there with Jean,
And smiling Ken had Gayna close beside,
Jerry H was voted as next host,
In San Francisco - cable cars to ride.

Eclectic group we were in Old Saint Ives,
With merriment to make old Cromwell frown,
The trips to make and lots of booze to take,
And nothing much to get the troops all down.

First we went to Wyton on the hill,
Where recce jocks and bomber pilots flew,
And now the home to JARIC - newly named,
A fusion centre – manned by expert crew.

Anglesey Abbey north of Cambridge stands,
And there we walked the gardens with a guide,
Some did wander back and through the shop,
Others spent a little time inside.

Return to Dolphin Inn for Happy Hour,
The stalwarts drinking lager, beer or ale,
And dinner came for some just all too soon,
By then we're looking several shades of pale.

The trip to Ely Isle was next to come,
The large Cathedral looking grand and old,
It took two hundred years or more to build,
In Tudor times some statues soon got sold.

Duxford did provide a worthy tour,
The large museums housing many planes,
And Winco Joe's providing trencher's grub,
The visit end - not welcomed when it came.

We supped and all retired to the bar,
To hear an aged Scotsman do his talk,
And then the jokes all poured out once again,
We laughed so much we felt we couldn't walk.

So sad, on Sunday morn 'twas time to leave,
To say farewell and purse a proffered kiss,
We'll see y'all in town with Golden Gate,
This venue never one for us to miss.

It's thanks to Sandra fair and our big John,
The org was great and visits were just swell,
A challenge now to meet - for Jerry H,
Will all be there? Well who on earth can tell?

Willy C