

## PLYMOUTH

'To Plymouth this year,' says Peter Piller,  
'In June the journey won't be a killer.'  
Oh dear, oh dear, look on the web page,  
It gets some people in a terrible rage.  
Ho, Hoe, it seems a step too far  
For some to cross the wide Tamar.  
Never mind, by car, train and ferry  
Plymouth bound, we'll all be merry.  
Dear Lois, in her diplomatic way  
Smooths all before her, calms the day.  
Bang Drake's drum, to the Hoe we are bound  
And drop the moaners in Plymouth Sound.

Well, here's a first, a honeymoon  
Jim and Cheryl in a swoon.  
Prince Rupert's magic works again,  
Never mind the wind and rain.  
Then Jenny and Tony, what a saga  
Glowing together like an Aga.  
A fine romance, well worth tending,  
What a lovely happy ending.  
And here's to all those lucky pairs  
Who meet again on hotel stairs.  
For some there is a second chance  
At the great Reunion dance.

The table plan worked like a treat  
Barbara's efforts – what a feat!  
It takes some Steel to sort this out,  
Memorabilia, too, without a doubt.  
To say the least, ain't she a star,  
This girl will certainly go far.  
Our author wends his way through tables  
With anecdotes and lists and labels.  
His photographic memory excelling  
And tales he is forever (re)telling.  
A true recorder of the times,  
A Wilhelmshaven nut, John Simes.