



MANLY MASTERS SWIMMING

A HISTORY OF

THE MANLY MASTERS SWIMMING CLUB

Established **1975**

Members Memoires

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Contribution from Dianne Thomas. [Dianne was a member from 1991-2000. She contributed to the life of the club through her fund-raising and social activity work.] These are her memories of Manly Masters

MY LIFE IN THE 'DUMMY' LANE

Around about 30 years ago our dear neighbours (Jan and John Dessaix) talked me into going along to Wednesday night swimming.

Little did I know this would be the beginning of many years of great fun and lifelong friendships.

I guess that first night I spent most of the time hiding in the corner of the lane looking a bit like a beached whale and hoping to heck no one would notice me.

By the second week, with lots of encouragement, I managed to swim 2 laps. Hooray.

Having mastered 2 laps I was now ready for Saturday morning swimming. Oh how my life changed .

Once again I crouched in the corner of the first lane hoping I was invisible to all.

Imagine thinking like that when the 'then unknown to me' Liz Wallis was lurking pool side. OH DEAR

'Come along now Di, you can do it'. I wish I had a dollar for each time I heard those words over the ensuing years.

Nevertheless I was finally coaxed out of that corner and by the end of the session had managed to swim four laps. I was extremely proud of myself and Liz had herself a new challenge. This was to be the beginning of the 'Dummy Lane' so named by myself.

Over the years, to be a member of the 'dummy lane' was very prestigious (at least by those who swam in it) and was closely guarded by all. Strangely, some managed to stay there longer than others. Not mentioning names of course.

Poor Liz. I think I gave her more grey hairs than she deserved.

I will never forget the look on her face when I told her I was planning to swim the 400 AND the 800 at our carnival and asked her nicely what I needed to do to achieve my goal. Lots of hard work Di, but, you can do it.

O.M.G. imagine someone from the Dummy lane even thinking of attempting such a feat. Many laps and lots of hard work later the miracle was achieved, be it ever so slow. Thank you, Liz.

Weekend meets at home and away become a way of life. If we were not training at the Diggers we were off to all sorts of places that I am sure I would never have seen if it were not for good old Manly Masters.



Life with Manly Masters left me with many incredible memories.....

1993 DARWIN NATIONALS

How funny, when the air conditioning in one of the very, very old ex army vehicles we were travelling in gave up the ghost and started leaking everywhere. We each had to take turns in chewing gum in order to block up the annoying leak.

Not only did we run out of petrol in the middle of nowhere in scorching heat, the next day we were blessed with a flat tyre, once again in the middle of nowhere in scorching heat. Would you believe we spent the hours waiting for petrol to arrive from the nearest town by seeing who could tear a minty paper into the longest strip HOW SAD.

Our trip was topped off with surprise champagne and cheese at Ayres Rock at sunset, a truly wonderful experience. Thanks you Liz, Barry, Elaine and John.

997 PAN PAC MASTERS, MAUI

Each morning we walked to the pool snacking on mangos picked up from under the trees along the way.

The incredible friendship of teams at this meet from around the world was amazing. The Brazilians became our 'besties', their lovely coach insisting we have his recipe for making spaghetti. Mind you we could hardly understand a word he said BUT the spaghetti turned out GREAT.

By the end of our trip I think we knew every Mai Tai bar on the strip AND every shopping outlet. Credit cards were maxed out especially that belonging to a certain hairdresser.

The most amazing thing was actually being in America for the 4th July celebrations. Waikiki beach was buzzing with aircraft through the day and we spent the evening at a wonderful restaurant overlooking Pearl Harbour and the Hooters barge. Of course there were more Mai Tais

2002 FINA WORLD MASTERS, CHRISTCHURCH

Golly, things get pretty serious at these World Masters dos; too serious for yours truly.

My first event was 50 free. I dived into the pool and half way down came up against the dreaded 'hidden wall' and virtually stopped dead (Oops Liz had not warned me about this)

I then decided that it was my place in this very competitive swimming world to come last in order that all those 'fasties' could come first. Very kind of me I thought.

We are now nearing the end of 2014 and I am still in touch with all my friends from good old Manly Masters.

Truly a life of Fun and Friendship (not so sure about the fitness bit???)