

The Autocruisers

Newsletter No.20
April 2002



Like the proverbial bad penny
- I'm back!

Joyce and David Hill have,
unfortunately, resigned from
the club and so the Newsletter
Editor's job has become vacant
again.

We now have a new publisher for the
Newsletter. Peter Hughes has very kindly
offered to do this laborious job but he does
not wish to edit the Newsletter. So for the
time being I shall continue to be your
Newsletter Editor!

Is there a member of the club who
would like to take on the Editor's
job? If so please contact any
member of the committee. Any and
all help will be forthcoming and
given willingly. Do you fancy just



having a go - possibly one or two editions - again if so please do not hesitate to step forward and let it be known.

In the meantime anyone out there with anything for publication please contact me either by snail mail or e-mail.

Posten Mill, Peterchurch, Hereford

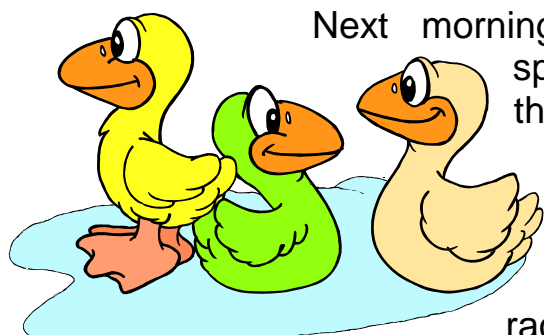
15-18 November 2001

Sixteen motor homes gathered at this charming site in the Golden Valley at the foot of the Brecon Beacons. They included four new members, Alan and Jenny Evans and Bryon and Carole Shuker. Our hosts were Chris and Mike Bedwell who had gone to great lengths to provide a varied and entertaining programme for the weekend with plans to cope with all weathers as they had been confidently told that it generally snowed at this time of year.

For those arriving on Thursday evening Peter and Gayna Hughes provided their safari room for the welcoming punch bowl based on a 1998 plum wine make by Mike. In the gathering darkness we greeted the arrival of our Chairman who, in true Autocruise fashion, managed to get stuck on hard standing!

On Friday morning Peter Hughes had kindly procured a minibus that he not only drove but also gave a running commentary on all the local points of interest. We drove past the B.T. satellite receiving station at Madley and then on to the charming city of Hereford with its beautiful cathedral,

Buttermarket and a large traffic free pedestrian area. Vesta and I were able to renew our acquaintance with the famous Mappa Mundi and chained library in the Cathedral that we first saw over twenty years ago. Also on view nearby was the well-known cider museum and King Offa distillery that was combined with a food fair. Plenty of free samples were on offer and those who got there returned mellowed and relaxed. In the afternoon Peter drove us up onto the Brecon Beacons to Bluff Point. Although a little misty the views were breathtaking and those of us who were not already familiar with this scenic area resolved to come back for a longer look in the future. Then on the extraordinary little border town of Hay-on-Wye chock full of antiquarian and second hand bookshops of every description. Friday evening say us all in the combined awnings of Mike and Chris and Janet and Peter. This was ideally snug for hot minestrone soup and mulled wine.



Next morning over coffee we had the sidesplitting spectacle of Mike struggling into his wet suit that appeared to have shrunk several sizes since he last wore it. The purpose of all this was to launch six plastic ducks into the river Dore which ran through the campsite while we gambled on the winners of the races. A. A. Milne would have been proud of us although the continued attempts at sabotage, hurling lumps of bread at the leading ducks under the pretence of feeding the brown trout in the river, would not have pleased him. Mike showed some entertaining videos that included one of the Autocruisers attempting to erect his new awning that had apparently been purchased without instructions. A very sorry sight it was too clearly not a boy scout among the men who were there. We also played 'Call My Bluff' in which, with practised ease, Vanessa Cantello, Peter Lockwood and David Hill persuaded us to believe the chosen words were anything but the correct ones.

In the evening after a pleasant meal in the pub adjoining the camp site, with the gentlemen attired in their best bow ties and the ladies look beautiful in their sparkling dresses we regaled ourselves in a private room that Mike, in silver bow ties and cummerbund, had set up as a casino with roulette, played with chocolate money which he and Chris had provided. Pig racing, supervised by John Kirby and John Eames with the Wheel of Fortune. Quite an evening and I hope those who were determined to eat all their new wealth were sick!



At 10.30 on Sunday morning we gathered together for coffee to find that our most businesslike officers had already held their committee meeting.

(Clearly a change from my day when most of us would have only just have got to bed or have been in no fit state to decide anything!) Janet Lockwood provided some delicious cake and hot crumpets were also served. Mike gave the answers to a baffling quiz on British towns that had kept us guessing all weekend. I was delighted to find that Vesta had won this in spite of my attempts to help! The morning ended with the usual raffle and with lunch in the pub for those who wanted it.

Everyone agreed that this had been one of our most enjoyable rallies thanks very largely to Mike and Chris's excellent hosting, and the enthusiastic participation of everyone who was there. I am sorry if you missed it.

Rally News

Would all members please note that we do not require a deposit to be sent with the booking form. All site fees are payable in cash to the rally host unless otherwise notified.

On arrival at a rally you will be advised which pitch you should occupy by a rally marshal, please do not select an alternative pitch. If you require a different pitch the rally marshal will, if at all possible, try to accommodate you. Would you please present yourself to the rally host with your fees as soon as possible after settling in.

Motorcaravan Jamboree
Detling, Kent
17-19 May

Anyone wishing to attend this rally please book in the first instance with the show organisers and then send the booking form in your Rally Diary to Sheila and John Affleck.

Worksop Rally
May 30th – June 4th

We have six places left on this rally if anyone is wanting to book. If so, please do so as soon as possible after reading this. Contact Sheila Lennie on 0191 250 0271 or 07941 272040. As we are spending the long weekend at Worksop we will be holding a boules competition. Apart from the punch bowl and faith supper there will be a catered meal, barbecue and a buffet supper.

Rally News

Basingstoke Canal Visitor Centre
4-7 July

A meal will be provided on Saturday night. Please make sure your booking forms are sent one month before the start of the rally if at all possible and I will contact you to ascertain whether or not you will require a vegetarian meal.

Billing Aquadrome
1-4 August

Don't forget folks that the venue for this rally was originally Wicksteed Park. It is now confirmed that we shall be holding this rally at Billing. This rally will be geared towards Grandchildren and Children (of course if any of you have Great Grandchildren, they will be more than welcome – no we aren't that old are we?)



Letter No.18
October 2001

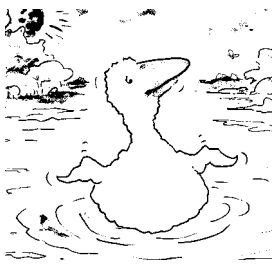
Bainland Caravan Park
Woodhall Spa



November 28th – December 1st

Our Christmas rally this year will be held at Woodhall Spa. A coach will be available to take the membership into Lincoln for the day on Saturday. We envisage holding the very popular Alternative Raffle again this year. We will also be having a cabaret provided largely by your Committee, (don't complain – you voted for them), if you didn't come to last year's Christmas rally and you can only make one this year make sure it is this one. More details will follow in the next newsletter

Ducks & Drakes at Rowsley



**The Grouse and Claret site. February 7th – 10th 2002
What a great rally !!!!**

Rally organisers Ron and Joyce Bull, ably assisted by Ken and Audrey Stokes, made us welcome on arrival with an itinerary for the weekend, which promised good times in the pub, and a two part quiz sheet to keep us amused in the dark hours as the TV reception left something to be desired. We also got several leaflets for places of interest that were within easy reach and the local bus timetable for Bakewell and Matlock.

Early arrivals got the dry pitches but generally everyone had to jump the puddles on the way to the pub or the toilet block. To use these one had to get a key from the Bar (deposit £5.00) and it is rumoured that a few of the more desperate male ralliers couldn't hang on long enough to go through the procedure and used illegal outside facilities (*I was bribed with pints to leave out names here*)

Thursday evening saw us nearly all in the bar by 7pm. (*surprise, surprise*) chatting away to old friends and getting to know new ones. Friday was a free day and we all spread out to explore the area mostly to the nearby Factory outlet shopping precinct I suspect.

I left Beryl with our friends Alan and Dot Warne while I went off and ran a few miles of Derbyshire footpaths and hills with our dog Kendal. It was very wet and muddy but lovely country with superb views once you got up on the ridges on each side of the Wye valley where we were camped.

The punch bowl and faith supper in the evening was so well attended that we struggled to find room to get round and talk but organised by the firm voice of the chairman, Peter Lockwood ably assisted by Sheila we got into an orderly queue and fed well from the really great spread that was laid on.

New members went through the embarrassing scenario of having to stand and be introduced and the Chairman once again raised his voice to get everybody buying tickets for the rollover bonus ball rally prize, egging us on to beat the amount raised at the last rally. *(I was never quite sure whether we did or not). (Yes folks you did by £2!! Ed.)*

Saturday dawned *(9.00am, well it was dawn for us)* fine and clear so we decide to get the bus to Bakewell. 10 minutes wait in the sun opposite the Peacock Hotel saw us whizzing up the valley and soon reaching the town only 3 miles away. A large coffee and a piece of Bakewell tart in a coffee shop/bakery set us up and were soon into exploring all the nooks and crannies, antique and gift shops that were on view. A few hours of this and we got the bus back, but Beryl, not yet shopped out, dived back into the Factory outlet for a bit more retail therapy.

Saturday evening saw us back in the pub restaurant for our evening meal and for us a rather embarrassing raffle (for some reason the first five tickets drawn were all ours). A good meal a few drinks and we all staggered off to our beds.

Because the wet weather made the use of the Gazebo for Sunday coffee impractical the pub landlord kindly allowed us the use of the conservatory from 10am for an hour. This saw us all gathered for the last time for the weekend and the presentation to quiz winners Alan and Dot Warne before we all said our goodbyes, drove away and peace descended on Rowsley once again.

Did you know? The Grouse and Claret isn't moaning after a hangover on red wine but the name of a Trout representing the Sepia Dun Mayfly  wet fishing fly hatching from April to June.

The Duke of Rutland originally built Rowsley as an estate workers village. The Duke owned most of the surrounding area and his family crest was a peacock, hence the Peacock Hotel adjacent to our site with the stone peacock over the porch. This used to be the estate manager's house.



Dave Dalziel

Membership No.107

A Rude One

A drunken man is casually peeing into a drinking fountain in the park. A police officer sees him and goes over, yelling 'What in God's name are you doing? There's a public toilet just 20 metres from here.'



Amazed, the man looks at the copper and shouts 'What do you think I have down here, a hose?'

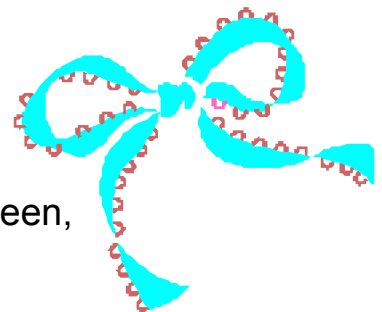
And Here's Another

A Scotsman in a kilt was walking down a country path after a night out drinking. Suddenly, he felt sleepy and decided to take a nap.

Then two women came along and one said, 'I've always wondered what a Scot wears under his kilt.' So she raised the man's kilt, and saw what nature had given him.

Her friend said, 'Well that's solved a great mystery for us. He must be rewarded.' She took a blue ribbon from her hair and tied it around his willy, then left.

Later, the Scotsman was woken up by a call of nature. As he raised his kilt to relieve himself, he saw the ribbon. After several moments of bewilderment, the man said, 'I dunno where y'veen, laddie, but it's nice ta know y'won first prize.'



A man is happily sitting reading his newspaper one morning, when his wife sneaks up behind him and thwacks him on the back of the head with a frying pan.

Man: 'What was that for?'

Woman: 'That was for the piece of paper I found in your trouser pocket with the name Marylou written on it.'

Man: 'Love, remember two weeks ago when I went to the horse races? Marylou was the name of the horse I bet on.'

The wife apologises.

The next day, the man is reading his paper when his wife whacks him again round the head with the frying pan.

Man: 'What the hell was that for this time?'

Wife: 'Your horse called.'

***New Members
Since last edition***

209: Bob & Anna Watt, Largs

210: Harry & Rachel Mills, Derby

211: Ray & Patricia White, London

212: Brian & Beatrice Nichols, Halstead Essex

213: Gary & Marilyn Prior, Milton Keynes

214: Francis & Jean Spooner, Yateley Hants

CORRECTIONS AND ALTERATIONS

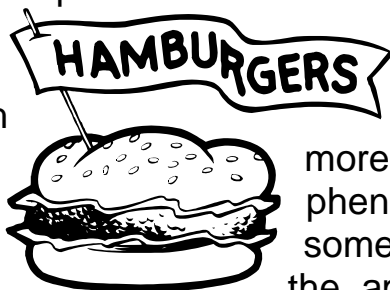
If you notice any mistakes in your membership list please let me know as soon as possible and I will print a correction in the next newsletter.

Friday lunchtime found Pat and I pulling into the park after a 200-mile dash down the M1, M62 and M54 to find 8 vans already settled in. A total of 12 would be there by evening. A quiet tranquil rally lay in store under the auspices* of Bernie, since the club riffraff were currently cavorting about in Portugal, and probably causing an International Incident. (*Read the next newsletter to find out about the said International Incident*).

The weather was typical for early March, cold and windy, but it did not deter the intrepid ralliers from turning out in the early evening to partake of a glass or six of Bernie's and John & Carol's elderberry wine. higher proof than normal, any mopped up immediately in case dissolved or the glass became permanently damaged and an hour soon passed watching the entertainment Bernie fortuitously provided, - a couple attempting to assemble a new awning for the first time without any hope of success in the remaining two hours of daylight. Naturally in true Autocruiser tradition no one offered to lend a hand! Bernie welcomed everyone to Telford especially the first time ralliers, Rita and Dave, and Rowena and Harry.



Suitably warmed and prepared to face the elements, several of us then sloped off to the pub when the main attraction was the prospect of two meals for £6. In the absence of the aforementioned yobbos the conversation was on a much higher intellectual plane than usual, one of the more popular topics being the observed phenomenon of the rhythmic and regular motion of some vans at various times of the day, and the part the application of corner steadies might play in reducing the amplitude of this movement. It was duly noted that Alec and Sylvia always seem to get theirs down (steadies) immediately on arrival!



(In a whisper.-. ‘ Peter, Ken, Jim, Ron and everyone else that went on the Autocruisers Expedition - can you hear me. I am whispering so that the other members don’t hear me. I don’t know what happened whilst we were away but it is desperately important that we get back as quickly as possible. That Geoff has got them talking about rhythmic motions and amplitude (whatever that means) we have to get back on the rally field and as quickly as possible to stop all this interlectual conversation. It is vitally important that you don’t let anyone know that we know what has been going on in our absence. Get the rallies back to normal - after all we are The Autocruisers!)

This rally witnessed one of the medical miracles of the millennium. In spite of Bernie’s recent disabling illness, he was found to be in fine form. Thanks to the wonders of modern Pharmaceutical Science he was full of energy, discarding his walking aids, propelling his Batmobile at a high rate of knots in the direction of the pub and racing to the bar to get the drinks in. Whatever he was on we could all do with some. *(Geoff go and look in his wardrobe – pharmaceutical science – I don’t think so – more like Scottish mist of the whisky variety).*

Saturday was a day to do your own thing, shopping in Telford, visiting the Ironbridge Gorge museums, catching up on some reading or staying in bed. In the evening we repaired once again to the Three Furnaces for more food and drink. Sunday morning found us braving the weather once again for coffee ‘al fresco’ and the ubiquitous raffle draw before departing our various ways.

Our thanks to Bernie aided by John and Carol abetted by Ted for an enjoyable weekend.

Did we miss our esteemed Chairman, loquacious Hon. Secretary and their cohorts?.....

Well, perhaps a little.

Geoff Lawrence

(slightly miffed at being specifically requested **not** to give a rendition of the Blaydon Races).

P.S. *auspices – an invisible awning that lets the rain in.

Chairman's rantings

Unfortunately we have lost our 'new' newsletter editor as she has resigned from the club, but the old, sorry, previous newsletter editor, Sheila has taken over again until a replacement is found. Are there any budding editors out there?

Did anyone miss us? We have just returned from a leading an expedition of club members across to Portugal and Spain (a round trip of just over 3300 miles).

The weather over there was certainly a lot better than the reports we had about the UK weather, as we had very little rain, a lot of sunshine and with temperatures of about 65-70⁰F.

A few new club records were set while we over there. One evening there were 8 members sitting in a Valentine, I managed to get an Impala through a 1.9mtr. gap with out damage! And whilst in Gibraltar an International Incident was averted

Hopefully we have wetted your appetite to find out more, so watch out for the next newsletter when all will be revealed in a report on the trip, but if you want to know the full details of the trip, then you must come along to the rallies.

I went to the dentist recently and as you all know, most dentists' chairs go up and down, don't they? The one I was in went back and forwards, and I thought 'This is unusual'.

When the dentist came in he said to me "Will you please get out of the filing cabinet.'

I'll sign off on this note.
Happy rallying,



Autocruisers' Chairman.

Authoriser's type Jokes from Peter Lockwood

Four fonts walk into a bar
The barman says "Oi - get out! We don't want your type in here"

Two peanuts walk into a bar, one was a salted

A jump-lead walks into a bar.
The barman says "I'll serve you, but don't start anything"

A sandwich walks into a bar.
The barman says "Sorry we don't serve food in here"

Dyslexic man walks into a bra

A man walks into a pub, goes up to the bar "Pint of best" he says to the bar man, whilst waiting for his drink he notices that Vincent Van Gogh is sitting at one of the tables He goes up to him and says "Are you Vincent Van Gogh?" "Yes" the old man replies "do you want a pint?"
"No ta. I've got one `ere."

A man walks into a bar with a roll of tarmac under his arm and says: "Pint please, and one for the road."

I met a Dutch girl with inflatable shoes last week, phoned her up to arrange a date but unfortunately she'd popped her clogs.

Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly; but when they lit a fire in the craft, it sank, proving once and for all that you can't have your kayak and heat it.

Two boll weevils grew up in Cornwall. One went to Hollywood and became a famous actor. The other stayed behind, drove a tractor and never amounted to much. The second one, naturally, became known as the lesser of two weevils.

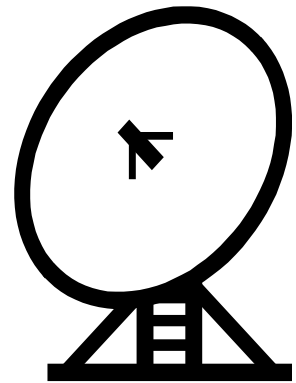
A three-legged dog walks into a saloon in the Old West. He slides up to the bar and announces: "I'm looking for the man who shot my paw."

Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused his dentist's Novocain during root canal work? He wanted to transcend dental medication.

There was a man who entered a local paper's pun contest. He sent in ten different puns, in the hope that at least one of the puns would win. Unfortunately, no pun in ten did.



**Satellite
Navigation
Systems
By
Autocruise CH
Limited**



Do you get lost frequently? Do roads disappear or change their numbers from week to week thereby confusing the life out of you? Yes? The answer to your problems is a Satellite Navigation System.

Peugeot Navigation Systems

Normally £999

Six only left at £570

If you are interested in purchasing one of these systems please contact Sheila Lennie for more details.

I am looking for nominations for the Slap 'Ed award. Have you done something really stupid, which I am likely to find out about? If so, get in first and tell your side of the story before I do. I can't believe that there is

no-one out there who hasn't made a mistake. Come on ladies, spill the beans and let me have the low down for the next Newsletter.



of

This is a true story found in a back issue of New Scientist (honest)

Two members of the Lothian and Borders traffic police were recently having a pleasant time out on the Scottish moors, trapping speeding motorists with a radar gun. Suddenly their equipment went crazy, registering a speed of over 300 miles per hour. It then locked up completely. Seconds later the started boys n blue understood why, as a low-flying Harrier jet screamed over their heads.



Upset that their radar gun had been broken, the policemen put in a complaint to the Royal Air Force only to discover that the damage could easily have been much worse. The RAF informed them that the Harrier's target seeker had locked on to what it had interpreted as enemy radar. This immediately triggered an automatic air-to-surface missile attack. Fortunately for the two policemen the Harrier was operating unarmed.

Carrot cake as eaten at Worksop

125g butter	1 tblspn. Grated orange rind	½ cup castor sugar
2 eggs	1 cup sultanas	1 cup S R flour
1 teaspoon. Mixed spice		1 cup coarsely grated carrot
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg		2 tblspn orange juice

ORANGE FROSTING

1 cup icing sugar	1 tblspn orange juice	orange food colouring
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Grease a 14cm x 21cm loaf pan, line base with paper, grease paper. Cream butter, rind and sugar in small bowl with electric mixer until light and fluffy, beat in eggs one at a time, beat until combined. Transfer mixture to large bowl, stir in sultanas and carrot, then sifted dry ingredients and orange juice. Spread into prepared pan, bake in

moderately slow oven for 1½ hours. Stand 5 minutes before turning on to wire rack to cool. Top with frosting when cake is cold.

Orange Frosting: Beat butter in small bowl with electric mixer until light and fluffy; gradually beat in sifted icing sugar, then juice and a little colouring beat until smooth.

Keeping time: 5 days

The following are actual job appraisal statements

1. She has delusions of adequacy
2. He has reached rock bottom and still persists in digging
3. He persistently sets low standards and then fails to achieve them
4. He would argue with a signpost
5. He is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot
6. Not so much as a has-been, more of a definite won't be
7. His men will follow him anywhere – only out of a morbid sense of satisfaction
8. She brings joy – when she leaves the room
9. As bright as Alaska in the winter
10. If you gave a penny for this thoughts – you would get change
11. He would be out of his depth in a puddle
12. This employee should go far – the sooner he starts the better

Do they think we're stupid? – Part One

On Sears hair dryer:

Do not use while sleeping.

On a bad of Fritos:

You could be a winner! No purchase necessary. Details inside.

On Swan frozen dinners:

Serving suggestion: Defrost

On a Korean kitchen knife:

Warning: Keep out of children

On Nytol:

Warning: May cause drowsiness

On a bar of Dial soap:

Directions: Use like regular soap
On Sainsbury's Peanuts:
Warning: Contains nuts
On a hotel provided shower cap in a box:
Fits one head



Actual Epitaphs

In a London cemetery

Here lies Ann Mann
Who lived an old maid
But died an old Mann
Dec 8, 1767

Owen Moore in Battersea

Gone away
Owin' more
than he could pay

In a Ribbesford, England, cemetery

The children of Israel wanted bread
And the Lord sent them manna
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife
And the Devil sent him Anna

In a Georgia cemetery

I told you I was sick!

In a Silver City, Nevada, cemetery

Here lays Butch
We planted him raw
He was quick on the trigger
But slow on the draw

Hartscombe, England

On the 22nd June
Jonathan Fiddle
Went out of tune

Harry Edsel of Albany New York

Looked up the elevator shaft to see if
The car was on the way down. It was.

John Dryden – on his wife

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

Nantucket, Massachusetts

Under the sod and under the trees
Lies the body of Jonathan Pease
He is not here, there's only the pod
fares

Newbury (1742)

Tom Smith is dead, and here he lies
Nobody laughs and nobody cries;
Where his soul's gone, or how it

Pease shelled out and went to God

Nobody knows and nobody cares.

A lawyers epitaph, England

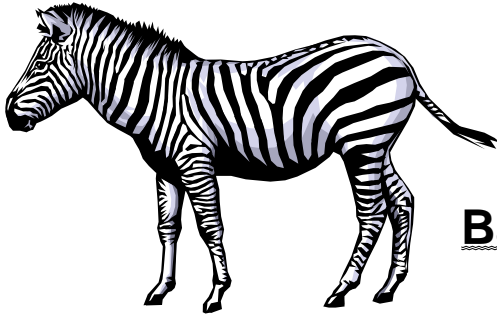
Sir John Strange
Here lies an honest lawyer
And that is Strange`

Lester Moore, Wells Fargo

Here lies Lester Mooore
Four slugs from a .44
No Les No More

Dr Fred Roberts, Brookland, Arkansas

Office upstairs



Who owns the Zebra?

Based on the clues listed below

- There are five houses
- Each house has its own unique colour
- All house owners are of different nationalities
- They all have different pets
- They all drink different drinks
- They all smoke different cigarettes
- The English man lives in the red house
- The Swede has a dog
- The Dane drinks tea
- The green house is on the left side of the white house
- They drink coffee in the green house
- The man who smokes Pall Mall has birds
- In the yellow house they smoke Dunhill
- In the middle house they drink milk
- The Norwegian lives in the first house
- The man who smokes Blend lives in the house next to the house with cats
- In the house next to the house where they have a horse, they smoke Dunhill
- The man who smokes Blue Master drinks beer
- The German smokes Prince
- The Norwegian lives next to the blue house
- They drink water in the house next to the house when they smoke Blend

So, who owns the Zebra?

Supposedly less than 1% of all the population can solve this problem. If you can do it please drop me a line with the answer. Prizes to be awarded.

The Year Long Christmas Raffle Sponsored by Autocruise CH Limited

The club is running a Year Long Raffle. The draw will be made at the Christmas Rally at Woodhall Spa. You will find a sheet of tickets with this newsletter. Tickets are priced at £1 each. If you would like to take part in this raffle please fill a ticket and send it to me Sheila Lennie at the usual address. Please, in this instance make your cheques payable to **The Autocruisers Club, Christmas Raffle**. You will find a page with eight tickets, of course you may purchase all eight if you want to but if you should only require one ticket then please feel free to send a cheque for £1 to join in this club raffle.

The prize for this raffle will be Gift Vouchers of your choice to the value of £200. There will also be a substantial number of further prizes. These will be announced in the next newsletter. This is one way of making sure you keep reading the newsletter. Don't forget the international incident! That's coming. So is Christmas so don't delay and buy your raffle tickets early.

The Christmas rally is to be held at Woodhall Spa from November 28 to December 1st. A bus has been booked to take the membership into Lincoln on Saturday 30 November. The cost will be £4 per person return. It was felt by the committee that too much money was commandeered last Christmas rally and in view of this we would like to inform you that you will only be asked to buy tickets for the Christmas Hamper draw and the Alternative Raffle and they will be on sale at 50p per strip. The bonus ball will be free of charge as will the Guess the Weight of the Cake competition. The door prize was very popular last year, well it was with Alan and Christine Horton, they won it. In true Autocruisers style this year we will have more than one and again they will be free. A Christmas dinner will be served on Saturday night and this year members of your committee will entertain you. It's your fault – you voted them on. No doubt Santa will make an appearance as long as you have been good boys and girls.

Because of the interest already shown the closing date for this rally will be 11th October 2002. Bookings will not be accepted after this date due to the organising of necessary arrangements. We have a number of people already booked for this rally and they are:

Geoff Lawrence & Pat Small
Ken & Audrey Stokes
Bernie King
Tom & Margaret Smallwood

Tom & Barbara Robinson
Peter & Janet Lockwood
Geoff Lawrence & Pat Small
Peter & Gayna Hughes

If you have sent in a booking form and your name is not above please contact me. My computer started to play about and I have had to start another file for Woodhall Spa. For everyone else please send in your booking form as soon as you possibly can to enable us to make this a rally worth going to. A new booking form is included with this newsletter.

Nowhere Islands

There are beautiful islands in the middle of nowhere where the following people are stranded:

- 2 Italian men and 1 Italian woman
- 2 French men and 1 French woman
- 2 German men and 1 German woman
- 2 English men and 1 English woman
- 2 Bulgarian men and 1 Bulgarian woman
- 2 Japanese men and 1 Japanese woman
- 2 American men and 1 American woman
- 2 Irish men and 1 Irish woman
- 2 Australian men and 1 Australian woman

One month later on these absolutely stunning deserted islands in the middle of nowhere, the following things have occurred:

- One Italian man killed the other for the Italian woman
- The two French men and the French woman are living happily together in ménage trios
- The two German men have a strict weekly schedule of when they alternate with the German woman
- The two Greek men are sleeping with each other and the Greek woman in cleaning and cooking for them
- The two English men are waiting for someone to introduce them to the English women
- The two Bulgarian men took a long look at the endless ocean and one look at the Bulgarian women and they started swimming
- The two Japanese men have faced Tokyo and are awaiting instructions
- The two American men are contemplating the virtues of suicide, whilst the American woman keeps on bitching about her body being her own, the true nature of feminism, how she can do everything that they can do, about the necessity of fulfilment, the equal division of household chores, how her last boyfriend respected her opinion and treated her much nicer and how her relationship with her mother is improving. But at least the taxes are low and it is not raining.

- The Irish began by dividing up the island into North and South and by setting up a distillery. They do not remember if sex is in the picture because it gets sort of foggy after the first few litres of coconut whiskey, but they are satisfied in the knowledge that at least the English are not getting any.
- The Australians have set up a BBQ in the middle of the island and the sausages are sizzling. The men are on one end of the island, the woman at the other, each group drinking from tinnies with a bewildered air and occasionally looking at the other end of the island out of the corner of their eyes.

That's it folks until the next one.