


# The Autocruisers

Newsletter No.31  
April 2005

**CONGRATULATIONS**  
**on your 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary**



Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> March saw a number of Autocruisers gathered together to celebrate the Ruby Wedding Anniversary of Peter & Janet Lockwood at a party held at Cookham Village Hall.



I wish I was a glow worm,  
A glow worm's never glum.  
'Cos how can you be grumpy  
When the sun shines out your bum!

# THE COMMITTEE

Peter Lockwood	Chair	John Jenkinson	Vice Chair
Sheila Lennie	Hon. Secretary	Janet Lockwood	Hon. Treasurer
Lance Lennie	Rally Officer	Tom Smallwood	Plaque Officer
Dave Barron		Caroline Joyce	
Steve Pudner		Sylvia Barron	
Margaret Smallwood		Steve Joyce	
Lorraine Pudner		Carol Jenkinson	
Co-opted		Jim Keen	
		Rosie Keen	
Colin Granville	President	Sue Granville	Madam President

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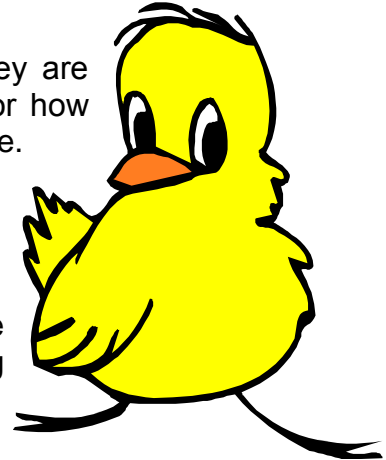
# One Over the Eight

Derivations of everyday words and expressions

## *Don't Count Your Chickens*

People are often told 'don't' count your chickens before they are hatched' when explaining how a plan is going to succeed or how much money they are going to make out of a particular venture.

This saying goes back to one of Aesop's fables and is the story of a woman who was taking a basket of eggs to market. As she walked along she was think that with the money from the eggs she would buy a goose and with the money from the goose she would be able to buy a cow and so on, making grand plans of what she was going to do with all that money.



Unfortunately she was not concentrating on where she was going and she tripped over, breaking all the eggs in the basket and so all her plans came to nothing.

## *A Doss House*

A doss house is a name for a very run down hostel for poor people and vagrants to sleep in, and this type of hostel was very common in the 1920s and 1930s. Doss is an Elizabethan word meaning hassock or a mattress stuffed with straw and this was the type of mattress which was common in these old hostels.

We still use the phrase **to doss down** if someone is going to stay overnight and they have to sleep on the floor because there are no beds available.



## *A Feather In Your Cap*

If you succeed in something difficult or win a battle, people will say '**that's a feather in your cap**' meaning that is an honour to you.

This comes from the practise in Asia and, more particularly, with the American Indians, of adding a feather to their head dress for every enemy they have killed.

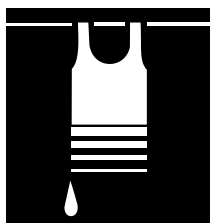
## *A Hair of the Dog*



Anyone with a bad hangover from having drunk too much the night before is often advised the following morning to have another alcoholic drink or 'a hair of the dog which bit you'.

This comes from the old belief that the burnt hair of a dog is a cure for its bite. Sadly, neither cure seems to work.

## *To Sleep on a Clothes Line*

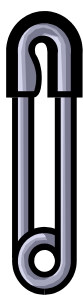


People often say that they are so tired they **could sleep on a clothes line**, in other words they could lean over a washing line and go to sleep.

Although this sounds rather silly and extremely uncomfortable, in the nineteenth century in big cities such as London the very poor and homeless did actually sleep in that way.

The hostels used to charge a couple of pence for a bed (which was an iron frame with a dirty mattress on), or you pay some very small amount, such as a halfpenny, to sleep on the line. This meant that you slept hanging over a line stretched across the room and when it was time to get up, the owner of the hostel just untied the line and everyone fell in a heap on the floor.

## *Pin Money*



**Pin money** is the spending money which a husband used to allow to his wife for spending on herself. It is quite separate from money for housekeeping and dates back to when the pins which women used to fasten collars together or to pin scarves or ribbons onto their dresses were often made of silver and therefore very expensive.

Women could often not afford to buy them for themselves, and would apply to their husbands for 'pin money'.

## *Hoist with your own Petard*

This is often used where someone has hatched a clever and devious plan which goes wrong and lands that person in trouble.

It comes from the days when a petard (a barrel or case filled with explosives) was used for blowing in the door of a castle or fortified place. The fuse to the explosive was sometimes too short and the attacker was then blown up by his own explosive.

# Stroud Hill Park Pidley Rally Report

January 21<sup>st</sup> we drove down to Pidley with a sense of anxiety and excitement. When we brought our first motorhome in November we asked the dealer could he recommend any of the clubs. He said without hesitation that the only club we should join is 'The Autocruisers' they are completely mad. So having joined we were approaching our first Autocruisers rally and it was only our second time out in a motorhome. What were these mad Autocruisers going to be like?

On arrival at the site we stopped outside the reception and looked around – what do we do where do we go? I guess we looked lost. When a couple came up to us and said “Are you with the club?” After a warm exchange of greetings we were directed to register at reception and they pointed out where they were parked. After registering we drove round the back found an empty pitch and reversed in. We jumped out of the van and started to set up. The electric hook up and water were by each pitch all very convenient.

### ***Trouble with a vent***

I was struggling to remove the cover off a vent when up came another member who introduced himself by asking “Is this your first time?” Ten minutes with Dennis taught us what we needed to do and what we did not need to do. Dennis and Cathy left us by inviting us to drop in for a drink at their van. The club members are indeed friendly. Sheila

dropped by delivering the times for the evening events and a list of those attending the rally. She stayed for a drink of tea and a chat – I learnt the difference between a Red day and a Green day – something to do with dieting I gather.

### ***Mountain Rescue Team?***

Stroud Hill Park is a peaceful and quiet site located down a track from the village of Pidley that is also home to a mountain rescue team. The site hosts a large reception centre, which contains a small shop, a bar and a restaurant. Before making our way to the bar, to join the other club members for the punch bowl we had walked up the slope and discovered the fishing lake. From the top we gaze out at the view across miles of the Cambridge fens, no mountains.

In the main centre the evening's punch bowl became the centre of attention. The site management went back on a verbal promise or was it just a misunderstanding? A brief discussion and the Autocruisers walked out. Up the rebels! We were led through the ladies toilets – you get to see every where with this club – and out into the covered external seating area where two very generous punch bowls were used to refill empty glasses. Introductions were made, raffle tickets sold, time passed quickly in pleasant conversation while being plied with punch. No one minded the cold. We agreed to meet up at 11am

the next day for a walk to the pub. Was the club name Autocruisers or Autoboozers?

That night the temperature dropped and in the morning a frost covered the ground. Time to test the showers. A quick dash to the main building – it was too cold to dawdle. The shower facilities were great. Large separate cubicles each with a sink, razor point, toilet and a shower with heated floor tiles. Are all sites up to this standard?

11am we gathered outside Sheila and Lance's van and set off en mass for a walk. Sheila rang ahead and warned them that we were going to descend on them and would require a number of baked potatoes. We walked down the lane, through a golf course, across some fields, into the village of Somersham. All relatively flat, sometimes muddy and no mountains.

#### **Refreshments in the pub**

As we passed one house one of the locals asked were we a Rambling club to which some one replied no just a rabble! The pub we were led to was called the Black Bull. Real Ale, good food and good service. They were prepared and had set up tables in the restaurant area for us all. The conversation flowed, while we enjoyed Baked Potatoes with Chicken Curry, washed down with a pint or two.

Duly fed and watered we re-crossed the Greenwich Meridian line, which was marked with a brass plaque in the pavement just outside the pub. The leisurely walk back to the site seemed to take longer. We debated how long the actual walk was; some said 2 miles others 3 miles each way. Either way,

*Ray and Diane McClure*

when we arrived back it was feet up and relax before the evening meal.

#### **Harry's Monologue**

The management of the site had set up the tables for the clubs use upstairs. We handed over our raffle prize and more tickets were sold. The meal of Tomato soup, followed by Chicken dinner, and Treacle sponge pudding we enjoyed. It has been years since I last had Treacle sponge pudding – lovely. All rounded off with coffee and mince pies. The Chairman told us a joke, the raffle prizes were drawn, and to round off the evening Harry was requested to deliver a monologue. His delivery of 'Albert and the Lion' was a delight and rounded off a very pleasant evening on a high.

The final morning we gathered with cups of coffee, ate biscuits and rock cakes, congratulated the winner of the Bonus Ball, said farewell to fellow motorhomers, new friends and departed for home.

We reflected on the journey home on how much we had learnt from everyone. How to carry bottles quietly by using the mid section from plastic bottles, what type of heater to buy, how to set up and pack away. Tips on where to go and sites to stay on. Learnt that a Faith Supper was nothing to do with religion. Introduced to new tipples – Brandy and Port! Everyone in the club was friendly and helpful. We had enjoyed the weekend.

I am left with one little puzzle though – why does the little village of Pidley have a Mountain Rescue team – there are no mountains anywhere near?

# Rally News

**Please make all cheques payable to The Autocruisers.**



No verbal bookings can be accepted. All bookings must be made on the official booking form accompanied by the requested deposit.

Every rally carries a rally levy of £2 per person per rally. This money is used to pay for wine for the punch bowls, rally plaques, quiz prizes and any other incidentals. This **MUST** be added onto the site fees.

In future the committee request that all payments are made by cheque. This will make it easier and safer for the storing of monies over the rally weekend.

All booking slips for rallies must be received by the Rally Officer two weeks before the start of the rally with the appropriate deposit.

All cancellations must be received by the Rally Officer no later than one week before the rally. If no costs have been incurred deposits will be refunded. Cancellations received after this period may result in deposits being non refundable.

**UPON ARRIVAL TO THE RALLY PLEASE PROCEED TO THE RALLY MARSHALL'S VAN DESIGNATED BY A LARGE RALLY MARSHALL SIGN TO ENABLE YOU TO BOOK IN AND BE ADVISED OF PITCH AND WEEKEND ACTIVITIES.**

## RALLY DATES FOR 2005

<b>April 21 – 24</b>	Dunham on Trent	£5 per night no electric
<b>May 26 – 30</b>	Barnstones CC Park Banbury	£7 per night with electric £5.50 per night no electric
<b>June 12 – 19</b>	Malton RUFC Malton	£3.50 per night no electric
<b>July 15 – 17</b>	Midsummer Music & Leisure Show, Lincoln	Book direct with organisers in first instance
<b>August 25 – 29</b> <b>Bank Holiday</b>	Drum Mohr CC Park Edinburgh for TATTOO	£15 per night with electric
<b>September</b> <b>To be advised</b>	Factory Weekend	£12 per person no electric
<b>October 6 – 9</b>	The Haven Arms Hedon	£17 per person no electric
<b>November 10 – 13</b>	Grove Estate Great Saling, Essex	£6 per night no electric
<b>December 8 – 11</b>	Bainland Country Park Woodhall Spa	£12 per night with electric Cost of meal to be advised

# Rally News

**Dunham on Trent Village Hall  
April 21-24**

£5 per night with no electric hook up  
Friday night – Punch bowl and faith supper  
Saturday night evening meal arranged

**Southern Motorcaravan Show  
13-15 May  
Newbury Showground, Berkshire**

This is not an official rally but I have booked a club pitch for anyone who want to go. Please book direct with the show organisers on the official form to be found at the end of the newsletter. There is no need to inform the Rally Officer

**Barnstones Caravan Park  
Banbury  
May Bank Holiday 26-30 May**

£7 per night with hook up £5.50 without  
Faith supper Friday night  
Meals to be arranged for Saturday and Sunday

**Malton RUFC  
Malton  
June 12-19**

£3.50 per night with no electric hook up

**Midsummer Music Festival  
Lincoln Showground  
July 15-17**

Book direct with show on official form (at the end of the newsletter) in first instance Then send Autocruisers form to Rally Officer

Camping fee £16, (less £2 for club membership, remember to insert your membership number on the form), Concert Tickets £17 per person unless you subscribe to MMM, Which Motorcaravan and others then tickets will be £16 each.

Please note: You must purchase at least one concert ticket to be able to camp for the weekend.



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*Strange but True*  
*Articles supplied by*  
*Peter Lockwood*

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## *Death of a City*

The earthquake struck at dawn with a rumble that built up into a gigantic continuous roar. Fire swiftly followed, and within two days San Francisco had virtually disappeared.



In ancient times the Greeks were convinced that the world was supported on the shoulders of the god Atlas. Occasionally, when he was feeling tired, he would shift his load from shoulder to shoulder, with the result that the buildings on earth were shaken to their very foundations. In this manner, the Greeks sought to explain away those volcanic convulsions of the earth's surface which we know as earthquakes, the most terrifying of all the forces of nature.

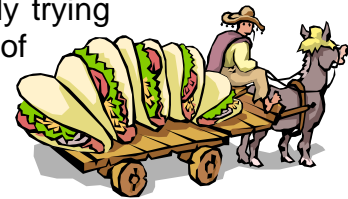
The average earthquake lasts from a few seconds to a few minutes, but in that brief span of time, they have destroyed whole cities and brought about the death of thousands. It was such an earthquake that struck San Francisco on 18<sup>th</sup> April 1906, reducing America's ninth largest city to little more than a heap of smouldering rubble.

It struck at dawn, signalling its arrival by a growling rumble that swiftly built up into a gigantic continuous roar. Seconds later, buildings began to topple, slowly, almost gracefully at first, before bombarding the streets with great pieces of masonry. Wide streets and avenues were torn with crevices 6 feet wide. Railway lines were buckled and then flung into the air like gigantic javelins. The whole city heaved. But worse, far worse, was to follow.

### ***Panic sets in***

The first convulsions had broken the water mains. Now there was no water. The gas mains, too, were broken and were ablaze. Meanwhile, the buildings continued to fall. Down by the waterfront, a great tidal wave smashed the wharves flat.

In the main street, a huge crowd of half-clothed people were stumbling through the choking dust, picking their way through the rubble, desperately trying to make their way to the ferry buildings and the sea. Many of them were never to reach it. Suddenly the whole street split open, and a horse and cart disappeared into the yawning crevice, to be followed by dozens of screaming people.



## Fire Chief Trapped



Hundreds now lay trapped beneath the wreckage, including the chief of the fire brigade. His men had rushed out into the streets with their horse-drawn engines seconds after the earthquake had struck. But with no water available, there was little they could do to check the relentless spread of the flames. Instead, with incredible bravery, they went into one building after another, rescuing anyone they could from the burning wreckage. Scores were brought to safety, but others who could not be reached were slowly roasted alive.

Every disaster seems to create its heroes, and in this case one of them was undoubtedly the city's mayor, Eugene Schmitz, who swiftly took control of the situation. First he gave orders to the police to check looting and panic, and then he sent for dynamite to blow up buildings and create firebreaks. In taking this latter course of action, he was desperately racing against time, for it had already become evident that it was fire and not the earthquake itself which would ultimately do the most damage. Already a stiff wind was fanning the flames and driving them towards Nob Hill, a famous street full of splendid residences, owned by the rich and famous. But despite the mayor's efforts, by the second day of the fire they had all been consumed by the flames.



## S.O.S from Brigadier General to Washington

The next day, Brigadier General Funston, the acting commander of the Pacific Division, who had already called out the troops to assist in the fire-fighting, wired Washington the following message: 'San Francisco practically destroyed. You cannot send too many tents and rations. 200,000 homeless.' The figure was no exaggeration. The night before, thousands upon thousands had fled into the dunes west of their devastated city, from where they spent the whole night watching the fires destroy their homes; block by block.

But by the afternoon of the second day, the fire was largely under control, thanks to the successful dynamiting of certain buildings which had created the essential firebreaks. Also, against all probability, a hydrant had been found that was still being supplied with water. The water lasted long enough, to save part of the city west of the main avenue. Nevertheless, the fire continued throughout the night and most of the next day, eating its way slowly through the northeast section of the city before it was finally controlled by fireboats on the waterfront.



For those outside the city, dependent on scattered and confused reports, a huge loss of life seemed inevitable. The New York correspondent of *The Times* forecast a total of 5,000 dead. In fact, when the bodies were counted, the toll was not as bad as it had first seemed. The actual total of dead was less than 500. The material destruction, on the other hand, was enormous. 25 square miles of the city were in ruins, 25,000 buildings had been completely destroyed, and 225,000 people were homeless. The earthquake damage reached an estimated £7,000,000 and the fire damage £140,000,000.

## ***Recovery the American way!***

Offers of help began to pour in, but President Roosevelt declined them all, explaining that he wanted to show the whole world that America, however hard hit, could look after her own. Even, as he was sending out these messages, the city was being rebuilt. It was a gesture of proud defiance and an act of faith in which the destruction was seen, not as a crushing disaster, but as a challenge which the San Franciscans would meet and win. Thanks to the efforts of the people, supported by the Government, a new city rose from the ashes. Today; the inhabitants of this new and beautiful city still remember the 1906 earthquake, not just as part of the city's history, but as a grim warning of what could happen again.



Many geologists who have studied the rock formation of California believe that it is more than possible that San Francisco will have another earthquake in the not-too-distant future. If this does happen, the people of the city know only too well that it will mean a tragedy on a far worse scale than the one that previously destroyed the city. They know also that they will meet it with the same courage that turned many of their grandfathers into heroes overnight

## ***The Rewards of A Healthy Lifestyle***

The couple was 85 years old and had been married for 60 years. Though they were far from rich, they managed to get by because they watched their pennies. Though not young, they were both in very good health, large due to the wife's insistence on healthy foods and exercise for the last decade. One day, their good health didn't help them when they went on a rare holiday and their plane crashed, sending them off to Heaven. They reached the Pearly Gates and St Peter escorted them inside. He took them to a beautiful mansion, furnished in gold and fine silks, with a fully stocked kitchen and a waterfall in the master bath. A maid could be seen handing their favourite clothes in the wardrobe. They gasped in astonishment when he said, "Welcome to Heaven. This will be your home now." The old man asked Peter how much all this was going to cost. "Why nothing," Peter replied, "remember, this is your reward in Heaven." The old man looked out of the window and right there he saw a championship golf course, finer and more beautiful than any ever built on Earth.

What are the green fees?" grumbled the old man. "This is Heaven," St Peter replied.

"You can play for free, every day."

Next they went to the clubhouse and saw the lavish buffet lunch, with every imaginable cuisine laid out before them, from seafood to steaks to exotic desserts, free flowing beverages. "Don't even ask," said St. Peter to the man. "This is Heaven, it is all free for you to enjoy." The old man look around and glanced nervously at his wife.

"Well, where are the low fat and low cholesterol foods, and the decaffeinated tea?" he asked.

"That's the best part," St Peter replied. "You can eat and drink as much as you like of whatever you like, and you will never get fat or sick. This IS Heaven!"

The old man pushed, "No gym to work out at?" "

Not unless you want to." was the answer.

"No testing my sugar or blood pressure or....

"Never again. All you do here is enjoy yourself."

The old man glared at his wife and said, "You and your bran muffins. We could have been here years ago!"

## English As She Is Spoke!

I was given a small washing machine for Christmas and within the box was a superb set of instructions. There was much hilarity as they were read to the family and I thought I would share them with you.



Mini washer is a new conception washer, which is based on water saving and time saving. It is prominent in portable shape, and it is suitable to modern family, also it makes you form a habit of separating underware from outerwear.

And the type of washer becomes white-headed by single people. And it will be a good cleaner in family, hotel and hospital gradually. It can void some infection.

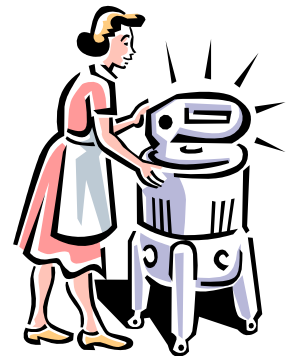
### **Attention: for operating**

1. Start working; please buttress the machine's body
2. Water must not be more than 40°C
3. Please put the wash powder first, then turn on
4. Cloth of cotton must be timed within 7-15 min, and choose, 'Standard'
5. Must keep away child.

### **Method of Use**

Weight of cloth in washer is not more than 1 kg.

- a) Wring the cloth
- b) Dry the water
- c) Put cloth and water in wash again, and wash them.



### **The Rules**

1. Forbid to putting boiled water and chemically liquid in
2. Do not put more water in washer
3. Keep away high temperature
4. The water put in washer, which temperature is not more than 50°C
5. Must draw out the plug as soon as find water in dynamic part
6. Must stop working when hear abnormal sound
7. The clothes in washer must not be overweight
8. Must draw out the plug when it is not used or repaired
9. Must protect the motor, keep away the silk thread around the rotational part
10. Must operate the machine according to direction
11. Forbid to disassembling to repair it oneself
12. Forbid to use in waterplace
13. Keep away child to play
14. Keep good wire
15. If the wire is damaged, please ask the factory to get. And must be repaired by social worker
16. Before using must pay attention to power, which is fit for machine
17. Do not draw the plug by wet hand
18. Do not draw the plug with wire

# Rude and Politically Incorrect Jokes Supplied by Lance Junior

## DRUNKS

The drunk staggered up the driveway of his homes, where his son was working under the bonnet of his car.

'What's wrong, Son?' he asked.

'Piston broke,' came the reply.

'So am I,' muttered his father as he stumbled off.



First drunk: 'I didn't have sex with my wife before I got married. Did you?'

Second drunk: 'I can't remember. What was her maiden name?'



George went into the bar for a drink one night after work and he noticed a man in the corner passed out over his beer. He went over to check him out. The man was drunk and incoherent. George decided to do his good deed for the day, checked the man's wallet and found his address. George kept trying to help the man stand up, but he kept falling to the floor. Dragging and heaving, he finally carried the drunk outside and put him in his car. When George reached the drunk's house, he pulled him out of the car and tried to help him to the front door but the drunk kept collapsing in a heap.

George sought help from a passer-by and knocked on the drunk's door, which was answered by a pleasant looking woman. George explained that he had brought her husband home. 'Thank you' she said, 'but where's his wheelchair?'

The punter had been in the bar too long. As he staggered out, he saw a sign that said, 'Lunch. 12 to 1.' 'Not bad odds!' he thought.

He staggered over to the barman and muttered. 'Sheush me, I wanna putsch a bet on lunch.'

'You're dunk,' said the barman, 'get out of here before I throw you out.'

The drunk staggered down the street to the next pub where he saw another sign. 'Lunch 11 to 2.' He panicked. 'The odds are falling! I'd better get my bet on.' He staggered up to the barman and muttered. 'I wanna back lunch at 11 to 2.'

'You're drunk,' yelled the barman. 'Get out of here!'

He staggered further down the street till he came to another pub where he saw another sign which read 'Lunch 1 to 2'. 'Odds on favourite! he thought. 'No value in that. But I'll go in and see how the race finishes.'

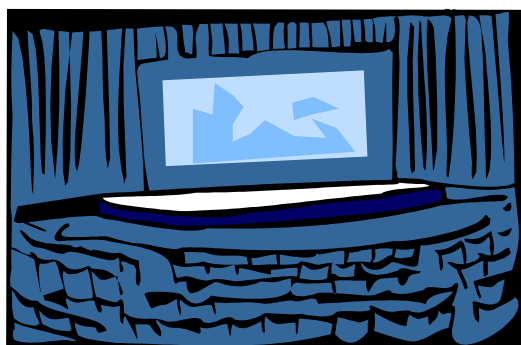
As he walked through the door, the barman yelled out to the cook, 'Hamburger, one.'

'Shit!' said the drunk, 'Just as well I didn't back lunch!'



# TRANSLATIONS

Advertisement:	Something that makes you think you've wanted it for years but you've never heard of it.
Bigamist:	A fog over Italy
Copulate:	What an Italian police chief says to a constable who doesn't get to work on time.
Sitting pretty:	Sitting Bull's gay brother
Specimen:	An Italian spaceman
Vice versa:	Dirty poetry from Italy
Mistress:	Something between a Mister and a mattress
Adamant:	The very first insect
Detest:	A West Indies cricket game
Stalemate:	A husband who has lost his get up and go
Snuff:	Finished for the day



## Final Destination

A young man took his date the cinema to see Madonna's most shocking film. They noticed a guy a couple of rows in front, stretched out over four seats, lying there, moaning and groaning. 'Oooooohh ... Aahhhh ... Oooooohh ... Aahhh...

The couple complained to the manager, who returned with a flashlight and asked the man, "What are you doing? Where are you from?"

"Oooohhhh.....Aahhhhhhhh..... from the balcony." he replied.

An elegant woman walked into the bank to deposit a large bag of cash. The bank manager was called over.

"Did you hoard all this money yourself? he asked her.

"No," she replied, "of course not. My sister whored half of it."



"Doctor, doctor, I need some pills, I've become a kleptomaniac."

"Try these," said the doctor, "and if they don't work, get me a C.D. player."



"Doctor, doctor, Every time I sit down, I see visions of Mickey Mouse and Pluto. And when I stand up, I see Donald Duck."

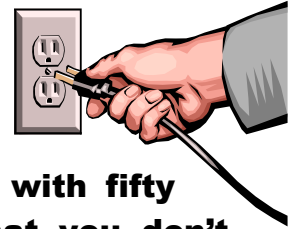
"How long have you been having these Disney spells?"

"Doctor, doctor, where will I put my clothes?"

"Put them over there, next to mine."

**ARTHUR MELLOWS VILLAGE COLLEGE  
GLINTON 17<sup>TH</sup> – 20<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY 2005  
Terry and Gwen Shepherd**

**It seemed a good idea at the time, when we casually mentioned that the Caravan Club had run rallies at this venue. However, it transpired that they knew what they were doing; Gwen and I were complete novices. Luckily, Sheila and Lance had telephoned all Autocruisers to warn them of the need for “Long” hook up leads. In several cases we were within inches of not finding any power (even with fifty metres of cable) very frustrating. Never mind, what you don’t know, you don’t worry about.**

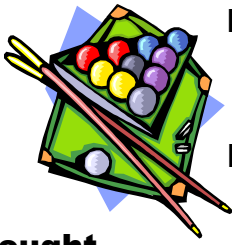


**The College had taken good care of us by providing Toilets, Showers (piping hot for some, freezing cold for Janet and Peter) forty years married and still need cooling down, lucky people. We were also given use of the Youth Centre, excellent facilities and within walking distance for all of us.**

**Twenty Five vans had arrived by the Thursday evening, hooked up to electric with grateful help of John Jenkinson, and with a few tired exceptions, all gathered in the Youth Centre to renew acquaintances. The first of two quizzes was handed out and Peter outlined events in his usual welcoming manner. After an evening of talking and drinking, we were all tired so it was early to bed.**



**Friday started dry, cloudy, but very cold. Many people took advantage of the local bus service to go to Stamford to peruse the shops and market. Others made their way to Peterborough, to look around more shops or to admire the Cathedral. Gwen took Janet, Sheila, and Carol to our local QD store and as expected came back laden with bargains. A teapot for 9 pence I don’t believe it.**



**In the evening, we gathered to sample soup and rolls, with most of us participating in a knockout Pool competition organised by Jim Keen. With a little bending of the rules and the loss of the tournament favourite, Lance, in the first round, a keenly (pun) fought battle was finally won by Peter and Dennis. The alcoholic content of the punchbowls rose during the evening, leading to long queues and sore heads in the morning.**

**We were again lucky with the weather on Saturday, the day starting with clear blue skies but again very cold. Following a leisurely breakfast, forty-six ralliers took part in a treasure trail around the village, finishing at the Golden Pheasant pub at Etton. The conservatory had been set aside for dog owners, most taking advantage of home cooked food and real ales. John and Carol Jenkinson were the winners of the competition, with Peter and Janet runners up.**



**Saturday evening was fun filled, sharing a faith supper and jacket potato with the second quiz and a “casino” hosted by Sheila and Lance. I lost fifty pence, the Autocruisers made £1.30, so someone must have made a “huge” profit. The winners of the second quiz were Steve and Caroline Joyce who were excited to receive two hats as prizes.**

**Sunday morning came. The weekend had flown by. With the threat of Snow on the horizon, we assembled in the Youth Centre for the Coffee morning and raffle. Peter announced the winners of the Bonus Ball and Len Foster (the willy man) received an addition for his collection.**



**Everyone said their goodbyes and wished each other safe journeys home. Gwen and I were relieved that we had survived running our first rally. We couldn't have done it without John Jenkinson (first class marshal) and our caravan club guests Helena and Stuart Gutteridge for their help and advice. Our heartfelt thanks to everyone who attended and to those who took the time to tell us they had enjoyed themselves. It was much appreciated.**

**Gwen & Terry**

# *The Way Children See Things*

## **NUDITY**

I was driving along with my three young children one warm summer evening when a woman in a convertible ahead of us stood up and waved. She was stark naked! As I was reeling from shock, I heard my 5 year old shout from the back seat. 'Mum! That lady isn't wearing a seat belt!'

## **HONESTY**

My son Zachary, 4, came screaming out of the bathroom to tell me he'd dropped his toothbrush in the toilet. So I fished it out and threw it in the bin. Zachary stood there thinking for a moment, then ran to the bathroom and came out with my toothbrush. He held it up and said with a charming little smile, "We'd better throw this one out too then, 'cause it fell in the toilet a few days ago."

## **KETCHUP**

A woman was trying hard to get the ketchup to come out of the bottle. During her struggle the phone rang, so she asked her 4 year old daughter to answer the phone. 'It's the Vicar, Mummy,' the child said to her mother. Then she added "Mummy can't come to the phone to talk to you right now. She's hitting the bottle."

## **MORE NUDITY**

A little boy got lost at the local swimming baths and found himself in the ladies changing room. When he was spotted, the room burst into shrieks, with ladies grabbing towels and running for cover. The little boy watched in amazement and then asked "What's the matter, haven't you ever seen a little boy before."

## **ELDERLY**

Whilst working for Meals on Wheels I used to take my 4 year old daughter on my rounds. The various appliances of old age, particularly the canes, zimmers and wheelchairs unfailingly intrigued her. One day I found her staring at a pair of false teeth soaking in a glass. AS I braced myself for the inevitable barrage of questions, she merely turned and whispered, "The tooth fairy will never believe this!"

## **DEATH**

While he was walking along the pavement in front of his church, our Vicar heard the intoning of a prayer that nearly made his collar wilt. Apparently his 5 year old son and his playmates had found a dead robin. Feeling that a proper burial should be performed, they had secured a small box and cotton wool, then dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased.

The Vicar's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers and with sonorous dignity intoned his version of what he thought his father always said. "Glory be unto the Father, and onto the Son .... And into the hole he goes.

## **SCHOOL**

A little girl had just finished her first week of school. "I'm just wasting my time," she said to her mother, "I can't read, I can't write and they won't let me talk!"

## *I wish you enough*

At the airport recently, I overheard a father and daughter in their last moments together.

They had announced her departure and standing near the security gates, they hugged and he said, "I love you, I wish you enough."

She said, "Dad, our life together had been more than enough. Your love is all I ever needed. I wish you enough too Dad."

They kissed and she left. He walked over toward the window where I was seated. Standing there I could see he wanted and needed to cry. I tried not to intrude on his privacy, but he welcomed me in by asking, "Did you ever say goodbye to someone knowing it would be forever?"

"Yes, I have," I replied.

Saying that brought back memories I had of expressing my love and appreciation for all my Dad had done for me. Recognising that his days were limited, I took the time to tell him face to face how much he meant to me. So I knew what this man was experiencing.

"Forgive me for asking, but why is this a forever goodbye?"

"I am an old man and she live much too far away. I have challenges ahead and the reality is, the next trip back would be for my funeral," he said.

"When you were saying goodbye I heard you say, 'I wish you enough.' May I ask what that means?"

He began to smile. "That's a wish that has been handed down from other generations. My parents used to say it to everyone."

He paused for a moment and looking up as if trying to remember it in detail he smiled even more.

"When we said 'I wish you enough,' we were wanting the other person to have a life filled with just enough good things to sustain them," he continued and then turning toward me he shared the following, as if he were reciting from memory. "I wish you enough sun to keep your attitude bright. I wish you enough rain to appreciate the sun more. I wish you enough happiness to keep your spirit alive. I wish you enough pain so that the smallest joys in life appear much bigger. I wish you enough gain to satisfy your wanting. I wish you enough loss to appreciate all you possess. I wish you enough 'Hello's' to get you through the final 'Goodbye.'"

He then began to sob and walked away.

My friends, I wish you enough.

*Author unknown*

## How To Clean Your Toilet – The Fun Way



- Put both lids of the toilet up and add 1/8 cup of pet shampoo to the water in the bowl.
- Pick up the cat and soothe him while you carry him towards the bathroom.
- In one smooth movement, put the cat in the toilet and close both lids. You may need to stand on the lid.
- The cat will self agitate and make ample suds. Never mind the noises that come from the toilet, the cat is actually enjoying this.
- Flush the toilet three or four times. This provides a “power-wash” and rinse”.
- Have someone open the front door of your home. Be sure that there are no people between the bathroom and the front door.
- Stand behind the toilet as far as you can, and quickly lift both lids.
- The cat will rocket out of the toilet, streak through the bathroom, and run outside where he will dry himself off.
- Both the commode and the cat will be sparkling clean.

**Sincerely,  
The Dog**



## Spelling doesn't matter

I cdnuolt blveiee that I cluod aulacity uesdnatnrd what I was rdanieg, the phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mind. Aoccdrnig to a rscheearch stduy at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mttae in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoatnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit a porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervery lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Amzanig huh? Yaeh and I awlyas thuoght slpeling was ipmorantt.

*I had no trouble reading it but that was very difficult to type. Ed.*

**A JELLY BABY WALKS INTO A BAR AND STARTS TALKING TO A SMARTIE. AFTER A FEW BEERS THE SMARTIE SAYS "ERE, A BUNCH OF US ARE HEADING TO THAT NEW CLUB, FANCY TAGGING ALONG?" THE JELLY BABY SAYS "NO MATE, I'M A SOFT CENTRE, I ALWAYS END UP GETTING MY HEAD KICKED IN." SO SMARTIE SAYS "DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, I'M A BIT OF A HARD CASE, I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU." JELLY BABY THINKS ABOUT IT FOR A MINUTE AND SAYS "FAIR ENOUGH, AS LONG AS YOU'LL LOOK AFTER ME", AND OFF THEY GO.**

**AFTER A FEW MORE BEERS IN THE CLUB, THREE LOCKETS WALK IN. AS SOON AS HE SEES THEM, SMARTIE HIDES UNDER THE TABLE. THE LOCKETS TAKE ONE LOOK AT JELLY BABY AND START KICKING HIM, BREAKING BOTTLES OVER HIS LITTLE JELLY HEAD, LAMPING HIM WITH LITTLE SUGARY CHAIRS, AND GENERALLY**

**HAVING A LAUGH. AFTER A WHILE THEY GET BORED AND WALK OUT. JELLY BABY PULLS HIS BATTERED JELLY BABY BODY OVER TO THE TABLE AND WIPES UP HIS JELLY BABY BLOOD AND TURNS TO SMARTIE AND SAYS "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO LOOK AFTER ME."**

**"I WAS!" SAYS SMARTIE, "BUT THOSE LOCKETS ARE BLOODY MENTHOL"**





**"If we have to do another one of those damn  
Coca Cola commercials today, I'm gonna puke ..."**

A Sunday school teacher began her lesson with a question, "Boys and Girls, what do we know about God?" A hand shot up in the air.

"He is an artist!" said the kindergarten boy. "Really?" How do you know?" the teacher asked. "You know - Our Father, who does art in heaven."

An airline's passenger cabin was being served by an obviously gay flight attendant, who seemed to put everyone into a good mood as he served them food and drinks.

As the plane prepared to descend, he came swishing down the aisle and announced to the passengers, "Captain Marvin has asked me to announce that he'll be landing the big scary plane shortly, lovely people, so if you could just put up your trays that would be super."

On his trip back up the aisle, he noticed that a well-dressed rather exotic looking woman hadn't moved a muscle. "Perhaps you didn't hear me over those big brute engines. I asked you to raise your trazy-poo so the main man canpitty-pat us on the ground." She

calmly turned her head and said, "In my country, I am called a Princess. I take orders from no one."

To which the flight attendant replied, without missing a beat, "Well, sweet-cheeks, in my country, I'm called a Queen, so I outrank you. "Tray-up bitch."

## H.M. Inspector of Taxes – does have a sense of humour!

*This is a copy of an actual letter sent by the Inland Revenue that was reprinted in The Guardian.*

Dear Mr Addison,

I am writing to you to express our thanks for your more than prompt reply to our latest communication, and also to answer some of the points you raise. I will address them, as ever, in order.

Firstly, I must take issue with your description of our last communication as a "begging letter". It might perhaps more properly be referred to as a "tax demand". This is how we, at the Inland Revenue have always, for reasons of accuracy, traditionally referred to such documents.

Secondly, your frustration at our adding to the "endless stream of crapulent whining and panhandling vomited daily through the letterbox on to the doormat" has been noted. However, whilst I have naturally not seen the other letters to which you refer I would cautiously suggest that their being from "pauper councils, Lombardy pirate banking houses and puissant gas-mongers" might indicate that your decision to "file them next to the toilet in case of emergencies is at best a little ill-advised. In common with my own organisation, it is unlikely that the senders of these letters do see you as a "lackwit bumpkin or, come to that, a "sodding charity". More likely they see you as a citizen of Great Britain, with a responsibility to contribute to the upkeep of the nation as a whole.

This brings me to my next point. Whilst there may be some spirit of truth in your assertion that the taxes you pay "go to shore up the canker-blighted, toppling folly that is the Public Services", a moment's rudimentary calculation ought to disabuse you of the notion that the government in any way expects you to "stump up for the whole damned party" yourself. The estimates you provide for the Chancellor's disbursement of the funds levied by taxation, whilst colourful, are, in fairness, a little off the mark. Less than you seem to imagine is spent on "junkets for bunterish lickspittles" and "dancing whores" whilst far more than you have accounted for is allocated to, for example, "that box-ticking facade of a university system." A couple of technical points arising from direct queries:

1. The reason we don't simply write "Muggins" on the envelope has to do with the vagaries of the postal system;
2. You can rest assured that "sucking the very marrows of those with nothing else to give" has never been considered as a practice because even if the Personal Allowance didn't render it irrelevant, the sheer medical logistics involved would make it financially unviable.

I trust this has helped. In the meantime, whilst I would not in any way wish to influence your decision one way or the other, I ought to point out that even if you did choose to "give the whole foul jamboree up and go and live in India" you would still owe us the money. Please forward it by Friday.

## Congratulations to Heart of England



Photo by John Purser

**Dealer of the Year 2004**  
They also won a  
**Golden Sovereign Award**  
as voted for by the readers of Practical Motorhome.

## Membership List – Who’s New, Who’s Not.

Would you like an updated version of the membership list which is produced annually at the AGM. If you have email facilities and would like to receive updated copies please contact me at [Sheila.lennie@theautocruisers.com](mailto:Sheila.lennie@theautocruisers.com) and I will add you to the mailing list.



### New Striker

The new Newcastle manager sent scouts out around the world looking for a new striker partner for Alan Shearer and hopefully to win Newcastle the title.

One of the scouts informs him of a young Iraqi striker who he thinks will turn out to be a true superstar. The Newcastle manager flies to Baghdad to watch him and is suitably impressed and arranges for him to come over to St James Park.

Two weeks later Newcastle is 4-0 down to Man Utd with only 20 minutes left. The manager gives the young Iraqi striker the nod and on he goes. The lad is a sensation, scores 5 in 20 minutes and wins the game for Newcastle. The fans are delighted, the players and coaches are delighted and the media love the new star. When the player comes off the pitch he phones his mum to tell her about his first day in English football.

“Hello Mum, guess what?” he says. “I played for 20 minutes today. We were 4-0 down but I scored 5 and we won. Everybody loves me, the fans, the media, they all love me.”

“Wonderful” says his mum, “let me tell you about my day. Your father got shot in the street, your sister and I were ambushed and beaten and your brother has joined a gang of looters, while you were having a great time.”

The young lad is very upset, “What can I say Mum, but I’m so sorry.”



“Sorry!” says his mum, “It’s your fault we moved to Newcastle in the first place!”

## **For your information**

- **Would all members please make sure that your membership card is placed in the tax disc holder supplied and placed on the windscreen of your vehicle during a rally.**
- **All rallies in future will start at 2pm on the Thursday. Please do not arrive before this time.**
- **The first two pitches on any rally field must be kept for the rally marshalls.**
- **Do you hold a current First Aid certificate? If so, please let a member of the committee know for our records.**