

The Autocruisers

Newsletter No.33
October 2005



Congratulations

Well done to all those people who sent back the card to Caravan Guard and took part in the competition. We won!!! The prize was £300.

Chairman's Rantings

Sadly I have to report that Harry Hutchinson passed away in November while in Malta. This is just over twelve months since his wife, Rowena passed away. Our condolences go to his family.

Where have we been since the last rantings, well we joined 31 vans at Drum Mohr Caravan and Camping site for the Edinburgh Tattoo, on the Friday evening. Even though it rained the show was excellent. On the Saturday we had a Burns supper, which went down very well.

As the Open weekend was the next weekend we took to the road with some of our Autocruiser friends and stopped of at Beadnell Camping and Caravan club site for a couple of days to investigate the area.

The open weekend proved to be different as we 'inspected' the new factory buildings, which were not 'commissioned' due to delays caused by the local council, and we were given permission to hold our social evening in them on the Friday. The mosquitoes of last year were not invited (apparently they had been imported in some crates at a local company) and therefore you could walk about with out being bitten! There were lots of new vans on display and a few members couldn't resist getting out their cheque books.

We have just got back from the AGM, where only 30 vans turned up, a bit disappointing. The meals and entertainment were very good and those who didn't turn up missed out on a 'hand out' from the club, due to winning a competition that Caravan guard held.

Unfortunately the rally in Essex has had to be cancelled due to lack of response (only 9 vans). 25 – 30 pitches had been reserved and a meal organised on the basis that this number of vans would turn up and the cost to the club to honour the booking was too great.

Can I also ask that if you book for a rally and then find that due to circumstances that you will not be able to go, please, please tell Lance as arrangements will have been made and need to be changed. For example pitches will have been reserved on the campsite and possibly places in a local hostelry, food bought or coaches hired. If you don't, it means you are spending the clubs money, and yours, on nothing! Also can I stress that you don't arrive on a rally before 14.00 hrs. (2 pm.) on the first day because A) the campsite may not let you in until after this time and B) your stewards need to asses the situation as regarding the pitches and what is happening on the rally.

I'll leave you on a happier note;

Three men were sitting in a train going home.

"When I get in, I'm going to pour myself a double whiskey, put my feet up and relax" said the first man.

"Well I'm going to strip off, get into the sauna and sweat out all the tension of the day," said the second man.

"And when I get home I'm going to the wife's knickers off," said the third man.

The other two looked at him and winked. "You're a randy old devil," they said laughing.

"No, they're just too tight for me," he replied.

See you all soon.

Happy rallying



RALLY DATES FOR 2006



12th – 15th January	Sherwood Forest Caravan Park Edwinstowe	£12 per night with hook up
9th – 12th February	Venture Caravan Park Morecambe LA4 4TQ	£7 per night with hook up
9th – 12th March	Hollyfast Caravan Park Coventry	£12.00 per night with hook up
13th – 17th April	Luckford Farm C & C Park Wareham BH20 6AW	£8 per night
April 27th – May 1st	Cathedral Grange Touring Park Litchfield WS13 8HU	£7.25 per night with hook up
25th – 29th May	Park Coppice Caravan Club Site Coniston	To be confirmed
June 22nd – July 2nd	Higher Well Farm & Holiday Park Stoke Gabriel TQ9 6RN	£5.25 per night with hook up
July 27th – July 30th	The Plough, Amerton Stowe-by-Chartley ST18 0LA	£5 per night no electric hook up
24th – 28th August	Town & Country Festival Stoneleigh Park CV8 2LZ	To be advised
September Date to be advised	Factory Open Weekend Swinton, Mexborough	£12 per person
5th – 8th October	The Haven Arms Hedon	£19 per person
3rd – 6th November	Riverside Holiday Park Southport New Rd, Southport	£5 per night with hook up
7th – 10th December	The Ranch Caravan Park Cliffe Common Selby YO8 6EF	£11 per night with hook up
<p>Club sites will be booked at Southern Motor Cavan Show – Peterborough Show – York Show If you want any other shows booked please contact Sheila Lennie</p>		



Roll of Honour

75 Rallies

Lance & Sheila Lennie

50 Rallies

Joe Beech



Rally News

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. ARRIVALS AFTER 2PM ON THURSDAY PLEASE.

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

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. Please make all cheques payable to The Autocruisers. 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.

If you wish to receive a confirmation of your booking you will either have to email or send a s.a.e. to Sheila Lennie.

NOVEMBER RALLY

THIS RALLY IS CANCELLED DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST

December 8th – 11th

Bainland Country Park
Horncastle Road
Woodhall Spa
LN10 6UX

Telephone 01526352903

This rally is fully booked but there is a waiting list. If you want to be put on this please contact Lance Lennie. Letters or emails have been sent to everyone that has been booked. If you have not received a letter or email you are not booked.

A tour has been arranged for Petwood Hotel with coffee and biscuits included.

January 12th – 15th 2006

Sherwood Forest Caravan Park
Gorsethorpe Nr Edwinstowe
Notts NG21 9HW

Telephone 01623823132
£12 per night with hook up

Rally News

February 9th – 12th

Venture Caravan Park
Langridge Way
Westgate, Morecambe LA4 4TQ
Tel: 01524412986
Pitch fees £7 per night with hook up
Hot Pot Supper on Saturday night

March 9th – 12th

Hollyfast Caravan Park
Wall Hill Road
Allesley
Coventry CV5 9EL
Tel: 02476336411

This is a limited rally with only 25 pitches available. First come, first served
Pitch fees £12 per night with hook up
Lunch on Friday
Buffet served on Saturday night

Easter April 13th – 17th 2006

Luckford Farm Caravan & Camping Park
Holme Lane
East Stoke
Wareham Dorset
BH20 6AW
Tel: 01929463098
£8 per night with hook up
Hog roast on Saturday night

May Day Bank Holiday April 27th – May 1st

Cathedral Grange Touring Caravan Park
Grange Lane
Litchfield WS13 8HU
Tel: 01543 521449
£7.25 per night with hook up

Monsieur le Président



The day was going well, as storytellers start
But events that followed after, set this day apart
“Just saw a few branches off” inspiration said
But inspiration, perhaps, should have stayed in bed

He climbed the steps and started to hack
When all of a sudden the tree fought back
It kicked the steps from under him, so he was faced
with choices
He looked around for guidance but didn't hear the
voices

One moment he was flying
Sheer fright cancelling all sound
The next Einstein's law took over
And he flew down to the ground

A crystal ball would have seen the end or
Maybe what was round the bend?
But as a mere “Homme Anglais” he had no chance
And the rock pierced him sure as a lance

At first he felt nothing as the shock took over,
Enveloping like a first time lover
Unable to move or even dare
All he could do was lie and stare

Help was at hand; she had seen him falling
She organised the Pompiers and his name she kept
calling
Half a jury came; six good men and true

Sturdy fine specimens all kitted out in blue
They spoke some strange language
But to him it didn't matter
They hadn't come for tea,
A sticky bun and a natter

Into the meat wagon he heard them say
Then off to the hospital for a really long stay
A painful journey he did endure
But least it was towards the cure.

They cut off his shorts, his shoes and laces
And photographed the broken places
The hip bone's smashed came the conclusion
And traction is needed to commence the fusion.

T'will take a month the surgeon said
Our hero thought “he's off his head”
But when they laid him on a table
It was quite clear he was not able.

“Review after 30 days” Le Medecin wrote
But 30 days is a long time for an amateur poet (?)
A rest had been ordered but not one so forceful
One day off would have done, or some such morsel.

The insurers rang and asked if he
Preferred in an English hospital to be
“Mais Non” he said “it's good for me”
“They'll soon speak English here you'll see”

The hospital is second to none the best in France or Spain
Still, he hopes he never needs to stay in one again
The nurses 'tres excellente' though probably thought him potty
He soon forgot embarrassment when they had to wipe his botty.

A week went by, more photos taken
By now boy's dreaming of fried bacon
As hospital food – not cordon bleu
Is causing havoc at the other end too!

Alas as time when on there came another blow
The Physio is a woman and she is seriaux!
Exercise after exercise our daunting lad must do
Someone else believes that to gain there is pain too.

Electric shocks, maximum volts
The physio had said
The first one struck, his legs shot up
He tumbled out of bed (almost)

2 weeks gone by, he's feeling better
Even managing to scribe the occasional letter
In return to the cards with messages of hope
And wishing him well in efforts to cope.

Most of the pain came from his back
He felt as he was on the rack
Some nights were good and others bad
But he hung in there (just winced a tad!)

His daily wash, all parts of he
Our boy lays naked for all to see
Each tiny piece is washed with care
They have no time to stop and stare.

Once started, he couldn't stop them
They massaged everywhere
His toes, his legs, all tingling now
And even his 'derriere'

He'd rather be no other place
He told, and getting bolder
Asked, "after massaging my feet
Could you try my shoulder"?

Our man is feeling better now
And when asked "rein en plus"
Is inclined to request chanson, dansez
And a dip in the pool too.

His meals he chose from daily lists
But then he feels bereft
They seem to give his choice away
And he always gets what's left.

The end is nigh he keeps repeating
Soon his crutches he would be meeting
He longs for the days when he walked and ran,
And didn't need the infernal bed pan.

The physio comes, our lad's deflated
For, no matter how long the boy has waited
She still insists it's 45 days
Next visit we'll hear what the doctor says.

14 July and Bastille Day
"Much celebrations", the nurses say
"Beaucoup de fireworks" there will be"
What a pity you won't see!

For some days now the story stops
Our lad's unhappy, the penny drops
The news not good the surgeon says
You could be here 14 more days

Morale is low, he needs a fix
But nurses know and have some tricks
Him as a patient, they highly rate
Some wine is sent to soften his fate.

The x rays were taken and results tendered
His stay in bed to 45 days extended
He started to argue but warning bells ring
He acknowledged in hospital, 'Le Medecin' is king.

The food gets worse or so he thought
But then one night, pureed apricot
They must run out of things to make
A bit of Salmon would do, or Hake.

He thinks of all the trouble and strife
She's sorted out, his darling wife
Up to her neck in the swimming pool
Sucking up worms with a big long tool

A week to go, he's come a cropper
Because he's bunged up good and proper
Things were going so well too
If only he could use a normal loo.

He's tired of waiting, after 3 days
"A stronger pill" to the nurse he says
Not much later it all began
Alleluia, Alleluia, our hero sang.

The final week, if doctor's true
Then he can use a proper loo
A shower too will go down well
Though t'would be awful if he fell.

The surgeon comes, the sight to see
But still won't let our boy go free
At least there is a bit of action
More x rays ordered, without the traction.

Encouraging words, what he needs to hear
"Cheer up lad, you won't be long in 'ere
You'll soon be up and on your feet"
(This challenge he has yet to meet).

Hurrah at last, decision's made
And on his bed some tools are laid
The surgeon comes, the wire is out
Our hero thinks his praise to shout

Crutches arrive, and he is ready
But standing up, he's far from steady
The physio says "it will take time"
(He cannot think of words that rhyme!)

Slowly round the ward he goes
Keeping all weight off left toes
Our boy feels he's round the bend
But 'terminated to leave at the weekend

3 days of this, he even dares
Attempting impossible, to climb the stairs
Signed off at last, he makes a break
Looking forward to a decent steak.

The ride home feels very 'rum'
(He has no muscles on his bum)
Some English friends are waiting there
Overwhelming him with love and care.

Physio here 3 times a week
Our patient's task, is now to seek
A local 'Kine.' She's sought and booked
Recommended by a friend who looked.

She worked him hard, but fairly so
As she was also 'serieaux'
As time went by, improved a bit
At least t'was possible, him to sit.

A trip to England he did say
Would maybe help, just a short stay
To visit friends, family, granddaughter too
For them to see how well he do.

A Physio near home was seen to be
Ideal for what required by he
She showed him how to build his bum
But not how to reduce his tum.

Back in France, he waits to see
His surgeon, for news that he
Can once for all, his 'canne anglais'
Dispense with both and throw away.

The visit's been, the surgeon seen
"Le radio c'est bon, he say,
Our man should do a mile a day
But in the sun prefers to lay.

Another month should do the trick
And he can do without his stick
Never again he tells his wife
To climb aloft, in all his life

Now words of wisdom this Sage implores
For all who visit B & Q stores
If ladder's needed, shake your head
And get the deck chair out instead.

Thank you Colin for the poem. Hope you are walking OK now



Monsieur le Président



insurance discounts

for members of The Autocruisers club

Caravan Guard is one of the UK's leading providers of motorhome insurance. Our first class policy allows you as a motorhome owner to tailor cover to suit your needs. As a member of The Autocruisers Club you qualify for a special club insurance discount. And with further big discounts for careful and claim free motorhome owners, perhaps it's time to see how much you can save with Caravan Guard. ”

OPEN 7 DAYS:
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 (Local Call Rate) Please quote Autocruisers Club

THE COMMITTEE

Peter Lockwood	Chair	John Jenkinson	Vice Chair
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Lance Lennie	Rally Officer	Tom Smallwood	Plaque Officer
Dave Barron		Caroline Joyce	
Steve Pudner		Sylvia Barron	
Margaret Smallwood		Steve Joyce	
Lorraine Pudner		Carol Jenkinson	
Jim Keen		Rosie Keen	
Colin Granville	President	Sue Granville	Madam President

**Mr Toad's visit to
The Midsummer Music & Leisure Show –
Lincoln – 2005
With The Autocruisers**

'Poop-Poop'

Music – Motorhomes – Miscellaneous Equipment – River Cruises – A shuttle bus into Lincoln – Cathedral Visits – Good Weather – Good Company – All the superb facilities welcomed and appreciated by lively and gregarious occupants of fifteen Autocruise 'Vans'. Who could ask for more?

A Wentworth and a Gleneagle – two Spirits – a Dream – a 'Gazer and a 'Quest – two Fires and six, yes six 'Blazers – all marshaled expertly and with calm assurance by the last minute hosts of Rex and Cherry. How I would like to get behind the wheel of one of those and take it for a trip on the open road. Poop-poop.

Arriving on the Thursday always allows a relaxed and gradual entry into the activities of the festive occasion. It enables one to engage in the 'fun' of ascertaining the best times to go for the showers, and where to pitch ones seats for the concerts for the best views without getting the mind splitting blast from any of the speakers.

The daytime entertainments were to a very high standard. The 'Notown Motown' gave three performances on Friday. Puppet Shows, for the young and old children on Saturday interlaced by an exuberant Trinidad Steel Band. Sunday welcomed a Jazz Band and the Beevor Brass Band, who gave very energetic and effective performances to everyone's delight.

Evening was catered for by 'C'mon Everyone', The Diesel Cowboys, The Mike James Sound and The Ivy League in various locations around the show ground. Everyone had space and ample opportunity to avail themselves of a comfortable seat at any of the entertainment venues, some even in close proximity to one of the many liquid refreshment facilities.

Saturday night heralded the highlights of the Musical Entertainments. The Main Ring was packed with an eager crowd well prior to any commencement of the performances. The ring, together with the grassed banks surrounding the Ring were a sea of tables and chairs, supporting ample food, as well as a little light refreshment, for consumption prior to and during the performances.

The Autocruisers contingent banded together and went across to the arena in strength and style, spreading themselves to take full advantage of the raised banking for that perfect view, but sufficiently far from the stage and the speakers to prevent any deterioration in the hearing facilities already under some strain in my case from advancing years. Seats placed strategically, tables erected, food displayed and consumed in dramatically shorter time than that was taken to ensure its preparation. Seven o'clock arrived. The concert commenced the initial act 'A Kind of Music' gave a barnstorming tribute to rock legends Queen. Members of the crowd started to forgo their static seats and approached the side of the stage area, performed their own energetic, if not entirely competent dance routines, to compliment the music.

To me the highlight of the evening's entertainment was the second act. The 50's and 60's rock and roll star Marty Wilde performed as ably and as effectively as he did in his somewhat younger days. As the writer is of the same generation as Mr Wilde, I just

wish I looked as well as he did, even though the binoculars gave evidence that time perhaps belied the reasons for some of my initial envy. Marty Wilde and the Wildcats, which include some of the original artists, were appreciated by everyone, young and old and the crowd of dancers at the stage area grew in size and breakaway groups amongst the chairs and tables followed their example. By this time the area was alive with fluorescent wigs, masks of various descriptions, even an aerial flag looking uncannily like a flamingo was waving in the light warm summer breeze. The festivities were taking on a further dimension.

The top of the bill were 'The Manfred's' Again, time has thinned the amount of hair follicles. Inches have been added to an area of the middle torso that was not apparent in younger days. The exuberance, the physical energy, the commitment to their music however has not declined and the appreciative crowd applauded their brilliant contribution to the success of the Music Festival.

But to more serious things. All exhibition stands were superb. Any visitor to the Autocruise dealer displays were welcomed as long lost friends, and being treated as valued clients into the bargain. I was even allowed behind the wheel of one of the 'vans' but the keys were withheld for some reason. Never mind. Poop-poop. It did though allow one to gain the advantage of a little shade from the scorching heat of the July sun under their capacious awnings, and a chap like me needs a little moisture to keep one in good condition. Poop-poop.

The major retailers were well represented. Models of every class and size, some at Special Show prices. A number of people had benefited from these deals as I saw a number of 'sold' notices on some of the models. I must admit that I ordered two 'Blazers and a Spirit for delivery to Toad Hall as soon as possible, but my money was declined as 'unacceptable'. Embarrassing for a chap like me I've never had any trouble before

and it is perfectly 'acceptable' and legal at any of the River Banks. Poop-poop.

Ancillary equipment, you know those goodies that we just can not do without, yet have camped happily for many years without the addition of that particular piece of equipment to decrease our payload. Goodies were on display of every size, shape and cost and order forms were avidly grasped, completed, signed and money relinquished into the traders specially constructed and reinforced extra deep pockets and that now essential and necessary item carried lovingly back to 'the van'. The only variation being that the individual is now considerably lighter in their wallet and in debt to the Bank Manager and wanders off to another tempting stand with the wistful eyes of a person lovingly awaiting to play with their new toy on their return to the 'van' or when they get home and everyone knows that a chap like me is very partial to the odd goodie.

Ample opportunity and facilities for solid and liquid refreshment were around the Showground so that as the effect of a lighter wallet was felt the appropriate required rest period was able to be facilitated. If you have never been to the Lincoln Music and Leisure Show add it to your list of 'musts' and of course book a place with The Autocruisers but take a piece of advise from a poor debt laden, gadget loving member of the New Toys for Motorhome brigade, leave your wallet, purse, credit cards and cheque books at home. However, whatever you do, enjoy yourselves.

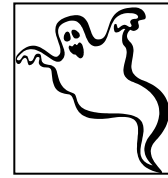
Now it's back home to Ratty, Badger, Mole and Otter and the rest of my good friends that all try to keep me in some sort of order. Poop-poop.



Many thanks to the Right Honourable Toad of Toad Hall (otherwise known as David Cooper) for this report



Strange but True
Articles supplied by
Peter Lockwood



The Horror of Hiroshima



A mushroom cloud plumed high into the sky above the stricken Japanese city, marking the end of the war and the beginning of the atomic age.

The citizens of Hiroshima were worried, and with good cause. For weeks now American bombers had carried out massive air raids on every major city and town in Japan with the exception of Kyoto and their own city.

It was possible, they knew, that Kyoto might continue to be spared because of its historical place in Japanese culture. But a commercially important town like Hiroshima, with its busy seaport, which was moreover, being used as a transport base, could expect no such mercy. It was inevitable that the bombers would soon come with their incendiaries which could wipe out half the town in a single raid.

The government had done everything in its power to reduce the horrors that would follow in the wake of the bombers. Thousands of people, had been persuaded to move into the country, and thousands more were packing their belongings to follow them; schools had been closed, and the pupils had been set to work helping in the massive task of pulling down every building that constituted a fire hazard. Wide swathes, making natural firebreaks, now intersected the city at all points - a visible proof of their efforts. Everything that could be done had been done. But everyone knew in their hearts that it was not enough. It was the day of 5th August 1945, the day before Hiroshima died.

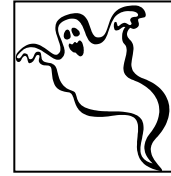
The next morning when the warning air raid sirens sounded at seven, no one was unduly alarmed. There had been similar warnings for weeks now, and they had always signalled nothing more than the fact that the American bombers were meeting at their usual rendezvous point at Lake Biwa, to the north of Hiroshima, from where they moved on to all points of the compass. The people of Hiroshima had come to accept this as a normal part of their lives. The time to worry, they knew, was when they heard the distant drone of the bombers. This time, as always, they heard nothing, and those who were still in bed, went back to sleep.

The radar screens confirmed that morning that there was nothing to worry about. They

had shown the presence' of three high-flying aircraft, which could not by any stretch of imagination be called a bomber formation, and, in due course, the All Clear was sounded.



Strange but True
Articles supplied by
Peter Lockwood



Meanwhile, at 31,500 feet, the B29 Superfortress, the *Enola Gay*, with Colonel Paul W. Tibbets at the controls, had begun its bombing run. Already Tibbets could see the town ahead of him, a huddle of tall concrete buildings sticking up incongruously among all those wooden buildings which made up the greater part of the town. The palms of Colonel Tibbets' hands were sweating as he watched the railway lines, which skirted the north of the city, slide past. Behind him, his bomb aimer began to chew furiously on his gum, sharing Colonel Tibbets' grim knowledge that they were about to open the most horrific chapter of all in mankind's history.



On the ground, those who were up and about were still quite oblivious of the horror that was about to be unleashed. At the Mitsubishi shipyards, on the outskirts of the city, Miss Shimomura had just taken dictation from her boss. Also in the suburbs, Mayor Kuriya was sitting on the terrace of his house, endeavouring to explain to his young son something of the Buddhist philosophy. In the centre of the town, Setsuo Yamaji, a one-legged road sweeper, had paused to rest by his street cleaners truck in order to have a late breakfast from his rice bowl. Within minutes the three of them were to die along with another 66,000.



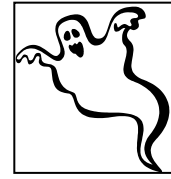
In Tokyo, 400 miles away, Japan's political and military leaders were arguing in secret conclave over whether or not they should accede to the demand of the United States President Harry Truman that they should forthwith proclaim the unconditional surrender of all Japanese armed forces. 'Yield or we lay Japan waste,' they had been warned. Sadly, no agreement had been reached.

As it was, the bomb aimer of the *Enola Gay* already had his eye glued to the telescopic bombsight and was shouting his countdown. At the end of it he pressed his thumb down on the pistol grip electronic bomb release. At the same moment the pilot dragged the

bomber into a steep climbing turn to port, threw open the throttles, and headed southeast.



Strange but True
Articles supplied by
Peter Lockwood



Suddenly the whole sky seemed to explode. Hiroshima saw a huge flash of light, and those immediately below the explosion, which occurred at 2,000 feet, knew nothing else. The Atomic Age had dawned.



The single bomb, which was dropped on Hiroshima, was the equivalent of 20,000 tons of high explosives. In a matter of seconds a bustling city of 343,000 people living in a little over 4 square miles was reduced to a mass of rubble. In addition to the 66,000 killed instantly, another 69,000 were to die of their wounds and from the terrible effects of radiation.

When the news reached Tokyo, even the most militant of the generals knew they were powerless against this new and terrible weapon. This was known in Washington, London and Moscow, where the Allied leaders waited impatiently for the unconditional capitulation of Japan in accordance with their demand. It came four days later, but only after another bomb had been dropped on the port of Nagasaki, with the same terrifying effect.



There is no point in dwelling unnecessarily on the sickening effects of those bombs on the helpless people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There is not a single person who has read the reports or seen the newsreels taken afterwards, who has not been deeply disturbed by them.

Inevitably, the one question is asked. Was it really necessary to drop the bombs? For the soldiers, sailors and airmen fighting for the Allied cause, the answer seemed simple enough. Without the bomb the war would have dragged 'on with enormous casualties on both sides. Therefore the end justified the means. But for others, the question will always remain. Was it right to kill and maim so many innocent people with a bomb which has, moreover, created genetic changes in the second and third generations of descendants of the survivors? The only possible thing that can be said for it is that since the world has seen the full effects of the bomb, an atomic war is now unthinkable.

Peter Invited his Mother to Dinner



A young man called Peter invited his mother for dinner. During the course of the meal, his mother couldn't help but notice how handsome Peter's flat mate was. She had long been suspicious of a relationship between the two and this only made her more curious.

Over the course of the evening, while watching the two interact, she started to wonder if there was more between Peter and his flatmate than met the eye. Reading his mum's thoughts, Peter volunteered, 'I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you Simon and I are just flat mates.'

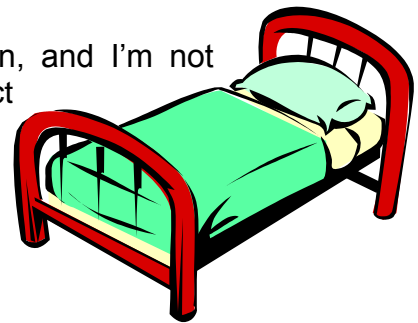
About a week later, Simon came to Peter says, "Ever since your mother came to dinner I've been unable to find the frying pan. You don't suppose she took it do you?" "Well I doubt it but I'll email her just to be sure," said Peter and he sat down and wrote:



Dear Mother, I'm not saying that you 'did' take the frying pan from my house, I'm not saying that you 'did not' take the frying pan, but the fact remains that it has been missing ever since you were here for dinner. Love Peter.

Several days later, Peter received an email from his mother which read:

Dear Son, I'm not saying that you 'do' sleep with Simon, and I'm not saying that you 'do not' sleep with Simon, but the fact remains that if he was sleeping in his own bed he would have found the frying pan by now. Love Mum.



This is soooo stupid but true... and it's going to drive you crazy!

While sitting at your desk, lift your right foot off the floor and make clockwise circles.

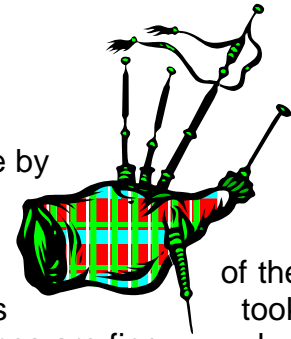
Now, while doing this, draw the number "6" in the air with your right hand.

Your foot will change direction and there's nothing you can do about it.

>>

Edinburgh Tattoo

Our arrival was timed as instructed to be met at the gate of the site by a line of vans waiting to be registered. This was done by the office staff in a very short time and a pitch allocated by them, which was for us in the lee of a line of trees as there was for most rally rather a strong breeze. As usual the meeting of old friends most of the afternoon, and as usual trying to remember names, faces are fine but as we do not attend many rallies in the year it is sometimes difficult. The evening was a quiet one as most people settled in after a lengthy journey, although we discovered quite a few had preceded the rally with a tour of Scotland and were even heard to say there had been some dry weather.



Friday dawned with a strong wind which did not stop certain ladies from nipping off to Edinburgh for the obligatory retail therapy. The afternoon was filled in nicely erecting the tent which was more like raising a spinnaker on a yacht, however as is usual in not time a large number of bodies arrived and tamed the beast.



The highlight of weekend was the visit to the tattoo at Edinburgh castle. The weather was, to put it mildly, a bit wet however we all went prepared and made our way by coach to the city then to the castle. The crowd organization was very well done with police and stewards doing an unobtrusive job keeping every one moving. The show started with a count of the different countries attending, there seemed to be section from most countries in the world. *I had a complaint from a member, needless to say he is not renewing, saying the tattoo was too far north. I have enquired with the Edinburgh Tattoo Company and asked them if they can stage it in Newquay next year, surprising they said NO!* (Ed.)

There was such a variety of displays that it is hard to pick out a favourite but for me the Norwegian Guard, who were all national servicemen, with their close drill and rifle drill were the most enjoyable. The junior motorcycle team also impressed with their crossover riding and pyramid displays; given that their ages ranged from seven to twelve years the surface being constantly rained on it was truly wonderful, the jump over two cars by a twelve year old girl onto wet tarmac was truly brave!



The massed bands from all sections of the armed forces of the world were a sight to be remembered by everyone. I think the close marching of the musicians was a joy to watch and as a Scot the massed pipes and drums were amazing. The tribute to Nelson's 200th Anniversary projected onto the castle wall was impressive, the light show and the tableau on the ground were excellent. At the end of it the Royal Marines display coming down the ramparts sliding on a single rope proved it is definitely a young man's army. All too soon it was the turn of the lone piper on the ramparts which signals the end of a very memorable evening. The return to the coach was an experience in



itself. I have never seen so many coaches parked up in every street. Ours was about a quarter of a mile from the drop off point but due to our ever inventive committee we were in groups with walkie talkies and so were not as lost as most of the crowds around us. And so to bed at the end of a wet and wonderful evening.

Saturday dawned again a windy day but nothing daunted some of the ladies and some 'bravehearts'

attacked the shops and one even bought a kilt!!!!

Some effort was put into keeping the tent anchored to the ground during the day. Once safely anchored Lance, Steve and myself had a walk to what was described as a mining museum which sadly was being let drop into a decaying set of exhibits due to the usual lack of funds. However it was not a complete failure as over a large mug of tea Lance told us of his youth in the mines and explained the various working parts of the mines.



Back to the campsite and preparations for 'Burns Night' were under way with our ubiquitous catering corps producing the supper for the evening. It never fails to amaze me what amounts of food they come up with from caravan galleys.



The Burns night started with the rev. G. Thickett (*that's Thickett with 3 T's*), saying grace followed by Dave Barron on a very enthusiastic address to the haggis complete with Highland Dress and sporting a new jacket he had managed to convince Sylvia he really needed. (*Actually it was one of two*). Peter MacLockwood then proposed the toast to the lassies resplendent in his new kilt. Sheila MacLennie, in a new kilt, proposed a toast to the laddies and then it fell to me to propose the

immortal memory, to toast to Rabbie. This done we came to the supper where the ladies did us proud serving soup, followed by haggis, neeps and mashed tatties and we finished off with ice cream cones. I think it was about then someone suggested a drink and it all went a bit hazy after that.



Sunday gave us time to do a bit of sightseeing and recovery time for some. The Royal yacht Britannia was visited by some. In the evening we had a tightly squeezed punchbowl and quiz night with some very obscure questions which were duly tackled by the brain boxes amongst us. The raffle was as usual well subscribed to and very nice prizes indeed.

Monday morning and coffee on the lawn, the tent dismantled, it seems to come down easier than it goes up. I cannot make up my mind if this is Pink job or a Blue job! Ready to set off for York we said our farewells to another great rally with The Autocruisers.

Bob and Anna Watt

God's Email

One day god was looking down on Earth and saw all of the rascally behaviour that was going on. He decided to send an angel down to Earth to check it out.

So he called one of His angels and sent the angel to Earth for a time.

When he returned he told God, "Yes, it is bad on Earth; 95% are misbehaving and only 5% are not." God thought for a moment and said "Maybe I had better send down a second angel to get another opinion." So God called another angel and sent him to Earth for a time too.

When the angel returned he went to God and said, "Yes, it's true. The Earth is in decline, 95% are misbehaving but only 5% are being good."

God was not pleased. So He decided to email the %% that were being good, because He wanted to encourage them. Give a little something to help keep them going.

Do you know what the email said?

*
*
*
*

Just wondering. I didn't get one either.

Dates

Please can I draw your attention to the supplying of birth and wedding anniversary dates to me, Lorraine Pudner.

I do have the majority of members dates but if you can't remember giving me yours please do so as I can't send cards if I haven't got the dates, this includes the year of birth to enable me to recognise 'special' occasions.

The rules remain the same: if your birthday/anniversary falls within a week either side of a rally you will be given a card at the rally if you are attending. Only if it is a special date eg. 50, 60, 80, 100 will I send a card to you by post. (if I remember).

THANK YOU.

My Job

My first job was working in an orange juice factory, but I got canned ... I couldn't concentrate

Then I worked in the woods as a lumberjack, but I just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the axe

After that I tried to be a tailor, but I wasn't suited for it, mainly because it was a sew-sew job

Then I tried to be a chef, I figured it would add a little spice to my life but I just didn't have the thyme

I attempted to be a worked in a deli, but anyway I sliced it, I couldn't cut the mustard

My best job was being a musician, but eventually I found I wasn't noteworthy

I studied a long time to become a doctor, but I didn't have any patience

Next was a job in a shoe factory, I tried but I just didn't fit in

I became a professional fisherman but discovered I couldn't live on my net income

I managed to get a good job working for a pool maintenance company but the work was just too draining

So then I got a job in a workout centre but then they said I wasn't fit for the job

After many years of trying to find steady work, I finally got a job as an historian but there was not future in it

My last job was working at Starbucks but I had to quite because it was the same old grind

SO I RETIRED, AND FOUND THAT I AM PERFECT FOR THAT JOB.

One Over The Eight

Derivations of everyday words and expressions

True Blue

Although often used to describe someone in political terms, the origins of this description of honesty and fidelity were not from politics.

It comes for 'Coventry blue, a blue thread which originated in the city of Coventry and which was particularly noted for the fastness of its dye and for its lasting properties.

Two Strings to His Bow

If someone has two jobs, or money invested in two enterprises, we often say that they have 'two strings to their bow'.

This obviously dates back to archery when a broken bow string could mean the difference between life and death. Archers often had two strings so that if one broke, there was a second string to rely on.



The term **second string** is also used to describe a reserve team of athletes or horses.

Working to a Deadline

When something has to be finished by a certain date, we often say that we are **working to a deadline**. In some jobs, for instance journalism, if work is not in on time the story is 'dead' or useless.

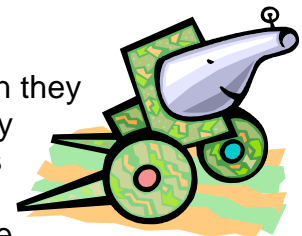


In military prisons, particularly in the American Civil War, there was often a line painted round the boundary and this was know as the 'deadline' because any prisoner crossing the line was shot dead, with no warning.

Son of a Gun

In the days of sailing ships it was usual for women to be allowed on board for various purposes on the long voyages.

It was not unusual for these women to become pregnant, and when they went into labour a temporary maternity ward was made by stretching a tarpaulin between two of the guns. In a lot of cases they were not sure who was the father of the child, and so the birth certificate would state simply '**son of a gun**'. Occasionally the child would be given the surname Gunn.





Opening times



Open for browsing



Open for dreaming



Open for fun



Open for the kids



Open for leisure



Open for exploring

Opening time at Marquis is just that - the time when the door to every single motorhome on the forecourt is unlocked - and left unlocked until closing time. So you can browse at your leisure. Of course, if you'd like to speak to one of our knowledgeable motorhome experts, their (sales office) door is always open. But the choice is yours.

Take your time. Be relaxed. Enjoy the experience.

Larger maps are available by calling your local brands, or visit the website below which also features a full vehicle stocksheet from all our branches.

www.marquismotorhomes.co.uk

Why not try before you buy? Call Vivanti Motorhome Holidays and Rental on 0700 007 4473 or visit the website at www.vivanti.co.uk

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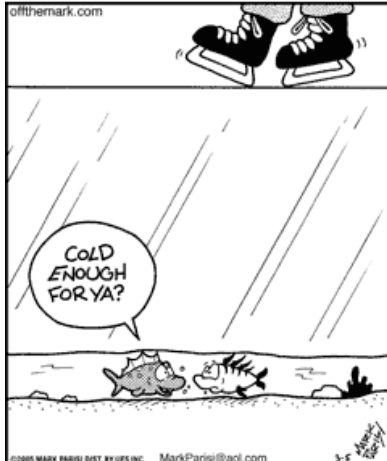
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Surrey TW19 6AE
01784 463 111

Marquis Dorset
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Dorset BH12 4QN
01202 738 777

Marquis Hertfordshire
Greenlawns Luton Road, Kinsbourne
Green Harpenden, Herts AL5 3NF
01582 460 583

Marquis Sussex
Eastbourne Road, Golden Cross
East Sussex BN27 4AN
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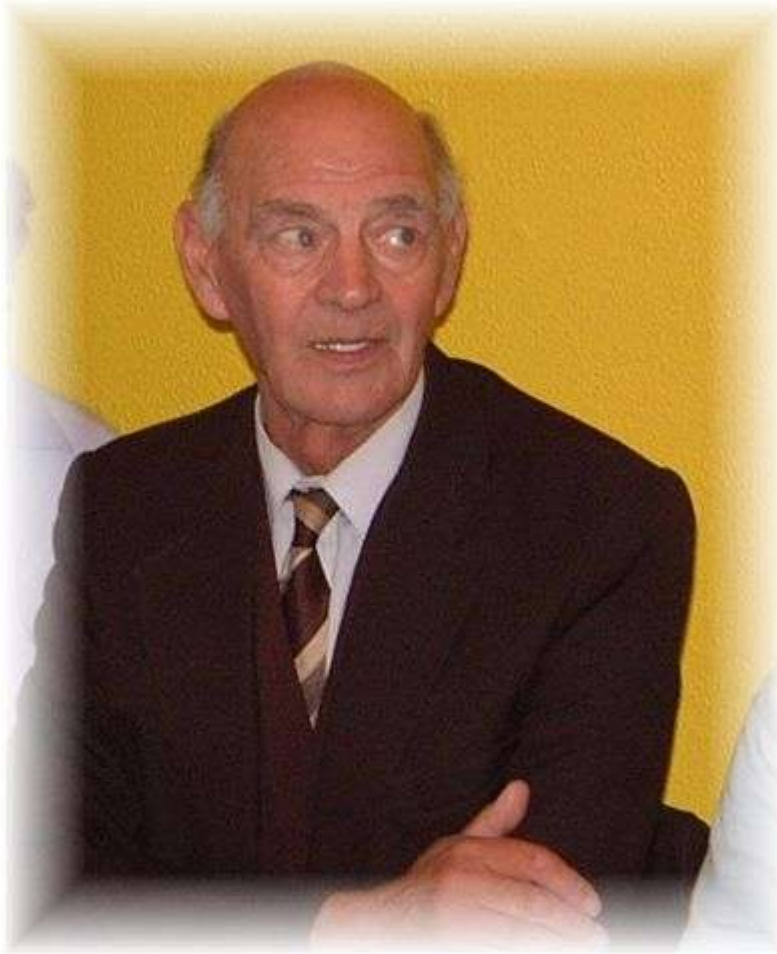
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off the mark by Mark Parisi



Harry Hutchinson



R. I. P.

Albert and the Lion
by Marriott Edgar (1932)

There's a famous seaside place called
Blackpool,
That's noted for fresh-air and fun,
And Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was their Albert
All dressed in his best; quite a swell
'E'd a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle
The finest that Woolworth's could sell.

They didn't think much to the ocean
The waves, they was fiddlin' and small
There was no wrecks... nobody drowned
'Fact, nothing to laugh at, at all.

So, seeking for further amusement
They paid and went into the zoo
Where they'd lions and tigers and camels
And old ale and sandwiches too.

There were one great big lion called
Wallace
His nose were all covered with scars
He lay in a som-no-lent posture
With the side of his face to the bars.

Now Albert had heard about lions
How they were ferocious and wild
And to see Wallace lying so peaceful
Well... it didn't seem right to the child.

So straight 'way the brave little feller
Not showing a morsel of fear
Took 'is stick with the 'orse's 'ead 'andle
And pushed it in Wallace's ear!

You could see that the lion didn't like it
For giving a kind of a roll
He pulled Albert inside the cage with 'im
And swallowed the little lad... whole!

Then Pa, who had seen the occurrence
And didn't know what to do next
Said, "Mother! Yon lions 'et Albert"
And Mother said "Eeh, I am vexed!"

So Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Quite rightly, when all's said and done
Complained to the Animal Keeper
That the lion had eaten their son.

The keeper was quite nice about it
He said, "What a nasty mishap
Are you sure that it's your lad he's eaten?"
Pa said, "Am I sure? There's his cap!"

So the manager had to be sent for
He came and he said, "What's to do?"
Pa said, "Yon lion's 'eaten our Albert
And 'im in his Sunday clothes, too."

Then Mother said, "Right's right, young
feller
I think it's a shame and a sin
For a lion to go and eat Albert
And after we've paid to come in!"

The manager wanted no trouble
He took out his purse right away
And said, "How much to settle the matter?"
And Pa said "What do you usually pay?"

But Mother had turned a bit awkward
When she thought where her Albert had
gone
She said, "No! someone's got to be
summonsed"
So that were decided upon.

Round they went to the Police Station
In front of a Magistrate chap
They told 'im what happened to Albert
And proved it by showing his cap.

The Magistrate gave his opinion
That no-one was really to blame
He said that he hoped the Ramsbottoms
Would have further sons to their name.

At that Mother got proper blazing
"And thank you, sir, kindly," said she
"What waste all our lives raising children
To feed ruddy lions? Not me!"

The Open Weekend

Well we title it a weekend, but it really it started on Thursday (like most rallies) and finished on Sunday. The turn out was stupendous, we were told that there was over 400 Motorhomes parked around the area.

Of these, the club had a very good turn out of 70 Motorhomes and their owners. We got to know our neighbours very well, you could almost shake each others hand through the windows of adjoining vehicles, but the atmosphere was fantastic.

Long standing members chatted to new members, warmly welcoming them, old friends joined up and gave account of their travels. Tips and advice about various faults and good places to stop at were swapped. Numerous cups of tea and coffee were swilled down, plus the occasional alcoholic nip here and there. Just to keep the cold out mind. Most of Thursday was spent marshalling all the arrivals. Steve did a fantastic job manoeuvring vehicles into very tight spaces. Getting all of those vans into such a small area was nothing short of a miracle and I did not hear of one moan was the comment from one person.



On the Friday we wandered into the local town of Mexborough via the tow path and through a lovely railway station that had a spotless waiting room, which contained framed 1940/1930 pictures of steam loco's at the station, comfortable seats, an aquarium with some interesting fish, but what was most noticeable was the lack of graffiti, very refreshing. We finished up buying a few bits and pieces in the town.

Friday night, we all trooped into the empty new factory, to find that all the tables and chairs laid out, a long trestle made up of six tables at least, full of well cooked and prepared buffet. Plus of course the inevitable Punch. The selection of food would and did please everyone; a catering firm would have felt proud to have produced the same quality and quantity.

The welcome to new members, which is always a joy, celebrating three birthdays, also guess who also has reached 50 rallies. Yes you are correct it was Joe. Sheila our esteemed secretary was also awarded a 50 rally plaque and a 25 one as well, only because Peter didn't have any 75 rally plaques. Also a round of stupendous applause was called for and given for the committee and volunteers who worked so hard to produce the food and make such a fabulous evening.

Saturday morning and the accessories section was packed with owners of Autocruise Motorhomes who were after spares and bargains, our friend got a complete set of carpets for his Van for, wait for it, £50. No that is not a printing error.

We caught the bus that was laid on to transport us to the old factory, to have a wonder round, very interesting, had a chat with a couple of the staff there, nothing was too much trouble to explain or show us we thought we had gone back in time when workers enjoyed the job and were good at it. Felt lazy so caught the bus back rather than walk the ½ mile. Then into the new factory to see all the new models available.



Nearly got the cheque book out, but saw sense just in time, before she who must be obeyed made my bruised ribs any worse. But the new models were very interesting.

The dinner on Saturday evening, all done up in my best casual wear, well it did not say black tie. sporting my crown with 'ere indoors wearing the tiara. As we strolled into the factory the transformation was unbelievable, row upon row of tables with coloured table cloths, balloons, a very festive atmosphere, live music from a duo. We Autocruisers sat



together covering 15 tables, amongst a multitude of approx 750 people. We had a complimentary bottle of wine between two. The first course was served to us on the table, a choice of fruit or prawn cocktail. Then we had to queue for the second course, a service of hot and cold buffet food. The dessert was profiteroles and strawberries with cream and chocolate sauce. Sumptuous! While we were stuffing ourselves there was a first class brass band playing a wide selection of old and new. The dance floor was well used including a display of the old military two step by some of the diners, the final music set was taken by a versatile group with good singers. We are pleased to say that the kilts and sporrans were again worn that night by Dave & Sylvia, Peter & Janet and Jimmy and Sheila. We crept away towards eleven, but were waylaid by some lovely people who had bought an Autocruise and wanted to know about the club.

Come Sunday morning and the time had come to say farewells, or nip into the accessories section again before it closed, all in all we had a tremendous time, mainly due to the organisational skills of the club and the warm welcome we get whenever we meet up.

Philip & Jean Edginton

For Your Attention

A number of complaints have been received by a member of the committee. The complainer requested anonymity. In future all complaints must be accompanied by either your name or membership number. Failure to comply will result in the complaint being dismissed.

We have been asked if members are able to bring friends to rallies. We will, if at all possible allow friends to attend rallies. All such requests should be made to the Rally Officer and please note that we cannot accept these friends at The Open Weekend, The AGM or the Christmas rallies or at any rally where we are rallying under our Certificate of Exemption. We would also ask that you do not bring friends on consecutive rallies and you may only bring them three times in any one year. There could be a number of reasons why we refuse your requests one such reason would be if are rallying and there are only a limited number of pitches in this instance we would not exclude an Autocruiser for a guest rallier.

If you have any questions, queries or generally just want to get something off your chest please see any member of the committee.

The Open Weekend

It was brought to the attention of the committee that Autocruise staff were being approached at the factory before the official start of the weekend on Saturday not only by members of the public but also by some of our members. We would like to stress that under **no circumstances are members of staff to be approached for any reason whatsoever** by members of The Autocruisers. Please remember that the factory is a working factory and we would not wish to cause any disruption of any sort. We would also like to draw your attention to the fact that any vans or equipment that is accessible is not to be entered or touched as we would not be covered by insurance. The Open Weekend does not start until Saturday please do not lose us the privilege of being allowed to park before then.

For Sale

Fiamma Top Box Size 2 H42cm x W120cm x D91cm

(Price when new £295)

£100

Airblock Alarm System (Unused)

(Cost £230 in 2004)

£150

CB Radio – Kernow Beta 1100 (Unused)

(Cost £90)

£40

Tailored cab seat covers for Peugeot 1998

Made by Premier Furnishings

£30

French Campsite Recommendation

Camping Le Rochat Belle Isle
17 Avenue du Parc des Loisirs
36000 Chateauroux
Tel : 02 54 34 26 56
Open 1st May to 30th September

Chateauroux is on the A20, about mid way between Rouen and Toulouse. If you leave at Junction 13 this takes you to the centre of town, which appeared to be very attractive with well know supermarkets and the campsite is well sign posted.

The campsite is beside a lake and swimming pool and is a 4 star site. All the ablution blocks are clean and have running hot water, even for washing up, and paper is supplied. The site is large, good for families, not noisy and has a dedicated room for rallies.

This site becomes an excellent stop over if you are in that area. The icing on the cake is the cost for a motorhome, plus two persons, of 13 euros (not including electric but, hey, who needs it after all that mileage).

Happy travelling,
Mike & Chris Bedwell

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Some Clever Cats & One Smart Dog



Don't Ask



Some Questions from Pat Small

- 1) Why does your gynaecologist leave the room when you get undressed?
- 2) If a person owns a piece of land do they own it all the way down to the core of the earth
- 3) Why can't women put on mascara with their mouth closed?
- 4) Is it possible to brush your teeth without wiggling your backside
- 5) Why is it called Alcoholics Anonymous when the first thing you do is stand up and say, 'My name is Bob, and I am an alcoholic'?
- 6) Why is there a light in the fridge and not in the freezer?
- 7) Why does mineral water that 'has trickled through mountains for centuries' have a 'use by' date?
- 8) Why do toasters always have a setting that burns the toast to a horrible crisp no one would eat?
- 9) Is French kissing in France just called kissing?
- 10) Who was the first person to look at a cow and say, 'I think I'll squeeze these dangly things here and drink whatever comes out'?
- 11) What do people in China call their good plates?
- 12) Why do people point to their wrist when asking for the time, but don't point to their crotch when they ask where the bathroom?
- 13) Why a person that handles your money is called a 'Broker'?
- 14) If quizzes are quizzical, what are tests?
- 15) Why is it that when someone tells you that there are over billion stars in the universe, you believe them, but if they tell you there is wet paint somewhere, you have to touch it to make sure?
- 16) Did you ever notice that when you blow in a dog's face, he gets mad at you but when you take him on a car ride, he sticks his head out of the window?

Universal Truths

- Triangular sandwiches taste better than square ones.
- At the end of every party there is always a girl crying.
- One of the most awkward things that can happen in a pub is when your pint-to-toilet cycle gets synchronised with a complete stranger.
- You've never quite sure whether it's ok to eat green crisps.
- Everyone who grew up in the 80's has entered the digits 55378008 into a calculator
- Reading when you're drunk is horrible.
- You're never quite sure whether it's against the law or not to have a bonfire in your back garden.
- Nobody ever dares make cup-a-soup in a bowl.
- You never know where to look when eating a banana in public.
- Rummaging in an overgrow garden will always turn up a bouncy ball
- Everyone always remembers the day a dog ran into your school.
- The most embarrassing thing you can do as schoolchild is to call your teacher mum or dad.
- Every bloke has at some stage while taking a pee, flushed half way through and then raced against the flush.
- It's impossible to look cool whilst picking up a Frisbee.
- You never ever run out of salt.
- There's no panic like the panic you momentarily feel when you've got your hand or head stuck in something.
- No one knows the origins of their metal coat hangers.
- Despite constant warning, you have never met anybody who has had their arm broken by a swan.
- The most painful household incident is wearing socks and stepping on an upturned plug.
- People who don't drive slam car doors too hard.
- You've turned into your dad the day you put aside a thin piece of wood specifically to stir paint with

EDITORIAL

Once again I have come to the end of another Newsletter. This time is different though as I have now handed over the Editorship to Philip Edginton. Membership No. 414. Philip will be editing the newsletter from January and I hope that you will give him as much support as you can. Send him jokes, tips, recipes, stories in fact anything that takes your fancy.

Editing the newsletter has been a joy for me and except for Issue 19, which we don't talk about, I have edited it from the very beginning. The first one was a double sided page and I was extremely proud of myself because I managed to get it into columns, something I had never done before. I did not foresee the inserting of photos, information from the web or the length that the newsletter would become. I think perhaps if I had I wouldn't have taken it on.

In the early days photocopying was a problem but as we only had about 30 copies to print I was lucky enough to get permission from my temporary employers. Then it started to get bigger and the headaches started. After a while it was decided that a small photocopier would be purchased as I was in danger of getting caught at a photocopier and possibly escorted off the premises.

I remember collating one of the earlier copies as all the photocopying was done in single pages on this very small machine, which incidentally is still up for sale if anyone is interested. Once I had printed off the 100 or so copies of page 1 and then page 2 and so on I carefully put the pages on the stairs. I managed to get three copies per stair. I think I could reach about five or six stairs up and then had to start all over again when they were completed. As it grew in size I then moved into the kitchen and utility room and covered the bench tops, mind you after an hour or so my back was killing me with constantly bending over trying to get the copies collated. Then we bought a binder and I thought I was in seventh heaven! I still had to hand collate the newsletter but it was so much more professional than a staple in the top left hand corner. By this time it was taking about 8 hours altogether to print, bind, bag and address an issue of the newsletter. Time went on and the publishing figure grew and grew and a new binding machine was purchased, and again the smaller one is up for sale if anyone is interested. The numbers grew and grew and Peter Hughes took over the publishing of the newsletter for a while.

Then all my dreams were realised when the committee gave me the go ahead to buy an office sized photocopier that collates as it prints! This was possible because of the money we had collected for the Open Weekend from Autocruisers that were attending the 2003 Weekend and John Cockburn's generosity in allowing us to keep it. Of course I had to talk Lance into allowing it into the house. The only place for it was the dining room. Not very pretty but what a happy Secretary! The next few editions were printed as I sat happily at the dining table with the latest binding machine just waiting for the collated copies to appear. Then – MAGIC – Lance junior decided to leave home. What excitement I could finally get the photocopier out of the dining room into my little office upstairs but only when he had moved all his stuff out of his bedroom and I had moved the spare bed settee out of my office into it. Now I have the equipment in my office the publishing will be a doddle!

I have enjoyed editing the newsletter but I am happy to pass it on to someone new and I wish Philip all success in his new venture. Thank you for all your support over the last 32 newsletters. It has been a pleasure and privilege to write for you.

Sheila