

The Autocruisers

Newsletter No.41
October 2007

Celebrating Our 100th rally



Stratford upon Avon May 2007 CHAIRMANS RANTINGS

It is with great sadness that we have to tell you that Alan Godfrey died suddenly at the beginning of September. On behalf of the committee and ourselves, our most sincere condolences go to his widow, Joan.

You will be pleased to know we have our van back after the garaged scoured some scrap yards and found a stub axle, which was duly fitted. The van was returned to us on 23rd July.

If the stub axle hadn't been suitable we would have still been waiting, as the next date quoted to the garage for a new axle was the middle of September! We've already tried it out as we went to the Arthur Mellows Village College at Glington.

We have just returned from France where we stayed with Monsieur & Madam President (Colin & Sue), in their mansion (mini Château) for nearly two weeks. It was quite boring as the sun shone every day, and it was very hot, but the hospitality and booze was wonderful.

Attached to the house is a forge where a French forger used to work until recently. (*They're not called forgers, there called Smith's, editor*). We thoroughly enjoyed it even though we now glow at night, as there is a nuclear power station near by.

We paid a quick visit to the York Motorhome show where we looked over the new panel van conversion that Autocruise have produced, and it was quite a crowd puller, and we heard lots of complimentary remarks about it.

Next year Sheila and I thought, as a tryout, to book some longer rallies, but to find out first you had to be at the AGM, where they were announced.

Now for a little story:

A cowboy rides into a very rough frontier town and walks into the saloon.

'I'll have a shot of whisky,' he demands from the barman and downs it in one gulp. After another couple of drinks, which he takes more slowly, he leaves the saloon only to return seconds later shouting at the top of his voice:

'Whichever one of you damned critters stole my horse, if it's not back by the time I've had another drink, I'll do what I did in Coyote Creek.'

So the man has another drink and goes back outside to see his horse has been returned.

As he mounts to ride away, the barman comes rushing up to him.

'Het, mister, just out of interest, what did you do in Coyote Creek?'

'I had to walk home,' replies the man.

Well that the lot for now, we hope to some of you at a forthcoming rally.
Keep on rallying.





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Note! They are unable to supply the Autocruise printed flag.

In Memoriam



Donald Roe
19.06.53 – 02.08.07

Dear Friends,

We were completely overwhelmed by the cards, flowers, donations and messages of sympathy expressed to us, following Donald's untimely death. We were truly touched by everyone's kindness and thoughtfulness; it was a great comfort during a very difficult time.

As you know, Donald had been ill for a long time, but we have taken solace from the fact that he was able to spend those last precious days, surrounded by his family and friends, at home, which was our wish. We can also find some consolation in knowing that whilst we will miss him dreadfully, he is now at peace. And we can never have taken away from us, the wonderful memories of the happy times we spent rallying and holidaying with your good selves.

Our heartfelt thanks
Susan, Karl and Joanne



Alan Godfrey
16.09.1933 – 29.08.2007

Alan passed away on Tuesday 29th August. He is survived by his wife Joan, three children, 5½ grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren. Alan was an avid sportsman. He ran many marathons and half marathons. His last half marathon was run in 1990. He was a stonemason by trade and retired in 1998 and enjoyed his retirement by going on holidays and spending time with his family.

Our thoughts are with Joan and her family at this time.

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Autocruise appoints new Executive Chairman

Autocruise have appointed Bill Hall to the position of Executive Chairman following the departure of Joe Anwyll. Bill Hall brings over 40 years of manufacturing experience to the company. Bill will be supported in this new position by the senior team; Steve Cant, Peter Eustace and David Bennett with Autocruise builder and current Design Director, Gordon Bentley taking a more hands on role.



Friends Don't Let Friends Drink and Take Home Ugly Men

For those who suffer from the occasional 'senior' moment

My memory's not as sharp as it used to be. Also, my memory's not as sharp as it used to be.

Reporters interviewing a 104-year-old woman: "And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?" the reporter asked. She simply replied, "No peer pressure."

The nice thing about being senile is you can hide your own Easter eggs

I've sure gotten old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees.

Fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends.

But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

I feel like my body has gotten totally out of shape, so I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour. But, by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over.

I've still got it, but nobody wants to see it.

I'm getting into swing dancing. Not on purpose. Some parts of my body are just prone to swinging.

It's scary when you start making the same noises as your coffeemaker.

These days about half the stuff in my shopping cart says, "For fast >relief."

I've tried to find a suitable exercise video for women my age, but they haven't made one called "Buns of Putty."

Don't think of it as getting hot Flashes. Think of it as your inner child playing with matches.

Don't let ageing get you down. It's too hard to get back up!

Remember: You don't stop laughing because you grow old. You grow old because you stop laughing.

THE SENILITY PRAYER:

Grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, the good fortune to run into the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

Just before the funeral services, the undertaker came up to the very elderly widow and asked, "How old was your husband?" "98," she replied. "Two years older than me." "So you're 96," the undertaker commented. She responded, "Hardly worth going home, is it?"

RALLY DATES FOR 2008



29th December – 2nd January	Riverside Holiday Park Southport New Road, Banks Southport PR9 8DF
7th – 10th February	Chertsey Caravan Club site Bridge Road, Chertsey, Surrey KT16 8JX
6th – 9th March	The Village Hall, Recreation Field Hollesey Woodbridge IP12 3RB
3rd – 6th April	Greenhills Holiday Park Crowhill Lane Bakewell DE45 1PX
8th – 18th May	Well Park Caravans New Hedges, Tenby
12th – 22 June	Warren Farm Holiday Park Bream Sands Nr Burnham on Sea TA8 2RP
17 – 27 July	Alnwick Rugby Club Greenfields Avenue Alnwick NE66 1BE
14th – 17th August	Wicksteed Park Kettering, Northants NN15 6NJ
4th - 14th September	Invercauld Caravan Club site Glenshee Road Braemar AB35 5YQ
9th – 12th October AGM RALLY	Lakeside Caravan Park North Somercotes Louth
6th – 9th November	Diamond Farm Camping Park Islip Road, Bletchington Kiddlington OX5 3DR
4th – 7th December	The Ranch Caravan Park Cliffe Common Selby YO8 6EF

**All rallies will carry a £1 per person levy
Peterborough & York shows will have club pitches booked**

RALLY DATES FOR 2009



7th – 10th May	Bourton Rovers Football Club Bourton on the Water
11th – 21st June	Ravensglass Camping & Caravanning club site
9th – 19th July	Lickhill Manor Caravan Park Stourport on Severn DY13 8RL
6th – 9th August	Kings Lynn Caravan Park New Road Kings Lynn
10th - 20th September	Riverside Caravan Park Tiddington Road Stratford upon Avon
8th – 11th October AGM RALLY	Lakeside Caravan Park North Somercotes Louth
5th – 8th November	Milestone Caravan Park Newark on Trent
10th – 12th December	Bainland Country Park Woodhall Spa

It is really important that you notify the Secretary of any changes of details. We often change our email addresses, mobile phone numbers and less frequently our vans. I was quite surprised at the amount of information that was held on the club's database that was out of date. The renewal forms corrected this but I must stress that it is important that these records are kept up to date.

The recording of mobile phone numbers has proved invaluable at times. We have had to cancel rallies at the last minute, usually due to inclement weather and have contacted people already on their way to the site to inform them of the cancellation. If we do not have your number on record then we are unable to contact you. Please ensure that mobile telephone numbers are current at all times.

Email is a very cheap way of contacting members so please ensure that your current email address is on file.

Thank you for your understanding.

Sheila

Our 100th rally



The Marshals and committee arrived on Wednesday to get the site ready for our rally. Autocruise Group Holdings, South Yorkshire Motor homes, Marquis Motorhomes, ES Hartley, Cotswold Motor Homes, Don Amott Leisure Kingdom, Rose & Company, Aspire Creative, Heart of England Motorhomes and West Country Motorhomes had sponsored the rally. With sponsorship markers attached to our newly acquired pitch markers the rally marshals started marking out ready for the arrivals on Thursday.



The site quickly filled on Thursday and we eagerly awaited the arrival of the marquees hired from Astwood Bank Scouts for the weekend. Willing helpers soon appeared and the marquee was soon erected. A smaller



marquee was erected for the preparation of the food and to be used as a bar. It was decided not to use this for a bar due to another rally sited very close to us. A great number of them came onto our rally site and had a good look around and they used it as a short cut. So it was felt that it wouldn't be very safe to leave all the alcohol there.



On Friday evening we had a faith supper and everyone provided something for the table. The drinks were supplied from club funds. We were entertained that evening by Shon & Yvonne who brought along one of



their organs. Dressed up in Victorian costume they soon had willing volunteers from the audience to help them with their act.



Saturday morning arrived and the committee with some help from the membership were soon preparing the meals to be served that evening. Ham & Beef Salad followed by Gateaux of all descriptions that had been purchased from Costco in Birmingham the previous day. In the main marquee other members of the committee were setting up the bar and wrapping cutlery in serviettes. Alongside the committee were The Renditions, the group that were to play live music during the evening having their

last practice before their 1st gig!

As people arrived for the evening they were presented with a glass of bubbly, a plate with a bread roll, butter pat, salt and pepper, sachet of mayonnaise and their eating irons. They were then presented with a commemorative paper knife to mark the occasion. Having opened the proceedings and drunk a toast to 10 years and 100 rallies of The Autocruisers the meal was served with amazing efficiency by the committee.



A number of presentations were made during the evening. Irene & Peter Ramsden were celebrating their wedding anniversary as were Tom & Margaret Smallwood and Sheila & Dan O'Sullivan. They were all presented with flowers to mark the occasion.

Our Presidents had come over from France to be with us on this special rally and Sue was celebrating her birthday. Modesty forbids me to tell you how old. She was also presented with flowers.



Now it was time for the live entertainment.

The Renditions took their places and entertained us most royally. During their break we had our own Barry Renshaw singing to us.

The singer, during one of their breaks, twisted his ankle, or so he thought. He went back on to carry on singing and it wasn't until he got home that he found out he had broken his ankle!

The evening was an enormous success and the committee were pleased that most people stayed until 11pm when we had to stop the live music. An incredible evening!

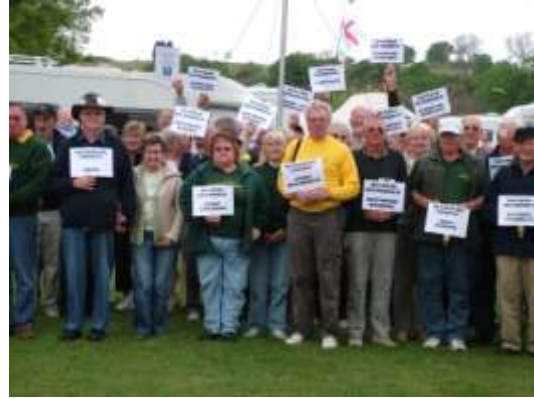


Sunday morning dawned and it was decided by the catering committee that the men should do the barbecue. The caterers had never stopped all weekend and this was to be their day! True to Autocruisers form, we suddenly had men, utensils and barbecues at the ready. Beef burgers and sausages cooked to perfection and served with salad and bread rolls followed by a chocolate fountain. Who could ask for more? The bar was still open and we weren't going to leave until it was dry!

It was then time for the cake. Celebrating our 100th rally was a wonderful experience and now we know how to do it we are eagerly awaiting the 200th!



On Monday morning everyone was asked to take their pitch markers to the flag to have their photo taken.



And then we took photos of the inaugural members that attended the rally.



From left to right
Graham & Sylvia Cork, Sue & Colin Granville, Lance Lennie,
Ken Stokes, Sheila Lennie, Tom & Margaret Smallwood



Peter & Vesta Darnell
who had to leave on Sunday.





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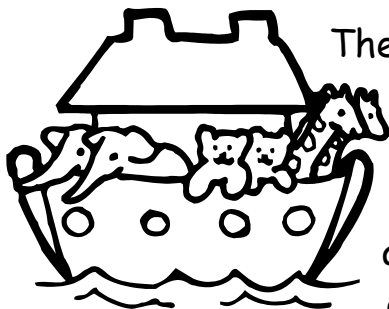


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The Ark From Arthur Perkins



The Lord spoke to Noah and said, "In six months I am going to make it rain until the whole world is covered with water and all the evil things are destroyed. But, I want to save a few good people and two of every living thing on the planet. I am ordering you to build an ark." And, in a flash of lightning, he delivered the specifications for the ark. "OK," Noah said, trembling with fear and fumbling with the blueprints, "I'm your man."

Six months passed, the sky began to cloud up, and the rain began to fall in torrents. The Lord looked down and saw Noah sitting in his yard, weeping, and there was no ark. "Noah!" shouted the Lord, "Where is My ark?" A lightning bolt crashed into the ground right beside Noah. "Lord, please forgive me!" begged Noah. "I did my best, but there were some big problems."

First, I had to get a building permit for the ark's construction, but Your plans did not meet their code. So, I had to hire an engineer to redo the plans, only to get into a long argument with him about whether to include a fire sprinkler system. My neighbours objected, claiming that I was violating building regulations by building the ark in my front yard, so I had to get a variance from the city planning board.

Then, I had a big problem getting enough wood for the ark, because there was a ban on cutting trees to save the spotted owl. I tried to convince the environmentalists and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service that I needed the wood to save the owls, but they wouldn't let me catch them anyway ... so no owls!

Next, I started gathering up the animals but got sued by an animal rights group that objected to me taking along only two of each kind. Just when the suit got dismissed, the EPA notified me that I couldn't complete the ark without filling out an environmental impact statement on Your proposed flood. They didn't take kindly to the idea that they had no jurisdiction over the Supreme Being.

Then, the Corps of Engineers wanted a map of the proposed flood plan. I sent them a globe!

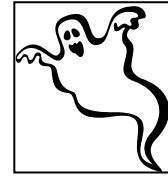
Right now, I'm still trying to resolve a complaint with the Equal Opportunities Commission over how many minorities I'm supposed to hire.

The Tax Inspector has seized all my assets claiming that I am trying to leave the country, and I just got a notice from the state that I owe some kind of use tax. I really don't think I can finish the ark in less than five years." With that, the sky cleared, the sun began to shine, and a rainbow arched across the sky. Noah looked up and smiled. "You mean you are not going to destroy the world?" he asked hopefully.

"No," said the Lord. "The government already has!"



Strange but True
Articles supplied by
Peter Lockwood



The Riddle of the Boy King



Louis the little prince was like a piece on a chessboard. To the Royalists, he played the part of king - to the Revolutionaries he was a pawn better removed from the Game.

Most people are sufficiently aware of the history of France to know that during the French Revolution Louis the Sixteenth, the reigning king, was guillotined. Most people know, too, that after the Revolution, when the Bourbon monarchy was restored for a time, in 1814, the King who came to the throne of France was Louis the Eighteenth. How many people have stopped to think, though, of what happened between Louis the Sixteenth and Louis the Eighteenth? In short, whatever happened to Louis the Seventeenth? The answer to that intriguing question is one of the great mysteries of French history. For there was a Louis the Seventeenth, although he was never crowned King and was quickly forgotten by his country which, at the time he lived, had too many weighty problems on its hands to bother very much about him.

Louis the Seventeenth was the son of Louis the Sixteenth, and in January 1793, when his father laid his warm neck on the cold guillotine, young Louis, who was popularly known as the Dauphin, was just eight years old. If you ever go to Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London you will see a tableau of the French royal family of that time. The Dauphin stands by the knee of his mother, Marie Antoinette, who soon followed her husband to the guillotine. He is a very small lad, with his father's fullness of face. The innocence of his expression contrasts with the brutal torture that, some people believe, was soon to smother his life.

When the Revolutionaries had executed Louis the Sixteenth, the problem arose of what was to happen to the Dauphin who, of course, had automatically become Louis the Seventeenth of France at the moment his father died. And at once the Revolutionary Convention, which had voted so determinedly for the death sentence on the ineffectual Louis the Sixteenth, was split over the death sentence for his young son. Those members of the Convention who wanted the Dauphin to live argued that if the Republic was the healthy and powerful State that they claimed it to be, then a small boy was no threat to it. To murder the boy, they claimed, would only bring the Revolution into disrepute. Better by far that he should live. This argument carried the day, and the Dauphin was allowed to live. At least, he was kept alive.



Strange but True
Articles supplied by
Peter Lockwood



For a whole year after his father was executed the Dauphin was lodged in the Temple Prison in Paris. During that year his mother, who had been with him, was led from the prison for the last time to her place of execution. And from that month onwards no one really knows for certain what happened to the Dauphin. The best-known explanation is horrifying to the imagination.

It came from two faithful Royalists, the Baron de Batz and an English actress called Lady Atkyns. The Revolution that made the Dauphin a king in name at the age of eight made him an orphan at the age of nine. During that fateful year the Simon family of Paris were appointed by the Revolutionary Convention to be the Dauphin's guardians. But in January 1794, the Simon family left. While the Dauphin was in prison before his father's execution, these two people had tried unsuccessfully to rescue him. So we know at least that they were familiar with the Dauphin and his prison. Their story was this:

After the Simon family had gone, little Louis was imprisoned in a blacked out cell for six months on the orders of the Revolutionary leaders. For a child of nine it must have been a terrifying experience. He could see nothing and he could talk to no one, for his confinement was solitary. He was kept alive with food that was passed through the iron grille of the door. The darkness must have made the little Dauphin pale, for he had been used to an open-air life in the magnificent gardens at Versailles and in the Tuileries. Then, on 27th July, 1794 - the two Royalists were very certain about the date — little Louis was visited by a Revolutionary leader named Barras. On his orders the Dauphin was taken out of solitary confinement and put into a more comfortable prison. His spirits improved, but his physical condition did not: he had always been a weak child, and six months in the darkness had done nothing to improve his condition.

Why this sudden change of heart on the part of a high Revolutionary official? The reason that Barras had sent the young King into better surroundings was to please his great friend Josephine Beauharnais. She was a far-sighted woman who planned the future. If ever the country was restored to monarchy, the Dauphin would be her passport to safety. Exiled Royalists at that time were already threatening to execute her friend Barras if they returned, and that threat might include her. So the Dauphin became a hostage.



Barras and Josephine, however, made two vital mistakes at this point. First, they failed to keep a sufficiently strict watch on the Dauphin's custody. Second, they underestimated the fanatical devotion of the French Royalists to the child who was in their eyes king. For the Royalists - in this case the Baron de Batz and Lady Atkyns, if their story is to be believed - were determined to rescue the Dauphin. According to them, one night they or their associates broke into the prison where the Dauphin was being held, entered his room, woke him, and smuggled him out. The dead body of an orphaned child was put in his bed to delay the alarm while the Dauphin escaped from the country. Where did he go? That was never revealed and that was the end of the two Royalists' story.

The next morning the Revolutionaries discovered the body in the bed. For a few days there was silence, then the Revolutionary Government suddenly announced that the Dauphin had died 'of an illness of long standing' on 8th May, 1795. What happened, then, when the Revolutionaries found the corpse in the bed? Did they mistake the body of the orphan for that of the Dauphin, or did the Dauphin really die? That brings us to the question of identification of the body. The only person who could have positively identified it was the doctor who had attended the royal family. But before he could be called to examine the corpse he died himself. The rumour immediately went around that the doctor had been poisoned. That seems to suggest that the body he would have examined was not that of the Dauphin, and that the Dauphin had therefore escaped. If this was so, the Royalists, alarmed at the consequences if the Revolutionary Government should discover the Dauphin's flight, might simply have murdered the doctor to prevent him from making an examination of the corpse.

All this, of course, is evidence in support of the story told by Baron de Batz and Lady Atkyns. One important point goes right against the story, however and that is, if the Dauphin had escaped to a place of safety, why did they not produce him at the restoration of the monarchy? Was it because he never did escape from custody? Because he really did die of an illness of long standing on 8th May, 1795? Or did he in fact escape as the Royalists had suggested only to die soon afterwards somewhere in exile from the effects of his imprisonment?

Death eventually claimed all the people who could have answered these questions. Josephine Beauharnais died in 1814, having become Empress of France - Napoleon's wife. Not a word passed her lips about the Dauphin's fate. Not another word passed the lips of Barras, before he died in 1829. He left no mention of the boy: his secrets died with him.

At any rate, at the restoration France did not lack for a king. The Dauphin's uncle, the Comte de Provence, took the crown and wore it as Louis the Eighteenth. After that no one much cared about what had happened to the Dauphin. They took the down-to-earth view that a live Pretender was better than a dead King. So closed the story of the little boy who might have been the Great King of a mighty nation and instead died wretchedly and in obscurity.



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A Sale of Two Bikes by Sheila Lennie



Having come off the bike when it was stationary and damaged my foot, my nerve totally disappeared in the A & E department. The bike had to be sold!

An advert was sent to Autotrader who advertised the bikes in the magazine and also put them on the web. Within the first 36 hours we had an email expressing interest in Lance's bike. Photos were sent to the enquirer and all his questions answered. We struck up quite a friendship via email. It was agreed that he would buy Lance's bike for the asking price and he would send me a cheque. Well I waited and waited and no cheque arrived. I was beginning to smell a rat! I decided I would telephone John Mule, the man in question, and then I think I spoke to the rat!

He was of foreign extraction and his english was not very good, as was the english in the email. He assured me that a cheque was on the way and so I told him that I would contact him immediately I received the cheque. The cheque finally arrived but I decided to bank it before contacting Mr Mole. As you may have guessed the cheque bounced. Well I wasn't surprised because you see the cheque had arrived for £6,000 which was way way over the asking price and we were meant to send him the difference after paying for the transportation costs of the bike to FRANCE!

The cheque arrived one Friday morning, by itself in an envelope with an illegible postmark. I phoned the bank and asked them to contact their customer to explain what the cheque was for. It came from a construction company I had never heard of. Well the bank was useless and so I used the internet to find the company and rang them. That is when I knew there was something not right. They told me that a number of cheques had been issued, fraudulently, to pay for motor vehicles.

We took advice from the bank and reported the incident to the police. (They were not interested!) I had a name and address of this John Mole in France in Lyon. Guess where the headquarters of Interpol is based? Yes Lyon! Interpol does not have any contact details listed on the net! So I decided to call Scotland Yard and speak to their overseas branch. I was informed that my local police would have to report it. So back on the phone to the local plods who sounded less than enthusiastic! I insisted that they contact London, whether they did or did not doesn't concern me anymore. I did my best!

I have received another £6,000 cheque this week from another gentleman, who again is of foreign extraction. We had been in communication for a while about one of the bikes but having heard

nothing for a while decided that he too was of no consequence in this sale of two bikes. How uncharitable can you be Sheila? The poor man sent me an email to explain why he had not contacted me for a number of days and I quote:

First and foremost am very sorry for not contacting you for a while concerning the purchase of your { ITEM }.The reason is that,my mother-in-law was shot dead by a neighbour over a small arguement,and that was what i and my wife have been draging with the murderer in the court to make sure that this guy my face the consequence of what he has done. And thanks God everything is being settle by the court.

I told you the english wasn't up to much didn't I? Needless to say the bike is still for sale!

On a happier note my bike has been sold to a very nice man from Stockton on Tees and I hope that he is very happy with his purchase.

As for Lance's bike, well it has been put in the garage and will stay there until the spring when he will get it out again.

Me!

I will have to learn to ride pillion!

Dear Autocruisers
Thank you
very much for your sponsorship
and enabling me to raise
£2000.
Thank you
Glenn.



Received from Glenn at Autocruise
Apologies that it wasn't included in the last newsletter.

Two from Pauline Rees

Hung Chow calls into works and says, Hey, I no come work today. I really sick. Got headache, stomach ache and legs hurt. I no come work."

The Boss says, 'Hung Chow, I really need you today. When I feel like this, I go to my wife and her to give me sex.

That makes everything better and I go to work. You try that.'

Two hours later Hung Chow calls again. 'I do what you say and I feel great. I be at work soon.....You got a nice house!'

CHICKENS – The only animals you eat before they are born and after they are

dead



KEEN'S AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The February copy of the Caravan Club magazine dropped through the letter box, and as usual my first impulse is to look at the special offers and the competitions, (they make good draw prizes).

One of the offers was a draw to visit the Centenary Garden party at Buckingham Palace in July 2007. I asked Rosie would she go if we were fortunate to be invited, the answer was yes, but most unlikely as we never win! so the form was submitted.

Imagine our surprise when in April the invitation dropped through the letter box, stating that out of 28,000 applications, we were one of the 3,500 couples to be invited by the Patron HRH Prince Phillip Duke of Edinburgh. The Tea Party was to be held on 23 July 2007, at the Palace and the Duke would be our host.

The Caravan Club had made arrangements for the 3,500 vans

expected at various locations in and around London these were to be in the form of a weekend rally, and rally goers would be bussed into the Palace.

Having tried several of the proposed sites we were eventually sited at Newbury Showground with some 350 other vans and campers. Berkshire Centre was to be the weekend hosts, and a fine job they did. We were met with a smile shown to our pitch and made very welcome. The site had a large marquee for the three night's entertainment, also on site a mobile café, as well as a trade stand selling all sorts of camping equipment, papers and gas were also on sale.

Unfortunately we were unable to attend until the Sunday due to a prior engagement, however this proved to be fruitful as it was the weekend of the worst floods ever seen in this country! The showground proved to be a good site and did not get flooded, however

numerous people were unable to arrive on Friday due to floods and some had to in the Marquee to enjoy an excellent three hours of professional entertainment with a good Duo and a very talented comedian. I understand that Friday and Saturdays entertainment was equally as good.

Monday the day of the party arrived with overcast weather, we had been given a time to have our photograph taken, and to be booked in for our coach, so we joined the queue for ours, the weather was still very overcast with occasional drizzle, dressed up in our best attire, umbrellas up and down, we eventually had our photo taken which was ready and framed upon our return in the evening.

We were on coach number 7 out of 14 coaches from this site alone, the journey time was about 90 minutes, we arrived at the top end of the mall and had to walk down and join the four queues totalling some 7,000 persons, we entered the Palace through the front entrance passing into the beautiful lawns and gardens, where there were about 20 food stations serving us with the tea, cucumber sandwiches, and other niceties all very organised and sociable. At around 4.30pm, the light rain arrived just as HRH The Duke came out to meet the dignitaries and other

cancel as they could not get to their vans. Sunday evening we settled down selected people, dressed in his top hat swinging his broly before settling down to have his refreshments, he was oblivious to the light rain laughing and chatting to lots of people, he certainly doesn't look 86, Rosie is convinced he wears a mask!

Despite the rainfall we walked through the gardens, around the lake and lawns clutching our brollies, listening to the two bands playing, wondering how in the middle of London it could be so quite and peaceful, all very impressive and ship shape. Due to security reasons we were unable to use phones or take pictures at the palace.

We returned through the Palace hall over the red carpets back to the designated coach for our trip back to site, where the rain had now stopped, so we proceeded to the mobile café for a nice cooked meal, and to collect the photo, before settling down for the evening listening to the helicopters rescuing the flood victims, it's a funny old world isn't it, so unfair at times.

All in all a very memorable experience and something we may never be able to repeat.

Rosie and Jim Keen

Cinderella was now 85 years old looking old and grey, when her fairy godmother appeared. 'Oh you look so sad, I'll grant you a wish.' 'Well,' said Cinderella, 'said Prince Charming died I've become short of

money, so please can I become rich?' With a wave of her wand the table was covered in gold coins. Cinderella was so happy that her Godmother said she could have another wish. 'Oh,' said Cinderella, 'can I be

young and beautiful again?' Cinderella becomes 20 years old and rich. Her Godmother was so pleased with the changes she had made she said that it had been so long since she had granted any wishes that

Cinderella could have a third and final wish. Cinderella thought long and hard and just then her faithful old cat walked into the room. 'My cat has loyal and faithful for

so long could you please turn him into a handsome young man. With a wave of her wand a handsome young man stood there with open arms into which Cinderella ran. He

bent down and said, 'I bet you wish you had never sent me to the vets to have all my bits cut off!

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A moral story from Dianne Sollis

I was a very happy person. My wonderful girlfriend and I had been dating for over a year, and so we decided to get married. There was only one little thing bothering me... It was her beautiful younger sister. My prospective sister-in-law was twenty-two, wore very tight miniskirts, and generally was bra-less. She would regularly bend down when she was near me, and I always got more than a nice view. It had to be deliberate because she never did it when she was near anyone else.

One day her "little" sister called and asked me to come over to check the wedding invitations. She was alone when I arrived, and she whispered to me that she had feelings and desires for me that she couldn't overcome. She told me that she wanted me just once before I got married and committed my life to her sister. Well, I was in total shock, and couldn't say a word. She said, "I'm going upstairs to my bedroom, and if you

want one last wild fling, just come up and get me." I was stunned and frozen in shock as I watched her go up the stairs. I stood there for a moment, then turned and made a beeline straight to the front door. I opened the door, and headed straight towards my car.

Lo and behold, my entire future family was standing outside, all clapping! With tears in his eyes my future father-in-law hugged me and said 'We are very happy that you have passed our little test. We couldn't ask for better man for our daughter. Welcome to the family.'

And the moral of the story is:

Always keep your condoms in your car!



Roll of Honour

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Alec & Sylvia Blackburn



25 Rallies
John & Gloria Brighten
Barry & Rita Janaway

The young man was excited – he had just passed his driving test. He said to his father, who was a minister, 'May I use your car Dad?' His father replied, 'I'll make a deal with you – improve your Grades at school, study your Bible each day and get your hair cut – then we'll talk about using the car.'

After a month the son asked if they could talk about using the car. His father said, 'your schoolwork has improved. I'm pleased that you are reading your Bible each day – but you haven't had your hair cut!'

The young man thought for a moment and said, 'I've been thinking about some of the people in the Bible...Sampson had long hair, Moses had long hair, so did Jesus.'

To which his father replied, 'You're quite right my boy – and if they wanted to go anywhere, they walked!'

These snippets from Jim Keen

I thought about how mothers feed their babies with tiny little spoons and forks so I wondered; what do Chinese mothers use? Toothpicks?
If love is blind, why is lingerie so popular?

People from Poland are called Poles, so why aren't people from Holland called Holes?

Ever wonder about those people who spend £2 apiece on those little bottles of Evian water? Try spelling Evian backwards: NAIVE

Why is a person who plays the piano called a pianist but a person who drives a racing car not called a racist?

If you take an Oriental person and spin him around several times, does he become disoriented?

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We've just heard, on the grape vine, that Sylvia (of the Alford Hells Angel's chapter) has had to give up jogging due to the fact that she was jogging so fast she set light to her knickers.

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Small Personal Shredder

£10

contact Sheila Lennie

Dear Lord,

So far today, am I doing all right.

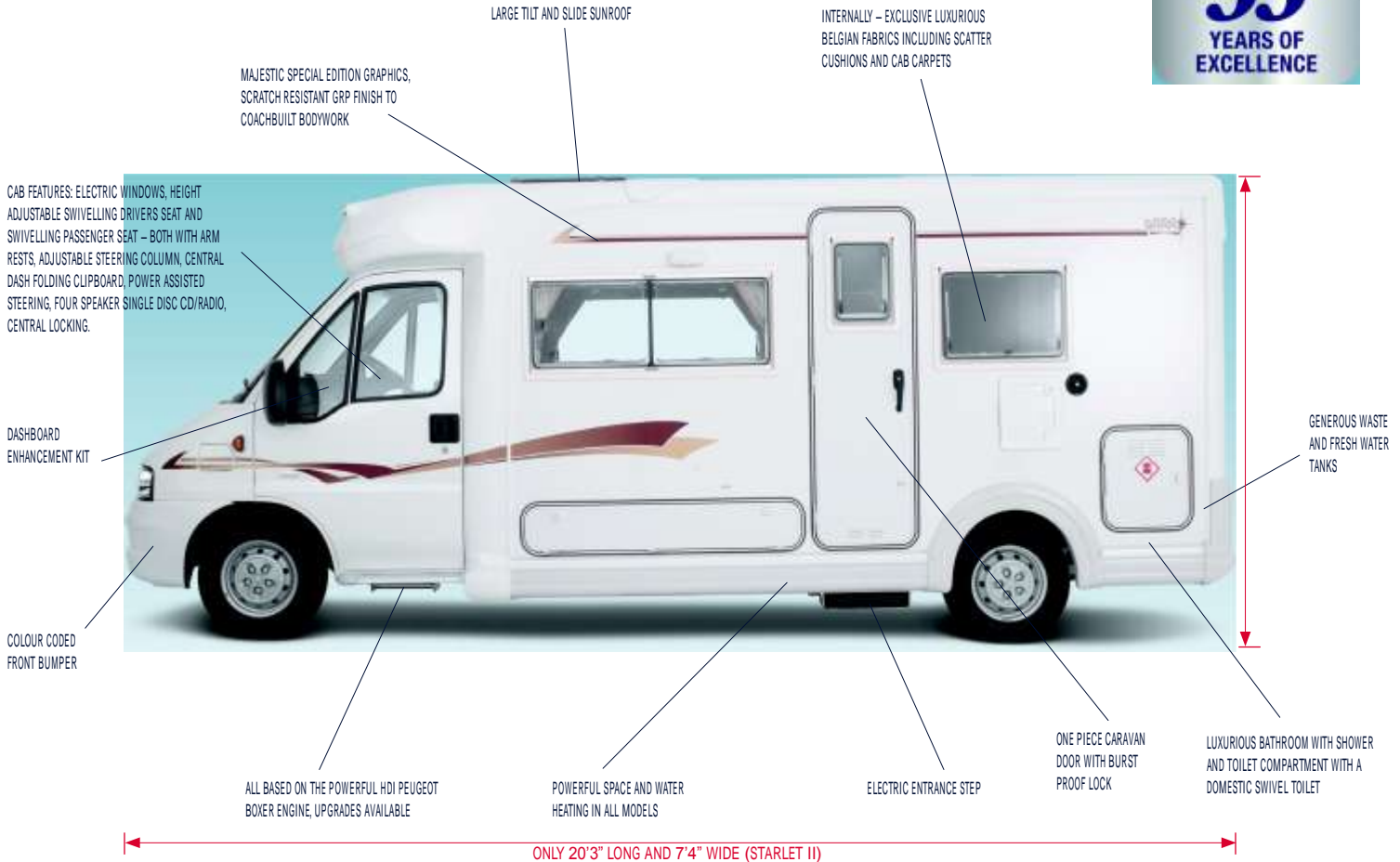


I have not gossiped, lost my temper, been greedy, grumpy, nasty, selfish, or self-indulgent. I have not whined, complained, cursed, or eaten any chocolate. I have charged nothing on my credit card.

But I will be getting out of bed in a minute, and I think that I will really need your help then.



That's All Folks

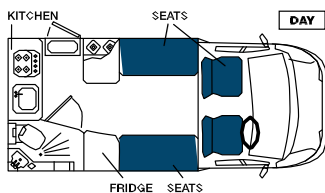


The Majestic range, exclusive to Marquis Motorhomes

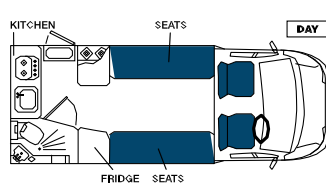
The Majestic badge is exclusive to Marquis Motorhomes and with nine vehicles in the range, every one of them offers you the very best in quality, style and value for money. Produced in association with Autocruise and based on the Peugeot Boxer chassis, every vehicle comes with power assisted steering and a fuel efficient turbo diesel engine. In addition, each Majestic model comes with the option of a Luton overcab bed* or our standard elegant low profile design. And the Majestic's high specification means that you're not only buying exceptional comfort – you'll be purchasing a motorhome that has more 'extras' as standard than any other comparable model in its price range. For

further information or to arrange a test drive contact your local branch.

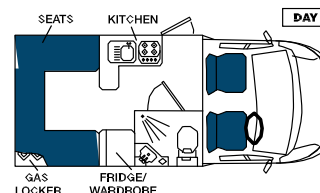
*Excludes Starlet II and Stardream. Available in low profile only.



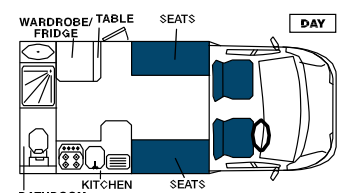
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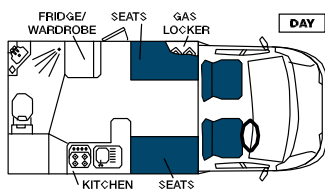
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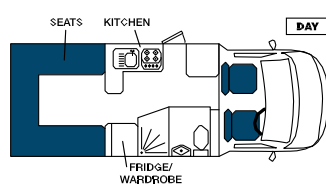
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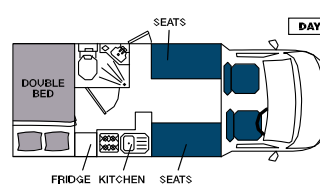
Starlet II



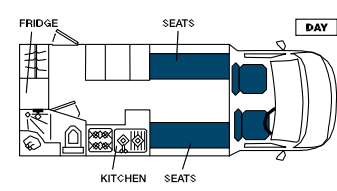
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