103rd Entry Association

January 2018
Issue 45

Newsletter

Reunion Special

This edition is primarily given over to details of the forthcoming Reunion in June with a comprehensive guide to being there. Does time make the heart grow fonder we will have to wait and see. This is a nice venue and as a weekend away we couldn't ask for Better. Interesting location, copious amounts of drink, good accommodation, good food, and first class companionship!! Now what have I missed out? Oh yes women, bring your lady along as well, or someone else's if you are feeling adventurous, (Just a joke honest, but we do have to cater for all diversities and interests).

53rd Anniversary of Graduation Reunion

23rd/24th June 2018

A reminder about the Reunion at Lincoln over the weekend of 23rd/24th June 2018. There will be an informal get-together on the Saturday evening, and for the Sunday we have secured the services of our very own Mick Bath for a tour of the Upper City & the Castle.

The Lincoln Hotel, Eastgate, Lincoln LN2 1PN, 01522-520348, *www.thelincolnhotel.com,* will be an ideal base for the weekend:

Saturday 23rd June 2018 - 7.00 for 7.30pm buffet; The Lincoln Room, Lincoln Hotel

Sunday 24th June 2018 - tour starts at 10.30am from the hotel and should last about 1½hrs. Good walking shoes and bad weather clothing would be a good idea! And the tour will be at a slow place given everyone's advancing years!

These rates have been agreed with the hotel:

Double or Twin Room (2 guests)	£92.00/room/night/B&B
Single occupancy	£81.00/room/night/B&B

Accommodation should be booked directly with the Hotel quoting the "103rd Association". A deposit is not required, but a credit card is required to guarantee the reservation. The

Association will be paying for the Saturday buffet, and there will not be a charge for the tour on the Sunday.

Non-members are especially welcome to join us, but there will be a charge of either, joining the Association for a minimum of 3 years, or £30 per person for the Saturday night.

Please let me know if you are going to be staying at the Lincoln Hotel, Eastgate or elsewhere and plan to come to both the evening buffet and the Tour. If anyone is only going to come on the Tour, please also let me know. We plan to cater for any dietary needs, so please let me know as soon as you can about those.

Ken Bannister - 01476-593120; 07704-403931; *kbannister8546@outlook.com*

2018 Reunion Auction & Raffle

We will be having both an Auction and a Raffle at the Reunion in June. Please let me know if you can donate something to the Raffle and/or if you can offer something for the Auction. If it is something for the Auction an idea of a reserve price would be useful.

Mick Woodhouse - 01865-340535; 07811-401040; *mickjwoodhouse1946@gmail.com*

Entry Website

Some time ago we invited you to allow us to publish your personal details on a protected section of the 103rd Entry Website for sharing amongst members and non-members of the Association. We had a good response and 35 of us are listed.

Could those of you that have not had your details listed please consider whether or not you would now like them included. The protection is tight and, in the event that you leave the 103rd Entry Association, in the event of your death, or in the event that the Association is 'wound up', then your details will be removed from the Website.

If you would like to be added to the list, please let me know and I will send you a consent form to be completed and returned to me.

Barry Neal
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Quotations Which May Make You Smile, Laugh, Guffaw or Even Cry

Apparently this is a true story:

When WC Fields, the actor, was in his dotage he was seen to be reading the Bible by a close friend who demanded to know what he was looking for.

'Loopholes, dear boy, loopholes,' murmured Fields.

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'I don't drink anymore; I can get the same feeling from standing up quickly.'

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Anyone can get old; all you have to do is live long enough. - Groucho Marx

Dingas' Final Episode

What else can happen to him you may ask, well read on. The question is should he ever be allowed out without adult supervision??

Tuesday 12th

I was awake at silly o'clock 05.45 with the alarm set for 0600. This was to make sure that I did not miss the all-important knife. In accordance with the instructions I had a cup of tea with no milk and a gentle amble into Warwick. Manda dropped me off and returned to the boat to walk the dog. I lined up in the Day Surgery only to be told that the operation had been cancelled until Friday due to an emergency overnight. Manda had almost got back to the boat after walking the dog when she got this phone call saying to come and rescue the cripple. Forty minutes later sees me being chauffeured back to the boat and a discussion as to what we are going to do with the 3 days we have to wait. The drive through Warwick was quite exciting, as rush-hour had, by then, started. Ooops!

We had breakfast and decided to see the long viaduct. We gets to the first, and only, lock and can see a boat disappearing downstream. As we have no agenda, and there was a boat following, we waved it through. They went through easily but then the bottom gate wouldn't shut completely. We tried flushing it but that did no good at all. So we called out the canal version of the AA via our marina. After a lot of digging with the longest scoop I have ever seen, they cleared the lock gate and got us going on down to Wilmcote which we found to be a very pleasant little village. It has two pubs and a general store: just right!

What more could a body ask? We got milk and provisions and went into the older of the two pubs. We finally found the door round the back after seeing lights on inside and thinking that it was open. On the way in Bryn, my dog, sniffed at a couples table as he passed. To be fair they had just finished their meal and Manda pushed him away only to be called back by the lassie who then said that he could have the cheesy chips. Manda said no but the lass insisted, as they could not eat them as they were full, and if taken back to the kitchen would only be thrown away. Bryn was one happy dog!

Inside the bar was a very friendly atmosphere with one guy telling me what beer was the best and informing me that he had shares in the brewery. No bias there then! (He was joking). Looking around as my pint was being pulled I noticed that no chair matched any other in design and that all cushion covers were likewise. We had never seen such a bizarre collection of furniture and the carpet sort of squelched as you walked on it. When we had quenched our thirst with a goodly pint, we started back to the boat passing Mary Arden's House (Shakespeare's Mum). The dog was not allowed in and the prices were a con as far as I was concerned. Quite expensive, but the ticket was able to be used for the year. A con, in that the majority of visitors will be from overseas and thus will not be returning and therefore the ticket cannot be used to its fullest. However Manda enjoyed it while I waited outside. I am not tight…really, but I do look at prices and when they charge everybody for a season ticket (and the majority of visitors are from abroad) I get just a little annoyed. Why would I want to go back?

We moored for the night about 600 yards from Draper Bridge (57) and walked the dog. A surprise phone call from Gail in Orthopaedics said there was the possibility of a cancellation on Thursday and if so, could we make it? Yes, we agreed instantly and, figuratively cutting the mooring ropes, we made a dash (we broke the speed limit) for the (broken) lock before dark. It was still serviceable so we went through and moored up just as dusk settled ready for the last push in morning.

Wednesday 13th

We set the alarm for 0600 as we wanted to get to the marina and do all the things necessary for us parking up. A cup of tea (no milk) was drunk by yours truly and we shoved off which saw me throwing the girl and dog onto the towpath (a mud bath) while I steered the boat leisurely along. We reached the marina and filled up with water. I couldn't help the lass as the water tank and filler are at the pointy end and the steery end was parked above the middle of a road (it was an aqueduct) and I wasn't climbing along the boat with one arm for anybody! We then moored up and Manda had breakfast.

So we once again braved the roads of Warwick. Manda knows the route sideways by now, and I, once again, get dumped outside the A&E; report to the “day-surgery” where, this time, everything went smoothly. The anaesthetist was a little abrupt and didn’t really have a sense of humour but hay-ho; mine could be classed as a little weird. The prep team were very good with plenty of giggles when I told them how it had happened.

Thursday 14th

Not a lot of sleep last night. What with the operation causing a bit of discomfort and the snoring of the other cripples in the ward I managed a couple of hours. I managed to get the nurse to supply me with tea during the waking hours so I was very happy. Come the morning I had breakfast and got dressed, but there was a bit of hoo-ha about getting me out of hospital. I had got the pain-killers and I was dressed so I wanted out, but apparently I was to wait for the butcher man who had done the operation. That was a long wait that was not made any easier by a very bossy stand-in sister who was worried about upsetting the surgeon (jobs worth). It would appear that “the man” wanted another X-ray to see what he had done. I asked him why he didn’t look at it whilst I was cut open; that didn’t go down too well, but he was a charming man and I didn’t take my sense of humour too far! Anyway, I managed to escape about 1230hrs. We got back to the boat and held a conflab over lunch.

We had booked dinner at “The Bulls Head” for the night of Tuesday 12th but due the cancellation of the operation we moved it to this evening. The people who own it are just so helpful and friendly. The dog is allowed into the bar which is where we ate. The meal was absolutely lovely being tasty, well presented and exceptionally well done. Manda had the braised beef and the meat was almost melting on the plate. The dog was, as usual, very well behaved and got his reward by having a piece of meat from Manda and two or three chips from my plate. When he decided that he wasn’t going to get any more from us he very gently turned round and went to sleep on the guy’s feet that was at the next table. Bryn didn’t beg which was a relief. The guy was great and thought it was very funny, as did his young lady. That night I was so scared of rolling over onto the shoulder that I didn’t get a great deal of sleep…but I got more than the night before, even with the mattress trying to stab me to death!

Friday 15th

The conflab, the night before, had elicited that we should come home to the house. One reason was that the bed (already described above) seemed to be even more uncomfortable after the Op. and with the limited time left on the hire we could only retrace our steps to the places we had already seen so we went to the marina staff and explained what we had decided to do. We loaded the car, or rather Manda loaded it, while I did manage a couple of light bags and, with Manda doing all the driving, returned to the safety and comfort of our brick built cave.

Thanks Dinga, anyone else got any stories or other contributions?

Committee Members:

Les Shardlow, Les Garden,

Chris Wales, Barry Neal

Ken Bannister, Dave Post, Malcolm Watts,

Mick Woodhouse, Brian Lee.

Contributions, mail or abuse about the Newsletter to

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