

## 1066 AND ALL - WHAT ?

Would you have liked to see Peter Wall, naked apart from Pat Hill's underclothes.

Would you have liked to enjoy the company of a wonderful gathering of has beens (definitely not to be confused with never was's)

Would you have liked to enjoy cross toasting second only to the T.A. S.E. Regional Luncheon.

Would you have liked to dance to the sounds of Tina and her Summer Sounds (yes, just as exciting as their name implies).

Would you have liked to enjoy a Group singing Lonnie Donegan numbers, accompanied by a very talented man playing the spoons.

Save us from such a fate, I hear you shout - then it's a good job you weren't at the 1066 annual shindig at Hastings.

As you have guessed, the Annual Get Together of the 1066 Fellowship of Longmarkers was, indeed, an unusual occasion.

(Maybe not unusual for them, but certainly not like anything else I have ever experienced).

The 1066 Fellowship is a group made up mainly of the old Members of the Hastings Cycling Club. And Fellowship is certainly a very good word to describe the atmosphere of fun and frolics which was ably organised by our own Esther Carpenter for their annual get together.

When we arrived at Hastings we were delighted to meet up with some of our friends from the Tricycle Association, although Jim Catt was significant by his absence, he unfortunately, being unwell.

I had already been told by Joyce Dunford that the cross toasting was encouraged by the provision gavels and blocks on each table - for the frequent banging of! And they were certainly put to good use.

After a very pleasant meal with much merriment, much of it at the expense of Arthur Coleman, who has given new meaning to the word 'legless' we enjoyed a good natured speech by Pat Hill, during the course of which for some totally unknown reason, Peter Wall appeared naked. Thank goodness he was wearing his bra is all I can say. (Pat Hill and Peter Wall were both playing truant from their own Club's dinner. I imagine that an invitation to show off his naked body was too much for Peter to resist. I think he may have got more enjoyment from showing than we got from admiring it.)

When we had got over the shock we adjourned downstairs where the dancing commenced to the sounds of Tina and her Summer Sounds. Tina was on the keyboard and the Summer Sounds were provided by Eric playing the drums. Real traditional pier-end stuff - well this was Hastings after all. Incidentally, in her heyday, many years ago, Tina was a hula hula dancer in a nightclub - but in those days she was known as Tina and her Hawaiian sounds.

Later in the evening we enjoyed a rare treat. A group from the CTC known as "the Wild Oats" did a turn. Among other attractions was the spoon player and an item where the audience joined in one side of the room singing "its a Long way to Tipperary" and the other side singing something else that I can't remember. (Maybe because it was totally impossible to sing it fighting against the sound of "its a Long Way to Tipperary" coming from the other side)

We then had the raffle for which the prizes were truly magnificent.

When we left it was midnight and things were just beginning to get going. Goodness knows what time it finished or what antics they all got up to in the small hours of the morning. - The mind boggles.

HOLLANDS