

Colchester Guards Club News

November 2005

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Next meeting

7th December 2005

My wild oats have turned into prunes and All Bran

Christmas Meeting

The dress should be 'appropriate'. Two suggestions have been put forward. The first is that we wear masks, it can only enhance us 'Old Boys'. You will no doubt recognise the diplomacy in this remark, as our ladies always look a treat. Think I may have got out of that one in 'tact'! The second is that those who do not want to hide their faces, as suggested before, wear something traditional, anything, it does not have to be your own tradition. The now annual exchange of presence will also take place for those wanting to take part. One for male and one for female, not costing more than £5 each or self made if you like.

Grenadier Sausage Sizzle

Sausage Supper, 19.30 for 20.00, on Friday 2nd December, at the Cedars, Stowmarket. Cost: £9.00 per head. Please let Paul and Val know if you want to attend. If you have not already done so, by Monday 21st November. There will be NO Club transport for this event.

There will be a raffle. It may be better to pool our resources and take half a dozen bottles, as we did last year. Paul will buy six bottles and we can settle with him at the end of the day. This will also apply to the Kings Lynn Christmas lunch mentioned below.

Kings Lynn Christmas Lunch

Reception from 1100 for lunch at 1300 on Sunday 11th December, at Knights Hill Hotel.

The cost will be: £16.00 per person including wine and mince pies etc. The van is booked and will most probably work out at £6.00 per head. Those travelling in the van to be at Paul and Val's for departure no later than 10.30.

January Meeting.

As usual there won't be one as it so close to the New Year celebrations

Halloween Party.

It was one of those dark nights when Googlies, Ghosts, and Long Legged Beasties and things that go bump in the night wander abroad unchecked, when unusual creatures abound and are drawn towards deepest Sproughton by a flickering light in the darkness.

But NO!!! it was just the Colchester Guards Club beasties and friends out on yet another night of fun and frolics. The Ladies were dressed for the occasion in various be-witchy costumes and all looking the part. Unfortunately the male contingent, much more reserved, were more intent on sampling the blood of the night (Spitfire) followed by numerous 'spiritual' amber transfusions.

Dracula, alias Big John, made a grand en-

trance turning us all grey and bald with fright (the more observant may have noticed that some of us had already got there a few years before). Food was served by Val from various cauldrons and wasn't it spicy? Just the job on a dark & cold night. A well supported raffle generated £58 for the club funds. With all the witches on the loose



most of us seem to have escaped reasonably unscathed, although rumour has it that the 'little devil' was, for a short time, turned into a handsome prince. Unfortunately the mask and wig hid this remarkable phenomenon.

Once again, many thanks to Paul & Val for being great hosts. Also thanks to Mrs and Mrs Bill Brown who kept the blood flowing and for the quiz that they put together for us to struggle through, keeping the little grey cells concentrated for at least a short while.

Remembrance Sunday.

Proof yet again that God is a Guardsman, or Artilleryman, or Para, or a Jack Tar, or a Brillcream Boy or..... The Military Police just bask in our sunshine as he surely is not one of them. It was a cold crisp Sunday with plenty of autumn sunshine to enhance an excellent occasion. There were nine of the lads present with our ladies. The wreath was laid on behalf of the Club by Frank. Following the parade those present went into the Town Hall to hear the Mayor thank GSM Charlie Brown for marshalling the parade for the past five years. It was Charlie's last Remembrance Sunday at Colchester as he will be moving to Salisbury in March next year. Following the Mayor's speech 'Big John' called for three cheers from all present for The GSM, a gesture that seemed to go down very well and was appreciated by the recipient. Onto the Mess where we were joined by Larry, Rachael and Gloria, who sensibly kept out of the cold air. Then lunch was rounded off by the odd drink or eight, just to get the cold out of our old bones, you understand.

