

# Portugal 2015

## Wednesday 30 September 2015

This is where the holiday started for us, so up at 9 o'clock taking Marley for his last walk before he goes on his holidays. A quick run round the woods turned into playtime with Freya, a large bull mastiff. They turned back the clock and played like they used to when both were puppies, running in and out of the woods and jumping on each other. It was then back in the car and off to the kennels.

Back home, time for coffee, holiday filter set up for emails, feed the birds, then time to finish off the Mr & Mrs Questions. Off after lunch to collect last few Euros and start a little packing. No dog walk this afternoon, so get the wine ready for **Sandie's** return.



Telephone call from **Paul Sharratt** that **Frank Colwill** had left his white hat last Sunday so will be joining us on tour. Order curry, finish off wine then time for bed.

## Thursday 01 October 2015

Coffee in bed at 8.30, time to get up – NO too early, even though **Sandie** had probably been up for hours and done an excellent job of packing, managed to get all in but case seems a tad too heavy, far too much make-up so transfer some to my kitbag. We had decided on a bite for lunch, then off to Gatwick Airport. Unfortunately came to a standstill for a while on the M25 roundabout between Junctions 15 and 12 but eventually congestion cleared and got to the Crowne Plaza after 3½ hours. It was time for a quick wash, change and then downstairs for a well-deserved beer and a Chenin Blanc for **Sandie**, one of a few. We ordered 4 tapas dishes in the Lounge – King Prawn in Garlic, Shredded Pork Belly with Onion Chutney and Granary Bread, Gorgonzola and Walnut Crème Brulée with Olive Twist and Sautéed Chorizo in a White Bean Stew. All washed down with a little Chenin Blanc and beers before retiring at 11.30.

## Friday 02 October 2015

Up at 6.45 (well **Sandie** was). **Sandie** was up twice in the night, once to check the alarm was set right and one with a hot flush. Showered, then realised hair brush in my kitbag in back of car, before we left for APH Parking, just a couple of minutes up the road. After a very smooth check-in, onto Shuttle coach to the South Terminal. It

was also comforting to see **Tony Perryman** present as he had decided to go back home to check and see if the front door was locked. Whilst there he decided to bring his Passport with him!! We joined the queue of ABs, the “**Beales**” pushed in but after a slight concern re weight of luggage we were through to the other side. Into Frankie and Bennys for an omelette and a Guinness, **Sandie** on coffee as a tad hungover – “No **Phil**, I have a headache”. Plane delayed 20 minutes, and then delayed a further 20 minutes. The next message on the Departure Board said due at Gate 32 so off we went, but no plane. **Paul Sharratt** suggested a return to the Bar, cadging a lift with the Airport electric coach, so **Paul, Karen, Sandie** and **Phil** went off to the Champagne Bar. **Colin and Taz** already ensconced. Unfortunately had to take ‘Shank’s Pony’ back to Gate 32. We are then all called to the plane. “Where’s **Trev**” asked **Roger**. “How long has he been missing” said **Phil**? “About 5 minutes”;



then lo and behold **Trev** is seen walking round the Shopping carousel. It was then all aboard the Skylark for a tuna and tomato baguette (a fish starter for 10), peach juice plus a glass of red wine, tomato juice for those still feeling a tad delicate. **Richard Boucher** invaded the First Class Section to use their toilet as the dolly trolley blocked the way to the plebs toilet. Needs must eh!

**Bob Jameson** recounted a tale when he was at a function recently. He went over to a person called Stig who was pouring the tea saying “Are you Stig?” “Yes” he said. “You don’t know me” said **Bob**, when he was quickly interrupted, “Yes I do **Mr Jameson** and I have been working for your Company for the last 3 years!!”

Once we arrived at Porto it was off the plane and onto the coach taking us to the Hotel – The Crowne Plaza. Once there, we quickly checked in and then back down to the Bar. **Sandie** had a ‘Bombay Sapphire’ G & T specially made with zest of lime, lemon and juniper berries finished off by pouring the tonic down a very long spoon – ‘obrigado’. The Hotel provided a welcome glass of port at Reception. **Clive Kendall** had asked that all meet outside (see picture) for a quick ‘Team Talk’ so that all are aware as to what was expected.



As Man of the Match is expected to provide a Jug of Whisky, **Paul Sharratt** managed to acquire a small milk jug, fill it with whisky and give to **Billy Jawanda**, who promptly poured it into his beer. **Billy Jawanda** then hid the Captain's drink – obviously after the 'waistcoat' already, whilst **Richard Turner** was seen carrying a flagon of water so all we need to do is find the fish. Just remember the next few meals that we had, I think we found them!! **Phil Hall** gave up his chair to **Beryl**, making sure Mum was comfortable. Afterwards it was time for a little unpacking before venturing into the unknown searching for a bar / restaurant. Out of the Hotel turn left and 300 yards up the road on the road was a restaurant 'Burmester'. The original table booking was increased from 10 to 12, then up again, eventually 16, whilst others decided to venture even further. A few people also tried to 'claim' the 'waistcoat'. Apparently **Teri** said she had to jig a little to turn the light on; **Billy Jawanda** was nicknamed 'Will i am' (then he wrote in my Blue Book – "no hockey, what is Will i am in Punjabi, we are having a fantastic time, can't stop smiling I am going home early, Oh S..T"); **Sandie** said 'Cheers Vice President' to **Clive**, whilst **Mike Handley** did his 'Basil Brush' impression! **Teri** had the audacity to nick the President's beer and give it to **Paul Sharratt**. **Teri** drops down a level – no longer a supporter of the position of President, obviously doesn't understand hierarchy and therefore could she ever be seen as a President of a Hockey Club, never mind Stourport. **John Peirce** decided that **Karen** reminded him of Barbara Windsor because of her laugh.



**Paul** recorded the laugh on his phone and suggested that **Teri** use it as her ringtone, so that every time **Karen** laughed, everybody shouted "**Teri** answer your phone". After a few more beers and incriminating photographs it was time to get back to the Hotel.

Once back **Teri**, **Lee** and **Karen** took the lift, which stopped at the 6<sup>th</sup> floor for **Karen**. **Teri** said to **Lee** "wait for me" and escorted **Karen** back to her room. As **Teri** left, a suddenly concerned **Karen** said "Can you find your way home?", "Yes" said **Teri**, "I have a lift!" **Teri** did eventually get to her room and duly fell asleep, mouth open, so as **Lee** explained she can start talking as soon as she wakes up. Most ABs were back by approximately 1 pm.

### **Saturday 03 October 2015**

We managed to make breakfast for about 8 am, a reasonable buffet selection, but had to try for poached eggs. Seem to take about 15 minutes but were OK. With a game this morning it was a 9.45 am meet for the 40 minute coach ride to Parque de Cidade to play Sport Club do Porto.



## **The 1st match v Sport Club do Porto**

ABs started very defensively against unknown opposition on a slightly bouncy pitch, but soon realised that no game will be won in their own half, so slowly ventured over the halfway line. A long through ball from Lee Baron to Paul Sharratt on the edge of the circle led to a penalty corner. The resultant shot by Paul was well saved by their keeper. Richard Boucher was then subsequently called upon and he made a brilliant save down to his right. From the resultant long corner Sport Club took the lead giving Richard no chance. Towards the end of the 1<sup>st</sup> quarter the Ancient Britons had 2 penalty corners but failed to equalise. Porto also won a penalty corner which Richard comfortably saved as the 1<sup>st</sup> quarter came to close.

Four minutes into the 2<sup>nd</sup> quarter and Porto increased their lead as the ABs defence was pulled apart. Porto upped the tempo and won another penalty corner but swift running by Allan Sutton blocked the shot. A further break saw Porto attack but a spectacular reverse stick tackle by Phil saved the day. This only quelled the storm as Porto increased the lead just before half-time.

The 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter began well as ABs won a penalty corner but their keeper managed to force the ball wide. Soon after Porto went 4 nil ahead. Then with the game out of reach, the ABs scored. Billy Jawanda won the ball in midfield and passed to John Peirce waiting patiently in the circle, who calmly slotted the ball home. For the next 5 minutes the Ancient Britons pressed forward with Mike Handley having a major influence on the right side getting up and down as if on elastic. Unfortunately it didn't last as Porto scored their 5<sup>th</sup> goal, which led to Clive Kendall needing a cigarette in the dug-out.

The 4<sup>th</sup> quarter started quite well for the ABs but unfortunately Porto refused to slow down and even though Richard Boucher made good saves, they still managed to score 2 more goals, one from their 28 year old wearing number 3, making the final score 1-7.

**Thanks to Teri Baron for taking the notes.**

**Result: ABs 1 (John Peirce) Sport Club do Porto 7**

After the game, quick shower followed by coffees and chocolate from a vending machine, whilst **Julia** tried to locate the coach. As we were preparing to leave, the outside bar opened so we had a few beers and nibbles. During this time **Clive Kendall** gave his "Thank You" speech to the opposition and also after consultation with the Ladies, awarded the Man of the Match to **Phil Hall**. It was then time to unveil the 'waistcoat' with the UK Flag on the front and the Portugal Flag (apparently) on the back. The recipient was **Teri Baron**. It was then time to get back on the coach. Once back at the Hotel there was time to drop off the kit, quick change and back on the coach ½ hour later to the Oporto Cricket & Tennis Club.



Once the tab was up and running, then further nibbles were distributed prior to a superb buffet in a private room. There was the occasional "taking of wine" whilst enjoying the delights of king prawns, smoked salmon, cold rare beef, hot prawn curry, octopus, along with salad and rice dishes.



One did wonder what went on in the Ladies but the consensus was that not all doors locked properly which was why **Chris Ettling** was in charge of the cubicle for **Jane Kitto** whose subsequent scream scared **Karen Daly**. Apparently it wasn't a spider but to this day is still a mystery. At the end of the evening people wandered back to the Crowne Plaza, well some did, whilst others called in at the Burmester "Watering Hole", for quite a few



beers. Early morning finish for some, approximately 3.15.

## Sunday 04 October 2015

Breakfast at 8 am but the weather is not looking good. Rain in Portugal? Thought it was only in Spain, and mainly on the plain! A few "thick" heads this morning and **Teri** has broken her box!

**The 2nd match v Associacao Desportiva de Lousada**  
**"World stunned as ABs drop only goal scorer!!"**  
**said John Peirce.**

**England crash out of Rugby Union World Cup.**

## CANCELLED WATERLOGGED PITCH



## The driest place to have a cigarette

So what to do on our Tour, as travelling on a coach in the rain is not the best way for sightseeing. So it was back to the Hotel and a free day. Several of us met in the Lobby around 12.30 and called 4 taxis to the old town. After walking around it was time for lunch so we found a café just off the harbour and settled down to a tapas type meal of cod with onion, calamari and local sausages with beers and wine. Just when it was time to walk back to the taxi-rank, two of the Ladies decided to use the facilities. On 'watch' and waiting was **Mike Handley**. Unfortunately he decided to climb the steps to have a look at the view. In the meantime, **Lou** and **Diane** appeared with their chaperone nowhere to be seen and joined the rest of the party. **Phil** went back to fetch **Mike** when he returned to his post to inform him of his "loss". All returned to the Hotel as the evening "after-game"



function was still on so back on the coach at 4.30. There was yet again a superb buffet with similar cold dishes as the day before but slightly different hot food. It was a sad occasion as **John Peirce** bought a Memorial Round of drinks for all tourers, as a 10 year anniversary in memory of **Angela**; some did eventually manage to get what they ordered once the bottle of red wine was found. During the meal **Trevor** regaled us with some “Aonoch and Eli jokes, **JP** told golf jokes and **Teri** sent the ‘waistcoat’ on its way.



Tapping **Mike Handley** on the shoulder initially set off the panic button and he went as white as a sheet as **Teri** stated that **Mike** was assigned to wait patiently for 2 ladies to exit the washroom and then catch the main party up. Both Ladies walked past him (one was **Lou** his wife) and he didn't notice, they joined the party but **Mike** was left patiently waiting.

**Mike** was convinced it was him, as were several others, but another suspect was **Beryl** - for waving her Hotel room-card in a “wand’ish” fashion at her hotel door with cries of “help me” in order for it to open. **Beryl** was kindly rescued by **Lee Baron (Baz)**. The penultimate choice was **Trevor** as **Teri** couldn't understand his Welsh accent calling the trophy my “WESKIT or was it whiskers”. **Teri** took the ‘my whiskers’

bit personally which not only created laughter from one and all, but **Trev** then started peering at **Teri's** face for the aforementioned. But in the end **Teri's** choice was **Julia** - for being in total control of all things to do with our Tour but not being able to control the weather on the Sunday so the ABs could play their game!



**Teri Baron** later tried to win the ‘waistcoat’ back when she spoke to a couple of people in the Bar. “Are you English” she asked, “Yes” was the reply. “Where from” she asked. “England!!!!” they said. Eventually it was time to leave and all aboard Shanks’s Pony. Some went straight back to the Hotel, others to the Burmester “Watering Hole”.

En route one of the ABs was accosted by a beggar who showed the AB that he only had a few coins. He kept speaking Portuguese and pointing to the coins so the AB thanked the beggar and removed the 10 cents as requested. The beggar returned to try later on but seeing the group decided to give it a miss and moved on. **Teri** tried an almond drink that **Paul Sharratt** had ordered, but wasn't impressed. When it started raining **Teri** also decided to put up the large umbrella but all one could see was her legs as she became engulfed without actually being successful (believed that **Richard Turner** may have photographic evidence!!). ABs came to her aid and eventually succeeded in a) putting up the umbrella and b) extricating our female AB. It was as this time that



**Some people would  
do anything to  
have hair**



**Teri** told the story of having too much to drink as she came out of a shopping mall and fell over face first. Looking up she could see a small child telling her mum that the lady on the floor was drunk. A Security guard came rushing out and quick as a flash **Teri** said "I'm a diabetic and I'm having a seizure, I need chocolate, there is some in my pocket". Situation resolved. A few ABs braved the rain for a while but eventually had to give way and utilise the Hotel bar for a last evening port. There were still problems as a female AB said to another female AB "You can't go to bed without me", so watch this space. A tad earlier finish this morning at 2.45.

## **Monday 05 October 2015**

Breakfast at 7.45 in order to be ready for the half day tour!!! First stop was the São Francisco Church followed





by the Stock Exchange Palace. Time for a quick break, so across the road for a coffee or a beer, but “cannot use the toilet, clients only, otherwise 50 cents”. Then **Phil** upset the cashier even more as ABs came and added to his order – another cappuccino, same again became an espresso!! She would still have to serve them, so didn’t see



**A ‘cacophony’ of ABs**



**Did you have enough Paul?**



**Who said Doctors never over prescribe**

the problem. Then we asked for custard tart, lucky to get out alive after that. Back on the coach and off we go again with a wine tasting just prior to lunch at one of the Vila Nova de Gaia cellars where the most famous Porto wines are stored. En route **Richard Boucher** was seen to trip over the smallest of curbs, fortunately saving his camera. Thank goodness no one was shooting at the time even though he went down as if hit by a sniper. Whilst here **Lou Handley** suddenly remembered the latest word for the Oxford English - “slurpable” which is similar to quaffable but with probably more noise! Time to find a place for lunch and whereas most ABs crossed back over the river, **JP, Paul, Karen, Sandie** and **Phil** stayed on the local side and visited Restaurant Dourum. The English version of the Menu was outside on the left – veal’s stake and calf’s chop were the best errors that we spotted. Inside the food was enticing and the piquant sauce was a tad hot, nay a tad extra hot. After a couple of beers and a walk through the old town we caught taxis back to the Hotel. Others apparently had a health check.



A quick walk up the road for some cigarettes (half the price of the same in England), then a little siesta followed by a bath. A telephone call from **Julia** re possible hockey Tuesday evening at the Oporto Club was pencilled in, possibly leaving Hotel at 6pm. Tonight it was down to the Bar for a quick beer before ‘all aboard’ en route to Taylors Cellar Restaurant.

Impressive driving saw the coach reverse up to the door. Whilst on the coach the ‘waistcoat’ was moved on. **Julia** said that she wanted to pass it to someone particularly, namely **Phil** but he hadn’t put a foot wrong in the last 24 hours. Possibles were **Clive** for going out for a cigarette, **Richard Boucher** for his earlier trip, but the recipient was **Paul** for basically “calling” **Julia** for not wearing the ‘waistcoat’ all the time when the answer is “not whilst I’m working”. We were honoured to see founder Members - **Chris and Wendy Webb**.





We had a tour prior to the meal and the usual white port as an aperitif. The dinner was sadly quite disappointing. It all began with cold vichyssoise soup followed by salted codfish cakes. Unfortunately some people had

several bones and this then put off others; **Charles Cooper** even found one bone so big that it felt like it was the backbone of the fish. A little bread was consumed especially when **Sandie** asked **Jon Beale** if he wanted a roll. The venue though deserved better food. The meal was finished with coffee and cinnamon sticks.

**Pam Sutton** asked as she stirred her coffee with the cinnamon “how long do I keep it in” and **Colin Newman**



replied “until you withdraw it”. **Sandie** then spluttered in her coffee, coughed, saying “I can't swallow”. **Phil** whilst trying to write it all down in the blue book said “I can't keep up”. Whilst talking re the **Colin and Taz** wedding, **Julia** suggested the chapel at Pestana Palace. For some reason **Julia** then suggested that this would be the ideal place for **Phil and Sandie** to renew their vows. **Phil** went white as a sheet at this suggestion but **Jon Beale** came to the rescue as he said he would help. **JB** said he would start a collection immediately and hoped to raise at least 6 Euros per person and also assist with the Champagne. **Sandie** said she would cope with Prosecco. **Julia** then also said that this chapel would be the choice for Madonna if she ever got married again! **Jon Beale** also said that he would play the organ as part of his multi-tasking.



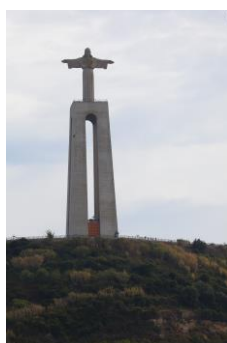
After the meal we all got back on the coach and the driver gave us a quick night trip round the city looking at the lights and the cathedral before arriving back at the Crowne Plaza. Some stayed in the Bar whilst others nipped up to the Burmester for a quick nightcap. Some continued into the night “à la SharrattDaly”.



## Tuesday 06 October 2015

Free day today so later breakfast taken at 10.00 am. Someone let the side down when after taking the top of the sugar, he then poured it all over the table instead of in the cup!! No names, no pack drill, **Phil!!**

At approximately 11.25 am **Phil and Sandie** set off for the beach turning right out of the Hotel. A walk through the park where we saw herons and egrets before arriving at the beach 1 hour later. Walking along the front it was time for a break, so small beers and a custard tart (not as good as yesterday). Whilst biding our time, other **ABs** walked past then joined us, just as we were leaving. **Sandie** then hailed a taxi which dropped us off at the Stock



Exchange Palace, far quicker than walking. Decided to take a boat trip of the “6 Bridges” for 50 minutes, this actually took over an hour (good value). As we now had hockey later today, decided to have a bite to eat around 4 pm at Peza Arroz – steak, chips, egg, cheese, ham, rice, tomatoes, carrot and olives. All washed down with a little Mateus Rosé. Spotted other ABs in the ‘Garlic’ Bar and **Mike and Lou** in a restaurant on the harbour front. We caught a taxi to get back around 5.15 for a 6 pm departure. On arrival was told that had been brought forward to 5.30. **Phil** changed into hockey kit and was back down in the foyer 10 minutes later; only for the coach to leave for the Oporto Tennis Club at 5.55. Why the rush – there was no coach!!

### Triangular Tournament – ABs Reds; ABs Whites & Oporto HC

**AB Reds:** Phil Hall, Richard Boucher, Lee Baron, Billy Jawanda, Tom Ettling, Peter Danson, Bob Jameson

**AB Whites:** Allan Sutton, Mike Handley, Jon Beale, Colin Newman, Paul Sharratt, Richard Turner, John Peirce





AB Reds v AB Whites 1-3; Porto v AB Whites 4-0;  
Porto v AB Reds 1-3; AB Reds v AB Whites 2-0,  
Porto v AB Whites 1-0; Porto v AB Reds 2-1.

**Thanks to Sue Danson for recording the scores.**

Porto won the Tournament, but the reason why this deserves a massive mention is because “**El Presidente**” scored his first goal for the ABs since joining in 2003. Not content with scoring once **Phil** went on to score FOUR. What players and other Goalscorers would understand was that the size of the goal was very, very, very small, which needed pinpoint accuracy. **ENOUGH SAID.**



Afterwards as per previous evenings it was into the Bar for a convivial evening. All was fun and games but there was one sad side to the evening. **Paul Sharratt** was persuaded to ‘move-on’ the ‘waistcoat’ even though he had only been in possession for 1 night. Within 10 minutes he had prepared himself and duly took the floor.



**Tom Ettling** was the initial favourite having left the Medical Bag by the side of the pitch, **Sandie** had several misdemeanours too many to mention according to **Paul, Jon Beale** for looking at the ceiling whilst talking to **Taz, Lee** for thinking olives were pistachios, but way out in the lead was **Mike Handley**. Not just for previous, i.e. leaving the Ladies whilst sightseeing, but also for arguing with the Umpire during the games earlier. **Tony Perryman** (aka Graham Poll / Howard Webb) in trying to play the advantage had to try and deal with a bit of stick-tackling. **Mike Handley** pointed his stick at the plane flying overhead saying “I think he took my stick”.



**Mike** wasn't the only person to get it from **Tony** who was also heard to say "stop arguing and that **includes** you **Mr President**". Duly reprimanded. **Trevor** came up with an ideal Trophy for the Winners – a Bottle of Port!! This was then presented to Oporto. Later in the evening **JP** came up to me and asked when we would be drinking the port. I had to inform the **Chairman** that the Port was handed to the winners and seeing that neither of the ABs had won, I had no idea. Strangely enough **Mike Handley** was also unsure re the port so even more



deserving of the 'waistcoat'. Eventually it was time to leave as the coach was ready. Some of the ABs had decided to stay, some were expecting their kit to be put on the coach and then be taken off at the other end – **Billy** and **Richard Turner**!! Thanks to **Julia** this happened. One person decided to walk all the way down to the coach, only to walk all the way back to the Clubhouse and fetch his kit – **Colin**. The way back was very quick – no roundabouts; which upset **Lee** as he did more on the pitch than anyone. At one point he controlled the ball dead then spun and spun until the ball disappeared and all that we could hear was S..T! Our thanks go to **Tony** and **Tom** for their umpiring under stressful circumstances as the game was so fast – loads of chuntering and questioning of decisions, even having to stop **Jon Beale** removing the goal posts.



Certain training methods came to light as to what to do prior to games in the evening. Some ABs go for a walk and have a late brunch; others go for a gentle stroll having a light lunch with a beer and others go straight to the bar for a session. Each to his own. A few large beers were had at the 'Burmester' before returning to the Hotel. Back at the bar we needed a table for 7, but who to sit at the top. "**Mr Chairman**" said **Lee**. "Are you sure **Lee**?" said someone, "seems like the **Barons** have similar ideas re hierarchy, what is **Teri's** position at Stourport??" The **President** did get an apology. A couple of ports later and at 2.30 "time for bed" said Zebedee.

### **Wednesday 07 October 2015**

Time at breakfast to get poached eggs but the quote of the day was from **Bradders** who asked '**someone**' whether she had scored last night!! Today was a day trip of the Douro Valley, so all aboard at approximately 9 am. We stopped at Amarante for a coffee (well it was coffee apparently!!) On entering the grounds one was met





by a small pond with the proverbial “peeing boy”. A walk back to the coach down a narrow street with quaint shops either side, **Pam Sutton** nearly bought a ukulele. We were then en route to Quinta de Pachecca for port tasting with nibbles, then lunch in the same room as the large barrels. Rumour has it that the chef from Taylors was at it again as the main course was identical, but the starter was different - goats cheese in pastry. Once all had digested our meal, we all got back on the coach with **Lee Baron** saying that he felt like “The Godfather”.



After 20 minutes or so we arrived at another port tasting at Quinta do Tedo. The tour was different to others as this was a small company that did everything from planting to bottling. Several tastings later and **Sandie** quite liked the tawny. Having given **Sandie** the requisite 14 Euros for a bottle, she came back saying that as she couldn’t find me she had borrowed **Richard Boucher’s** credit card, so she could buy a case!! Pictures of the tasting etcera are below. Once back on the coach it was time for a few people to have a little snooze making it



easy for the photographer. For one person it was time to stay wide awake as **Mike and Lou Handley** were due



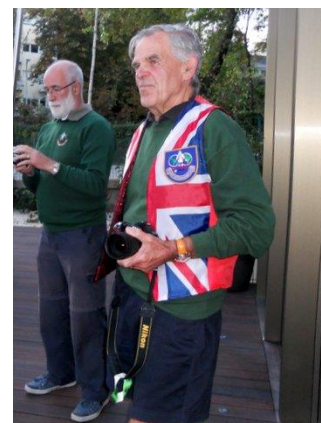
to leave the Tour tomorrow so the handing over the ‘waistcoat’ had to be done when all together – straight off the coach and outside the bar. **Mike** started off by introducing the contenders:

**Taz** for trying to open the Sliding Glass Door at the Oporto Tennis Club by pushing and pulling; **Colin** for nearly leaving his kit behind; **Allan Sutton** because **Pam** keeps mixing up **Mike** and **Allan** so perhaps if you have the waistcoat then you would be easier to identify; **Richard**

**Boucher** after playing out of goal for complaining about his sore bits having not been used for a very long time; **Diane** who was almost locked in the Disabled Loo when the handle came off in her hand; **Paul Sharratt** for using the Ladies Loo (why?? Ask **Mike Handley**); **Trevor** for allegedly pocketing 2 port glasses; and finally **Teri** for saying there must be plenty of cod in the river. But all these were insignificant in **Mike's** eyes as the reason he received the 'waistcoat' was for breaking the Ancient Britons rules and appealing against decisions. So, just as Umpires have to get things right, people may have noticed that the Portuguese Flag on the back of the 'waistcoat' was upside down, so as the person responsible for creating it, **Mike** therefore passed the 'waistcoat'



*David 'Tony' Bailey*



to **Tony Perryman**. A few of the ABs, 12 to start with crossed the road and walked to a small restaurant BB Gourmet. Not long after sitting down, **Clive** and **JP** arrived and the table was complete. Once the meal was over the same old problem of paying the bill arrived. It was only resolved when **Paul** spotted that they had added a percentage tip to the total. A slow walk back to the Hotel for most, **Teri** said in the lift that tonight was the first time that she and **Lee** had gone to bed together; whilst **Karen** and **Phil** went to the 'Burmester' for a last beer and a Tour update. Early finish 11.30.

### **Thursday 08 October 2015**

Breakfast was earlier today as time to leave for Lisbon, but **Phil** managed to "filch" some Weetabix for **Allan Sutton** before they all disappeared. **Tony Perryman** came down wearing the "waistcoat". Several people did not spot the difference but now the Portuguese Flag was the right way up. It seems that **Tony** had used the spare flag and stitched it onto the 'waistcoat' HIMSELF.

**(CONGRATULATIONS MR PERRYMAN).**



Today as we got on the coach we said goodbye to **Bradders and Gay; Mike and Lou**. We were then subjected to the Tour Guide who had swallowed the Portuguese version of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and 1 hour and 35



minutes later the coach stopped .... and so did the monologue. We all got off in Coimbra for a walk around to enjoy the Ancient Palace of the first Portuguese monarchs, which is now the oldest University in Portugal, and to



also enjoy the views as well. As we had time for lunch a few ABs found a small restaurant on a balcony overlooking a river. The only problem was that there was a minimum charge of 5 Euros and some decided not to stay. **Paul and Sandie** decided to share a bottle of Mateus Rosé along with gateaux (chocolate pudding with toffee inside, ice cream and whipped cream – a dieter’s nightmare), whilst others just had a red wine or beers. The waiter started taking photos of the ABs and he agreed to send them to me – still waiting!! We sat on the balcony overlooking the river, the sky was clear and the company enjoyable. What more could one want. After leaving the restaurant we walked down to where the coach was waiting. A blind man walked past with just a stick, **Sandie** said “has he got a dog?” **Paul** pointed him out to **Sandie** and said “does he look like he has a dog?” Somebody then shouted to **Sandie** saying “I don’t like flies”, so **Paul** said “don’t go down there then.” It was then time to get back on the coach as we travelled to Nazaré (pronounced Nazareth by the Tour Guide). Because of the road works in the town the ABs had a bit of a hike to Restaurante S Miguel right at the far end of



the beach. We had melon to start with ciabatta bread, followed by ...fisssshhh, but this time it was sea bream and for others 3 breasts of chicken and then chocolate mousse to follow. During a cigarette break, **Clive** was seen talking to the Tour Guide, presumably asking how to make his after-match speech last 1½ hours.



**Pam & Sue holding back the waves**

**AB supplies arrive**

**“Will they notice if we run away”**

As you can see some of the ABs decided to brave the elements. **Mr Sharratt** did say as he walked along the beach that he “had **Sand**” in his trousers – DON’T TELL **KAREN**. It was then time after the paddling to board the coach as we ventured off to Lisbon and the Pestana Palace Hotel. En route we were overtaken by another coach but then we had to brake as we caught up. **Paul** said we had to brake because of the luggage on the coach, not the baggage at the back!



**OK, which way is the coach??**

Eventually we arrived at about 7.30 and all we had to do was take the cases off, label them and they would then be taken to the relevant room. Strangely they took a while, some even fetched their own, but the staff were very apologetic when mine arrived. Some of us met in the Lounge for a drink and I ordered 3 beers and 1 wine. **Paul** then received a call from **Teri** that they were just down the road so I went to the bar to try and cancel – not hopeful. They hadn’t even started any of them, so cancelled immediately. The staff were not too happy but to be honest all they had were the glasses on the counter and all were empty. We followed directions from **Teri**, which were wrong; it was 2<sup>nd</sup> on the left not 1<sup>st</sup> but eventually joined a “cacophony” of ABs sitting on a pavement outside a small café. Red plastic chairs, it was like the “good old days” in Sicily. Beers @ 1.80 Euros, so a tad different from the Hotel. Some partook of the Gourmet food – chips and burgers for approximately 1 or 2 Euros, **Sandie** got a free white Port, but was cold as sitting out on the pavement. **Sandie** said “**C l i v e**



please could I have your coat as I'm cold?” “No” said **Clive**. **Pam Sutton** kindly offered her scarf which **Sandie** gratefully accepted, whilst expressing disappointment with the **Skipper**. As we slowly emptied the owner’s fridge, they brought out 6 complimentary glasses of Grappa. For those who didn’t know the drink, it is basically local rocket fuel, but a kind gesture nevertheless. Then someone decided to check their “top shelf” which didn’t have much but brandies and whiskies for some whilst **Phil** decided to have another Grappa. The barman poured a measure into the glass and then gave **Phil** the bottle saying you can have the rest; it was still ½ full. **Karen** then talked to the Lady owner and ascertained where the Launderette was, she might even do the ironing. The bar was supposed to close at 10 pm, but they stayed open until we emptied the fridge, closing at 11.15.

A slow stroll up the hill back to the Hotel. The café must have made enough money from us as was never seen open again. Once back in the room we couldn’t turn the wardrobe light off. **Sandie** noticed that it did eventually go off at 4.15 am with a bang.

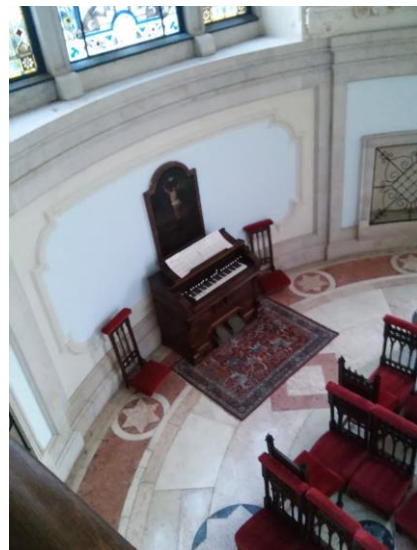


## Friday 09 October 2015

**Sandie** awake at 6.30, no electric. Checked all lights, none working; tried hairdryer which just confirmed it. Rang Reception and a man came up and he said he could nothing until 8 am. Today was a 9 am meet for a half day tour, so we were moved to Room 1150 so that we could get dressed. So at 6.30 in the morning, **Sandie** was walking down the corridor in her jimjams and **Phil** half naked!!!! – Not a pretty sight. Breakfast at 7.45, then back to our original room but still no electric. Coach left at 9 o'clock, off in the direction of the docks of Lisbon. Whilst **Karen** was having a hot flush, **Tom Ettling** said “I like to see a woman with her fan out”. First stop was the Parque Eduardo VII named after the King of England since 1903, then on to Commerce Square by the River Tagus, followed by a walk through the area of Alfama. Then it was back on the coach for the short trip up the road to Belem to see the Monument to the Discoveries honouring Prince Henry the Navigator, the Monastery of Jerónimos and the Tower of Belem.



Then it was time for a quick coffee or beer break near the monastery as some tasted the delights of the “custard” tarts from the Pasteis de Belem which began in 1837. Whilst some ABs went round all of the monastery some had a break and another beer, plus a bottle of water, apparently costing 1 Euro in total as we were given the wrong change as the Boss was on his mobile at the time!! It was then time for the ABs to meet up and get aboard the coach as we went to lunch at the 5 Oceanos Restaurant. We sat with the **Beales**, **Jon Beale** doing his “best man” organising, plus agreeing to playing the organ and sacrificing the goat. **Karen** was to be the Chief Bridesmaid role, whilst **Marilyn** agreed to be Matron of Honour.



For the meal we had a salad starter which never seemed to end followed by salmon for most, “veal” for **Karen** who said it was one of the best meals that she had (**Paul and Karen** along with others went back another day for



some more). Unfortunately we had a bottle of corked wine but **Mr Sharratt** sorted that problem. A convivial meal then concluded. For some reason snoring became the topic of conversation when **Sandie** asked if she could “share” with **Richard Turner**; **Billy** will share with **Phil**. **Sandie** then said she can live with **Richard**, **Billy** subsequently requested a “Finder’s Fee”. **Chris Kitto** asked **Julia** if there had been any indiscretions on tour, **Tom Ettling** in the rush decided at that precise moment to knock over a bottle of wine! **Angela** questioned **Trev’s** knowledge re the Navigator and as always **Trev** was right as he felt it could be Henry! Some of the ABs asked the Courier the cost of a taxi to the city centre and were told that it would be about 5 Euros. **Julia** then told certain ABs that the Hotel had a “shuttle”. **Lee** thought that **Julia** had said that the Hotel was a “S...hole”!! Instead of going straight back this half day tour then aimed for the harbour as we waited for a boat trip. Some people were more relaxed than others at the wait, but once the boat arrived we all perked up a bit, well some did. Some people got lost on the boat (**Frank** twice by **Paul Sharratt**), some people fell asleep with the gentle rocking of the waves and some were allocated “tasks”. **Beryl** said to **Phil** “do you do what your **Mum** tells you?” “Yes **Mum**” said **Phil**. “Now give me your coat and your camera” said **Beryl** “and swing round that pole!” **Phil** wasn’t exactly successful, but it did tempt other ABs to give it a go.



Tell me when the boat comes in!



I was just resting my eyes **Tom!**



**Phil**, show me again what you did.



We were thirsty!!

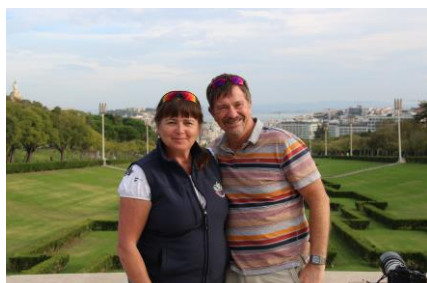


Is that Frank between your legs?



After the boat trip it was back on the coach, **Jon Beale** was organising **Sandie's** hen night – a trip to the Tram Museum! Also whilst on the coach it came to certain people's attention that clothing of a female nature had gone missing, having been "left" or "disappeared" at the last Hotel!! Fortunately in one respect it was not of the 'seen' variety and therefore personal.

After touring the city centre it was back to the Hotel at 6 pm; therefore not quite the half-day tour! Some decided



to stay in the Hotel whilst others aimed for an 8.30 meet at the same roadside café. Unfortunately it was closed but further down the street one could hear the delicate tones of ABs outside an Indian take-away which also had tables inside. Beers were duly ordered and consumed and some decided to partake of the 'delicacies' on offer. Why anybody would order pizza in an Indian I do not know but **Paul** did and had to send it back. Others who had more traditional dishes stated that it wasn't great but reasonable. The staff were helpful and attentive and a pleasant evening was had by all. It was at this point that **Phil** asked **Teri** if **she** and **Lee** would be willing to be contestants later on in the Tour and she agreed but would have to confirm later. As ABs slowly dwindled their way back to the Hotel, **Billy** went off on an excursion into the park opposite and duly met up with people having a Bar-B-Q, where he also managed to acquire a drink. **Richard Turner** managed to find a pharmacist on the far side of the square, which could come in useful. All back at the Hotel by approximately 11.50.

### **Saturday 10 October 2015**

Breakfast in the Pestana Palace was not of the highest standard as ordering and receiving seemed to be far apart. Ordering poached eggs became a problem as ordering 2 poached eggs seemed to mean 2 lots of 2 poached eggs!! It was at this time that I managed to have a quiet word with **Mr and Mrs Davies** who also agreed to be contestants later in the week.

Following breakfast there was a quick Committee Meeting re finances, kit and stock held. An hour and a half later the meeting ended with definite progress having been made with JP taking minutes.

The coach arrived at 2.15 for a short journey to the National Stadium, but we had to get off in the stadium car park as the driver didn't have the code for the barrier to drive down to the changing rooms. Conditions weren't ideal for this game with intermittent rain, which players coped with, but was unpleasant for the AB Wags.

### The 3<sup>rd</sup> match v Lisbon Casuals HC

ABs started shakily, but slowly and surely the midfield began to gain control with **Billy Jawanda** pulling the strings in the centre. Soon the ABs were in the opponent's half and won a long corner. **Peter Danson** moved further forward and instigated the move for the opening goal. Passing to **Billy** quickly and giving him the time and space to find **Paul Sharratt** who buried the ball in the bottom corner. ABs kept up the pressure in the first quarter and another chance fell to **Richard Turner** after a pass from **Paul** but their keeper saved well. ABs kept up the pressure and forced the ball into the circle. Lisbon's keeper tried to clear but the ball fell at the feet of **Jon Beale** who calmly stroked the ball home. Two nil at the end of the first quarter and ABs in front.

Lisbon Casuals refused to sit back and came out fighting. Not long after the restart they were back in the game. Two super saves by **Richard Boucher** had kept them at bay, but after a long corner Lisbon scored from the top of the circle. This only seemed to spark ABs back into life and after a bit of sustained pressure they won a penalty corner. **Tom Ettling** injected to **Billy**, who squared to **Paul** and the ABs were 3-1 up. GOOAAALLL.

Just before the half-time whistle Lisbon won a penalty corner which therefore had to be taken. Unfortunately Lisbon switched the ball around, leaving a free man to tap the ball home.

The third quarter began as the previous had finished with Lisbon pressing forward and on the attack. It didn't take them long to level the game and yet again it followed a penalty corner. After the move had seemingly broken down, the ball was crossed from the right wing leaving a man unmarked at the far post giving **Richard** no chance. Lisbon won a further penalty corner but this attempt flew high and over the bar. ABs managed to hold out but it was clear they were tiring against younger legs.

The fourth quarter was going to be a war of attrition and now the ABs were at full stretch. Both teams played some excellent hockey for the majority of this quarter with possession switching between the teams as both went for the winner. A snap shot by Lisbon appeared to be going goal-wards but **Clive** read the situation to cut out the shot. At the final whistle became ever closer, ABs resorted to the long ball up to **Paul** and **Billy**. They managed to find space but unfortunately the ABs were unable to make these chances count as the game ended in a 3-3 draw. Both sides had given their all and retired to the bar to see who could win there.

**Result: ABs 3 (Jon Beale, Paul Sharratt 2) Lisbon Casuals HC 3**

The after match drinks were in the same building as the changing rooms and the staff were pleasant and friendly. There were the occasional nibbles, especially if one "saw" the opposing Skipper's son who was carrying them. Afterwards **Clive** gave his "Thank You" speech to our opponents and with the assistance of the WAGS gave the

Man of the Match award to **Richard Boucher**. I just wonder how many of the current ABs are considering playing in goal? Perhaps none. After **Clive's** speech there was a reply from the Peter Nabney, Skipper of the Opposition. "The trouble with you guys is that you don't look as good as you actually are!" was a classic quote from the Captain of the Lisbon Casuals. Difficult to beat this!! But try he did. His comment "to deal with **Julia** is not easy" at 6.17 pm did draw a short intake of breath,





but as we all know, **Julia** likes to dot the i's and cross the t's as far as possible in advance whereas others wish to wait until the last minute. They were both seen to be talking later on so all's well that ends well. There was still time for **Tony Perryman** to move on the 'waistcoat' and as usual, there were various contenders:

Firstly; our **Captain** for apparently coming up with an original idea as an item of penitence - a 'waistcoat'. The fact that the flag on the back was back to front and upside down could mean that he may well have been stitched up. Also his determination not to be chosen as Man of the Match, by staying off the pitch for half the first game and not playing in the 6 a side contest.

**Colin** for insisting on buying low cut dresses for **Taz** in an attempt to distract the young opposition but the fact is, the waistcoat has no buttons, so even this would be too low for her.

The **Dansons**: Firstly **Sue**. Despite having been told the sea could be dangerous **Sue** decided to have a soaking up to her middle and her exclamation was "I did not realise it was so big".

For **Peter** it was a catalogue of forgotten items:

- a) A computer which was left on the late night coach,
- b) A camera was left in a eating house; and then to cap it all,
- c) His only hockey stick was left on yet another bus on arrival in Lisbon.
- d) But the pièce de resistance, was for leaving his AB badge that he didn't give to an opponent (even though more of us than them), but to leave it on the changing room floor of the Oporto Tennis Club!!

Therefore **Mr Danson** became the next recipient. After a few jugs of beer were brought round and consumed we all had to trek back to the coach in the car park before driving into town and straight into a traffic jam. We were looking for the ZamBeZe Restaurant but the coach couldn't get close so we all got off at a layby in the centre. We then started walking and walking and then walking a bit more and then a bit more. **Phil** went into 4 different shops, spoke to a taxi driver and not one of the 5 people knew of this restaurant. Fortunately the coach driver

had google maps and he led us 'on foot' to our destination, where we met up with **John Carrick and Jean Wright**. This evening it was to be a buffet meal with plenty of choice for starters, followed by 4 or 5 main courses. The wine flowed with **El Presidente** being well looked after by the waiting staff who understood hierarchy (take note **Mr and Mrs Baron**). Once it was time to leave some of the ABs stayed back to make sure all left at the right



time. Some went walking off into the distance; the last few were escorted by one of the restaurant staff via

a Lift, who then pointed out the route back to the coach. Once back on the coach it was a relatively short trip back to Pestana Palace. Some decided to retire; others went to the bar, whilst some walked down the road for a nightcap. The staff at the Indian café were very pleasant and after a few consumed beverages all retired for the night at approximately 1 pm.

### **Sunday 11 October 2015**

Breakfast was again momentous as staff were still more concerned with chatting to each other, clearing tables or resetting tables. **Paul** said that he had been waiting for quite a while; the staff do not appear to be looking at customers. **Phil** went up to 2 members of staff and asked that they serve people and they replied they were discussing work. **Phil** explained that if they used their eyes and looked, then they wouldn't need to discuss. This was also explained to the Head Waiter and strangely enough we got complimentary "tarts and fruit". It only took 17 minutes for the poached eggs to arrive. After breakfast we decided to go for a little walk as the pick-up time for this afternoon's game was 2.15, the same as yesterday. We tried to find the restaurant used by **Anne and Charles Cooper**. We arrived just as it was opening but the owner explained that they would be closed tonight.



Found nothing else that looked apt so slowly returned to the hotel with a bottle of water. Got changed ready for the game and then on to coach which this time navigated the barrier and dropped us all by the changing rooms.

### **The 4<sup>th</sup> match v Belem HC**

Unfortunately **El Presidente** was not on the ball and forgot to ask **Teri Baron** if she would be so kind as to take notes. Can only apologise, but should have known better as **Teri** was already organised and doing without being asked – **THANK YOU**. This game turned out to be not just a battle but a rear-guard action against Men and Women. In the first 6 minutes we had to defend 3 penalty corners but the defence and **Richard Boucher** showed that they were up to the task. Then **Phil** managed to dispossess one of their attackers but then ended up losing possession; or as **Paul** said "Why not give them the ball back **Phil**!" **ABs** managed to quell the storm and after breaking clear of the shackles with our first shot, **Paul** scored. Scoring against Belem was not the best thing as they regained control and won 2 further penalty corners. From the second of these they secured the equaliser. **ABs** managed to hold out up to the end of the first quarter.

As they began the second quarter it was clear that there was more defending to be done. A change of position saw **Paul** playing right of the back four and spraying passes to the front three as often as he could. Perhaps he should have run forward and collected his own pass! After 5 minutes the **ABs** fell behind and yet again too many attackers against too few defenders being the problem. **ABs** still managed to stop Belem from scoring from further penalty corners in this quarter and arrived at half-time just the one goal down.



The third quarter was just a repetition of the previous quarter as Belem kept up the pressure and the ABs were defending manfully. One thing that assisted the ABs was that **Clive** replaced **Phil** at sweeper as **Phil** came off injured – he was playing like a ‘twonk’ anyway. Belem managed to increase their lead as they stretched the AB defence and scored twice in open play, the latter by the Belem Lady. ABs stuck doggedly to their task but it was clear that the younger legs had the upper hand throughout this quarter.

The fourth quarter was much the same but excellent defence by the ABs kept Belem at bay. The ABs did actually cross the halfway line and pushing forward won a couple of penalty corners. A sharp chance fell to **Billy Jawanda** whose shot was well saved by the Belem keeper, when if he had passed sideways he may have given **Paul** a better chance. It would not have affected the result as Belem were clearly a better and younger side who maintained their level all the way to the end.

**Result: ABs 1 (Paul Sharratt) Belem HC 4**

Whilst the game was continuing **Phil** was receiving plenty of advice as to his injury and the remedy, but **Sue Danson** gave some medical treatment which gave immediate relief from the pain and also assisted movement – **THANK YOU SUE, MUCH APPRECIATED.**

**Clive** did his usual “Thank You” speech and this time instead of awarding a Man of the Match decided to award it to **Billy Jawanda** for his overall performance on the Tour. It was also time for the ‘waistcoat’ to be moved on and this was done by **Peter Danson**:-

**Bob** was the first candidate on the List as he had told **Peter** he hoped he would not get the waistcoat. **Tony Perryman** for delivering the “punch-lines” of the waistcoat wearers. **Bob** would not be in this predicament if he hadn’t invited Peter Danson to join the ABs. **Tom Ettling** for his gesticulations at the 5 Oceanos restaurant, which subsequently resulted in knocking the bottle out of the hands of the wine waiter just as he was about to be served. As the bottle dropped it landed on a glass smashing it to smithereens – a real contender for the award. Another contender was **Teri Baron** for bringing the shower cap to the game to stop her hair from curling, but as she has already been in possession, **Teri** could relax.

There was also, according to **Peter** a possible recipient who left his towel in the changing rooms. As yet unknown; but **Peter** then said “spies will be on the lookout”. **Paul Sharratt** for getting the red card from the **Skipper** during today’s game and then for arguing with the Umpire.

But in the end perhaps it was destiny. **Bob** is 3 letters and my favourite number. I also met **Bob** for the first time in 2010, when added together they make 3. I’ve known him just over 4 years and  $4+3=7$ ; a prime number which is



also the number of letters in **Jameson**. The average age of the ABs on tour is 64, take this away from **Bob's** age of 84 and we get 18, then minus the 7 and we get 11 the number of players in a hockey team. Is all this coincidence, I think not; and therefore the recipient of the 'waistcoat' is **Bob Jameson**. The following pictures are post-match from both games held at the National Stadium.



As we were all getting ready to leave, the staff offered the last few a small token of free beer which was duly accepted and appreciated with a general "toast" of thanks. So it was all back on the coach for the short trip back to the Hotel. Whilst on the coach **Paul** invited all to a soiree in room 1009. Once off the coach **Clive** asked for



the hockey balls to be taken back to England but unfortunately this was not gratefully accepted and certain things were said in the heat of the moment. All met in Room 1009 whilst the **President** was trying to sort out the problem, whilst looking for the golf tees and golf glove! After the party on the balcony several ABs met down in the Allegro Bar for Club Sandwiches, beer and wine. As some

decided to stay and enjoy the ambience in the Hotel, others took the familiar route down to the Indian bar for the proverbial 'nightcap'. **Billy, Clive, JP and Richard Turner** were already ensconced. A relatively quiet evening ensued and all returned back to the Hotel at about 11.50.

## Monday 12 October 2015

Breakfast at 9.30'ish as today is a free day. Today's attempt at poached eggs was watery and vinegary. **Phil** visited **Sue Danson** in her room for her to lay her hands on his back. Fortunately **Peter** and **Sandie** were in attendance. I am sure that all ABs went out and about, as **Paul, Karen, Phil and Sandie** commandeered a taxi to



the town centre. En route **Phil** said to **Paul** “golf in 2 days time, **Paul**”. “No it’s not” said **Paul**, “it’s the day after tomorrow!”

Our taxi driver offered to take us on a tour himself but seeing as we had already seen quite a lot, we refused his kind offer. Walking through the pedestrian area we decided to have a brunch of toasties with a beer. When it came it was like a



mega sandwich. **Paul and Karen** joined us for a quick drink before we went our separate ways. We decided to take a ride on the red sightseeing coach but unfortunately had a bit of a wait. Whilst we were out and about we spotted **Angela and Trevor** on a yellow sightseeing coach, which they insisted was red! Once the tour was over we saw **Colin and Taz** in the Museum of Beer which they said was not a museum just a bar, but they did suggest eating on the other side of the square. So we crossed the square and went into the Aura restaurant. Sometimes **Phil** your timing is awful and as we sat down outside the heavens opened. We managed to find space under a large parasol but even the waiters were turning their trays upside down to shelter from the rain. We ordered 5 small tapas dishes and whilst waiting 4 people came and sat next to us. They weren’t local nor were they English. Four of our dishes duly came; the waiter said the other was on the way. A similar dish to our 5<sup>th</sup> choice was duly delivered to the next table. It was obvious that they hadn’t ordered food but as some restaurants do offer nibbles they decided to try them. The waiter came over and said that our dish was coming. I said “are you sure it is not the dish on the next table?” The waiter called over his friend and they eventually agreed that the dish on the next table was ours. We subsequently received our final dish, but decided to eat our main course elsewhere – a 4 cheese Pizza with a carafe of wine. As we were due to leave for Penha Longa tomorrow there was a need for some packing so we hailed a taxi and made our way back to Pestana Palace. Would we get there depended on our 80 year old driver who nearly crashed into a few cars en route (or is this how most Portuguese drive) and then nearly crashed into a coach just outside the Hotel. Anyway back for 6.15 for a tad of packing.

**JP** had organised an evening trip to the Institute dos Vinhos do Douro et Porto. In the end 17 people were on the trip, taxis sorted and off we went. Once inside we were split into 2 tables and given a ruby and a tawny port to try. After a few tastings we then moved on to another ruby and another tawny. It was at this point that **Paul** went for a walk and organised



some cheese to go with the port – a good decision.

**Teri** then said “**John** why didn’t you tell me you were going down on me” as he slipped off the arm of her chair. **Sandie** said “I may have to pay in kind after all this port”, whilst **Karen** talking about the bread and cheese said “it just flops out **Lee**”. As others seemed to enjoy more, **Colin** kindly bought another tawny for all to try when **Teri** said “I can do a lot of things but some I choose not to” and **Lee** quickly replied “Yes I know!” **Billy** was walking around as usual and **Trev** looking at the tawny port said “you’re looking pale”. **Doris** said to **Trevor** “you can’t say that” and **Trev** replied “Do what I say, not what I do”. The enjoyment had to end and once the cheese and the bread ran out and no more port was forthcoming, it was time to get taxis back



to the Hotel. Some adjourned to the bar whilst others took the familiar route down the road to the Indian café. Tonight they had run out of draught beer but did have very large bottles @ 5 Euros (less for 1 litre than a small



beer in the Hotel). Yet again another disagreement over money, taxis and wine, but this is always a problem once drink is involved. Sometimes best out in the open,

sometimes best kept quiet. There is never a correct decision; one just has to move on. Sitting outside is never the warmest place so once all calmed down, some people retired and at the same time the owners ran out of beer. They sent the son to the house round the corner and he fetched 4 more for a nightcap. The late rabble eventually got back at approximately 1.50; some then had a private party with **Richard Turner** on harmonica in **Mr Sharratt’s** room until the early hours.

## **Tuesday 13 October 2015**

Today it was time to move again with an 8.30 check-out, so a 7.30 breakfast was deemed enough time. Today we were also saying goodbye to 4 ABs; **Diane and Richard Boucher, Billy Jawanda and Richard Turner**. En route we called into the unique Sintra which is classed as another World Heritage Site. On arrival it was





decided to have a quick beer and a glass of wine (9.70 Euros for the wine)! We went for a quick walk around Sintra, along cobble streets and enjoying cherry liqueur tasting, which subsequently became presents. **Sandie** found delicate pasta bowls, but unfortunately only the one. A “cacophony” of ABs then took the local train ride around the town of Sintra. Back off the train some

of the ABs decided it was time for a drink and history happened when **John Peirce** was spotted drinking orange juice. Rumour has it that he quite liked the glass but how he would get that in a Ladies handbag, never mind how he would pack it in his suitcase. We were then taken around the Royal Palace. Unfortunately at the same time several tourists from Japan, who were at the end of their tour, were going down the stairs and talking quite loudly; whilst the ABs were trying to listen to what their Guide was saying. **El Presidente** in his wisdom told them quite loudly to shut up. **El Presidente** was then told by the “Palace Guide” that if he did that again he would be thrown out, which drew the comment “do your job properly then”. We then came out of the Palace and



below on the steps was an “ageing transvestite” with a camera crew. It was then up to certain ABs to persuade the **Skipper** to get involved and all credit to him, he did, the evidence being widely available as not only seen by ABs but also everybody in the square.



We then arrive at Penha Longa Golf Resort in time for lunch. This was a buffet type meal with homemade tomato and basil soup being one of the many dishes along with cold starters. Soup for most was hot but the second tureen was lukewarm. Beef or perch were the hot dishes plus cold choices. The problem was the lack of wine, which was on our menu but not theirs. **Julia** soon sorted this but a tad late for some (came with their pudding / dessert), but once the staff had got it resolved we were up and running and getting refills. During the meal **Phil** had asked if **Bob Jameson** was OK to pass on the ‘waistcoat’ whilst all ABs were together, as the restaurant would be the ideal moment before all disappeared to their respective rooms. **Bob Jameson** didn’t let **El Presidente** down as he was most amenable to the request and as always “rose” to the occasion as he made his decision.

There were candidates and they are as follows:

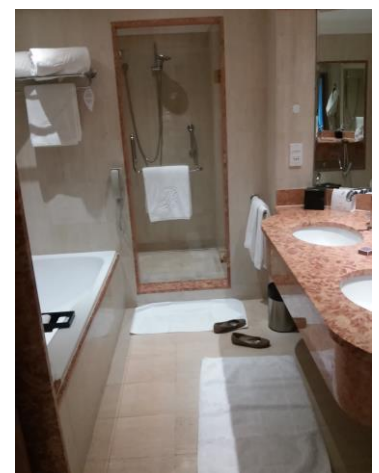
**John Beale** and **Dr Tom** each were guilty of identical, sartorial solecisms by wearing shower caps at inappropriate times—and looking right ‘nanas.

**Chris Kitto** and **Lee Baron** were also in the frame due to masterly inactivity. They had not put a foot wrong deliberately. A desirable quality in a solicitor, particularly if it is your own solicitor; but it is a less than desirable quality when the tour ‘waistcoat’ is up for redistribution.

However the show was stolen by a last minute impromptu exhibition of classical belly dancing in Sintra at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour, (and 59<sup>th</sup> minute), which completely stole the show. Some of us had doubts about **Clive’s** choice of partner (for reasons many and varied), but the performance in front of the Sintra Palace was breath taking and deserving, so



**Clive** the ‘waistcoat’ is yours. For **Phil** and **Sandie** the best was yet to come. Walking towards the corridor, an automatic door opens, walk down the corridor, turn corner at the end to Room 120:-







All **Phil** and **Sandie** could say was “WOW”. A little extra was the welcome note, which according to **Julia** was due to the extra work that the Management had done by researching the ABs and then giving the above room to the **President**. All that can be said is “Well Done” Penha Longa. In the afternoon it was time to do a “recce” so **Paul** and **Phil** confirmed the golf for tomorrow when we were also told that we could go out a tad earlier. We also spotted ABs on the crazy golf but decided not to practise before tomorrow.

In the evening a few ABs visited the same restaurant as for lunch, but this time with a difference as the chairs had been changed. It had become a Japanese Restaurant, called Midori. As one of the other restaurants was closed the Manager was willing to also serve Italian food, so that suited all. After an enjoyable meal we adjourned to one of the Bars for a nightcap, with **Paul** and **Karen** taking an “early bath”. Others eventually quit at 11.40.

### **Wednesday 14 October 2015**

This was “GOLF DAY”; the big challenge between the Professionals (**Mr Carrick** off 12 & **Mr Sharratt** off 18) against the Amateurs (**Mr Beale** off 27 and **Mr Hall** off 28). Breakfast was therefore all 4 players plus caddie drivers “Bubbles and Trixie” sorry **Karen** and **Sandie**. At breakfast, met up with **Teri** and **Lee** and as they had visited Room 130 the day before, **Phil** and **Sandie** offered to host a soirée which would take place at approximately 5.30 onwards. **The Barons** kindly said they would find a local supermarket and with finances agreed they would “sort” it whilst others were on the golf course – **MANY THANKS, Mr and Mrs BARON**. So at approximately 9 am the golf began. But, another Ancient Briton was already ‘up and running’ as **Peter Danson** was on the Par 3 course and putting it to the sword. When questioned as to who was therefore ‘chaperoning’ **Sue** to breakfast, **Peter** said that he was back in time for the late sitting.

On the main course the Amateurs were 5 up after just 6 holes. All credit to the Professionals they did get it back to just 3 down by the 10<sup>th</sup>. This was back to dormie 4 by the 14<sup>th</sup> and finished up as a victory



**Any ideas John how to stop them**



to the Amateurs by 3 and 2. Now all the flack was thrown in their direction with “bandits” being the popular term. On checking the scores in the cold light of day with **Jon Beale** “scoring” 98 on a par 72, therefore playing to 26 and **Phil Hall** “scoring” 97 playing to 25, it was clear that they had both played ONLY JUST under their handicap. Whilst out and about we did see **Trevor** and **Roger** “sur les bicyclettes”. Their timing in some respects couldn’t have been worse as it was time to drive the par 3 over the water. **Phil** tried to skim across the water rather than walk – failed at both. **Mr Sharratt** also attacked the pin but received 5.7 from most judges for his entry into the water. He subsequently blamed **Sandie** for talking

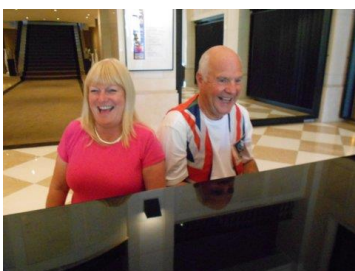


during his drive!! As we all strolled down the 18<sup>th</sup> fairway, **Beale** and **Hall** removed their caps to salute the crowd – **Mr & Mrs Davies** and **Mr & Mrs Perryman**; the applause was deafening. Golf finished at 2 pm and as we walked off the final green we met **JP** and **Clive** who adjourned to the Golf bar on the veranda and ordered the drinks. Once ensconced in the bar and with drinks it was time for lunch as we were joined by our supporters! According to **Mr Sharratt** the ravioli was of 5 star rating and far superior to the linguini in the Midori restaurant the night before. **Mr Carrick** was still chuntering but **Beale** and **Hall** did admit that he had played well albeit being injured from the first tee onwards. **Mr Beale** did say that he ought to get recompensed for his lesson the previous day! After lunch **Clive** and **JP** played table tennis, **Clive** was 3-0 up at one stage; other ABs were seen by the swimming pool having a relaxing time. **Phil** then invited all present to the soirée but obviously needed to check with the **Barons** as to their “success” in finding a supermarket. It seemed that not only had they purchased the requisite drinks but at the same time had “spotters” who had acquired extras! **MY THANKS TO ALL CONCERNED**. The problem **Phil** had was that not all ABs were aware, so off he went to try and leave messages. First port of call was “**Mum and Dad**” but the timing wasn’t great and they might not be able to make it – but they did in the end. Messages for **Julia** were left but **Angela** said that she would sort that out and coincidentally met **Julia** entering the Hotel. The soirée began at 5.30 with **Tom** and **Chris** the first to arrive, so **Tom** started on the Drambuie. **Anne Cooper** kindly disappeared and acquired ice from the Bar downstairs.





Several cameras were in action but some pictures cannot be shown (due to cleavage) but there are a few that can be shown. As one can see from the picture above **Jon Beale** is not wearing the “waistcoat”. The soirée ended around 8 pm but not before the ‘waistcoat’ was moved on. **Trevor** very kindly introduced **Clive** who said that after the golf day certain players were in the frame. Very few others had made mistakes so the award went



to “**Phil Beale**”!!! **Clive** decided it was best to correct that and said that it was in fact **Jon Beale**. It was noted that the alcohol did just last, but some decided to adjourn to the bar. Whilst there, some ABs ordered food and one AB did actually converse with the staff. Not long after the Restaurant Manager appeared on the scene and after chatting for a while he kindly offered a couple of us a free local brandy! I think that the golf day and the soirée had caught up with a few of the ABs so it was a relatively early finish.

### Thursday 15 October 2015

It was breakfast prior to departure and **Phil** tried the usual poached eggs but this time they were overdone, almost hard boiled. Does any chef know how long to cook them? At least we found the Bucks Fizz and **Paul** found them on several occasions, six at the last count. Unfortunately we had to leave this wonderful Hotel and the Management were on the steps to wave us goodbye. Our destination was for a wine tasting at Coisas Do Vinho. We all got off the coach and walked off in the general direction; then walked back to where we started. It was at this point that the ABs decided to have a meeting as to which direction to go in next.



When we did actually find the venue it was a pleasant experience, quite a posh venue which supplied wine for all and for those that didn’t, other ABs stood up to be counted and assisted, especially **Dr Tom** pouring **Chris’s** into his glass – cunning. Seemed a tad unnecessary; so someone said to **Tom** “there are loads still left just take one, like **Phil**”. Back on the coach and we soon arrived at our last Hotel of the tour in respect of accommodation in the picturesque village of Cascais. A very narrow archway but the coach driver calmly reversed, once we had the

barrier lifted. Rooms were allocated to just a few select ABs first, but once sorted it was time for lunch. Out of the Hotel, turn right towards the sea and find somewhere quickly as thirst needed quenching. **Paul, Karen, Sandie and Phil** found a fish restaurant just around the corner overlooking the bay which served beer as well. EASY DECISION. Prawns in garlic for the boys; steak egg and chips for the girlsies. After spotting a few ABs also walking up and down and consuming the aforementioned, it was time to get back to the Hotel and do a little unpacking. Bad news was that **Paul and Karen** are out next door neighbours, but at least they were quiet at night! Whilst **Sandie** did a little unpacking, **Phil** went to check the facilities within the Hotel and ended up finding the ground floor exit to the Marina, which did turn out to be quite useful later in the day. In the afternoon **Phil** and **Sandie** went off on a 'recce' and this time turned left out of the Hotel and walked down some small side streets. Cascais appeared to be quite a quaint place and we found an Italian restaurant up on a balcony which opened at 7 pm.

So later it was time for pre meal drinks and on the Marina we found a bar which catered not just for drinkers but also allowed smoking inside as one relaxed on the settee! After the traditional 'Bombay G & T' we walked to the Italian restaurant, but not before a couple of nubile young Ladies turned up, obviously after the gym and leaning provocatively over the Bar. **Teri** said to **Lee** "don't worry, I will re-enact it later!" **Sandie** said "If you can do that, you should put yourself out on tour!"

The good news when we eventually arrived at the Italian restaurant was that it was busy, which is always a good recommendation but the only table for 6 had a 'reserved' notice on the table. Fortunately the waiter said that it was OK for us to turn the table round so we were duly settled right next to the window to the bar. To some this might be too close but to our table of **Paul, Karen, Teri, Lee, Sandie and Phil** it was absolutely ideal. Why? See pictures below. One of the problems was that apparently, according to our Ukrainian waiter there was no



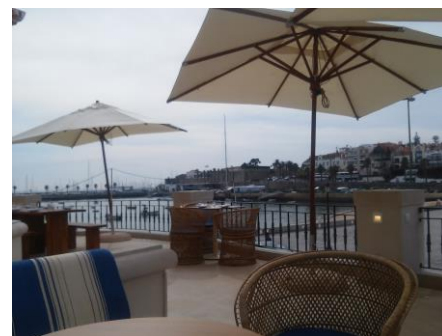
beef!! Fortunately he had a word with the Chef and he could play around with the menu and certain sauces could be served with pork escalope, especially with gorgonzola!! Chianti and prosecco for the girls, beers for the Guys



and to follow some Grappa, the local rocket fuel. Before leaving **Phil** decided to make use of the facilities. Returning to the table he had to explain that this was the first bathroom in a restaurant to actually have a bath. Of course most people thought that the Grappa had gone to his head, so photographic evidence was gathered, our thanks to local model '**Kareenna**' (the Dancer from Bath). A slow walk back to the Hotel actually involved a small diversion via a Karaoke Bar. We had **Lee** singing 'I'm a Believer', **Sandie** singing 'Rose Garden' and **Teri** singing 'Son of a Preacher Man'. **Phil** was due to do his Eric Clapton impression when circumstances beyond our control took place. Sometimes one has too much drink, but it is always best to know when to stop. On this occasion it wasn't **Phil**, as once back at the Hotel it was noted that the Bar had closed, but there was a night porter on duty. Unfortunately he wasn't quite sure re serving drinks so **Phil** managed to persuade the Bar Manager to assist for 4 G & T's and 2 Beers. Bed at 12.25.

### **Friday 16 October 2015**

Breakfast on the terrace overlooking the bay and the Karaoke Bars. **Phil** asked **Paul** if he wanted a Bucks Fizz, to which **Sandie** said to **Phil** "You don't do anything for me!!". **Paul** only had 3 Bucks Fizz today, just the 2 for **Phil**. The poached eggs saga goes on and on. **Phil** asked if they could be cooked for just 3 minutes, so got a boiled egg! Today was a free day with the End of Tour Dinner at a different venue later. **Sandie** did a little bit of packing before we ventured into the centre of Cascais. A pleasant walk around some of the side streets with quaint shops, and **Sandie** managed to find a couple of bowls which would be ideal for pasta dishes. **Phil** managed to find his 'Tabac' but as they approached lunchtime there only seemed one place that looked ideal.



The difficulty was that it was a balcony overlooking the bay, but with no obvious access. As we walked around the side a door opened and after asking the lady how to get upstairs it seemed like this was the way in! On entering it was clear that this wasn't just any old restaurant, it was more of a winery. The wine was contained behind glass cabinets and you had a 'credit' card. You put the card into the 'green' slot (on the picture above the wine bottles in the middle) and then pressed the relevant red button for a "taster", a "measure" or a "large measure". The machine showed you the price at the same time: eg 1.50 Euro, 2.50 Euro and 4 Euro respectively. Whilst here it was decided to also eat, **Paul** had clams, **Phil and Karen** had Patatas Bravas and **Sandie** a Waldorf Salad. After a convivial afternoon of relaxation it was time to meander back towards the Hotel in order to prepare and change for the night's entertainment. Passing the beach was too much for 2 people; strangely

enough it was the same 2 people who were ‘considering running away’ the last time they were on a beach. **Paul** also kindly offered to pose for the beach designer. Not the picture on the right, the one in the middle!! After getting back from our day out it was time for **Sandie** to



have a bath whilst **Phil** realised that he had promised to bring some loose leaf tobacco back for a friend. So off to the ‘tabac’ again but on his return met **Mr Sharratt** on his way to the chemist. **Phil** was too embarrassed to ask why but the box that was handed over the counter was quite large. **Phil** bathed and changed, well it was October, and all ABs duly met up in the Bar. The Ladies were looking resplendent – don’t they “brush” up well. Onto the coach and off on the short journey to the Hotel Cascais Miragem, a very posh Hotel. The ABs were expected as can be seen by the poster and were to be entertained in the Estoril Room on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor. Pre drinks were served on the patio outside the bar and by the poolside, as indicated by **Mrs Darlington**.



A thoroughly enjoyable buffet was had by all, with hot green pea soup and croutons to start along with several cold starters, closely followed by hot and cold main courses, topped off with several desserts. Wine flowed and presentations took place. One of the first was the presentation to **Skipper Clive** who had decided rather than a “gift” of some sort would like to have the “glass tankard” given to the ABs by Lisbon Casuals. The Committee agreed that it would be better used rather than sitting in a box in a cupboard. Another award was the final movement of the “waistcoat”. This honour fell to **Jon Beale** who in his customary fashion spoke in 3 different “English” dialects – English, Australian and Aboriginal.

Firstly **Jon Beale** needed to verify something and asked **Chris Kitto** to stand up and, as a Solicitor, he needed **Chris** to testify under oath that the professional code of conduct of a Solicitor requires them to be above the law at all times. **Chris** duly listened and testified that **Mr Beale** was indeed correct.



So now he was in command of this information **Jon Beale** asked the real culprit to stand – a certain **Lee Baron**. Apparently **Lee** had sent his innocent young bride out to pillage alcohol for the **Hall** soirée and then had proceeded to pour the hooch down his own neck with reckless abandon knowing it to be stolen. Flagrant and shameful misconduct! “The ‘waistcoat’ is yours **Lee Baron**” said **Jon**.

This was a dinner quote from **Paul Sharratt** – “**Anne Cooper** is a great bake caker”.

**Marilyn** told the story when she left a message for herself on her answer phone – which was to remind others that she needed to be collected from the station!! Later on she played the message and nearly drove to the station “to pick herself up” as she now thought it was her daughter who had left the message?? Before the evening came to a complete close **El Presidente** had arranged with 3 willing couples to participate in a Mr & Mrs Competition, with the proviso of NO EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS – **Mr & Mrs Jameson, Mr and Mrs Davies and Mr and Mrs Baron**.

There were only 3 questions to answer – for the Ladies; which is your husband’s favourite ice cream, what are the colour of his eyes and what would he buy for you if he won the Lottery. Once the men returned to the room it was their chance to see if they could guess the correct answer. Our congratulations went to **Trevor** who for some reason, even though seated, felt that he had to stand up and explain his answers, but he got all three correct. The other two both got one correct. It was then time for the Ladies to leave the room and for **Phil** to ask the men three questions and these were – which Quiz Show would your wife prefer to appear on, which is her favourite type of film and what is she most scared of? This seemed to create more of a problem for the men and when the Ladies returned we only had 2 correct answers, which left **Mr and Mrs Davies** as the winners. My thanks go to all 3 couples for their willingness to participate. It was noticeable that **Mr and Mrs Jameson** were trying to create a system whereby **Bob** could lip-read and on several occasions he



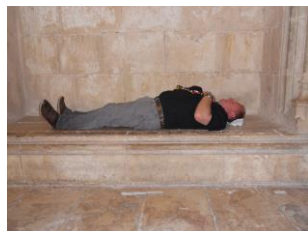
did ask me to get out of the way! Afterwards **Trevor** stood up and announced that he had a present for **Julia** for her superb organisation, but then said that he hadn’t got a present for **Julia**! This was duly explained in that

rather than give **Julia** something she didn't like it was agreed that **Julia** could choose something that she really wanted (since emailed by **Julia**). On our return from the Hotel a small gathering decided to have a "last drink in the bar & restaurant opposite the Hotel entrance. When **Sandie** asked for a G & T, the waiter asked if she wanted citric or flora, so **Sandie** said citric. When the drink turned up it was very decorative with a blue'ish hue. When we asked how you got the blue colour in the drink, we were told "We put in Blue Curacao!!". As **Paul** wasn't feeling a 100% he quickly finished his beer and made his escape. This subsequently became the closing drink of the night for the group anyway. Once back at the Hotel and with **Karen** as our next door neighbour it was decided to have a quiet chat on the balcony whilst enjoying a late night cigarette. On entering the room it became obvious that it was very wet and windy and the same could be said for outside. **Phil** swept up some towels and placed them on the chair and lounge outside, so that the wet and windy weather was kept at bay. In the end we decided to quit at 1'ish.

### **Saturday 17 October 2015**

This was departure day so breakfast at 8 am, followed by final packing, then off to airport but delayed 2 hours and 10 minutes. Back at Gatwick it is "goodbyes" all round before the journey home, stuck on M25 for a while but home about 9.15 pm.

Thank you one and all for a successful tour and to Julia:– **A MASSIVE THANK YOU FROM US ALL, FOR THE TIME AND EFFORT IN PUTTING TOGETHER A MOST ENJOYABLE TOUR.**



**Pictures courtesy of Tony Perryman, Dr Tom Ettling, Richard Turner, Phil Hall, Charles Cooper, Richard and Diane Boutcher.**