

# Barbados



*The people of Barbados are renowned for their friendliness and their relaxed approach to all aspects of life, they will be pleased to help you find happiness on their island. Its natural coastline of white, sandy beaches is set against dazzling azure seas invariably fringed by graceful palm trees dipping down to the shore. No piers, no promenades, simply natural setting for all to enjoy all year long in sunny tropical splendour. Rarely are you far from a panorama of outstanding beauty, nor much more than a short drive to the cooling tempting sea with its quiet beach upon which to lounge and soak up the warmth of the Caribbean sun.*



## **Itinerary.**

### **Monday 14 August 1995.**

Assemble Gatwick Airport @ <sup>10.45</sup> 09.10 Flight leaves Gatwick Airport @ <sup>12.45</sup> 11.10.  
(A door to door service will be arranged for those that would like it,  
where possible). Touch down in Barbados @ 17.00 local time. 18.35  
A flight time of nearly 10 hours. Transfer to our appartments.  
Evening meal & perhaps our first Rum Punch.....

### **Tuesday 15 August 1995.**

Mini Mokes delivered. Perhaps a day to explore the Island.....  
Taking in Sam Lord's castle, Flower Caves Etc...

### **Wenesday 16 August 1995.**

Free Day. 5pm Match v Pickwick @ The World Famous  
Kensington Oval, home of West Indies Cricket. Evening Social.

### **Thursday 17 August 1995.**

Free Day. ~~5pm Match v Wanderers.~~ Evening Social.

### **Friday 18 August 1995.**

Free Day. 5pm Match v Barbados Select XI. Evening Social.

### **Saturday 19 August 1995.**

Free day to visit Bridgetown.  
Evening Barbecue when we can entertain our guests.

STAYING AT CASUARINA BEACH CLUB  
ST. LAWRENCE GAP.

## ***Sunday 20 August 1995.***

*09.00 Team representative briefing.*

*10.00 Umpires briefing.*

*15.00 Opening ceremony.*

*Parade of teams in Team Gear, Official opening.*

*Opening game - Barbados U21 v Festival XI.*

*& then Pickwicks Festival Blast-Off all at Kensington Oval.*

## ***Monday 21 August 1995.***

*09.00 - 06.00 Games.*

*19.30 Reception for Captains & Managers.*

*Hosted by Barbados Hockey Federation.*

*21.30 Under 21's Fete.*

## ***Tuesday 22 August 1995.***

*09.00 - 18.00 Games.*

*20.00 Festival Jolly Roger.*

*Evening cruise with Meal & Drinks approx £25 all inc.*

## ***Wednesday 23 August 1995.***

*09.00 - 18.00 Games.*

*20.00 Barbecue & Beach Party approx £5.*

## ***Thursday 24 August 1995.***

*09.00 - 12.00 Games.*

*12.00 Fun in the sun - Beach games, food, drinks at Dover Beach.*

*21.00 Police Club Fete Approx £2.*

## ***Friday 25 August 1995.***

*09.00 - 18.00 Semi Finals at Kensington Oval.*

*19.30 Cultural show - cabaret & buffet £15.*

*21.00 Bajan Queen revellers fete £3.*

BANKS BREWERY INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY FESTIVAL  
1995

WHAT'S ON PROGRAM

Sunday 20th August

Registration & Briefing - CARIBBEE HOTEL 9.00 a.m

2.30 p.m Opening ceremony, Parade of Teams. (Banks Steel Orchestra)

4.00 p.m Game - Barbados Mens Vs Pakistan International Airline  
squad

Pickwick's Festival Blast Off party.

Monday 21st

Games 9 a.m - 6 p.m

Festival Welcome Dinner - 7.30 - Old Fort - Hilton Hotel \$ 30 BDS  
per person (Captain/Manager complimentary). Disco free after with  
dinner stub. PLEASE BOOK NOW BY RETURN FAX.

Tuesday 22nd

Games 9 a.m - 6 p.m

8.00 p.m Cultural Show. Your personal cabaret at Sandy Bank on the  
South Coast. We get you in the mood with limbo dancing and fire  
eating spiced with a calypso or two, then you and your team  
complete the night's entertainment with your very own skits and  
acts. Of course you can practice, if you must.

Wednesday 23rd

Games 9 a.m - 6 p.m

Jolly Roger Cruise. A four hour cruise under the stars on a pirate  
ship with all the booze and grub you can handle. PLEASE BOOK NOW BY  
RETURN FAX.

Thursday 24th

Games 9 a.m - 12.00 noon

Fun in the Sun, beach games, food, drinks at Sandy Beach Island  
Resort, the biggest beach on the island with the whitest sand.

Friday 25th

Semis 9 a.m - 6.00 p.m

Free night

Saturday 26th

Finals - 9.00 a.m - 1.30 p.m

Awards Presentation & Fete at Ship Inn. 8.00 p.m

POSSIBLE POOLS

MEN First placed team in each pool for semis.

- A: A.B.C, ALL STARS, EMPIRE, ABBERYSTWTH, MALVERN, MIXMORE,
- B: NUTS SCREWS & BOLTS, STICKY FINGERS, B.D.F, AULD REEKIES, FATIMA, SEVENOAKS
- C: PICKWICK, MAPLE, HCOB, S.O.BACCHUS, T&T DEFENCE FORCE, DUNDEE
- D: DEACONS, Y.M.C.A, P.I.A, BUDERICH, T&T POLICE

LADIES First placed team in each pool for semis.

- A: MAPLE, C.S.O.S.A, T&T POLICE, MAGNOLIAS, DELAWARE,
- B: EMPIRE, PICKWICK, MIXMORE, MALVERN, UWITCO
- C: UNTOUCHABLES, YOUNG PELICANS, SEVENOAKS, ALL STARS, VENTURES
- D: MAPLE B, AVENGERS, Y.M.C.A, CHECKERS, AULD REEKIES

MIXED First placed team in each pool for semis.

- A: A.B.C, EMPIRE, MALVERN, TROPICAL COCKTAIL
- B: DEACONS, REMNANTS, S.O.B, MIXMORE
- C: C.S.O.S.A, Y.M.C.A, DELTA FORCE, AULD REEKIES
- D: MAPLE, ALL STARS, BRISTOL REDNECKS, SEVENOAKS, T&T POLICE

VETERANS (MEN) Teams play across for final placings.

- A: B.E.T, Y.M.C.A, ANCIENT BRITONS, MALVERN
- B: B.U.T, PICKWICK, OLD WULFRUNIANS, C.S.O.S.A, ARUBA

Preliminary pool matches -25 MINUTES PER HALF (Ladies & Mens 4/5 matches each team, Vets & Mixed 3 each subject to current entries holding up) will be on a round robin basis played over the first (3) days with Thursday serving to clear up any unfinished games. Thursday may also be used for arranged grudge matches but we would prefer such matchups at the beach bar during the Fun in the Sun afternoon.

Friday - semis:

Saturday - Finals

# The Ancient Britons



# Hockey Tour to Barbados 1995

## Monday 14<sup>th</sup> August 1995

**7.00 am** Breakfast preparations at Marigold Cottage are interrupted by the arrival (on time!!) of a minibus and trailer. To the great surprise of **Bob Moorhouse** the name of the coach company emblazoned on the side of the bus is **AB EXECUTIVE TRAVEL**. Has **Steve Hattersley** really created this?

The bus then speeds on to Wimborne to collect **Keith Baggette** (hereafter known as “little” **Keith**), on time and in the correct place. Onward again to White Gate Pillars to collect **Steve**. A great sight – **Steve** on station and on time (perhaps he gets a bonus for three in a row); if only **AB's** passing was so accurate. The bus now zooms (**Bob's** interpretation of its speed) to Aldershot for **Paul and Betty Bloomfield** and our goalkeeper **Keith House** (hereafter known as “big” **Keith**) and then high-tails it (another **Bob Moorhouse** interpretation) to Woking for **Arthur Barber, Brenda Wallond and John and Rita Oakley**. **Arthur** then undertakes a remarkable navigational feat of guiding the driver the back way to Gatwick Airport North Terminal. **Steve** meanwhile, trying to catch up on lost sleep, has missed all the lovely Surrey countryside although from time to time he is heard to ask “why do we keep seeing signs of ‘3 miles to Aldershot’?”

Gatwick check-in desks are very busy but our intrepid minibus travellers succeed in meeting up with **Ian and Sue Marsh, Trevor and Angela Davies and Mike and Julia Greenhough** and the **AB** group for phase one of our new venture is complete. This must be too good to be true.

Sure enough, check-in of flight **CKT071** to Bridgetown, Barbados is brought to a standstill by a double booking attributed to **Bob Moorhouse** and, once this is sorted out, a fire alarm in the departure area eventually delays the flight by 30 minutes. During this delay we come across a green shirted mob – a mixed hockey team going under the name of ‘Tropical Cocktail’, a couple of whom are recognised by **Mike Greenhough** as East Midlands Umpires. They are intending to play and are, therefore, potentially dangerous, best steer clear of them!

All **ABs** have been informed that we face a 10 hour flight. The crew, however, suggest 7 hours 40 minutes at 33,000 feet. We feel that this is a bit vague, so support **Steve's** schedule. Fortunately the crew are right, the journey seems to pass very quickly and we land at Grantley Adams international Airport, Barbados at 4.20 pm local time, Caledonian navigational skills having matched those of the minibus group.

Temperature 30.9°C, relative humidity 91% and we are stuck in an interesting log-jam at Passport control. Hockey players and supporters seem to outnumber other visitors and returning residents by at least 2 to 1. The ‘green shirts’ beat us through all controls and customs – thankfully they are not playing in the Veterans Section. No mini-mokes to pick up as informed by **Steve** but we are shoe-horned into two mini-buses, which transport us to the Casuarina Beach Resort, our HQ for the next two weeks. We arrive at Reception only to find

'green shirts' ahead of us again. However, room check-in runs quite smoothly (Bob is not double booked this time), the mini-mokes and Steve's limousine await outside and certain foolhardy ABs offer to act as drivers and fill in the necessary forms.

The first task is to locate all the Bars and discover their opening times and 'happy hours'. 'Big' Keith and 'Little' Keith lead the way and at about 7.00 pm a travel weary group of ABs start to gather at the Poolside Bar. The conversation eventually centres on a 'green shirt' called Bear (could this be because he has no hair?) and a lady 'green shirt', Tricia, who has a Yorkshire accent, comes from Newark, thinks she is on the Isle of Wight and brings culture to our discussions by explaining drinking games such as 'Bunny Throwing' and 'Lipstick Spot' (full details available from Steve).

For the most weary, including our earliest starter, the day ends at about 10.00 pm (3 am BST) whilst the hardened drinkers, having got a taste for the local brew, continue well into the night.

**Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> August:** forecast temperature 28°C, relative humidity 88%.

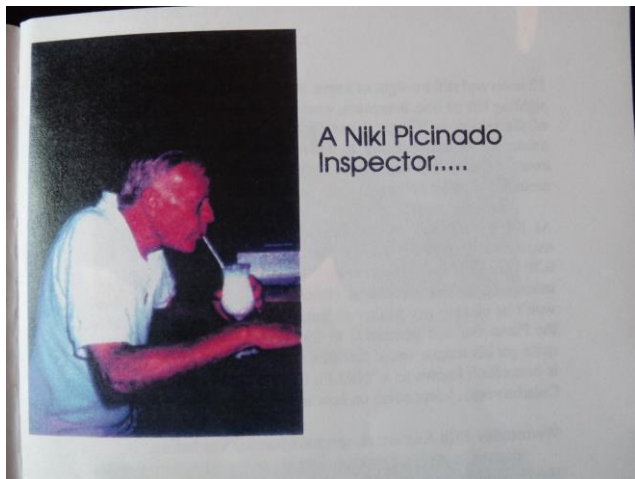
**7.00 am** And, as yesterday (or was it the day before?), Bob is up and about but not another AB in sight. Bob has got up because he has been told by Steve that the shops open at 7.00 am – WRONG.

By 8.30 other wandering ABs are spotted on their way to the beach for a swim. They are advised not to be fooled by the clouds and cooling breezes; the sun's rays can still burn and a high factor sun tan lotion is recommended. Back at the Pool Bar 'Big' and 'Little' Keith are already having breakfast (have they been there all night?) but there is no sign of Steve. There is careless talk of training, island trips and swimming but nobody moves – we are adjusting to the pace of life in the Caribbean.

12 noon and still no sign of Steve. A prize is offered for the first sighting but no one, it appears, wants to win this. The main point of discussion is 'Happy Hour' and its various locations and times, the objective being to schedule half-price grog for 24 hours. A fairly lazy day ensues, either on the beach or in sight-seeing mini-moke outings.

As the sudden and spectacular Caribbean sunset approaches, excitement is growing for the Manager's Rum Punch Party at 6.30 pm. This is a free event and Steve is now sighted! Bob is introduced to Rum Punch; it is not what he expected and he won't be placing any further orders. However, he is escorted to the Piano Bar and persuaded to try a Pina Colada. He cannot quite get his tongue round this (the words not the drink!) and it is henceforth known as a 'Niki Picinado' or even 'Pico Nino Colarbrererer ...' depending on how many have been consumed.





**Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup> August:** temperature / humidity as before.

Having drunk away the jet-lag, ABs awake on the morning of Day 3 bursting with lethargy and torpidity. A certain unsuspecting group reports on the beach at 8.00 am sharp for a spell of 'Moorhouse Masochism'. This takes the shape of 'beneficial' exercises under the watchful eye of "Obersturmbahnfuherer" Bob.

Meanwhile the more perceptive Keiths and Steve have set out on an assignation at Sam Lord's Castle on the south-east corner of the island. Steve's unerring navigational accuracy (he swears he saw another sign saying 'Aldershot 3 miles') eventually gets them there and, having dropped of 'Little' Keith, proceeds to return to HQ only to end up a touch wayward in Bridgetown.



"I'm sure Steve said 'left turn for Aldershot, three miles'".

The Umpires and 'senior' ABs have spent a morning of inner calm preparing for the afternoon 'friendly' match against Old Wulfrunians, a Wolverhampton Club well known to the Midland ABs, which is scheduled for a 3.30 pm start at that international Mecca – Kensington Oval. The liaison for this match had been undertaken by Old Wulf John Nightingale the previous evening (coincidentally his birthday) and

after discussion with the Skipper, it is decided to recognise the long association of Bob Moorhouse with the Old Wulfs and to celebrate the birthday by presenting a suitably printed tee-shirt to John Nightingale and providing an appropriate match trophy.

The squad duly assembles in Reception at 2.15 pm and leaves the Casuarina in convoy. Some drivers are obviously still getting to grips with their mini-mokes and we eventually arrive at a deserted Oval having twice circumnavigated an adjacent island (traffic, not geographic) with

Trevor claiming that his nerves have been suitably steeled by Julia's imaginative driving technique. (Those who have ever been passengers in a vehicle driven by Trevor will understand why this is a case of the 'pot calling the kettle black').

The sense of occasion is immense as photos are taken in front of the Sir Garfield Sobers Stand and contemplative ABs nod and prod at the single Test wicket with their mini-moke keys in the Geoffrey Boycott manner.

The motley crew of Old Wulfs turn up in force and the ritualistic pre-match comments and conversations begin. One or two Old Wulfs are relieved to see the 'reincarnation' of Bob Moorhouse since they thought he had 'passed on'. Had they thought for a minute they would have realised the error of this since Bob never passed – whether 'on' or otherwise!

The Match: ABs 1 Old Wulfs 0

After the statutory photo in the goal the teams line up, Paul says a few well-chosen words (he has a way with words), pennants are exchanged, Trevor presents the tee-shirt to John Nightingale and declares the Trophy to be fought over: the Kensington-Nightingale Trophy (the nightingale having moved from Berkeley Square) which, fittingly, is a figure of a drunken Rum Runner.

ABs, not up to full playing strength until the following Tuesday, borrow John Nightingale, Glyn Thomas, Richard Cartwright and Mike Heywood from OWs (Mike Heywood subsequently becomes a permanent member of the AB Squad).

The first half is fairly even. 'Big' Keith makes one crucial save and Arthur and John are staunch in defence on the left flank. Steve talks us successfully through the half and the defence is little troubled. However 'Little' Keith is somewhat of a lone figure up front.

In the second half OWs exert more midfield pressure but Mike Greenhough has the right side 'bottled up' and, with Richard Cartwright working hard in midfield, OWs have few clear shots at goal which 'Big' Keith has little difficulty in dealing with. The heat and humidity eventually get to all of us – even Steve's patter has noticeably dried up – but a long ball out of defence enables ABs to get into OWs circle, a shot hits a defender's foot, John Oakley plays a good advantage and the rebound is slotted home by one of our renegades, Glyn Thomas. We hope he doesn't live to regret it! A well fought, enjoyable (we won!), good tempered game, sympathetically umpired by Ian and John, ends with that scoreline – a fitting reward for the Skipper's tireless efforts at inside-forward and a competent performance by all ABs; even Bob had managed to get his feet around a cross or two. The girls had played their part too,

attempting to forestall the onset of exhaustion or dehydration in their menfolk by handing out the isotonic drink bottles at appropriate intervals – a routine which they would further perfect in the days to come.

After showering in the old fashioned but spacious Umpires changing room (you almost expected to see Dickie Bird appear in the doorway, mopping his brow), an extremely convivial hour is passed with OWs on condition that it is refilled and a challenge sent out to ABs at Oxford sometime in May 1996.

Meanwhile, Brenda and Angela had been accosted by a 'Medicine Man' touting wares for bites, stings etc. – a formula involving Aloe Vera – and had succumbed to his sales patter.

Returning to the Casuarina, we spend the rest of the evening in contemplative mood sampling Bajan food and booze. Oh happy days – oh happy days!

### **Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> August:**

No noticeable change in the weather and the sun rises on another 'hectic' day in steamy Barbados. Down on the beach Susan, her costume full of sand after an early swim in the surf, checks that there is a full complement of fanatics exercising under the direction of 'Mr Motivator' Moorhouse. An Irish couple, Donal and Carmel Houlihan, who are staying at the Casuarina, have joined this group and become adopted ABs. They are either very brave or extremely foolhardy to have joined the morning exercise – but then they did fly Aeroflot from Shannon! In general, however, we have adopted a more leisurely approach to life and now find the true meaning of 'Bajan time', discovering on this Thursday morning that there had been a friendly match arranged for us on Tuesday evening!

Exploration of the island by moko continues with visits to the northern hills, east coast and flower forest on bumpy roads through sugar cane plantations and banana groves, seeing the occasional tethered cow or free-range goat and passing friendly locals playing dominoes on tables at the roadside. Betty and Paul venture into Welchman Hall Gully and Harrison's Cave, taking photographs on the way of tumble-down chattel houses and popular bars.

Susan and Ian discover from the beach towel lady's diary that it is their wedding anniversary and celebrate at a lovely restaurant called Secrets just round the corner from St Lawrence Gap. Ian remarks that there must be some sense in the old saying "if you can't be good, remember the date".

### **Friday 18<sup>th</sup> August:**

This is a match day – a friendly against YMCA, last year's Veteran Champions – so Arthur and Brenda decide that their free time needs to be leisurely and they set off at 9.00 am for a Tour of the centre of the island.

First stop is Harrison's Cave – limestone caverns with beautiful arrays of stalagmites and stalactites in crystal clear water – no hard slogging as you ride around in a train of vehicles. Then in order to stretch their legs (**Bob's** routine has obviously had the desired effect!), they walk along Welchman Hall Gully tracing the steps of the Queen twenty years earlier.



Mike is enjoying the trip to Harrison's Cave; Angela is not so sure, Trevor is asleep again

This is almost rain forest terrain, with ancient and modern trees, managed by the Barbados National Trust. After a look around the Flower Forest, they set off in search of food which takes them to the Coconut Inn where they gate-crash a tour party and share their buffet – highly recommended!

At 3.00 pm, well replenished, they set off back to the Hotel to change. No instructions have been received on colour of strip for the match – the 'official' explanation is that "we need to know what the majority of our opponents turn up in before we can decide". On arrival at the ground the final decision is "we play in red, they play in anything else.

The Match: ABs **2** YMCA **4**

A game of two contrasting halves. We have a good first half – both teams with ten men – and amidst great pleasure the **Skipper** scores his first goal on tour after a good pass from '**Little**' **Keith**. The opposition respond well with a brilliant solo effort from their centre-forward who beats every member of our defence in turn before reverse sticking a shot into goal. Our **Bajan guest player, Marcus**, is playing very well and is rewarded, to roars from the local supporters, with a great goal to put us ahead again. Our lead is short lived, however, and a well taken short corner from 15 yards (the Bajan approach to pitch marking / preparation on at least two of the grounds we play at, is akin to their approach to time) brings the home side level just before half-time.

At half-time, whilst we are gulping down gallons of liquid to replenish the water we have wrung out of our shirts, the opposition find their 11<sup>th</sup> player. This is our downfall and, in a 10 minute spell in the second half, the local players score two well created goals and it is uphill all the way to the gloom of nightfall and the final whistle. We have been outclassed in the second half and YMCA deserve their 4-2 win.

More liquid replenishment follows at the pitch side then some return to the Hotel to recover whilst others join some of the opposition in sampling Bajan night life at a local bar.

### **Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> August:**

**John and Rita** awake early to another day of blue sky and gentle breezes. No hockey today so time for more explanations of the island. They too aim for the east coast and Bathsheba via Harrison's Cave. After consulting various maps and passing three cross-roads all similarly signposted, they decide to look for lunch and, after negotiating a 'damaged road', they also come across the Coconut Inn and, remembering **Arthur's** recommendation, descend the long drive to find a small touring minibus already parked and a dozen people sitting at tables under the trees. They are greeted by a very friendly Irish lady who assures them that there is plenty for everyone – 'help yourselves'. They did not need telling twice.

What a spread! Baked green bananas and fresh vegetables, chicken, fish, roast potatoes, shepherd's pie, macaroni cheese, steak and kidney, eggplant, rice and every possible type of salad (and a bottle of Salad Cream) followed by a selection of home-made desserts. Time to go and down comes the rain – a typical Bajan 5 minute downpour – but their Irish hostess comes to the rescue with cloths to dry off wet mini-moke seats – and an invitation to Sunday lunch.

On their way back **John and Rita** discover the small church of St Andrew. The door is held closed by a large stone – 'last one out, please replace'. Inside they discover beautiful stained glass windows and the following recipe for happy relationships:-

4 cups of love

2 cups of loyalty

3 cups of forgiveness

1 cup of friendship

1 cup of understanding

2 spoons of hope

2 spoons of tenderness

4 quarts of faith

1 barrel of laughter

Take love and loyalty, mix thoroughly with faith, blend with tenderness, forgiveness and understanding. Add friendship and hope, sprinkle abundantly with laughter. Bake it with sunshine and serve daily in teaspoons of happiness.

Easy while we are on holiday in Barbados but can we maintain this back home?

### **Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> August:**

Sunday – a day of rest. No such luck! The **Moorhouse** exercise routine continues unabated. But wait – **Bob** has to be at the Tournament briefing at 9.30 am. Will we get off lightly? No – this morning's session will be short but twice as sharp (is it Happy Hour?) – and some poor misguided soul has pointed out a fallen tree trunk on the beach, which now becomes the focal point for an additional 'Jonathan Edwards' exercise.

However, things in general are looking up; **Steve, Bob, Ian and John** have gone to the Tournament briefing to ensure that everything is organised to our advantage; the South Africans, **Clyde and Colin**, arrived yesterday bringing our playing strength up and our average age down; the **Skipper and Betty** have gone to Church to seek further support.

And so, after a leisurely morning on the beach or by the pool, ABs assemble at 1.15 pm for their pre-tournament briefing only to learn that everything has not been organised to our advantage; our first game on Monday is at 12 noon and our second on Tuesday at 11.00 am – only on Wednesday do we get some relief from the midday sun when we play at 5.00 pm.

Ian then informs us of the rule changes that are now incorporated into Barbadian Hockey Federation rules (some ABs playing when the 'foot assisted stop' was still allowed so these minor changes are unlikely to worry us), and we all leap into our mini-mokes and head for Kensington Oval and the opening ceremony.

What a spectacular and enjoyable occasion the opening ceremony is. We arrive early enough to soak up the atmosphere as well as some of the sponsor's (Banks' Brewery) product before the parade of the teams. Ancient Britons are first alphabetically on the list of teams from England so the **Skipper** has the honour of carrying the Union Flag – we now recognise the value of one of the **Moorhouse** exercises which we had previously thought was designed to ensure that we could get home even if the Caledonian Airways DC10 didn't turn up.

In fact there is only the remnant of a team from Aruba ahead of us in the parade so ABs has the chance to set the standard. To the accompaniment of the Banks Sound Tech Steel Orchestra, ABs pass the Sir Garfield Sobers Stand, Union Flag dipped and hats doffed in salute to the assembled dignitaries. Being at the front of the parade we now line up in prime position to watch the remaining teams from England, Germany, Guyana, Holland, Scotland, Trinidad and Tobago, the USA, Wales and Barbados parade in front of the stand – some rhythmic, some military, some imaginative but all entertaining and colourful. In the meantime the Banks' beer is now arriving by the crate load to quench our thirst.



ABs parade at the Opening Ceremony where the Skipper proudly carries the Union Flag

After the playing of the Barbados National Anthem we are addressed by the President of the Barbados Hockey Federation, the Chairman of Banks' Barbados Brewery and the Special Envoy for Sport in the Ministry of Tourism and the 10<sup>th</sup> Banks' Brewery International Hockey Festival is declared open.

Once settled in the stands, a crate of Banks' close at hand, we are treated to an entertaining opening match between a Barbados X1 and a Festival X1. We are somewhat concerned that **Bob** is showing particular interest in the Bajans' warm up routine. Meanwhile, the local TV channel is showing an interest in **Arthur Barber**, the most ancient of Britons. We understand that they have discovered that the AB Squad contains the three oldest players in the Tournament.



The match eventually gets under way and the Bajan X1 build up a 3-1 lead. Disaster now strikes – not on the pitch but in the stand; **'Big' Keith**, forgetting that he is not a Sevenoaks Aardvark but an Ancient Briton leaps over the balcony of the stand in his eagerness to get to the Banks' tent for more refreshment and lands awkwardly on his ankle which he nurses painfully throughout the second half of the match. The Festival X1, drawn from several participating clubs, are beginning to play as a team and Lyndsey, who seems to be the darling of our section of the crowd, scores a goal to bring them back into the game, to the great delight of his very

proud mother. The Festival X1 deservedly score again and the game ends, fitfully, in a 3-3 draw.

And so we all troop back to the Casuarina Beach for a relaxing evening taking with us the memories of a memorable occasion.

### **Monday 21<sup>st</sup> August:**

Our first Tournament game – scheduled for high noon – at the Wanderers Club, the oldest in Barbados (hockey and cricket). It's now official that 'Big' Keith's leap into space has ended in disaster – three bones broken in his ankle – and so we have no goalie. Eleventh hour negotiations with the Bear of Nottingham are successful but he is playing elsewhere at 11 o'clock. Can he be hijacked in time? An emergency moke is despatched with Betty at the wheel and Ian riding shotgun. The worst is feared when the Bear's first game finishes 35 minutes late, well after the ABs' game should have started. But, no matter, in casual Bajan style our game doesn't start until 12.45 so all is well.

The Match: ABs 0 High Voltage 1

A hard game it proves to be on a pitch which ranges from long grass at one end to almost barren in places in the other half where there is also a drain cover strategically placed in the '25' to trip up any suspecting inside-left. High Voltage are YMCA by another name.

Although overcast, it is still very warm and humid but the ABs battle valiantly against the young veterans of High Voltage whose stick skills are only too well remembered from the earlier friendly. Whilst it always looks unlikely that the ABs can get sufficient support for hard running 'Little' Keith up front to create more than the occasional chance, thanks to several good saves from the Bear and the constant ferreting of Clive, Trevor, Steve and others at the back, a draw is nearly achieved. However, midway through the second half a searing dribble draws the AB defence over to the right and a quick switch left leaves an easy touch in for an unmarked High Voltage forward.

A defeat – but the Skipper is pleased with the team effort. After a few beers at the ground, it's back to the pool and the beach before dressing for the Tournament Dinner at the Hilton Hotel in Bridgetown. A smart occasion and no one is more so than 'Little' Keith who suavely sports not only AB but blazer as well (top hole, Keith!) and someone is heard to remark "don't the Ladies look different with their clothes on?"

A bit of a queue to get served at the bar but we all tuck heartily into a tasty Bajan buffet. There is an excellent attendance from ABs and we have a good opportunity to get to know Chani, Mindi and family who arrived from Cardiff earlier in the day.



## Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> August:

Our second Tournament game today, against BET Masters (BET, we learn later, is Barbados External Telecommunications) at 11.00 am, so not much time to recover from yesterday's activities, on or off the field. Some choose the **Moorhouse** routine, others the **Hattersley** 'inactivity' theory. The **Skipper** is spotted on the patio outside Room 318 writing up the report of the previous day – "the sun streaming down, lizards crawling by and a humming bird flitting between the hibiscus flowers below" (this is his description and intended to make the reader back home jealous).

The **Bear** is not available to keep goal today since the 'green shirts' are scheduled to play at the same time. Good news! **Chani's** eldest son is a goalkeeper, is even bigger than 'Big' **Keith** and has his kit with him. Bad news! He is hardly a veteran and has already been signed up for another team. However, he can play the first half if we can pass him off as a veteran. Fortunately this is not too difficult with today's goalkeeping equipment, so we take him to the ground fully disguised and arrange for him to leave at half-time still in full kit. **Steve** volunteers to take over for the second half.

We are playing at the Wanderers Club again and, on arrival at the ground, find Peter Dodgson, President of Worcestershire CHA and frequent visitor to Barbados where he coaches at one of the local clubs, persuading a rather reluctant Groundsman to cut the grass at the far end of the pitch to suit the dazzling stickwork of the AB forwards.

The Match: ABs **1** BET **0**

The arrival of **Chani** has given us more options in midfield and attack and with **Ravi** in goal we have a squad of 13, at least until half-time, which enables those who need it to get some rest and refreshment.

As it turns out, the 'shorter' grass suits the AB defence and, although a fit BET side exerts a fair amount of pressure, the defence, with **Clyde** having another excellent game, hold firm. They are assisted by the BET forwards' inability to hit the target when they do get a shooting chance and **Ravi** is relatively untroubled in goal. **Mike, Paul and Chani** meanwhile are working hard in midfield and beginning to create more opportunities for the forwards. As ever, 'Little' **Keith** is creating pressure by taking on defenders but having very little luck in and around the circle, **Bob** and **Mike Heywood** are making occasional sorties down the flanks but it is the long-striding South African, **Colin**, who eventually breaks the deadlock when he latches on to a ball down the left, carefully negotiates the drain cover and directs his shot past the advancing goalkeeper.

Half-time; we take the opportunity of replenishing as much liquid as possible while **Bob** claims that the right half who is marking him, is Ben Johnson – because of his physique and speed and not because he offered **Bob** something better than Isostar to get him down the left wing a bit quick quicker! Meanwhile, **Steve** is kitted out with goalkeeping equipment and the sight of him striding out from the pavilion strikes fear into the opposition forwards and inspires the AB defence with confidence (or was it the other way round)?



Ben Johnson (Tony Clarke) appears by kind permission of Tweetie Bird, manager of Bob Moorhouse – but don't BET on it

The second half is mainly a question of whether ABs have reserved enough energy to hold on to their slender lead, but regular trips to the touch line for liquid replenishment and any other form of relief the girls can offer have the desired effect and with **Steve** at least apparently cool in goal a notable victory is achieved. On one of the few occasions in this half the ABs have been able to attack, **Bob** has achieved notoriety by overtaking 'Ben Johnson' in chasing a ball to the corner.



George and Marcus are greeted with their usual respect by our opponents



ABs prepare for their pre-match ritual while a BET Member goes off to announce that he has solved the mystery of the 'crop circles.

We are now treated to real Bajan hospitality when BET invite us to have a cool drink. We are pointed in the direction of the tree lined boundary where the BET players have parked their cars in the shade and, in the back of a pick-up truck; they have the base of a steel drum filled with ice and bottles of ice-cold beer. Shortly, another car parks under the trees, the boot is opened

and we are treated to a hot and spicy Bajan buffet and spend a convivial hour with our hosts, all of whom have a delightful sense of fun, none more so than 'Tweetie Bird' well known to Steve from a previous trip and as short as Steve is tall. Before we leave we are invited to play a friendly at the BET ground on Friday after which they will provide a 'real' buffet.

### **Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> August:**

Our third and final match in the Tournament. High Voltage have won both their games so we are unlikely to qualify for the Final (to the relief of some rapidly tiring legs). We are due to play at 5.00 pm at Kensington Oval against Malvern from Trinidad and Tobago – so there is a full day for further explorations of the island or just lazing on the beach or by the pool, the details of which will by now be quite familiar to the reader.

Our previous thoughts that we may gain some relief from the heat by playing at 5.00 pm are unfounded. The temperature and humidity inside the Oval appear to be as high as at any other time, particularly as we are playing on the side of the square which will be last to benefit from the shade of the stands. The glare of the sun as it sinks behind the stand is an added difficulty particularly for those who wear glasses.

The Match: ABs 0 Malvern 2

Malvern appear to be the youngest veterans' side the ABs have ever faced – are they really as young as they appear or does the pace of life in these islands keep them looking and feeling younger? Whichever, Malvern legs are certainly fresher than AB legs and the constant need to help out in defence gives the AB midfield little opportunity to get up field and support the attack on the few occasions we are able to threaten the Malvern defence. Bob and Mike Heywood on the flanks and 'Little' Keith in the middle do their best to take on their markers, Keith on one occasion beating the same man three times in the hope that he will eventually receive some support, but very few shooting opportunities are created.

The tackling of Steve and Clyde breaks down several Malvern attacks and Bear, able on this occasion to make a full appearance in goal, makes a number of crucial saves, but the resolute defence is breached either side of half-time with two well taken goals. The final whistle is greeted with some relief by a tired AB squad and the Skipper, although disappointed, expresses his satisfaction with the team's effort.

A weary, but not downhearted, group sits on the now shaded seats of the stand enjoying the liquid refreshment and taking in, for the last time on this tour for most, the sights of this historic

ground before returning to HQ for the various evening activities. Mike and Julia, without the aid of the beach towel lady's diary, go out to celebrate their wedding anniversary with Trevor (who had been an Usher at their wedding) and Angela, Bob and our adopted ABs, Donal and Carmel at another delightful waterfront restaurant in St Lawrence Gap called Pisces.

**Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> August to Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> August:**

THE ANCIENT BRITONS ON TOUR

"You're an Ancient Briton", the young man cried,

"The few locks that are left you, are grey:

You're slow and you're fat but you still play hockey,

Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of our youth", the AB replied,

"To win was our ultimate aim,

But now what we value is laughter and friends,

Good times in the bar are our gain.

"You don't train or practise", the young man cried,

"You're no longer fit to play;

Before each game you get hopelessly drunk,

Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of our youth", the AB replied,

"We were coached as if under a yoke,

What we rest now are a few simple laurels,

A cigar at half time and a joke."

"Your body can't cope", the young man cried,

"With your knocks, the bruises and sprains.

The day after a game you can hardly walk,

Why do you go through with that pain?"

"It must be the fact", the Ancient Briton replied,

"That it's different when you're an AB:

Even though we don't train, or know the new rules,

We still manage to win, as you see.

Anon (with apologies to Robert Southey). Well we did win two!!

**Bob** continues to try to capture the days of youth of some ABs by putting them under the yoke at 8.00 am each morning but, in general, the remaining days of our tour are spent recovering from the knocks, the bruises and sprains and trying to walk without pain, apart that is from '**Big Keith**' who has now achieved top speed in his wheelchair.

The recovery takes the form of further 'voyages of discovery', of swimming and sunbathing and of healthy eating and drinking; leaving many happy memories –

Of Fisherman's Wharf, flying fish and fondue parties

Of singing frogs, sand dunes and sugar cane fields

Of a Codrington cricket match, a Catamaran called Cool Cat and Concorde flying over

Of Chattel houses and churches

And of the Errol Barrow Highway which saw so much mini-moke traffic during our stay that it was awarded its own song – We're on the Errol Barrow – sung to the tune of Donovan's "Mellow Yellow".

There are several notable events during these latter days of our stay in Barbados, not least of which is the arrival of Hurricane Iris in the Lesser Antilles and the eruption of a long dormant volcano on the tiny neighbouring island of Montserrat. On the front page of Friday's 'Weekend Nation' we read:

'Clouds of disaster hung heavy over the Caribbean last night and at least one Prime Minister called for a day of prayer. Here at home (Barbados), weary weather watchers cast fearful eyes on the Atlantic Ocean where two great hurricanes, Iris and Humberto, were hovering near. Last night, 10 foot high waves began pounding Barbados' East Coast, giving residents the first hint that something wicked might well be on the way as Hurricane Iris bore down on the Lesser Antilles at about nine miles an hour. The Met man said the body of the hurricane may bypass Barbados, but it's probable the island will be stung by its mighty tail. "Iris has a tail on the Eastern end and if that tail passes over us, we could be in for some significant weather." He cautioned sea bathers, surfers, fishermen and small craft operators to stay close to shore because of the moderate to severe swells.'

This indeed proves to be true and leads to the cancellation of a planned AB trip on a Catamaran and curtails any sea bathing until the worst has passed. Even then one or two bathers, including the **Skipper and Betty**, are caught unawares by the occasional large wave which dumps them unceremoniously onto the sand. **Paul and Betty, Ian and Susan, Arthur and Brenda** and **John and Rita** do, however, manage to fit in a trip on the Atlantis submarine to discover that life under the Barbados seas is just as colourful as life on land but moves with rather more urgency when approached by tourists.

Mike and Keith are surprised to find that they also appear in the Weekend nation which includes two photographs of the match against Malvern: Mike on the back page in full colour (who decided to play in white shirts and white socks?) battling it out with his rival from Malvern, and Keith on an inside page tussling for possession with a Malvern player – he thinks it was taken from half-way through his feat of beating the same player three times. As the Weekend Nation has a circulation of 33,446 Mike and Keith are probably now as well known in this part of the Atlantic as they are back home.

One of the most enjoyable occasions is the visit on Friday evening to the BET ground for the return friendly. The game itself is of little consequence: the Skipper has a serious team talk about what went wrong in the previous game and how we are going to put it right and we then 'warm up', getting used to the length of grass on the BET pitch only to find, half an hour later, that BET can only raise enough players to enable us to play 9-a-side. Hasty discussions result in BET borrowing Bear, Steve, Chani and 'green shirt' Tricia. This means that Ravi can play another game in goal for the ABs and with everyone, including the Umpires Ian and John, joining in the spirit of the occasion, a very enjoyable match ensues. Tricia, wearing the minimal amount of 'kit', proves quite a handful for Arthur and several ABs sportingly offer to help him out. This has the effect of unbalancing the AB nine and with Steve playing as well against the ABs as he does for them, a win for the BET nine results. The score is unimportant and soon forgotten although Chani quite clearly remembers "firing a vicious rising shot past his son, Ravi".

Having showered and changed we are then entertained to a splendid evening of a typical Bajan buffet – spicy fish and pig's tail dishes, pepper sauce, salad and desserts – a plentiful supply of soft drinks, beer and rum and discussions with our hosts of previous tours and the possibility of a future meeting, perhaps in the UK. We had been previously informed that the 'Big Bird', Joel Garner, works for BET and may make an appearance at the bar. We are not disappointed for he duly appears for the early part of the evening and engages in conversation with several ABs all of whom end up with 'cricks' in their necks, including Steve who, on offering to buy the big man his favourite tipple – white rum – is informed that he drinks it only by the bottle!

The AB choir is called upon to sing the 'Woad' song which is much appreciated by our hosts and appropriate speeches and presentations are made. The evening was also a fitting occasion to say farewell to our new South African members who were departing for home via London the following day.

### **Monday 28<sup>th</sup> August:**

Well today, sadly, is the last day of the ABs' stay in Barbados. Everyone is geared for the 3.00 pm collection from the Casuarina Beach Club to the Grantley Adams Airport.

The 7.55 am dreaded 'Moorhouse' tap on the apartment door indicates the last training session of the tour. The Davieses, Greenhoughs, Houlihans and Sweeney Todd (the demon Barber) have all built themselves up to a final crescendo and give it their all. This group now also includes the 'Flying Dutchman', Arie Sluimer, whom Bob had encountered at the Manager's Rum Punch Party earlier in the week. It had transpired during their conversation their conversation on that evening that this veteran from near Rotterdam would, in September, be taking part in the Dutch Veterans Athletic Championship, where he would be participating in the 100 metres, the long jump and the 'Swedish' relay (4 runners; 800m, 400m, 200m and 100m). Bob had, therefore, designed an exercise involving two sun beds which, to the less agile, stood more chance of breaking a few toes than achieving its stated aim – to improve Arie's long jump technique.

This energetic group then have their last breakfast (full English) in the Reef Restaurant in celebration in celebration. Imagine, therefore, the impact of suddenly being told by Steve that the flight home has been delayed by 24 hours!! A tremor goes through the assembled company – not caused by the joy of an extra day in the sun but by the thought of one more morning of 'Moorhouse' masochistics. Would they be overtrained?

In order to put the thought on hold and out of mind for a while, it is decided that a last shopping expedition to Bridgetown will provide a suitable distraction. So Trevor runs a mini-moke shuttle service to transport Angela, Mike and Julia and Donal and Carmel into town.

Others, meanwhile, catch up on whatever it is they haven't managed to do during the preceding days – which for one or two is sleep.

In the evening, most of the party meet in the Reef Restaurant for their 'last supper'. Joining us for this occasion, as they have done on most other occasions, are our Liaison Officers, George and Rudi. In association with Steve, they have worked tirelessly to ensure that our stay in Barbados has been a happy and successful one and we are happy to have this opportunity of officially thanking them. We haven't realised it but, of course, Monday night is Karaoke night. The Skipper decides that a request for the Ancient Britons to sing the 'Woad' song should be made and several copies of the words are handed out to the AB choir (it seems pointless asking the compere if the 'Woad' is amongst his repertoire!). One verse and chorus is sung and, to the choir's surprise and delight, is met with very generous applause. We are even persuaded by a rather extrovert guest from England, who is obviously a rugby fanatic, to remain 'on stage' to join him in a rendition of 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot' accompanied by the expurgated version of the actions.

Today also happens to be **Trevor and Angela's** anniversary, thanks to Hurricane Iris, they have been able to celebrate more suitably than at 33,000 feet.

At 11.145 pm, the **Skipper** decides to move to the Piano Bar for further musical pursuits – several others join him but others are seen sloping off to bed as the dreaded '**Moorhouse tap**' draws ever nearer.

### **Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> August:**

The routine of packing and all the other pre-flight preparations having been done for the second time, we all assemble at Reception, say our farewells to **Chani and family** who are staying on for another week and pile into the waiting minibuses, much to the consternation of several other guests who have been waiting some time for their transport. On arrival at the airport, we join the inevitable long queues but we are either too tired or too accustomed to the Bajan way of life to complain and we are soon able to join the 'green shirts' at the nearby bar before boarding the aircraft for our flight home.

### **Wednesday 30<sup>th</sup> August:**

On arrival at Gatwick, weary from the long day and short night, we say farewell to the 'green shirts', particularly **Bear and Tricia** and **Tricia's son Lloyd** who, during the fortnight in Barbados, had become quite attached to several ABs, particularly those who were willing to be beaten at cards. We then all go our separate ways promising to meet again in the not too distant future which for some will be at St Albans in October.