

S61 47th Reunion 2014 Cruise - Eastern Caribbean - Report of Proceedings

Episode 2 - Sea Time

No wonder these cruises are so popular! Life at sea in the mob was never like this. No watches; swanning around on the upper scupper, bronzing at will; a dazzling array of food and drink constantly available; living it up and boozing with your oppos every night until the wee small hours. Hang on.....I think I've just described life at sea for us chippies! So, to be more accurate, life at sea in the mob was never like this for clankies! Still, Mike and Phil soon adapted and, in no time at all, had found their way to the upper deck. It wasn't long before they'd abandoned their overalls and steamers too, though they were still carrying pussers right angled torches to dinner well into the second day.



Don't worry Phil; you're one of us now!



Phil's view of the Lido.
Nice pair of pins for an old boy!

Our days were each highly varied, but traits and patterns inevitably appeared. We all tended to lie in and have a late breakfast. We then tended to meet on the quarterdeck, which is where we'd discuss plans for the evening's entertainments and runs ashore. Shirley would do her knitting beside the pool using the biggest, chunkiest needles I've ever seen, whilst Phil would relax, with his camera, into his role of raconteur and general bon viveur! Eddy, more usually associated with drunken debauchery, provided great entertainment each day, as our quizmaster and inquisitor, with his clipboard stuffed with quizzes and quiz words from the Sunday Telegraph; we all thoroughly enjoyed those sessions.

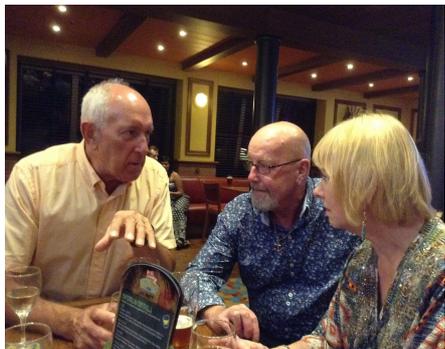


“You'll know this one, lads. 4 letters, starting with W, ending in K; what sailors do at sea.”
(Answer: Work)



Mike's conundrum;
Main course or 5th starter, hmmm!

Mike and Toos walked the walk as lovers of health and fitness, with Toos adding the beauty. As well as joining us on the quarterdeck, they spent time together at the gym, and attended classes and sessions at the spa. No wonder they're both in such good nick! Mind you; me and Carolyn sat across from them at the breakfast table on more than one occasion, and were agog at the sheer amount of healthy food they tucked away! Brimming bowlfuls of cereals, mixed in with shovelfuls of chopped fresh fruit, raisins and nuts, topped off with buckets of yoghurt. Then it was scrambled egg and beans on toast, followed by pancakes and syrup. All washed down with fruit juice. Oh, and with an apple and/or a banana to take away! Awesome!



No kidding, guys, it was piled this high!



You should have seen what Mike stuck away at breakfast!!!!

Eddy and Marisa spent time bronzing for Britain. They were certainly the darkest white people of all the passengers - and that was at the start of the week! On our first sea day, me and Carolyn went for a stroll around the upper deck, which turned out to be almost the full extent of our voluntary exposure to the sun. Imagine my surprise when we were addressed by two seemingly lifeless, chocolate brown forms, lying sizzling in the baking heat, and which I had assumed to have been placed there in readiness for man overboard drills; Eddy and Marisa! We sat talking to them for barely an hour, and yet the effects are still with me now, as I gaze down at my flaking knees! I looked at the time as though I was doing an impression of a Mexican Red Kneed Spider; ridiculous!



Eddy; day 1. Bronze God. Marisa; day 3. Gorgeous. Nice tan too! Me. Day 8. Brit abroad!

One day, Eddy came up with the brilliant idea that we should attend the daily Military Veterans afternoon gathering. We didn't have a campaign medal between us, and we were surrounded by veterans of all the major US conflicts, from WWII onwards. After a slow start, the dits soon started flowing; Fountain Lake, The Gut, the dance of the flaming arseholes in Bugis St, SODS operas - the lot! The yanks just sat shaking their heads in wonderment and admiration for us plucky Brits! (Sorry; no pictures of the Vets meeting. All confiscated – national security and all that!)

Each day we were greeted by the spectacle of huge counters, groaning under the weight of a cornucopia of produce from the four corners of the world - well, Florida anyway. It became a subconscious challenge to all of us to attempt to recoup the whole of the cost of the cruise in food consumed. Impossible you may say, but Mike and Toos had managed it by Friday's Last Dog, according to their own very precise calculations! Temptation was everywhere. Even when we were sat on the quarterdeck, being quizzed by Eddy, we could almost literally turn round and grab slices of Pizza, or cornets of ice cream, or walk a few paces more to the Deli counter for Tuna salad sandwiches, etc. etc. And the same goes for any kind of drink you could imagine!

If you're worried about your waistline, or have Type 2 diabetes, these cruises are certainly not for you!

Next time: Nights at Sea.