

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

### Episode 3 - Nights at Sea

Dinner was always an enjoyable occasion. One of the things that had put me off cruises in the past was the thought of having to dress formally for dinner on at least one night at sea. Wrong! The most we had to do was to not wear tee shirts, shorts, or sandals on any night, although we made the effort to wear 'smart casual' on a couple of nights which were declared to be formal. Some passengers dressed up to the nines, which was nice to see, but no-one in our group wore a jacket more than once. Except for Phil, that is, who scrubs up rather well, and could transform into the sophisticated cruisnic that he is at the drop of a hat; the James Bond of Wightlink!



My, and Carolyn's, view across the dinner table every night; fantastic company, and entertainment!



Phil never did tell us why he always wears a bikini underneath his outer garments!

The waiters were brilliant, and even got up on the tables to dance for us most nights, which we found very amusing. Unfortunately, being foreign, they just didn't 'get' that singing Happy fecking Birthday at 6 different tables every night is probably the most annoying thing that anyone could inflict on his fellow man, with the possible exception of waking him up with a bugle! Something else that Calvert had to answer for in days gone by!



"I'm so excited!" Carolyn doesn't get out often!



Waiting – Gangnam style! Can't tell which one of us is in the foreground; we've all got the same hairstyle!

We never got out of dinner before 2200, after which there was a huge range of entertainment available, and we managed to take in a comedy show and we swung a wicked hoof once or twice. Invariably though, we made a bee line for the Red Frog pub, where we enjoyed the intimate atmosphere and the entertainment, which was mostly provided by live singers. Being a bunch of wild party animals, though, what we really enjoyed the most was - yes, you guessed it - the Quizzes!

These were highly competitive affairs run by an extremely camp young Australian named Daniel. With the prize consisting of a gallon or so of beer, we gave it our all! Between us we had just about all bases covered, and anything the rest of us never knew, Toos did. We couldn't fail, er, could we? Unfortunately, our team learned too late of my annoying habit of writing down the correct answer, only to scribble it out and substitute a wrong one at the very last second!

We were beaten every night by a speedwriting human search engine, who turned out to be a university lecturer on vacation, with a triple honours masters degree in being a bleeding smart arse. We had the last laugh though. Either in a spirit of magnanimity, or in an attempt to belittle us further, he offered to let us help ourselves from his beer filled trophy, which resembled a giant penis enhancing machine. He's now learned something that all his fancy education could never teach him; that the words 'free beer', free anything to be honest, should never be spoken within earshot of a Scotsman! The colour in his face drained almost as quickly as his column of beer as Mike hoovered glass after glass of the stuff, like a bilge pump on the Titanic!



You can tell that Mike knew by now that he'd got the b\*\*\*\*\*d well and truly beaten!



Phil spins an amusing little dit about watchkeeping. F\*\*k knows what he was talking about!

Incidentally, isn't it funny how the answers to the questions you get wrong can become seared into your memory, never to be forgotten again. For example, we lost the first quiz in part because none of us knew what a group of Frogs is called. The answer? An army! See; you'll always know that now!



Our quiz team; how we appeared on the big screen.



Late at night, on the Quarterdeck.  
Happy days!

Me, Mike and Phil were up well past our bedtimes every night. But more, each night the we would draw straws to see who would have to stay up *really* late, drinking with Eddy. We thought about adopting a watch system, but had to abandon the idea as nobody would do the middle! The rest of us are just not in Eddy's league any more; to be honest, I don't think we ever were!

One of the bar staff, a young St Lucian, was amazed that Eddy could drink pint after pint of Strongbow; he thought it was an energy drink, like Red Bull. We all laughed, but maybe he had a point! Hats off to Marisa, that's what I say!



That's us, right there!



Eddy, ever the opportunist,  
takes advantage!

We thoroughly enjoyed our days and nights at sea, but I daresay, most of you are more interested in the runs ashore. Fair enough! So I'll cover those in the next episode!