

THE BELVOIR LEVER

ISSUE 7

SEPTEMBER 2007

HIPPIESVILLE WEEKEND

Our first camping expedition of the year started off well with a 70% turnout from the club. Regazzoni & Miss Brodie didn't make it, something to do with him not having his jabs and the Cattery not admitting him. A somewhat sober night ensued probably due to the arctic temperatures and The Belvoir Boys not being able to have a fire.

A walk round Glastonbury revealed the place to be full of weirdo's and local population were not much better. Torpedo says he feels right at home there. So if he gets the urge to leave Grantham Yorkshire may be safe after all. On Saturday the girls went on shopping spree and the lads thanks to some expert navigation from Torpedo got completely lost on the way to the Fleet Air Arm museum in Yeovilton. He even managed to confuse the sat-nav and us by entering the destination as Yeovil but with the help of God and a prevailing wind we found the place. When informed of the admission fee £10.00 Bob fainted and The Godfather fell of his wallet. After the initial shock we gained entry and were shocked and not a little bit bemused by the place "**It was bloody fantastic**".



Saturday night consisted of more drinking, eating and more inane conversation. The boys entertained themselves by attempting to make a flying machine out of glowsticks and Torpedoes whistling bomb, while Septic attempted to amputate his finger his finger with a penknife.

Sunday was the night trip up the Tor to watch the sunset and listen to the Looneys chant and sing. Extra entertainment was provided by a women walking round and round the Tor much to the amusement of the Godfather and Septic While Torpedo and Bob were enthralled by the spectacle of two gays dogs trying to bonk the hell out of each other.

Godfather Completes Building Project

The has at last his Summer and has his model paraphernalia shed that has been Rosemary's memory of



Godfather completed project moved all

into a new been that named Place in his old

mate who died and left him some money so he could move all his junk from under the accountants feet. The assembly of this mammoth project was completed in record time with the help of Torpedo and Regazzoni. If someone had got hold of a camcorder we would be £250 better off thanks to You've Been Framed.



**SPECIAL OFFER BY ONE GET ONE FREE
SEE IL POSTINO**

Three Go Mad in Dorset

The two excommunicated members of The Belvoir Reconnaissance Team Postino & Ploughboy with Bob in tow set one weekend for Bovington Tank Museum in Dorset. By some amazingly skilful navigational skills that could surpassed by Torpedo in a carpark they somehow missed the M25 and ended up in the Smoke but at least they got to look at the new Wembley along with Twickenham and a few other landmarks on the way. When arriving in Dorset they appeared to be a bit of a dilemma between the Tank Museum and Monkey World the museum only just won. Good fun was had by all at the museum and at least Ploughboy the chance to look round some more WWII Eric Armour. After a s**t shave and shampoo the Fun Boy Three set of for places of ill repute and a little partaking of the falling down water, this mission was easily accomplished and suitably refreshed they returned to their place of rest. Ploughboy had booked them into a Youth Hostel (*should have been the YMCA*) on the pretence of it being cheap but we think had designs on a night of unbridled lust with young female hikers. Alas this was not be as all that was in the same room was a corpse and even Ploughboy didn't fancy necrophilia. Sunday was completed with a trop around some castle some ruin.

Please note: this is an abridged version of the report as the editor after being given the original copy by Postino promptly misplaced it while relocating his office. When it turns up again the full version will printed.

Torpedo Leaps Into The Twentieth Century

It has been reported that Torpedo has finally left the Stoneage and embraced The World Wide Web. But it would appear after subjecting the poor old PC to one too many 109,s the whole jobs gone belly up and the PC has died. Help however it at hand because Father in Law is about to replace his own unit yet again (he has more computers than his Daughter does tents) and Torpedo should be back on line. We will wait with baited breath to what happens They do say that Torpedo could ruin a good pebble.

Team MJB Regazzoni Crash Out on Penultimate Rally

Team MJB Regazzoni suffered badly on two stages of the Woodies Rally. Regazzoni had to retire with suspension failure on the Ancaster graveyard stage. This appears to be an on going problem has he only just managed to limp into the service area (**The Farmers Arms**) on the Three Arch Bridge stage. MJB made an appalling tyre choice on the Woodies night stage and with conditions dry and temperature's in the twenties actually went for Wets (**Wellies**) her tyres suffered from severe overheating and it took two pit crew members ten minutes to remove them from the rims. MJB had also ran the last stage overloaded with fuel (**White Wine**) which also contributed to her lack of pace. She again made a bad tyre choice on the Three Arch Bridge stage opting for Dry Tyres (**Open Toed Sandals**) when conditions although dry strewn with Nettles and Thistles again she finished well down the Leader Board and this time finished dangerously low on fuel and had to refuel (**Bitter**) at The Farmers Arms services before the completing the final Barkstone Lane Stage. It now looks likely unless Regazzonis suspension problems are sorted quickly he will unlikely to be leading the dancing on the Gardiner Towers rally in October.

Belvoir Project Update

July saw The Belvoir Boys arrive at the annual Owthorpe Dog Hanging. It was a close run thing this year and it looked like the weather had beaten them, but as they say the sun shines on the righteous and we were blessed with good weather. The stalls were relocated due to the fields being slightly wet under foot and managed to get a reasonable site apart from being close to some lunatic playing fairground organ music off the back of a truck. We put up with the noise because it was the first outing of The Vale Project and after virtually bankrupting the club Regozzoni and The Godfather thought it best to show display it at a show where there would be a lack of Rivet Counters. The display attracted quite a bit of interest because it was local a quite a few people had who spoke to us had either been associated with 207 Squadron or had worked a Langar. One chap had actually been working at Langar as an Apprentice and could remember seeing an RCAF F86 Sabre belly landing Regozzoni just happened to be displaying a model of said crashed aircraft.

Last Camp of Summer

The final Belvoir Camp of Summer was held at Woodies near Ancaster. As so far as a camping weekend goes it was great but as a military campaign went it was an unmitigated disaster **See page 4**. The advance party arrived early on the Friday and set up camp. The Godfathers Mob had decided on a smaller tent for weekends to save time and effort erecting the Gadaffi sized one they normally use. Ploughboy promptly arrived with the exact same type & size of tent which had to be put up so that idea of using a smaller tent was a waste of time. By night fall most members of the team had arrived with the exception of Ploughboys ladyfriend (he would later leave her a present in the east wing). After the nosebag had been completed the serious business of drinking and political and religious conversation got into full swing. The Gardiner families fire pit was a great success keeping off the night chill and nearly blistering Bobs arse on numerous occasions during Friday evening. Reveille was at six am due to an early morning call from a flock of low flying Geese. Everybody was on parade with the exception of one person who when ordered on to the parade ground kept abusing everyone with foul language Godfather and Septic crept into his tent with the intention of obtaining some photographs for The Belvoir Lever but were greeted by Ploughboy in the fetal position and a great big Technicolor yawn all over the East Wing. Was this the hard drinking life and soul of last nights party, who spent evening trying to get people to drink Bramble Vodka and Horse Liniment. After a few hours he had recovered enough to lie down and was nearly back to his normal self. When Lori arrived later that day he was able to show her the newly decorated East Wing of Château Tonge. After parade Torpedo and Postino decided to take their RC Boats sailing on the lake, All was going well Torpedoes yacht decided to do an impression of Simon Le Bons boat Drum and promptly sank. Maybe the keel dropped of Torpedoes boat as it was alleged happened with Mr Le Bons boat or was it a stray torpedo from Postinos E Boat but that escapade plus an ear bending from Mr Jobsworth for up setting the Maggot dangles it all went quite on the naval front. Oh well we thought not too worry Was this the hard drinking life and soul of last nights party, who spent evening trying to get people to drink Bramble Vodka and Horse Liniment. After a few hours he had recovered enough to lie down and was nearly back to his normal self. When Lori arrived later that day he was able to show her the newly decorated East Wing of Château Tonge.



The Loss of the SS Lambert & Butler

Oh well we thought not to worry so our intrepid heroes set off to Grantham in search of more toys to play with.

Vulture Squadron Formed



After lashings of Ginger Beer in a local Hostelry while waiting for Postino to put his E Boat in dry dock The Famous Five decided it was time to get airborne, so drinking vouchers were exchanged at Access Models for flying models and Vulture Squadron was

formed in honour of Dastardly and Muttley in their Flying Machines. Back at Camp Granada the machines were built and charged up for the great fly off. As is usual we did not bother with reading the instructions (*instructions are for whimps*) or bother trimming the aircraft for flight. After one quick glide test the flying machines were launched Regazzoni put on a brilliant display with his 109 flying out of the field with him in hot pursuit flying through a gap on the hedge over the camp site before appearing through another gap some 50 meters away and back into the launched field still pursued by Regazzoni. After 15 minutes of riotous laughter flying was resumed. Bobs P40 seemed to have flight problems and only managed short hops. Torpedo and Postino appeared to get the hang of it while The Godfathers Spitfire had the all the flying characteristics of a brick and promptly crashed calling for extensive repairs to the nose area.

Septic gets Basted

(Makes change from wasted)

Sunday was a chill out day consisting of mainly doing nothing but ambling about and sitting in the sun. Some of us over did the sun bathing and didn't bother with sun cream and whilst everyone at night wrapped up to keep out the evening chill, Septic could only wear his tee shirt because he was a trifle warm. Monday saw him very subdued and sore somewhat similar to Waddington 2006. After all the tent has been packed away we all decided to go our separate ways.

Vulture Squadron Decimated

Just before leaving four of the above squadron decided to have an hours flying at Five Gates it would have to be a missing man formation because Postino had taken his good lady for a birthday lunch at Woodies. We decided to use the meadow to save any more damage to our kites so what could possibly go wrong (**Captain Edward John Smith 1912**). After two flights the Godfathers Spitfire which was exhibiting the flight characteristics of a Penguin nose dived into the ground and became a total loss. Bobs kite eventually took to the air did an about turn and crashed into its pilot plane coming of worse. Regazzoni fared no better his aircraft had engine failure and took no further part in the proceedings. The best display and entertainment was provided by Torpedo whose aircraft after a brilliant display went completely haywire and narrowly missed writing off a passing car.

Editors Musings

Why, Why, Why

Do we press harder on a remote control when we know the batteries are getting dead?

Why do banks charge a fee on "insufficient funds" when they know there is not enough money?

Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?

Why doesn't glue stick to the bottle?

Why do they use sterilized needles for death by lethal injection?

Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard?

Why does Superman stop bullets with his chest, but ducks when you throw a revolver at him?

Why do Kamikaze pilots wear helmets?

Whose idea was it to put an "S" in the word "lisp"?

If people evolved from apes, why are there still apes?

Why is it that no matter what color bubble bath you use the bubbles are always white?

Why do people constantly return to the refrigerator with hopes that something new to eat will have materialized?

Why do people keep running over a string a dozen times with their vacuum cleaner, then reach down, pick it up, examine it, then put it down to give the vacuum one more chance?

Why is it that no plastic bag will open from the end on your first try?

How do those dead bugs get into those enclosed light fixtures?

When we are in the supermarket and someone rams our ankle with a shopping cart then apologizes for doing so, why do we say, "It's all right?" Well, it isn't all right, so why don't we say, "That hurt, you stupid idiot?"

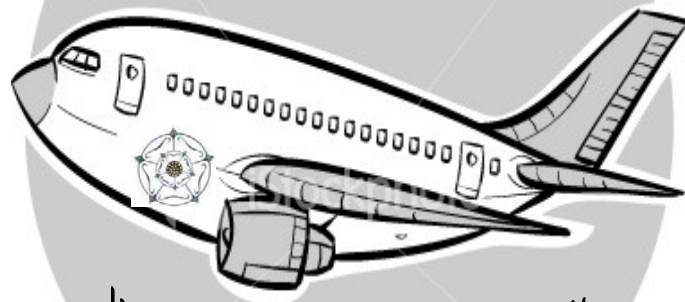
Why is it that whenever you attempt to catch something that's falling off the table you always manage to knock something else over?

In winter why do we try to keep the house as warm as it was in summer when we complained about the heat?

How come you never hear father-in-law jokes?

The statistics on sanity are that one out of every four persons is suffering from some sort of mental illness. Think of your three best friends -- if they're okay, then it's you.

Fly Yorkshire Airlines



**Humberside to Leeds Bradford Daily
Cos if its norrin in Yorkshire it ent worth
seeing !!!**

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