

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R-ns/trash #194 July 2013

Find us on facebook or at http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

DATE #NO ON ON REF HARES

1st July 2013 1828 Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling 333 172 Peter Eastwood

Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.

8th July 2013 1829 Black Horse, Findon 120 083 Les Plumb

Directions: Take A27 to Worthing. Right at Hill Barn roundabout, and again on to A24. Turn right for Findon village and pub immediately on left. **Est. 25 mins.**

15th July 2013 1830 Royal Oak, Barcombe 420 158 Pete Beard

Directions: A27 east past Lewes to 2nd roundabout. Through tunnel then right at roundabout on A26. Turn left just past Cock Inn and pub is approx. 2 miles. **Est. 25 mins.**

22nd July 2013 1831 Red Lion, Shoreham 208 059 Trevor

Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. **Est. 10 mins**.

29th July 2013 1832 White Horse, Hurstpierpoint 271 666 Pirate & Wiggy

Directions: A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint, right at T junction, left at next roundabout and pub is on the right. **Est**. **15 mins**. *nb bring passports for a swift visit to the Poacher, which doesn't do food.*

5th August 2013 1833 Laughing Fish, Isfield 452 173 Dave & Matt

Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. **Est. 20 mins**.

RECEDING HARELINE:

12/08/13 Stanley Arms, Portslade - Ivan & Pat 19/08/13 Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell - Kit/Mudlarks 26/08/13 Sloop, Scaynes Hill - Rik

02/09/13 Beardsfield Nursery - Pete's big birthday

09/09/13 Ship, Cuckfield - Brent & Kayleen

16/09/13 Cock Inn, Wivelsfield - Charlie

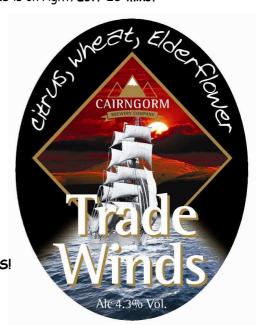
23/09/13 Neptune, Hove - Pat

30/09/13 Rights of Man, Lewes - Bouncer

CRAFT H3:

Lewes ale trail pub crawl coming soon!

Thought for the day: DON'T FORGET YOUR ALE-TRAIL PASSPORTS!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

CRAFT H3 5th anniversary camp out Saturday 20th July - Laughing Fish, Isfield

The landlord of the Laughing Fish is kindly allowing us to use the field at the back of the car park as camping area so this will be our base for this years CRAFT camp out and country pub crawl hash. Set up from 11am, hash will follow early afternoon visiting several pubs with runners and walkers trails. Evening options are still in deliberation but will include a hash quiz in the Laughing Fish. Sunday will include a more normal hash by Henfield H3 at 11am. E-mail Bouncer if interested and for more info.

DIARY DATES:

12-14/07/13 Friends of the Mole 25th Anniversary, Whitstable RFC - T-Bar Twin & P!ssticide http://www.fotmh3.com/

16-18/08/13 Surrey H3 2001st r*n, Plumpton Agricultural College - www.surreyh3.org

Until end of September - BH7 35 years Monday night pub crawl.

Solo Round Britain challenge http://www.soloroundbritain.com/

Brighton days $28^{th} - 29^{th}$ June 2013 - extract from Alan's blog. See website for full story and to make donations:

After a terrible day at sea beating into yet more headwinds I made Brighton Marine at 10.30 very tired and done in.

The following day was sunny, hot and just great. First job was to get the main off the boat as yet again the head of the sail had torn. I noticed this off Beachy Head as the wind lifted to a healthy 22 knots and with me having a lee shore it was a tense three hours nursing Trade Winds to the Marina. With the sail off we carried it to Sussex Sails and Matt was very helpful declaring the fix more than a weekend job and suggested I get hold of Daryl at Banks as he thought the head required a rebuild. Reluctantly but appreciative of his openness we put the sail in the van thankful I had boxed and packed the old dacron main for such an eventuality.



My niece Claire and her husband Craig came over from Bristol so it was great to see them. Craig tagged along on the run, he is doing his second ironman triathlon next weekend so it was more a light jog for him. We met Bouncer and the Brighton Hash house Harriers runners at the main car park as agreed and set off on a hot run out east along the main road and left and up the hill to the golf course and race course. From there it was all downhill and don't mind saying I was toiling on the ascent and was down to a shuffle. Anyway that done it was nice to free-fall down the hill and back into the finish. After the run we retired to the Wetherspoons pub at Marine Village and enjoyed some Cairngorm Brewery Beers. What a great bunch for folks who typify hashers of being friendly and very welcoming. I was glad to see each of them heading off clutching an armful of beers. The arrival date in Brighton had changed and slipped so

very much appreciate the challenge that faces each set if runners organising a run with others.

Thanks to everyone who set aside some of their Saturday afternoon to join us. In the picture with Alan are KIU & Wildbush, Dave Risby, Rik, Local Knowledge, Bouncer & Craig. As we'd missed the moment for the hash on Monday, the run was a straight 10k, no checks, finished in 55 mins despite the heat and a huge hill! Joining us in the pub to sample the Cairngorm beers were Cyst Pit, Karen Taub, Barney, a host of kids (thanks to Mike for minding during the run) and a number of other punters. Huge thanks to Donna and the team at Cairngorm for their generosity!

Ale trail 2013 - BRIGHTON H7 35th anniversary summer tour:

Now we are well & truly up & running on this it's good to see the enthusiasm folk have for getting their stamps, starting with thanks for the hares picking from the list of available trail pubs, hounds making sure they bring passports on Monday runs, joining the CRAFT H3, extra-curricular visits (sometimes to the distraction of other halves -Sarah: "I can't believe Tim conned me into entering another «expletive deleted» ale trail pub"), and even getting non-trail pubs to stamp their passports (Daryl R!). So what happens next? Although there are various options available for further freebies, the aim is to get as many passports as we can up to the 20 pub mark to get the free t shirts. As in past years the hash will pay for an overprint on these, and in order to make sure this happens I would be grateful if you could let me have your passports when you are finished with them. I will send the order off in bulk for the overprint and re-distribute shirts once done. I am happy to take passports at any time but please make sure you fill in the personal details section, and preferably also put your name on the front cover. As usual I am of course running a number of spare passports for those who prefer not to carry their own, and to take along on the CRAFT nights, but it may be worth claiming one if you would like me to carry it for you. On on - Bouncer





Get hashing: join a club that takes drinking as seriously as running

Posted by Tom Cleeland Tuesday 18 June 2013 12.32 BST guardian.co.uk

Whether you're training for your first 10k or your 36th marathon, minutes per mile and nutrition are probably on your mind. But what if there were a running club that cared less about what you ate and more about how much you could drink? Are you ready to swap your PB for a pint? Join a local hashing club, and that's exactly what you'll do.

Hashing – the name is derived from the original sport of hare chasing – is an international phenomenon that originated in Kuala Lumpur in 1938, when a group of British colonial officers and expats began meeting on a Monday evening to run. A hash blends running with orienteering as groups of "hounds" chase a chalk "hare" across city and country, treading the previous weekend's excesses into the pavement.

Infamously known as the Hash House Harriers, the original club members set out to:

- Promote physical fitness among members
- Get rid of weekend hangovers
- Acquire a good thirst and to satisfy it in beer
- Persuade the older members that they are not as old as they feel.

First emblazoned on a club membership card way back in 1950, this call to arms is still honoured by hashers around the world today, ever since clubs (or chapters) started to spring up across the UK, US and Europe.

Most chapters meet on a weekly or monthly basis, often changing the location of the start and finish points, to offer a new route for members to follow. These are either predetermined or marked on the fly by the lead runners (hares), while the rest of the group (hounds) follow. A hash welcomes all abilities, so routes often contain checkpoints, false starts, dead ends and loops to allow slower members to catch up with the elite cheetahs.

Every hashing run ends at a designated pub, where the group gathers to observe the traditions of individual chapters. Forming a "circle", group leaders will recognise individuals for misdemeanours real or imagined, where the lucky (or unlucky) few are asked to "consume the contents of his or her drinking vessel or risk pouring the remaining contents on his or her cranium".

The popularity of the hash is on the rise, with some annual events now attracting more than 2,000 pavement pushers. Probably the best example is the annual Red Dress Run. According to hashing folklore, a newcomer once arrived at a chapter in San Diego wearing a red dress, unaware she was attending a running event. To honour the occasion, other runners began wearing red dresses to chapters, and it soon became an annual event, now held in the UK, US and elsewhere.

With socialising such an important part of the culture, hashing clubs have often been described as "a drinking club with a running problem". It is a fantastic opportunity for even the most serious runner to let off steam while hanging out with friends, and still fit in a little training. It's worth noting that the bias towards drinking and running vary from club to club, so you're sure to find one that suits you.

Better yet, why not start your own chapter? I've done just that, spotting a gap in the market at my office for a bimonthly



hash. It's a great excuse to spend a sunny evening with your colleagues. We'll be honouring many of the traditions hashers began all those years ago, while throwing in a few of our own.

Generally, clubs are open to the public, and most don't charge to join – although some may ask for a small housekeeping fee. If you don't want to start your own club just yet but feel intrigued enough to trade hill sprints for hashing, then why not explore what clubs exist near you? You can visit the UK Hash House Harriers' website to browse the directory of chapters and events.

Maybe you've tried hashing before and have a funny story to share? Or if you were to start your own hashing chapter, what would you call it? This is a no-vowels-barred name off, so feel free to get creative.



REHASHING — check out the website or facebook for the actual r*n routes!

#1824 Horns Lodge, South Chailey

With the ale trail kicking off the recently renamed Saddleshaft and Who's Shout were hares for the first trail pub on the Monday night schedule. Obviously feeling the responsibility Phil discovered that the pub only had 6 passports left, not nearly enough to keep the whole hash going, so headed off to Lewes to raid the John Harvey Tavern supplies. Any excuse! With minimal fuss hares set the pack off, rapidly heading into the fields and woods. There was a fair smattering of road at various points and the reason soon became clear as Phil resurrected his bike to chase us through the stingers and mud while he reappeared at various points. Prof went missing early doors, apparently lost in the woods;



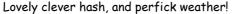
Bouncer got a ticking off from erstwhile co-hare Coops for trying to nick the bike; and Angel had a funny 5 after a particularly brilliant splattering of Kit, which also earned a ticking off from Local Knowledge ("we're supposed to be a grown-up hash"). The hash carried on despite the strange cackling in the woods, and Charlie leading many astray at the last check so some missed out on the tour of the brickworks, to a pleasantly early finish.

The pub was heaving with a darts team as well as healthy local contingent, but there was plenty of room for the hash eating contingent in a back room, where down downs were awarded to Who's Shout and Saddleshaft as hares (Grahame hastily rushing off to get his round in), and Kit and Angel had a drink off to defuse the likelihood of all-out war. Inevitably there was plenty of ammunition for sinners from the South Downs Way 100 mile relay, primarily Ride It Baby, who famously gave Rik a right royal rollicking for getting lost last year then went astray at exactly the same place this year. Spreadsheet for some reason was wearing his team number from Saturday throughout the r*n, on his back in the time honoured tradition of ballroom dancers everywhere, but seemed to know that a beer was coming his way after forgetting his trousers and having to ponce ale all night by threatening people with his knobbly knees. Lily the Pink then nominated Trikerider to sink the rest of the beer for qualifying to represent Britain in something athletic, as well as representing the absent Peter Pansy for his impressive lost cause, er, trail during the relay. She made a meal of the down down eventually slyly tipping it down Keeps It Ups throat, while Bouncer and Wildbush sang a frankly quite disgusting and inappropriate song. What about St. Bernard then? Turns out his birthday isn't for another month so he'll have to wait. Passports were then distributed to all and sundry, and Bouncer looked longingly at the darts team curry so Chris had a word with the landlord to get the lad fed. Another great hash!

#1825 Shepherd & Dog, Fulking

This is a story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. A hash needed setting and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that. Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

With hills bound to be part of the equation, hare Anybody, who decided he'd do it after all spoiling that joke, wasted no time taking us straight up the back of the pub. Mass confusion ensued quickly when Everybody assumed it would be all the way up so Nobody checked down but Anybody had been cunning so Somebody had to call us back. Somebody here turned out to be hare helper Rides it Baby who guided us on a weird 'staple' shaped r*n east along the edge of the hill, over the road, north then west through the fields to Edburton, back over the road south and up a bit, finishing by skirting the edge of the hill again east, before dropping back into the pub on the outward path. On the way we encountered St. Bernard's extra-curricular birthday trail; ran through Sally Gunnels old back garden; lost visitor Polly from Dublin, Cyst Pit, and the Brownlie-Scott twins; and found several people wandering round the car park unable to get into their cars because Pat had taken a small group to the top of the hill post hash Hillary style, 'because it was there' and they wanted to see a view we've seen 1000's of times before.



Attempts to stamp ale-trail passports were made harder because there was no pad, just a highlight pen, which got Bob all flustered ("that's not good enough, give it here!"), as well as the difficulty moving in the bijou interior. Then the pub ran out of the Ruskins Ram (the closest equivalent to Harveys), the Porter and another barrel, meaning that when it came to the downdowns we were left with Stowford Press cider which came as a shock to Charlie (b*ggering up hares plans with pre-set trail). Other DD's went to Mike and Pat (hare and lost hare), Polly (visitor), Lily the Pink and just Sarah - Tim for coming too soon, then necking his down down too soon, and playing the 'driving' card to avoid a 2^{nd,} so Sarah (about who the story had been in the first place, dragging Tim out of bed for a Sunday race on Saturday) had to stand-in. Cyst Pit was last-man standing to go up the hill, along with Wiggy, who was supposed to drink his beer whilst jogging on the spot for filling his car with the engine running on the way to the hash. A great opportunity missed as well as the chance to sing the Grand Old Duke, but otherwise ... another great hash! nb. A warning - the last two both had to drink their own beer. That's what happens if you try and avoid a down down as a 'driver' whilst you've got a full pint!

That awkward feeling that you are not in shape for summer.

#1826 New Inn, Hadlow Down

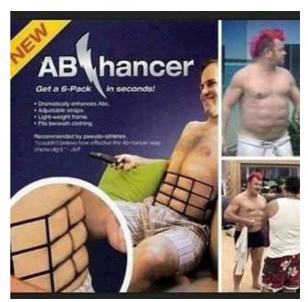
Did you know there was a pub in Hadlow Down? Do you know where Hadlow Down is? Well 30 of us found the answers last night. Great run Bob, followed by a barbie afters. Pondweed

#1827 Queen Victoria, Rottingdean

A late change to accommodate the Ale Trail, as Alan Rankin and Trade Winds have been beset by rotten weather conditions, necessitating an unscheduled stop in Grimsby, meant a very quick return to this excellent boozer. Hare having been absent for the previous r*n ended up setting an almost identical first half to January, but in markedly different weather and light conditions. A quick jaunt through the twittens, the Kipling gardens, and the finish of the Windmills Marathon led to a bit of confusion as we got close to Longhill school. Although trail had been set round the streets outside the school down to the Vale, hare thought he'd got ahead of the pack to re-set along the school running track. Unfortunately Messrs. Thomas, Evans and Chinchen had got so far ahead they found the long trail, called it and at least 2 then got lost, ChrisT and Red Slapper. Several missed the woods here, going round the outside, but at the

hilltop was a regroup, which only Scott seemed unfamiliar with. Out to Mount Pleasant use was made of the access land to

reach the trig which Prof mounted to entice Spreadsheet (again) and Cyst Pit back into the fold, having forgotten the hash guidelines 'never check down'. Trail returned to Ovingdean for a clamber up past the church, then a further climb at which point the lone figure of Gotlost appeared far behind. As we approached Roedean, Cyst Pit decided to run home, while Kit & Prof both ignored the arrow to 'check' a shortcut. Kit was soon overhauled by the pack but Prof got his just desserts, climbing the hill at St. Dunstans only to see pack heading down to the prom. When trail was set earlier in the day tide was high, and On In meant a swim. With the beach now in clear view several did actually enjoy the shingle and rocks, while the rest raced for home. In the pub our hosts were very generous with down down beer, with Mudlark starting proceedings calling Bouncer up and demanding to know where the free beer was. Bouncer then took over with a beer for last weeks hare taken by co-hare Chris (she's alright). Our Munro bagger Spreadsheet didn't want to play for the next item on the agenda, which featured Peter Pansy & Scott wearing Midsummer Munro t-shirts from the Box Hill half-marathon on Saturday including over 3000 feet of



uphill, so the lads ended up necking the beers to the Grand Old Duke, Adrian for wimping with the walkers and Scott for breaching the hold check. Further **trail abuse** beers followed for Kit for cheating, Cyst Pit for impersonating Forrest Gump, Bouncer for missing part of his own trail on the beach, and Dave Risby for his priceless request for something to suck (which Hash Gomi was more than willing to oblige), with St. Bernard offering up the short-cut down down song. Dave also took a beer for **Ale Trail abuse** after confessing his wife had been getting stamps from pubs that aren't even involved this year! The sweetener of free beer should be arriving later in the week for an extra-curricular 10k run from the marina car park so keep an eye on the media! Another great hash!



hi all

i have just run a big trip to the 3 peaks from the guys and girls of Hastings runners and was thinking about running another one next year (2014) and was just putting out a few feelers to see what interest there might be out there, i ran 5 mini buses last time with 62 walkers but found that quite a handful to orginise so i was going to limit it to 26 this time (2 Mini buses) and thought i might try and see if any of you Brighton hashers might be interested, if you are i can give you the details and costs and while you might think 2014 is a long way off it does come round rather quickly!....and things get busy up there and hotels, etc have to be booked well in advance..... and to save confusion this is a walking trip and not a running trip!...

Fat controller no 2 - Hastings Hash

Where to follow the global ale trail Lucy Corne 13 May, 2013

You don't have to travel far to realise that pale lagers are the beer of choice for the majority of the world. In fact, beers like Foster's, Carling, Coors and Budweiser account for over 90% of all beer consumed worldwide, but that doesn't mean there aren't alternatives out there. The UK and Belgium have long been known for shunning lager in favour of ale and the USA's craft beer culture is well-documented, with more than 2000 small breweries churning out original ales across the country. Happily, craft beer is refusing to stay niche and this gastronomic trend is gradually making its way across the globe.

Going out for a pizza Add Photos/Video Going out for a pizza Post Public Public Public Priends and the CIA Only me and the CIA Close Friends and the CIA See all lists...

Australia

Although two mega-breweries rule in <u>Australia</u>, the micro guys are hitting back. Their 2% market share might sound minute, but it's gradually growing despite a decrease in overall beer consumption. Small breweries and brewpubs abound in major centres like <u>Melbourne</u>, <u>Perth</u>, <u>Adelaide</u> and <u>Sydney</u>, but perhaps the best regions for ale-loving gastronomes are the country's wine regions, most notably Margaret River and the Yarra Valley. Expect to find hoppy American-style beers, delicate Belgian *withiers* perfect for dousing the scorching summer heat, and plenty of

New Zealand

Like Australians, Kiwis are drinking less beer than they used to, but they're also being pickier about what they drink. Craft beer sales are up and the number of breweries has more than doubled since 2007. Both hops and barley – two of the main ingredients in beer – are grown locally and brewers worldwide are scrambling to get their hands on New Zealand's home-grown hops. Perhaps the top place to taste local beers is in the Nelson Tasman region on the northern tip of South Island – this is the country's hop-farming area and home to a growing brew route. Beer can be found around New Zealand, of course, with a decent dose of breweries in

hahaha,no you

aww no! both of you hang up

Christchurch and some excellent

experimentation, with speciality brews featuring everything from juniper berries or coffee to piping hot rocks.

Japan

In 1994 there was a sole microbrewery in <u>Japan</u>. Today, thanks to legislation changes and a new-found thirst for beer, there are well over 200 scattered around the country. There's a definite preference towards brewpubs – bars where the beer is brewed on site – many of which are clustered in the prefectures of central Honshū, particularly in and around <u>Tokyo</u>, <u>Kyoto</u> and <u>Osaka</u>. The beers are largely subtle affairs, designed to match Japan's delicate cuisine, but some brewers are experimenting with singularly Japanese ingredients. Look out for ales featuring sweet potatoes, *yuzu* (an Asian citrus plant) or red rice, and beers matured in shōchū casks.

South Korea

While Japan's microbrewing scene is now well established, its neighbour across the sea is just getting started at the brew kettles. A handful of brewpubs have been churning out solid German-style beers in Seoul's Gangnam district for a decade or so, but the repertoire has been limited to a familiar trio – Pilsner, Weissbier and Dunkel feature on virtually every menu. Things are changing though, thanks to an army of expat homebrewers whose thirst for hops first saw an increase in imports and later some diversity in locally brewed ales. Hoppy pale ales are drawing beer lovers into Itaewon tap houses while German beers continue to dominate the menus of Gangnam's brewpubs. The odd brewery can be found

in other traveller-friendly cities, including Busan, Suwon and Jeju.

South Africa

South Africa has long been a beer-drinking nation, but until recently the beers in question were limited to pale lagers. The country's first microbrewery opened in 1983, but it took over two decades for the trend to catch on. There are now close to 50 breweries scattered around the Rainbow Nation, with over half sitting in the Western Cape – the province surrounding Cape Town. Lagers and light ales abound, but bolder beers can also be found, with a range of sweet stouts and a few highly hopped ales emerging. Local ingredients also make an appearance, with brews featuring buchu (a local medicinal plant) and naartjie peel (a mandarin-like fruit). Away from the Cape, you'll find brew routes in Johannesburg's Cradle of Humankind region and in the hills west of Durban, while cute brewpubs sit in quaint dorps (small towns) dotted around the country.

Italy

'It takes a lot of beer to make a good wine,' goes the old vintner's saying, but it's becoming increasingly clear that the opposite can also be true. Brew routes have popped up among wineries in the USA, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, but it seems that no one is better embracing both grape and grain than Italy. Not only are its breweries – largely concentrated in the north – nestled in regions better known for wine, brewers are even injecting a touch of wine into their beer. Some are ageing their brews in wine barrels, others are even combining grape must with the wort (the pre-fermented liquid that will later become beer). Italian craft breweries, which number over 400, are among the world's most innovative, experimenting with wild yeast, millet, carob, green tea, chestnuts and even tobacco in their brews. Taste them at the breweries or in one of Rome's superb beercentric bars.



REHASHING the CRAFT:

CRAFT #59 Brighton Ale Trail part 1:

Although it had been an idea for a long time, it was 5 years ago that CRAFT H3 was finally born out of the pub crawl to gather extra stamps on the 30th anniversary trail. Armed with ale trail passports a number of us gathered to 'score' a few pubs on this year's trail, starting as we did back then with #1 the Evening Star. Rather oddly I found myself two steps behind KIU & Wildbush marking the P trail, but they knew exactly where it was. We were soon joined by Kit & Nigel, but surprisingly no-one else at this fine pub. Deciding on the shorter central trail, it was off to our namesake bar, #2 the Craft Beer Company. It's been funny watching the term CRAFT, to describe micro-brewed beer, arrive from the United States (of America not Guernsey) and take-off over here, from its first use by Liverpool brewery Cains, within months of the founding of our little H3, to the first Craft pub just over 2 years ago in London, the 2nd in Brighton March 2012 and national use of the term nowadays provoking much discussion in Camra's press. Although it's been there for over a year I was surprised that none of us had previously had a beer here (although KIU had visited one of the London branches before Daffy's 50th birthday CRAFT two months ago!). We were joined here by Proxy, Angel, and Jenny & Clive, friends who'd seen the event on facebook and decided to see what was going on. Cyst Pit also made an appearance arriving by bike just as we were leaving for #3 Victory Inn, where we found Lily the Pink, Sarah and a few others well in their cups. Peter Pansy was also expected but had apparently overdone it earlier in the day. From here several slid away for grown up meals, whilst the rest of the pack went on to #4 the Pump House. With the old juices going though grub became a priority so we stumbled into the chippy in dribs and drabs, as trail was lost on the way to #5 Lord Nelson with half the pack choosing the unofficial Pavilion route. The perennial problem is 1) a phrase definitely not to be attempted after a CRAFT, and 2) that we invariably have to get trains home, however, a very successful evening was had with way over the odds on the books getting stamped. Coming soon are the CRAFT camp out and Surrey H3's 2000th, both in Lewes area for more opportunities, and part 2 of the Brighton trail in September. On on, Bouncer

This month's ramblings from SPOOJ:

Funny how if you don't pay your TV licence they throw you in jail where there's unlimited access to the BBC.

I hit the roof when I came home to find my figure skater girlfriend in the arms of another man. I felt really stupid when she told me he was gay.

A previously undiscovered Mummy has been found. Covered in chocolate and peanuts, they're calling it Pharaoh Rocher.

I met a guy from Egypt who said that bear fighting was the most popular sport in his country. When I said that's revolting, he said, "no, that's second." Malibog accused me of plagiarism. No idea what that means but I took his word.

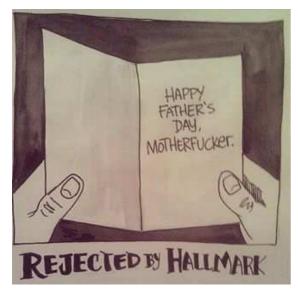


I asked a chemistry teacher to tell me the symbol for sodium. He said Na, so I said suit yourself, I'll ask someone else. John Travolta is having a lot of success with his new pepper farm. He's got Chillies, they're multiplying.

What's long and hard and given by a Polish guy to his bride on their wedding day? His surname!

Continuing the war on terror after their assault on Tie Rack a few years back, the Irish SAS have invaded Battersea dogs home and killed 200 Afghans.

Three men walk into a bar, all bearded and wearing turbans. Barman says is this some kind of Sikh joke?



I saw a bishop at church the other day but I'm sure he was an imposter as he didn't walk sideways.

I got a right bollocking from the wife the other day for not opening the door for her mother. I just panicked and swam straight for the surface. My Muslim neighbour said he'd got the entire Qu'ran on CD. I asked him to burn it for me, but he just kicked off.

I buy all my guns from a bloke called T-Rex. He's a small arms dealer. My Granddad once paid a shilling to stay the night in a monastery. That was a Bob Monkhouse.

What do you call a sweet with a cold? A-chew.

What do you call a bloke with a number plate on his head? Reg.

What do you call a bloke with 50 rabbits up his ars e? Warren.

Why do leprechauns always wear three condoms? To be sure, to be sure, to be sure.

When it comes to cheesy music you can't beat R'n'Brie.

What's brown and runs round your garden? A fence

Why don't owls make love in the rain? Because it's too wet to woo.

I want to know why firemen keep harvesting my cat tree.



After receiving numerous customer complaints, about their employees' "plumber's bum", a German plumbing firm bought their plumbers a new t-shirt, designed to make their employees more attractive to their customers.



I started my new job as a bingo caller last night and halfway through calling the numbers I farted loudly. My boss immediately came over and whispered in my ear, "Don't do that again." "Sorry," I said, "It must be the nerves."

"Fair enough," he replied, "But there was no need to hold the microphone to your arse."

More of the latest ramblings from SPOOJ:

Just had a train run over my feet, probably my own fault for wearing platforms.

Ever noticed how the top and bottom biscuit in the packet are always broken? I don't know why they bother putting them in. I went to give my boss a high 5 today during a meeting, but he swerved it, so I turned it into a handstand to avoid looking stupid.

My computer beat me at chess a few days ago. It was no match for me at kick-boxing though.

Scary moment unpacking my new furniture with a Stanley knife, very nearly slit me shelf

How is it fair, that merely tucking in someone's clothes label results in a restraining order? An exposed label ruins the look of any bikini.

I took my dog for a check up at the vet's. He's still a dog. NEWSFLASH: BT to cut 15,000 posts over the next year. How will all the wires stay up?

I've a horrible feeling I'm under surveillance. I've been looking at Google Street View and the same van has been outside my house for days now.

How do you tell if someone in England is of Irish extraction? They bloody tell you!

The other day I opened my water bill and electricity bill at the same time. I was completely shocked.

Two men have been seen clearing snow outside schools and should be avoided. Jimmy Shovel and Gary Gritter.

When I was a child I got bullied. Other kids would cover me in cream and throw cherries at me. It was tough in the gateaux. My wife says she's leaving me as she's never seen me sober. Bloody hell, I got married?

Have you heard how James Gandolfini died? That's right, you didn't hear nuttin', capisce?

Don't these people who are moaning that same sex marriage will harm the fabric of society realise that gays would never harm any fabric?

First Thatcher dies, then Ferguson retires. Somewhere out there is a scouser with a lamp and one wish left.

Jimmy Tarbuck was in McDonalds the other day and asked the spotty teenager for a shake. Kid told him to f*ck off, zipped up his fly and walked away from the urinal.

If you get red wine stains, get a bottle of white wine. Once you neck that you'll no longer give a sh!t

I went to Weight Watchers the other day and threw a pack of maltesers on the floor. Funniest game of Hungry Hippos ever! Moves Like Jagger is more like a comment on a physiotherapists report.

What's blue and not heavy? Light blue What has two legs but can't walk? Half a dog