



R-ns/trash #219 August 2015

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

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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
3rd August 2015	1937	Bull, Shermanbury	212 182	Angel Gabrielle
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Steyning then A2037 for Henfield at next round- about. Pub is on the left hand side about 1 mile past Henfield on the A281 Cowfold Road. Aka Pizza hut! Est. 25 mins. <i>Big Birthday!</i>				
10th August 2015	1938	Talbot, Cuckfield	305 246	Random Sparkles Ginny
Directions: A23 north to A272. Return under A23 to Ansty. Left at roundabout, then left again into Cuckfield. Pass pub to roundabout then turn right and right again for car park. Est 20 mins. <i>Virgin hare!</i>				
17th August 2015	1939	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	248 114	Blue Peter Pansy
Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. Est. 10 mins.				
24th August 2015	1940	Greyhound, Keymer	315 153	Just Guy
Directions: From A23 follow A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound lights through Hassocks. Pub on right just past right hand bend. Est. 10 mins. <i>Guys 250th r*n!</i>				
31st August 2015	1941	Old Boot, Seaford	484 989	Prof & Heinz
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Right onto A26 at Beddingham roundabout. Next left and left again for A259 into Seaford. Turn right on Church St. at Station. Right at end and right again for car park. Pub back in South Street. Est. 30 mins.				
7th September 2015	1942	Thatched Inn, Keymer	315 158	Imelda Liam
Directions: From A23 follow A273 over Clayton Hill. Take B2112 towards Ditchling. Take left turn after 1 mile, then left at t-junction and immediately right up Ockley Lane. Pub is set back about 1/2 mile on left. Est. 10 mins.				

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RECEDING HARELINE:

14/09/15	Duke of York, Sayers Common - One E
21/09/15	White Horse, Ditchling Tony & Jane Coe
28/09/15	Partridge, Partridge Green Prince Crashpian
05/10/15	Roebuck, Loughton Lily the Pink

HASTINGS H3 #300 - 10.66am Sunday 9th August
St. Helens Wood Park, Langham Road, Hastings
 Hares: Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter
 Free picnic and beer but please let them know if going!

CRAFT H3 #82 - 7pm Friday 14th August Brighton
P trail to pub #1 Evening Star, don't forget tankards and ale trail books! *If you haven't got one yet these can be picked up at any of the trail pubs and we should be getting to at least 6 on the day!*



Thought for the day: British Summer Time. Ensuring an extra hour of rain since 1940.

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

28 - 31/08/15

12 - 13/09/15

17/10/2016

18th UK Nash Hash, Oxford H3 - Visit: <http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/>

CRAFT campout 2015 - near Blacklands Farm campsite, Albourne Road, Wineham

Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000th r*n - *Diary date for big celebration.*

[illegible]

Communication lines part 2:

How to post your run on facebook

First off you will need to be a member of **Brighton Hash House Harriers** on facebook. This is a closed group so send a request if not already and one of the administrators will add you.

Click on **Events**. On a PC this appears as the 3rd tab beneath the group photo.

Next click on **Create Event** on the next line down far right. _____



The screenshot shows the 'Create event for Brighton Hash House...' form. It includes fields for Name, Details, Where, and When. Arrows point to the Name, Details, and Where fields. The 'When' field shows the date 1/9/2015 and a calendar icon. At the bottom, there is a checkbox for 'Invite all members of Brighton Hash House Harri...' and two buttons: 'Cancel' and 'Create'.

Create event for Brighton Hash House...

Name

Details

Where

When

☒ Invite all members of Brighton Hash House Harri...

Name the event the run number followed by the pub i.e. **#1937 The Bull, Shermanbury**

Brief **Details** may include hares, information about anniversary r*ns or other party excuses, anything the pub want us to know e.g. parking and food ordering, plus anything else you want to add about the run itself.

Where is clearly the name of the pub and most pubs will appear on a dropdown as you enter the name and location. Ensure you select the correct one as they usually link to a map.

Finally, don't forget to enter **When** and the **time** (19.30), before clicking the **Create** button!

Yes, it's as simple as that! If anyone has additional info about creating events using mobile devices please let me know and this will be added next time.

[illegible]

UK NASH HASH, OXFORD H3 - 28th - 31st August 2015

By popular demand we're going to provide Day passes for NH for the Saturday!

The cost will be £75 (camping) or £85 (dorm). This will get you your choice of run on the Saturday (with bus ride and beer), access to the entertainment (Mad Hatter's tea party, Alice themed Fancy Dress party and the band (Growler)), three meals by the lovely people at Chubbys (packed lunch and dinner on the Saturday, breakfast on the Sunday), BEER and the goodie bag.

To get your day pass, download the rego form from the NH website (<https://uknashhash2015.wordpress.com/registration/>), print it and write "DAY PASS" prominently on the top of the form. Please return to Crease at the address on the form including a cheque. Note that on-line registration for day passes is NOT available.

On On - Goldilocks

[illegible]

CRAFT campout 2015 - 12/13th September

We can finally announce that this years CRAFT campout will be held next to Blacklands farm campsite. Pirate has managed to do the deal to use the same area as we used for his barbecue last year, for anyone that made it, so it's rough and ready, byo trowel and towel! Take the campsite sign from the Albourne road (B2116) but at the top DO NOT turn right into the campsite itself, but follow the H3 signs to the left.

Game plan something like:

Midday Saturday - pitch up

1-ish - head out for afternoon pub crawl trail finding grub on the way

6 -ish - back to site for bbq and beer, campfire etc.

Sunday hangover run by Henfield H3

As usual this will be a pay your own way set-up. The communal table will be available for shared salads, breads, puds and breakfast stuff but please bring your own entree for the bbq. Pirate has sourced a half drum for the bbq and I will bring one up as well, and will also source some beer for which a small contribution would be appreciated.

As Pirate has to live there we really don't want to upset the owners so reasonable behaviour is expected. Please let me know if you wish to attend so that we can keep an idea of numbers.



Itsy bitsy teeny weeny beach wear for 2015 (in case we get a summer!)

[illegible]

A loud mouth Texan sat on the barber's chair. "I'll have a shave and a shoe shine."

The barber began to lather his face while a woman with the most beautiful breasts he had ever seen, knelt down and began to shine his shoes. The Texan said, "Honey, you and I should go spend the afternoon in a hotel room."

She replied, "Sorry, I'm married and I'd never be unfaithful to my husband."

The Texan said, "Tell him you're working overtime and I'll pay you the difference."

She said, "You tell him; you're closer!" >>>>>>

A man approached a very beautiful woman in the large supermarket and said, "I've lost my wife here in the supermarket. Can you talk to me for a couple of minutes?"

The woman looked puzzled. "Why talk to me?" she asked.

"Because every time I talk to a woman with tits like yours, my wife appears out of nowhere"



RIP Barry ‘Bunter’ Rice:

It is with great sadness that I must announce the passing of Bunter after a 3 month illness, another hasher on trail with 'G'. After being discovered in his car slumped over the wheel following a medical incident, thankfully parked, Barry was taken to hospital where they identified an object on his brain. This turned out to be a tumour and subsequent tests revealed that it was malignant and advanced. Given 6 months to a year, his response was "I'll just have to prove them wrong!" After a short spell under observation, he was allowed out during the day for a few days before they decided that he could go home, however, he again passed out and went back into hospital. He was then moved to Martletts Hospice and continued to enjoy occasional days out, and we were able to see him enjoying himself at the Duke of Wellington in the company of good friends especially the Wellington Wailers who kept him smiling. Angel and myself visited him in the Martletts on the eve of our trip to Eurohash in Krakow, where he was laughing as Gabrielle demonstrated how the bed and chair controls worked and he found himself being alternately folded up and stretched out as she raised and lowered the bed. That Friday Wiggy heard from Sue that he had taken a turn for the worse and he passed away on the following Tuesday morning being unable to fight, in his weakened state, the effects of thrombosis and e-coli.

For myself this is an especially poignant loss. He was one of those people who became an old friend within hours of us meeting so it seems that he has always been in my life, not just as a hasher or running companion, but also concert buddy, drinking companion, shoulder as we both went through varying degrees of life-changing experiences, and of course as a travelling companion, particularly our trips to Interhash 98 in Kuala Lumpur, and Berlin a few years later, and I also have fond memories of our walk along the Ouse Valley trail.

When I first started running with Brighton Hash, I came aware of a reputation that it wasn't a proper hash, not much more than a running club, and that they were a bit unwelcoming and unsocial, not doing down downs. Although the latter was true as far as a regular weekly circle went, I found out very quickly that the system of marks and checks was little different to my previous experience, and the pub, as it remains today is very much the centre of operations. Along with Wiggy, John and others, Bunter was very welcoming and changed my perceptions taking the fun elements very seriously (sic!) to the extent of having hashed around the World. His stories of his experiences at the Bali Interhash in 1988 prompted me to go to Cyprus in 1996, and a group of us including Bunter also went to Kuala Lumpur in 1998.

Bunter notched up well over 200 runs with Brighton H7 carrying on long after the rest of the original somewhat unruly element had moved on. There are many stories of his deeds on hash nights where he would frequently bring smiles to many faces while undoubtedly putting frowns on others. Perhaps the most famous in recent memory being the Brussels sprouts fight with Rosemary at the Christmas party from the White Horse in Ditchling which resulted in the club being banned by landlady Mary Turner, despite the fact that Landlord Ian had actually run with us that night! His final appearance was just under a year before his passing when he joined us to celebrate his birthday at the Stanley Arms after an afternoon of celebration, had a misunderstanding with a couple of female regulars, and got banned, which he dealt with by hiding in the garden!

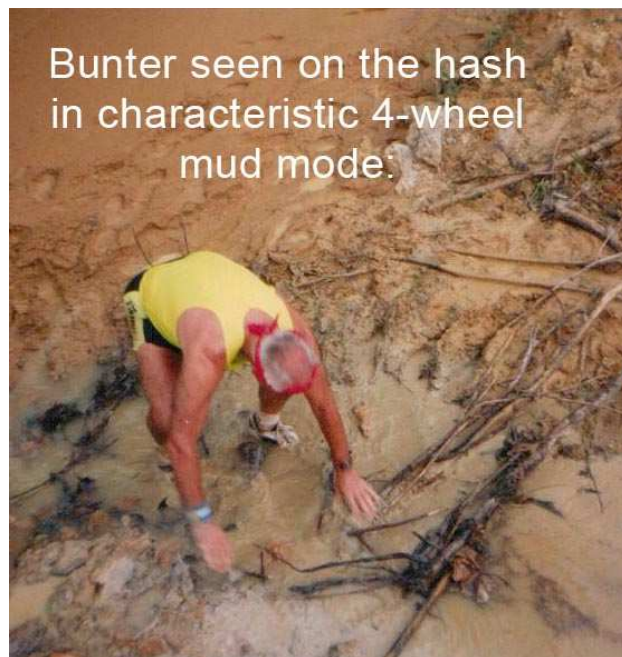
Rest in peace old friend. Bouncer

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A typical Bunter 'story':

A bloke goes into his doctor's office feeling a little ill. The doctor checks him over and says, 'Sorry, I have some bad news, you have Yellow 48, a deadly virus. It's called Yellow 48 because it turns your blood yellow and you usually only have 48 hours to live. There's no known cure so just go home and enjoy your final precious moments with your wife. So he trudges home to his wife and breaks the news. Distraught, she asks him to go to the bingo with her that evening as he's never been there with her before. They arrive at the bingo and with his first card he gets four corners and wins £35. Then, with the same card, he gets a line and wins £320. Then he gets the full house and wins £5000. Then the National Game comes up and he wins that too getting £178,000. The bingo caller gets him up on stage and says, 'Sir, I've been here 20 years and I've never seen anyone win four corners, a line, the full-house and the national game on the same card. You must be the luckiest person on Earth!' 'Lucky?' he screams. 'Lucky? I'll have you know I've got Yellow 48'. 'Bugger me,' says the bingo caller. 'You've won the meat raffle as well!!!

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STOP PRESS: Folks, Just to let you know that Barry 'Bunter' Rice's funeral will be held at Worthing Crematorium next Thursday 6th August at 12.20pm. Loud/bright shirts please and single flowers only. Donations to charity through H.D.Tribe, Shoreham-by-Sea. Afterwards at the Duke of Wellington. On on

REHASHING ...

Red Lion, Ashington Wiggy always seems disarmingly proud of what others may regard as failure! On his first recce for this trail he ended up out for 6 hours, finding himself at Dial Post somehow, and even confessed to having taken 4 hours to set with Belcher. Hare hastily thrust a route map in Bouncers hands before leading the pack astray, however, neglected to mention whether this was the walkers or runners route, or which way round it went! Needless to say we promptly walked off trail to cross the A24 by the footbridge, cut back across a couple of fields to find visitors Slackarse and Loose Change baling out. Mr Nuisance deciding on discretion as the better part of valour also SCB'd here, as the rest of the knitting circle continued to Bunton Chapel, in the certain knowledge that the runners were also heading there. Sure enough we found trail but Saddleshaft was unimpressed with Ian Essex's stories of dark deeds so declined the loop. After the earlier map-reading fail we were now following the out trail in, which made life complicated and had Tony Coe throwing his toys out of his pram and initiating his GPS (Get to Pub Sooner) app. By 9.30 Wildbush was wondering if she should worry about KIU's meal but he only called as we reached the pub car park so can't have been too far ahead! Down downs went to Wiggy as hare (Belcher only ever sets these days!); visitors Slackarse, Loose Change and Rainbow Balls (who regaled us with a sad tale of hash mishap resulting in parts of his anatomy going through the spectrum), and virgin Simon. Ian well deserved for his ghost stories and Bogeyman for his face plant on the main trail, as well as Bouncer for his map reading. A vote was held for the extremism beer between Keeps It Up, who'd entered a lovely sounding river/canal marathon only to find they'd changed the course at short notice to umpteen laps of a lorry park as they were firing up for the days work, and St. Bernard who'd only managed the 42 mile short course of some mountain ultra event. KIU was deemed worthy of the beer if only to wash away some of the taste of diesel! And finally, numpty of the week was awarded to Pondweed for snitching on Ride It Baby, who'd set off for Local Knowledges place not realising the venue had changed. Don had actually got all the way there, but we can only have one Numpty and Pat was driving! Another great hash...



Red Lion, Chelwood Gate Another week another Red Lion and a good crowd turned up for our first visit here for many a year. You have to wonder why though as there was a real mixture of terrain touching on parts of the Ashdown Forest, mixing woods with bracken, plenty of ups and downs and the odd bit of road, although more for some than others as the rear of the pack missed a couple of marks! Hares did well with the walkers route and we found ourselves mixing it up with them on a couple of occasions, most resisting the urge to downgrade! Back in the pub the RA was unaware that there had been beer 'issues' which the pub had resolved by generously donating the off beer for the down downs, Keeps It Up bravely necking while Wildbush refused until the bar sorted it, so KIU took another with her. Sole visitor was Mr Nuisance who'd missed out last week due to the volume of extras! Bushsquatter needed a beer for calling Colin and getting no response. Course not, his name on a Monday is Cliffbanger, who was also called for lack of respect to his age while impersonating Tarzan by swinging through the trees to catch up after getting misplaced. Bogeyman then also earned an ale for losing the plot by writing a cheque out for an event called C2C, then forgetting what or when it was. No Numpty award this week which was fine as Pondweed probably needs to keep the title for more than 7 days! Another great hash!



Saddlescombe farmhouse The combination of foul weather, being hashed out from Eurohash Krakow, and getting back to find the father-in-law at home warranting a takeaway curry meant that your scribe was unable to attend what promised to be another St. Bernard classic! The map shows a wander up Newtimber Hill, amble round the back of Poynings, another climb up Devils Dyke before heading down the quim and seems to have been enjoyed by a reasonable crowd who still made it along to wade through the shiggy to the island where an excellent sip stop was located. Usual post-r*n fare at the farmhouse with Lily the Pink in the RA's chair, but not a lot of feedback to report. Another great hash? Inevitably!

Bolney Stage Another pub we haven't been to for years as it went through the mid-life crisis gastropub phase! Before the off Wiggy held a minutes silence for Bunter who passed away the previous Tuesday, but gave up after 40 secs. saying Bunter wouldn't have bothered! No report from the r*n but I'm sure roaming Pussy's cheesy feet played a part, though the map shows it was pretty standard western route Bolney. Lily the Pink was back in action as RA awarding Bogeyman as hare; Bogeyman for reaching his 100th r*n with a tankard presentation, and Bogeyman for yet another faceplant. Not sure if it was this week or last week that St. Bernard produced a new Numpty Mug featuring a picture of Wiggy, who lost the last one, but it was Wiggy who passed it on subsequently. Another great hash, almost certainly!

Angels big birthday

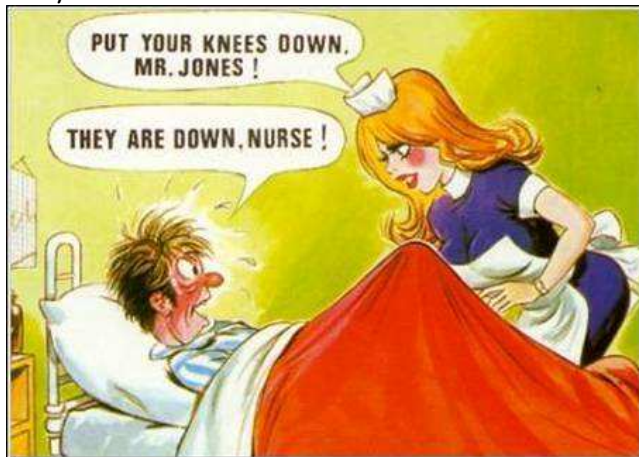
... although the family haven't been as understanding as she'd like:



"I figured you should have breakfast in bed on your birthday. Can you reach the stove okay?"



The patients have been more enthusiastic:

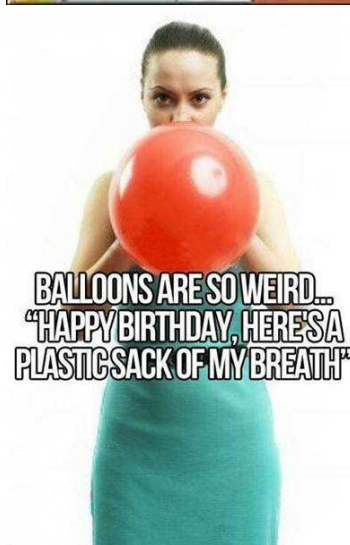


PUT YOUR KNEES DOWN, MR. JONES!

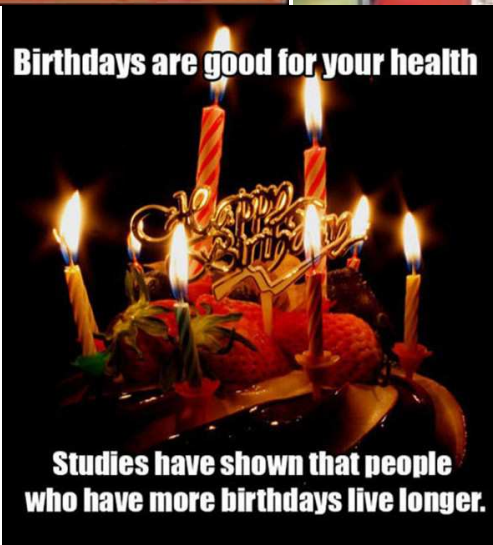
THEY ARE DOWN, NURSE!



"YOUR PULSE IS A BIT FAST TODAY."
"THAT'S NOT MY WRIST YOU'RE HOLDING, NURSE!"



BALLOONS ARE SO WEIRD...
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HERE'S A PLASTIC SACK OF MY BREATH"



Birthdays are good for your health

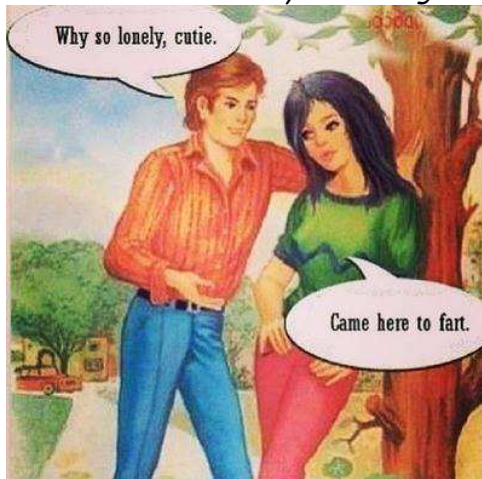
Studies have shown that people who have more birthdays live longer.



LIFE IS TOO SHORT

TO WASTE TIME MATCHING SOCKS

Bouncer found out early about Angels funny ways, odd socks and stuff:



Why so lonely, cutie.

Came here to fart.



"Can we all take a minute and appreciate that hundreds of years ago a person poured hours of hard work into painting cherubs making human fart bubbles."



LOVE IS....

NOT HAVING TO HOLD YOUR FARTS IN

REHASHING the CRAFT in County Town Lewes

Lewes is such a great place for a pub crawl that it's almost inevitable we get there at least once a year, generally under the guidance of the ale trail book! Myself and Angel were unable to make a Friday in July so the suggestion arose that we make it a Saturday instead. Straw Poll indicated that the majority would prefer a late afternoon start so 5pm was selected and so myself, Angel, Bob's Crutch, and indeed Bob met at Shoreham Station for the train over. Arriving at **#1 Brewers Arms**, it soon transpired that this was **#5** for half the pack as Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy needed an early finish as they had an airport run in the morning. Equally sozzled already were Keeps It Up, Wildbush and One Erection, fresh from a sprint round the track! A first outside of the CRAFT campout for the hash was the appearance of some junior members, as it was before the 9pm watershed and the middle of summer, when we were joined here by Vinnie and Louis along with parents Cyst Pit and Radio Soap. After a bit of debate we headed for pub **#2/6 the Rights of Man** and duly found a table upstairs outside to further appreciate the balmy weather, a practice we continued in **#3/7 the Lewes Arms**. The early birds having exhausted all the other pubs on the trail, that left only **#4/8 the Elephant and Castle**, where the junior members settled into some serious pool playing as phase 1 set off in theory for home but in practice via **#9 Basketmakers Arms** in Brighton due to connection issues (*Bogeyman's brain couldn't get the message that he'd had enough through to his body!*) A helluva day out for that lot, but we still had work to do so headed down for **#5 John Harvey Tavern** via the chip shop and **#6 the Gardeners Arms**, before calling it a night! Sadly only the 1pm start got to the Black Horse and Snowdrop, but a good days work for everyone regardless! Another great CRAFT pub crawl!

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EUROHASH 2015 – KRAKOW, POLAND


A fantastic time was had by all of us at Eurohash in Krakow. KIU arranged an excellent private visit to the salt mines on the Wednesday. Thursday found us on a town tour as part of the charity Red Dress run which ended at a microbrewery. Friday was the obligatory visit to Auschwitz or the bike bash. Saturday Angel and myself enjoyed the BRAS and Pants trail to the Zywiec brewery, before the fancy dress evening for which Falling Madonna, Wildbush and Roaming Pussy had created imaginative variations on the Knights theme such as Knight Nurse (Angel), One Knight Stand (GG 6 months pregnant) etc. The pirate gear was in case we got asked to do a cabaret but we got away with it! Hangover r*n Sunday was to the local mound where I failed to realise beer was free! Then a few of us went cultural to see the Krakow Chamber Orchestra performing, before flying home Monday. We won't mention Wiggy buying Euros, and if you want to know the full story about the events following Clever Dicks stage dive, you'll have to ask Pirate, but suffice to say neither suffered any long-term effects. **Bouncer**



Quite a few south coast hashers made it to Krakow Eurohash - **Standing:** Keeps It Up, Wildbush, Ging Gang, Bouncer, Red Slapper, Testiculator, Wiggy, Ze Falling Madonna with ze Muddy Boobies, Black Stockings, Cliffbanger, Cyst Pit, Radio Soap, Muppet. **Kneeling:** Bushsquatter, Angel, Soggy Crack, Pirate. **Out of shot:** Roseabba (in her room), Belcher (UK goutstruck).

Angels big birthday part deux..

CURRICULUM HASHAE

Name:	Gabrielle 'Angel Gladys' Biggins nee Stickland. Angels hash name came from her sharing her birthday with the Queen Mum, along with one Gladys Stickland. Nurse Gladys had already been taken.	
Date of Birth:	Born a hasher. Didn't know it until 1998. Had the misfortune to pick a Pondweed route for her first actual r*n on 9 th November (after being a barfly and co-haring), from the White Horse, Storrington where the hare didn't even know the name of the pub. After r*nnng around town for an hour thinking this is fun, hare went up the hill...	
Education:	Diploma in Professional Practice. RGN. Psychology AO to try and work out Bouncers brain. O levels include Human Biology where she has had limited success in working out Bouncers body.	
Habitat:	Mid to rear of the pack. Rarely in a position to check. Always in a position to chat. Characteristic cackle easy to spot so seldom L.O.T.	
Medical notes:	Came to the rescue of harriette Tear Jerker whilst in Guernsey last year. Rarely comes to rescue of Bouncer or kids, tending to laugh!	
Sexual Orientation:	Seriously, after three rugrats? Well actually her interest was definitely fired up by the twinkle-eyed Aussie in a violet bikini set on the bras and pants r*n in Brussels, who she proceeded to undress "just to see what you look like in just underwear, but I'm averting my eyes". Yeah, like hell!	
Claims to fame:	Managed to sail around the World without once finding the hash.	
Behaviour:	She's a hasher, through and through. Has found a taste for beer lately, having been a lager lout until now.	
Hobbies:	Walking, cycling, swimming. A tri-hashlete.	
Habitual saying:	"I've got 4 children. Three boys and Bouncer."	
And another thing...	Can no longer travel anywhere, home or abroad, without looking for a local hash. Rarely seen in matching socks. As the sole female in a house of males this is quite a feat (sic!). In spite of that can hold her own in any wind related competition, possessing a unique family gene where this must've been a survival trait. Used to hash regularly in a Melbourne Harriettes shirt that said "the wiggle of her bum would make a dead man cum" until she read the back!	

All about aging...

Omg, I'm rich! Silver in the hair; Gold in the teeth; Crystals in the kidneys; Sugar in the blood; Lead in the ass; Iron in the arteries; And an inexhaustible supply of natural gas.

Just before the funeral services, the undertaker came up to the very elderly widow and asked, 'How old was your husband?' '98,' she replied....

'Two years older than me'

'So you're 96,' the undertaker commented..

She responded, 'Hardly worth going home, is it?

Reporters interviewing a 104-year-old woman: 'And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?' the reporter asked...

She simply replied, 'No peer pressure.'

The nice thing about being senile is you can hide your own Easter eggs and have fun finding them.

I've sure gotten old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore.

Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

I feel like my body has gotten totally out of shape, so I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour. But, by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over.

My memory's not as sharp as it used to be. Also, my memory's not as sharp as it used to be.

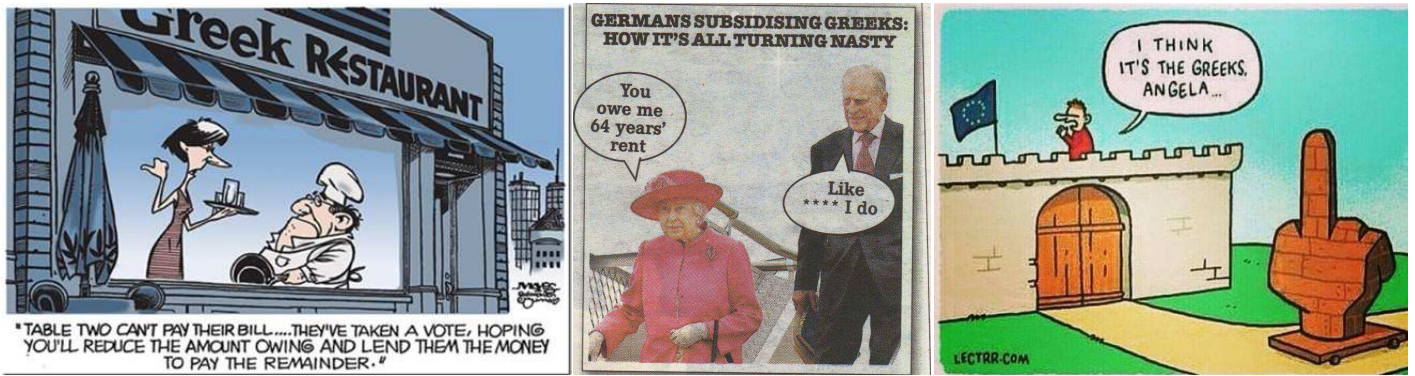
Know how to prevent sagging? Just eat till the wrinkles fill out.

It's scary when you start making the same noises as your coffee maker.

These days about half the stuff in my shopping cart says, 'For fast relief.'

The irony of life is that, by the time you're old enough to know your way around, you're not going anywhere.

In the news...



Some Interesting Greek Facts

There are More Porsches in Greece, per head of population than anywhere else in the world (Porsches figures). Everyone is fiddling tax including the legal profession who insist on being paid in cash. Every household has a safe, not because of a high crime rate but just so they don't have to put their money into a bank where the Taxman could find it. What they are asking is that the rest of Europe and the world should write off their debts (we would all like that!). They owe Germany €40 billion and us (UK) about €10 Billion, and the IMF an untold amount, plus many other countries. I wonder if this might be the reason they have financial problems?

Whilst going through the Greek books before the bailouts European monitors discovered the following amazing facts:-

*Greece has the highest proportion of people retiring in their 50's in the Eurozone. This includes 600 hazardous workers including Hairdressers (Peroxide touchers) Musicians (Horn or Trumpet players!), Train Drivers and TV Presenters (Think Blue Peter!)

*Usual Greek pensions are 96% of their last salary. Germans receive just 40%

*Greece has the highest numbers of people in the world with an age of 110 or older! Deaths go undeclared so pensions are still being paid to people who died over 60 years ago. Some families are drawing 4 or 5 pensions!

*Greek public employment is huge. It is not unusual to find 45 gardeners for small state gardens and chauffeurs average around 50 per official vehicle.

*25% of Greeks do not pay any taxes on Private income

*over 25% of employed Greeks are government employees

*Greece has four times the numbers of teachers than Finland with Finland top of the education tables and Greek at the bottom.

Pensions; Greek ex teachers are also the best paid of the two

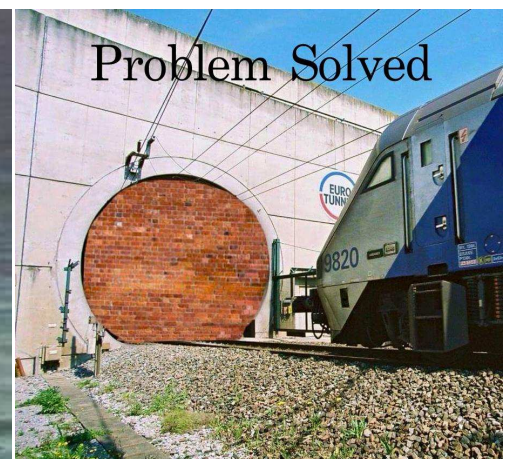
*Average wage for train workers is equivalent to £66k UK and this includes cleaners. Greek railways cost half a billion Euros to run per year. Taxis per person would be cheaper! They have swipe cards to get on a train, the bill comes later. No-one swipes, no-one pays.

*Fictitious jobs with no purpose. Example. They have an Institute for the conservation of the Kopias Lake which employs 1763 people. That is the same lake that was drained in 1930.

Over 300 of these public institutions have been created over the past decade.

Golden Oldie from August 2009: It's a slow day in a little Greek Village. The rain is beating down and the streets are deserted. Times are tough, everybody is in debt, and everybody lives on credit. On this particular day a rich German tourist is driving through the village, stops at the local hotel and lays a €100 note on the desk, telling the owner he wants to inspect the rooms upstairs in order to pick one to spend the night. The owner gives him some keys and, as soon as the visitor has walked upstairs, the hotelier grabs the €100 note and runs next door to pay his debt to the butcher. The butcher takes the €100 note and runs down the street to repay his debt to the pig farmer. The pig farmer takes the €100 note and heads off to pay his bill at the supplier of feed and fuel. The guy at the Farmers' Co-op takes the €100 note and runs to pay his drinks bill at the taverna. The publican slips the money along to the local prostitute drinking at the bar, who has also been facing hard times and has had to offer him "services" on credit. The hooker then rushes to the hotel and pays off her room bill to the hotel owner with the €100 note. The hotel proprietor then places the €100 note back on the counter so the rich traveller will not suspect anything. At that moment the traveller comes down the stairs, picks up the €100 note, states that the rooms are not satisfactory, pockets the money, and leaves town. No one produced anything. No one earned anything. However, the whole village is now out of debt and looking to the future with a lot more optimism. And that is how the bailout package works!

on



Have you noticed that the temptation to sing 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight' is never more than a whim away...



A lion was getting married. At his wedding was a mouse shouting away and congratulating the lion "All the best, my brother. Good luck." Seeing the mouse shouting away claiming that the lion getting married is his brother, another Lion grabs the mouse in anger and asks: "Who the hell do you think you are? How can a lion be your brother? You are only a mouse." The Mouse replies: "I, too, was a Lion before I got married."

The Sex Life of a Man

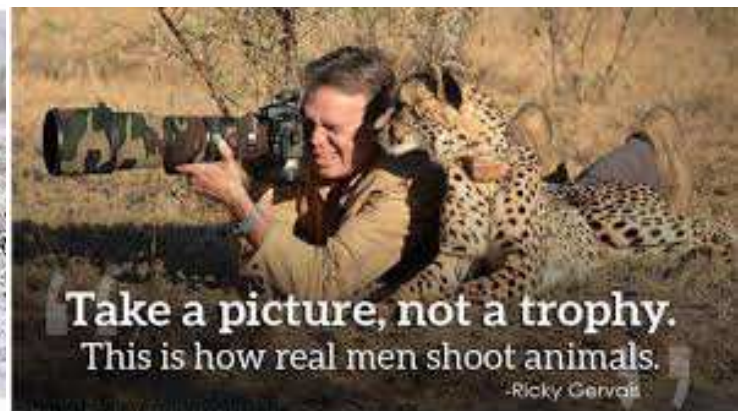
When the Creator was making the world and all its inhabitants, he called man aside. I'm bestowing upon you," the Creator said, "twenty years of active sex life."

Man was dismayed. "Only twenty years?" he protested. "Great One, that isn't enough. Can't you add a few more years?" The Creator shook his head. It was twenty years or nothing, so man glumly sat down.

The monkey was called forth. He was offered twenty years of active sex life too. But, the monkey suggested humbly that ten years would be quite enough, since he seldom lived longer than that anyway. Immediately the man leaped up. "Can I have your extra ten years?" he cried excitedly. "Of course," said the monkey graciously.

The lion was then called forth and the Creator made the same offer. He shook his mane. "Mighty One", he roared, "I'm a monogamous animal: therefore, ten years will be enough for me." Again, the man stood up. "Can I have the lion's share also?" he asked eagerly. Both the lion and the Creator agreed, and the man sat down elated.

The donkey was then called up, but when the Creator offered him twenty years, he balked. "Sire," he brayed, "I want to reserve some time for eating sweet clover. Ten years is ample time for me." The Creator nodded, then turned and looked at man. "I suppose you want his ten years as well?" Man smirked and nodded. "So be it," said the Creator and turned away. And that is how it came to pass that man has twenty years of active sex life, ten years of monkeying around, ten years of lion about it, and ten years of making an ass of himself.



Did anyone hear about the lion who opened his own pub? He's doing a roaring trade.

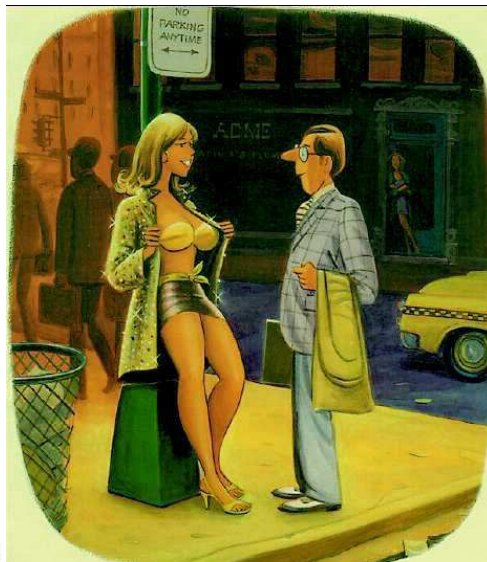
Went to the zoo yesterday. Strangely, next to the Lions, there was an enclosure empty except for a piece of toast.turns out it was Bread in captivity.

I've just had dinner with a lion with a mullet hairstyle. The starter and dessert were delicious, but the mane was a bit dodgy. 3 Essex girls were walking through the woods when they came across some tracks. the 1st said those are lion tracks, the second said no they're elephant tracks. the third was just about to agree with the first when they all got killed by a train. A bloke walks into a pub with a Giraffe, after a few drinks the Giraffe curls up on the floor and goes to sleep and the bloke makes to leave. "Hey!" says the landlord "you can't leave that lying there". "It's not a Lion", replies the bloke, "it's a Giraffe".

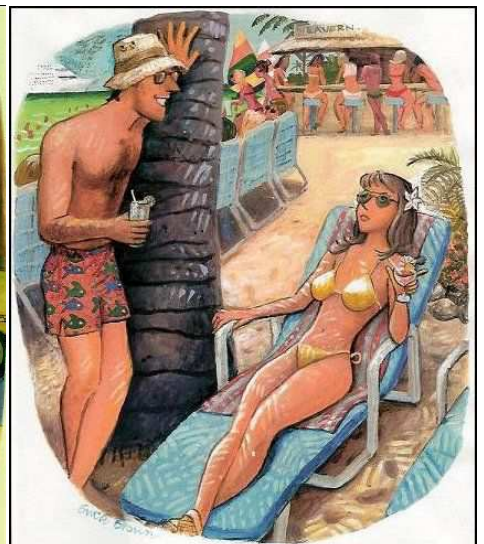
Adult cartoons



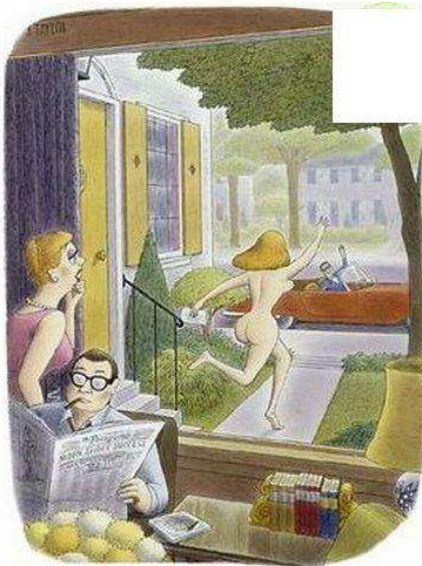
"If something's bothering you, George, I wish you'd just bring it out into the open!"



Just think of me as an amusement park with real nice rides



"You know what I like in a woman? Me."



"I know it's silly, but every time she goes out on a date, I worry."



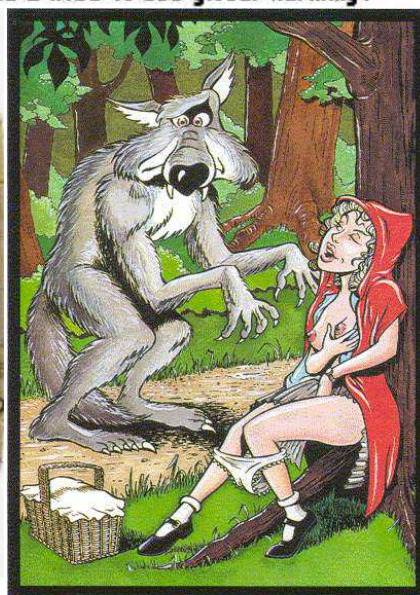
"Glad I lived to see global warming."



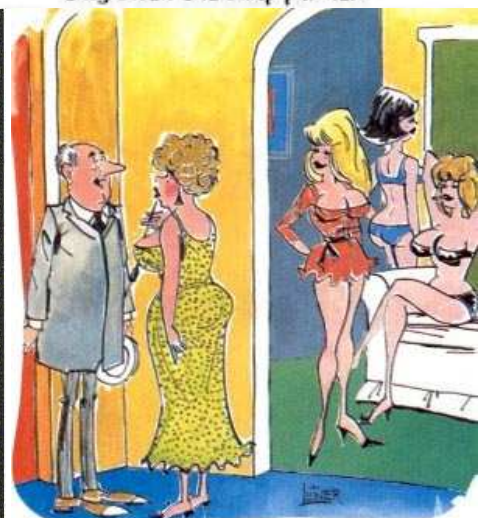
"How many times do I gotta tell you? You only bring one husband, you only screw one swap partner."



"The law says he's entitled to whatever he wants for his last meal."



"After you eat me, do me doggy-style!"



"Can you have one of your girls put on a sloppy housecoat and her hair up in curlers? I'm in town on a business trip and I'm homesick for my wife."

When I was ready to check out and pay for my groceries the cashier said, "Strip down, facing me." Making a mental note so I could complain to my local Member of Parliament about this security rubbish, I did just as she had instructed. After the shrieking and hysterical remarks finally subsided, I found out that she was referring to how I should position my credit card. Nonetheless, I've been asked to shop elsewhere in the future. They need to make their instructions a little clearer for seniors. Geez, "THE GOLDEN YEARS."

THE END

After the community sing-along led by Alice at the piano, it was time for the star of the show: Claude the Hypnotist! Claude explained that he was going to put the whole audience into a trance. "Yes, each and every one of you and all at the same time," said Claude. The excited chatter dropped to silence as Claude carefully withdrew, from his waistcoat pocket, a beautiful antique gold pocket watch and chain. "I want you to keep your eyes on this watch," said Claude, holding the watch high for all to see. "It's a very special and valuable watch that has been in my family for six generations," said Claude. He began to swing the watch gently back and forth while quietly chanting, "Watch the watch --- Watch the watch ---- Watch the watch"

The audience became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth. The lights were twinkling as they were reflected from its gleaming surfaces. A hundred and fifty pairs of eyes followed the movements of the gently swaying watch. They were hypnotized. And then, suddenly, the chain broke!!! The beautiful watch fell to the stage and burst apart on impact. "SHIT!" said Claude.

It took them three days to clean the Senior Citizens Centre and Claude was never invited there again.

An elderly couple, who were both widowed, had been going out with each other for a long time. Urged on by their friends, they decided it was finally time to get married. Before the wedding, they went out to dinner and had a long conversation regarding how their marriage might work. They discussed finances, living arrangements and so on. Finally, the elderly gentleman decided it was time to broach the subject of their physical relationship. "How do you feel about sex?" he asked, rather tentatively. "I would like it infrequently," she replied.

The old gentleman sat quietly for a moment, adjusted his glasses, leaned over towards her and whispered, "Is that one word or two?"

A Preacher was explaining that he must move on to a larger congregation that will pay him more. There is a hush within the congregation. No one wants him to leave. Joe Smith, who owns several car dealerships in the city stands up and proclaims, 'If the Preacher stays, I will provide him with a new Cadillac every year, and his wife with a Honda mini-van to transport their children!' The congregation sighs in relief, and applauds.

Sam Brown, a successful entrepreneur and investor, stands and says, 'If the Preacher will stay on here, I'll personally double his salary, and also establish a foundation to guarantee the college education of all his children!' More sighs and loud applause. Sadie Jones, age 88, stands and announces with a smile, 'If the Preacher stays, I will give him sex!' There is total silence. The Preacher, blushing, asks her, 'Mrs. Jones, whatever possessed you to say that?'

Sadie's 90 year old husband Jake is now trying to hide, holding his forehead with the palm of his hand and shaking his head from side to side, while his wife replies, 'Well, I just asked my husband how we could help, and he said, 'Screw him!'

Isn't senility wonderful? Lord, keep your arm around my shoulder and your hand over my mouth!!!

Yesterday my daughter e-mailed me again asking why I didn't do something useful with my time.

"Like sitting around the pool and drinking wine is not a good thing," I said. Talking about my "doing something useful" seems to be her favourite topic of conversation. She was "only thinking of me" she said, and suggested I go down to the senior center and hang out with the guys. I did this and when I got home last night I decided to teach her a lesson about staying out of my business. I e-mailed her and told her that I had joined a parachute club. She replied, "Are you nuts? You are 77 years old, and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?" I told her that I even got a membership card and e-mailed a copy to her. She immediately telephoned me, "Good grief, where are your glasses? This is a membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"Oh man, I'm in trouble again; I really don't know what to do... I signed up for five jumps a week." The line went quiet and her friend picked up the phone and said that my daughter had fainted. Life as a senior citizen is not getting any easier but sometimes it can be fun.

