

GASS WEBSITE

VOLUME ONE

From September 2006 – August 2009

SEPTEMBER 2006

THE AGM - LJUBLJANA - SLOVENIA

We assembled as normal at Gatwick, all dead on time, all with passports and tickets, unusually! Perfect flight, pick-up, hotel, nice first evening out with a guide who showed us the sights, decent bars, nice restaurants, all very good really, no dramas, nobody got mugged, everyone got to bed, everyone got up in time for the early start for the white water rafting.....

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON - WHAT IS GOING WRONG ???

THIS JUST IS NOT GASS - WHERE ARE THE DRAMAS, THE FIGHTS, THE ROOM TRASHING ???

Unless things brighten up I am staying at home next year.

And talking of staying at home, the following did not make it - Chris (vegetating), Don (vegetating), Alan (late cancellation), and Len, who made it for an afternoon. Got to give it to Len, that is a hell of a trip for one overnight, so well done for making the effort. All that to deliver the Treasurer's report to the AGM, and the AGM had moved to Saturday anyway, so he missed it!!

WHITE WATER RAFTING

This was the planned activity and early Saturday morning we duly boarded two mini-buses for the run out to the river. Later that morning we actually departed, delayed by one member who decided to change his shoes, re-do his hair, change into shorts, change back into trousers, have a second crap, have a shower, change back into shorts, re-blow-dry the hair, change back to the original shoes, put on a different shirt, and join us 25 minutes late.

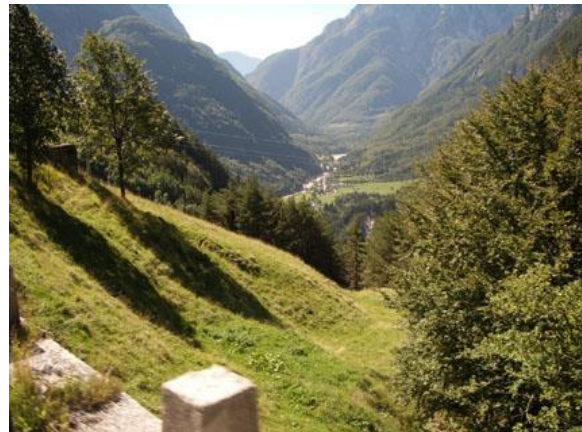
At last we were off and boy! what a run, some three bloody hours driving into the Slovenian Alps, via bloody Italy. Yes, we actually left Slovenia for about half an hour driving and detoured round southern Italy! Apparently it was quicker that way. Hate to have seen the slow route. Much moaning about van-sickness, but one has to admit Slovenia is absolutely stunning. Just look at that view.

During the trip we were lucky enough to be let into the secret about one of our members, who must remain anonymous (that is right isn't it Chris?). He wanted it kept deadly secret that he had been bitten on his manhood, in the middle of the night in a darkened camper van, by one of his two Wiemeranas. The resulting pain and shock caused him to (a) pass out, (b) pass 40% of his bodies blood supply, and (c) pass the next three days in hospital. You did not have to be in two mini-buses full of cynical, sarcastic piss-taking bastards to guess at the lines the jokes took, one would

have to describe them as cruel to say the least, bestiality featuring on a 50:50 basis alongside fellatio as the two mainstays. As it was a total secret we obviously sent all the jokes to the poor bitten subject by text and he sent back the simple message "I'll get you Bell!".

When we finally arrived at the river we got changed and climbed aboard for what was a most enjoyable and exciting ride. The sad thing was that - once again - nothing went wrong! Basically, we all did as we were told and we started, rafted and finished. God, this is getting predictable and boring. Still the photos came out well.





THE AGM

The AGM was in a nice restaurant, nice food, everyone enjoyed it, and after the AGM we wandered off into town. Nothing was spilt, no-one's meal was ruined by our foul language, no food fights, we paid the bill, nobody called Phil a liar, once again - a total bore, what is GASS coming too?

MATTERS ARISING

THE TREASURERS REPORT: A good year, no surprises, nobody overspent, everyone (almost) has paid in full, no problems, and about £1,500 increase in the

fund to around £7,000 (after additional AGM bills deducted) We agreed to leave fees as they are and to use the excess funds to spend on a bigger AGM for 2007 to celebrate 25 years of GASS. Boring.....

ELECTION OF OFFICERS: It was agreed that in future the outgoing officer would be that years deputy, as we can never remember who we vote to the deputy position and this system might give us more chance of remembering. The votes were cast for Chairman and a dark horse won the race, Mr Steve Riches. His deputy will be the outgoing chair, Neil. The post of Fines Secretary goes to J.B with deputy Phil C.

Len agreed to continue as Treasurer, Brian agreed to continue to write the minutes and co-ordinate meetings.

AGM 2007: It was agreed to arrange something similar to the sailing in Croatia, but on a livelier island. Ibiza and Majorca were mentioned for a week on two boats. The logic being that the Balearics are easy to get to by plane so everyone should be able to make some of the week, and that there was a lot more life and a lot better restaurants.

Steve has subsequently booked two 54 foot yachts out of Palma, Majorca for the week 8-15 September 2007 at an acceptable charter price. Ibiza proved to be a non-runner due to the lack of marinas. Palma is regarded as one of the most up and coming locations recently and has masses of marinas, hence the choice.

The yachts are broadly similar to last time - but the great advantage on Majorca is that if anyone wants alternative accommodation (i.e a warm bed in a proper hotel room) then reasonable hotels abound, no-one will have to sleep on the boat if they don't want to.

PUT THAT DATE IN YOUR DIARY NOW - AGM 2007 - SATURDAY 8 - SATURDAY 15 SEPTEMBER. Some will stay for just 3-4 days, some will stay the week, some will probably opt for 10 days. The boats are booked, all we need are flights, and it may be easier to book those individually as the number of alternatives may be quite large.

OCTOBER 2006

RUGBY CLUB SING- SONG

Sponsor - our new chairman - Mr Steve Riches



Steve proudly stepped up to the plate, or the touchline, or the pitchers mound, or the line in the sand, or whichever the hell it is in Rugger parlance and was as good as his word in organising an absolutely classic GASS night of the 'pub' variety.

We all bowled up, or pitched up, or rolled up, or scrummed down (now that has a faint ring to it), at Medway Rugby Club and found ourselves in a large hall smelling slightly of disinfectant and strongly of years of association with the Riches and Jenkins clans, so much so that junior members of the clans had been roped in to perform rugby-like feats on the floodlit fields below, just for our entertainment.

Pints were downed and the dinner gong was rung. Food was served, good honest fare, slopped up prison style at a long table at the far end of the hall by willing helpers, and damn good it was too. Bottles of wine had been brought in especially and you could hear the oohs and aahs from the throng at the far end as they espied wine being opened for the first time. "What's that Dad? Is it red beer? Is it blood?". "No son - that's what posh folk call WINE..... ", "Don't you get on that *wyhne* stuff dad, you stay on beer, you know how you got on that *Cherie* stuff". And so on.

After a decent pause for the food to be scoffed and about 800 bottles of wine to be quaffed, a man stood and begged our attention. He explained that he was The Director of Rugby (uuhh?) and that his name was Mark Marriott. His aim was to make us sing for our supper and he was not a person to be trifled with. Song sheets were handed out and singing began in earnest, in earnest that is for those who were not in the following groups:-

1. The Blind: Those who had forgotten their glasses and those who are so sodding vain that they don't even carry glasses. I include in that number the eldest member of GASS who has to have menus read out to him in restaurants, of course I may be wrong, Peter may be in group 2.
2. The Dyslexic: Those members of GASS who have never taken the time to learn to read, mainly as Borstal was never strong on the three R's (plenty of the three arse, just not the three R's).
3. The Mute: The sole member of GASS who has managed to actually lose his voice, poor NJ, a man who at times got close to the famous Uncle Albert in his stentorian tones (OK, OK, I can hear the moans from here - no-one comes close to Uncle Albert for sheer projection and power, that is a given. We all know he could warn ships away from Beachy Head from his seat in the KGV pub, and regularly does - but Nick came a close second). Well not now, not no more! More the gentle croak of the OAP, "I'm 101 tomorrow you know" in a reedy wispy whistle. Curse our luck, it couldn't have been JB could it God, just imagine?!

Taking out the six in group 1, the seven in group 2, Nick in group 3, left just three members who could read, speak and sing at the same time (as well as pat their tummy and rub their heads). Still, we raised the roof to a number of the old favourites and had a grand old time singing and performing the actions - just like singing YMCA, you know when you make the shapes of the letters. Strangely enough, in Medway Rugby Club, we did not actually get to sing YMCA, weird that, as it one of our favourites.

To be fair we did not get to sing "Old McDonald has a Farm" either - and we all know that fights break out every time that one comes up. All right, who called P*** a liar!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Calm down everyone.

Well done Steve, a great success on your first ever GASS event. Thanks.

HORSE RACING NIGHT

at The Roffen

As everyone knows Horse Racing nights are fascinating things. You get to watch a very old video of horses racing (strange to relate) and an old man sits at a table at the end of the room and tells you he has no change for a tenner as you try and make his day by placing £1 bets in the hope of winning £2. Great stuff, solid tension from start to finish (not). and hardly perfect for GASS.

Well not unless you make some minor changes to the format.

Now you need to make up your own story to fit the photo below cos' you ain't getting any more from me!

Well, other than take a look at the horses, big aren't they, big enough for a person to ride maybe?

Take a look at the dice, big aren't they, big enough for loads of people to see when they are thrown?

Take a look in the mirror in the background of the photo - can you see the jockeys?



Twat! Of course you can't - do you think I am that daft?

God knows who thought up this very entertaining take on a very tired old concept - but than God they did because we had a ball.

Would you also please thank God for the arrival of two new members to get things back on track. May we welcome to the fold Keith and Ian. Both introduced by Andy (packing the membership are we?). Welcome guys and we now have a grand total of 21 members. Best for years and hopefully a reflection on the fun we have as a group.

The evening ended by our drawing a curtain over the racecourse and retiring to the bar, then popping back occasionally to check to see if the horses were OK, then popping back to the bar. My, those horses take some looking after.

CHRISTMAS MEETING

JONGLEURS COMEDY

CLUB

Battersea - London



Transport: **Make your own way up to**

London and back. This was decided as the overall cost of getting in and out by coach, plus the fact that everyone had to get to the coach, and then had to get home from the coach, was actually more cost and bother and more time consuming than forming groups, going up by train, and getting our own taxis home to our own front doors. This seemed to work as a trial.

Timings: Doors open at 6.30pm and they will serve the grub at 7.30pm. Try and get there on time as they will serve the meal exactly when they feel like and I bet they don't take any prisoners. So, if you turn up late don't look in my direction if you don't get fed!!!

Fortunately virtually everyone managed this by a variety of means, trains, taxis, planes, etc. Once again a terrible indictment of how organised everyone is becoming.

We were then treated to an excellent dinner and given about one square foot of space in which to sit to eat it. Unlucky those that got a fat neighbour as basically you starved. We then saw a comedy show (no surprise there) which was pretty good. We then spent the rest of the evening getting slowly more and more plastered until they chucked us out at 2.00am to find our various ways home.

Good night had by all.

'ALANA STRANGERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

It would be wrong not to mention Alan's Christmas do because he invited the whole of GASS and almost everyone turned up at 'Rangerland' for a superb event. Al had erected more lights than Regents Street and had a bigger fireworks display than London at the Millenium. But the piece de resistance had to be 'Alana' arriving later as a somewhat off-beat Father Christmas. A photo is worth a thousand words.....



JANUARY 2007

The Golden Eagle at Burham

PUB MEETING

Minutes

Ze members azzembled as ordered by Herr Obergruppenfeuher Henslow at exactly 8.00pm.

Zey sat down at exactly 8.30pm and zey ver fed some verrrie unusual dishes, no a sign of any decent saurkraut.

Zey ver allowed to talk amongst themselves for 30 minutes.

THEN OBERGURPENFEUHER HENSLOW SPOKE

His actual address took some six hours and so has not been reproduced verbatim.

During the speech three members ver shot for whispering, two were went to prison for life for rolling zer eyes,
Nick Jenkins got off with a warning because nobody could hear what he was saying.

MAIN POINTS FROM THE SPEECH.

1. OBERGRUPENFEUHER HENSLOW would like to remind all GASS members that organising this bunch of wankers is not a hobby of his. He does not actually enjoy it and it takes up a lot of time, a commodity of which he is often short.
2. Because of point 1 it would be appreciated that when members want to make useful suggestions about meetings that OBERGRUPENFEUHER

HENSLOW has already sorted out then they must expect to be shot (as in down in flames).

3. The system works like this:-

BEFORE THE AGM WE ASK FOR GOOD IDEAS FOR MEETINGS
THOSE IDEAS ARE COBBLED INTO A DRAFT FOR THE YEAR.

THE DRAFT IS CONFIRMED AT THE JANUARY MEETING
MEMBERS SPONSOR MEETINGS - MEANING THEY TAKE TOTAL
RESPONSIBILITY FOR THAT EVENT

4. Once a member has agreed to sponsor a meeting they have a free hand as to how they organise it without any interference. They get a budget (which they can exceed by surcharging if they wish). Excellent examples are Steve Riches (Rugby), Steve Bell (Thames race and the AGM), Hew (Beercrate piling) and many more - just bag the date and organise the do - tell us where, when and what to wear. Job done.

4. There is a moral obligation on members to take part in organising events - so if you have not done one you should try to.

5. Zer vill be NO whinging. Zer vil be NO lateness. Zer vil be LOTS of bad behaviour.

6. If anyvon makes any furzer comments about ver godammened vebzite they came do it der ferkrapenzing selves!!

OBERGRUPENFEUHER HENSLOW then went on to outline details of the 2007 AGM

THE AGM 2007 - PALMA MAJORCA

sponsor: Vice Admiral Dinger-Bell V.D and bar

Friday 8th - Saturday 15th September

Choose how long you stay - book your own flights

We take over the boats at 6.00pm on Saturday 8th Sept at MARINA
ALBORAN

www.marina-alboran.com

Draft Programme

Sat: Night on the town
Sun: Day sail, maybe to Porto Portales,
AGM on Sunday evening
Mon: recover, Lunch, some sailing
Tue: Sail
Wed: Sail
Thur: Sail
Fri: Sail back to marina
Sat: Hand back boats

Boat Damage: Each boat will have paid a deposit of around £1200. This is lost in the event of major damage.

The same was true in Croatia. The only sensible way to deal with it is to state that if the deposit is lost then the crew on the boat at that instant are jointly liable, not GASS. If they did something silly or stupid it is down to the guys there at the time to be responsible and they are obviously welcome to apportion blame between themselves. No other way to deal with this sticky issue. The good news is that this almost never happens.

Hotel rooms: There are probably more people over the main weekend than berths.

Ian & Keith have already put their names down to sleep ashore. We may need 1 more to volunteer. The 3 volunteers will get some refund for the berths, around £30 pp per night. Others who sleep ashore do so at their own expense.

Final Costs: The final cost per person will depend on mooring fees (which are more of an issue here than in Croatia).

Once we know the total bill it will be divided up related to a portion for the fact that we are hiring the boats, plus the running costs, plus the food and drink on board, plus the AGM dinner, plus some goodies, then based on nights on board for each person. We will make it as fair as possible without being girly about it.

Arrival/Departure days: Some people will fly out on the Friday, some may fly back on the Sunday,
so chat to mates and work out sensible groups.

We hand t

FEBRUARY MEETING

BODY FLYING

AIRKIX - Milton Keynes

As is becoming boringly predictable lately it all took place according to plan. We met at The Roffen at 11.30 for a 12.30 sharp departure. A few beers and snacks at the club before we boarded our Kingsferry Coach (complete with toilet as requested by the weak of bladder). Perfect sunny day, ideal weather some would say for a tosser to fall off his bike in the outside lane of the M25 and make our 2 hour journey into a 5 hour journey - thank bloody Christ for the toilet!!!!

Thanks also to the guys at AIRKIX who were kind enough to reschedule us for a much later time slot. When we finally arrived we dived in and got changed into flying suits and helmets and then in to the wind tunnel itself. As we were 15 flyers we were offered the option of cramming in together as the viewing gallery could just hold 15 - and just was the operative phrase - I think they meant it could hold 15 average humans, not 15 super-sized GASS members, but we managed.

We dutifully trooped in one at a time, with one member hanging back to make sure he was last. I refer of course to the one member who has a very real fear of heights, the full vertigo, feeling giddy, can't look down type of fear, I refer of course to a certain A. Smith Esq. Sadly, once we were jammed in, the instructor calmly walked back to a hitherto unnoticed door at the rear of the queue - and invited said A. Smith Esq. (chicken of this parish) to step into the roaring hurricane first!! Give Andy his due he hardly hesitated at all and the sharp and powerful shoves in his back were almost unnecessary, almost.

After that it was plain sailing, or should I say plain floating. Everybody did it, everybody had four great flights, the adrenaline was flowing, nobodies shoulders popped out, and all in all it was an absolute buzz. Below are a selection of photos from the video supplied by AIRKIX to show everyone we really did it.

The minutes continue under the photos so do scroll down.

WHEEEH!!!!!!! LOOK AT ME MUM, I'M FLYING!!!!!!





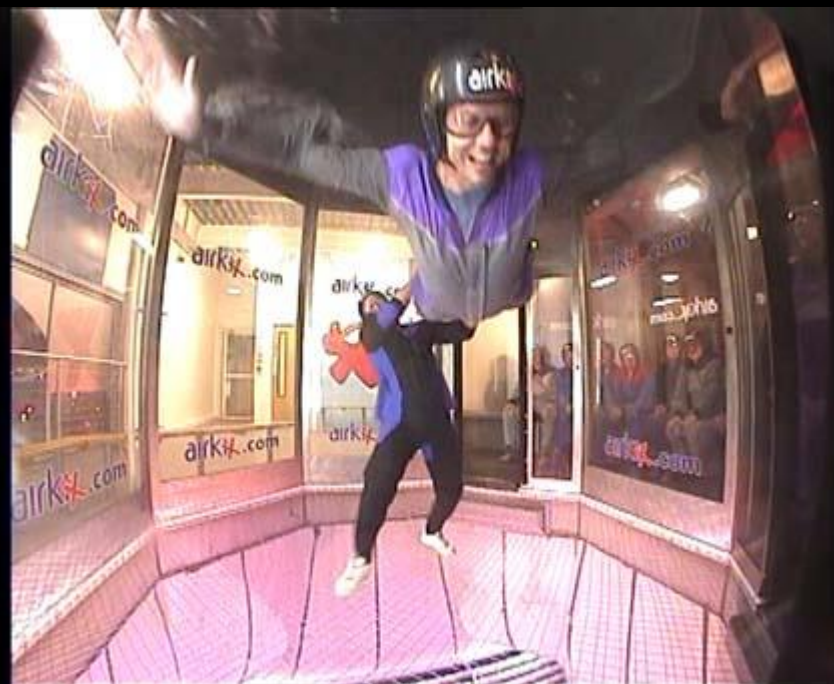
The four above are Andy, Alan, Brian, Chris (in case you don't recognise yourselves).





Don, High, Ian and John





Neil, Nick, Pete and Phil.





Ray, Ron, Steve and Tony - well done everyone!

And finally see how the instructor completely misunderstood the fact that
 Andy really is scared of heights,
 I mean, he did not do this to anyone else - the funny bastard!

[SEE ANDY FLYING](#)

and now watch what the experts can do

http://www.airkix.co.uk/pix_flix/flix_advert4.asp

Having had a great afternoon we made our way to Covent Garden for dinner at Tuttons

Here is a link to the restaurant, lovely private room

<http://www.tuttons.com/coventgarden/restaurant/privatedining.asp>

Nice dinner, shame we had so little time left after the M25 debacle, we agreed most of the programme for 2007 which you can see on the MEETINGS button above.

THE NEXT MEETING

Tuesday 6th March

Black Tie dinner at The Roffen
7.30 for 8.30 sit down
Caveau Du Sabrage

Basically this is a four course dinner where every single member will learn how to open a bottle of Champagne using a Sabre, you slash at the bottle and the cork flies off, along with your wrist if you don't watch out!

THE MARCH MEETING

Tuesday 6th March

Black Tie dinner at The Roffen Caveau Du Sabrage

Art of Sabrage - History

Two hundred years ago, dashing young cavalry officers in the French Army would slice the cork off the Champagne bottle with the sabre, rather than put themselves to the effort of removing the wire basket and easing the cork out. The art of Sabrage is meeting the glass annulus at the top of the bottle below the cork with a firm tap of the sabre's edge, at the weakest point of the glass seam in the bottle.



The Ambassador sabraging in Rome

There may be no dashing dragoons, happy hussars or lascivious lancers to sabrage the bottle, but the Confrérie du Sabre d'Or has continued the proud tradition. Each caveau de Sabrage has a Maître to show you how to do it. Each caveau has a growing membership of Sabreurs who, having performed the task successfully are created Chevalier-Sabreurs at an investiture.

Founded in France in 1986, the order has a serious purpose in promoting the enjoyment of Champagne and the lifestyle of fine wining and dining. One of our objectives is to recruit Caveaux de Sabrage where one can celebrate this great wine by chopping the top off the bottle and consuming the contents. The fun adds to the seriousness of this appellation. Opening a bottle with a sabre adds to the occasion and is all the more memorable.

We expect all Sabreurs to pass on this message to Champagne lovers throughout the world.

The Art of Sabrage - The Gass way

First off, don't have any attractive women along, like the ones in the photo above, that would surely spoil things, they might show us up for instance. Second, we ensure that as every single member attending opens at least one bottle, some as many as three, by the end of the night everyone will be speechlessly pissed. Thirdly, do it at The Roffen so that there is no chance of us being chucked out early, thus maximising the benefit of 'second' above.

All that having been said it was a really great night, we even had an old member, Keith Angus, back amongst us for a visit.

Julian White and his two able assistants, Gerard O'Shea and Don Brewer, did us really proud. Julian organised us, explained to us in words of one syllable what we where doing and why and then handed us over to the kind calm Irish brogue of Gerard who took us patiently through the noble art of Sabrage until every single one of us had lopped the top off a bottle.

Special mention has to go to Peter for his imaginative use of a Ghurkha Kukri knife instead of a Sabre, to Neil for his use of a Champagne Flute instead of a Sabre, and YES, you can chop off the neck of a standard Champagne bottle using nothing more than the base of plain glass, amazing but true.









Now click on the links below to
[Watch a film of Phil doing it!](#)

Watch a film of Phil being done

The Remainder of the meeting

SUPPORT FOR RACHEAL BURFORD, ENGLAND RUGBY: Ray very kindly raised a bundle of money to go to support Racheal Burford, a local girl who is a member of the hitherto astoundingly successful England Ladies Rugby Team. There is also Racheals's COMEDY NIGHT at The Roffen on Wednesday April 18th. Tickets are £15 and proceeds go to help pay for Racheal's travel and training. GASS are taking some tables and tickets go out in blocks of 10 for convenience (although the actual tables will be of 5ish, but next to each other). Brian has a table, Nick has one, JB has one, Sittingbourne has one, table bookings and queries to Steena Riches on 01634-863037.

NEW MEMBER - RON PRICE: Our gallant and effective Chairman also announced that after a gestation period of almost three years and after attending all the good meetings during that period, at long last Ron Price has bitten the bullet, taken the queen's shilling, bent over to kiss the golden rivet and accepted that one day everyone has to tie their tie round their old chap and sing 'Old Macdonald had a Farm'. Or to the uninitiated (which is what dear Ron still is) - join GASS, it amounts to the same thing (that and the £150 sovs and £40 a month of course). There were no objections to enlisting Ron and so he has been duly accepted as our 22nd member, the highest roll call in our 25 year history, a clear breach of our maximum of 20 members, and so f***ing what! However, we may need to chat about any further rises in numbers, or alternatively we need some members to die. Looking at the state of some of GASS we probably won't need the chat so let's leave it to old Father Time to sort out. P.S: When do we start the internal 'Grizzly Index'?

OTHER BUSINESS: A long rambling apology for absence was read out from Chris Spree which rather oddly listed eight previous injuries as his reason for missing the meeting. Good list, but surely it should have been NINE - how did 'Knob bitten clean through while being fellated by my Wiemerana dog' get missed off the list, just forgetful I guess. Mind you, Chris did list 'bad back from digging too fast in vegetable patch'. Now call me old fashioned if you will, but I am sure I would remember the searing pain of a set of hounds teeth ripping through my nether regions a whole lot more than a tweak in the muscle of my back. I suppose this is just another example of how the human brain can block out horrific memories, so, very sorry to remind you Chris!

INJURY TOTAL: Chris was about right on the injury front as cuts were everywhere, mainly from carelessly forgetting that the rims of the opened bottles were bleeding lethal! Paula was first, Steve R was second, along with a few smaller ones. The second injury was to the Chairman's liver - he was witnessed and recorded as drinking 11 pints of Newcastle Brown, 11!. This was on top of at least a bottle of Champagne, and he was still upright and sober, amazing! In the photo above that is not blood you see, it is Newkie! The third was to Andy's hair, somehow it has developed a life of its own and taken to sticking vertically upwards, reet odd!



FINES: A total of £80 in fines were collected by the fines chairman and handed to The Roffen against the bill.

That's all folks - see you next month!

The April Meeting

MORRIS DANCING

at OWLETT'S in Cobham

courtesy of Squire Christopher Cueball Spree

Squire Spree kindly lent us the use of his Manorial Hall in which to nurdle our blangecoeks and squench our fladwangers in the company of five fine fellows of the Morris Dancing fraternity. Squire Spree had also laid on a first class catering wench who provided great provender, and he had racked up a hogshead of the finest real ale to quench our thirst, because forsooth, thirsty work it was.

Sadly there were fewer members on parade at this event than would be normal, partly due to there being a fair few manning the Black Pig in the Caribbean, and partly - I regret to say - there being some who had forgotten that GASS is all about suspending ones critical facilities and joining in with every meeting just for laughs. Those that did attend had a real laugh, got to meet some very nice guests in the form of the Morris Men, and can now say that they have Morris danced, and not a lot of people can say that (with a straight face).

For the record the Morris dancers insisted that we joined in from the beginning and everyone had a go. We started with an easy one and graduated to an easier one, as we never got the hang of the easy one first time around. It has to be said that it is not as easy as it looks - it is as daft as it looks, just not as easy. There is also the added danger introduced when the sticks come into the mix, crushed fingers being the extra ingredient. As they always say "a picture tells a thousand words" so here we go.....



How big is your knob? It's this big!



PICK THE ODD ONE OUT

Answer: there is no odd one out - they are all odd



That's it, just get your thumb on top of the stick and then I'll whack you!



Bloody Hell! I could be in the village pub. Instead I'm banging sticks with this bald twat!

Bloody Hell! I could be in a bar in Maidstone. Instead I'm banging sticks with this bald twat!



Yes! It's over and I can go home!
(but watch me in my video, do)



The GASS Morris Men
(and 'knobmuncher' the dog)

and a great big thank you to the Wadard Morris Men for being such good sports and joining us for such a great evening.



As a final insult and in order to strip the last remaining shreds of dignity from our founder, Mr Nick 'Wheezy' Jenkins, do take a gander at these video examples of the Morris dancers art, as performed after five pints of Old Disgusting.....

[DESTROY MY DIGNITY WHY DON'T YOU - PART 1](#)

[DESTROY MY DIGNITY WHY DON'T YOU - PART 2](#)

(these are videos in a new easy-to-load format - allow activeX if your computer asks and you may have to click play twice to run them)

Thanks also to Chris for the use of his home and for organising such a good event and to Di and friend for putting up with us.

The May & June Meetings

GASS THAMES ROWING RACE

Tuesday 1st May

It was blowing a gale - force 12 according to 'The Admiral' - so taking the skiffs out would have been suicidal.
Normally the term 'suicidal' is a bit of a gee-up for GASS, but sadly, as the rowing club had already had one skiff sink under them in the bad weather, they were not quite as game as GASS and so the event was postponed until June.
Instead we enjoyed a slap-up dinner at The Gardener's Arms in Higham.

Tuesday 5th June

We tried again - and this time the weather was perfect, lovely blue sky, nice smooth water.
The Admiral picked the crews by lottery, we boarded our Clayton Skiffs, and off we jolly well went with a yo-ho-ho and a hearty avast ye landlubbers, cast off the forecastle, abide the missen, and watch out for the golden rivet!!!!
Great race, won by a team of Neil, Ian, Hew and Brian, a lot longer than it looked and against a tide than was a bit faster than it looked, but all the crews completed the course and everyone enjoyed a bracing breath of fresh air with nothing worse than a few sore shoulders the following day. Rowing a 22' long wooden boat with four massive wooden oars over a 1.5 mile course was never going to be easy - but it was great fun.





After the racing we repaired to The KGV for a lovely dinner and a few bevvies.

Thanks to the organiser - Rear Admiral Sir Steven 'Dinger' Bell and to the coxen of our boats.

The July Meeting

MOTOR RACING AT RANGERLAND

Tuesday 3rd July

Grass track racing in specially prepared race cars followed by a barbecue dinner

Another typical July day - pissing down with rain, so much so that several members thought the meeting would be off. Twats! Whoever heard of a

GASS meeting being called off for something as silly as a bit of rain.

Particularly if it involves driving cars on long grass, no chance. Remember the motto - if it ain't dangerous, don't do it!

Hew had laid out the circuit with his normal ingenuity - which of course means incredibly complicated, impossible to remember, cars crossing each others paths, cars going headlong at each other, plus a number of minor rules, infringements and penalties way to complicated to go into. The good news - nobody got hurt. The bad news - all three cars were injured in the making of this film.

THE RACE GETS UNDERWAY

WET WET WET SPECTATORS

(To see the films double click on the links above and give them time to load)



Fantastic barbie prepared by Al and Hew
WET wet wet

Now that is



Hew on the start line - talk about tempting! Just one indication of the
head-to-head sections

Alan and Hew did a superb job on preparing our dinner, easily as good as most restaurants, they also did an equally good job getting us absolutely soaked. The cars were great, although it would have been really useful to know that in the long grass lurked a number of large logs, totally invisible large logs. We did find out about the logs, but only by way of painful and damaging experience. The whole event was great fun and, while it would have been better in July sunshine, it was still an absolute hoot.

Many thanks to Alan (and his able assistant Hew).

PUB MEETING

ALLINGTON BELLE PADDLE BOAT

Tuesday 7th August



This was a pub meeting as is traditional in August. It is just that this pub floats!

August is normally reliable for two things:- the weather is good, and most GASS members miss this meeting due to holidays.

This year was an exception on both counts - firstly, the weather was shite, it pissed down all bloody night long, thank God the boat was covered!! Secondly, every single poxy member made it to the meeting - what is it with you guys and a boat, it draws you out like bees to a honey pot. In fact it statistically draws you all out more than naked women and a slap-up dinner! A boat, a few beers and a fish'n'chip supper and you lot are there like flies to well a fly attracting thing.

Basically GASS could call it a day, invest in a small boat on the Medway and simply stock it with a few tinnies, then meet once a month on a Tuesday - job done. No more bloody organising, no more travel, what could be easier???

We duly chugged upstream for an hour through sheet lightning and a wall of water, we then turned round and were swept back down on what became increasingly like the Severn Bore, as millions of gallons of water poured into the river, aiding our passage. We dined on fish (appropriate) and chips and drank the boat dry. A good time was had by all. It would have been better if we could have seen the view through the windows, but we had a laugh.

The only shame was that apparently some of our members travelled to the meeting by powerboat and one of our number water skied all the way from the Medway Bridge virtually to the lock at The Malta at Allington and nobody on the boat took a frigging photo - what are you 3 megapixel camera phones for guys?????

If true, this is a feat that is at once skilful, brave, resourceful, and amazing, yet at the same time, daft, illegal, foolish, dangerous and likely to lose the boat driver his licence - so no real prizes for guessing who the skier was then H**h! The fact that you have be going about 20 knots plus to ski, and the speed limit along 95% of the

route was a mere 5 knots is an indication of how off the wall this feat was! The added danger of trees floating 1" out of the water, encroaching dusk, anglers lining the banks with fishing lines with barbed hooks to go under, over or just plain through, it all just helps to set the picture of just how indredibly brave (for brave you can actually read deranged) you had to be to give this a go - but as we say in GASS -if it ain't dangerous it is not worth doing so well done H**h!!! Next time insist on a photo for the minutes.



Rear Amiral
Sir Steven 'Dinger' Bell
in full dress uniform,
ready for a night out playing bingo

A rare picture of our AGM organiser, who has bravely gone ahead to recce the whole route this time.

AGM 2007 - SAILING IN MAJORCA



Yes, it took 25 years before we felt comfortable enough with each other to show our true selves.

It just goes to show how anally retentive we all are.

(unlike Gary who is happy to show his bottom to the world - thank God for the 'A' in AGM !!)

Yes, 25 long years it took to get to this point in our GASS lives, shame we did not get a 'before' shot back in 1982!

At least we have this one to look back on when we take the shot again at the 50th.

THE AGM WAS DEEMED A GREAT SUCCESS - MANY THANKS TO STEVE

(after all, he spent marginally longer on recce than he did on the actual trip)

A triumph of organisation! For the record it went something like this.

DAY 1: PALMA: Take over the boats and out on the town for drinks at Abbaco and dinner in a Tapas Bar where Ron was introduced to the GASS tradition of arguing with Head Waiters, rather than just nodding and repeating the word YES. Ron's YES to the question "would you loud drunks like at least three times more food than you can possibly eat" led to our table being piled so high with crap that you could hardly put a drink down. Only physical threats managed to stem a flood of plates of potatas bravos and boccaderos that threatened to overwhelm us.

DAY 2: SAILING TO PORTALS VELLS FOR LUNCH: In true 'new' GASS style everyone turned up on time from their hotels (yes, yes, we had two 52' boats with berths, but not enough for all to kip on board, so several poor souls were forced to sleep on shore thus missing the chance to cuddle up to another GASS member in a 4'x4' box heated to 30 degrees).

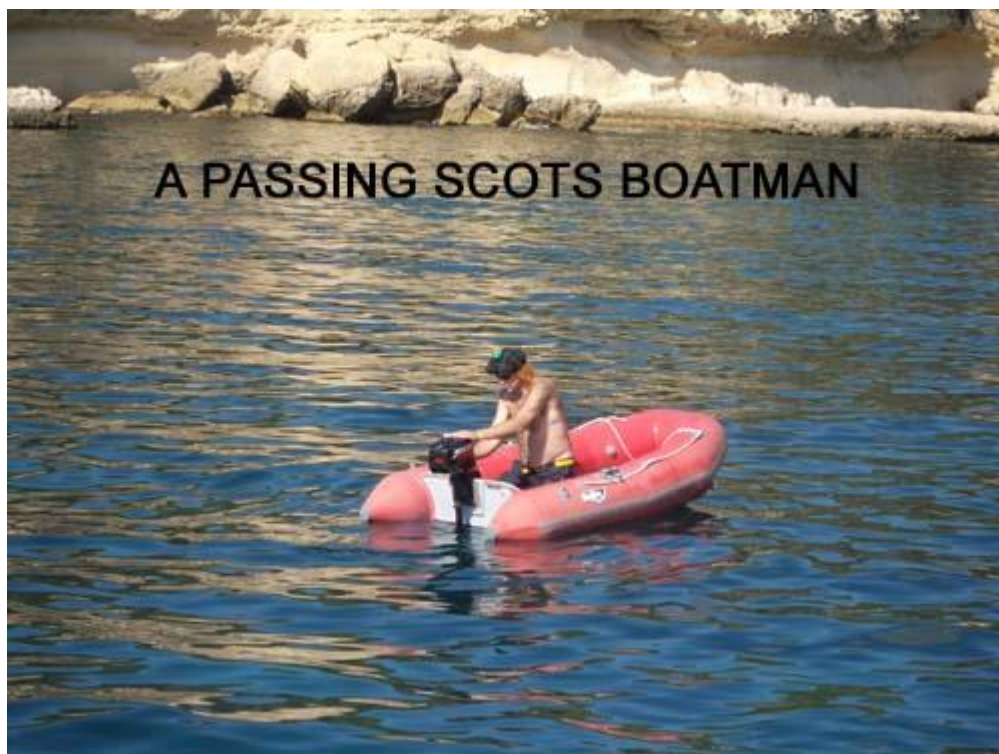
At dead on 0830 we upped anchor and set off for the first sail to a beautiful cove called Portals Vells. On arrival two things were noted. First, we had inadvertently shipped aboard a Captain Jack Sparrow look-alike, second, that several German males on nearby boats seemed to be taunting us by flaunting their tackle in our direction, must have been our wonderful boats! As we had to anchor offshore we were lucky to attract a mentally deficient Scotsman to ferry us ashore by tender. It was around then that it started to dawn on the boys that Portals Vells is indeed THAT Portals Vells, the NUDIST beach Portals Vells. As the tender hit the shore the view of massed German flesh hove into view. Not a pretty sight (for the Germans that is - after all they were there first, about 6am probably, and they needed 21 of us laughing, pointing and gawping like they needed sand in their). Fortunately lunch was one yard off the back of the beach and was NOT nudist. So we had our first paella with a totally naked backdrop - another first for GASS. Keen to mix in with the locals we decided that this years group photo should also be nude, hence the rather scary shot at the top of this page!!!!

**CAP'N JACK SPARROW
ON THE HUNT
FOR ALANA**



52' OF REAL MANS BOAT





EVENING AGM: After the nudist shock, and awful flashbacks of 21 naked GASS members burned into our consciousness, we made it to WELLIES in Porta Portals for the AGM dinner. As usual the thing dissolved into the normal chaos but some decisions were taken.

The new CHAIRMAN is Phil Ralph (Deputy - Steve Riches). This is quite a departure for GASS - our first black chairman! The first person of colour to hold any

senior post in GASS. We congratulated ourselves on our equal opportunity approach and moved on to fines - where we did it again, we voted in our first Transvestite!! The new FINES SECRETARY is Alana Stranger (deputy John Brice) and we welcome her to the post. Two firsts on one historic night, what progress!

We then proceeded to make even more history, we voted down an actual accountant (Ron) for the post of Treasurer and rehired a bi-polar personality named LenAnne to the post and we press ganged Herr Gruppenfueher Henslow as Secretary and Webmaster for the 10th year running.

That gives us such a diverse management board that we could probably apply for Lottery funding. A black, a trannie, a schizo and a neo-nazi, now that is covering all the angles!!! The Chairman asked if he could be referred to forevermore as Chicken George, Fines wanted to dress up as a pirate again, the Treasurer held up his brand new bus pass and the Secretary went back to planning for the fate of Poland.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS:

Uncle Albert made an emotional speech along the lines of - "25 years, love you all, best mates a man could have, so lucky to be here, Sunday lunches £7.50 at the KGV, could not ask for a better crowd, I am running a beer festival soon, raise your glasses, here's to the next 25 etc, etc, etc. Not a dry eye in the house.

Phil Cockerton made an impassioned plea for a set of GASS spectacles to counter the outbreak of short sight that seems to be sweeping through GASS like bird flu. He hoped this would prevent the repeated problem of members visiting restaurants but being totally unable to order any food. Several members offered to club together to get an ear trumpet for the deaf ones. 25 years starting to show or what?

The Secretary made his annual 'falling on deaf ears' speech about ideas for meetings. This year he started to understand why so few members ever come with new ideas. Half of them can't hear him! There were some good ideas:-

1. PINBALL COMPETITION: Sheerness. Was that Tony? If so please go ahead and get a price.
2. SKI CENTRE: TOBOGGANING: Medway. Was that Keith? If so please go ahead and get a price.
3. DIGGERLAND: MINI GO KARTS: Medway. That WAS Hew, who has been trying to get this one to run for two years now. Please give us a fixed price quote for the evening, food and drink included.
4. STICKFIGHTING: MARTIAL ARTS: Medway. This was Steve, go ahead as this is a guaranteed cheapie.

The AGM 2008 was discussed and LAS VEGAS was considered with some support, but by no means unanimous. Various other ideas were put up, but nothing concrete. Suggestions needed please.

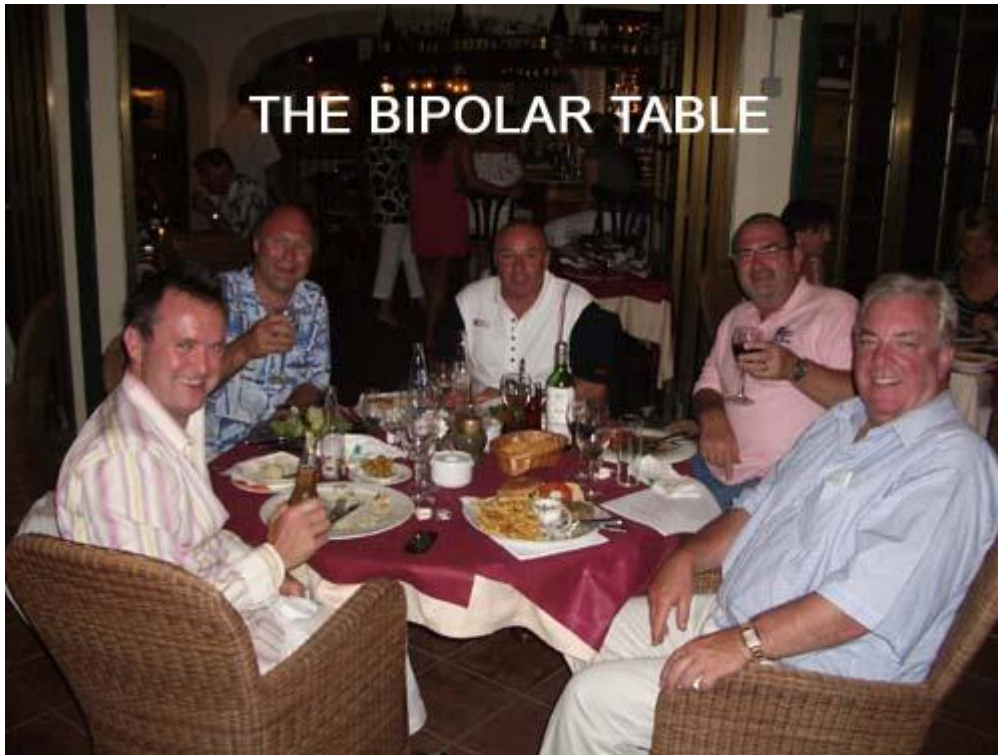
CHRISTMAS also came under scrutiny and nothing was decided. A DISCO BOAT on the Thames was discussed but again, no consensus. Ideas please.

Some of the ideas unused from 2006/7 have been pencilled onto the 2007/8 calendar so take a look on the MEETINGS page please an email your responses to the secretary at mail@gass.org.uk.

The new GASS MEMBERS LIST was circulated and corrected. That will go out in the post in due course. Also a list of who has been members over the past 25 years and where we have been was circulated for correction and they are now on the website under MEMBERS and PAST EVENTS, do take a look.



THE BIPOLAR TABLE



CHICKEN GEORGE TAKES OVER



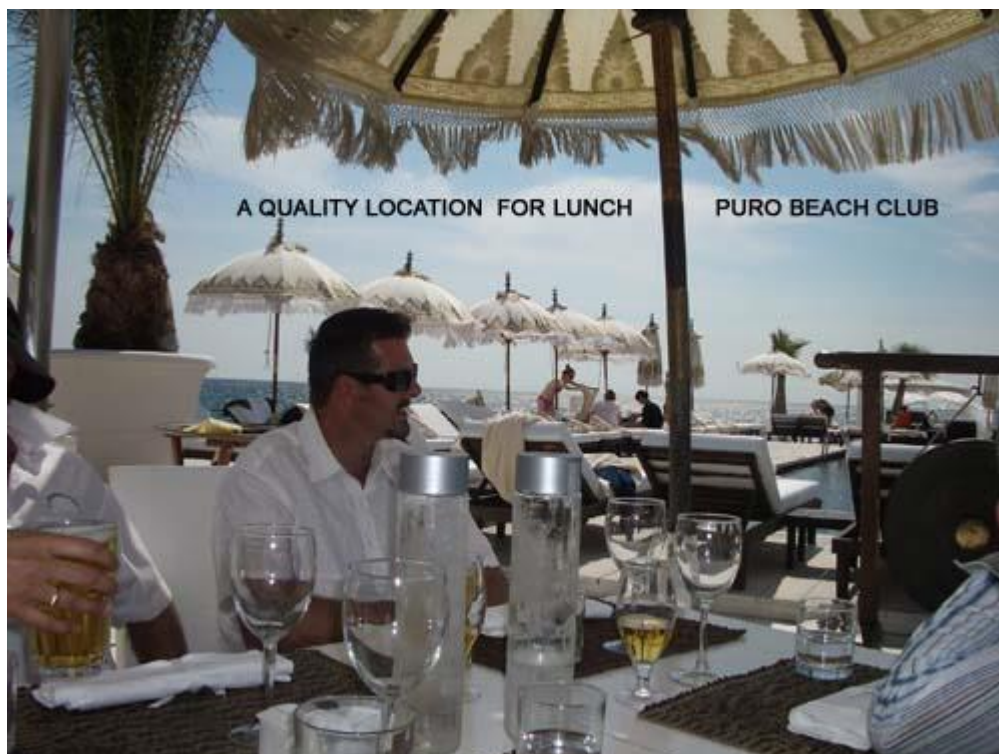
DAY 3: SAILING TO S'ARENAL: Once again everyone was up with the lark and on board for a run to good old Arenal, a name from the past, the murky past, when Majorca was synonymous with kiss-me-quick hats and northern gits. Well the good news is the Marina at Arenal is lovely, the bad news is Arenal has not changed at bit. Fortunately we were booked into the uber-trendy PURO BEACH CLUB for lunch where we chilled the afternoon away. On our return to the marina the new Chairman, taking his job seriously as our new leader, decided that it was time we all learned to dance 'Chicken George style'. He also decided to model his new line in Chair-pants for the boys. Nick decided that the wine was good, heatstroke was kicking in nicely, and so he did a cabaret and then went off for a quick tattoo, as you do.

BEFORE MAKING FRIENDS



AFTER MAKING FRIENDS







and a short video showing just how to dance the Chicken George way
dancing lessons in Arenal

followed by two videos of vintage air guitar playing
Air guitar a la Nick Air guitar a la Steve & Hew

Why? why? why? springs to mind!

DAYS 4 & 5: SA RAPITA: Once again into the breach dear friends as we set sail for our next port of call, Sa Rapita. Nice little location with a lovely restaurant where we were royally entertained by Rear Admiral Steve 'Dinger' Bell on the occasion of his birthday. Champagne flowed and grub just kept a'coming. By this time we had been on the piss for some 3-4 days and so a beach afternoon and early night was had by most. This was a welcome break and as wind was in short supply we stretched that break to day 5. Great beach, great marina restaurants, great rest. Just like a real holiday.



DAY 6: CABRERA: This time the departure was a bit messy. Alana (aka Jack Sparrow) was abandoned by Cap'n Blackheart Jenkins and his crew and left with Rear Admiral Dinger Bell's boat. At first Alana thought this was a move up in the world. He had been badly mistreated on Blackhearts boat, he spent all his time cooking and cleaning, boat discipline was lax, anyone got to steer the thing, they

mucked around, sometimes they did not even put their fenders out until 5 minutes! from shore!

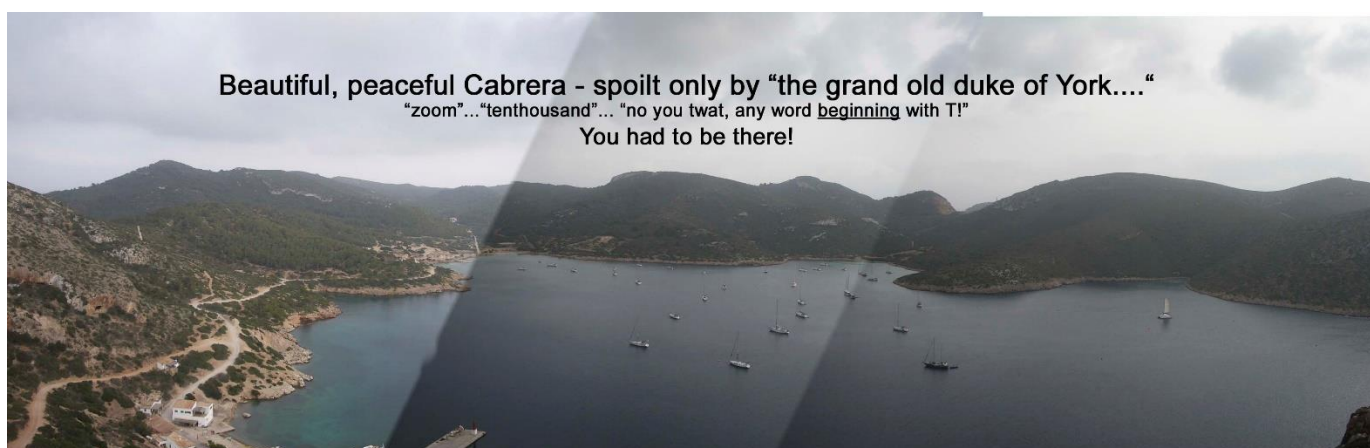
Boy! Was he in for a shock. He had never seen a boat as tightly controlled as Dinger's. The whole crew lived in abject fear because once that man set sail woe betide any matelot that crossed him. Crossing him included making suggestions, suggesting a race, looking sideways at the sails, touching a rope.... you name it. Ensign Ediludaloooooooooooo came in for particular criticism when he had the temerity to ask to steer!! Cheek of the man! Tony got one chance when the Cap'n had to answer the call of nature, he took the wheel miles offshore and was told in no uncertain terms "watch out for that Island" (Majorca!). Dinger demanded nothing short of total obedience. From leaving port he grasped the wheel in two stressed hands and, without as much as a drink or a bite to eat, he would stare into the distance and, with the engine on, steer a fast straight course for home.

Well Alana took about 5 minutes to size up the situation and he was off!!! He jumped ship, literally, no life jacket, rough seas, he knew he could not take the strict life on offer - not him. He was back to Blackheart and their happy-go-lucky, any-port-in-storm, who-cares-who-steers kind of life. Not for Dinger's boys - we were pleased to see him go.

For Al's part he was damn pleased that Nick had practised man-overboard drills just a week earlier, or things might have got a bit sticky. If you don't believe me, watch the video, click on the blue bit!

Al jumps ship!

With Al gone the weather got up and we had our first actual rough seas. That sorted the men from the boys. Men: Peter, down in the galley making bacon sarnies with 10 foot waves tossing the boat here, there and everywhere. Boys: Hew, who spent three hours sitting staring at the floor holding on to the 'parasol'. It was the quietest he'd been for six days! Fortunately we made Cabrera, a lovely bay in a National Park, with no upchucking. The place is lovely, but with nothing there at all we were forced to make our own food and our own entertainment. This took the form of a cocktail party on one boat followed by a great game of Charades and our new GASS game 'The Grand Old Duke of York'. Talk about simple things please simple minds, still it kept us entertained and about 30 other boat crews awake.



Beautiful, peaceful Cabrera - spoilt only by "the grand old duke of York...."
"zoom"... "tenthousand"... "no you twat, any word beginning with T!"
You had to be there!



FINAL
DAY: A
lovely cruise
back to Palma

to hand back the boats and depart for home. We managed to get everyone together for one final and memorable dinner and then it was off we went - dreaming of next year.

I have said it before but I'll say it again, thanks to Steve for all his hard work.

And in case anyone did not see it the first time - lets see GASS in all it's glory one last time!



Oh! In case you are wondering - Hew is in front because the wallie that took the photo cut him out, Len's disembodied head is because he sneaked off,
 Gary's weirdly placed head is because he (inadvertently?) lent to far back, and Ron hid his head behind Steve (again, inadvertently?).
 Boys, boys, boys, you should know by now - if I want you in the photo - you get in the photo!
 Only Stuart is missing as he was unluckily unable to make the AGM. So 21 nudes and one absentee.

Great trip everyone - here's to the next 25 years!

Brian

The Tap'n'Tin

Unusual Dinner Night

(or GASS Watches Paint Dry Night, as it has become known)

Tuesday October 2nd 2007



We all presented ourselves at 'The Tap' in Railway Street, Chatham,
Up in a 1850's style lift to a Dickensian style attic room, dark, dingy, sticky floors (no,
not The Roffen).

A decent curry dinner was served, as were a few decent beers.

Some of the boys looked a bit worse for wear and even the organiser was not quite
as up for it as normal,
something to do with a weekend in Amsterdam that ended a mere 24 hours earlier I
believe.

Fortunately, a Tap'n'Tin person was there to take the pressure right of everyone
by playing music at 200 decibels making conversation impossible,
so all the tired ones were able to sit and sip beer in silence.

In any event the publicised event went ahead as advertised,
it was just not quite the evening everyone expected.

Entertaining - but missing the main ingredient of eating the hors d'ouvres in an
unusual way.

On the bright side - the painter enjoyed himself for four hours and we got to watch
his paint dry.

Shame, but not the end of the world, just a tad expensive so we need a couple of
cheapies to come.

THE NOVEMBER MEETING

STICK FIGHTING

At The Roffen Club

Tuesday November 6th

Organiser - Steve Bell



Really good turnout, apologies only from Nick & Len (out of the country) and Chris (work commitments).

Nobody knew what to expect when we all bowled up at The Roffen. Steve had sold us the idea as a martial arts demonstration and of course we had all built it up jokingly as an opportunity to knock seven bells out of each other, not really expecting anything of the sort. Well the guys arrived from the Doce Pares International School, under the command of Ermar Alexander, our local instructor in the ancient Filipino art of ESKRIMA.

Eskrima, also known as Arnis or Kali, is an indigeneous Filipino Martial Art which utilizes weapons such as sticks (single and double), knife/daggers, espada y daga (sword and dagger), bangkaw (staff), mano-

mano (empty hands: kicking and punching), and dumog (grappling) - the Filipino way. It is a complete system by itself.

Find out loads more by following this
link http://www.dgdoceparees.co.uk/erमार_alexander.shtml

The guys started out slowly with some choreographed demonstrations that were slow and melodic - when we were looking for fast and damaging, you could see the thought bubbles "this could be a tad on the boring side", "dry paint, dry!", "morris dancing again!".



A balletic approach to mayhem
blood!

Nice, but we were all hoping for

During this low-key warm up It was amusing to observe the members
studiously avoiding their normal piss-taking routine. Now that could have

been because they had all suddenly become way more polite than they were when faced with Morris Dancers, or could it have been because here there were eight martial arts demonstrators, all armed with sticks and knives - I don't know, you tell me.

In any event Ermar soon livened up the proceedings by donning armour and proceeding to knock seven bells out of his cousin with two long and very hard sticks. That got our attention I can tell you! Having done a couple of demos he called for volunteers from the audience. Now we all thought he was asking for a volunteer to come out and spar with him, or was that just me got that impression? In any event there was complete, total silence, not one hand went up. In the end only the brave Brian Henslow was foolish (drunk?) enough to stick up his mitt and get suited up.

Only once he was inside his red armour, and peering myopically out of his helmet grill, did he spot a rather tall opponent in the black armour, way taller than Ermar. Odd! he thought. Then it dawned on the dupe that it was Steve Bell inside the other helmet, looking equally perplexed. Two sticks were shoved into the fighters hands and within seconds someone had shouted FIGHT!

Well I have to say that the next three one minute rounds were the longest, most energetic and most exhilarating three minutes I have had for quite some time. We went at it hammer and tongs, Steve had spotted my thumbs poking out of my glove and tried to hospitalise me by breaking them, I realised the pain he caused me from an early blow to the kidneys could be repaid in spades, he pushed my helmet off and cracked me on the back of the neck, I tried to separate his arms from his shoulders, and so on. Three minutes of raining down blows with both hands while having similar blows rained down on you, probably at a rate of 4-5 blows a second, is quite something, especially when you are hitting as hard as you possibly can!! Sadly, as I was the cameraman there is no video of our melee, but there are other videos lower down. They are big files, 3-4 megs, but they really are worth the wait for them to load. If you only watch one then you have to see Keith try and kill Phil R, watch as he knocks his helmet off, and then keep bashing him around the swede, the last blow is a cracker!!!

Amazingly, having watched Brian beat Steve to a pulp, Ian fought Neil, Ron fought Hew, JB fought Alan, Peter fought Ray, and finally Phil R had his ding-dong with Keith. Every match was a real punch-up and nobody took it easy. Gawd alone knows how nobody was seriously injured, but once again GASS won through. The following photos give you a flavour of the evening.



Brian before he knew it was a real fight
ref!!

Brian & Steve go at it -brave
Well done! (bastard, wish I'd mullered you!!)



Neil and Ian go at it hammer & tongs - great bout!
at those eyes - Adrenaline rush!

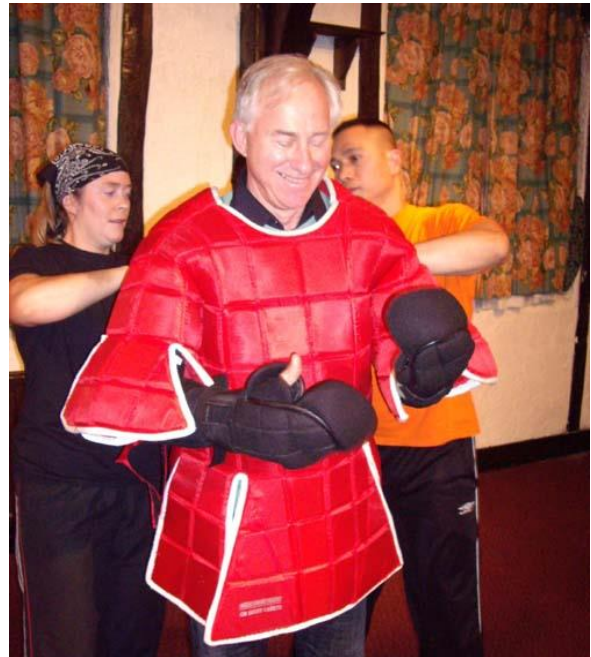
Look





JB with Ermar 'The Champ'
Alan

JB and
Kiss and make up!



I'm sixty f**king seven, should I be doing this? Too bloody late now!!!! You could be 107 - you're going down!



Ron and Hew ready to go
brain Ermar one-to-one

Hew trying to



Phil before his bout with Keith
AFTER his bout with Keith

Phil, not so happy now,

Now take a look at this video of Phil & Keith in their last round - big file so be prepared to wait as it downloads, but watch for the end where Phil's

helmet crashes off and Keith just keeps on whacking. Committed or what! No wonder Phil looks a little sore above.

Just double click on this link, it will take about 30 seconds to load: [Phil and Keith's last round - violent](#)

and here are some more great vids to view if you want to see more gratuitous violence

[Ron verses Hew - Ron loses sticks](#)

[JB verses Alan - good fight!](#)

[Ermar showing how it is really done](#)

Hell of a meeting, well done Steve and a big thank you to all the guys and girls from the Doce Pares International School, especially Ermar.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

There was a close fought voting battle over the Christmas do, London verses Local, local won. It was then down to three contenders, The Snowpark (2 votes), a hotel called Strangemoor (nil point), and a return to the Kent County Showground (10 votes) so the County Showground it is ON THE SECOND TUESDAY, THE 11TH DECEMBER.

We also confirmed the following:

1. The JANUARY meeting is hosted by DON and will be at PIZZA EXPRESS Maidstone, where we will make our own Pizzas.
2. We will have an AWAYDAY in London in Feb or Mar and learn CIRCUS SKILLS, this is a meet at lunchtime, coach up, entertainment, then dinner, type of day. General agreement from the assembled.
3. Phil R suggested we form a GASS SPERM BANK and that collecting said sperm could form the basis for a good meeting. Everyone agreed but felt that maybe Phil had some more work to do on the concept.

On that point the meeting ended and we retired to the bar to lick our wounds!! Thanks again to Steve for a great night.

CHRISTMAS 2007

organiser - Tony

Kent County Showground

Tuesday 11th December

Christmas... and all that Jazz - The Roaring Twenties!!

It's Chicago 1928, prohibition is in full swing and bootlegging gangs rule the streets. Whisper the secret password and enter into the shadowy world of the Speakeasy. Head for the hot and lively jumpin' Jazz Bar featuring our amazing Jazz Band, or chill out sipping Champagne and listening to the foot-tappin' tunes.

Enjoy a superb Four Course Dinner as the Jazz Musicians perform and standby for three exhilarating bursts of the Showgirl Cabaret. Head to the illicit Gambling Den and try your luck at Roulette and Blackjack, jump on the exciting Dodgem Cars or simply dance the night away!!

At least that is how they described the do in their blurb. For my money it would be better described like this:-

1000 bewildered folk in a massive tent, being fed some very dodgy grub, entertained by some amateur dancers, short boogie, clock strikes 12, chucked out tout-suite, then waiting in the freezing cold with no taxis for miles around, and paying £45 a knob for the privilege.

HOW DID WE PICK THIS VENUE?

The Christmas venue was decided by the usual single transferable, double value, multi-party, proportional representational voting system where members vote between one and fifteen times, often voting both for and against their own proposals and often voting during breaks in the voting.

Basically we decided it by a LONDON verses LOCAL vote and LOCAL won on each of the three times we voted.

We voted three times, because just like the EU, when the loud party don't like the result of a vote they just put it back to the electorate until 'they get it right'. This time the electorate just kept voting LOCAL.

The votes were then cast between The SNOWPARK, the Christmas Party at The KENT COUNTY SHOWGROUND and a Christmas do at "STRANGEMOOR" HOTEL.

Votes were as follows:

SNOWPARK - 2 (Hew & Andy) STRANGWAYS - 0 KENT
SHOWGROUND - 10

A pretty conclusive outcome and hence our trip to the North Downs. Everybody dressed up and we did have a pretty good time. The funniest being Alan & Hew, identically dressed as comedy gangsters, Alan with the usual added stilettos and stockings, up on the stage giving it some wellie with their impromptu cabaret. The bad news is I cannot for the life of me find the photos of the evening so sorry guys.

PIZZA MAKING PARTY

Pizza Express, Maidstone

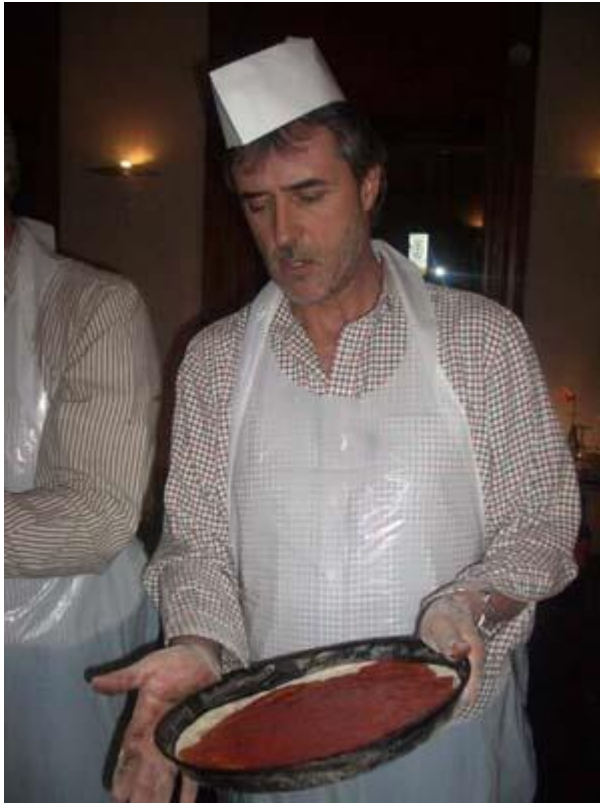
organiser - Don.

A great turnout, just Gary (pulled a man-flu sickie), Steve R (working again), and Stuart (a lot on).

Everybody else turned out for what ended up as a real GASS style laugh. Simple idea, we were all herded into a room, and for everyone that knows GASS that is like herding cats. Once there we were forced to work for our supper.

The first thing that came out was the flour for the tables - and yes, of course, lots it went straight up in the air, into peoples hair, onto clothes, until wisely the young chef in charge took it out of the room. We were then handed a ball of Pizza dough and off we went rolling and flattening, adding ingredients, but why tell you, I'll let a few photties give you a sample of the evening.....





GETTING STARTED
DOUGH

SHAPING THE
FILLING IT WITH SAUCE





THE FINISHED ITEM
ARSED!

I CAN'T BE
WILD EYED CHEF



WHAT DOES LEN HAVE UP HIS NOSE?
THAN A BUNCH OF KIDS

WORSE





NICK ATTACKS FROM THE REAR
ADORNMENTS

ADD A FEW
AND GUESS Hew !!



NOW WE EAT THEM!

AND

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

PARTY, PARTY: See the next meeting info on the homepage for details of Al's party at Rangerland on the 9th February, Cap'n Jack Sparrow meets Moulin Rouge, just another chance for Alana to strut her stuff I guess!

2008 AGM: Same for the input you might like to have into the 2008 AGM. Suggestions range from The Historic Grand Prix in Monaco (Al), Glacier Skiing (Chris, probably involving naked hang-gliding paintball at the same time), Iceland (Nick), Oktoberfest beer festival (Brian). Members who have a suggestion **MUST** come armed with costs and info, simply wish-listing does not cut it guys. If you have an idea do the background please and it then makes the cut for the voting.

BEAM ME UP SCOTTY: Chicken George, our esteemed chairman, did a brilliant job. We put his success down to his new habit of dressing in Startrek uniform for GASS meetings. Very fetching Captain Kirk!



And that is it, great meeting Don, a typical GASS laugh - something you would never do without GASS. I took my kids their last year and I can say for a fact we were far, far more badly behaved.

THE MARCH 2008 MEETING

BUTCHERY!

Location: Stede Court Estate, Harrietsham.

Date: Tuesday 4th March 7.30pm

We assembled in a freezing cold barn in the middle of a wet and snowy winters night to be faced with this -



The calm before the knives started flashing!

Three little piggies having a quiet nap

Where is Nick when you need him most?



I suppose you think
this is funny!
Well I can tell you,
IT HURTS!

Three bisected pigs, snoozing quietly, not a care in the world.
Only a day or so earlier they had been cheerful free range Berkshires and
Saddlebacks from Clearview Farm, today they were pig-meat!

The farmer, Matt Endersby, and his able assistant, slaughter man Matt (made
remembering names easier)
took us through the process of reducing these poor little ex-piggies down to tasty
oven-ready cuts of pork.

To say that it was dangerous and bloody was an understatement. The Hon Sec was
forced to bring out the bandages and spent quite some time trying to get elastoplasts
to stick to bloodied digits whilst the erstwhile butchers where still trying to carve with

their free hand. It was a sort of communal blood lust, a veritable charnel house. No sooner had Matt & Matt taken us through the intricacies of separating bones from edible bits than the members set to with a will. Matt & Matt were amazed at the speed, skill and daring with which GASS reduced three pigs into component parts, bagged them and stored them in the boots of cars, leaving just a bloody mess of bones and guts (mostly belonging to the more careless or kack-handed GASS members) on the tables.

It was actually touch and go as to whether Matt & Matt would be able to wrestle enough decent pork chops off the members to have anything to actually put on the barbie, so fast was the transfer from car-cass to car-boot. Boy, we move fast when value for money is at stake. Poor old Alana was actually daft enough to send a text the following day asking 'is anything left, I was cooking and missed it all!'. Al, you missed it all before the barbie was even fired up mate. Most of it hit the inside of various freezers in Sittingbourne before the pubs shut!

Here are some photos to give you a flavour of the evening, including Neil eating a very, very lightly cooked pigs eye, and I mean eating, not the cheating method of swallowing it whole, I mean crunching down on it first - yeeeuugh!

NICK - BE WARNED - THIS IS NOT FOR YOU, OR THE SQUEAMISH AMONGST OUR VIEWERS.

It is enough to turn a vegetarian into a vegan.

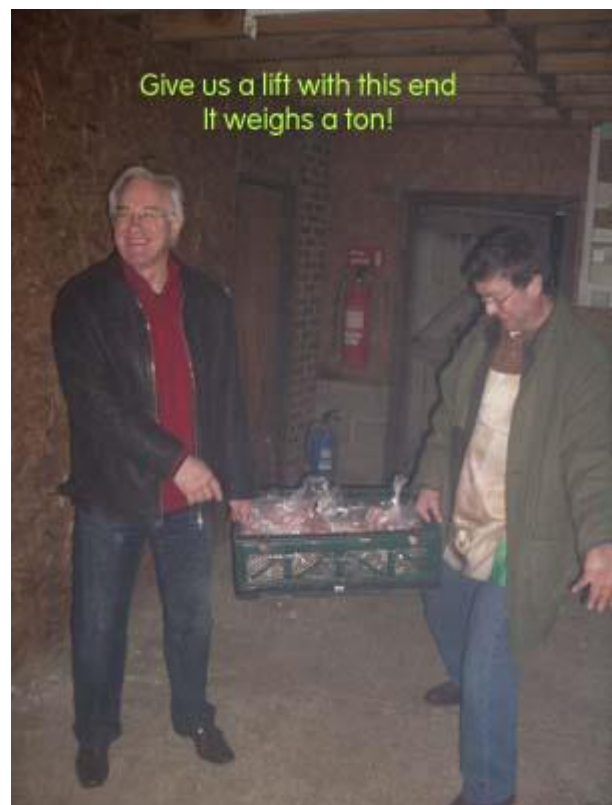


And it soon becomes a slaughterhouse



'ear 'ear







The pigs and the expertise were supplied by Matt of
Clearview Farm, Milstead.

To place an order for superb home reared meat, lamb or rare breed pork, lovingly
raised to the highest standard

call 01795-830190 or 078809-28893 or email matthew-clearviewfarm@fsmail.net

Matt also offers a BBQ service, catering for all parties and events.

**PLEASED TO MEET YOU - MEAT TO
PLEASE YOU.**

(That is Matt's slogan, don't bloody blame me!)

A great evening was had by all and most of us scarpered with the best part of £40
quids worth of meat each at trade prices

(sorry Al, did not mean to rub it in).

Thanks go to Matt & Matt for a great night - and an especial thank you from me to
Matt because he came back

and removed about half a ton of bones and entrails the following day,
not a job I was particularly looking forward to I can assure you.



THE APRIL MEETING

CIRCUS SKILLS

Location: The Circus Space, Coronet Street, Hoxton,
London N1 6HD

THURSDAY 3rd April.

[Link to Circus Space Website](#)

vid

16 clowns made it to Charlie Wrights International Bar in Hoxton, including two guests, Peter and Anthony.

Of course most people followed the dress code as advised, except the obvious two, can you pick them out?



Personally, I can't imagine travelling on a train from Medway, then getting across London dressed like this,
I mean, who would wear a T shirt like that?

Maybe those members who failed to make it were forewarned and this is why they did not come.

The absentees were Ray, Phil and Stuart (the whole Sittingbourne contingent, spooky that), Len (attending a transvestite gathering at The

Roffen), poor, poor Steve Riches and Chris (do those men ever stop working?), Keith (out of the country), Neil (scared of London).

To give them a small sample of what they missed, just look at this blurry photo of a ton of wobbly fat piled 10 feet high, held up by Don - thank Christ he is scared of heights, imagine having him on top!



No wonder Steve looks a bit collapsed.



We all duly learnt to walk the plank, juggle a number of balls and walk on stilts as well as make a few other funny shaped pyramids. Thank goodness we all ignored the Circus Space rules about not drinking before training.

Most of us managed so much better as a result of the 5-6 pints each we downed beforehand.

It made us all far more flexible, way more malleable, almost invincible.









Having managed to juggle, balance, wobble. pile and generally use muscles most of haven't used for ages,

without any serious injury, except possibly Steve Bell hitting the floor with a really sickening thud from 8' up on the stilts, we wandered back to Charlie Wrights International Bar and Chaotic Grill.

Chaotic because it took the members a good two hours to understand that the Bar and Restaurant were actually two totally different businesses, the restaurant did food, the bar did drinks, and never the twain shall meet. The barmen tried to explain, the waiters tried to explain, but to no avail. We just could not get the fact that we could not order drinks at the table, weird system to say the least. We finally got fed and watered but not before several dummies were thrown out of several prams.

The AGM was finalised with everyone having paid (or promised to pay, Phil C) their deposits and so we are booked to go as below.

Single rooms have been requested by Peter, Gary, Len, Chris and Neil, so as 18 are attending there is one more single going begging on a first come, first served basis.

THE AGM 2008 - BRNO

I will leave these details on the site as an easy reminder

Day 1: Friday 5 Sept

Meet & Greet at Brno Airport and transfer by private coach + guide from airport to your Hotel
4 star hotel excellent central location on the main square in the old town
First night restaurant reservation for the AGM followed by a nightlife guided tour with our experienced nightlife guides
Overnight in Brno

Day 2: Saturday

Recommended activity - we will collect you from your hotel at an agreed time and we will take you to the TANK driving venue where your group will be able to experience the fun and novel experience of driving in Armoured cars / tanks (vehicles will be advised on the day)
Return to Brno in the afternoon.
Overnight in Brno

Day 3: Sunday

Recommended activity - today we will collect you and take you to a shooting range 30 mins drive from your hotel. Here you will get to try a selection of weapons in a competition with a prize for the best 3 shots. This is a novel activity and a great way to clear away a few cobwebs from the night before!
Overnight in Brno

Day 4: Monday 8 Sept

Departure flight home. Our guides will collect you from your hotel at the appropriate time and transfer you to the airport for your flight home.

Flight details:

Fri, 05 Sep 08	13:35	Depart	London Stansted (STN)
Flight 8403	16:35	Arrive	Brno (BRQ)
Mon, 08 Sep 08	17:05	Depart	Brno (BRQ)
Flight 8404	18:15	Arrive	London Stansted (STN)

This trip includes two entertainments, Tank Driving and Shooting Range, so could be quite good.

THE GASS FINANCES - how you voted

Another one for the record, which will also be left here on the website

To bring the finances into line with the money we expend in 2008, where we needed to raise around an extra £2000 per annum to cover the next 2-3 years, the options were as follows:-

A: Stop GASS paying £100 towards the AGM and pay ourselves – saving £2,000.

B: Increase the fees by £5 – raising £1,300.

C: Increase the fees by £10 – raising £2,600.

D: Pay £20 for occasional large meetings – raising approximately £1,500.

E: A combination of the above.

	No AGM £100	Fees up £5	Fees up £10	Pay £20 on big meetings	Combination
	A	B	C	D	E
BELL			C		
BRICE			C	D	yes
COCKERTON	A				
EASDOWN			C		
EVANS	A			D	yes
EDILUDALOOOOO			C		
FARRER			C		
GILBERT	A				
GUTTRIDGE	A				
HENSLOW	A				
PRICE	A		C		yes
JENKINS		B			
MANKELOW		B		D	yes
RALPH	A				
PILCHER			C		
RANGER		B		D	yes
ROGER			C		
RICHES			C		
SPREE	A				
SMITH A	A	B			yes
SMITH L	A		C		yes
WESTLAKE	A			D	yes
	12 (7/5)	4 (1/3)	11 (8/3)	5 (0/5)	

Looking at the votes, B and D can be discounted and the choice was between simply dropping the £100 subsidy for the AGM or raising the fees by £10 – with A – dropping the AGM subsidy coming out on top by one vote.

Option A is without doubt the easiest as it does not involve changing 22 standing orders, it also solves the problem by raising about £2000.

Therefore the proposal was made that we drop the AGM supplement and leave the fees as they are. At the April meeting nobody tried to push the second choice of raising the fees by £10, so the proposal of dropping the subsidy for the AGM stands, a very close run thing, a sort of hanging chad win, but a win by one vote is a win and hopefully this is a fair and sensible solution.

THE MAY MEETING

DINNER MEETING

At The Harrow P.H, Stockbury

A very pleasant meeting as it was just a dinner amongst friends at a nice pub near Sittingbourne.

The only unusual thing to report was that Hew was as drunk as a skunk and attempted to mate with Peter at least twice. How Pete's trendy ripped jeans survived the night is a mystery (and in so many ways a real shame). Hew, having had his advances spurned, took it out on his own body by ordering every pudding on the menu, all piled on one plate - plus cheese and biscuits. The bet - made by Hew - was £50 to GASS if he failed to eat the lot. He got very, very close, but close was not the bet Hew. £50 into the fund please, when you're ready, in your own time, like next month would be nice.

THE JUNE MEETING

GOLF CROSS

at Deangate Ridge Golf Club, Hoo

www.golfcross.co.uk

Golfcross balls - like little rugby balls!

A totally new take on golf. Take a look on their website and be amazed that in the whole of the UK GASS was lucky enough to have one of the very few GolfCross courses on our doorstep at Deangate Ridge, especially as that was the venue where the first 'throw-up golf, match was held back in the mid-eighties.

After a distinctly dodgy start, as the management of Deangate Ridge leave a LOT to be desired, we set off into a howling gale and pissing rain, about par for the course (note the golfing analogy used in context) for June in the UK. If you have seen the blurb on their website you would have reason to believe that GolfCross was easier than ordinary Golf, apparently it is borderline impossible to hit the ball anywhere other than "straight down the middle" (cue several verses of that wonderful old Bing Crosby song). Well there are several witnesses who can now tell you different!

Basically, if you are crap at Gold ordinaire, then you will also be crap at GolfCross - end of story. Maybe this why it has not exactly taken the Golf world by storm.

Perhaps the best example is Steve Bell, try as he may he could not get his head round the process, place ball on tee, take club, swing, hit ball - ideally forwards and more than five yards. Steve took up a Grandpa stance, all creaky and angular, waved the wand about a bit, slashed horizontally and missed the lot. He even missed Hew, who stood out like a sore thumb in

his high-vis jacket. Steve was so bad that after the first hole he alone changed tactics and went back to the tried and tested method of lobbing the ball up the range over arm - to absolutely no avail!



After the GolfCross we were treated to a hero's dinner in the clubhouse and we had the prizes presented. In true GASS fashion I have forgotten who won, but I think it was Keith, who swears blind he has never played Golf before, so well done Keith (if it was actually you who won!).

ANY OTHER BUSINESS:

It was suggested that in the search for new meetings it was time to look back over the old meetings list and see what we could revisit. Take a look and see what you think. The list is under PAST EVENTS on the buttons above.

We also have on the chocks and ready to roll: Ceramics, Learning to Laugh, Candle Making, Go Karting, New Vineyard visit, Walking on Hot Coals, so put your thinking hats on.

THE JULY MEETING **RANGERLAND** courtesy of Alana.

Racing 3' long petrol-engined remote control cars, four cars on the track racing against each other, heats, finals, prizes. Dinner and entertainment

Sadly, the Hon Sec was absent, suffering a Posterior Vitreous Detachment, basically a tear in the retina of the eye. That needed treatment (blindingly obviously) and so I missed the meat of the meeting and was somewhat otherwise occupied in trying to drown my sorrows for the bit I did get to. Hence, no photos of Al's triumphs.

Suffice it to say that the food and entertainment were as superb as ever
- well done Al!

TUESDAY AUGUST 5TH

GO-APE

[Link to Go-Ape website](#)

At the brand new Go-Ape location at Leeds Castle

The GASS crack commando unit assembled at the deadly dangerous high-wire course in the grounds of Leeds Castle dead on time for roll call, before setting out to risk life and limb together - as a team! Well actually only 10 members of this cracked commando unit turned up, meaning another 12 failed to show.

Why so few were on parade is a wonder. I mean it was a nice day, the venue was really local, the meeting had been advertised for months, it was August so business was quite for everyone. Could have been anything to do with heights, zip-wires, danger? No! Or then again.....

These were the reasons given for our absentees, and the punishments handed down from the subsequent Courts Martial, held high in the trees above Leeds Castle:

Steve Bell & Keith Evans: On holiday - ABSENT WITH LEAVE

Peter Farrer & Len Smith: MEDICAL DISCHARGE on the grounds of diminished responsibility and decrepidness.

Steve Riches, Ray Guttridge & Alan Ranger: No (or late) apology, presumed working too hard as usual - ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE

Then came a group of members who turned up and were in the area, or who turned up just too late. Some of these men played golf just yards from where their mates were risking a ghastly drop from a great height. It is not as though you can't play golf any day - and just how likely are you ever to go to Go-Ape with GASS again? The Courts Martial came to a pretty quick conclusion on these guys - COWARDLY DESERTION UNDER FIRE - Sentenced to be ridiculed whenever possible.



No names - no pack drill - but these are they!

Drawing a veil over the absentees - let us concentrate on the wonderful bravery, fearlessness and general balls shown by those who did brave the course. They were Brian, Chris, Gary, JB, Ian, Phil R, Hew, Ron, Andy and Don. Worthy of particular mention, and awarded the coveted GASS AWARD FOR BRAVERY were Andy and Don. The following film, shot on location by our courageous cameraman, shows just how brave these guys were. Andy for overcoming a very, very real fear of heights, and Don for sheer guts in doing the course. Take a look at the VIDEO below.....

ANDY and DON win Bravery awards

Thanks also to the excellent staff at The Windmill P.H in Hollingbourne who kindly provided us with an excellent meal in their private room. Great food and great service.

Shame that they did not think to query Andy when he ordered a quick snack before dinner in the form of 12 pieces of Garlic Bread. They took it as 12 orders for Garlic Bread - and to them an order is 6 pieces. Getting there now? Yup! 72 individual large slices of Garlic Bread duly landed on our table, 72! Frankly, we could have called it a day at that and sod dinner. Luckily we soldiered on, because dinner was great. Hew did his bit towards GASS finances - by ordering the Lobster. We all had chicken nuggets.

Now enjoy these photos and videos of the rest of the day - which was an absolute blast, very good fun indeed. The videos are worth watching!

GASS learning to SWING

GASS happy landings

And also some good old fashioned photos!











Showing no fear







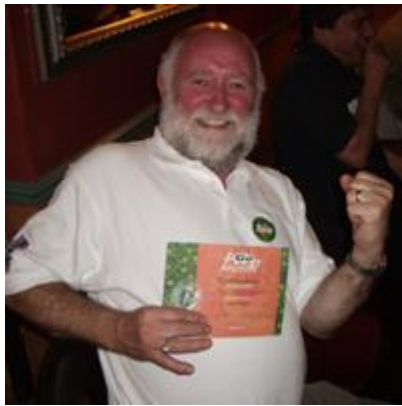






And everyone got a certificate - starting with the youngest GASS guest ever - Miles Henslow





Great day everyone!

SEPTEMBER 2008

AGM in BRNO

Location: The Hotel SALIVA

Entertainment: Shooting Guns and bouncing around in Tanks

Seventeen members made the cut. Apologies from Don & Keith on holidays, Ray and Stuart working too hard, and at the last, last minute poor Neil cried off claiming 'work issues'. We missed you all!

The BRNO AGM was a three nighter, lunchtime flight from Stansted on Friday, meeting for daytime entertainment at 1.00pm each day, nice late afternoon return flight on Monday. Perfect timings throughout! It gave everyone lashings of time for a decent kip every night, plenty of time to meet in the square for a long leisurely (beery) brunch each day, and everyone was fit and in the right frame of mind for the afternoon entertainment and the evenings eating and drinking.

On the way out we have a trouble free flight and booked into the very central and very nice Hotel SALIVA. Then straight out to the AGM location where we had a lovely five course meal in superb surroundings. The added attraction was that beers were about a £1 a pint and food was similarly priced, so everyone was relaxed as you can see below...



The AGM was the normal bun fight and hullabaloo but basically we decided something along the following lines:

1. Al Ranger is the new Chairman. Another first for GASS, last year we had Chicken George, this we have Alana, our very first cross-dressing chairthingmy.
2. Nobody even bothered to re-elect Len (and his alter ego Ann) to the post of Treasurer, they just laughed at him. Ron did get perilously close to getting the job but missed out in the face of Len's obvious stranglehold on the cash. Equally nobody even bothered to attempt to wrestle the fantastically enjoyable job of Secretary from Brian, goodness knows why as it is such a bundle of fun. Why would you not want the job that approximates to trying to herd cats, get blood out stones, please everyone all of the time, and generally be blamed for everything that goes wrong, beats me!
3. MEETINGS: The usual plea was made for those lazy arses who have never sorted a meeting to get their finger out. Quite a lot of good came out of it over the next couple of days. J.B is investigating Smiling, Bat & Trap and Bell ringing. Nick is on the Castle Club for a 'Cook it ourselves Dinner', Gary has sorted SWANK for November, someone mentioned VICTORIA'S

Cabaret Bar in Harrietsham for Christmas and that is sorted, other ideas were GO KARTS, ZORBING, FENCING (as in with swords).

The issue of AWAYDAYS was discussed and the feeling was that one or two a year were what the members wanted. One full day trip and the occasional early start should surely be possible to fit into everyone's work commitments. Otherwise the scope for having different types of meetings can become too constrained.

The issue of the physical aspects of some meetings was discussed as only 10 turned out for Go-Ape (because members are not as fit as they used to be??). The response was broadly neutral, so some physical meetings will continue to crop up as and when they are suggested.

FOOD at meetings was discussed and it was agreed that pub do's should contain more buffets instead of sit-downs, to allow more freedom to circulate and chat.

4. AGM 2009: The ideas that came to the fore were VALENCIA, NORTH AFRICA (Tunisia, Tangiers?) and CRUISING in the Med. Keep thinking and check out any suggestions.

5. ACCOUNTS: The accounts showed GASS with around £4200 at the years end, after a particularly expensive 25th year. The agreed reduction in spend on the AGM meant that we are on track for 2009 and that no increase in fees would be needed until probably 2010. Now if you look at the list of meetings we have held over the past three years and related that back to a monthly fee of £40, I hope everyone would agree that GASS represents extraordinary value for money!

Just a few snaps to remind us all of the AGM, showing the new chairman and his bodyguards.





6. EX MEMBERS: The meeting wanted to offer a vote of thanks and support to one of our ex-members for adding a whole new category to our illustrious list of ex-members achievements. We can now add to Murderer, Bankrupt, Fraudster, Con-men, Weirdo, Pimp, Embezzler, Fake Doctor, the totally new category of ARMS NUT.....

MEDWAY Standard

Kent Regional
news and media

No:7804

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 2008

40p



Who will win a fantastic SAGA cruise?

See pages 17 to 24



ARMS NUT WITH DEADLY STASH DODGES PRISON



Doorstep danger: The Army's bomb-disposal low-loader at the house in Darland Avenue.

chpm041006raid-30

Explosives hoard found at his home

Report by Nicola Jordan

nicola.jordan@kentmedia.co.uk

SPECIALIST police teams and bomb-disposal experts seized nearly four tons of military weapons and munitions, including explosives, from a house in a residential road in Gillingham as part of an internet inquiry.

But the owner, businessman and passionate collector of militaria Michael Saffery, escaped a jail sentence after the judge heard of his ill health.

The jury at Maidstone Crown Court heard that the amount of explosives could have blown up the smart semi-detached property and caused substantial damage to the surrounding area in Darland Avenue.

Saffery, 64, was charged with acquiring or purchasing a firearm without a certificate, possession of a handgun and possession of a prohibited weapon – an automatic. His guilty pleas were accepted.

He was given a 12-month sentence suspended for two years and ordered to pay £1,100 costs last week. He was also ordered to serve 180 hours' community service.

Officers sealed off the house in October 2006 and spent three days loading weapons on to a Royal Logistics Corps lorry.

Saffery was arrested under the Firearms Act on suspicion of possessing prohibited weapons.

He remained on the scene talking to detectives for much of the first day before being taken into custody for questioning.

Turn to page 2.

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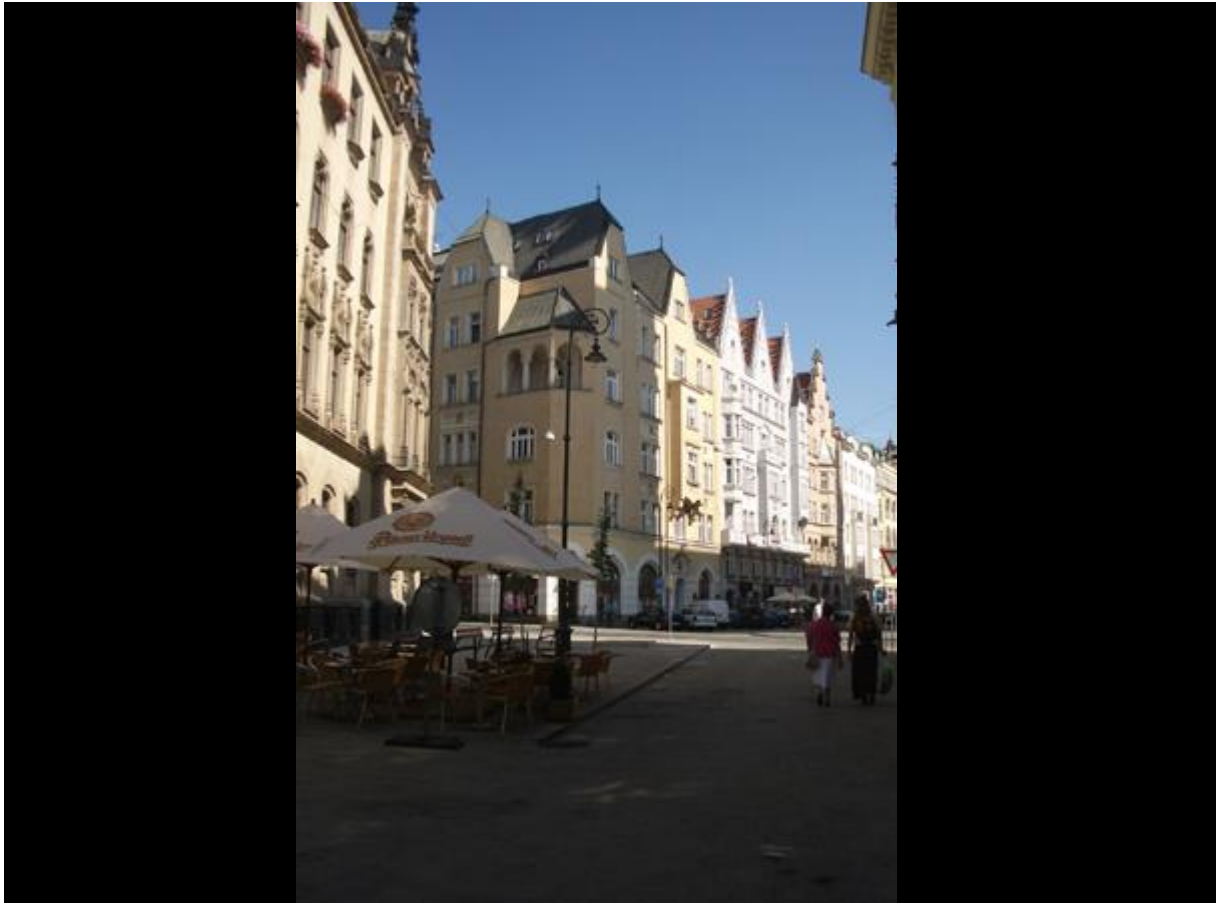
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The article is correct - except in these minor points - that it was two tons, not four (although arguing between two TONS and four seems picky I know, we must surely agree that all agree a whole TON of the poxy stuff is, in itself, quite a lump!). However, moving on..... he escaped jail because the police were over-zealous, not due to his ill health. There was no flipping jury, he pleaded guilty. He had a 120 year old rusty broken derringer and the breech block for another old weapon, no 'automatic', in fact no actual guns at all. The amount of explosives would have burnt a hole in his kitchen table, not blown up the street - but why let facts stand in the way of a good story. Well done Mike!

Anyway, back to the AGM.....

The following day we had the opportunity to wander round BRNO and see the town, nice place, great weather (after rain, rain, rain in the UK).





**MANS DRINK
(Del Boy!)**

**Andy avoids the NHS waiting
list and gets his teeth done
on the cheap in Brno....
Nice job!**



The Chairman



**as we like to
see him**

**Hugh dumped in a skip
by GASS members
No-one can remember why
but it made sense at the time**



**The best
meal Phil
had in Brno
Gourmet or what?**



We also had the opportunity to attend the range and play with tanks. The range was excellent, a great museum and lovely guns, congratulations to Gary on a well-spent youth as he came out the champ. The Tanks were fun too, but very dusty, thank God the beer flowed!





**Even using a shotgun,
he has effectively missed
the bastard!**





Phil, Poland is the other way!



A spot of lunch military-style



We also managed to find one of the best bars in Brno - they have beer taps on the tables and you help yourself.
Now that is what we call a great idea!



**the video scoreboard
shows how much each
table has consumed.**

**We won!
What a concept!!**



**Steve overcomes
the glass shortage!**

**The new Chairperson
(draped in GASS flag)
and his little friend**



**There were 17 of us, these guys were 7,
and they almost beat us!
if you count the two bottles of Scotch they drank,
they probably won!**



And so having drunk ourselves into a stupor in a pointless beer race we had the problem of how to leave a very long, very crowded bar, without looking like a load of prats. No-one is sure who came up with the idea but fortunately there was a video camera on hand.

Enjoy our departure as much as we did - and sorry the cameraman did not realise that you have to hold the camera upright!

Makes you proud to be British!

Well, that is it for another year! A great trip and well done to everyone. No-one was late, no-one got lost, nobody argued, and only Nick forgot anything.

At various times he lost his jacket, phone, money and boarding card - and those are the ones we knew about.

That would have been fine - but take a look at the lining of his coat!!!!!!!!!! That alone deserved the annual award for being a twat.



**The winner of the
Mannaquine Pisse
2008
I forget why!**

OCTOBER FLAT GREEN BOWLING

The Prince Arthur Indoor Bowling Club
Prince Arthur Road, Gillingham

A very good turnout, it must be something about members wanting to meet kindly elderly ladies whose hands have grown accustomed to large balls, or something along those lines. Everybody bowled up at about the right time and we were pleased to be greeted by about 25 instructors, all dressed in grey trousers or skirts, all with white tops, and all with matching white hair.

Boy! do they take the elf'n'safety job seriously. A five minute briefing established that in the event of fire, the exits are here, here, here and here. If you hear a bell the assembly area is there, however, if the bell is at 8.50pm that is NOT a fire bell, it is the same bell, but this time it means 'last 10 minutes of play'. Please step down from the side of the rink onto the green just so, please now practise stepping down everyone. Please bend carefully when picking up a ball It went on and on!

Finally we were allowed to step down, just so, and enjoy another 25 minutes of instruction, before finally being able to pick up a ball, whereupon we had another 25 minutes of instruction before finally being allowed to roll a ball the full length of the rink. It took me less time to learn to drive!

No matter, we were all soon quite proficient and enjoyed a needle match until the bell went - "FIRE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!", no that's just the 8.50 bell sir, 10 minutes to go. "FIRE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" No sir, I have tried to tell you. "FIRE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

The results were that the winning team of Brian/Don/Andy pissed all over their weedy opponents Gary/Keith/Ian, literally tore them apart 7-2. The runners-up of Nick/JB/Ron made 6-3 against Tony/Steve/Peter. The others were too late to play a match. They could have played, but the instructors were very, very strict and unless you had exactly the right number and exactly the right amount of time then no chance.

It has to be said that the instructors were absolutely charming and really made our evening. To show how grateful we were the Chairman stole one of their hand-made (part of set) lane markers as a trophy for the winner. At

the presentation ceremony he explained that they had caught him stealing one earlier and made him put it back, so he came up with the brilliant wheeze of stealing a different one. He did this apparently safe in the knowledge he was not seen the second time. Some more professional criminal minds in GASS pointed out to the Charwomen that the Bowls Club MAY put two and two together and surmise that it was GASS and may then use the fact that the person who booked the event was known to them by name, address and telephone number. Raffles was kind enough to drop it back the following day.



Raffles and friends under instruction - note the blue shoes - on their feet (oddly)





The three musket-losers
concentration

Total
Not as easy at it looks



Hew slightly failed to get the purpose of the shoe covers. But give Hew his due, he stuck with it all night long.
The fact that he stuck with it struck the ladies as a more than a little odd.

hold my hand until that funny man goes - he scares me!"

After the game we repaired to the KGV for some of John & Di's lovely grub.

It was a sit down dinner - which was odd as it was JB who, at the AGM, asked for more buffets to give everyone more scope to circulate. (I only mention this to cover for the fact that Swank will also be a sit-down!)

A great night.

NOVEMBER

Tuesday 4th

SWANK

The new bar in Rochester High Street, down at the
Bridge end of the road in the Bull Hotel
Dinner in Rochester's smartest new venue - organised
by Gary

Out of courtesy I confirmed to Aaron Stone that we were coming along and he enquired about GASS, so I directed him to our website, and here is his response:-

Dear Brian,

I cannot believe the story that I have just read - it is the MIRROR IMAGE of the story of my (our) group of friends who meet every third TUESDAY! Almost 8 years ago, I realised that with the weird lifestyle and hours that I kept being in the licensed trade and always working weekends etc, that I never saw any of my friends and that this would simply not do! At that time most of my mates had all got email addresses, so I simply put out an email saying that "Aaron will be having dinner at Frankie & Benny's in Rochester on this date at 7:30pm - please join me if you can". About 6 guys turned up and we had a great time catching up etc. One of my friends Adrian was telling us the story of how he had just returned from a family holiday to Orlando, where being a tough guy yet debilitating scared of heights, he remained in the bar whilst his wife and 2 kids did the whole rollercoaster thing. He asked the bartender to make him any cocktail and here proceeded to get slaughtered on LONG ISLAND ICED TEAS, which I'm sure you are aware are generally the most lethal cocktail on any drinks menu. At that first meeting we were all curious as to what they were like, so we made the poor F&B barman hunt down a recipe book and made us the magical drink. From then on we became known as the LONG ISLAND ICED TEA PARTY (tea party obviously coming from the MAD HATTERS TEA PARTY) or LI ITP as it is often abbreviated to.

We only have two rules.

1. No females are allowed - its a guys night out.
 2. You have to drink at least one long island iced tea before we start.
- Job done!

All our members (probably about 15 or 16 - although obviously not all can attend each time) are all hard working, smart, talented in some or many fields, articulate, accomplished piss taking guys that makes for a splendid evening of good humoured fun. like you, we move around venues all the time, returning to old favourites now and again. we may do well to compare venues we have visited sometime?

New members must be recommended by an existing one and new blood gets invited to one dinner and if we like them, they are allowed to return!

We have also done other activities including a few abroad jaunts, karting etc.

It sounds like we have some way to catch up with GASS, but it seems bizarre that our genesis is somewhat the same!

It is true that for many of us now, LI ITP has been a portal to another aspect of our lives where we have met new friends, helped each other in

business and achieved group and personal goals that would have been impossible without LI ITP.

The other weird thing is that on the night you guys are in swank, it is also LI ITP 129 - on the very same night! creepy!

Enjoy swank and if you need anything else to make your night more enjoyable there just let me know., depending on what time we finish eating at LI ITP, I may pop in to swank to see how you are getting on - and make sure you are all behaving yourselves!

regards
Aaron

How is that for a coincidence?

A good turnout, only missing Len (in London), Al (working), Ray (working?), Andy (Australia), and Gary..... Well, Gary was the meeting organiser and so, reasonably, we expected him to be there. When he was a bit late we just waited, then the manager came through to ask about sit-down time, was it slipping. Yes it was, several members rang Gary, some texts were sent, no reply. After delaying the whole meal for half an hour it was decided that we had no choice but to get started, Gary would have to order on arrival.

At this point a small voice piped up - "We weren't waiting for Gary were we?". All eyes turned to Ron. "As it happens we were - any reason for asking Ron?". "Errr, he asked me to apologise - he can't make it - I thought I would announce it at dinner! MORAL: If you know the meeting organiser is not coming to a sit-down dinner, perhaps an early release of this info is best.

The Deputy Chair took command in a most impressive way, not his old shy Chicken George at all, more Barack Obama on speed. These are the areas he covered:-

1. CHRISTMAS MEETING: The Christmas Beano is at VICTORIAS in Harrietsham. The evening is a GREASE night and so it was agreed that Brian would order 20 identical quiffs to wear at dinner. This does not prevent anybody who wants too from sorting out their own fancy dress.

GREASE is a sort of white T shirt, black leather jacket sort of do for the Danny Zucko part (unless of course you are of the cross-dressing

persuasion, in which case you need to be more along the lines of Sandy, in a wide skirt - your choice).

The following cannot make the December meeting: NICK (Botswana), DON (holidays), STEVE R (Work), RAY (Work). We have a prepaid table for 18, so we could do with a guest or two in reserve at £45 a head. Bear it in mind. Phil Grey was suggested.

2. FEE PAYMENT: The treasurer sent in an email that bubbled Hew for non-payment. Hew preferred to pay his fees a year in arrears, the remainder of GASS preferred him to pay like the other 21 members, monthly in advance. This was based on the members justifiable fear that a man who flies a helicopter the way Hew flies, may not be around next September to settle up. The Fines Secretary added a £40 fine, and the unpaid £50 bet from the May meeting at Stockbury was also mentioned. Hew graciously agreed to settle the whole bill for a year in advance and the treasurer is sending out an invoice. Hew did register an official complaint that there had been no Sherry organised for the meeting, but nobody felt this justified late payment, in fact it was to be preferred as Hew was way more sober on drinks he hates. This error will be rectified at the next meeting.

3. JANUARY MEETING: Tony is organising the first Nintendo Wii Meeting ever, with the added attraction of Pig Racing. The location is the Aviator Pub, Sheerness.

That being done we scoffed a great meal, drank pints of wine and generally had a ball in a very, very nice location.

Looking forward to Christmas!!

DECEMBER

Thursday 18th

DOWNTOWN -

VICTORIA'S

Harrietsham

An evening with Michael Jackson

OK, nobody in these photos is actually dressed as Michael Jackson, we are all actually dressed for Grease, the musical.

Reason: we were supposed to be at a Grease night - but it got cancelled - after we had brought the quiffs!

(obviously I am not counting Phil R who actually looks more like Sideshow Bob from The Simpsons).

A further complication to our efforts at fancy dress is that nobody else in the building, and that included another 150 souls, had made ANY attempt to dress up. The term 'Smart Casual' seemed to have impacted far more on their sartorial decision making process than on ours. As usual we went more for the 'look like wasocks' theory of dressing to impress. It amused the crowd though.

Below are a selection of what the smartly dressed guests at the 'Michael Jackson Cabaret' night had to suffer.



JB

Phil

The Don

Sideshow Bob

Andy &



**Phil, Stuart & Pete, only Stuart is wearing a false
quiff. Tony & Steve**



Friend
 Father Christmas & Brian
 The Ron
 (again)

Ian &
 Elvis & Brian

However, one member got it right! Guess who?

Yup, its that man again - Alana did GASS proud, not only by being the best dressed Michael there, apart from Michael himself of course, but also by becoming a vital part of the Cabaret. No real surprise there then.

Now where have I seen those boots before?



**Everyone enjoyed themselves, the free bar really was a free bar,
Michael really was just like Michael,
all in all a very enjoyable, and economical, night.**

HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!

**And for the record
An interesting exchange of views regarding payment of
Monthly Subscriptions**

Dear Brian,

I am in receipt of the recent GASS invoice, which I see that you have raised in your new position as Honorary Assistant to the Deputy Treasurer.

I have absolutely no problems paying the annual subscriptions as outlined on the invoice so there is no dispute in that area.

With regards to the bet money from Stockbury, I know that you have mentioned this in the past but as I was so pissed that evening I really have no recollection of any bet or whether I failed to win it.

Under the circumstances (and especially as you have mentioned it on numerous occasions now), I will happily include the £50 bet money.

Finally, I do have a problem with the £40 fine levied. Firstly, I know of no such GASS Rule and if one was to be brought in then no doubt there would have to be a vote on this. In addition, as you are no doubt fully aware, these sort of rules cannot be made retrospectively (unless you are a Labour Government in the UK).

Indeed if I was to pay the full subscriptions for the year now (which I am doing), I would actually be paying only two months into this year, so does that mean I get a rebate? As Honorary Treasurer for many years I spent countless hours chasing GASS members for unpaid subscriptions and there was never any mention of a fine or interest to be levied on those

members, so to randomly impose this arbitrary fine is outside the scope of current GASS rules.

Hopefully this matter has now been resolved and in future I will pay my subscriptions annually in advance in order to avoid being unexpectedly and unnecessarily reprimanded in front of fellow GASS Members.

yours sincerely,

Hew

Yours sincerely,

Dear Hew,

Thanks for your letter regarding your GASS subscriptions. I am not quite sure why you are writing to me, a bit of 'shoot the messenger' I think.

Your letter expresses your displeasure at the Treasurer and Deputy Chairman having the cheek to point out that you had not paid your subscriptions since August.

Personally I think you should be making all these points to the members, not me. and so to save you having to bring the matter up at the Christmas meeting I will put your letter, and my reply, on the website.

Your points are:-

1. **You have no recollection of any bet from Stockbury:** You bet GASS £50 that you could eat every dessert on the menu. A vast mound of desserts were produced, (and added to the GASS bill costing us all about £50). You did well, but ultimately failed to eat them all. Done and dusted, £50 owed. I am the Secretary and put it in the minutes at the time. Up until now you have never argued the details of your bet. I mentioned it because others mentioned it to me.
2. **You do not want to pay the £40 fine:** The fine was levied at the last meeting by the Fines Secretary, based on the fact that you have not paid any subscriptions since August. You say that for the Fines Secretary to fine you would require a vote and the passing of a new rule. I actually thought the Fines Secretary could do what he likes and normally fines people for doing daft things. *I simply can't resist pointing out that some may think the same logic would apply to anyone wanting to vary the 'Fees £40 Monthly by Standing Order' rule. GASS might have wanted to vote on whether to allow individual members to pay subscriptions a year in arrears.*

3. **You dislike being unexpectedly and unnecessarily reprimanded in front of fellow GASS members:** Why tell me? Len was not at the meeting so passed on to me his concerns. I passed the information on to Phil as Deputy Chairman and he brought it up, very humorously I thought. No harm done. It would be totally wrong for Len to keep secret from the remainder of GASS that you were not paying monthly subscriptions, he was obliged to let everyone know.

The long and the short of it is we all pay our fees monthly. You decided, completely independently, to pay yours a year in arrears. This was very politely brought up at the AGM through a note in the accounts and we hoped you would take the hint. In retrospect maybe it would have been better to have had a full blown debate at the AGM, but we did not want to make a mountain out of a molehill. If we all paid a year in arrears GASS would be in debt for £1,000 a month, hardly a workable proposal.

The points you make in your letter are a matter for the whole of GASS, not for a private discussion with me. You decided to put your views in an open letter, so I have given you the courtesy of an open reply. The members can draw their own conclusions by reading our exchange of views at their leisure. Saves boring them at Christmas!

Honours even, subscriptions paid, now lets forget it.

All that remains is for you to convince everyone you don't owe the £40 fine!!!!!!! Good luck.

All the best,

Brian

**Nintendo Wii Competition
and
Small innocent animal
racing**

Tuesday 13th January

(second Tuesday as is traditional in January, to get some room
between NYE and GASS)

Organisor - Tony

The Aviator Pub, Sheerness

An amazing turnout, only absentees being Len (in Aruba) and Steve (in the Canaries - as in Wharf sadly, not the volcanic islands in the Atlantic, poor overworked Steve) and Chris (hospital visiting - hope dad is on the mend).

The top billing of a Nintendo Wii competition took second place to a form of competitive bestiality. It was shocking! A group of innocent piglets and baby rabbits were dragged into the arena and subjected to the most inhumane display I have seen in years! Let the pictures speak for themselves. All complaints direct to the RSPCA or the PDSA, don't bother about telling IFAW, they were in the thick of it!



Phil's unusual training regime
seems to work

scary man!
must run!

However, the guys are NOT impressd!

As the GASS
IFAW rep I simply cannot
stand by as poor rabbits
are abused.
Pass me one!



After the rabbits refused to race again - for obvious reasons the PIGS were dragged out, much to Don's delight (why?)

Frankly, I found the whole thing disgusting and it is probably better to draw a veil over that part of the meeting.

Moving on, the landlord removed the various damaged and distressed fluffy little items, and I am not referring to Alana, and set up the Wii. First everyone tried out their luck at Bowling. The overall winner was Stuart who once again denied having any prior experience, just like he has done in several other competitions he has walked, odd that. Most of the others were total pants. Having all attempted the bowling we moved onto Boxing, this probably came a little late in the evening, or was it simply that you had to actually move your arms around a bit, too much like hard work? In any event it was slightly less well contended than the aforementioned Bunny-Banging.



The delights of Wii Bowling.



The delights of Wii Boxing



The delights of **ACTUAL** boxing
where Phil fails to fully grasp the concept

The delights of vivisection and electronic fun substitution over we thought we were done for the night, but no. For reasons that absolutely nobody could fathom, the Charwomen stood up and gave vent to his emotions in a passionate speech about absolutely zilch. We are talking a full 2-3 minutes of words spoken one after the other, but with no discernable logic, point or reason. To be honest I drifted off quite early on in the diatribe and spent too much unhealthy time thinking how tall Alana was in his famous boots, before realising he was standing on a chair. Other members told me it was something along the lines of a new year address. Really, you could have fooled me!



Thanks Tony, great meeting, thanks also to the Landlord of the pub for great service and really good food.

LAUGHTER TRAINING

The Roffen Suite

Tuesday 3rd February

Organiser - JB

An amazing turnout, only Len missing (on holiday again), plus we had the welcome return of Mike Saffery as a guest.

We were presented with the lovely Leila, a professional 'Laughter Coach' who waited patiently while we consumed a quantity of laughing juice before she led us through to the main hall. We duly formed a circle and the laughing began. Starting with warm up exercises, moving on to various forms of laughing

Actually, why bother to explain, let this video tell the tale!

A thoroughly enjoyable entertainment, and a big thank you to Leila who was very tolerant and put up with an enormous amount of barracking in very good part.

After Leila departed, no doubt for a stiff whiskey and a good cry, we all sat down for dinner and a meeting.

Most unusually the meeting was productive and achieved everything that needed to be achieved.

MEETINGS FOR 2009

These were all agreed and are outlined on the NEXT MEETING page.

AGM 2009 - WARSAW

The choices were Las Vegas, Warsaw and Valencia. A fair and sensible vote saw Warsaw win 12-9, so Warsaw it is.

Another bleak, grey, socialist country picked solely because it is 'cheap'. When can we go somewhere more exciting?
(you may guess I wanted to go to Las Vegas!)

FINES

Andy was fined £5 for having too much brown.
(work that out for yourself!)

PHIL'S STRANGE CORNER

Phil R asked for his own part of the website to archive his meeting suggestions. This is mainly because they are so many and bizarre and the actual take-up of the ideas is so few and far between. He is worried that his febrile imagination is going to waste and wanted a showcase. Hence - his Strange Corner.

Hew'S SHERRY HABIT

Tony, who paid the bill for the last meeting, wanted to highlight the cost of Mr Edelellloodaloo and his Bristol Cream addiction.

Of the total bill of £620, Sherry came to £62 (33 tots@£1.90 each), 10% of the whole bill and £22 more than a months subs. Taking off the food leaves £387 in drinks, with £62 being a sixth of the total bar bill. This is because Sherry is sold by the tot in pubs.

As a comparison the Sherry consumption at The Roffen was 22 tots@£2.40 for a 50cl, total £52.80. That was one fifth of the whole bar bill of £257.

A fairly average sale price of a bottle of Sherry in a pub by the tot is £35-£45 (and no, pubs will not sell it any other way).

By comparison the bar bill for beer/wine drinkers (spirits are the exception at most meetings) for these two meetings was £15 a person. This sounds about right as it would equate to around five pints each.

Now this matter has been raised, and the annual cost is obviously substantial, the choices appear to be for GASS to:-

- a. Accept this as a tradition and decide to let it ride.
- b. Return to the old tradition that GASS only pays for Beer & Wine and that members pay separately for anything else.

GASS would then not dwell on just how much we have paid out on Sherry since 1985 (£13,000 or thereabouts since you ask!!).

The Aviator
Sheerness ME12 2DJ
Phone: 01795 666094

Bar Tiil 1
alex

13 Jan 2009 23:23

Acc No: 1833

GASS

18	Spitfire	=	54.00
8	Guinness	=	25.60
11	Hurlimann	=	33.55
1	Coke 330ml Diet	=	1.80
1	Lambs rum	=	1.95
5	Smirnoff Ice	=	15.75
14	Master Brew	=	37.10
1	Strongbow	=	3.00
8	Hartridge H	=	16.40
1	Broc&CheeseBake	=	7.65
1	Veg Tart	=	8.25
33	Bristol Cream	=	62.70
3	Coke 6oz	=	2.40
14	Ikon	=	26.60
8	Budvar	=	24.00
4	Diet Coke 6oz	=	3.20
1	Asahi Bot	=	3.00
8	Red Bull	=	20.00
5	Smirnoff Red	=	9.75
1	Double		
	Ikon	=	3.80
5	Oranjeboom	=	14.50
1	Diet Coke 16oz	=	1.80
18	Food Sundry	=	233.10
1	McCoys	=	0.75
1	Cordial Dash	=	0.40
1	Half		
	Spitfire	=	1.50
2	Double		
	Bells	=	7.80

Total £620.35

Payment Receipt

N.B: I mention this because, as secretary, I was asked to put the facts and the bill in the minutes (*I say this to save me from another rollocking, scorching, excoriating letter from Hew - me just the messenger, just doing my job, just trying to get by, keeping my head down, doing as I am told, keeping my nose clean, not looking for any trouble mister.....*).

It may be best that a veil is drawn over
this meeting.

Pressure of work prevented the organiser
being present.

He passed the baton on to poor old JB,
who did his best.

The food and company were spot on - the
quiz was pants.

Nuff said.

Fortunately we do have some interesting news for this set of minutes.

It has turns out that Peter Farrer has a previously unknown side to his
character and a secret second career.

On Googling him recently it turns out that he is quite a famous expert on
the art of CROSS DRESSING!

What is it with GASS and gender bending recently? It really is becoming a
bit of a worry.

The proof is set out below:

INTRODUCTION AND BRIEF HISTORY OF *THE GLAD RAG*

INTRODUCTION

When I came across *The Glad Rag* in 1985, I realised that here was a journal devoted to cross dressing of superior quality. I wrote to the editor, Christine-Jane Wilson and to the co-ordinator, Yvonne Sinclair and joined the Group. With their help and encouragement I started to publish the results of my research in the name of Karn Publications Garston, Christine-Jane doing the printing. I also supplied copies of letters for inclusion in *The Glad Rag* and contributed articles. All such letters have been included in my publications, *Borrowed Plumes* and *Confidential Correspondence on Cross Dressing 1911-1915*.

A number of articles and contributions remain, however, which have not yet been incorporated in any further publication. As most of these are, I believe, of general interest, and worth preserving, I am now, with the help of Christine-Jane, collecting all my remaining contributions into a single volume.

I begin with my first contribution of all, about boy-bridesmaids. I put next my review of *Clothes Lines*, which gave me the idea for my article, "My First Party Frock." Then more reminiscences with "The School Play", and a comment on that. Then my comments on "Nicola's Project." There follow pieces in chronological order about individuals who have or may have cross dressed, plus some miscellaneous extracts from the press. My last contribution was a comment on Christine-Jane's spirited reply to a denunciation of cross dressing based on *Deut. 22, 5*. I therefore include Christine-Jane's reply as well as her other editorial comments throughout the series of articles. I take this opportunity to thank her again for all her professional assistance in getting my work into print. I also express my heart-felt gratitude to my wife, Anne Brogden, for her indispensable acquiescence and support over long years of research.

Peter Farrer.

MEN IN PETTICOATS.



A SELECTION OF LETTERS
FROM VICTORIAN NEWSPAPERS

*Edited by
Peter Farrer*

MY FIRST PARTY FROCK

AND OTHER
CONTRIBUTIONS
TO
The Glad Rag
1985 to 1991



by
PETER FARRER
and
CHRISTINE-JANE WILSON

WHO AMONGST US WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

You are truly a dark horse Pete, but at last your secret is out - and of course, it is safe with us!

Anyone else with something they wish to share?

SCRAPHEAP CHALLENGE

Rangerland

Al came up with the excellent idea of taking a load of scrap and getting everyone to turn said scrap into viable vehicles capable of making it down the near vertical face of the North Downs without killing anyone.

SCRAP



SCRAP DEALERS



THE OUTCOME



As I understand it there was a certain amount of violence over who owned which tool kit and which piece of scrap.

However, vehicles were conjured up out of the crap heap, as you can see above. The Hon Sec was actually away at the time and missed the meeting, and no other tosser bothered to keep any records, or even take any decent photos (some action shots would have been nice, you know, members grimacing as they thundered downhill, but no. Just these stills. Want a job doing properly etc. etc.)

I did hear that the food was again superb and that the whole evening was actually very good fun.

If anyone does have any better shots and memories of the night just email them!

Well done Al and thanks.

ZORBING

Tuesday 5th May

www.zorbing.co.uk

Suggested by Phil R, the opportunity to roll down a steep hill in Croydon, just minutes off the M25

Let them explain in their own words:

"You are securely strapped inside the zorbing ball face to face with a friend.... or enemy of your choice, before being sent down the launch ramp. The first rotations will ease you into this fantastic zorbing experience propelling you forward as you begin to hurtle head over heels downhill. Try to suppress the screams... and laughter at your fellow passenger's look of fear as you gain speed down the 130 metre zorbing-run, before the grand finale of the splash pool to finish off your experience"

To me it sounded like yet another once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to be grabbed with both hands, savoured, enjoyed, experienced - but that was before we did it!

What I think now is that being strapped into a smelly plastic ball with Alana Stranger eyeing me up from just 3' away, is altogether another thing! Thank God that Nick choose to go down with himand Al, just why did you strip naked??

But I am getting ahead of myself - first a cautionary tale involving Hew (who else) and a bog....

Imagine the scene, we draw up in the bus, Hew is bustin' and leaps off and sprints into the little green hut.

Ian arrives at that precise moment in his immaculate BMW - sees Hew squirreling off into the kharzie - and decides to block him in.

Predictably the next 30 seconds went something like this.....



To be fair I am not sure what Ian though Hew would do, but I am 100% certain he did not expect him to stand on the bonnet (dent 1 - cost to repair £400), then bash both hands down on the roof (dent 2 - cost to repair £500), an entertaining start to the evening to say the least!

ON WITH THE MAIN EVENT

The guys at the ZORB PARK were kind to us, they showed us the ropes, they instilled a little courage, and then they pushed us down a bloody steep hill! Bastards!

The Zorb is humungous, you have to leap in through a small hole in the side and then perform convoluted acrobatics in order to strap yourself into a fetishist arrangement of straps and restraints, they then bounce you around a bit - and off you go. It was kind of the staff to point out that it is more unpleasant facing downhill rather than with your back to the hill, apparently going down head over heels means the blood drains from the noodle and makes you feel far worse. Sadly, they only mentioned it after I was already strapped in facing downhill. They weren't kidding.

Here are a few pics to tell the tale.





That same
silly smile



The Health & Safety inspectors
make one final check

And here is a video of what it looks like as it going down. The runners and riders in this ball of fun are actually Eric Robin (guest) and Ron. For the record it is Ron squealing like a girl (although to be honest, my partner Keith said I squealed worse).

We even had Phil who was brave enough (crazy enough?) to actually film while rolling down the hill. I would hate to have been in there if he had dropped the camera, it would have been like being in a tumble drier with a brick! Ian's face is a picture, obviously expecting to catch a camera in his gob any second.



Could not miss out a picture of our other guest - Dan 'Faliraki' Smith - and of course daddy Smith - Dan did three trips.

Fortunately it all ended happily (apart from Ian and his car of course) and we all trooped of to The Godstone Hotel for a really lovely dinner in a private room.



The moral of the meeting when Zorbing the first time is a surprise, the second is interesting, the third is testing, nobody tried it a fourth.

Well done to all of GASS (and Eric and Dan) for giving it a go.

Mmmm

JUNE GO KARTING - SITTINGBOURNE

**Byford Meadows Kart Track
Tuesday 2nd June
Meet 6.30pm - Racing starts
7.00pm - Wear trainers**

**Three races each plus a final in twin engine pro
karts**

**Followed by a buffet dinner at the track
and drinks in their bar until they throw us out.**

for info - click the link

<http://www.bayfordkarting.co.uk>

What is it about expensive meetings? I book for 16, which is about par for the course, and what happens? Every man and his guest bowls up! Not only that but they choose to bowl up spread over a five hour time frame,

and all expect to have their own safety briefing, a personal wardrobe attendant and their own Kart.

Missing the safety briefing, or possibly not fully logging the safety briefing led to one of the biggest 'GASS - INJURED IN COMBAT' list for quite some time. Nick suffered severe whiplash, from which he is still suffering, as a result of Don's considerable bulk bearing down on him, literally, at about 50 mph. Stuart did not pass GO, did not collect his usual £200 for coming first, he just went straight to hospital with two cracked ribs from a sideways shunt (shame the hospital was closed!!!!!!!!!!!!). Others, too numerous to mention had stiff necks and arms - but we all had fun (well apart from Nick and Stuart to be fair).





The winners were as usual those who own and wear their own racing overalls, and GUESTS.

What is it about guests coming and stealing our thunder?

The overall winner was STUART - oh no, he normally wins, but not this time, this time Stuart was hors de combat - shame!

The overall winner was a GUEST - Owen Ranger, note he has his own overalls.

Second was ALAN - note he also has his own overalls, the rather fetching little yellow number seen below.

Third was a GUEST - Peter, who also had his own overalls, and he has previously appeared from nowhere, nicked our glory and buggered off again, nice to see you Pete!

The other prat on the podium is BRIAN, who won the medal of honour for being the overall BEST DRIVER OF THE NIGHT, BEST ALL-ROUNDER and SAFEST DRIVER (and please note - he does not own his own overalls).

Well done everyone, hope most of the injuries have healed - next time it is far safer, Croquet at Peter's!

A DAY OUT WITH Hew

I could not resist adding these photos to show everyone that there are people in GASS who are brave.

People who are not afraid to fly with Squadron Leader Ediludalooooo. A day trip to Le Touquet was the occasion, and a damn good day it was too.

Weather forecast BBC 0900: Thunder and Lightning and strong winds *Pilots Comment: I didn't check the forecast.*

Flying at roof top height over Ashford town centre *Pilots Comment: I am not rated to fly above cloud*

On seeing the low cloud over the Channel *Pilots Comment: I can't cross the Channel unless I can see the other side.*

Having flown the Channel in cloud *Pilots Comment: I can see the other side now*

On receiving text photographs of floods and storms in Medway *Pilots Comment: Can we drink up now!*

Not for the faint of heart I can assure you!



Steve fuelling the Chopper for the flight.



Thank F*** for that - we're down!



Bugger the chopper in a thunderstorm, this is how we are getting home!



Thanks Hew

Mmmm

CROQUET at Peter's

**Held in his beautiful home and garden
With just a touch of rain - as is seasonal in July**

Some members took to the Croquet theme of the evening and 'made an effort' in a classic way.



Note: Phil has a mildly different understanding of the term 'Croquet Mallet'.



On the other hand the 'Chuckle Brothers' used bog standard croquet hammers.

And the winners were.....

Mainly because one of the two players above was brought up by his Grandmother and Maiden Aunts to mow a croquet lawn, pull a roller over a croquet lawn, pull all the weeds out of a croquet lawn and play croquet at least five times a day between the ages of 2 and 22, and who has his own croquet lawn at his country estate.

But which one???

Answers on a croquet mallet wrapped in a £20 note please. Send them to Brian Henslow c/o The Croquet Club, Stede Court Estate.

AFTER THE CROQUET CAME 'THE DINNER'

Thank's to Peter (and of course to Pat) for a lovely, relaxing evening. There was a very good turnout, almost everyone was there, some 20 in all.

Peter produced a fantastic spread, paella, chilli, steak, bangers, ribs, salads, the only question was - where were the other 50 guests?



Peter prepared the food in his state of the art kitchen with a lovely cream ceiling,
complete with its central island boasting a beautiful stainless steel grill, a spotless, stainless, steel grill, as in stain-less.

Peter explained that the grill did not work and so he would pan fry the 3/4 of a ton of fresh meat.

Hew and Al are very handy, they make things work for a living. They looked in the cupboard under the grill and found - wait for it - a switch.

Which they duly switched to ON

Pete! Pete! - Look, the grill DOES work, how great is that?



Pete now has a working stained steel grill in a kitchen with a fatty smoky brown ceiling.

To say that he and Pat are delighted is an understatement, or more accurately a completely wrong statement.

(next time do the job properly Pete - disconnect the bloody switch!)

Thanks for a great meeting go to Mr & Mrs Farrer

(please note the 'Mrs' in the line above - which automatically attracts the traditional fine of £50)

Peter, just deduct the fine from the cost of the new grill and decorating invoice

AUGUST MEETING

2009

Pub Dinner at The Dirty Habit

Sadly the Hon Sec was away, and the Chairman's wife injured herself.

Therefore the only two people capable of taking any notes or remembering anything were absent.

So - no records, no photos, no stories - shame on you all!