

Scoop!!

November

1999



Wallace and Gromitt Special
and no bloody spades

Volume 15 Issue 1

Note from the Editor

So, with a gestation period longer than an elephant, Scoop finally appears on the streets again. Packed in this issue are some, well, frankly sordid (or is that Sorby) episodes, tales of woe, drinking, but not too much sex (un)fortunately.

So what has happened, we've gained a load of new members, the Ladies have put out a third XI, the Men are winning their matches, and we've been on three tours, each as debauched as the rest.

In addition, the usual editor has taken a little nap, and decided to edit the Men's Second XI, so here you go, tales of Watsy, drinking, and James Sorby.

The Editor's Gopher.

The Gopher would like to thank the following for making this issue possible:

- Peter Colwill
- Catherine Watson
- Helen Kitto
- Doug MacColl
- David Banner
- Paul Meredith
- Robert Arthurton

Top chaps all of them

The Front Cover

This week's front cover features Annie Brothwell and not Sarah Ottaway as the usual editor Mr Colwill thought. A one off special edition t-shirt is available for the best Scoop entry submitted to the editorial team before December 24th. Of course, if anyone was to offer up a crisp £10 note for further editions (but slightly different) of the t-shirt, all profits would go straight to the lottery fund. Roll up, roll up.

Congratulations to

Robert and **Anna Arthurton** on their marriage

John Cooper scorer of three goals for the President's team

Mr Alistair Marsh who shall no longer be addressed as Dr. because he is a qualified saw-bones and is working for Richard Dodds, the former England and Great Britain captain

Lucas Munns as first child for Derek and Mrs Munns

Neil Turner who was awarded the Ron Johnson Memorial Shield for Clubman of the year

Katie McCoy winner of the award for the most improved lady player

Alastair Wertheim for taking the moral high ground by refusing to book unmarried members of the opposite sex into the same room at Folkestone. SCOOP would not dare to suggest that Alastair was terrified of booking the wrong couples together

Alison Spicer voted player of the season by the Ladies First Team

Paul Meredith voted player of the season by the Men's First Team

Vin Hall who won the putting competition on the Club Golf Day. Shame nobody else entered

The Mixed Team, winners of the Thames Valley Tournament for the second consecutive year

The Men's First XI for winning the Rover Cowley tournament

Pippa Brettle for scoring 9 goals in a Ladies match - surely a club record

Simon “Gucci” Gooch for surviving a week in Corfu with Mike Lawson, Annie Brothwell and Alison Spicer. And, for taking over the running of the bar.

Sports Club Committee for submitting the “final” lottery document after 3 years of well hard work

Giles Payne for passing his city exams

David Banner and **Andy Watts** for repairing the Squash roof

David Banner, Geoff Bullock, Simon Seabrook, Peter Banner and Giles Payne for fixing the main pavillion roof

Catherine Watson for sorting out the new playing shirts and sponsorship

Sarah Birger for scoring 3 goals in a 7-10 defeat by Iver Eagles. SCOOP does not recall the last female to do so in a mixed match.

Werty’s Top Driving Tip

Apparently, if you are in a bit of a hurry to get onto the M25 around Fulmer, Werty has discovered a rather handy, but unpublicised Junction 17a. This little known short cut can take literally 5 minutes off your journey. You and I will know that as the well know Police slip road, which of course being caught going down that will be instant bollocking and quite a few points on your licence.

Top 10 Shaggers in Hotel Watsy

So there is a party at the Sports Club, or someone goes to Winkers. Boys will be boys, girls will be girls. But, have you ever wondered how many times the lounge mattress has been christened, by whom and with whom, well here you go. Ah ha, that got you worried didn’t it Dan. Anyway, lawyers did not put a block on this, but I fancied the use of my legs for some continued time, maybe next issue, by then, there will have been the Barn Dance, Boxing Day carnage, Burns night and obviously the odd weekend in Winkers....

Quotable Quotes

"I thought we were playing the anorak formation" Mark McCree

"Charles, can I just lean across you and grab a piece of beef?" John Boyland

"I've been having trouble talking since the tour" Dan Lovelace

"Mike Burge's fourth birthday party was a scream" Simon Shipley

"All the rabbit at committee meetings its no wonder they meet at the Old Hare"
Heidi Jones

"We've lost three corner stoppers playing at Wexham with broken teeth already
this year" Ken Partington, Slough, October 99

"Drew Downing keeps us with the same partner at practice to avoid picking up
diseases" Tony Hewston

"I'm not very good at new money" Piers Sabine (Squash player and Independent
Financial Advisor)

"I've over purple nastied my hair" Alison Spicer

"We've had some very flat astro pitches this year" Alastair Wertheim at the AGM.

"My lips have got more suction than that Hoover" Sarah Ottaway deriding club equipment

"Of course I'm not pissed Watsy, I'm perfectly sober" Martin Cartledge in the
Greyhound shortly before being taken home by Chris Blamey.

"Are we putting me in the sweep stake" Martin Cartledge enquiring whether he
was part of the Ladies Cup Match sweep stake.

"I'll take the position in the sun" Sarah Ottaway deciding where to field in the
Ladies cricket match.

Mixed Report - Helen Kitto

As you all know, (er sorry Helen, bit of a delay in publishing this - Gopher) the regular hockey season is over and as a result the mixed team hasn't really been in action since before Easter although we have turned out for, and won the odd tournament.

Well, 1 out of 4 tournaments actually, but that's not bad. We won the Thames Valley Tournament on March 21st. Everyone played very well as usual with Martin and Watsy scoring loads between them..as usual! I think the torrential rain in the final must have helped us, either that or our shirts went see through and distracted the opposition. We will of course be aiming to win this for the 3rd time in succession next year.

We also played mixed at the Easter festival in Folkestone, at the Woking Tournament and at Berkhamsted. Folkestone was a resounding success, and although every effort was made, we really didn't cripple enough people, although I believe a couple of pink dragons were fatally wounded...more on that elsewhere in SCOOP, I'm sure.

The Woking Tournament was a new one for us. We were invited whilst at Folkestone, obviously because we are a fab, friendly team, and a reward for being the only team to play rounders with them. I'm sure it had absolutely nothing to do with our hockey skills as they stuffed us when we played them at Folkestone! We didn't win it, neither did we manage to beat the ever-present Vansittarts (who allegedly ran off with the trophy when it became clear they hadn't reached the semi-finals), but it was a great day and I scored a stunning (?) goal...sorry, I had to get that bit in..there has to be some perks to this job!

We played at Berko over the May Bank Holiday weekend, luckily this time we had glorious weather, the Watsy and Catherine Show continued and Martin was very successful in breaking some guy's kneecap! We failed to make the knockout stage, but we all came back with a good tan, so it was worth it!

This summer we will continue to spread the Chalfont word with tours over successive weekends. First the August Bank holiday, the destination is still to be confirmed, but its looking like Rutland. This will be followed by another new tournament in Bognor Regis. This also happens to be the weekend of my birthday, so I will now formally apologise to the entire club for my behaviour. The Chalfont St. Peter Mixed Tournament is on Sunday, September 19th 1999, so I've given

the date so far in advance, I hope to see as many of you as possible there to make it a great success..oh and I think its about time we managed to win our own tournament!

We do have fixtures over the summer, so if you fancy a game ,please call me on 0467 662608 and I'll see what I can do. I am open to bribery, just ask Neil how he stays in the team!!

Who Said?

“So I told her, look you are really good looking, but you must be the worst kisser I've ever snogged” Our hero on emerging from a 10 minute drenching. A clue to who this is...he came down with flu the following day, convinced it was the said Ladies fault...

“You don't have to be an alcoholic to join Chalfont St. Peter Hockey Club, but it helps”

“Why the hell haven't you done anything with SCOOP for four months Watsy?”

“Of course you can get into Winkers wearing trainers on a Thursday night”

“We've got a mixed fixture in half an hour, can you play?”

“What's the colour of your bush sister?”

“I know what happened after 9.30 at Watsy, Neil and Saj's house warming party”

Some Kids do 'ave 'em

Some of our hockey players are more reliant on their Mum's than others, but occasionally, just occasionally they come up trumps:

Vicki Hewston - So, Tony goes to collect his kit one Saturday morning shortly before leaving for his match rendez-vous, and there it is on the washing line, clean, fresh smelling and absolutely soaking in the driving rain “Beanie, have you got any spare kit I can borrow” said Tony.

Veronica Lovelace drove straight into her garage, straight over Dan's shorts

Obituary: The CSPHC Dragons. - Paul Meredith

The Chalfont St.Peter Hockey Club Dragons, symbols of the Club on tour for over a decade, were found dead on 5 April 1999. The two dragons, afflicted by a tragic colour scheme, were abandoned by their makers in 1984 in a glass cube and were tormented daily by a mechanical grabber operated by hordes of school children. The two dragons were spotted and rescued by a slightly intoxicated Peter Colwill, who had seen past their garish hues (beauty, after all, is in the eye of the beer holder), and he became their guardian and keeper. Throughout the years, Peter would tend to their every need, cleaning, brushing, bedding and ultimately parenting them through their difficult formative years. Then, as the hockey seasons came to a close, Peter would take the dragons back to Folkestone and show them their humble beginnings before packing them away for the summer.

And so it was this year. The morning before the tour was due to commence, the dragons traveled down with Peter and his parents and checked in to the South Cliff Hotel. Now fully fledged teenage dragons, Beanie assumed that he wouldn't have to watch over them for the whole trip as he had done in previous tours, and it was this assumption which eventually led to their tragic demise. As is customary, Peter began the evening with a drink, had another two or three during dinner and by the time last orders came around, he was relaxing in one of the hotel foyer's more comfortable chairs. Whilst he took advantage of this lull in his alcoholic intake, the two dragons, who had been causing no mischief nor annoying the other guests, were secreted away from Peter.

Over the next two days, rumours surrounding their whereabouts abounded. Eloped, some were heard to remark. Dragon-napped, others said. Brilliant, Watsy said, following it shortly afterwards with, "Marvelous". High jinks and hockey, though, were hardly enough to take Peter's mind off the fate that might have befallen his charges, and on the last night of the tour, his worst fears were realised. He spotted a paw poking out from behind a chair, but unfortunately, that was the only anatomical member present - the dragons had been dismembered. As the night continued, further body parts were discovered in small brown envelopes and it became clear that the dragons had lost their fight for freedom. By first light, Beanie had formally identified the dragon and they were laid to rest in a Folkestone bin.

Dear Editor,

Despite considerable efforts made by Mr Colwill I am afraid I will not be able to submit a review of the 3rd team year for Scoop. There are several reasons for this, the principal ones being:-

- 1) I can't remember
- 2) I can't be arsed

Instead, in a flimsy attempt to appear to be contributing may I submit the following 3rd team annual awards for inclusion in the august journal.

The 98/99 3rd Team Entirely Arbitrary* Awards

I know the other teams vote for these things, but I'm not big on democracy and all that rubbish and anyway, I'm always right.

The Victor Meldrew Award for Grumpiest Opposition of the Year - Gerrards Cross 2nd Vets / Our 2nd team

Foul of the year (breaking the rules) - Pat Nagle at Berkhamsted

Foul of the year (breaking the opposition) - James Sorby being shoulder charged by Andy Cartwright / Simon Gooch at Folkestone

The William Hague Award for Providing the most Feeble Opposition - Berkhamsted 5th Team

Funniest player of the year - Pat Nagle / Chris Pritchard

Smallest team taken to a fixture - 6 vs Harrow

Largest team taken to a fixture - 15 vs Berkhamsted

Most improved player - Derek Munns - the scary thing is he may win it again next year and still be in the 3rd team

Most improved player who might actually turn out to be quite good one day if he keeps practising - Dan Lovelace / Robert Arthurton

Player of the year (when he can be bothered to turn out) - James Sorby

Player of the year (overall contribution) - Mike Brown / Chris Pritchard

Best half time drink - Shooting tequila in the rain at Berkhamsted

Best trousers - Dan Lovelace

Supporter of the Year - Helen Kitto - though I suspect its only because we are prettier than the 1st team

Most injury prone player - Dave Emery
Best haircut - John Boyland
Best facial hair - Dan Lovelace
Biggest strop on seeing the name on his shirt - tied between James Heath at Folkestone and Derek Munns
Best reaction to a half time drink - James Heath drinking "Apple Juice" at Gerrards Cross
Closest to starting a fight with the opposition - Simon Gooch v West Herts / Dan Lovelace v Berko
Umpire of the year - the blind bloke at Berkhamsted / all the umpires in the game against the 2nds
Person who most regrets volunteering to umpire for us - Helen Kitto
Best shout of the year - "Could you pick me up a pint on your way back" - Chris Pritchard to Joe Davis as he lost his footing and slid into the wall of the GX clubhouse
Player most in need of football boots - Joe Davis (see above)
Most popular shout of the year - "Tit it Nagle!"
Most surprisingly large feet - Ian Harmon / Joe Davis
Goal of the season - Dave Emery's 1st goal at Aylesbury
Longest dribble of the season (distance covered) - Dave Emery's 1st goal at Aylesbury
Longest dribble of the season (duration) - Me at Gerrards Cross
Player most abused by his own team-mates for not passing - Dave Emery's 1st goal at Aylesbury
Most dedicated player - Rob Arthurton for offering to play on the day of his wedding / Derek Munns for actually playing the day his baby was due

Charles Barrowcliffe

*Surely that should be barbituary

Werty's Top Gentlemanly Ailments & excuses for not playing hockey

1. RACONTEUR'S WRIST

Excessive gesticulation during the recounting of an amusing or exciting tale is apt to produce undue strain on the radio-ulnar joint. Frequent bathing of the afflicted wrist in a lukewarm solution of laudanum, champagne and Epsom salts is advised. This treatment is most effective if administered whilst the patient reclines on a chaise longue, reading romantic verse.

2. COCKTAIL FINGER

Though admirably maintained by sophisticated persons during the imbibement of cocktails, the extended finger at the base of a glass can produce strain on the meta-carpals, thus rendering the bon vivant sadly handicapped in quaffing potential. To occupy oneself exclusively with the smoking of a cigar, for part of the evening, will allow the weary digit to rest, though do beware of 'Smoker's Thumb'.

3. PICNICKER'S NECK AND ELBOW

The unfortunate result of prolonged reclining on a flat grassy surface, whilst absorbed in leisurely exchanges with pals during a picnic. The cure is to bathe in the nude in the nearest lake or river, whilst maintaining a splendid erection. This will divert the blood supply from the brain, and allow one to return to the gathering feeling somewhat refreshed.

4. FOX-TROT FIBULA.

This is caused by unnecessarily vigorous dancing. The cure is simple: cease dancing, and, instead, indulge in witty conversation and smoking.

5. IMPERIALIST'S KNEE

The principal victim of this perfidious ailment is the travelling gentleman, who cannot resist the opportunity, of striking a pose for his attendant photographer at every available location. The leg being raised upon a convenient surface (to denote civilised superiority over the inhabitants of foreign parts) can put unnecessary strain on the tibia. A temporary ligature can be easily fashioned from some cut-up shirt collars.

Alledged Exploits in St Lucia

So what does happen when 2 current captains, one ex captain and a chap called "Sack" go to St Lucia. Well, the "alledged" emails fortunately fell into the hands of the Scoop scribes, see below for the comments and rumours flying around. Is it true:

...that somebody (mentioning no nick-names appropriate or otherwise) spent 2 1/2 hours asleep with his head in the porcelain at suite 232, Bay Gardens Hotel, Rodney Bay, St Lucia W.I. and was woken up only after his room mate's 10 minute spell of vigorous knocking on the bathroom door?

...that Chucky was woken most mornings for the 2 weeks of his holiday by a loud report from deep within the next bed?

It's probably too complicated to explain all of these to SCOOP readers, but surely there should be some mention of:-

"What... Barbara?"

"Boil in the bag boa constrictors"

"Rapid response rastas"

"I need some money to pay for my children's hospital treatment." ... "Yeah mon!"

"I was considering shagging her, but she moves in the wrong direction all the time."

"Bert Entwhistle"

"I'd like a flying fish sandwich please." (Charles)

"No" (Charles, when asked on the beach by a raster if he had any bad habits)

"If she doesn't bring it back, I'm going back there to get it" (Neil, after a lap dancer had used his baseball cap as a prop in exotcic night club)

"How come there's a shoe in my pillow?" (Sack after wondering why Neil went down like a sack of potatoes after the first blow of a pillow fight)

"He isn't dead Charlie!" (Charles to the ship's Captain when Neil awoke on the deck while trying to sleep off just a bit of a hangover)

Is it True that..

Neil fell into the hotel pool on the first night after a pub crawl back from Spinnakers.

Charles fell into the pool immediately after.

Charles was first back to the hotel on each of the last 3 nights.

Night Train Express is a very fine wine.

Naked sunbathing on beaches in Martinique is a very bad thing.

The Triangle bar serves Rum and Coke at around 75p when the Rum is a guessed measure anywhere between a double and a quadruple.

Neil, Charles, Pilch and Sack travelled through Rodney Bay in a downpour in the back of a pick up holding a sheet of 8 by 4 plywood above their heads.

Shamrocks is an Irish Bar.

Rastas live life in the fast lane.

Further letters to the editor

Dear Editor

We are writing to complain at the value of ourselves in the fantasy hockey competition. We are fine upstanding members of this club and frankly, more honed than some of the so called atheletes in the club.

Yours

Dave Banner (£0.5m) and Pat Nagle (£0m)

Editors Note - get your entries in now. Pat and Dave look like remarkably good value.

Dear Gopher,

Following a quick pre-publication read of this edition of the organ, it has come to my attention that there is a serious flaw in your Gophering for this edition.

Peter Colwill

The Editor

Veni, Vedi, Veci Bognor - Doug MacColl

I knew it was heading for a strange weekend when, on the car journey, down Erika had tried to convince us that Jaffa Cakes were a valid alternative to paying salaries with cash and that nesting is a valid management consultancy tool rather than a dubious sexual practise. That said having me in the passenger seat would have been enough to drive any one round the bend. In fact with my directions we went around the bend several times.

Having arrived at the first hotel we walked straight into the domestic problem of the year. Neil and Helen had been put down to share a room with Sarah B. Whereas recovering was the thing that most people were concerning themselves with after a long and slow journey down, Neil and Helen obviously had other things on their mind. Things calmed down when they realised that Sarah B would not be arriving until the following day and they had the room to themselves for the night.

At the other hotel the domestic arrangements were a lot happier and John, a virgin, was eagerly awaiting his chance to share a bed with Cash. It was beginning to dawn on me that there might be a very good reason why I had not toured with Chalfont before. I was also beginning to suspect that Cash had not got his nickname from his day job as tour tradition has it that he gets to share a bed with any virgin.

Things took a turn for the worse when it came to ordering taxis to get to Bognor clubhouse for the Friday evening disco. It is coming to something when you get to know the taxi drivers by their first name because you are so long in the taxi, as they did not know where they were going. On our journey over I was beginning to get slightly worried about how slow the locals were when we past the cemetery at least twice and had to stop on two occasions to ask directions.

Our worst fears were confirmed on arriving at the disco. There was no need to worry about hangovers as it took about 45 minutes to get served by the slow yokels behind the bar. A major catastrophe was averted at the disco when we spotted another team, Stanmore, who had the same coloured shirts. We knew that they were not overly blessed with intelligence when they asked where we came from. "About ten miles from you" was the polite answer. Up stepped Sarah O to take control and suggested that we toss for who kept their shirts on. She then explained to the overweight guy from the other team that this was not a come on but meant tossing a

coin and promptly called heads and won. The other team was then relegated to skins for the weekend. As fortune would have it we didn't play them so the problem never arose. This was perhaps just as well considering the vast expanse of skin that would have been on show. It is coming to something when they make me look slim. That said one of them had obviously been on the generation game and had a cuddly toy giraffe around her neck. Despite close attention from some of the team she managed to preserve its honour and hers. I must admit surprise at the number of keen gardeners from Chalfont men at the disco who were keen to find out the color of people's bushes.

The following day after an interesting breakfast (without tomatoes!) it was off to the sports centre. As newcomers to the tournament we were given the ploughed field for the majority of our games. In view of my previous 5 games and my goal conceded average, which stood at 5 per game, I had given in to the pressure not to wear my Juventus top (it is not a Newcastle top!). This appeared to work and despite my best efforts to let a goal in we emerged from the first game without conceding a goal. Our good luck was to continue for the next three games as the forwards demonstrated that the hours of trying to kill me in practise had paid off and they were knocking in goals left, right and centre (or shooting over the hedge, fence, house and last seen still heading for orbit in the case of one of Watsy's efforts). The summer season had obviously paid off and we were playing not just good hockey but champagne hockey. I had a great view of our outstanding hockey from my seat on the backboard. In fact the most worrying thing for me in the first few games was trying to avoid getting any splinters off the backboard. There was a brief return to form as I lived up to my tour shirt and let one goal in through the gap between my legs.

Highlights of the day included the close marking by Drew of an attacking centre forward. After much debate we asked her age and she said 17. It has to be said that Drew's marking got even tighter and she spent the rest of the game trying to stay away from his chopper (well hockey stick but have you seen the way he stick tackles!). Another high point was Dan scoring a couple of great goals. This was particularly good news for me as he had started to look too good in goal whilst I was out injured during the summer and I think that he should continue to develop his skills as an outfield player. I also should thank Sarah B for the tips on dieting that have obviously been working to some success with Giles who has gained a yard on the pitch by losing it from his waist.

Watsy, Charlie, John Jnr and Martin were running defences ragged which led one

of the opposition to shout to his team “come on we are playing down to their level”. That would be the team we beat 3 - 0. Another team was put out at being outplayed by us and shouted, “we are National League you know”. Actually I don’t know what they were National League at as they also took a 3 - 0 drubbing. In fact things were going so well for us that Neil even began to smile. The mixed was also going well with Erika, Sarah O, Sarah B, Caroline, Naomi and Catherine showing good focus.

As the day drew to a close we were left facing the surprise position of played lots, won lots, scored lots and lost nothing. It was when we returned to our hotel that we realised that Paul had come through on the organisation... our hotel had a bar. Several bottled lagers later it was time to move on but not before John Jnr had made his best pass of the day at the Landlady with her husband watching.

Catching up with the others from the other hotel it was time to find food. A Weatherspoons was located offering cheap food and cheaper alcohol. All was going well until the fines committee and a bouncer asked when we were thinking of leaving. Having finished with the fines it was time to count ourselves out of the pub. As we were watched out we told the bouncer we would see him again to which he responded no we wouldn’t.

The sports centre had been turned into a disco for the night. It resembled one of those school hall discos from my distant past. However the locals seemed to have learnt from the night before and the booze queue was down to a more respectable five minutes. Whilst Erika and Sarah showed off their best moves of the day and others went off on a giraffe hunt (rather than a moose hunt) I was left demonstrating that just because goalkeepers can flap their arms on a pitch that doesn’t mean that they can flap them rhythmically or to time with the music. Just like a school disco things came promptly to an end at midnight. As the good teacher James is he showed commendable interest in those of his pupils who were at the tournament. He was very concerned to see that they got back safely. This was just as well considering that for those who were camping, the signpost to the campsite was missing thanks to Dan.

Having seen his pupils on their way James waited with the rest of us for taxis , and waited and waited. Martin thoughtfully got us to join in a song to keep our spirits up as we waited. I am not sure that Gerrards Cross liked being serenaded with the words “Gerrards Cross are a load of Dykes” to a well-known football chant but it did cheer us up. After a while it dawned on us that it would be some time for a taxi and so the more adventurous set about walking to the station to try

their luck. One tip I did learn from this was that James walking down the road holding his shoes (why?) with his cock out is not conducive to getting a cab to stop. Eventually we persuaded a cab to pick us up after a mile or so of walking.

Struck by an eagerness to preserve our outstanding record in both the mixed and the men's from the first day our first game proved tense. The team warmed up as normal which for Charlie and Martin meant a pre match fag and for me a can of red bull. Despite many efforts we failed to score in the first half. It looked like the second half was going to continue in the same vein until we finally managed to hit the backboard. Things settled back down to normal service as we quickly followed this up with more goals. John however took slightly longer to settle than most. Drew hit an outstanding pass 60 yards across the pitch, which found John Jnr in open space. John Jnr grateful for a chance to run in on goal called out thanks as the ball was on the way to him. Unfortunately he forgot to stop it and instead demonstrated why he does not open the batting at cricket as the ball went straight through him. Eager to show that this was not a one off he then managed to do it again with the next pass.

Whilst the forwards and midfield were getting stuck in and scoring reasonably freely life was slowing down at the back. Being a Sunday this allowed me quality time to recover from the night before and read the Sunday papers. Charlie thoughtfully brought a Sunday supplement across for me to read. Fired by enthusiasm after Sarah B sharing her secrets of how to diet I noticed a section on how to spend 5 minutes a day exercising yourself back to fitness. With little else to do it seemed a good time to try them out. After 2 minutes (well you need to build up slowly) I stopped and moved onto the Horoscopes. Having established that it was my lucky day it seemed a good idea to share the stars with Daffy, Drew, Charlie, the umpire, their centre forward etc.

Our triumphant march towards total supremacy continued as team after team failed to beat us or even score. As the last games approached the excitement increased as we looked forward to being crowned winners and taking away the trophy. It was at this stage we were told that there was no trophy, that we were playing for fun and our prize was a stick of rock given to everyone.

So we came, we saw, we kicked butt and humiliated for nothing. Well not quite nothing we played well, drank even better and left heads high although not once did the gardeners see an interesting bush and not once did the ladies lose focus.

Fantasy League - Standings as of Sunday night - 14/11/99

TEAMNAME	MANAGER	Points
NO NAME YET	Doug MacColl (Not Paid)	76
Hopefully Homeless	Giles Payne	71
Leftie	Colin Byrne	55
The Young Hares	Alastair Wertheim	54
Claret and Blues	Dave Peters	53
Woolf Pack	Nick Woolf	50
Lloyd's Bankers	Helen Lloyd	44
Chalfont Rejects	James Heath	41
The Hackers	Drew Downing	33
Bird's Best Bet	Sarah Birger	33
Dumb Blondes	Annie Brothwell	32
Who Ate All The Pies H.C.	Jo Davies	31
NO NAME YET	Martin Cartledge (Not Paid)	31
Dorba's Dynamos H.C.	James Sorby	30
Rapid Response Rastas	Neil Turner	30
The Umpires Dream Team	Simon Seabrook	29
Monkey Magic	Alison Spicer	28
Spot On The Money	Andy Watts	28
Bovine Beauties	Erika Schelshorn	27
Ciotog	Colin Byrne	25
Joran's Alstars	Chris Blamey	23
Swedish Body Massage-01753 824224	Catherine Watson	22
Gucci's Bullies	Simon Gooch	22
Ottys Lot	Sarah Ottaway	21
Black All Over	Jo Peters	20
Yew 'R' Pants	Darren Keeping	19
NO NAME YET	Helen Kitto	19
Give Daddy The Knife Cindy	Charles Barrowcliffe	18
What A Laugh	Naomi Tomkinson	18
Brown Cow Thelma's Day Out	Paul Meredith	16
Boa Constrictor In A Bag	Charles Barrowcliffe	1
Seven Steps To Satan	Robert Arthurton	1
The Revenge Of The Men In Black	Charles Barrowcliffe	-2
Magnificents	Mark McCree	-3
Cumpstey's Crunchers	Cathy Cumpstey (Not Paid)	-20

Rutland Tour - August Bank Holiday - Catherine Watson

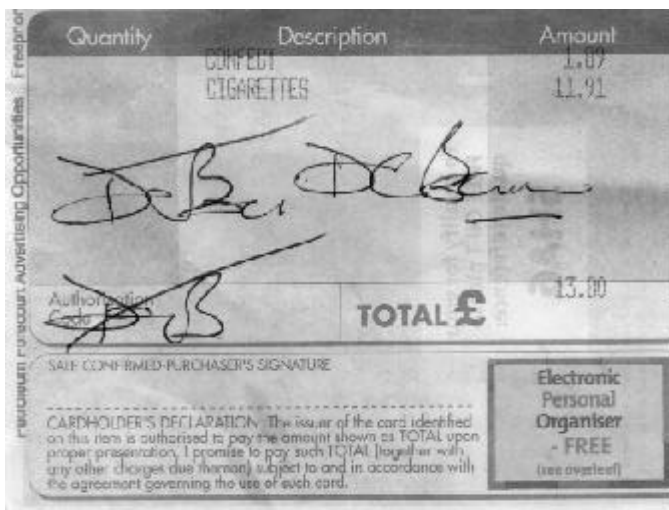
- "Show me the colour of your bush" - Wayne Grieve (cricket overseas player)
- Sarah Ottaway and Martin Cartledge continue their shag fest in the local park
- Paul Meredith - python to his mates, apparently it isn't the length that's important, "its the girth". Boy when he shoots, does he shoot! Creams the back board
- Youngster (Paul's younger brother) managed to rewind the camera which had previously had many shots of Als tent roof after Catherine and Alison laid down and held the camera in the air, only to realise that the camera was the wrong way round.
- Helen and Neil (alias Harold and Hilda) - The new names came after Helen sprained her ankle and they went to A & E on the way back dressed identically in their tour tops, navy shorts etc, both sporting ginger hair.
- Watsy - "Ginger" - Arriving at 3pm on the Friday with Dan, downing copious bottles of Metz, Bud and Purple nasty, diving in front of Mike Lawson's car, for Mike not to recognise this "f*****g ginger bastard" and tried to run him over. Scoffed his meal sitting on the wet grass and retired to bed at a woofter time of 8.30pm "I'm absolutely f*****g bolloxed" Surely not!!!
- Naomi and Dan, no, Tony, er no Wayne er, eh?
- Rowena - baby on the tour, could it be a bad ball injury on a young Rutland player's neck, or does Rowena turn into a vampire after midnight. Also the most unfortunate female on the team, only one to keep breaking her nails...a disaster. She also managed to procure two glasses from the curry house and a bollard, all in one Sunday evening
- James Heath - Goalkeeping and still managing to give some extra care and attention to the centre forward (female) of the opposition.
- Wayne - why was he wearing his pants round his waist with both legs through one hole. Also, how come he had his name sewn in on a label??? Did he manage to lose his credit cards we wonder whilst there?
- Mike Lawson - who along with Dan was obsessed with Moorhens, decided to keep his widgets from his breakfast Guinness on him all day, and had "Shag me" emblazoned on his forehead most of Sunday
- Catherine Watson - smoking a plastic fork, went to flick it out only to flick the hot plastic onto her bottom lip - forcing her to dive face first into her pint of purple nasty. Also promoting us to top position of the league table.
- Charles Barrowcliffe - drinking champagne with his curry
- Friday night was the "who could wear the most purple nasty on their top" competition.

The Awards

In December 1998 we paid tribute to some worthy winners of various club awards. A limited selection of worthy candidates for this publication are listed below:

Adrian Halliday Drinking Award

Very difficult to narrow it down from the number of contenders since the last edition of Scoop following a good overall team performance by the club. However The runner up of the award would have to go to Dave Banner, all round top bloke, he celebrated his win of all round Club member at the Cricket dinner by drinking a number of bottles of champagne. So much so, that when Neil Turner dropped him off for some fags and chocolate on the way home, he had serious problems writing his signature. See below for evidence. The winner however, comes in the shape of a consistent performer at club events, Alison Spicer. Perhaps the most memorable of these was at the Italian Dinner in November, when she was found to be slumped under the bar at Winkers, still clutching a bottle of Bud in one hand, and a fag in the other.



Top Committee Award

Has to go to the Sports Club, for their 3 years hard work in submitting the lottery application, and turning the club around.

Waste of space Award

The award goes to the hockey players who do not let captains know that they can play until the last minute, and the ones who pull out at the last minute.

Most Generous Benefactor Award

This is not yet a seriously contested category, however, we hope to announce a number of winners (unless they wish to remain anonymous) following extremely generous contributions to our lottery fund. That was a huge hint...

Oliver Reed, fine upstanding “member” award

Now, as much as SCOOP hates to lower itself to the gutter, some serious debauchery has come to its attention. It would appear that two contenders have decided to fight for this crown, and it was a tough call to choose who to go for. As you may have read in Doug Maccoll’s wonderful piece (article that is), James Heath, following a serious night’s boogying in Bognor Leisure Centre, decided he did not want to walk for three hours back to the hotel room, so decided, er to er flop his tackle out to try and flag a cab home. However, with a last minute entry, coming from the rear, James Sorby has roared in to cream the title. SCOOP wasn’t on hand (again) to witness the event, but evidently, a certain Ladies second team member somehow, managed to loosen James’s trousers and er, um, well, loosen the load of his trousers somewhat. Now, having your member pulled out in public is one thing, but in the middle of Winkers on the Ladies night out really is something else. Shocking. A clear winner (and that’s just what the eye watering ladies said). The Organ would like to hear from any witnesses who can divulge further information which the reading masses ought to know about, or indeed similar stories.

Jim Davidson needless chasing of birds award

Joint winners for this award were Mike Lawson and Dan Lovelace. For some reason, after a couple of Guinesses at breakfast, they decided to go into the County town of Rutland to chase Moorhens, who had er apparently been hounding them the night before.

Falling asleep on the job award

Many contenders for this award. Neil Turner for his ability to stay asleep whilst some young French “Lady” was merrily shagging away in the room next door, crashing through walls and pulling down wardrobes. Peter Colwill for falling asleep at the table at the Italian night, or was that pass out...hmm what editors get up to when they are not editing and taking a well earned break. Unfortunately,

the Editor's gopher, Andy Watts has managed two entries. The first being for some late night drinks and absolutely no leeching or leering at Winkers with Martin Cartledge his Centre Forward partner in crime, who both decided on the way back to stop for a second or two before continuing their struggle home. At about 3.30 and covered in dew, they decided to continue their journey home. The second entry occurred whilst Watsy was comparing notes on how wimpy it is to get drunk on wine with the late but most definitely great Saj. Following three bottles drunk in pints in an hour and a half, they proceeded to the Poachers for some Stella and onwards to the Greyhound to abuse the locals and abuse the Landlord. Unfortunately, Watsy had to be rescued by Martin Cartledge from the green outside the Wagon and Horses having passed out for approximately an hour.

Non Stop Yacking on the Phone Award

Obviously most women are contenders for the non stop yacking award, however, a particular specialist on the mobile phone is Naomi Tomkinson. Whilst recounting the "Sorby" incident to Tony Hewston (in between him passing out) and Watsy, she managed to rack up an impressive 15 minutes on Helen's mobile, this whilst being in Winkers with the rest of the "Ladies". Another incident that came to SCOOP's attention was phoning up John Cooper for a very long time to talk about nothing in the middle of the night. Top effort.

Amazing Fact Number One

Martin Cartledge has purchased a car nearly identical to Werty's that doesn't steam up as soon as you get in it, who'd have thought it.

Amazing Fact Number Two

Steve Salsbury is in fact still alive and working in Pizza Express in Beaconsfield again - time to go back and getted pissed and abusive again. He used to love it.

Talking Points

During the Ladies' President's Match, Catherine Watson, in the process of taking a free hit, called "Annie" and was somewhat taken aback by Miss Brothwell's reply "I'm not on the pitch"

Is there anything worse in the world than being in a pub late in the evening of President's Day and suffering Andy Watts boasting about new clothing including underpants?

Charmian McColl amused her table at the club supper with a long computer story which involved husband Doug not saving stuff. We recognised a familiar failing.

"I remember you from Folkestone" volunteered Martin Cartledge on meeting Gerrards Cross defender Colin Byrne who was playing for the President's team. "You were always drunk" continued Martin. "What a mistake to make, Colin is of course, T Total.

BP Collins has sent an internal email requesting that employees refrain from swearing in their emails - could this have anything to do with Alison Spicer whose varied titles of the email subject include "f*****g c***s"?

"Oi you two, what are you doing with that pram",

"er nothing Officer, we found it in the high street outside the Halifax, we don't think there's a baby in it".

"Are you two planning to drive this evening"

"Of course not officer, we are far too pissed"

Charlie and Watsy being apprehended by the local constabulary at 4.00am on the Thursday night in Folkestone whilst building a fine collection of toys and prams for worthy recipients later in the weekend.

A rare sight, but against Thames Valley, David Dunford executed a precision 70 yard pass which thumped into his baby Anna's pushchair. Fortunately, the infant was well guarded by Helen Kitto.

Watching a tennis match on television, Alastair Wertheim was informed that the score was 4-4 in the final set. "Oh, to whom?" enquired Alastair

A Deeply Personal Account of the (Men's) First XI by Doug MacColl and Paul Meredith

Chris "Gash" Blamey - Defence, Midfield - born 1966, 3'4"

A craftsman by day, and a crafty man by night, Cash is from the old school of hockey and used to play golf with WG Grace as a boy. The oldest of the four little musketeers in defence, he adds considerably to the average age of the back four. Nowadays, he can be found at Elaine's, doing her surfaces, cupboards and kitchen. He's been at it for over a year, apparently, and gets breakfast as well, apparently. Most Saturday evenings, the day's exertions catch up with him and he can often be found dribbling into his pint and quietly crooning Jim Reeves numbers.

Colin Byrne - Defence - born again, 3'4"

A skilled marksman and one of the four little musketeers in defence. Definitely not a man to be crossed even if you are called Gerrard. Many attackers have got on the wrong side on him only to find he is equally effective with both hands. The token Irishman on the team, he is the butt of nearly all our jokes. However, as he is not a man to be found under the influence of alcohol, he tends to immediately fling back a witty comment to the sozzled masses. Unfortunately, none of us can understand a word he says in that accent of his anyway. We have learnt to shut up when the words "kneecaps", "Semtex" and "shotgun" appear in the same sentence, though. A welcome addition to the defence he runs an effective protection racket.

Doug 'Rudolf' MacColl - Goalkeeper - born 1969, 6' by 6'

A born goalkeeper (if you know what I mean). Known as Rudolf, Doug has been recognized nationally by having Red Nose Day named after him. Having been saved by Greenpeace, he recently moved up from Wales where his considerable presence is sorely missed. Disappointed at Giles losing weight, Dougie is now the largest and loudest presence in the team. He has recently recovered from knee surgery (not connected to Colin honest!) and has again taken his place in front of goal. Unfortunately not in goal due to an inability to fit between the sticks. Like his keeping, Doug was born late and just missed the Summer of Love but managed to arrive in time for breakfast and has not stopped eating since. He is currently in sponsorship talks with Farmers Weekly, Comic relief and Red Bull. A conscientious worker, Rudolf has been known to bring his work onto the pitch with him and

frequently has to 'mind the gap' between his legs. Anyway, a point of information: Doug never dives when he's in goal: he is just overcome by the gravity occasionally.

James Heath - Midfield/Forward - born 1994, 5'9"

James, a schoolmaster by day and a dancer of ill-repute by night, has set the rumor candles alight with his sexploits over the last year. Not wanting to jeopardise his career by repeating the sordid tales of pupil- teacher extra- curricular activities on these pages, might I just recollect one word for the benefit of all, Heidi. Delighting all with his undoubted pram-steering skills on the pitch, James rocked the establishment by announcing that his drinks had been spiked at New Year. Were they, indeed ... Quiet and unassuming off the pitch, give him a sniff of Carlsberg's finest brew, mention the word Winkers and he'll be off like a shot to dance the night away. Where he might meet Lolita, the pirate of men's pants (name changed to protect the (less than) innocent). Or some one else. Conservative estimates put his pulls for the year at four. Less conservative estimates reckon four species.

Paul Meredith - Defence, Midfield - born 1976, 5' 10"

Paul is one of the few non-Traitor Scum allowed in the First XI having never played for a local team before joining the Saints. Was attracted to the team by its goody-goody name and has yet to become a club sinner. Paul is still somewhat of an enigma to the majority of Chalfont St.Peter, because he failed to pull any of the Club's women in his first year at CSPHC. In recognition of the good esteem in which he is held was voted player of the season in 1998/99. Hmmm ... A hard worker, he can be found regularly pulling his oar under the watchful eye of Erik (a Viking). He does have a capacity for running around all match (about the same amount as a headless chicken) but sadly, where stamina really matters, he can't match it on the beer front. Indeed, at Rutland, Paul keeled over after one whiff of Mike Lawson's breath.

Alastair 'Werty' Wertheim - Defence/Midfield/Forward/Golf Course - born 1729 and born to be wild! , 5' 8"

More has been written about Dirty Werty and his driving masterclasses (sadly, not golf) than I care to remember. Werty is too old to be one of the four musketeers but knew the man in the iron mask personally when he was a mere lad. There is so much to pen about Werty, from bandanas to brogues, and from pyjamas to port, that I nearly forgot to mention the cruel and heartless way he butchered

Beanie's dragons in Folkestone last year. Only kidding - or am I? Very few have seen Werty angry, including Martin, who tries to wind up Werty before every match and fails each time, but I suspect that when someone scuffs the polish off the toes of his brogues, there will be hell to pay. I pity his neighbours for having to live next door to this hell-raiser. They probably just want a bit of quiet (no loud music, that sort of thing). Back to hockey, though, and I can reveal the reason behind Werty's hockey suffering a bit this year, and it is not because playing on astro reminds him of GXGC's bunkers nor is it the thought of slipping into Virgin Brides. No, Tina is plagued by a life or death (literally, probably) decision of whether to buy an Aston Martin or not to buy an Aston Martin - that is the question.

David 'Daffy' Dunford - Defence - Born to ride 3'4"

Daffy is one of the four little musketeers in defense and has never been known to duck an issue. He has matured from earlier exploits as a wild biker on the road from hell into the more graceful, if not colorful, lines of a Golf GTI. Dave, as he is never, ever called, has recently introduced a duckling of his own and has been instrumental in signing up a first team nanny. This tonsured youngster, whose hockey skills are surpassed only by his umpiring, now patrols the pitch with the grace of a cygnet. His sexual exploits are the stuff of myth and legend, and he even has a part of the pitch named after them.

Andrew 'Drew' Downing - Defence/Lumberjack - born 1960, 3' 4"

The final little musketeer, Mr. Downing is more famed for his strength of tackle rather than their pinpoint accuracy. The Peacock was educated at some point in his long and infamous past, but then threw it all away to become an accountant. Now, at the end of a completed season's worth of hockey at Chalfont, I can reflect back to the immediate impact he made when he joined the club, taking out the opposition's entire frontline in one trademark tackle. He could score but won't because he finds hitting people with his stick so positively reinforcing. Drew is currently in talks with a stick repair firm over sponsorship.

Andrew 'Watsy' Watts - Forward/Hotellier - born 1972, 5' 10"

Watsy (who offers very decent weekend breaks in his own front room version of Fawly Towers) is the Men's First XI's Chief Motivator, having an extensive range of motivational material (and hair dyes) available. He generously raids his personal porn and Farmers' Weekly magazine stocks in order to distribute their goodness

to the rest of the team before matches. He can usually be relied upon to score, but that's another story. Andy is currently awaiting the next First XI Big Cock Day (A day, quite possibly in the spring, the arrival of which is greeted with the dawn horn and throughout which the sap continues to rise.

Charles 'Charlie' Wooler - Attack first, ask questions later - Born on the run, 5' 11"

Charlie by name, Charlie by preference. Despite the state of his hair most weeks, and ignoring his highlights, he is proud to be the team's Sierra Man, and may one day become Mondeo Man. He can fix anything (if you know what I mean!), and defies anyone to beat his go faster stripes or the volume of his stereo. Charles, as his mother calls him, is the team's bad boy. For example, in Folkestone last year, he was caught by the fuzz (ouch!) in possession of a stolen pram. But, John Finch, this is his only indiscretion. Ever, and he has never dismembered any dragons, and he knows where you live. On the pitch, the flying streak has often been seen to speed down the wing or hug the white line. He has been one of Chalfont's most effective weapons over the last year, blinding our supporters, the opposition and occasionally even his own team mates with his incredibly bright white legs.

Neil 'Chucky' Turner - Midfield - Born 1972, 5' 4"

Now in his second season as skipper, the ginger one had been a model of consistency in midfield until it came to light at Folkestone that he couldn't actually hit the ball (bad for a hockey player). He does run round a lot, though, but is suspiciously not tired at the end of matches - a born wingback if ever there was one. His stretching before matches is enough to make grown men grimace - apparently, he could lick his own bum clean (if he ever wanted or needed to). Has a slight drinking problem in that he is physically unable to play for two days after a good session, although he will often show up at the pitch. Sorry (typo): he will often throw up at the pitch. His favorite dance moves include Awaken The Bacon and Choking the Chicken - brings a whole new meaning to the phrase Dancing With the Captain (of the mixed). Always keen to look after team welfare was instrumental in getting a team nanny to look after Daffy's duckling and Drew's girlfriends.

Martin 'lean, mean scoring machine' Cartledge-Forward - Created not born, 6' 0"

The last of the Traitor Scum Foursome, Martin see himself less as a Carthorse and more as a prancing stallion. Clearly a natural goal scorer his dedication knows no

bounds. Frequently he can be seen to throw himself on his botty in an effort to score. He has had quite a good time at Chalfont blighted by injuries including broken fingers, toes, bruised shins and a shattered patella. Fortunately, he has yet to inflict any of these on his own teammates or himself. One of the cleanest members of the squad he can frequently be found in the shower when on tour...although not for long! Has a natural eye for goal. And it's a wallet, not a purse - okay?

John 'Junior' Cooper JR - Forward - Born very recently, 5' 11"

John Boy is the team youngster and whipping boy. As such, it is not surprising that he suffers some abuse (mostly from Drew or Martin in the showers). Having said that, he does take it like a man and secretly loves the attention. Known to show the opposition a clean pair of heals, he has been known not to take just one bar of soap into the showers, but two and still manages to accidentally drop both! Picked up by Watsy in a local pub, John has been a revelation up front, and when it comes to quality finishing in front of goal, John stops at nothing. Renowned by the opposition as a great passer of the ball he had also, until recently, a fearsome 100% reputation when it comes to one to one with the keeper.

Giles "Giles!" Payne - Midfield/Defence - Born 1460, 7' 2"

Giles is a truly phenomenal hockey player - just ask him. His favorite colour is green. Until recently a considerable presence in the team, he has proved a man mountain sitting in front of the defence. Giles remembers the sixties vividly but has now slimmed down to a more acceptable 44 L. He is a man in possession of an extremely large vocabulary and his ability to question the parentage of umpires without being sent off is second to none. Sadly, his hockey is let down by the fact that his oft-attempted aerial balls generally maim two innocent spectators each season. A colossus astride the 25, nobody gets past Giles without running a bloody long way round.

Helen 'Kitto' Kitto - First team nanny - Born 1974, 4'0"

A recent addition to the first team squad thanks to constant prodding by the First team captain. Her skills on the sideline are greatly appreciated by Daffy and Drew. Has shown great skill in picking up the toys when they are thrown out of the pram by various team members and also provides a shoulder for Chucky to cry on. So great are her efforts that she has been known to make the captain smile occasionally. Her skills with nappies are a sight to be seen (not by us, it has to be said, as we have weak stomachs)

ANAGRAMS by Neil Turner

It's amazing what you can find on the Internet. Believe it or not there are loads of sites that can generate anagrams of peoples names at the drop of a hat. So some time at work was invested to see if they could come up with any humourous anagrams of Chalfont players names. Here are the findings of that in depth invesigation.

Drew Downing	Did new wrong
Paul Meredith	Diaper Helmut
Giles Payne	Any gee slip
Dan Lovelace	Love ace lad Neil (Well who wouldn't love our Mens 1st Captain?)
Elaine Hunter	Ah, neuter Neil - (Surely you couldn't do that to Helen)
Chris Blamey	May belch Sir - (Is that after 3 or 4 pints of Export?)
Chris Pritchard	Chris..Crap Third! - (Obviously destined never to play in the 2's)
Annie Brothwell	Lent whole brain - (Who did she lend it to? Obvious that she needs it back quick!)
Alastair Wertheim	Two anagrams...I am raw elite trash, Shit! Material wear (Material wear? Not on the quality of clothes Werty buys)
Sarah Birger	Grab his rear - (Whos? Does Giles know about this Sarah?)
Martin Cartledge	Dramatic leg tern -(Is that how he beats players in the D?)
Alison Spicer	Pis on Sir Alec - (and she's a Man Utd supporter... what's going on there then?) (notable mention for another anagram and possible touring name... Cornelia Piss)
Simon Seabrook	I am so sore knob - (Mmmm...)
Michael Brown	Blew Choirman - (Whatever you want to do in your private life is your business, but none of that at the club please)
Charlie Wooler	Oil whore Clair - (Is that the sort of thing that goes on in Beaconsfield on a Friday night?)

This next one I thought was going to be the best...

Peter Colwill	Relic we'll top - (Kill our oldest club member... never?!)
---------------	--

Until I found the anagram to top all anagrams...

Doug MacColl	Local cum God - (Maybe we ought to be renaming Daffy's wank zone)
--------------	---

CSP Hockey Club - Mixed Team - Robert “Clodder” Arthurton

The policy of the Mixed Team is that there is no policy. Anyone and everyone is welcome to play in a mixed game, the only prerequisite being the desire to have a laugh and enjoy the game.

To that end, while every effort is made by the two Captains to ensure that as many members of the club as possible are invited to play, simple logistics dictates that it is impossible to contact everyone each week. If you want a game and you have not been asked, even if you are not sure when the next one is, please get in touch with one of the captains. There will be a match almost every Sunday during the season, and usually fortnightly over the Summer (weekday evenings).

Potential new members to the Club (whether poached from another club, hockey virgins or just plain virgins) should be encouraged to play in the next available Mixed game. First matches will be gratis and I am sure that with a little practice we will be able to get many more women in the club*.

The Men are organised by Clodder (01494 865173 / rarthu01@bcuc.ac.uk); the Women by Helen (0467 662608 / helenkit@aol.com). If you are unsure which of the above categories you fall into, I will be more than happy to provide a free consultation service. I am not a trained doctor, but I am willing to have a jolly good look and a bit of a feel.

Team Tactics

Although many individual members of the team may be likened to coiled springs, honed to the peak of athletic and physical perfection (step forward Dan Lovelace), the team as a whole is more than the sum of its parts. Tactics are essential in such a situation, and are detailed below:

1. When approaching the Bar after the match, we employ the little-known “Rhombus” formation to ensure that all possible free spaces along the bar are taken. Subsequently, everyone buys drinks for everyone else, ensuring as many duplicate orders as possible are given, and causing substantial grief for the Bar Staff.
2. The type of drink is imperative. It is frowned upon to order a simple drink which causes little hassle for the unfortunate soul serving. Combinations of different types of drink are encouraged: orange juice and lemonade; blackcurrant and orange juice; sparkling mineral water with a dash of cassis;

vermouth and lager; and a pint of double-bastard “Deathapple” cider for Beanie. This tactic is strictly enforced at the Red Lion in Wexham where they serve pints of lemonade that stop an inch below the top of the glass as they “don’t serve pints of lemonade”. Actually, in this particular pub, wanton vandalism and random theft is to be congratulated.

3. In unfamiliar pubs, the “Rhombus” formation is often too subtle, and can result in very little refreshment reaching the team. Such pubs are categorised as “Enemy Pubs” and are to be treated with extreme caution. In severe circumstances, the tactic known as the “Bag of Rancid Pants” may be employed, but only under the strict supervision of the two Captains. This is where the team, post-match and un-showered, form a human blockage just inside the entrance to the Enemy Pub, generally milling around and smelling like a bag of rancid pants. The Bar area soon clears of so-called “locals” enabling drinks to be ordered in the usual fashion (see tactic 2 above).
4. Seating. We use the tried and tested “Scuseusmateisthattaken?” tactic. Upon entering a pub, the lounge areas are to be scoured for as many spare chairs as possible (and certainly more than are necessary). Small children occupying chairs will be intimidated until the seating is handed over as they shouldn’t be in pubs anyway (a bit of a speciality of mine, that one). If possible, entire rooms should be commandeered. It is best if, under this situation, an unknown couple are trapped in a corner of the room, thereby ruining their evening and scuppering the possibility of post-pub sex (theirs, not mine).
5. Don’t accept lifts from strange men or Werty. Actually, just don’t accept lifts from strange men and you’re covered.
6. Use the wings and pass more.
7. Er...that’s it.

If you have any questions of a hockey / sporting nature, frankly I’m not the person to ask. See you at the bar.

* Many thanks to the James Tarbuck Gag Academy, Liverpool for letting me use this joke.

Social Fax Back Form

Dear Catherine,

I am a fine upstanding member of the hockey club, and would like to participate in the following events you have so wonderfully organised throughout the year.

<input type="checkbox"/>	Fri 26 th Nov 99	Barn Dance
<input type="checkbox"/>	Sat 11 th Dec 99	Club night 5-7 O'clock - a chance to meet everyone
<input type="checkbox"/>	Fri 17 th Dec 99	Christmas Shopping Weekend - Barcelona
<input type="checkbox"/>	Wed 22 nd Dec 99	Carol Singing, mulled wine & mince pies- CSP
<input type="checkbox"/>	Sun 26 th Dec 99	Mixed hockey Fancy dress - Chalfont Park
<input type="checkbox"/>	Sat 22 nd Jan 00	Burns Night - Chalfont Park
<input type="checkbox"/>	Sat 26 th Feb 00	Curry and Karaoke Night
<input type="checkbox"/>	Fri 31 st Mar 00	Annual Hockey Dinner and Dance
<input type="checkbox"/>	Sun 2 nd Apr 00	Hockey Presidents Day
<input type="checkbox"/>	Apr 1 st - 13 th 00	Skiing Trip - Whistler, Canada
<input type="checkbox"/>	Fri 21 st Apr 00	Folkestone Hockey Festival Easter weekend
<input type="checkbox"/>	Fri 28 th Apr 00	Berkhamsted Mixed Hockey T'ment w/end
<input type="checkbox"/>	June/July	Millennium Awards Summer 2000 Party

Name _____

Email Address _____

**Fax Back now to
01753 824224**