



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #67 Autumn 2002
www.brightonhash.co.uk

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40ish start.
 All directions/ timings start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No.
16th September 02	1265	Castle	Bramber	188107	Terry/ Rosemary	01273 883986
A27 to Shoreham; A283 north then right on to A2037 at next roundabout. Straight on at next roundabout and pub is over bridge on left hand side. Est. 15 mins.						
23rd September 02	1266	Bull	Shermanbury	212182	Hughs 700th	01273 494200
Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Steyning then A2037 for Henfield at next roundabout. Pub is on the left-hand side about 1 mile past Henfield on the A281 Cowfold Road. Aka Pizza hut! Est. 25 mins.						
30th September 02	1267	Neville	Hove	282068	Ivan	01273 707182
A27 west and take first exit; 3rd exit from roundabout on King George VI Ave. 2nd right is Neville Road. Pub on right. 5 mins. <i>Please remember the editor takes no responsibility for the pubs chosen so please don't shoot the messenger (although Ivan's a different matter)!</i>						
7th October 02	1268	White Hart	Cuckfield	304245	George & John	01273 835758
A23 north to A272. Loop back under A23 and carry on to Ansty. Left at next 2 roundabouts, then just past pub take right at mini roundabout and immediately right again for village car park. Est. 20 mins.						
14th October 02	1269	Golden Galleon	Exceat Bridge	513993	Mudlarks	01273 271441
A27 east past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26 to Newhaven then left on A259 through Seaford. Pub is on right hand-side 1/2 mile outside Seaford but before crossing Exceat Bridge. Est. 25 mins.						
21st October 02	1270	Half Moon	Plumpton	364133	Sasha/ Julia/ Tim	01273 479200
A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout turn right on B2116. Take turning on left just past the pub for the car park. Est. 20 mins.						
28th October 02	1271	Wheatsheaf,	Plummers Plain	240285	Brett	01293 403492
A23 north to Handcross, left on A279 and pub is approximately 2 miles on left. Est. 15 mins.						
4th November 02	1272	Beardsfield Nursery,	Ditchling	333172	Peter E.	01273 845329
A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.						

* Approx. pub location.

CHECK OUT THE BRIGHTON HASH website. Suggestions for content and links to Louis Taub please.

RECEDING HARELINE.....

11th November 02	1273	Cock	Wivelsfield	353201	Aunty Jo
------------------	------	------	-------------	--------	----------

A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take 2nd right B2112 through Ditchling. Turn right at third roundabout and pub is through village on the left. Aunty's birthday run. Est 25 mins.

18th November 02	1274		TBA		Don & Theresa
------------------	------	--	-----	--	---------------

25th November 02	1275	The Gamekeeper, Small Dole		213128	Bouncer & Wiggy	01273 441611
------------------	------	----------------------------	--	--------	-----------------	--------------

West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take first exit A281 to Steyning. Right at next roundabout and follow up into Small Dole. Pub is on left just in village. Est. 20 mins.

2nd December 02	1276		TBA		
-----------------	------	--	-----	--	--

9th December 02	1277	Jack & Jill, Clayton		299143	Rosemary & Terry	01273 883986
-----------------	------	----------------------	--	--------	------------------	--------------

North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. Est. 5 mins.

16th December 02	1278	James King, Pease Pottage			Ivan	01273 707182
------------------	------	---------------------------	--	--	------	--------------

North on A23. Leave just as road becomes M23 and take last exit of roundabout. Follow round into Pease Pottage and pub is opposite just over bridge. Est. 20 mins.

Reminder: Don't forget to claim your mugs for anniversary runs. These are approximately 100, 250, 500 and by request as long as there's a bloody good reason why you should have one!

A new address list will be circulated shortly. Any updates amendments etc. to Bouncer please for next time. For fairly obvious reasons of confidentiality this will not be posted by e-mail.

The French trip this year will be the on weekend of 28th/ 29th September and Tony is currently taking names. This will be our final year at the Belle Vue. This weekend is always great fun whatever the weather and is highly recommended so get your names down now.

Good luck to Dave Evans as he leaves us for pastures new. Any chance of a Cirencester hash mate? Perhaps a new venue for an away weekend next year!

At Harveys brewery shop if you mention the hash when ordering and you're buying a polypin or up (36 pints) you should be able to get the trade rate. Also if there's enough interest in another brewery trip we'll try and get our name on the waiting list.

We have now sold out of the blue and white t-shirts so will be looking to order the next batch soon. With winter approaching it may well be worth considering the reprint in sweats or long sleeved t's; thoughts on a different colour; leaving the back blank or other ideas? Also now the screen is set-up we could even get the logo printed on other kit such as shorts, tracksters, windjackets; hats; socks; ~~shoes~~ umm etc. etc.

Finally, the usual boring blurb about safety should be noted now the nights are drawing in: Hashlights are essential; please keep an eye out for the checking hounds and if anyone doesn't return inform the hares (buddy up if possible); hares try and make sure there are at least two people aware of the route so one of you can sweep whilst the other tries to keep up with Louis and John; etc. etc. ad nauseum.

<p>NEW BABIES FOR BECKS AND BOUNCER:</p> <p>The person who thought this one up should be knighted. Or murdered, which ever is easiest. The years whizzed by and the Beckhams newborn, Romeo grew up to be an international footballer just like his daddy. One day he was asked to go and play for his dad's old team, Manchester United. He went to his dad for advice:- "Daddy, I really want to play for your old team but can't decide which number shirt to play under" "It's simple son" said Becks "wear four out there Romeo!"</p>	<p>Meanwhile I should point out that after calling our new baby Kieran (hash handle Gooley spelt GUY), my fantasy football team is this year named "It's Dyer!" BOUNCER & ANGEL</p>
---	---

Curriculum Hashae

Name:	Daffyd "Spreadsheet" Evans, boyo
Date of Birth:	Well he celebrated his 50th in the last 3-4 years but 50th what remains unknown, as he's still reckoned to be a teenager at heart, and apparently "emerged" from Mold in Wales.
Education:	Cirencester agricultural college. Apparently being a welsh boy he felt comfortably at home with those wellies and sheep.
Sexual Orientation:	Much admired by every red-blooded male on the hash for his physical relationsheeps with our two lovely's Sash and Julia on Monday nights and at weekends (greedy git) but is suspected of secretly being totally devoted to the lovely Caroline.
Appearance:	The only hasher who dares to get near Wiggy in the avant garde trackster department, strange as the sheep must be forewarned! Outside of the hash he appears to adopt the schoolteacher style of checked shirts and casual trousers held up by string. Probably.
First impression:	Sincere, interested and pleasant. As you can see from the picture he made absolutely no impression on Lawrence Elwick.
Habitat:	When he's not sat at a computer working on his beloved spreadsheets, marking caption competitions and compiling quizzes, he will let his National Trust hair down to a bit of Quo.
Medical Notes:	Liver's abused, Calvados induced. Less said about that the better, especially as we have more compelling evidence of a certain night. Has recently returned to hashing after a period of injury brought about by taking his running far too seriously and even being spotted in races such as the Roundhill Romp. Serves him right.
Claims to fame:	Has organised races for the National Trust, drank himself into oblivion on the french trip, and devised a programme to calculate estimated runners times on the South Downs relay taking into consideration Hill profile, wind speed, oxygen deprivation and just about everything except athletic ability.
Hobbies:	Drinking Calvados, sheep, growing marrows, marmalade making and baking fruit pies. Also been known to cook up a wicked curry.
Habitual Sayings: and one more thing..	Can I put you down for Bouncer I have to say one of the funniest articles in the trash was Fuck. <i>(his words, Ed)</i> Dave has been one of the longest serving hashers in BH7 and is recognised as something of a patriarch for all his efforts over the years with organizing the french trips, relays, Christmas quizzes <i>(how hard were they!)</i> and caption competitions. He will be much missed on returning to Cirencester and eventually presumably the Mold from which he came (unless of course they've thrown it away, boom boom).



HELP NEEDED

For the Beachy Head marathon on Saturday 26th October.

We have been asked if we can provide assistance for the marshalling of this event or at the start/ finish and manning of checkpoints. If you are available on this day and would be prepared to help ensure the future of the old Seven Sisters Marathon please could you pass details of your availability to Bouncer. For the record all stations will be manned by at least two people so you may want to buddy up for the job. Much thanks.

Barbecuing is the only type of cooking a real man will do. When a man says "Hey, let's have a BBQ tonight. I'll cook and you can relax !!!" this is what to expect

1. The man goes out to the BBQ, grabs a beer, and begins to prepare the grill
2. The woman goes to the shop and buys all the vegetables, meat and so on...
3. The woman washes and chops the vegetables, fixes the salad, and prepares the side dishes and dessert.
4. The man sits down with another beer, lights the grill, and observes it for a while to make sure it's working
5. The woman prepares the meat for cooking and places it on a tray along with the necessary cooking utensils, and takes it to the man, who is lounging beside the grill, making sure it stays lit.
6. The man ceremoniously places the meat on the grill
7. The woman goes inside to get the plates ready and check the vegetables
8. The man double checks the beer cooler and has another one. The woman comes back out to remind the man the meats burning
9. The man takes the meat off the grill and hands it to the woman
10. The woman prepares the plates and brings them to the table
11. After eating, the woman clears the table, disposes of the rubbish and does the dishes.
12. The man grabs a beer and goes inside to watch the foot
13. The woman goes back outside and turns the grill off
14. The man asks the woman how she enjoyed her night off and upon seeing her annoyed reaction, he concludes that there's just no pleasing a woman !!!

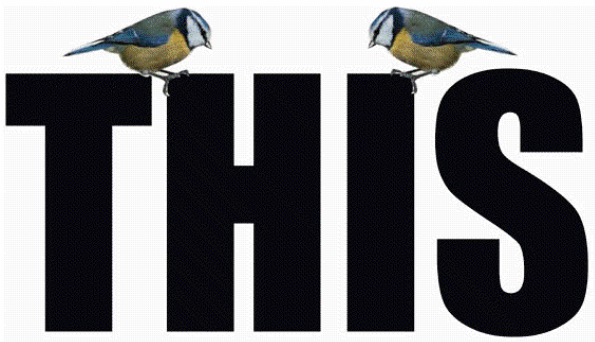
BLONDES

A blonde woman pushes her Ford into a gas station. She tells the mechanic, "It died."
After he works on it for a few minutes, it's idling smoothly. She says, "What's the story?"
He replies, "Just crap in the carburettor."
"She says, "How often do I have to do that?"

Two bored casino dealers were waiting at a craps table. A very attractive blonde woman arrived and bet twenty thousand dollars on a single roll of the dice. She said, "I hope you don't mind, but I feel much luckier when I'm completely nude."
With that she stripped from her neck down, rolled the dice and yelled, "Mama needs new clothes!" Then she hollered..."YES! YES! I WON! I WON!" She jumped up and down and hugged each of the dealers With that she picked up all the money and clothes and quickly departed.
The dealers just stared at each other dumbfounded. Finally, one of them asked, "What did she roll?"
The other answered, "I thought YOU were watching!"
Moral: Not all blondes are dumb, but most men are perverts.

A blonde walks into a pharmacy and asks the assistant for some rectum deodorant.
The pharmacist, a little bemused, explains to the women they don't sell rectum deodorant. Unfazed, the blonde assures the pharmacist that she has been buying the stuff from them on a regular basis, and would like some more.
"I'm sorry", says the pharmacist, "we don't have any".
"But I always get it here" says the blonde.
"Do you have the container it comes in?"
"YES!" says the blonde, "I'll go home and get it."
She returns with the container and hands it to the pharmacist who looks at it and says "It's just a normal stick of underarm deodorant."
Annoyed, the blonde snatches the container back and reads out loud from the container ...
"TO APPLY, PUSH UP BOTTOM"

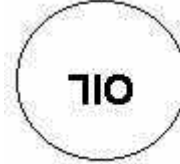
A young brunette goes into the doctor's office and says that her body hurts wherever she touches it. "Impossible," says the doctor. "Show me." She takes her finger and pushes her elbow and screams in agony. She pushes her knee and screams, pushes her ankle and screams. Everywhere she touches makes her scream. The doctor says, "You're not really a brunette, are you?" She says "No, I'm really a blonde".
"I thought so," he says. "You have a broken finger."



A guy is walking along a beach when he comes across a lamp partially buried in the sand. He picks up the lamp and gives it a rub. Two blonde genies appear and they tell him he has been granted three wishes. The guy makes his three wishes and the blonde genies disappear. The next thing the guy knows, he's in a bedroom, in a mansion surrounded by 50 beautiful women. He makes love to all of them and begins to explore the house. Suddenly he feels something soft under his feet, he looks down and the floor is covered in \$100 bills. Then, there is a knock at the door. He answers the door and standing there are two persons dressed in Ku Klux Klan outfits. They drag him outside to the nearest tree, throw a rope over a limb and hang him by the neck until he is dead. As the Klansmen are walking away, they remove their hoods, and it's the two blonde genies. One blonde genie says to the other one "Hey, I can understand the first wish having all these beautiful women in a big mansion to make love to. I can also understand him wanting to be a millionaire. But to be hung like a black man is beyond me!"

What did the blonde say when she found out she was pregnant?
"Are you sure it's mine?"

The other day I was in Halfords. A blonde lady comes in and asks for a seven ten cap. We all looked at each other and said, "What's a seven ten cap?"
She said "You know, it's right on the engine. Mine got lost somehow and I need a new one.
What does it do? She said she didn't know, but it's always been there. The assistant gave her a note pad and asked her if she could draw a picture.
So she makes a circle about 3 inches in diameter and in the centre she writes 710.



WOMEN.....KNOW YOUR LIMITS

A blonde went into a world wide web message centre to send a message to her mother overseas. When the man told her it would cost \$300, she exclaimed: "But I don't have any money. But I'd do ANYTHING to get a message to my mother".
The man arched an eyebrow (as we would expect)
"Anything?" he asked.
"Yes, yes, anything" the blonde promised.
"Well then, just follow me" said the man as he walked towards the next room. The blonde did as she was told and followed the man.
"Come in and close the door" the man said. She did. He then said
"Now get on your knees".
She did. "Now take down my zipper". She did.
"Now go ahead ... take it out" he said. She reached in and grabbed it with both hands ... then paused.
The man closed his eyes and whispered "Well... go ahead".
The blonde slowly brought her mouth closer to it ...and while holding it close to her lips, tentatively said.....
"Hello, mum can you hear me?"

A blonde had just totalled her car in a horrific accident. Miraculously, she managed to pry herself from the wreckage without a scratch and was applying fresh lipstick when the state trooper arrived. My God!" the trooper gasped. "Your car looks like an accordion that was stomped on by an elephant. Are you OK ma'am?" "Yes, officer, I'm just fine" the blonde chirped.
"Well, how in the world did this happen?" the officer asked as he surveyed the wrecked car. "Officer, it was the strangest thing!" the blonde began. "I was driving along this road when from out of nowhere this TREE pops up in front of me. So I swerved to the right, and there was another tree! I swerved to the left and there was ANOTHER tree! I swerved to the right and there was another tree! I swerved to the left and there was" "Uh, ma'am," the officer said, cutting her off, "There isn't a tree on this road for 30 miles. That was your air freshener swinging back and forth."



Sound Investment Advice!

If you had bought £1000.00 worth of Nortel stock one year ago, it would now be worth £49.00.

With Enron, you would have £16.50 of the original £1,000.00.

With Worldcom, you would have less than £5.00 left.

If you had bought £1,000.00 worth of Stella one year ago, drank all the beer, then turned in the bottles for a 5p deposit, you would now have £107.00.

Based on the above, current investment advice is to drink heavily and recycle.

The latest Becks Beer advert in Scotland (displayed in pubs etc.) is as follows:

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE POSH TO SWALLOW BECKS "

A man walks into a bar one night. He goes up to the bar and asks for a beer.

"Certainly, sir, that'll be 1 pence."

"ONE PENCE!" exclaimed the guy.

The barman replied "Yes."

So the guy glances over at the menu, and he asks, "Could I have a nice juicy T-bone steak, with chips, peas, and a fried egg?"

"Certainly sir," replies the bartender, but all that comes to real money."

"How much money?" inquires the guy?

"4 pence", he replies.

"FOUR pence!" exclaims the guy. "Where's the Guy who owns this place?"

The barman replies, "Upstairs with my wife."

The guy says, "What's he doing with your wife?"

The bartender replies, "Same as I'm doing to his business."



AFTER CONCERNS ABOUT HIS BOOZING, GEOFF PROMISED HIS WIFE HE'D STICK TO ONE DRINK PER EVENING

A man comes home from an exhausting day at work, plops down on the couch in front of the television, and tells his wife, "Get me a beer before it starts."

The wife sighs and gets him a beer. Fifteen minutes later, he says, "Get me another beer before it starts." She looks cross, but fetches another beer and slams it down next to him. He finishes that beer and a few minutes later says, "Quick, get me another beer, it's going to start any minute."

The wife is furious. She yells at him "Is that all you're going to do tonight? Drink beer and sit in front of that TV? You're nothing but a lazy, drunken, fat slob, and furthermore..."

The man sighs and says, "It's started..."

A mathematical problem. It only takes about a minute. Work this out as you read. Do not read the bottom until you've worked it out! This is not one of those waste of time things, it's serious because it's about beer.

1. First of all, pick the number of times a week that you would like to have a beer, or your preferred tipple.
2. Multiply this number by 2 (Just to exaggerate)
3. Add 5. (for Friday Night)
4. Multiply it by 50 (just for the hell of it). I'll wait while you get the calculator.....
5. If you have already had your birthday this year add 1751....If you haven't, add 1750
6. Now subtract the four digit year that you were born. (if you remember)

You should have a three digit number The first digit of this was your original number (i.e., how many times you want to have a beer each week).

The next two numbers are your age - you old git! Confused? It's time you stopped thinking about beer.

Scouse computer keyboard:



Bob Hope was on 'Surprise Surprise', and bragged that despite his 97 years of age, he could still have sex three times a night. After the show, Cilla said, "Bob, if I'm not being too forward, I'd love to have sex with an older man. Let's go back to my place."

So they go back to her place and have great sex.

Afterwards, Bob says, "If you think that was good, let me sleep for a half hour, and we can have even better sex. But while I'm sleeping, hold my testicles in your left hand and my penis in your right hand."

Cilla looks a bit perplexed, but says, "Okay."

He sleeps for half an hour, awakens, and they have even better sex. Then Bob says, "Cilla, that was wonderful. But if you let me sleep for an hour, we can have the best sex yet. But again, hold my testicles in your left hand, and my penis in your right hand."

Cilla once again says, "Great Bob, but tell me, does my holding your testicles in my left hand and your penis in my right stimulate you while you're sleeping?"

Bob replies, "No, but the last time I slept with a Scouser, she stole my wallet!"

A Londoner was sitting with a Scouser and a Geordie in Saudi Arabia, sharing a smuggled barrel of beer, when all of a sudden, Saudi police entered and arrested them.

They were initially sentenced to death but they contested this and were finally imprisoned for life. But, as it was a national holiday, the Sheikh decided they should be released after receiving 20 lashes of the whip.

As they were preparing for their punishment, the Sheikh suddenly said: "It's my first wife's birthday today, and she asked me to allow each of you one wish before your whipping."

So the Geordie boy thought for a while and then said: "Please tie a pillow to my back."

This was done but the pillow only lasted 10 lashes before the whip went through.

The Scouser, watching the scene, said: "Please tie two pillows to my back". But even two pillows could only take 10 lashes before the whip went through again. Before the Londoner could say anything, the Sheikh turned to him and said: "As you are from the most popular city, and you are superior to your friends, you can have two wishes!"

"Thank you, Most Royal and Merciful Highness", The Londoner replies. "My first wish is: I would like to have 40 lashes."

"If you so desire", the Sheikh replies with a questioning look on his face. "and your second wish?"

"Tie the Scouser to my back"

A scouser walked into the local job centre, marched straight up to the counter and said "Hi, I'm lookin' for a job."

The man behind the counter replied "Your timing is amazing. We've just got a listing from a very wealthy man who wants a chauffeur for his daughter. You'll have to drive around in a big black Mercedes, uniform provided. Because of the long hours of this job meals will also be provided and once a year you will also be required to escort the young lady on her overseas holiday. The salary package is £200,000 a year."

The scouser said "B*ll*cks! You're taking the p*ss!". The man behind the counter said "Well you f*ckin' started it!"

At the end of the small dirty, tiny, deserted bar, in Kirkby Liverpool sat a huge scouser, shaved head, six foot tall weighing about 18 stone.

He's having a few beers when a short, well-dressed and obviously gay man walks in and sits beside him. After three or four beers the gay fella finally plucks up the courage to say something to the big scouser.

Leaning over towards the scouser he whispers, "Do you want a blOw-job?"

At this the massive scouser leaps up with fire in his eyes and smacks the man in the face, knocking him swiftly off the stool.

He proceeds to beat him all the way out of the bar before leaving him bruised and battered in the car park, and returned to his seat at the bar.

Amazed, the barman quickly brings over another beer. "I've never seen you react like that", he says, "just what did he say to you?"

"I'm not sure", the big scouser replies, "something about a job...."

GRIM UP NORTH

A Liverpool F.C scout returns from Bosnia raving about a new teenage superstar he's seen in the war torn country.

Gerard is convinced and is so desperate for no one else to snatch him up that he signs the boy without looking at himself. The boy arrives in Liverpool for Saturday's game, and is on the bench.

With ten minutes to go Houlier makes a substitution and points to the new Bosnian boy: "This is your big chance, son. Go out there and do the business for us".

The lad strips off his shell suit and takes to the pitch. In those dying minutes he's a revelation, scoring a hat trick. The Kop End goes mad.

After the game Houlier gives the new boy a big hug in the changing room. "Great performance son. Go and give your parents a ring at home. They'll be so proud of you. You can use the phone in my office".

The lad goes into the boss's office and rings his mum. "Mum, I've just had the best debut, I scored a hat-trick! there was a pause..... "Why are you crying Mum? Is everything okay?"

"No, son, today has been the worst yet. Your dad has been shot, they've raped your sister, and the house has been burnt to the ground." "God, mum, that's terrible; I'm really sorry"....!!

"So you should be. It was your idea for us to move to Liverpool!!!!!"

WARZONES

Essex girl found alive in the rubble of the twin towers, covered in blood.

When asked "Where are you bleeding from?"
She replied "Romford you w@&ker"

CNN reports that now that American B-52s have reorganised Afghanistan's landscape, US intelligence has discovered that the remaining Taliban have renamed some of their towns to confuse us

These new names include:

1. Wherz-Myroof
2. Mykamel-Izded
3. Osh!t-Disisabad
4. Waddi-El-Izgoion
5. Pleez-Ztopdish!t
6. Kizz-Yerazz-Goodbi
7. Ikantstan-Disnomore
8. Wha-Tafuk-Wuzi-Tinkin
9. Myturbin-Izburnin
10. Ima-Dedshmuck

Latest News from the Middle East

Ramallah - Citing declining revenues and the expense of a world-wide advertising campaign that "made a big splash but never really converted into dollars and cents," Mohammed Ibn-Faqar, Minister of Finance for the Palestinian Authority, announced today that his government will lay off 37% of all Suicide Bombers, and that the remaining 63% will be phased out by "natural attrition" over the next fiscal year.

In a wide-ranging interview with Arabic language newspaper Al-e-Maqraw (Qatar), Ibn-Faqar lamented the decision. "When you think Palestine you think Suicide Bomber. It's like McDonald's and Ronald McDonald or Disney and Donald Duck. But we had to face some tough facts. Even with almost 100% name recognition it still wasn't financially viable to keep the Suicide Bombers going any longer. I mean, the insurance costs were killing us, and let me tell you, plastic explosives don't grow on trees."

The Finance Minister gave assurances that his human resources people will be pulling out all the stops to find suitable new positions for the soon-to-be-out-of-work Suicide Bombers, perhaps as pilots for Air Palestine, the new discount airline that is starting service next week to America.

Two Palestinian ladies walking along the street, looking at each others clothes.

One says to the other: "Does my bomb look big in this?"

News reported today that the Taliban are using sheep to detect mines. They send them into a field and if they're blown up, they have dinner.

If they make it through alive, they have a date.

Works perfectly.

From The Daily Telegraph

"I hope that there is no rift with Washington over plans for an invasion of Iraq. The Americans came to our assistance in the last two world wars, and we should now follow their shining example.

If they go to war with Iraq in 2003, then I suggest that we should join them in, say, 2006." V L Coombes, Devon.

Saddam Hussein was sitting in his office wondering who to invade next when his telephone rang.

"Halloo! Mr. Hussein," a heavily accented voice said "This is Paddy down in County Cavan, Ireland. I am ringing to inform you that we are officially declaring war on you!"

"Well, Paddy," Saddam replied, "This is indeed important news! Tell me, how big is your army?"

"At this moment in time," said Paddy after a moment's calculation, "there is myself, my cousin Sean, my next door neighbour Gerry, and the entire dominoes team from the pub - that makes 8!"

Saddam sighed. "I must tell you Paddy that I have 1 million men in my army waiting to move on my command."

"Begorra!", said Paddy, "I'll have to ring you back!" Sure enough, the next day Paddy rang back. "Right Mr. Hussein, the war is still on! We have managed to acquire some equipment!"

"And what equipment would that be, Paddy?" Saddam asked. "Well, we have 2 combine harvesters, a bulldozer and Murphy's tractor from the farm."

Once more Saddam sighed. "I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 16 thousand tanks, 14 thousand armored personnel carriers, and my army has increased to 1 and a half million since we last spoke."

"Really?!" said Paddy "I'll have to ring you back!" Sure enough, Paddy rang again the next day. "Right Mr. Hussein, the war is still on! We have managed to get ourselves airborne! We've modified Ted's ultra-light with a couple of rifles in the cockpit and the bridge team has joined us too!"

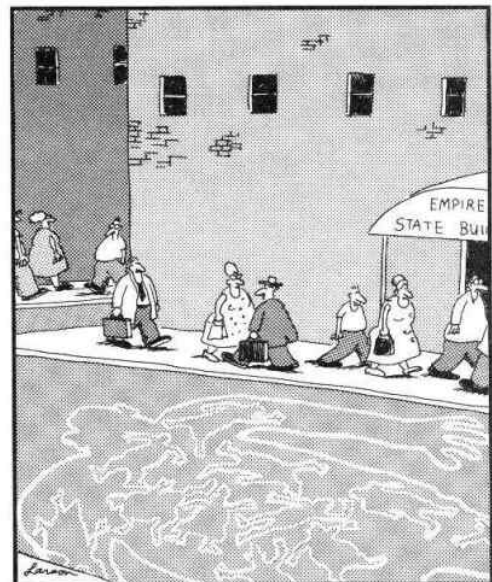
Saddam was silent for a minute, then sighed. "I must tell you Paddy that I have 10 thousand bombers, 20 thousand MIG 19 attack planes, my military complex is surrounded by laser-guided surface-to-air missile sites, and since we last spoke, my army has increased to 2 million."

"Faith and Begorra!", said Paddy, "I'll have to ring you back. Sure enough, Paddy called again the next day.

"Right Mr. Hussein, I am sorry to tell you that we have had to call off the war."

"I'm sorry to hear that" said Saddam. "Why the sudden change of heart?"

"Well," said Paddy "We've all had a chat, and there's no way we can feed 2 million prisoners."



A few days following the King Kong "incident,"
New Yorkers return to business as usual.

KIDS STUFF

ACTUAL SCRIPT FROM RAINBOW

This is the original script from Rainbow, (Remember it??) and possibly the funniest one ever:

The sketch opens with Zippy peeling a banana...

Zippy: " One skin, two skin, three skin, four "

George: " Zippy, where is Bungle?"

Zippy: " I think Geoffrey is trying to get him up"

We see a view of the door and hear Bungle moaning from behind it.

Bungle: " Geoffrey, I can't get it in"

Geoffrey: "You managed it last night"

Bungle: "I know, let's try it round the other way. Ooooooh, I've got it in"

Bungle and Geoffrey enter the studio with Bungle carrying a hammer and peg kit

Bungle: " Would you stick this on the shelf, George"

George: " I can't reach, you'll have to stick it up yourself, Bungle."

Geoffrey: (to camera) " Hello everyone, today we are talking about playing"

Bungle: " Playing with each other, Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey: " Yes Bungle, do you have a special friend that you like to play with?"

George: " Yesterday we played with each other's balls. Are we going to play with our friend's balls today?"

Bungle: " Yes, and we can play with our twangers as well."

Geoffrey (to camera) Have you seen Bungles twanger?"

Zippy: " Oh I have, I showed him how to pluck with it."

Bungle: " It's my plucking instrument."

Geoffrey asks the audience if they can pluck like Bungle

Zippy: " I can, I'm the best plucker here."

George: " And I'm good at banging. My peg's hard isn't it Zippy?"

Zippy: " Well of course it is, Your peg wouldn't go in if it was soft."

Geoffrey: " Let's get back to Bungle's twanger."

Bungle (excited) " Ooooooh Geoffrey, we could all play with our twangers couldn't we? Let's play the plucking song. Rod and Roger can get their instruments out and Jane has got two lovely Maracas."

Singers Rod, Roger and Jane enter.

Roger: " We could hear you all banging away"

Rod: " Banging can be fun ."

Jane: " Ooooh yes, and I was banging away all last night with Rod and Roger."

Roger: (looking sad) " Yes, but it broke my plucking instrument."

Rod: (to Jane) " Do you want to blow on my pipe while I'm twanging away?"

Jane: " Oh no, I was banging away with Roger last night. But would you like to play with my maracas?"

Zippy: " No, let's just pluck away with our twangers."

George: " Yes, it doesn't matter what size our twanger is."

Zippy: " I've got a big red one."

George: " I've only got a tiny twanger. But it works well and I like to play with it."

Geoffrey (to viewers) " Well, have you got your twangers out? And remember, you can bang your balls at the same time. If you haven't got any, ask a friend if you can play with his. Now, let's all play the plucking song."

Everyone in studio: " Pluck, pluck, pluck along, we're going to pluck all day."

Geoffrey: (waving) " It's time to go. But don't forget to get your twangers out and play with your balls."

Great truths about life, that little children have learned:

No matter how hard you try, you can't baptise cats.

When your Mum is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair.

If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.

Never ask your 3-year old brother to hold a tomato.

You can't trust dogs to watch your food.

Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.

Never hold a Dust-Buster and a cat at the same time.

You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.

Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts.

The best place to be when you're sad is Grandpa's lap.

If you hook a dog leash over a ceiling fan, the motor is not strong enough to rotate a 42 pound boy wearing pound puppy underwear and a superman cape.

It is strong enough, however, to spread paint on all four walls of a 20 by 20 foot room.

When you hear the toilet flush and the words, "Uh-oh," it's already too late.

A six year old can start a fire with a flint rock even though a 36 year old man says they can only do it in the movies.

A king size waterbed holds enough water to fill a 2000 sq. foot house 4 inches deep.

Some things will pass through the digestive tract of a four year old that you'd imagine would remain in him or her.

Super glue is forever.

Always look in the oven before you turn it on.

The fire department has at least a 5 minute response time.

The spin cycle on the washing machine does not make earth worms dizzy. It will however make cats dizzy.

Cats throw up twice their body weight when dizzy.

Say what you see:



The correct answer is: Holding down a job

I asked my two-year-old to take his dirty clothes and put them into the basket. He looked puzzled, so I explained, "You know; it's the place where we put our dirty clothes before they're washed."

My son picked up his things, trotted into my bedroom, and threw his clothes on the floor...on his dad's side of the bed.

PUN TIME

Bert has this friend who always seemed to lean slightly to the left all the time. It used to bother him, so he suggested his buddy Louie should see a doctor, and have his legs checked out. For years, Louie refused... told Bert he was crazy. Last week, Louie finally went, and sure enough, the doctor discovered his left leg was 1/4" shorter than his right. A quick bit of orthopaedic surgery later, Louie was cured, and both legs are exactly the same length now, and he no longer leans.

"So," Bert says, "You didn't believe me when I told you a doctor could fix your leg."

Louie just looked at Bert and said

"I stand corrected."

Count Dracula is on the pull in Glasgow. He spends the night drinking Bloody Mary's in various clubs and biting on unsuspecting women's necks. He is heading for home, wandering along Argyle street sometime before sunrise. Suddenly he is hit on the back of the head.

He looks round and sees nothing. He looks down and sees a small sausage roll. Mmmm, he thinks. What's going on here. A few yards further on and ... BANG.

Smacked on the back of the head again! He whirls round as quick as he can, nothing.

Again he looks down and there is a small triangular sandwich lying on the ground. How odd!! A few yards further along the street and crash. Smacked on the back of the head again!! He whirls round as quick as he can, nothing. He's getting really angry now.

Again he looks down and there is a cocktail sausage lying on the ground. He stands and peers into the darkness of the night.

Nothing. He walks a few yards further on when he gets a tap on the shoulder. With a swirl of his cape and a cloud of mist he turns as fast as he can. He feels a sharp pain in his heart. He falls to the ground clutching his chest, which is punctured by a small cocktail stick laden with a chunk of cheese and a pickle. On the ground dying, he looks up and sees a young female. With his dying breath he gasps, who the f**k are you?

She replies my name is

Buffet, the vampire slayer.

In this out of the way village there was a man called "onestone". This wasn't his real name but everyone called him it because he had only one testicle.

After years and years of this torment onestone cracked and said, "If anyone calls me onestone again I will kill them!"

The word got around and nobody called him onestone any more. Then one day a young girl forgot and said, "Good morning onestone." He jumped up, grabbed her and took her deep into the forest, where he shagged her all day, he shagged her all night, he shagged her all the next day, until she died from exhaustion.

The word got around that onestone meant business.

Years went by until a woman returned to the village after many years away.

She was overjoyed when she saw onestone and hugged him and said, "Good to see you onestone."

Again, onestone grabbed her and took her deep into the forest where he shagged her all day, shagged her all night, shagged her all the next day, shagged her all the next night, but she wouldn't die!

What is the moral of the story?

"You can't kill two birds with one stone."

Steve tried to get his neighbour Anne to run away with him, but she didn't want to hurt her husband, Bill, the fruit farmer. Steve begged, "Anne, please run away with me!"

She replied, "But, I cantaloupe."

He pleaded, "Oh, honeydew."

A snail slithers into a car showroom to buy a car.

The salesman wants to know why a snail should want a car and he explains that he is sick to death of having the piss taken out of him because he is so slow.

The snail chooses a BMW Z3 but tells the salesman that he wants the name changed to S3.

The salesman asks why and he explains that the S would stand for 'SNAIL' and everyone would know that it was his car.

So the salesman had the Z painted out and replaced with an S.

The next day the snail took his new car out and drove up and down the M1 all day, overtaking everything on the road.

And as he did so all the other drivers said.....

WOW.....Look at that S CAR GO

These friars were behind on their belfry payments, so they opened up a small florist shop to raise funds. Since everyone liked to buy flowers from the men of God, a rival florist across town thought the competition was unfair. He asked the good fathers to close down, but they would not. He went back and begged the friars to close. They ignored him. So, the rival florist hired Hugh McTaggart, the roughest and most vicious thug in town to "persuade" them to close. Hugh beat up the friars and trashed their store, saying he'd be back if they didn't close up shop. Terrified, they did so, thereby proving that Hugh, and only Hugh, can prevent florist friars.

An aeroplane full of a shipment of Pepsi flying over Africa had a malfunction, and went down. A few weeks later, Pepsi Company sent a rescue plane. They searched the area and found a tribe of cannibals. They walked up to the Chief of the tribe and asked him if he knew anything about the crash.

The Chief said, "Yeah." When asked where the crew was, the Chief replied, "We ate the crew, and we drank the Pepsi."

The rescue crew was shocked. One man asked, "Did you eat their legs?"

The chief replied, "We ate their legs, and we drank the Pepsi"

Another rescuer asked, "Did you eat their arms?"

The Chief said, "We ate their arms, and we drank the Pepsi."

After looking totally perplexed for a minute, a third asked, "Did you...you know...eat their... 'things'?" The chief says, "No."

"No?" asked the rescuer.

"No," replied the Chief,

"THINGS go better with Coke."

What with all the Queen Mother popping off and all the other sadness and trauma going on in the world at the moment, it is worth reflecting on the death of a very important person which went almost unnoticed recently. Larry La Prise, the man who wrote "The Hokey Kokey" died peacefully aged 83. The most difficult part for his family was getting him into the coffin. They put his left leg in and.....well, things just started to go down hill from there....

A bounty hunter walks into a sheriff's office in a Texas town and said "show me a list of wanted men Sheriff"

He looks through the list and reads it out loud! H'mmm Billy the Kid \$40,000. Wesley Hardin \$50,000. Doc Holiday \$35,000. Brown Paper Kid \$25,000. Hey Sheriff what's the description of this one.

Well said the Sheriff he wears brown paper socks, brown paper boots, brown paper chaps, Brown paper shirt, Brown paper vest and a brown paper Stetson.

What's he wanted for said the bounty hunter.

"Rustling", said the Sheriff

GOLF

THIS SIGN WAS POSTED AT A LOCAL GOLF CLUB

1. Back straight, knees bent, feet shoulder width apart.
2. Form a loose grip.
3. Keep your head down.
4. Avoid a quick back swing.
5. Stay out of the water.
6. Try not to hit anyone.
7. If you are taking too long, please let others go ahead of you.
8. Don't stand directly in front of others.
9. Quiet please... while others are preparing to go.
10. Don't take extra strokes.

Well done. Now flush the urinal, go outside, and tee off!

This guy and his mate are playing a game of golf. On the thirteenth tee he is about to tee off when he sees this hearse and funeral entourage going pass. He stops his swing immediately and removes his hat and solemnly holds it over his heart. When the procession has passed he continues with his game. Later, after the match, in the clubhouse his friend says to him "You know what you did there on the thirteenth it was very uncharacteristic but deeply touching, I'm proud of you"

"Well" replies the man "I was married to the woman for 25 years. It was the least I could do."

Stevie Wonder and Tiger Woods are in a bar. Woods turns to Wonder and says: "How is the singing career going?"
Stevie Wonder replies: "Not too bad, the latest album has gone into the top 10 so all in all I think it's pretty good. How's the golf?"
Woods replies: "Not too bad, I'm not winning as much as I used to, but I'm still making a bit of money. I've had some problems with my swing but I think I've got that right now."

Stevie Wonder says: "I always find that when my swing goes wrong I need to stop playing for a while and not think about it, then the next time I play it seems to be all right."

Tiger Woods says: "You play golf?"

Stevie Wonder says: "Oh, yes, I've been playing for years."

Tiger says: "But you're blind, how can you play golf if you're blind?"

Wonder replies: "I get my caddy to stand in the middle of the fairway and call to me. I listen for the sound of his voice and play the ball towards him, then when I get to where the ball lands the caddy moves to the grass farther down the fairway and again I play the ball towards his voice."

"But how do you putt?", asks Woods

"Well," says Stevie, "I get my caddy to lean down in front of the hole and call to me with his head on the ground and I just play the ball towards his voice."

Woods asks: "What's your handicap?"

Stevie says, "Well, I'm a scratch Golfer."

Woods is incredulous and he says to Stevie: "We've got to play a round sometime."

Wonder replies: "Well, people don't take me seriously so I only play for money, and I never play for less than \$100,000 a hole."

Woods thinks about it and says, "OK, I'm game for that, when would you like to play?"

Stevie says, "Pick a night."

Two newlyweds arrive at the honeymoon suite on their wedding night. The groom says, "Honey, I've got a confession to make...I'm addicted to golf! I have to be out on the course morning, noon, and night. I don't know how you want to deal with it, but I'm going to be out there"

"That's OK!" said his blushing bride, "I've got a confession to make too...I'm a hooker!"

"No big deal!" replied the groom, "Just loosen your grip, and open the club face."

What's the difference between a golf ball and a clitoris?

Men will spend hours looking for a golf ball.

A man takes the day off work and decides to go out golfing. He is on the second hole when he notices a frog sitting next to the green. He thinks nothing of it and is about to shoot when he hears, "Ribbit 9 Iron." The man looks around and doesn't see anyone. Again, he hears, "Ribbit 9 Iron." He looks at the frog and decides to prove the frog wrong, puts the club away, and grabs a 9 iron. Boom!

He hits it 10 inches from the cup. He is shocked. He says to the frog, "Wow that's amazing. You must be a lucky frog, eh?"

The frog replies, "Ribbit Lucky frog." The man decides to take the frog with him to the next hole.

"What do you think frog?" the man asks. "Ribbit 3 wood."

The guy takes out a 3 wood and, Boom! Hole in one. The man is befuddled and doesn't know what to say. By the end of the day, the man golfed the best game of golf in his life and asks the frog, "OK where to next?"

The frog replies, "Ribbit Las Vegas."

"They go to Las Vegas and the guy says, "OK frog, now what?" The frog says, "Ribbit Roulette." Upon approaching the roulette table, The man asks, "What do you think I should bet?" The frog replies, "Ribbit \$3000, black 6."

Now, this is a million-to-one shot to win, but after the golf game the man figures what the heck.

Boom! Tons of cash comes sliding back across the table.

The man takes his winnings and buys the best room in the hotel. He sits the frog down and says, "Frog, I don't know how to repay you. You've won me all this money and I am forever grateful."

The frog replies, "Ribbit Kiss Me."

He figures why not, since after all the frog did for him, he deserves it. With a kiss, the frog turns into a gorgeous 15-year-old girl. "And that, your honour, is how the girl ended up in my room. So help me God or my name is not William Jefferson Clinton."

A man goes to the confessional and says, "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned."

"What is your sin, my child?" The Priest asks.

"Well," the man starts, "I used the 'F'-word today and I feel so terrible."

"Why don't you tell me what happened. What made you use such awful language?" asked the Priest.

"Well, I was out golfing and I hit this incredible drive that looked like it was going to go over 250 yards, but the ball hit a phone line hanging over the fairway and fell straight down to the ground after going about 100 yards."

"I'm a golfer myself my son" said the Priest "I understand what you were feeling. So this is when you swore?"

"No Father," said the man,

"You see, after that a squirrel ran out of the bushes and grabbed my ball in his mouth and began to run away."

"And this is when you swore?" asked the Father again.

"No not yet. Just as the squirrel was running away, this eagle came down out of the sky and grabbed the squirrel in his talons and began to fly away!"

"And it was then that you swore?" asked the amazed Priest.

"No, not yet," replied the man, "Just as the eagle was flying away with the squirrel he flew towards a wooded area next to the green. And as he passed over it, the squirrel dropped my ball."

"Did you swear then, my son?" asked the now impatient Priest.

"No, because as the ball fell it struck a tree, bounced through some bushes, careened off a big rock, and then rolled through a sand trap and on to the green and stopped dead six inches from the hole!" told the man.

The priest sighed, "You missed the f*cking putt, didn't you?!!"

In Scotland, a new game was invented. It was entitled *Gentlemen Only Ladies Forbidden....* and thus the word **GOLF** entered into the English language.