

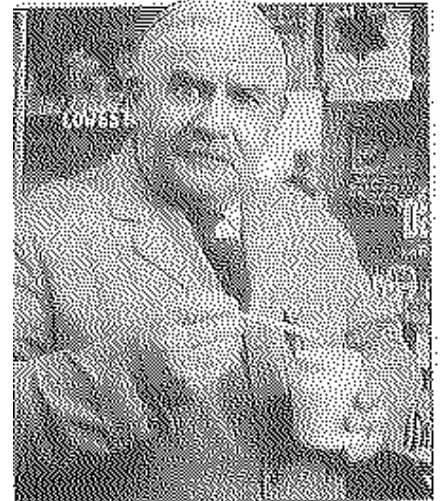
Many happy returns to Mice (*sic!*) Morris, and in honour of the fact that the Hash House Harriers also reach the grand old age of 65 this year here's a special Growing Old issue of the Boggy Shoe for both of them to ponder. I understand Mike's not yet ready to retire (they breed 'em tough on the South Coast) and neither is the Hash House Harriers organisation which peculiarly seems to be coming into it's prime just as the government start lobbying bus passes around. Now there's a thought for budding hares on our Summer tour!

On to a cracking read, and hope you enjoy this special birthday issue in the way it's meant to be taken, Mike. Respect!

ON ON, BOUNCER

CURRICULUM HASHAE

Name:	Michael Morris. No known hash handle - yet!
Date of Birth:	Fairly obviously, 14th April, 1938, the year the Dyke railway closed, and the Hash House Harriers started in Malaysia.
Education:	This whole article suffers from your scribe thinking of this far too late to do any research, but like most hashers, Mike is an artist. Unlike most he can paint as well.
Habitat:	Massive fan of Harvey's. The beer not the sherry! See above.
Medical Notes:	In good form after a couple of eye-ops in the last few years.
Sexual Orientation:	Is this strictly necessary? Just look at the lovely Maureen, and the gentlemanly way he looks after the girls on the run.
Claims to fame:	Through his art, his fame has even reached the Australian outback where one of his sons once spotted one of Mike's originals in a bar.
Behaviour:	Always a gent, um, except for a couple of years back when the expletives were extremely impressive after he got abandoned in the woods on a very wet run from the Bull at Shermanbury!
Hobbies:	Mainly Harveys! Likes beer far too much to not savour every mouthful, and to this day will not do down downs after getting whacked for 3 in a row whilst guesting on an Aussie hash.
And another thing...	Despite being bitten by dogs whilst doing a postie job, Mike still excelled in the animal welfare stakes on the French hash by cutting short on the run to return a hound to it's owner. As a long term hasher he has introduced many new hashers to the fold over the years, as well as helping PeP out as a driver in between pictures. Per the back of his cards down at Sussex Stationers: Mike has painted many subjects, notably aircraft, but always returns to his beloved Sussex landscapes.



A recent picture of Mike with brush in hand just finishing off another Masterpiece. (*see me about this. Ed.*)

Senior personal ads

SENIOR PERSONAL ADS Some "Senior" personal ads seen in Florida and Arizona newspapers: Who says seniors don't have a sense of humour?

FOXY LADY: Sexy, fashion-conscious blue-haired beauty, 80's slim, 5'-4" (used to be 5-6), searching for sharp-looking, sharp-dressing companion. Matching white shoes and belt a plus.

LONG-TERM COMMITMENT: Recent widow who has just buried fourth husband looking for someone to round out a six-unit plot. Dizziness, fainting, shortness of breath not a problem.

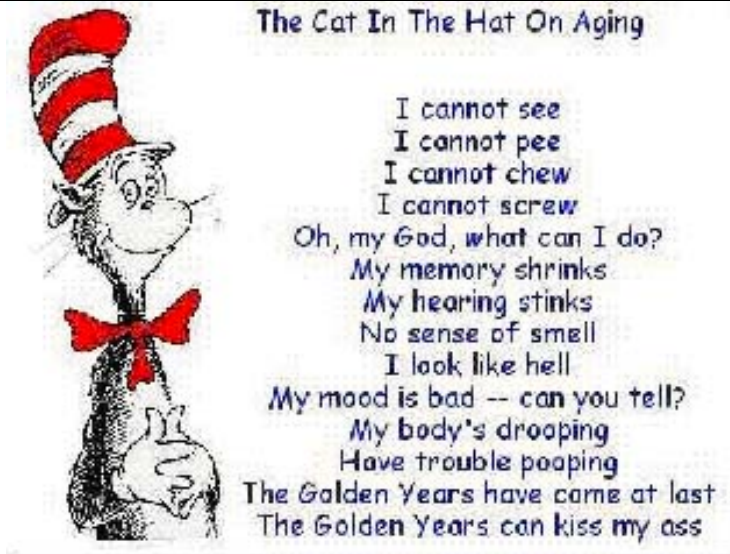
SERENITY NOW: I am into solitude, long walks, sunrises, the ocean, yoga and meditation. If you are the silent type, let's get together, take our hearing aids out and enjoy quiet times.

WINNING SMILE: Active grandmother with original teeth seeking a dedicated flosser to share rare steaks, corn on the cob and caramel candy.

BEATLES OR STONES? I still like to rock, still like to cruise in my Camaro on Saturday nights and still like to play the guitar. If you were a groovy chick, or are now a groovy hen, let's get together and listen to my eight-track tapes.

MINT CONDITION: Male, 1922, high mileage, good condition, some hair, many new parts including hip, knee, cornea, valves. Isn't in running condition, but walks well.

MEMORIES: I can usually remember Monday through Thursday. If you can remember Friday, Saturday and Sunday, let's put our two heads together



A travelling salesman visits a small town in the Midwest and sees a circus banner reading: "Don't Miss The Amazing Texan."

Curious, he buys a ticket. The tent goes dark. Suddenly, trumpets blare and all eyes turn to the centre ring. There, spot lit in the centre ring is a table with three walnuts on it. Standing next to it is an old retired cowboy.

Suddenly the old man unzips his pants, whips out a huge pen/s and smashes all three walnuts with three mighty swings!

The crowd erupts in applause as the elderly Texan is carried off on the shoulders of the crowd.

Ten years later the salesman visits the same little town and he sees a faded sign for the same circus and the same: "Don't Miss the Amazing Texan."

He can't believe the old guy is still alive much less still doing his act.

So, he buys a ticket. Again, the centre ring is illuminated. This time, instead of walnuts, three coconuts are placed on the table.

The Texan stands before them, then suddenly unzips his fly and smashes the coconuts with three swings of his amazing member.

The crowd goes wild! Flabbergasted, the salesman requests a meeting with him after the show. You're incredible," he tells the Texan. "But I have to know something. You're older now, why switch from walnuts to coconuts?"

"Well," says the Texan, "my eyes aren't what they used to be"

When I went to lunch today, I noticed an old lady sitting on a park bench sobbing her eyes out. I stopped and asked her what was wrong.

She said, "I have a 22 year old husband at home. He makes love to me every morning and then gets up and makes me pancakes, sausage, fresh fruit and freshly ground coffee."

I said, "Well, then why are you crying?"

She said, "He makes me home made soup for lunch and my favourite brownies and then makes love to me for half the afternoon".

I said, "Well, why are you crying?"

She said, "For dinner he makes me a gourmet meal with wine and my favourite dessert and then makes love to me until 2:00 a.m."

I said, "Well, why in the world would you be crying?"

She said, "I can't remember where I live!"

An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen. The two elderly gentlemen were talking, and one said, "Last night we went out to a new restaurant, and it was really great. I would recommend it - very highly."

The other man said, "What's the name of the restaurant?"

The first man knits his brow in obvious concentration, and finally said to his companion, "Aahh, What is the name of that red flower you give to someone you love?"

His friend replies, "A Carnation??" "No. No. The other one," the man says.

His friend offers another suggestion, "The Poppy?" "Nahhh," growls the man.

"You know...the one that is red and has sharp thorns." His friend said, "Oh, do you mean a rose?"

The first man says, "Yes, That's it. Thank you." He then turns toward the kitchen and yelled, "Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"

Mick was chasing butterflies round his garden on the outskirts of Dublin when he saw one of the little people sitting under a toadstool. As quick as a flash he brought the net down and trapped him.

"Be Jamas!" cried the little one. "Ye caught me fair n' square. Now Oi have to grant ye a wish."

Mick thought for a minute and said, "Oi know. My wife and Oi are now both 60. Oi'd like a wife who's 30 years younger than meself."

"No trouble," said the little one. He waved his arms about and said "Hokas Pokas" and BOOM - Mick was 90!

WISDOM OF AGE (*Uh, does that REALLY apply to the hash??*)

A New York trial lawyer went duck hunting in rural Oklahoma. He shot and dropped a bird, but it fell into a farmer's field on the other side of a fence. As the lawyer climbed over the fence, an elderly farmer drove up on his tractor and asked him what he was doing.

The litigator responded, "I shot a duck and it fell into this field, and now I'm going to retrieve it."

The old farmer replied, "This is my property, and you are not coming over here."

The indignant lawyer said, "I am one of the best trial attorneys in America and, if you don't let me get that duck, I'll sue you and take everything you own."

The old farmer smiled and said, "Apparently, you don't know how we do things in Oklahoma. We settle small disagreements like this with the Oklahoma Three-Kick Rule." The lawyer asked, "What is the Oklahoma Three-Kick Rule?" The Farmer replied, "Well, first I kick you three times and then you kick me three times, and so on, back and forth, until someone gives up."

The attorney quickly thought about the proposed contest and decided that he could easily take the old codger. He agreed to abide by the local custom.

The old farmer slowly climbed down from the tractor and walked up to the city feller. His first kick planted the toe of his heavy work boot into the lawyer's groin and dropped him to his knees. His second kick nearly wiped the man's nose off his face. The barrister was flat on his belly when the farmer's third kick to a kidney nearly caused him to give up. The lawyer summoned every bit of his will and managed to get to his feet and said, "Okay, you old coot! Now, it's my turn!" The old farmer smiled and said, "Naw, I give up. You can have the duck!"

As I've matured I've learned that ...

.... you cannot make someone love you. All you can do is stalk them and hope they panic and give in.

.... no matter how much I care, some people are just a-holes.

.... it takes years to build up trust, and it only takes suspicion, not proof, to destroy it.

.... you can get by on charm for about 15 minutes; after that, you'd better have a big willy or huge boobs.

.... you shouldn't compare yourself to others - they are more screwed up than you think.

.... you can keep vomiting long after you think you're finished.

.... we are responsible for what we do, unless we are celebrities.

.... regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the passion fades, and there had better be a lot of money to take its place.

.... 99% of the time when something isn't working in your house, one of your kids did it.

.... the people you care most about in life are taken from you too soon and all the less important ones just never go away. And finally, I've also learned to say "F--- 'em if they can't take a joke" in 6 languages.

Old husband and wife had a bitter quarrel....

The husband yells, "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads: "Here Lies My Wife - Cold As Ever"

"Yeah" she replies, "When you die, I'm getting you a headstone that reads: "Here Lies My Husband - Stiff At Last."

The strong young man at the construction site was bragging that he could outdo anyone in a feat of strength. He made a special case of making fun of one of the older workmen. After several minutes, the older worker had had enough.

"Why don't you put your money where your mouth is," he said. "I will bet a week's wages that I can haul something in a wheelbarrow over to that outbuilding that you won't be able to wheel back."

"You're on, old man" the braggart replied, "What've you got?"

The old man reached out and grabbed the wheelbarrow by the handles. Then, nodding to the young man, he said, "All right. Get in."

A little old lady went into the Bank of Canada one day, carrying a bag of money. She insisted that she must speak with the president of the bank to open a savings account because, "It's a lot of money!"

After much hemming and hawing, the bank staff finally ushered her into the president's office (the customer is always right)! The bank president then asked her how much she would like to deposit. She replied, "\$165,000!" and dumped the cash out of her bag onto his desk.

The president was curious as to how she came by all this cash, so he asked her, "Ma'am, I'm surprised you're carrying so much cash around. Where did you get this money?"

The old lady replied, "I make bets."

The president then asked, "Bets? What kind of bets?"

The old woman said, "well, for example, I'll bet you \$25,000 that your b@lls are square."

"Ha!" laughed the president, "That's a stupid bet. You can never win that kind of bet!"

The old lady challenged, "So, would you like to take my bet?"

"Sure," said the president, "I'll bet \$25,000 that my b@lls are not square!"

The little old lady than said, "Okay, but since there is a lot of money involved, may I bring my lawyer with me tomorrow at 10:00 A.M. as a witness?"

"Sure!" replied the confident president.

That night, the president got very nervous about the bet and spent a long time in front of a mirror checking his b@lls, turning from side to side, again and again. He thoroughly checked them out until he was sure that there was absolutely no way his b@lls were square and that he would win the bet.

The next morning, at precisely 10:00 A.M., the little old lady appeared with her lawyer at the president's office. She introduced the lawyer to the president and repeated the bet " "\$25,000 says the president's b@lls are square!"

The president agreed with the bet again and the old lady asked him to drop his pants so they could all see. The president complied. The little old lady peered closely at his b@lls and then asked if she could feel them.

"Well, okay," said the president, "\$25,000 is a lot of money, so I guess you should be absolutely sure." Just then, he noticed that the lawyer was quietly banging his head against the wall. The president asked the old lady, "What the hell's the matter with your lawyer?"

She replied, "Nothing, except I bet him \$100,000 that at 10:00 A.M. today, I'd have the Bank of Canada's president's b@lls in my hand."

OLD TIMERS DISEASE (Yeah that's more like the hash!!)

Two old guys suffering from Alzheimer's are sitting on a bench when an ice cream van comes down the street.

"Do you want one?" asks the first guy.

"Yes, I'll have a cone, but write it down or otherwise you'll forget" says the second.

"No I won't" says the first.

"Look, I want a cone with a flake, and I know you'll forget, so write it down" says the second.

"I won't forget" says the first guy, getting slightly irritated.

"OK then, look - I want a cone, a flake and strawberry sauce. Now write it down or you WILL forget" says the second.

The first guy is getting quite miffed now and still argues that he won't forget.

The second guy says irritably "I want a cone, a flake, strawberry sauce and hundreds and thousands sprinkled all over. You won't remember all that so WRITE IT DOWN!"

The first guy, now really annoyed, walks off and five minutes later comes back with a meat pie.

The second guy looks at him and says "Where's my f**king chips?"

Two elderly women were eating at a restaurant one morning. Ethel noticed something funny about Mable's ear and she said, "Mable, did you know you've got a suppository in your left ear?"

Mable answered, "I have? A suppository?" She pulled it out & stared at it. Then she said, "Ethel, I'm glad you saw this thing. Now I think I know where my hearing aid is."

Two elderly ladies (probably the same ones a couple of years later) had been friends for many decades. Over the years they had shared all kinds of activities and adventures. Lately, their activities had been limited to meeting a few times a week to play cards.

One day they were playing cards when one looked at the other and said, "Now don't get mad at me.....I know we've been friends for a long time. but I just can't think of your name! I've thought and thought, but I can't remember it. Please tell me what your name is."

Her friend glared at her. For at least three minutes she just stared and glared at her. Finally she said, "How soon do you need to know?"

ODE TO OLD AGE

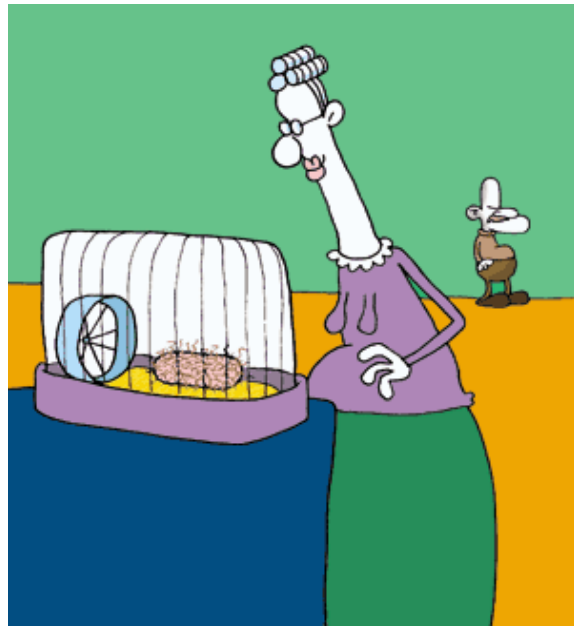
Just a line to say I'm living That I'm not among the dead,
Though I'm getting more forgetful And all mixed up in my head.
I got used to my Arthritis To my dentures I'm resigned,
I can manage my Bifocals But dear God I miss my mind,
For sometimes I can't remember When I stand at the foot of the stairs
If I must go up for something Or have I just come down from there?
And before the fridge so often My poor mind is filled with doubt
Have I just put some food away? Or have I come to take something out?
And there's a time, when it is dark I stop and hold my head
I don't know if I'm retiring Or am I getting out of bed?
So, If it is my turn to write to you There's no need getting sore
I may think that I have written And don't want to be a bore
So remember that I love you And wish that you were near
But now it's nearly mail time, So must say "goodbye dear"
Here I stand before the mail box With a face so very red
Instead of mailing you my letter I went and opened it instead.

Tales from the doctor part 1 – Dr. Steven Swanson, Corvallis, OR:-

While acquainting myself with a new elderly patient, I asked, "How long have you been bedridden?"

After a look of complete confusion she answered. "Why, not for about twenty years-when my husband was alive."

Three sisters aged 92, 94 and 96 live in a house together. One night the 96 year old draws a bath. She puts her foot in and pauses. She yells to the other sisters, "Was I gettin' in or out of the bath?" The 94 year old yells back, "I don't know. I'll come up and see." She starts up the stairs and pauses. "Was I going up the stairs or down?" The 92 year old is sitting at the kitchen table having tea listening to her sisters. She shakes her head and says, "I sure hope I never get that forgetful." She knocks on wood for good measure. She then yells, "I'll come up and help both of you as soon as I see who's at the door."



Alf didn't have the heart to tell Lily that the 'hamster' she found in the bathroom was actually the soap

WARNING! C-NILE VIRUS... MUST READ: Just learned about this from a reliable source. It seems that there is a computer virus out there called the "C-Nile Virus" that even the most advanced programs from Norton cannot take care of, so be warned. It appears to affect those of us who were born before 1973.

Symptoms of the C-Nile Virus:

1. Causes you to send the same E-mail twice.
2. Causes you to send blank E-mail.
3. Causes you to send E-mail to the wrong person.
4. Causes you to send E-mail back to the person who sent it to you.
5. Causes you to send E-mail to other listed persons who received the E-mail from the person who sent it to you.
6. Causes you to forget to attach the attachment.
7. Causes you to hit "SEND" before you've finished th

ELDERLY MEDICAL

An 85-year-old man went to his doctor's office to get a sperm count. The doctor gave the man a jar and said, "Take this jar home and bring back a semen sample tomorrow."
The next day the 85-year-old man reappeared at the doctor's office and gave him the jar, which was as clean and empty as on the previous day. The doctor asked what happened and the man explained:
"Well, doc, it's like this - First I tried with my right hand, but nothing. Then I tried with my left hand, but still nothing.
Then I asked my wife for help. She tried with her right hand, then her left, still nothing.
She tried with her mouth, first with the teeth in, then with her teeth out, and still nothing.
We even called up Arleen, the lady next door and she tried too, first with both hands, then an armpit and she even tried squeezin' it between her knees, but still nothing."
The doctor was shocked! "You asked your neighbour?"
The old man replied, "Yep. And no matter what we tried, we still couldn't get the jar open."

An 86 year old man walked into a crowded doctor's office. As he approached the desk, the receptionist said, "Yes sir, what are you seeing the doctor for today?"
"There's something wrong with my penls," he replied.
The receptionist became irritated and said, "You shouldn't come into a crowded office and say things like that."
"Why not? You asked me what was wrong and I told you," he said.
The receptionist replied, "You've obviously caused some embarrassment in this room full of people. You should have said there is something wrong with your ear or something and then discussed the problem further with the doctor in private."
The man walked out, waited several minutes and then re-entered.
The receptionist smiled smugly and asked, "Yes?"
There's something wrong with my ear," he stated.
The receptionist nodded approvingly and smiled, knowing he had taken her advice. And what is wrong with your ear, Sir?"
"I can't piss out of it," the man replied.
The doctor's office erupted in laughter

He was a successful lawyer, but as he got older he was increasingly hampered by incredible headaches. When his career and love life started to suffer, he sought medical help. After being referred from one specialist to another, he finally came across an old country doctor who solved the problem. "The good news is I can cure your headaches... The bad news is that it will require castration. You have a very rare condition, which causes your testicles to press up against the base of your spine, and the pressure creates one hell of a headache. The only way to relieve the pressure is to remove the testicles."
Joe was shocked and depressed. He wondered if he had anything to live for. He couldn't concentrate long enough to answer, but decided he had no choice but to go under the knife. When he left the hospital he was without a headache for the first time in 20 years, but he felt like he was missing an important part of himself. As he walked down the street, he realised that he felt like a different person. He could make a new beginning and live a new life. He saw a men's clothing store and thought, "That's what I need -- a new suit."
He entered the shop and told the salesman, "I'd like a new suit." The elderly tailor eyed him briefly and said, "Let's see .. size 44 long." Joe laughed, "That's right, how did you know?" "Been in the business 60 years!" Joe tried on the suit. It fit perfectly. As Joe admired himself in the mirror, the salesman asked, "How about a new shirt" Joe thought for a moment and then said, "Sure." The salesman eyed Joe and said, "Let's see... 34 sleeve and 16 and a half neck." Joe was surprised, "That's right, how did you know?" "Been in the business 60 years!"
Joe tried on the shirt, and it fit perfectly. As Joe adjusted the collar in the mirror, the salesman asked, "How about new shoes?" Joe was on a roll and said, "Sure." The salesman eyed Joe's feet and said, "Let's see...9-1/2." Joe was astonished, "That's right, how did you know?" "Been in the business 60 years!"
Joe tried on the shoes and they fit perfectly. Joe walked comfortably around the shop and the salesman asked, "How about some new underwear?" Joe thought for a second and said, "Sure." The salesman stepped back, eyed Joe's waist and said, "Let's see...size 36." Joe laughed, "Ah ha! I got you! I've worn size 34 since I was 18 years old."
The salesman shook his head, "You can't wear a size 34. A 34 underwear would press your testicles up against the base of your spine and give you one hell of a headache."

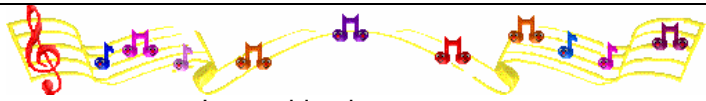
MEASURES OF SUCCESS

At age 4 success is . . . not peeing in your pants.
At age 12 success is . . . having friends.
At age 16 success is . . . having a drivers license.
At age 20 success is . . . having sex.
At age 35 success is . . . having money.
At age 50 success is . . . having money.
At age 60 success is . . . having sex.
At age 70 success is . . . having a drivers license.
At age 75 success is . . . having friends.
At age 80 success is . . . not peeing in your pants



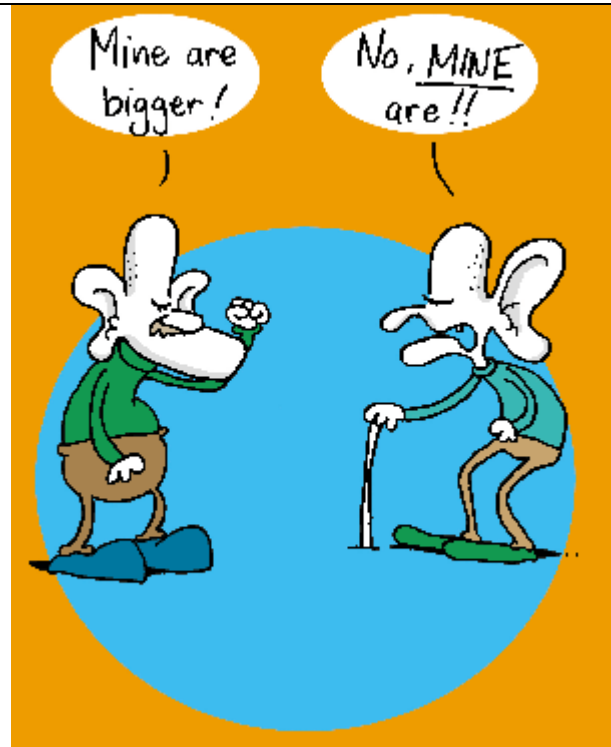
Tales from the doctor part 2 - Dr. Susan Steinberg, Manitoba, Canada

One day I had to be the bearer of bad news when I told a wife that her husband had died of a massive myocardial infarct. Not more than five minutes later, I heard her reporting to the rest of the family that he had died of a "massive internal fart."



Is your blood pressure up,
your cholesterol down?
Are you eating your low-fat cuisine?
All that oat bran and fruit,
Metamucil to boot,
keeps you like a well-oiled machine.
If it's hockey, or baseball
...he sure knows the score.
Yes, he knows where it's at
...but forgets what it's for.
So, your gall bladder's gone,
and his gout lingers on.
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?

When you're hungry, he's not.
When you're cold, then he's hot.
Then you start that old thermostat war.
When you turn out the light,
he goes left, you go right.
Then you get his great symphonic snore.
He was once so romantic,
and witty and smart.
How'd he turn out to be
such a cranky old f@rt?
So don't take any bets,
this is as good as it gets.
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight.



As men get older, they stop comparing penIs size and begin comparing the size of their huge old man ears.

95-year-old George went for his annual physical. All of his tests came back with normal results. Dr. Smith said, George, everything looks great physically. How are you doing mentally and emotionally? Are you at peace with yourself, and do you have a good relationship with your God?" George replied, "God and me are tight. He knows I have poor eyesight so he's fixed it so that when I get up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom (poof!) the light goes on when I pee, and then (poof!) the light goes off when I'm done." "Wow," commented Dr. Smith, "that's incredible!" A little later in the day Dr. Smith called George's wife. "Thelma," He said, "George is just fine. Physically he's great. But I had to call because I'm in awe of his relationship with God. Is it true that he gets up during the night and (poof!) the light goes on in the bathroom, and then (poof!) the light goes off?" Thelma exclaimed, "That old fool! He's peeing in the refrigerator again!"

OLD F@RTS.

A farmer goes out one day and buys a brand new stud rooster for his chicken coop. The new rooster struts over to the old rooster and says, "OK old f@rt, time for you to retire."
The old rooster replies, "Come on, surely you cannot handle ALL of these chickens. Look what it has done to me. Can't you just let me have the two old hens over in the corner?"
The young rooster says, "Beat it: You are washed up and I am taking over."
The old rooster says, "I tell you what, young stud. I will race you around the farmhouse. Whoever wins gets the exclusive domain over the entire chicken coop."
The young rooster laughs. "You know you don't stand a chance old man. So, just to be fair I will give you a head start."
The old rooster takes off running. About 15 seconds later the young rooster takes off running after him. They round the front porch of the farmhouse and the young rooster has closed the gap. He is already about 5 inches behind the old rooster and gaining fast. The farmer, meanwhile, is sitting in his usual spot on the front porch when he sees the roosters running by. He grabs his shotgun and - BOOM - He blows the young rooster to bits.
The farmer sadly shakes his head and says, "Dammit... third gay rooster I bought this month."
Moral of this story.... Don't mess with the OLD F@RTS - age and treachery will always overcome youth and skill!

DRIVING	
<p>Two elderly women were out driving in a large car, neither one of them could hardly see over the dashboard. As they were cruising along, they came to an intersection. The stoplight was red but they just went on through. The woman in the passenger seat thought to herself, "I must be losing it, I could have sworn we just went through a red light." After a few more minutes, they came to another intersection. The light was red, and again they went right through. This time, the passenger was almost sure that the light had been red, but was also concerned that she might be seeing things. She was getting nervous and decided to pay very close attention. At the next intersection, sure enough, the light was definitely red and they went right through it. She turned to the other woman and said, "Mildred! Did you know we just ran through three red lights in a row? You could have killed us." Mildred turned to her and said, "Oh Sh!t! Am I driving?"</p> <p>Two elderly ladies are sitting on the front porch, doing nothing. One lady turns and asks, "Do you still get horny?" The other replies, "Oh sure I do." The first old lady asks, "What do you do about it?" The second old lady replies, "I suck a lifesaver." ... After a few moments, the first old lady asks, "Who drives you to the beach?"</p> <p>At a nursing home in Miami, Florida, a group of Senior Citizens were sitting around talking about their ailments: My arms are so weak I can hardly lift this cup of coffee, "said one. "Yes, I know. My cataracts are so bad I can't even see my coffee, "replied another. "I can't turn my head because of the arthritis in my neck," said a third, to which several nodded weakly in agreement. "My blood pressure pills make me dizzy," ...another went on. "I guess that's the price we pay for getting old," winced an old man as he slowly shook his head. Then there was a short moment of silence. "Well, it's not that bad, "said one woman cheerfully. "Thank God we can all still drive."</p> <p>Andy Rooney On Grandma: My grandmother has a bumper sticker on her car that says, 'Sexy Senior Citizen.' You don't want to think of your grandmother that way, do you? Out entering wet shawl contests. Makes you wonder where she got that dollar she gave you for your birthday.</p> <p>A 75 year old woman went to the doctor for a check-up. The doctor told her she needed more activity and recommended sex three times a week. She said to the doctor, "Please, tell my husband." The doctor goes out in the waiting room and tells the husband that his wife needs to have sex three times a week. The 80 year old husband replies, "Which days?" The doctor says, "How about Monday, Wednesday and Friday." The husband says, "I can drive her here Monday and Wednesday, but on Fridays she'll have to take the bus."</p>	<p>From the Highway code section You are an elderly male driver, in a green fiat N reg that is highly polished. Please answer the following questions You are leaving the M23 at J11 going south, the slip road has three lanes you are on the inside to take the first exit (which is about fifty yards from the junction) with traffic behind. In the Middle lane there are two large lorries and a removal van plus cars queued to take the third exit. In the right-hand lane there is a queue of traffic for the fourth exit The first lorry in the middle lane moves off slowly across the junction do you: A Move off and take your required exit in a safe manner B Wait for the lorry to cross the junction to see if anything is coming thus almost involving yourself in an accident from the person behind who did not anticipated your manoeuvre The Second lorry in the middle lane moves off slowly across the junction do you: A Move off and take your required exit in a safe manner B Start to go as the first lorry has now moved off and you can see that the junction is clear then slam on your brakes as the second lorry moves into the junction, again almost involving yourself in an accident from the person behind who has seen you move forward and knows it is safe to proceed. The removal van now enters the junction as it is still clear do you: A Move off and take your required exit in a safe manner B Start to go as the second lorry has now moved off and you can see that the junction is clear then slam on your brakes, start to go again then slam on your brakes again, repeating this procedure three times before moving off. When you manage to test the brakes and reaction time of on a VW who was innocently negotiating the roundabout in a safe manner. You are now on the exit road, the cars behind you at the slip road are still there looking in disbelief at the VW driver who had to control a four wheel skid to miss you. You now wish to turn right into the services do you: A: Signal right, follow the road markings and move slowly into the right slip area and cut across on coming traffic when safe. B: Signal right, sit in the left hand lane, try to turn the car 90 degrees and dash straight across on coming traffic. Score 0 for every A and 10 for every B. Yes I was the person on the slip road and in the unlikely event that the driver in the VW reads this you need to be congratulated.</p> <p>On hearing that her elderly grandfather had just passed away, Katie went straight to her grandparent's house to visit her 95 year old grandmother and comfort her. When she ask how her grandfather had died, her grandmother replied, "He had a heart attack while we were making love on Sunday morning." Horrified, Katie told her grandmother that 2 people nearly 100 years old having sex would surely be asking for trouble. "Oh no, my dear, " replied granny. "Many years ago, realising our advanced age, we figured out best time to do it was when the church bells would start to ring. It was just the right rhythm. Nice and slow. Nothing too strenuous." She paused, wiped away a tear and then continued, "and if that ice cream van hadn't come along, he'd still be alive today!"</p>

MELBOURNE, Australia-Gun-toting granny Ava Estelle, 81, was so ticked-off when two thugs raped her 18-year-old granddaughter that she tracked the unsuspecting ex-cons down and shot off their testicles.

"The old lady spent a week hunting those men down and when she found them, she took revenge on them in her own special way," said Melbourne police investigator Evan Delp. Then she took a taxi to the nearest police station, laid the gun on the sergeant's desk and told him as calm as could be: 'Those bastards will never rape anybody again, by God.'

Cops say convicted rapist and robber Davis Furth, 33, lost both his penises and his testicles when outraged Ava opened fire with a 9-mm pistol in the hotel room where he and former prison cellmate Stanley Thomas, 29, were holed up. The wrinkled avenger also blew Thomas' testicles to kingdom come, but doctors managed to save his mangled penis, police said. The one guy, Thomas, didn't lose his manhood, but the doctor I talked to said he won't be using it the way he used to, Detective Delp told reporters.

Both men are still in pretty bad shape, but I think they're just happy to be alive after what they've been through.

The Rambo Granny swung into action August 21st after her granddaughter Debbie was carjacked and raped in broad daylight by two knife-wielding creeps in a section of town bordering on skid row. "When I saw the look on my Debbie's face that night in the hospital, I decided I was going to go out and get those bastards myself 'cause I figured the law would go easy on them," recalled the retired library worker. "And I wasn't scared of them, either because I've got me a gun and I've been shootin' all my life. And I wasn't dumb enough to turn it in when the law changed about owning one."

So, using a police artist's sketch of the suspects and Debbie's description of the sickos, tough-as-nails Ava spent seven days prowling the wino-infested neighbourhood where the crime took place until she spotted the ill-fated rapists entering their flophouse hotel. "I knew it was them the minute I saw 'em, but I shot a picture of 'em anyway and took it back to Debbie and she said sure as hell, it was them," the oldster recalled. "So I went back to that hotel and found their room and knocked on the door. And, the minute the big one, Furth, opened the door, I shot 'em right square between the legs - right where it would really hurt 'em most, you know. Then I went in and shot the other one as he backed up pleading to me to spare him. Then I went down to the police station and turned myself in."

Now, baffled lawmen are trying to figure out exactly how to deal with the vigilante granny. "What she did was wrong and she broke the law. But it is difficult to throw an 81-year-old woman in prison," Detective Delp said, "especially when 3 million people in the city want to nominate her for sainthood and a medal."

Charges were dropped yesterday against Ruth "Grammy" Gordon, an 83-year-old wheelchair-bound grandmother, who was originally charged with assault and battery, and assault with a deadly weapon, because an altercation she had last week with six airport security guards, that left all six hospitalized.

Justice has been served," said the 95-pound mother of three and grandmother of six, as she sat in her wheelchair, aided in her breathing by an oxygen bottle. "Now I'm going to sue every fool in the federal government for ignorance, stupidity, and just plain general incompetence. I'm an American, and I won't be treated like this."

The problem began last month as Gordon was attempting to board an airplane. "These guys are supposed to be some kind of professionals," she said, "but they're dumber than rocks. Here they were letting guys who looked just like terrorists walk through without searching them, and then they pull me aside and tell me they're going to search me? I don't think so."

According to one witness, Bud Cort of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, one guard, "who weighed about 300 pounds, looked like he was drunk, and had his shirt out, told this woman she couldn't board the plane unless they searched her. He was really rude. That's when the trouble started."

Videotapes showed that Gordon ran the guard down with her motorized wheelchair, then sat on top of the screaming man while spinning her chair in circles. "Doofus was so fat he couldn't get up," said Gordon with a giggle.

One guard who attempted to pull Gordon's wheelchair off of the screaming man from behind was hit over the head with an oxygen bottle and knocked unconscious. A third guard, who approached Gordon from the front, was also left dazed on the floor. witnesses said she was cackling, "Put your hands on an old lady, will you?" as she bashed both guards.

The tape also showed a fourth guard attempting to grab Gordon's wheelchair. Gordon removed a knitting needle from her purse and stabbed him in his left buttock. "What a wimp," she told reporters. "He started screaming and grabbing his butt and running like a puppy that someone kicked."

"It was amazing," said another witness, a Scott Ryan. "The whole crowd just stood there cheering and clapping. I mean, she was whupping butt." A fifth guard that attempted to grab Gordon had the seat of his pants set on fire with a cigarette lighter that had escaped detection.

"He just went whoosh across the concourse, screaming and slapping at all these flames flying out of his rear," said Ryan.

A sixth guard did finally manage to get Gordon in a body hug. "I think that was the wrong thing to do," said another witness, who declined to be identified. "She just grabbed him by his greasy hair with one hand and cracked him across the jaw with her skinny fist. And down and out he went."

After all this, Gordon's chair was still sitting on top of the first guard. The tapes clearly showed her leaning over and yelling, "Apologize to me, you fat sumbitch, or when I'm done with you you'll just be a greasy spot on the floor!"

As the crowd roared, the guard cried, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Uncle! I won't do it again!"

Finally, Gordon surrendered without further incident, and was taken to jail and released on her own recognizance. "We didn't have any choice," said an unidentified officer of the court. "Over 200 people showed up to support her. I think if we had demanded bail, there would have been a riot."

Over 20 lawyers offered to defend her for free. However, realizing the precariousness of the case, Gordon was not charged with anything.

"I doubt there's a jury in the whole country that would have found her guilty of anything," said one of the lawyers.

"I'm flying again tomorrow," Gordon told reporters. "And I suggest no one at the airport so much as look at me wrong."

SEX

An old man at a nursing home is about to have his 90th birthday party. His friends at the home all decide to pool their resources and get him a present. When he walks into the darkened recreation room, they turn on the lights and yell "SURPRISE!" Well, later in the party, a few of his friends mention that there was still more of a surprise left - he should go to his room to see what it was. So, the man walks down the hall to his room, opens his door, and there is a beautiful buxom young lady dressed in nothing but a silk teddy. He asks, "what are you doing here?" "I'm part of the surprise," she answered. "I'm here to give you super sex." "OK," the man said. "I'll take the soup."

An elderly couple is vacationing in the West. Sam always wanted a pair of authentic cowboy boots. Seeing some on sale one day, he buys them and wears them home, walking proudly. He walks into their hotel room and says to his wife, "Notice anything different, Bessie?" Bessie looks him over, "Nope." Sam says excitedly, "Come on, Bessie, take a good look. Notice anything different about me?" Bessie looks again, "Nope." Frustrated, Sam storms off into the bathroom, undresses, and walks back into the room completely naked except for his boots. Again, he asks, a little louder this time, "Notice anything DIFFERENT?" Bessie looks up and says, "Sam, what's different? It's hanging down today, it was hanging down yesterday, it'll be hanging down again tomorrow." Furious, Sam Yells, "AND DO YOU KNOW WHY IT'S HANGING DOWN, BESSIE? IT'S HANGING DOWN BECAUSE IT'S LOOKING AT MY NEW BOOTS!!!!" To which Bessie replies, "Shoulda bought a hat, Sam. Shoulda bought a hat."

An 80 year old man hobbles into confession and says to the priest, "Father, I'm 80 years old, married, have four kids and 11 grandchildren. Last night I had an affair with two 18-year-old girls. I made love with both of them...twice." The priest said, "Well my son, when was the last time you were in confession?" "Never Father, I'm Jewish." "Jewish!? Then, why are you telling me?", asks the priest. "Telling you?....I'm telling everybody", says the man.

An old retired sailor puts on his old uniform and heads for the docks once more for old times sake. He engages a prostitute and takes her up to a room. He's soon going at it as well as he can for a guy his age, but needing some reassurance, he asks, "How am I doing?" The prostitute replies, "Well old sailor, you're doing about three knots." "Three knots?" he asks, "What's that supposed to mean?" She says, "You're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back!

An older Jewish gentleman marries a younger lady and they are very much in love. However, no matter what the husband does sexually, the woman never achieves orgasm. Since a Jewish wife is entitled to sexual pleasure, they decide to ask the rabbi. The rabbi listens to their story, strokes his beard, and makes the following suggestion: Hire a strapping young man. While the two of you are making love, have the young man wave a towel over you. That will help the wife fantasise and should bring on an orgasm." They go home and follow the rabbi's advice. They hire a handsome young man and he waves a towel over them as they make love. But it doesn't help and she is still unsatisfied. Perplexed, they go back to the rabbi. "Okay", says the rabbi, "Let's try it reversed. Have the young man make love to your wife and you wave the towel over them." Once again, they follow the rabbi's advice. The young man gets into bed with the wife and the husband waves the towel. The young man gets to work with great enthusiasm and the wife soon has an enormous, room-shaking, screaming orgasm. The husband smiles, looks at the young man and says to him triumphantly, "You see, my boy! THAT'S how you wave a towel!"



YOU DIDNT SAVE ANYTHING FOR RETIREMENT DID YOU??

Johnny asks grandpa: Do you still have sex with granny?
Grandpa says: Yes, but only oral.
Johnny asks: What is oral?
Grandpa says: I say "f*ck you", she says " f*ck you too".

My nookie days are over,
My pilot light is out,
What used to be my sex appeal,
Is now my water spout.

Time was when, on its own accord,
From my trousers it would spring,
But now I've got a full-time job,
To find the blasted thing.

It used to be embarrassing,
The way it would behave,
For every single morning,
It would stand and watch me shave.

Now as old age approaches,
It sure gives me the blues,
To see it hang its little head,
And watch me tie my shoes!

ELDERLY WEDDINGS

At 85 years of age, Morris married Lou Anne, a lovely 25 year old. Since her new husband is so old, Lou Anne decides that after their wedding she and Morris should have separate bedrooms, because she is concerned that her new but aged husband may overexert himself if they spend the entire night together.

After the wedding festivities Lou Anne prepares herself for bed and the expected "knock" on the door. Sure enough the knock comes, the door opens and there is Morris, her 85 year old groom ready for action. They unite as one.

All goes well, Morris takes leave of his bride, and she prepares to go to sleep. After a few minutes, Lou Anne hears another knock on her bedroom door, and it's Morris. Again he is ready for more "action."

Somewhat surprised Lou Anne consents for more coupling. When the newlyweds are done, Morris kisses his bride, bids her a fond goodnight and leaves.

She is set to go to sleep again, but you guessed it - Morris is back again, rapping on the door, and is as fresh as a 25 year old ready for more "action." And once again they enjoy each other.

But as Morris is set to leave again, his young bride says to him: "I am thoroughly impressed that at your age you can perform so well and so often. I have been with guys less than a third of your age who were only good once. You are truly a great lover, Morris"

Morris, somewhat embarrassed, turns to Lou Anne and says: "You mean I was here already???"

An elderly man and his wife decided to separate. Before being allowed to do so legally, the Family Court insisted they undergo some counselling from the marriage therapist to see if their union could be saved. The counsellor did her best, but to no avail. The old folks were absolutely determined to go through with the separation leading to divorce. Finally, in some desperation, the counsellor said: "But you're 95 and your wife is 93. You've been married for 72 years! Why do you want to separate now???"

To which the wife replied: "We haven't been able to stand each other for the last 46 years. But we thought we should wait until all the children died before we split up."



Jacob, age 92, and Rebecca, age 89, are all excited about their decision to get married. They go for a stroll to discuss the wedding and on the way they pass the Chemists shop. Jacob suggests they go in. Jacob addresses the man behind the counter: "Are you the owner?"

The Chemist answers "Yes".

Jacob: "We're about to get married. Do you sell heart medication?"

Chemist: "Of course we do."

Jacob: "How about medicine for circulation?"

Chemist: "All kinds."

Jacob: "Medicine for rheumatism, scoliosis? "

Chemist: "Definitely."

Jacob: "How about Vi@gr@?"

Chemist: "Of course."

Jacob: "Medicine for memory problems, arthritis, Jaundice?"

Chemist: "Yes, a large variety. The works."

Jacob: "What about vitamins, sleeping pills, antidotes for Parkinson's disease?"

Chemist: "Absolutely."

Jacob: "You sell wheelchairs and walkers?"

Chemist: "All speeds and sizes."

Jacob says to the Chemist: "We'd like to register here for our wedding gifts, please."

It was Postman Pat's last day on the job after 35 years of carrying the post through all kinds of weather to the same houses in Greendale.

When he arrived at the first house on his route, he was greeted by the whole family there, who all hugged and congratulated him and sent him on his way with a gift cheque for £500.

At the second house they presented him fine Cuban cigars in an 18-carat gold box The folks at the third house handed him a case of 30-year old single malt whiskey.

At the fourth house he was met at the door by a blonde lady in her lingerie. She took him by the arm and led him up the stairs to the bedroom where she blew his mind with the most passionate love he had ever experienced. When he had enough they went downstairs, where she made him a giant breakfast: eggs, tomatoes, bacon, sausage, black pudding, mushrooms, toast and freshly-squeezed orange juice.

When he was truly satisfied, she poured him a cup of steaming coffee. As she was pouring, he noticed a £5 pound note sticking out from under the cup's bottom edge.

"All this is just too wonderful for words," he said, 'But what's the fiver for?' "Well", said the dumb blonde, "Last night, I told my husband that today would be your last day, and that we should do something special for you. I asked him what to give you".

"He said 'F*** him. Give him a fiver.'The breakfast was my idea.