



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #76 August 2003

www.brightonhash.co.uk

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

All directions/ timings start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref Hares	Tel. No.
4th August 03	1311 Wellington, Seaford 13/20		Phil Mutton	01273 509958
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Turn right onto A26 just after Beddingham crossing. Just before Newhaven turn left for A259 into Seaford. Take 1st right past station bearing left down to Steyne Street. Pub on left. Est. 25 mins.				
11th August 03	1312 Top of Southover Street, Brighton 14/20		Bouncer	01273 441611
Directions: Take A23 south into town. Left at Preston Circus up Viaduct Road, right at next lights, then immediately left (Union Road). Right again and 1st left is Southover Street. Park and meet at top of road. PHOTO HASH. Est. 10 mins.				
18th August 03	1313 Trevor Arms, Glynde 15/20		458 086 Terry & Rosemary	01273 883986
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. After Beddingham level crossing and roundabout take next left. 1 mile on left. 15 mins.				
25th August 03	1314 Eclipse Hove 16/20		Tim & Steve	01444 230644
Directions:				
1st September 2003	1315 Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling 333172		Peter Eastwood	01273 845329
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins. <i>Pete's big birthday bonfire etc. Hopefully also incorporating a visit to the Royal Oak, Wivelsfield.</i>				
8th September 2003	1316 Ship Inn, Cuckfield 17/20		304257 Bouncer	01273 441611
Directions: A23 north to A272. Loop back under A23 and carry on to Ansty. Left at next 2 roundabouts onto B2036. Go right up High Street and pub is on left just at junction with B2114 to Staplefield. Est. 20 mins.				

Receding hareline:

15th August 2003 Lewes pub crawl - Bouncers belated brighton based beer bonanza before being banned boozing.

The Brighton Hash 25th Anniversary summer tour: - just three weeks until order is restored:

Brighton Basketmakers Arms, Bugle, Evening Star, Hand-in-Hand, Lord Nelson, Prestonville; **Cooksbridge** Pump House; **Firle** Ram; **Glynde** Trevor Arms; **Hove** Eclipse; **Newick** Crown; **Portslade** Stanley Arms; **Rottingdean** Black Horse; **Shoreham-by-Sea** Buckingham Arms; **Southwick** Schooner

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

The Brighton Hash 25th Anniversary summer tour:

By the end of July we've passed halfway and quite a few of the country pubs have yet to be used. Usual spiel if anyone wishes to run their own passport you only have to ask. Please only select from the following list as it's possible we've already picked up quite a few stamps from pubs that we haven't actually run from:

Brighton Basketmakers Arms, Bugle, Evening Star, Hand-in-Hand, Lord Nelson, Prestonville; **Cooksbridge** Pump House; **Firle** Ram; **Glynde** Trevor Arms; **Hove** Eclipse; **Newick** Crown; **Portslade** Stanley Arms; **Rottingdean** Black Horse; **Shoreham-by-Sea** Buckingham Arms; **Southwick** Schooner.

Last month it was suggested we should have a polo shirt to mark our 1313th run. This is now on the back burner but look out in the not too distant future for these bargain quality items to come your way when an appropriate occasion arises.

AT LAST, Bouncers belated Brighton Lewes based beer bonanza before being banned boozing. Yes it's true I'm not going to drink anymore, but I'm not going to drink any less either! That aside I was always going to have a local stag do although higher authority has rightly decreed that I'm too late but I can have a pub crawl. So on 15th August we will be heading over to Lewes and would very much like as many hashers as possible to join us as Gabrielle and I continue to find excuses to keep the party rolling. Please let me know if you can make it and when numbers are pinned down we'll sort out a plan for the evening. Beer, a bit of food, beer, perhaps a bit of music, beer, and maybe even a visit to Harveys bar.

ZIMBABWE: This is becoming a really interesting place. The only country in the world where the largest note - \$500 - can't buy you a beer, which is \$650. A roll of 1-ply toilet paper costs \$1000.

There are approximately 72 sections on the average roll, so it is cheaper to take your \$1000, change it into \$10s, set your hash with 72 of them and get \$280 change.

<p>More World's shortest books: - THINGS I LOVE ABOUT BILL by Hillary Clinton</p> <p>Dear Abby: My husband is a liar and a cheat. He has cheated on me from the beginning. When I confront him, he denies everything. What's worse, everyone knows he cheats on me. It's so humiliating! Also, since he lost his job two years ago, he hasn't even looked for a new one. All he does is sit around the living room in his underwear and watch TV while I work to pay the bills. And since our daughter went away to college, he doesn't even pretend to like me. He keeps calling me a lesbian. What should I do? Signed, Clueless Dear Clueless: Dump him. You're a New York senator now. You don't need him anymore</p>	<p>"The Book of Virtues" by Bill Clinton</p> <p>Bill Clinton is getting \$12 million for his memoirs. His wife, Hillary got \$8 million for hers. That's \$20 million for memories of two people who for eight years repeatedly testified, under oath, that they couldn't remember anything. God Bless America</p>
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From America In America, unless it is a Church School, no religion whatsoever may be taught in State Schools - they never have a nativity play and comparative religion - ie Hinduism, Judaism and even Christianity is NOT taught!



All I can say to this is Amen....
Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The Lamb was sure to go.
He followed her to school each day,
T'wasn't even in the rule.
It made the children laugh and play,
To have a Lamb at school.
And then the rules all changed one day,
Illegal it became;
To bring the Lamb of God to school,
Or even speak His Name.! ;
Every day got worse and worse,
And days turned into years.
Instead of hearing children laugh,
We heard gun shots and tears.
What must we do to stop the crime,
That's in our schools today?
Let's let the Lamb come back to school,
And teach our kids to pray!

It is said that 86% of Americans believe in God. I have a very hard time understanding why there is such a mess about having "In God We Trust" on our money and having God in the Pledge of Allegiance. Why don't we just tell the 14% to sit down and shut up??

Diet Advice for the weekend

It seems that a lot of people are dieting recently, trying everything from an all-carbohydrate to an all-protein mix. I have another suggestion, one that has worked through the ages: the "Beer-Me" diet.

Personally, I have a "liquid dinner" every time I go to the club on Friday night!

FACT: A light beer has between 70 and 100 calories, is almost all water, and the part that isn't water is almost pure carbohydrates.

FACT: The average diet recommends a daily caloric intake of 1,200 calories for women, 1,500 for men, if you want to lose the medically safe two to three pounds a week. On the "Beer-Me" diet, that equates to at least 12 beverages a day for women and 15 for men, a measurable goal.

FACT: The alcohol in beer is a diuretic, which causes the water to flush out almost immediately, leading to a consistent workout regimen including deep knee bends (getting out of the chair), fast walking (very good for your heart) and squats (as the case may be).



FACT: Drinking beer actually helps you sleep-even when you aren't necessarily tired. All that added rest is certain to help any problems you may have experienced in sleep deprivation, counting calories on those other fad diets. In addition, you may experience the occasional "How did I get here?" when you wake up, which always makes for lively conversation, and possibly additional exercise if you have to sneak out and run home.

FACT: The "Beer-Me" diet is good for your heart. After just one day of consuming your required 12-15 beers, you will certainly want to consume some aspirin, which is medically proven to help prevent heart attacks.

FACT: On the "Beer-Me" diet you can eat anything you want. The only rule is that you cannot consume any food until you have consumed at least half of the day's required beers. This way the food will probably only stay in your body a short time, until you again exercise the deep knee bends, quick walk and, this time, the "lean-over-and-hurl" stomach crunches.

FACT: Beer drinking is often done in bars and night-clubs, where other forms of exercise are common. Dancing, for example, is a good way to build up a thirst, as is chasing members of the opposite sex. If you really want to maximise your workout, try actually walking up to the bar, versus using a waitress. To take this to the extreme, you could even get up and get someone else a beer, perhaps someone who is newer to the diet plan than you.

Based on these facts, let's run through a given scenario for diet implementation.

CAUTION: This is a weekend diet plan, and should only be attempted during the week by the staunchest of dieters.

MONDAY to THURSDAY: Eat junk food, and basically be a slob.

FRIDAY: Feeling "large", go via the off licence and stock up. Go to favourite place of beer drinking and begin the consumption process (remember 12 for women, 15 for men).

SATURDAY (a.m.): Wake up (as required) and lounge around all day, feeling slightly smaller after expunging any food that you may have accidentally consumed from 7pm till late last night. Take aspirin. Notice that you have absolutely no interest in food, anyway.

SATURDAY (p.m.): Restart cycle, noticing that your appetite has still not returned. Perhaps only meet half of your consumption goal due to an ongoing discussion with "the dog that bit you." This is a good thing, as only half-consumption means less than 1,000 calories for the day, and you still don't feel hungry.

SUNDAY (a.m.): Wake up for mandatory sports day. This is a very convenient diet during football season, but it can be successfully implemented year-round. There is some major professional sport being played Sunday of the year. Consumption on this day should be paced to cover the entire day, you don't want to peak too soon. Again you notice a lack of appetite, and are feeling thinner all the time. Don't forget the aspirin.

MONDAY: Return to work, feeling thinner, well rested, and surprisingly mellow. Mark your log book, and begin preparation for the upcoming weekend.

A Guinness a day



**URNS YOUR SHIT BLACK
AND MAKES YOU FAT**

Driving to work this morning I was in the outside lane when I looked over to my left a saw this woman in a brand new BMW doing 80mph with her face up next to her rear view mirror putting on her eyeliner!
 I looked away for a couple seconds and when I looked back she was halfway over the middle lane, still working on her makeup! It scared me so bad, I dropped my electric shaver, which knocked the bacon roll out of my other hand.
 In all the confusion of trying to straighten out the car using my knees against the steering wheel, it knocked my mobile from my ear, which fell into the coffee between my legs, splashed and burned **BIG JIM AND THE ROUND TWINS**, causing me to scream, which made me drop the cigarette out of my mouth, ruined my shirt and **DISCONNECTED AN IMPORTANT CALL**.
DAMN WOMEN DRIVERS!

COOL number plate



Beamer dreamers

The other day I was cruising along as usual in my BMW coming onto one of **MY** motorways, which was very busy with inferior cars.
 First off, I couldn't believe that the volume of traffic **DIDN'T** slow down for me **AT ALL** as I came off the slip road! I had to squeeze into a barely big enough gap between two cars in order to get onto my motorway! (The driver of the car behind me did realise his mistake though and honked an apology to me with a long blast of his horn.)
 Unbelievably, I had to do the same again before I could get to the BMW lane. (Why do underlings use this lane? Surely everyone knows it is for BMW drivers only?).

Anyway, once I was in the BMW lane and posing along at 110mph enjoying the adulation that the inferior car drivers were giving me, I noticed an inferior car ahead of me which was not only in the BMW lane of my motorway, but was driving at a ridiculous 70 mph!
 Naturally, I got to within a foot or so of his rear bumper and flashed my headlights to remind him he shouldn't be in the BMW lane of my motorway and to get out of my way.
 Of course, once he realised it was a BMW behind him, he did just that, but I could hardly believe it when he pulled straight back out behind me!
 He also tried to keep up with me and when he realised I would outrun him, he put on some blue lights in his front grill and urged me to get onto the hard shoulder so that he could congratulate me on my excellent car.
 Needless to say, I was eager to oblige and when we had stopped, the man gave me a piece of paper confirming what I already knew - that my car goes fast!
 Apparently he wants everyone to know what a superior car I have, so I had to take my driver's licence to a Police Station to be sent away to have some points put on! (They're not free points either - they're £20 each and I was only allowed 3).
 But the man at the Police Station said that because I drive a BMW, it won't be much longer before I earn the full 12 points, and then I won't even **NEED** a driving licence, so they will take it off me!
 See, now That's the sort of respect you get when you buy and drive a BMW.

A man in his 40's bought a new BMW and was out on the motorway for a nice evening drive. The top was down, the breeze was blowing through what was left of his hair, and he decided to open her up. As the needle jumped up to 80mph, he suddenly saw flashing blue lights behind him.
 "There's no way they can catch a BMW," he thought to himself and opened her up further. The needle hit 90, 100... then the reality of the situation hit him. "What the hell am I doing?" he thought and pulled over.
 The cop came up to him, took his license without a word, and examined it and the car. "It's been a long day, this is the end of my shift, and it's Friday the 13th. I don't feel like more paperwork, so if you can give me an excuse for your driving that I haven't heard before, you can go."
 The guy thinks for a second and says, "Last week my wife ran off with a cop. I was afraid you were trying to give her back."
 "Have a nice weekend, Sir," said the officer.

10 Characteristics of The Company Car...

1. Accelerates at a phenomenal rate.
2. Has a much shorter braking distance than the private car.
3. Can take speed humps at twice the speed of private cars.
4. The battery, radiator water, oil and tires never have to be checked.
5. It can be driven up to 60 miles with the oil warning light flashing.
6. It needs cleaning less often than private cars.
7. The suspension is reinforced to allow for the weekend loads of bricks, concrete slabs and other building material.
8. Unusual and alarming engine noises are easily eliminated by turning up the radio.
9. It needs no security system and may be left anywhere, unlocked and with the keys in the ignition.
10. It is especially sand and waterproof for barbecues on remote beaches.

JEWISH PARROT

Meyer, a lonely widower, was walking home along Delancy Street one day wishing something wonderful would happen into his life, when he passed a Pet Store and heard a squawking voice shouting out in Yiddish:

"Quawwwwk...vus macht du (How're ya doin')... Yeah, du (Yeah,you)..."

Meyer rubbed his eyes and ears. Couldn't believe it. The proprietor sprang out of the door and grabbed Meyer by the sleeve.

"Come in here, fella, and check out this parrot..."

Meyer stood in front of an African Grey that cocked his little head and said: "Vus? Kenst reddin Yiddish?" (What? Can you speak Yiddish?)

In a matter of moments, Meyer had placed five hundred dollars down on the counter and carried the parrot in his cage away with him. All night he talked with the parrot. In Yiddish. He told the parrot about his father's adventures coming to America. About how beautiful his mother was when she was a young bride. About his family. About his years of working in the garment centre. About Florida.

The parrot listened and commented. They shared some walnuts. The parrot told him of living in the pet store, how he hated the weekends. They both went to sleep.

Next morning, Meyer began to put on his tfillin (a shawl of religious significance) all the while saying his prayers. The parrot demanded to know what he was doing and when Meyer explained, the parrot wanted some too. Meyer went out and had handmade a miniature set of tfillin for the parrot. The parrot wanted to learn to daven (say prayers), and learned every prayer. He wanted to learn to read Hebrew.

So Meyer spent weeks and months, sitting and teaching the parrot, teaching him Torah. In time, Meyer came to love and count on the parrot as a friend and a Jew.

One morning, on Rosh Hashanah, Meyer rose and got dressed and was about to leave when the parrot demanded to go with him. Meyer explained that Shul (synagogue) was not place for a bird, but the parrot made a terrific argument and was carried to Shul on Meyer's shoulder.

Needless to say, they made quite a spectacle, and Meyer was questioned by everyone, including the Rabbi and the Cantor. They refused to allow a bird into the building on the High Holy Days, but Meyer convinced them to let him in this one time, swearing that parrot could daven. Wagers were made with Meyer. Thousands of dollars were bet that the parrot could NOT daven, could not speak

Yiddish or Hebrew, etc.

All eyes were on the African Grey during services. The parrot perched on Meyer's shoulder as one prayer and song passed - Meyer heard not a peep from the bird. He began to become annoyed, slapping at his shoulder and mumbling under his breath, "Daven!"

Nothing.

"Daven...parrot, you can daven, so daven...come on, everybody's looking at you!"

Nothing.

After Rosh Hashanah services were concluded, Meyer found that he owed his Shul buddies and the Rabbi over four thousand dollars. He marched home, upset, saying nothing. Finally several blocks from the Temple the bird began to sing an old Yiddish song and was happy as a lark. Meyer stopped and looked at him. "You miserable bird, you cost me over four thousand dollars. Why? After I made your tfillin and taught you the morning prayers, and taught you to read Hebrew and the Torah. And after you begged me to bring you to Shul on Rosh Hashana, why? Why did you do this to me?"

"Don't be a schmuck," the parrot replied. "Think of the odds we'll get on Yom Kippur!"

The Inland Revenue sends their auditor to a synagogue.

The auditor is doing all the checks and then turns to the Rabbi, and says, "I noticed that you buy a lot of candles."

"Yes," answered the Rabbi.

"Well, Rabbi, what do you do with the candle drippings?" he asked.

"A good question," noted the Rabbi. "We actually save them up and when we have enough, we send them back to the candle maker and every now and then, they send us a free box of candles."

"Oh," replied the auditor somewhat disappointed that his unusual question actually had a practical answer. So he thought he'd go on, in his obnoxious way...

"Rabbi, what about all these matzo purchases? What do you do with the crumbs from the matzo?"

"Ah, yes," replied the Rabbi calmly, "we actually collect up all the crumbs from the matzo and when we have enough, we send them in a box back to the manufacturer and every now and then, they send a box of matzo balls."

"Oh," replied the auditor, thinking hard how to fluster the Rabbi. "Well, Rabbi," he went on, "what do you do with all the foreskins from the circumcisions?"

"Yes, here too, we do not waste," answered the Rabbi. "What we do is save up all the foreskins, and when we have enough we actually send them to The Inland Revenue".

"Inland Revenue!," questioned the auditor in disbelief.

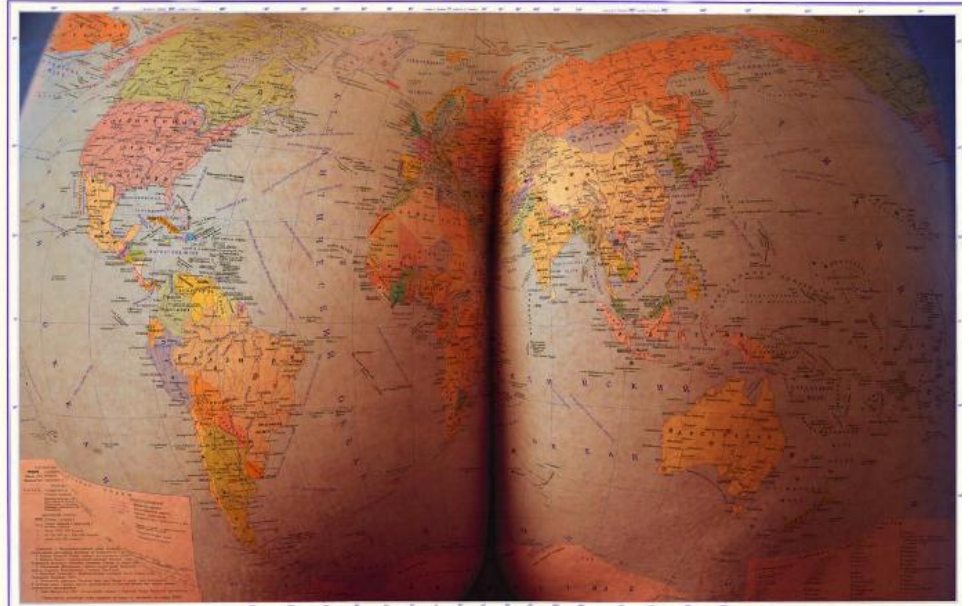
"Ah, yes," replied the Rabbi, "Inland Revenue " ...and about once a year, they send us a little prick like you".

And now a message from our Israel correspondent ...

ISRAELI HASHERS GUIDE

- 1) Check the map to see where this weeks hash is: Israeli or Palestinian control.
- 2) Pack your hash gear: gas mask, AK47, 8 inch army knife, grenade launcher (optional), spare magazine (not the reading kind) and oh yes, running shoes.
- 3) Set off for hash with plenty of time to spare: Due to 3 army check posts to clear.
- 4) Arrive at hash meeting place and greet fellow hashers: this means check their I.D. cards.
- 5) With all your hash gear securely packed into your lycra shorts, warm up gently by diving to the ground face down whilst simultaneously removing the AK47 from your lycra.
- 6) Synchronise watches with comrades and buddy up. Move out in a 2 by 2 cover formation with extra protection at the rear.
- 7) Allow the better runners to take point. Failing that, the one with the biggest Bazooka.
- 8) When you hear "On On" called head in that direction: Be sure to leave back markers to claim the land as new settlements.
- 9) The next call of "Checking" is self explanatory although what he is checking could be any ones guess.
- 10) "On One" means that he has landed on a mine. Bye bye runner.
- 11) "On Back" means that the new settlement ground claimed has been deemed illegal. Return to the safety of the pack.
- 12) The call of "Are you" should be followed by "Arab or Jew"?
- 13) "On home" called finally means you are safely back in Israeli territory: So now you only have to worry about the odd suicide bomber or random shooter.
- 14) Return to your vehicle to change into clean clothes: remembering to first check under and around the vehicle for suspicious packages.
- 15) Once dressed in your casual clothes (i.e. combat boots, camouflage trousers and hard hat), proceed to the pre-arranged watering hole: Firstly having to clear the outer security guard, followed by the inner guard including emptying your pockets and removing all metal objects (e.g. glasses, keys, shrapnel).
- 16) Now enter the establishment proper: but first fill out the questionnaire/security check as to why you're chosen this pub, how you heard about it, who do you know in this pub etc.
- 17) Queue up orderly to get your drink: 30 minutes later when you realise that no one else has bothered barge your way through to the counter and order.
- 18) Find a nice table, sit down and enjoy your drink: until some arrogant twat tells you that that's his seat and even though he's not been sitting there, it's his anyway.
- 19) Visit the toilet before heading off home for the long drive: Hand over your money to the woman at the door first.
- 20) Say goodbye to your friends: because 10 seconds later Mr terrorist gets past security and blows you all up.

This is the reason why Middle East is in deep shit...



This is the reason why the Middle East is in deep sh!t.

Happy Hashing

Steve Lyons

The Ivan Lyons page - a few Jewish funnies ...

A journalist assigned to the Jerusalem bureau has an apartment overlooking the Western Wall. Every day when she looks out, she sees an old bearded Jewish man praying vigorously. Certain he would be a good interview subject, the journalist goes down to the Wall, and introduces herself to the old man. She asks, "You come every day to the Wall, sir, how long have you done that and what are you praying for?"

The old man replies, "I have come here to pray every day for 25 years. In the morning I pray for world peace and for the brotherhood of man. I go home, have a cup of tea, and I come back and pray for the eradication of illness and disease from the earth. And very, very important, I pray for peace and understanding between the Israelis and Palestinians"

The journalist is impressed. "How does it make you feel to come here every day for 25 years and pray for these wonderful things?" she asks.

The old man replies calmly, "Like I'm talking to a f*cking wall."

A Jewish American Princess's husband was making love to his wife when suddenly, to his intense surprise, she wiggled and let out a short cry of delight.

"My God, honey!" he exclaimed. "What happened?"

"It's wonderful," she said.

"I finally decided that those curtains would look much better in peach."

Seder warning.

A group of medical people have published data that indicates that Seder participants should not partake of both chopped liver and choroses. It is indicated that this combination can lead to Charoses of the Liver.

The package.

Moishe walks into a post office to send a package to his wife. The postmaster says, "This package is too heavy, you'll need another stamp."

Moishe replies, "And that should make it lighter?"

Moscovitz Who?

A visitor to Israel attended a recital and concert at the Moscovitz Auditorium. He was quite impressed with the architecture and the acoustics. So he inquired of the tour guide, "Is this magnificent auditorium named after Chaim Moscovitz, the famous Talmudic scholar?"

"No," replied the guide. "It is named after Sam Moscovitz, the writer."

"Never heard of him. What did he write?"

"A check", replied the guide.

And finally...

Two Palestinian woman at a bus stop. One turns to the other and says "I haven't seen that big lad of yours for a while".

"Ah, he was a martyr to the cause."

"What about his little brother, where's he got too?"

"He died for his faith."

"Cor, don't the kids blow up quickly these days?"

One day at kindergarten a teacher said to the class of 5-year-olds, "I'll give \$2 to the child who can tell me who was the most famous man who ever lived." An Irish boy put his hand up and said, "It was St.Patrick." The teacher said, "Sorry Sean, that's not correct." Then a Scottish boy put his hand up and said, "It was St. Andrew." The teacher replied, "I'm sorry, Hamish, that's not right either. Finally, a Jewish boy raised his hand and said, "It was Jesus Christ." The teacher said, "That's absolutely right, Marvin, come up here and I'll give you the \$2." As the teacher was giving Marvin his money, she said, "You know Marvin, since you're Jewish, I was very surprised you said Jesus Christ." Marvin replied, "Yeah. In my heart I knew it was Moses, but business is business!"

What's the difference between a Catholic wife and a Jewish wife? : A Catholic wife has real orgasms and fake jewellery.

A lady golfer who visits a driving range to tone up before a game, is about to tee off, when she notices the man next to her.

"Pardon me, sir" she said. "You are aiming in the wrong direction --- back towards the golf shop."

"Oil - tanks for dat. Vitout you, I wouldn't know. I'm blindt." He then turns around and starts hitting out into the range. After a few minutes, he asks the lady how he is doing.

"Not bad." she answers. "Most of your shots are straight and fairly long. Only a few of them are slicing."

"Tanks, again, Missus," he replies. "Vitout you telling, I wouldn't know dese tings."

A few shots later, he enquires again. "Do you mind I should ask a poisonal qvestion?"

"Not at all," she replies.

"I don't do vell vit the ladies. Am I ugly or fat?"

"You're quite presentable," she replies "I don't think that should be a problem."

Smiling now, he exults "Vat a relief. I vas always afraid to ask. Again, I got to tank you." He was about to hit another ball when the lady interrupts him.

"Do you mind if I give you a bit of advice?" she asks

"Soitenly! Listen, I'll take all de help what you've got I vill take ."

"Lose the Jewish accent." she replies. "You're Chinese."

A Jewish grandmother is watching her grandson playing on the beach when a huge wave washes over him and drags him out to sea. Falling down on her knees in the sand, the grandmother begins to pray.

"Please God, save my only grandson! He is my life and the future of our family! With all my years of faith, please return him safely."

Just then, a huge wave rolls back up the beach and deposits the bewildered child on the sand as good as new.

The grandma looks up to the sky. "He had a hat!" she bellows.

New cheese factory.

Did you hear about the new facility Kraft Foods is building in Israel? It's called "Cheeses of Nazareth".

MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH

This is an actual letter sent to a bank in the United States. The bank thought it amusing enough to publish in New York Times.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to thank you for bouncing the check with which I endeavoured to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, some three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check, and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honour it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire salary, an arrangement, which, I admit, has only been in place for eight years. You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account with \$50 by way of penalty for the inconvenience I caused to your bank.

My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways. You have set me on the path of fiscal righteousness. No more will our relationship be blighted by these unpleasant incidents, for I am restructuring my affairs in 2001, taking as my model the procedures, attitudes and conduct of your very bank. I can think of no greater compliment, and I know you will be excited and proud to hear it.

To this end, please be advised about the following changes: I have noticed that whereas I personally attend to your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you I am confronted by the impersonal, ever-changing, pre recorded, faceless machine. From now on I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person. My mortgage and loan repayments will, therefore and hereafter, no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank, by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee of your branch whom you must nominate.

You will be aware that it is an offence under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope.

Please find attached an Application Contact Status which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Notary Public, and that the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and abilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in all dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modelled it on the number of button presses required to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further by introducing you to my new telephone system, which you will notice, is very much like yours. My Authorised Contact at your bank, the only person with whom I will have any dealings, may call me at any time and will be answered by an automated voice.

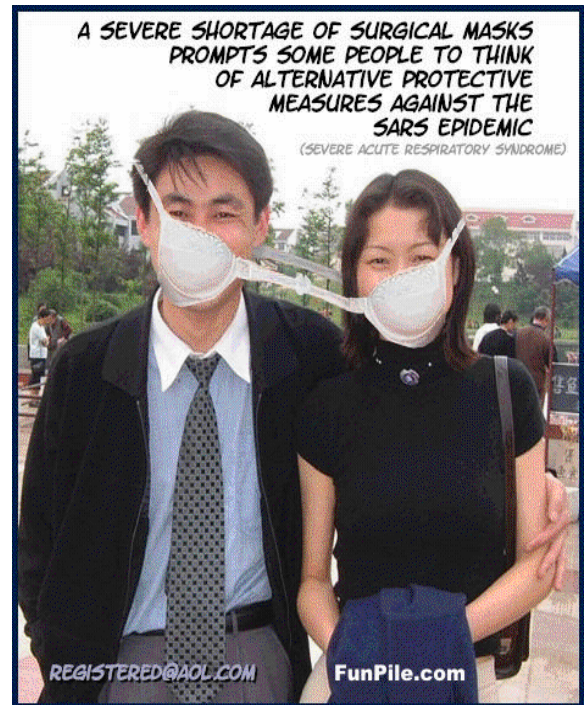
Press buttons as follows:

1. To make an appointment to see me.
2. To query a missing repayment.
3. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.
4. To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.
5. To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.
6. To transfer the call to my mobile phone in case I am not at home.
7. To leave a message on my computer. To leave a message a password to access my computer is required. Password will be communicated at a later date to the contact.
8. To return to the main menu and listen carefully to options 1 through 9
9. To make a general complaint or inquiry. The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service.

While this may on occasion involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration. This month I've chosen a refrain from "The Best of Woody Guthrie: "Oh, the banks are made of marble, With a guard at every door, And the vaults are filled with silver, That the miners sweated for." After twenty minutes of that, our mutual contact will probably know it by heart. On a more serious note, we come to the matter of cost. As your bank has often pointed out, the ongoing drive for greater efficiency comes at a cost which you have always been quick to pass on to me. Let me repay your kindness by passing some costs back.

First, there is the matter of advertising material you send me. This I will read for a fee of \$20 per page. Inquiries from your nominated contact will be billed at \$5 per minute of my time spent in response. Any debits to my account, as, for example, in the matter of the penalty for the dishonoured check, will be passed back to you. My new phone service runs at 75 cents a minute. You would be well advised to keep your inquiries brief and to the point. Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

May I wish you a happy, if ever-so-slightly less prosperous, New Year? Your humble client, [Name withheld]



INTERNATIONAL

Last month, a survey was conducted by the U.N. world-wide. The only question asked was, "Would you please give your most honest opinion about solutions to the food shortage in the rest of the world?"

The survey was a HUGE failure.

In Africa they did not know what "food" meant.

In Western Europe they did not know what "shortage" meant.

In Eastern Europe they did not know what "opinion" meant.

In the Middle East they did not know what "solution" meant.

In South America they did not know what "please" meant.

In Asia they did not know what "honest" meant.

And in the USA they did not know what "the rest of the world" meant.

After digging to a depth of 100m last year, Russian scientists found traces of copper wiring dating back 1000 years and concluded that their ancestors already had a telephone network 1000 years ago.

Not to be outdone, American scientists dug 200m and soon headlines in the US read: "US scientists found traces of optical fibre wiring dating back 2000 years and concluded that their ancestors already had advanced hi-tec digital telephone network 1000 years earlier than the Russians".

One week later The Voice, a Botswana News Paper reported, "After digging as deep as 500m, Botswana scientists have found absolutely nothing! They have concluded that 5000 years ago their ancestors were already using cellular phones due to cable theft problems!!"

An African leader makes an official trip to Russia.

At the end of the trip, the Russian leader tells the African that in Russia they have a custom performed at farewells called "Russian Roulette" to demonstrate one's courage.

The Russian whips out a revolver loads one chamber, gives the cylinder spin, puts the gun to his head and pulls the trigger.....CLICK!.....empty chamber.

He hands the revolver to his African guest and says, "Your turn." Not to be outdone the African repeats the ritual pulls the trigger....CLICK.....empty chamber.

The next year, the Russian visits the African country.

At the end of the trip, the African tells his Russian peer that he was very impressed with "Russian Roulette" and that he has spent the last year devising an African ritual to demonstrate one's courage.

The African then disappears through a door only to reappear a few minutes later smiling, and says, "Your turn."

The African escorts the Russian through the door.

In the room are six of the most beautiful, naked women he has ever seen.

The African explains that he is to choose one of the women, who will perform oral sex on him.

Absolutely dumbfounded, the Russian asks, "What kind of test of courage is this?!"

The African calmly answers.....

"One of them is a cannibal."

A Texan, a Russian and a New Yorker go into a restaurant in London. The waiter says, "Excuse me, but if you wanted the steak you might not get one as there is a shortage."

The Texan said, "What's a shortage?"

The Russian said, "What's a steak?"

The New Yorker said, "What's excuse me?"



A boat docked in a tiny Mexican village. An American tourist complimented the Mexican fisherman on the quality of his fish and asked how long it took him to catch them.

"Not very long," answered the Mexican.

"But then, why didn't you stay out longer and catch more?" asked the American.

The Mexican fisherman explained that his small catch was sufficient to meet his needs and those of his family.

The American asked, "But what do you do with the rest of your time?"

"I sleep late, fish a little, play with my children, and take a siesta with my wife. In the evenings, I go into the village to see my friends, have a few drinks, play the guitar, and sing a few songs...I have a full life."

The American interrupted, "I have an MBA from Harvard and I can help you! You should start by fishing longer every day. You can then sell the extra fish you catch. With the extra revenue, you can buy a bigger boat. With the extra money the larger boat will bring, you can buy a second one and a third one and so on until you have an entire fleet of trawlers. Instead of selling your fish to a middle man, you can negotiate directly with the processing plants and maybe even open your own plant. You can then leave this little village and move to Mexico City, Los Angeles, or even New York City! From there you can direct your huge enterprise."

"How long would that take?" asked the Mexican.

"Twenty, perhaps twenty-five years," replied the American.

"And after that?"

"Afterwards? That's when it gets really interesting," answered the American, laughing. "When your business gets really big, you can start selling stocks and make millions!"

"Millions? Really? And after that?"

"After that you'll be able to retire, live in a tiny village near the coast, sleep late, play with your children, catch a few fish, take a siesta, and spend your evenings drinking and enjoying your friends!"

Rules of Real Men:

Any Man who brings a camera to a stag night may be legally killed and eaten by his fellow partygoers.

Under no circumstances may two men share an umbrella.

It is ok for a man to cry under the following circumstances:

- When a heroic dog dies to save it's master
- The moment Angelina Jolie starts unbuttoning her blouse
- After wrecking your boss' car.
- One hour, 12 minutes, 37 seconds into "The Crying Game".
- When your Date is using her teeth

Unless he murdered someone in your family, you must bail a friend out of jail within 12 hours.

If you've known a guy for more than 24 hours, his sister is off limits forever, unless you actually marry her.

The minimum amount of time you have to wait for a guy who's running late is 5 minutes. Maximum waiting time: 6 minutes. For a girl, you have to wait 10 minutes for every point of hotness she scores on the classic 1-10 scale.

Bitching about the brand of free beer in a Mate's fridge is forbidden.

Gripe at will if the temperature is unsuitable.

No man shall ever be required to buy a birthday present for another man (in fact, even remembering your Mate's birthday is strictly optional).

On a road trip, the strongest bladder determines pit stops, not the weakest.

While your girlfriend must bond with your Mates' girlfriends within 30 minutes of meeting them, you are not required to make nice with her gal pals' significant dic*-heads--- low level sports bonding is all the law requires (sorry ladies, it's called a double standard and we drew the short straw on that one).

When stumbling upon other guys watching a sporting event, you may always ask the score of the game in progress, but you may never ask who's playing.

You may flatulate in front of a woman only after you have brought her to climax. If you trap her head under the covers for the purpose of flatulent entertainment, she's officially your girlfriend.

It is permissible to quaff a fruity chick drink only when you're

sunning on a tropical beach....and it's delivered by a topless supermodel...and it's free.

Unless you're in prison, never fight naked.

Friends don't let friends wear Speedos. Ever. Issue closed.

If a man's zipper is down, that's his problem---you didn't see nothin'.

It is forbidden to sleep under the same covers as a Mate.

Women who claim the "love to watch sports" must be treated as spies until they demonstrate knowledge of the game and the ability to drink as much beer as the other sports watchers.

You must offer heartfelt and public condolences over the death of a girlfriend's cat, even if it was you who secretly set it on fire and threw it into a ceiling fan.

A man in the company of a hot, suggestively dressed woman must remain sober enough to fight.

Never hesitate to reach for the last beer or the last slice of pizza, but not both. That's just plain mean.

If you compliment a guy on his six-pack, you'd better be talking about his choice of beer.

Never join your girlfriend or wife in dissing a Mate of yours, except if she's withholding sex pending your response.

Phrases that may not be uttered to another man while lifting weights:

- Yeah, Baby, Push it!
- C'mon, give me one more! Harder!
- Another set and we can hit the showers!
- Nice Ass, are you a Sagittarius?

Never talk to a man in a bathroom unless you are on equal footing: both urinating, both waiting in line, etc. For all other situations, an almost imperceptible nod is all the conversation you need.

Never allow a conversation with a woman to go on longer than you are able to have sex with her. Keep a stopwatch by the phone; Hang up if necessary.

The morning after you and a babe who was formerly "just a friend" have carnal drunken monkey sex, the fact that you're feeling weird and guilty is no reason not to nail her again before the discussion about what a big mistake it was.

REAL MEN MAGIC EYE

This is one of those spooky little puzzles which for some reason women find easier to solve than men You have to try and find the boat in the picture on the right. I have been trying to find it for 20 minutes now and although I thought I was getting close, no luck. You have to be a very observant person I think to be able to find the boat. Give it a try and let me know if you manage it.

Top Tip: Try enlarging the image and pressing your face close to the screen, squint, then move back slowly..



Hooked on Hallmark

Jan



Feb



March



April



May



June



July



August



September



October



November



December



What Hallmark doesn't print:

1. So your daughter's a hooker, and it spoiled your day. Look at the bright side, it's really good pay.
2. My tire was thumping. I thought it was flat. When I looked at the tire... I noticed your cat. Sorry!
4. Heard your wife left you, How upset you must be. But don't fret about it... She moved in with me.
5. Looking back over the years that we've been together, I can't help but wonder? What the hell was I thinking?
6. Congratulations on your wedding day! Too bad no one likes your husband.
7. How could two people as beautiful as you... Have such an ugly baby?
8. I've always wanted to have someone to hold, someone to love. After having met you ... I've changed my mind.
9. I must admit, you brought Religion into my life... I never believed in Hell till I met you.
10. As the days go by, I think of how lucky I am... That you're not here to ruin it for me.
11. Congratulations on your promotion. Before you go ... would you like to take this knife out of my back? You'll probably need it again.
12. Someday I hope to get married. But not to you.
13. Happy birthday! You look great for your age... Almost Lifelike!
14. When we were together, you always said you'd die for me. Now that we've broken up, I think it's time you kept your promise.
15. We have been friends for a very long time... what say we stop?
16. I'm so miserable without you ... it's almost like you're here.
17. Congratulations on your new bundle of joy. Did you ever find out who the father was?
18. Your friends and I wanted to do something special for your birthday. So we're having you put to sleep.
19. Happy Birthday, Uncle Dad! (Available only in Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia)

A woman meets a gorgeous man in a bar. They talk, they connect, they end up leaving together. They get back to his place, and as he shows her around his apartment, she notices that his bedroom is completely packed with sweet cuddly teddy bears. Hundreds of cute small bears on a shelf all the way along the floor, cuddly medium-sized ones on a shelf a little higher, and huge enormous bears on the top shelf along the wall. The woman is surprised that this guy would have a collection of teddy bears, especially one that's so extensive, but she decides not to mention this to him, and actually is quite impressed by his sensitive side. She turns to him... they kiss... and then they rip each other's clothes off and make hot steamy love. After an intense night of passion with this sensitive guy, they are lying there together in the afterglow, the woman rolls over and asks, smiling, "Well, how was it?" The guy says: "Help yourself to any prize from the bottom shelf."