



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Trash #59 May/June 2001

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40ish start.

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

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref Hares	Tel. No.
14-May-2001	1195 Blue Anchor, Boundary Road, Portslade	263 050 Andrew & Martin	01273 388788	
<p>Directions: Either: from A27 head west, take 1st turn for Hove and 3rd exit from the roundabout (King George VI Avenue). Bear left into Hangleton Road and follow down to traffic lights. Straight across for Boundary Road and pub is down the bottom. Or: From Old Steine take A259 west. Take a right just past Hove Lagoon for Boundary Road. 5-10 mins.</p>				
21-May-2001	1196 Pilot	Eastbourne	600 974 Eddie & David	01273 884283
<p>Directions: East on A27, then just after railway crossing at Beddingham turn right at roundabout for A26 to Newhaven. Left at next roundabout and pick-up the A259. Follow this all the way to Eastbourne. After Beachy Head turn-off, take next right, then left at bottom of the hill just past school and pub is 50 yards on right. Estimate ½ hour.</p>				
28-May-2001	1197 Kings Head	Burgess Hill	309 198 Aunty Jo	0779 8842511 (M)
<p>Directions: Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. Go over 1st roundabout then left at next two (A273). At the bottom of Burgess Hill (north end) turn right up London Road. Pub is on left hand side just before another mini roundabout. Estimate 20 mins.</p>				
4-June-2001	1198 New Inn, Norfolk Road, Littlehampton	036 014 Tim	01903 694469	
<p>Directions: Take A27 past Worthing to turn left on slip road and roundabout for A280 (Water Lane) tho' Angmering village for 2 miles to roundabout where turn right onto A259(New Road). At 2nd roundabout go straight on on B2187 (Horsham Rd)for ½ mile fork(almost straight)left on St Flora's Rd to roundabout where turn left onto Berry lane and immediately right into Norfolk Rd. Pass New Inn on left to crossroad joining B2140 (Sea Rd) and car park on right, OS 035013. Estimate 40 minutes.</p>				
11-June-2001	1199 Peacock	Shortbridge	451 215 Don	01273 385637
<p>Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Right at end onto A26 for Uckfield. Just past Stewards Enquiry pub on the left take the turning for Isfield. Turn left through village and pub is 3 miles on the left. 25 mins.</p>				
18-June-2001	1200 Brewers Arms Burgess Hill	308 189 Les & Pete	01273 845586	
<p>Directions: North on A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Straight on at Traffic lights to roundabout on south of town. Straight over again. Do-it-all car park is on left at 2nd roundabout. 15 mins. CELEBRATION RUN and CURRY.</p>				
25-June-2001	1201 Half Moon	Plumpton	363 133 Louis & Steve	01273 845899
<p>Directions: North on A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take B2112 Ditchling road. Right in Ditchling on B 2116. Pub is 3 miles down on left hand side just before a very sharp bend. Turn left then left again for car park. 20 mins.</p>				

Friday 04/05/01 - ONE THOUSAND FOOTPATHS TO RE-OPEN FOR MAY BANK HOLIDAY

Around 1,000 public footpaths, bridleways and roads used as public paths will re-open in time for the first of the May Bank Holidays. And so long as there are no Foot and Mouth outbreaks in West Sussex or surrounding counties, its 2000-mile network of footpaths and bridleways will re-open in the next two weeks.

Rights of Way Helpline on 01243 539970. **STOP PRESS – Louis confirms this is to take place from 18th May!**

A sad day for the hash

It is with great sadness that I have to report the tragic loss of one of our number.

Our very own 'woman in black', Nina Baker, was killed in a motorcycle accident at Ditchling Beacon on the morning of Tuesday 8th May. She collided with a lorry about 7.30 am and died instantly.

This is devastating news of the loss of a new, but nonetheless dear friend, and enthusiastic member of the hash. Our sympathies are very much with Nina's loved ones as well as the 'Lewes' gang of Sasha, Julia, Dave and Tim who introduced Nina to the club in early January. Since her first run with us at the Blacksmiths Arms in Offham, Nina has seldom missed and was often seen flying ahead in her black tracksters and helly hansen trying to find the trail.

Her first love, though, was her bike and as Julia said in her e-mail, she would have been in her element on Tuesday, with the sun shining on her back. 'A spark has been taken out of our lives and the hole she has left will never be filled.'

Rest in Peace, Nina, we will all miss you.

LONDON MARATHON

It seems there was a mixture of happy and fed up reactions to marathon times. I took just 21 seconds to cross the start and was passed by Martin about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in. The only other hasher on the course I saw was Steve who went through at 14, and Terry on the sidelines, even though most of them passed me on the way round! I was dragged along very fast at the beginning before fading about 18 but I enjoyed a beer at the London hash beer stop and enjoyed the wander on to the finish. Huge thanks to everyone who sponsored me for Diabetes UK. Official times are listed below - hope I haven't missed anyone.

Position	Name	Runner Number	Age	Own time	Nation	10km Time	20km Time	Halfway Time	30km Time	40km Time	Finish Time
1766	C. DAUNCEY	47009	55	3.11	GBR	00:42:10	01:26:51	01:31:53	02:13:38	03:01:47	03:11:43
2282	M. PEDLOW	18942	42	3.17	GBR	00:42:08	01:31:49	01:36:41	02:17:49	03:06:52	03:17:17
3294	S. HANNA	7858	25	3.26	GBR	00:52:08	01:37:19	01:42:15	02:23:02	03:15:08	03:26:35
5283	I. LYONS	10122	34	3.37	GBR	00:54:33	01:43:53	01:49:23	02:34:04	03:28:06	03:40:15
7146	A. DEACON	29813	52	3.45	GBR	00:56:09	01:47:45	01:53:33	02:41:32	03:38:16	03:51:29
6464	H. MARTIN	11828	51	3.45	GBR	00:51:59	01:41:49	01:47:28	02:34:34	03:33:34	03:47:39
8578	J BIGGINS	2050	40	3:58	GBR	00:45:49	01:34:56	01:40:28	02:32:29	03:44:36	03:58:35
9061	A. ELLIOTT	11140	47	3.58	GBR	00:54:34	01:46:13	01:52:19	02:44:06	03:47:54	04:00:42
3261	S. RUSSELL	44717	34	n/k	GBR	01:00:49	01:58:08	02:04:34	03:01:25	04:30:49	04:47:55
20506	S. LYONS	16980	31	5.10	GBR	01:10:59	02:17:13	02:24:52	03:34:23	05:04:26	05:20:36

RELAYS

I understand the 100 mile relay has now been cancelled, sadly just ahead of the latest announcements from WSCC. The alternative relay is definitely on and Phil can generally be seen tearing his hair out trying to work out routes on a Monday. Here's what he had to say: **start Hayling Island take in Chichester - Bosham- Ferry-to-Itchenor- Scenic coastal route - occasional footpath foray- harveys and harveys and barbie at Wiggies at Shoreham.** So there you have it! Get your teams together now.

1200th RUN - ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Funny how it goes. We don't run at a place for absolutely ages then end up there twice in one sheet! The last time we ran from Burgess Hill proper was for the 900th run [although we have used the Royal Oak at Jacobs Post and passed through it a mere 2 years ago for the Christmas beer stop at my old gaff]. Kind of appropriate then that we will be celebrating the **1200th** at the same Curry House. Park in the Do-It-All car park, then a beer in Brewers Arms. No doubt Les & Pete will be after names and money soon.

CITY HASH 666th event - An Evil Day Out in the Devils Dyke - Saturday 30th June 2001

For anyone who's interested I've attached a copy of the form for this which starts from the Royal Oak pub in Poyning. You don't get much closer than that so if you've never tried another hash event, this is the one! Course you could just 'crash' it and see what the hell is going on. I haven't yet had a copy of the form through e-mail so if anyone wants a copy can you speak to someone who has the full trash. I'm off on my holidays!

HASH HORN

The day care teacher holds up a picture and asks, "What's this?"

"A horsey," one child answers.

"And this?" the teacher asks.

"A piggy," replies another youngster.

"And now this one?" asks the teacher, holding up a picture of a male deer with a beautiful rack of antlers. There was no answer, only total silence. "Come now, children," she coaxes, "I'll give you a little hint. What does your Mummy call your Daddy when he hugs and kisses her a lot?"

"I know! I know!!!" exclaims little Johnny. "It's a horny bastard!"

One sure way to ensure survival in Creepy Crawley is to try and out-dis the 5 year olds lurking on the street corners, and so after many yonks punctuated by only the occasional brief visit, a hash horn was located and made a comeback appearance. So whilst Bouncer was trumpeting away on his own at the back of the pack the thing was being passed around like a hot potato until it ended up in the hands of Venom. He turned out to be so proficient that an election spontaneously took place by chinese whispers and fartin' Martin became the official hash horny bastard.

Right I think that's the lot. *ON ON!*

BOUNCER



JOKE OF THE MONTH Interview tactics

The SAS, the Army and the Police decide to go on a survival weekend together to see who comes out top. After some basic exercises, the trainer tells them their next objective is to go down into the woods and come back with a rabbit for tea. First up are the SAS. They don their infra red goggles, drop to the ground and crawl into the woods in formation. Absolute silence for 5 minutes, followed by a single muffled shot. They emerge with a rabbit, shot cleanly through the forehead.

"Excellent" says the trainer. Next up are the Army. They finish their cans of lager, cover themselves in camouflage cream, fix bayonets and charge down into the woods, screaming at the top of their lungs. For the next hour the woods ring with the sound of machine gun fire, mortar bombs, hand grenades and blood-curdling war cries. Eventually, they call in an Air Strike, and emerge, carrying the charred remains of a rabbit. "A bit messy, but you got a result. Well done." says the trainer.

Lastly, in go the Police, walking slowly, hands behind backs, whistling Dixon of Dock Green. For the next few hours, the silence is only broken by the occasional crackle of a walkie-talkie: "sierra oscar lima one, suspect headed straight for you" etc. After what seems an eternity, they emerge, escorting a bruised squirrel in hand cuffs. "He fell down the stairs" explains the Policeman. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" asks the incredulous trainer. "Take this squirrel back and get me a rabbit, like I asked you 5 hours ago!" So back they go.

Minutes pass. Minutes turn to hours, day turns to night. The next morning the trainer and the rest of the crew are awakened by the police, holding the squirrel, now even more battered and covered in bruises.

"Are you taking the piss?" asks the seriously irate trainer. The police team leader hands the trainer a signed confession and glares at the squirrel, who squeaks: "All right, all right, I'll admit it, I'm a rabbit!"

TO EXERCISE OR NOT TO EXERCISE

1. It is well documented that for every mile that you jog, you add one minute to your life. This enables you, at age 85, to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$5,000 per month.
2. My grandmother started walking 5 miles a day when she was 60. She is now 97 and we don't know where the hell she is.
3. The only reason I would take up jogging is so that I could hear heavy breathing again.
4. I joined a health club last year, spent about \$400. Haven't lost a pound. Apparently you have to show up.
5. I have to exercise early in the morning before my brain figures out what I am doing.
6. I don't exercise at all. If God meant us to touch our toes, he would have put them further up our body.
7. I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me.
8. I have flabby thighs, but fortunately my stomach covers them.
9. The advantage of exercising every day is that you die healthier.
10. If you are going to try cross country skiing, start with a small country.
11. And last, but not least, I don't jog - it makes the ice jump right out of my glass.

CENSUS 2001	
EVERY 10 YEARS Private-Eye ^{Trash} conducts a census of its readers, in order to enable our marketing department to develop forward-planning initiatives and editorial policy.	
This census form must be filled in by all readers/ at exactly the same time — ie, between 2 and 4am on the morning of Sunday 6 May, 2001.	
Failure to complete all 397 sections of the form is a criminal offence, punishable by a fine not exceeding £5,000 or death.	
IDENTIFICATION	RELIGION (optional)
1 Please give full names and address, including postal code, of all persons in the household at 2am on 6 May, including visiting relatives, non-live-in partners staying one night only, burglars visiting the property for professional reasons and domestic pets (excluding fish).	4 Do you practise any of the following world religions? a) Church of Scientology <input type="checkbox"/> b) Acupuncture <input type="checkbox"/> c) Aromatherapy <input type="checkbox"/> d) Jews For Islam <input type="checkbox"/> e) Opus Dei <input type="checkbox"/> f) Chicken Tikka Masala <input type="checkbox"/>
RELATIONSHIPS	WORKING TIME
2 Explain the exact relationship between each member of your household. If Person A (the main householder) is the live-in partner of Person B, but not the father or mother of Persons C, D, E or F, then he or she should ignore this question and go straight to Question 9B.	5 How many hours a week do you work at your principal place of employment? a) 10-15 <input type="checkbox"/> b) More than 65 <input type="checkbox"/> c) Self-employed <input type="checkbox"/> d) Retired over 75 <input type="checkbox"/> Those on benefit should skip this question and report to the Job Centre within one week, or else face penalties up to £5,000.
RACE	HOUSEHOLD FACILITIES
3 Which of the following descriptions corresponds most closely to your ethnic origin? a) White (no sugar) <input type="checkbox"/> b) White (with two sugars) <input type="checkbox"/> c) Afro-Welsh-Oriental <input type="checkbox"/> d) Irish-Asian <input type="checkbox"/> e) German Shepherd <input type="checkbox"/> f) Chicken Tikka Masala <input type="checkbox"/> g) Robin Cook <input type="checkbox"/>	6 How many toilets are there in your house? a) Up to 10 <input type="checkbox"/> b) More than 20 <input type="checkbox"/> c) None <input type="checkbox"/> If c), skip question, and go out of window. How many times, on average, do you and members of your household use the toilet per month? a) Over 170 <input type="checkbox"/>
SEXUALITY	LIFESTYLE
9 In which of the following locations do you normally engage in sexual congress? a) Bedroom <input type="checkbox"/> b) Living room settee <input type="checkbox"/> c) Desk in office <input type="checkbox"/> d) Broom cupboard in restaurant <input type="checkbox"/> e) NCP Car Park <input type="checkbox"/> f) Chicken Tikka Masala <input type="checkbox"/>	7 What is the number owned by your household of: a) Lawnmowers <input type="checkbox"/> b) Pyjamas (males only) <input type="checkbox"/> c) Grapefruit segments <input type="checkbox"/> d) Zimmer frames <input type="checkbox"/> e) Unsolicited free copies of The Spectator <input type="checkbox"/>
	POLITICS
	8 Who is your favourite television personality? a) ITN's Trevor McDonald <input type="checkbox"/> b) Call Nick Ross <input type="checkbox"/> c) Ulrika Jonsson <input type="checkbox"/> d) Anne Robinson <input type="checkbox"/> e) TV's Charles Moore <input type="checkbox"/>

CORN

This bloke is working on the buses and collecting tickets. He rings the bell for the driver to set off when there's a woman half getting on the bus. The driver sets off; the woman falls from the bus and is killed. At the trial the bloke is sent down for murder, and seeing as it's Texas, he's sent to the electric chair. On the day of his execution he's sat in the chair and the executioner grants him a final wish. "Well," says the man, "is that your packed lunch over there?" "Yes," answers the executioner.

"Can I have that green banana?" The executioner gives the man his green banana and waits till he's eaten it.

When the man's finished, the executioner flips the switch, sending hundreds of volts through the man. When the smoke clears the man is still alive. The executioner can't believe it.

"Can I go?" the man asks.

"I suppose so," says the executioner, "that's never happened before."

The man leaves and eventually gets his job back on the buses selling tickets. Yet again he rings the bell for the driver to go when people are still getting on. A man falls under the wheels and is killed. The bloke is sent down for murder again and sent to the electric chair. The executioner is determined to do it right this time, so rigs the chair up to the electric supply for the whole of Texas. The bloke is again sat in the chair. "What is your final wish?" asks the executioner. "Can I have that green banana in your packed lunch?" says the condemned man. The executioner sighs and reluctantly gives up his banana. The bloke eats the banana all up and the executioner flips the switch.

Millions of volts course through the chair, blacking out Texas.

When the smoke clears, the man is still sat there smiling in the chair. The executioner can't believe it and lets the man go. The bloke gets his job back on the buses. Once again he rings the bell whilst passengers are still getting on, this time killing three of them. He is sent to the electric chair again. The executioner rigs up all the world's electricity to the chair, determined to get his man this time. The man sits down in the chair smiling.

"What's your final wish?" asks the executioner.

"Well," says the man, "can I have that green banana out of your packed lunch?" The executioner hands over his banana and the man eats it all, skin included. The executioner pulls the handle and a zillion million trillion volts go through the chair. When the smoke rises the man is still sat there alive without even a burn mark. "I give up," says the executioner, "I don't understand how you can still be alive after all that?" He strokes his chin.

"It's something to do with that green banana isn't it?" he asks.

"Nah," says the bloke, "I'm just a bad conductor."

Five Englishmen in an Audi Quattro arrive at the Italian border. The Italian Customs agent stops them and tells them: "Itsa illegal to putta fiva people ina Quattro."

"What do you mean it's illegal?" asked the Englishmen.

"Quattro means four," replies the Italian official.

"Quattro is just the name of the automobile," the Englishmen retort disbelievingly. "Look at the papers: this car is designed to carry 5 persons."

"You can'ta pulla thata one ona me," replies the Italian customs agent. "Quattro means four. You hava fiva people ina your car and you are therefore breakin'a the law".

The Englishmen reply angrily, "You idiot! Call your supervisor over - We want to speak to someone with more intelligence!"

"Sorry," responds the Italian official, "he can'ta come. He'sa busy with two guys in a Uno."

One day God calls down to Noah and says "Noah me old china, I wants you to make me a new Ark".

Noah replies, "No probs God, me old Supreme Being, anything you want after all you're the boss".

But God interrupts, "Ah but there's a catch this time Noah, I want not just a couple of decks, I want 20 decks one on top of the other".

"20 DECKS!", screams Noah, "Well, OK Big Man, whatever you say, should I fill it up with all the animals just like last time?"

"..... Yep, that's right, well sort of right?? This time I want you to fill it up with fish" God answers.

"Fish?" Queries Noah.

"Yep, fish ... well, to make it more specific Noah, I want Carp, wall to wall, floor to ceiling - Carp!"

Noah looks skywards, "Let's get this right, you want a new Ark?"

"Check".

"With 20 decks, one on top of the other?"

"Check".

"And you want it full of Carp?"

"Check"

"Why?" asks the perplexed Noah, who was slowly but surely getting to the end of his tether.

"Dunno" says God. "I just fancied a Multi-Storey Carp Ark".

A man walks into a restaurant and orders squid. "Certainly Sir," says Jervaise the waiter, "Would you like to choose your squid from the tank over there?"

"I'll have that little green one with the moustache" says the customer.

"Oh no!" replies Jervaise "but he's my favourite! He's so small and cute and friendly. Surely you'd prefer one of the bigger, meatier ones?"

"No" says the customer "It's got to be that one".

So Jervaise gets the little green squid out and puts him on the chopping block and raises his knife. The little squid looks up and smiles, twitching his bushy moustache into a big friendly grin!

"It's no good", says Jervaise, "I can't do it. I'll have to ask Hans who does the washing up. He's a big, tough brute - he'll be able to do the evil deed."

So out comes Hans, while Jervaise disappears off in tears. Hans picks up the knife, raises it to chop the little squid's head off and once again the little friendly squid looks up and smiles, wiggling his little legs and twitching his little moustache. Hans finds it impossible to kill him too.

The moral? Hans that does dishes is as soft as Jervaise with mild green hairy-lip squid.

One fine day mister rabbit goes running around the forest and he sees a giraffe rolling a big fat juicy joint. "Giraffe giraffe! why do you do drugs? Come run with me and get fit instead." So the giraffe stops rolling his bifter and runs with the rabbit.

Then they come across an elephant doing big fat lines of charlie on a mirror. The rabbit says "Elephant, elephant. Why do you do drugs? Come run with us and get fit instead." So the elephant stops and goes running with the two. Then they come across a lion preparing a syringe of smack. "Lion, lion," cries the rabbit,

"why do you do drugs? Come run with us instead." With an almighty roar the lion squashes the little rabbit to smithereens.

"No!" The giraffe and the elephant cry. "Why did you do that? All he was trying to do was to help you out!"

"Bloody rabbit always makes me run around this stupid forest when he's done a few pills..."

Apparently genuine signs seen abroad

In a cemetery: PERSONS ARE PROHIBITED FROM PICKING FLOWERS FROM ANY BUT THEIR OWN GRAVES.

On an Athi River highway: TAKE NOTICE: WHEN THIS SIGN IS UNDER WATER, THIS ROAD IS IMPASSABLE.

On a poster at Kencom: ARE YOU AN ADULT THAT CANNOT READ? IF SO, WE CAN HELP.

In a City restaurant: OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AND WEEKENDS.

One of the Mathare buildings: MENTAL HEALTH PREVENTION CENTRE.

A sign seen on an automatic restroom hand dryer: DO NOT ACTIVATE WITH WET HANDS.

In a Pumwani maternity ward: NO CHILDREN ALLOWED.

In a Nairobi restaurant: CUSTOMERS WHO FIND OUR WAITRESSES RUDE OUGHT TO SEE THE MANAGER.

On the grounds of a private school: NO TRESPASSING WITHOUT PERMISSION.

Tokyo hotel's rules and regulations: GUESTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SMOKE OR DO OTHER DISGUSTING BEHAVIOURS IN BED.

Hotel notice, Tokyo: IS FORBIDDEN TO STEAL HOTEL TOWELS PLEASE. IF YOU ARE NOT A PERSON TO DO SUCH A THING IS PLEASE NOT TO READ NOTIS.

On the menu of a Swiss restaurant: OUR WINES LEAVE YOU NOTHING TO HOPE FOR.

In a Tokyo bar: SPECIAL COCKTAILS FOR THE LADIES WITH NUTS.

In a Huashan temple: IT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER A WOMAN EVEN A FOREIGNER IF DRESSED AS A MAN.

Hotel room notice, Chiang-Mai, Thailand: PLEASE DO NOT BRING SOLICITORS INTO YOUR ROOM

Hotel brochure, Italy: THIS HOTEL IS RENOWNED FOR ITS PEACE AND SOLITUDE. IN FACT, CROWDS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD FLOCK HERE TO ENJOY ITS SOLITUDE.

Hotel lobby, Bucharest: THE LIFT IS BEING FIXED FOR THE NEXT DAY. DURING THAT TIME WE REGRET THAT YOU WILL BE UNBEARABLE.

Hotel elevator, Paris: PLEASE LEAVE YOUR VALUES AT THE FRONT DESK.

Hotel, Yugoslavia: THE FLATTENING OF UNDERWEAR WITH PLEASURE IS THE JOB OF THE CHAMBERMAID.

Hotel, Japan: YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAMBERMAID.

In the lobby of a Moscow hotel across from a Russian Orthodox Monastery: YOU ARE WELCOME TO VISIT THE CEMETERY WHERE FAMOUS RUSSIAN AND SOVIET COMPOSERS, ARTISTS, AND WRITERS ARE BURIED DAILY EXCEPT THURSDAY.

Hotel catering to skiers, Austria: NOT TO PERAMBULATE THE CORRIDORS IN THE HOURS OF REPOSE IN THE BOOTS OF ASCENSION.

Taken from a menu, Poland:

SALAD A FIRM'S OWN MAKE; LIMPID RED BEET SOUP WITH CHEESY DUMPLINGS IN THE FORM OF A FINGER; ROASTED DUCK LET LOOSE; BEEF RASHERS BEATEN UP IN THE COUNTRY PEOPLE'S FASHION.

Supermarket, Hong Kong:

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, WE RECOMMEND COURTEOUS, EFFICIENT SELF-SERVICE.

Dry cleaner's, Bangkok: DROP YOUR TROUSERS HERE FOR THE BEST RESULTS.

From the "Soviet Weekly": THERE WILL BE A MOSCOW EXHIBITION OF ARTS BY 15,000 SOVIET REPUBLIC PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS. THESE WERE EXECUTED OVER THE PAST TWO YEARS.

In an East African newspaper: A NEW SWIMMING POOL IS RAPIDLY TAKING SHAPE SINCE THE CONTRACTORS HAVE THROWN IN THE BULK OF THEIR WORKERS.

Hotel, Vienna: IN CASE OF FIRE, DO YOUR UTMOST TO ALARM THE HOTEL PORTER.

A sign posted in Germany's Black Forest: IT IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN ON OUR BLACK FOREST CAMPING SITE THAT PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT SEX, FOR INSTANCE, MEN AND WOMEN, LIVE TOGETHER IN ONE TENT UNLESS THEY ARE MARRIED WITH EACH OTHER FOR THIS PURPOSE.

Hotel, Zurich: BECAUSE OF THE IMPROPRIETY OF ENTERTAINING GUESTS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX IN THE BEDROOM, IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THE LOBBY BE USED FOR THIS PURPOSE.

An advertisement by a Hong Kong dentist: TEETH EXTRACTED BY THE LATEST METHODISTS.

From a Russian book on Chess: A LOT OF WATER HAS BEEN PASSED UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE THIS VARIATION HAS BEEN PLAYED.

A laundry in Rome: LADIES, LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES HERE AND SPEND THE AFTERNOON HAVING A GOOD TIME.

Tourist agency, Czechoslovakia: TAKE ONE OF OUR HORSE-DRIVEN CITY TOURS. WE GUARANTEE NO MISCARRIAGES. Advertisement for donkey rides, Thailand: WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE ON YOUR OWN ASS?

In the window on a Swedish furrier: FUR COATS MADE FOR LADIES FROM THEIR OWN SKIN.

The box of a clockwork toy made in Hong Kong: GUARANTEED TO WORK THROUGHOUT ITS USEFUL LIFE.

In a Swiss mountain inn: SPECIAL TODAY - NO ICE-CREAM. Airline ticket office, Copenhagen: WE TAKE YOUR BAGS AND SEND THEM IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

On the door of a Moscow hotel room: IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST VISIT TO THE USSR, YOU ARE WELCOME TO IT.

Cocktail lounge, Norway: LADIES ARE REQUESTED NOT TO HAVE CHILDREN IN THE BAR.

At a Budapest zoo: PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS. IF YOU HAVE ANY SUITABLE FOOD, GIVE IT TO THE GUARD ON DUTY.

Doctors office, Rome: SPECIALIST IN WOMEN AND OTHER DISEASES.

Hotel, Acapulco: THE MANAGER HAS PERSONALLY PASSED ALL THE WATER SERVED HERE.

Information booklet about using a hotel air conditioner, Japan: COOLES AND HEATES: IF YOU WANT JUST CONDITION OF WARM AIR IN YOUR ROOM, PLEASE CONTROL YOURSELF.

Car rental brochure, Tokyo: WHEN PASSENGER OF FOOT HEAVE IN SIGHT, TOOTLE THE HORN. TRUMPET HIM MELODIOUSLY AT FIRST, BUT IF HE STILL OBSTACLES YOUR PASSAGE THEN TOOTLE HIM WITH VIGOR.

TRUE STORY???

There's a town in Hertfordshire (UK) called Tillit. In Tillit is a pub called "The Cockwell Inn". The publican there is a lady called Lucy Likes. Therefore her address is:- Miss Lucy Likes, The Cockwell Inn, Tillit, Herts

Presenting Ken Burns' 144-hour Extremely Important Documentary, Jazz.

Fade up on a grainy old photograph of a man in a three-piece suit, holding a cornet. Or a bicycle horn, it's hard to tell.

Narrator: Skunkbucket LeFunke was born in 1876 and died in 1901. No one who heard him is alive today. The grandchildren of the people who heard him are not alive today. The great-grandchildren of the people who heard him are not alive today. He was never recorded.

Wynton Marsalis: I'll tell you what Skunkbucket LeFunke sounded like. He had this big rippling sound, and he always phrased off the beat, and he slurred his notes. And when the Creole bands were still playing De-bah-de-bah-ta-da-tah, he was already playing

Bo-dap-da-lete-do-do-do-bah! He was just like gumbo, ahead of his time.

Announcer: LeFunke was a cornet player, gambler, card shark, pool hustler, pimp, male prostitute, Kelly Girl, computer programmer, brain surgeon, and he invented the internet.

Stanley Crouch: When people listened to Skunkbucket LeFunke, they heard Do-do-dee-bwap-da-dee-dee-de-da-da-doop-doop-dap. And they knew even then how deeply profound that was.

Announcer: It didn't take LeFunke long to advance the art of jazz past its humble beginnings in New Orleans whoredom with the addition of a bold and sassy beat.

Wynton: Let me tell you about the Big Four. Before the Big Four, jazz drumming sounded like BOOM-chick-BOOM-chick-BOOM-chick. But now they had the Big Four, which was so powerful some said it felt like a Six. A few visiting musicians even swore they were in an Eight.

Stanley: It was smooth and responsive, and there was no knocking and ping-pong, even on 87 octane.

Wynton: Even on gumbo.

Announcer: When any musician in the world heard Louis Armstrong for the first time, they gnawed their arm off with envy, then said the angels probably wanted to sound like Louis. When you consider a bunch of angels talking in gruff voices and singing "Hello Dolly," you realize what a stupid aspiration that is.

Gary Giddy: Louis changed jazz because he was the only cat going Do-da-dep-do-wah-be-be, while every one else was doing Do-de-dap-dit-dit-dee.

Stanley: And that was very profound.

Wynton: Like gumbo.

Stanley: Uh-huh.

Matt Glaser: I always have this fantasy that when Louis performed in Belgium, Heisenberg was in the audience and he was blown away and that's where he got the idea for his Uncertainty Principle.

Wynton: Because the Uncertainty Principle, applied to jazz, means you never know if a cat is going to go Dap-da-de-do-ba-ta-bah or Dap-da-de-do-bip-de-beep.

Wynton: Louis was the first one to realize that.

Stanley: And that can be very profound.

Giddy: I thought it was a box of chocolates...

Narrator: The Savoy Ballroom brought people of all races, colors, and political persuasions together to get sweaty as Europe moved closer and closer to the brink of World War II.

Savoy Dancer: We didn't care what color you were at the Savoy. We only cared if you were wearing deodorant.

Stanley: Wynton always wears deodorant.

Glaser: I'll bet Arthur Murray was on the dance floor and he was thinking about Louis and that's where he got the idea to open a bunch of dance schools.

Stanley: And that was very profound.

Giddy: Let's talk about Louis some more. We've wasted three minutes of this 57-part documentary not talking about Louis.

Wynton: He was an angel, a genius, much better than Cats.

Stanley: He invented the word "Cats."

Wynton: He invented swing, he invented jazz, he invented the telephone, the automobile, and the polio vaccine.

Stanley: And the internet.

Wynton: Very profound.

Narrator: Louis Armstrong turned commercial in the 1930s and didn't make any more breakthrough contributions to jazz. But it's not PC to point that out, so we'll be showing him in every segment of this series to come, even if he's just doing the same things as the last time you saw him.

Glaser: I'll bet Chuck Yeager was in the audience when Louis was hitting those high Cs at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia, and that's what made him decide to break the sound barrier.

Stanley: And from there go to Pluto.

Wynton: I'm going to make some gumbo...

Stanley: BOOM-chick-BOOM-chick-BOOM-chick...

Giddy: Do-yap-do-wee-bah-scoot-scoot-dap-dap... That's what all the cats were saying back then.

Narrator: In 1964, John Coltrane was at his peak, Erick Doolphy was in Europe, where he would eventually die, the Modern Jazz Quartet was making breakthrough recordings in the field of Third Stream Music, Miles Davis was breaking new barriers with his second great quintet, and Charlie Mingus was extending jazz composition to new levels of complexity. But we're going to talk about Louis singing "Hello Dolly" instead.

Stanley: Louis went, Ba-ba-yaba-do-do-dee-da-bebin-doo-wap-deet-deet-do-da-da.

Wynton: Sweets went, Scoop-doop-shalaba-yaba-mokey-hokey-bwap-bwap-tee-tee-dee.

Giddy: I go, Da-da-shoobie-doobie-det-det-bap-bap-baaaa...

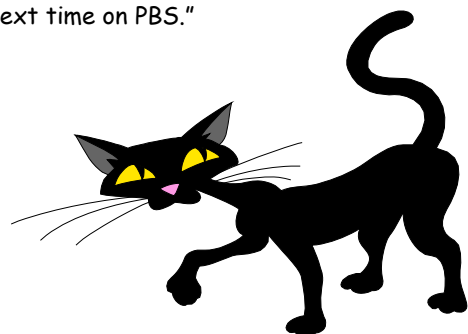
Narrator: The rest of the history of jazz will be shown in fast forward and will occupy exactly seven seconds. There, that was it.

Now here are some scenes from Ken Burns' next documentary, a 97-part epic about the Empire State Building, titled "The Empire State Building."

"It is tall and majestic. It is America's building. It is the Empire State Building. Dozens of workers gave their lives in the construction of this building."

Matt Glaser: I'll bet that they were thinking of Louis as they were falling to their deaths. I have this fantasy that his high notes inspired the immenseness of the Empire State Building.

Wynton Marsalis: I'll bet most people who'd fall off the Empire State Building would go "Aaaaahhh!" But these cats went "Dee-dee-daba-da-da-bop-bop-de-bop-shewap-splat!" "That's next time on PBS."



Vive la difference!

The Points System For all you guys out there who just can't figure it out, here it is. In the world of romance, one single rule applies: Make the woman happy. Do something she likes and you get points. Do something she dislikes and points are subtracted. You don't get any points for doing something she expects... Sorry, that's the way the game is played.

Simple Duties:

- You make the bed+1
- You make the bed, but forget to add the decorative pillows.....0
- You throw the bedspread over rumpled sheets.....-1
- You leave the toilet seat up.....-5
- You replace the toilet-paper roll when it's empty.....0
- When the toilet-paper roll is barren, you resort to Kleenex.....-1
- When the Kleenex runs out you shuffle slowly to the next bathroom.....-2
- You go out to buy her spring-fresh extra-light panty liners with wings.....+5
- But return with beer.....-5
- You check out a suspicious noise at night.....0
- You check out a suspicious noise and it's nothing.....0
- You check out a suspicious noise and it's something.....+5
- You pummel it with a six iron.....+10
- It's her father.....-10

Social Engagements

- You stay by her side the entire party.....0
- You stay by her side for a while, then leave to chat with a College drinking buddy....-2
- Named Tiffany.....-4
- Tiffany is a dancer.....-6
- Tiffany has implants.....-8

Her Birthday

- You take her out to dinner.....0
- You take her out to dinner and it's not a sports bar+1
- Okay, it is a sports bar.....-2
- And it's all-you-can-eat night.....-3
- It's a sports bar, it's all-you-can-eat night, and your face is painted the colours of your favourite team.....-10

A Night Out With The Boys

- Go out with a pal.....-5
- And the pal is happily married.....-4
- Or frighteningly single.....-7
- And he drives a Mustang.....-10
- With a personalized license plate (GR8 N BED).....-15

A Night Out

- You take her to a movie.....+2
- You take her to a movie she likes.....+4
- You take her to a movie you hate+6
- You take her to a movie you like.....-2
- It's called DeathCop 3.....-3
- Which features cyborgs having sex.....-9
- You lied and said it was a foreign film about orphans-15

Your Physique

- You develop a noticeable potbelly-15
- You develop a noticeable potbelly and exercise to get rid of it....+10
- You develop a noticeable potbelly and resort to loose jeans and baggy Hawaiian shirts-30
- You say "I don't give a damn because you have one too"-800

The Big Question

- She asks, "Do I look fat?"-5
- You hesitate in responding-10
- You reply, "Where?"-35

Communication

- When she wants to talk about a problem, you listen, displaying what looks like a concerned expression.....0
- When she wants to talk, you listen, for over 30 minutes.....+5
- You listen for more than 30 minutes without looking at the TV...+10
- She realizes this is because you've fallen asleep.....-20

MEDICAL NEWS FLASH

NHS officials today announced the release of the wonder drug Viagra in a new, easy-to-take liquid form. Now, when men come home from work in the evening, they can pour themselves a stiff one.

Day 1. Just celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary with not much to celebrate. When it came time to re-enact our wedding night, he locked himself in the bathroom and cried.

Day 2. Today, he says he has a big secret to tell me. He's impotent, he says, and he wants me to be the first to know. Why doesn't he tell me something I don't know! I mean, he actually thinks I haven't noticed.

Day 3. This marriage is in trouble. A woman has needs. Yesterday, I saw a picture of the Nelson's Column and burst into tears.

Day 4. A miracle has happened! There's a new drug on the market that will fix his problem. It's called Viagra. I told him that if he takes Viagra things will be just like they were on our wedding night. I think this will work. I replaced his Prozac with the Viagra, hoping to lift something other than his mood.

Day 5. What absolute bliss!!

Day 6. Isn't life wonderful but it's difficult to write while he's doing that.

Day 7. This Viagra thing has gone to his head. No pun intended! Yesterday, at Burger King, the manager asked me if I'd like a Whopper. He thought they were talking about him. But, have to admit it's very nice - I don't think I've ever been so happy.

Day 8. I think he took too many over the weekend. Yesterday, instead of mowing the lawn, he was using his new friend as a weed wacker. I'm also getting a bit sore down there.

Day 9. No time to write. He might catch me.

Day 10. Okay, I admit it. I'm hiding. I mean, a girl can only take so much.

And to make matters worse, he's washing the Viagra down with whip cream and whisky! What am I going to do? I feel tacky all over....

Day 11. I'm basically being screwed to death. It's like living with a Black and Decker drill. I woke up this morning hot-glued to the bed. Even my armpits hurt. He's a complete pig.

Day 12. I wish he was gay. I've stopped wearing make-up, cleaning my teeth or even washing but he still keeps coming after me! Even yawning has become dangerous ...

Day 13. Every time I shut my eyes, there's a sneak attack! It's like going to bed with a scud missile. I can hardly walk and if he tries that "Oops, sorry, thing again, I'll kill the bastard.

Day 14. I've done everything to turn him off. Nothing is working. I even started dressing like a nun but this just seems to make him more horny. Help me.

Day 15. I think I'll have to kill him. The cat and dog won't go near him and our friends don't come over any more. Last night I told him to go and f... himself and he did.

Day 16. The bastard has started to complain about headaches. I hope the bloody thing explodes. I did suggest he might try stopping the Viagra and going back on Prozac.

Day 17. Switched the pills but it doesn't seem to have made any difference... Christ! Here he comes again!

Day 18. He's back on Prozac. The lazy sod just sits there in front of the telly all day with that remote control in his hand and expects me to do everything for him. What absolute bliss!

1 Star Hangover (*) No pain. No real feeling of illness. Your sleep last night was a mere disco nap which is giving you a whole lot of misplaced energy. Be glad that you are able to function relatively well. However, you are still parched. You can drink ten sodas and still feel this way. You are craving a steak bomb and a side of gravy fries.

2 Star Hangover ()** No pain, but something is definitely amiss. You may look okay but you have the mental capacity of a staple gun. The coffee you drink is only irritating your rumbling gut, which is craving a rootie tootie fresh and fruity pancake breakfast. Last night has wreaked havoc with your bowels.

3 Star Hangover (*)** Slight headache. Stomach feels crappy. You are definitely not productive. Anytime a girl walks by you gag because her perfume reminds you of the random gin shots you did with your alcoholic friends after the bouncer did you at 1:45 a.m. Life would be better right now if you were in bed watching the footie results. You've had 4 cups of coffee, a gallon of water, 3 packets of Pringles and a litre of Coke - yet you haven't peed once.

4 Star Hangover (**)** Life sucks. Your head is throbbing and you can't speak to quickly or else you might puke. The boss has already lambasted you for being late and has given you a lecture for reeking of booze. You wore nice clothes but that can't hide the fact that you missed an oh-so crucial spot shaving. (girls, it looks like you put your make-up on while riding the bumper cars). Your eyes look like one big vein and your hair style makes you look like a reject from Kajagoogoo.

5 Star Hangover (***)** You have a second heartbeat in your head which is actually annoying the employee who sits in the next cubicle. Vodka vapor is reeking out of every pore and making you dizzy. You still have toothpaste crust in the corners of your mouth from brushing your teeth. Your body has lost the ability to generate saliva, so your tongue is suffocating you. Death seems pretty good right now. You definitely don't remember who you were with, where you were, what you drank, and why there is a stranger still sleeping in your bed at your house.

6 Star Hangover (***)** You wake up on your bathroom floor. For about two seconds you look at the ceiling, wondering if the cool refreshing feeling on your cheek is the bathroom tile or your vomit from five hours ago... You try to lift your head. Not an option. It is when you turn your head too quickly only to smell the stink of 13 packs of cigarettes in your hair, and suddenly you realise you were smoking and you don't smoke. You look in the mirror to see remnants of the stamp "Ready to Rock" faintly atop your forehead... that explains the stamp on the back of your hand that has magically appeared on your forehead by alcoholic osmosis. You have to be at work in T-minus 14 minutes and 32 seconds and the only thing you can think of wearing is your pjs and slippers.

This is a story from a local paper.

Recently a routine police patrol parked outside a local pub. Late in the evening the officer noticed a man leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk. The man stumbled around the car park for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five vehicles, the man managed to find his car which he fell into. He sat there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off. Finally, he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine dry night) flicked the indicators on, then off, tooted the horn and then switched on the lights. He moved the vehicle forward a few inches, reversed a little and then remained stationary for a few more minutes as some more vehicles left. At last he pulled out of the car park and started to drive slowly down the road.

The police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrol car, put on the flashing lights, promptly pulled the man over and carried out a breathalyser test. To his amazement the breathalyser indicated no evidence of the man having consumed alcohol at all! Dumbfounded, the officer said "I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the police station, this breathalyser equipment must be broken." "I doubt it", said the man, "Tonight I'm the designated decoy."

This is to be taken very seriously

Male Date Rape Drug

Police warn all male clubbers, party-goers and unsuspecting public house regulars to be more alert and cautious when getting a drink offer from a girl. There is a drug called beer, that is essentially in liquid form. The drug is now being used by female sexual predators at parties to convince their male victims to have sex with them. The shocking statistic is that beer is available virtually anywhere! All girls have to do is buy a beer or two for almost any guy and simply ask the guy home for no-strings attached sex. Men are literally rendered helpless against such attacks. Attacks generally come from overweight ugly birds who render their prey legless in order to satisfy their unsatiated desire with blokes of a more discerning nature. Please! Forward this to every male you know..... However, if you fall victim to this insidious drug and the predatory creatures administering them, there are male support groups with venues in every suburb where you can discuss the details of your shocking encounter in an open and frank manner with a bunch of similarly affected like minded guys. For the nearest venue near you just look up "Pub" in the yellow pages.

Seven bartenders were asked if they could nail a woman's personality based on what she drinks. Though interviewed separately, they concurred on almost all counts. The results:

Drink: Beer. Personality: Casual, low-maintenance, down to earth. Your Approach: Challenge her to a game of pool.

Blender Drinks with umbrella. Personality: Flaky, annoying, ditz, and a pain in the ass. Your Approach: Avoid her, unless you want to be her cabin boy.

Mixed Drinks - no umbrellas. Personality: Mature, has picky taste, knows what she wants. Your Approach: If she wants you, she'll send YOU a drink.

Wine - (bottled not 4 litre cask). Personality: Conservative and classy, sophisticated. Your Approach: Try and weave Paris and clothing into the conversation.

Smirnoff Ice. Personality: Easy, thinks she is trendy and sophisticated, actually has absolutely no clue. Your approach: Make her feel smarter than she is...and you're in.

Shots. Personality: Hanging with frat-boy pals or looking to get drunk... and naked. Your Approach: Easiest hit in the joint. Nothing to do but wait.

Then there is the male drink analysis.... The deal with guys is, as always, very simple and clear cut.

Cheap Domestic Beer: He's poor and wants to get laid.

Premium Local Beer: He likes good beer and wants to get laid.

Imported Beer: He likes expensive beer and wants to get laid.

Wine: He's hoping that the wine thing will give him a sophisticated image to help him get laid.

Whisky: He doesn't give two shits about anything and will hit anyone who will get in his way of getting laid.

Tequila: Piss off, all you wankers, I'm gonna go shag something with a pulse.

Smirnoff Ice: He's gay.

Women's Guinness Book of Records

Car Parking - The smallest kerbside space successfully reversed into by a woman was one of 63ft 2ins, equivalent to three standard parking spaces, by Mrs Elizabeth Simpkins, driving an unmodified Vauxhall Nova Swing on October 12, 1993. She started the manoeuvre at 11.15am in Ropergate, Pontefract, and successfully parked within three feet of the pavement 8 hours 14 minutes later. There was slight damage to the bumpers and wings of her own and two adjoining cars, as well as a shop frontage and two lampposts.

Shop Dithering - The longest time spent dithering in a shop was 12 days between August 21 and September 2 1995 by Mrs Sandra Wilks in the Birmingham branch of Dorothy Perkins. Entering the shop on a Saturday morning, Mrs Wilks could not choose between two near identical dresses which were both in a sale. After one hour, her husband sitting on a chair in the changing room with his head in his hands, told her to buy both. Mrs Wilks eventually bought one for £12.99, only to return the following day and exchange it for the other one. To date, she has yet to wear it. Mrs Wilks also holds the record for window-shopping longevity, when starting in September 12 1995; she stood motionless gazing at a pair of shoes in Clinkard's window in Kidderminster for three weeks and two days before eventually going home.

Talking About Nothing - Mrs Mary Caterham and Mrs Marjorie Steele sat in a kitchen in Blackburn, Lancashire, and talked about nothing whatsoever for four and a half months from May 1 to August 7 1978, pausing only for coffee, cakes and toilet visits. Throughout the whole time, no information was exchanged and neither woman gained any new knowledge whatsoever. The outdoor record for talking about nothing is held by Mrs Vera Etherington and her neighbour Mrs Dolly Booth, of Ipswich, who between November 11, 1983 and January 12, 1984 on over their fence in an unenlightening dialogue lasting almost 62 days until Mrs Booth remembered she'd left the bath running.

Film Confusion - The greatest length of time a woman has watched a film with her husband without asking a stupid plot related question was achieved on 28 October 1990, when Mrs Ethel Brunswick sat down with her husband to watch the Ipcress File. She watched in silence for a breath taking 2 mins 40 secs before asking "Is he a goodie or a baddie then, him in the glasses?", displaying a staggering level of ignorance. This broke her own record set in 1962 when she sat through 2mins 38secs of 633 Squadron before asking, "Is this a war film".

Group Toilet Visit - The record for the largest group of women to visit a toilet simultaneously is held by 147 workers at the Department of Social Security, Longbenton. At their annual Christmas celebration at a nightclub in Newcastle upon Tyne on October 12 1994, Mrs Beryl Crabtree got up to go to the toilet and was immediately followed by 146 other members of the party. Moving as a mass, the group entered the toilet at 9.52pm and, after waiting for everyone to finish, emerged 2hrs 37mins later.

Incorrect Driving - The longest journey completed with the handbrake on was one of 313 miles from Stranraer to Hollyhead by Dr Julie Thorn at the wheel of a Saab 900 on April 2, 1987. Dr Thorn actually smelled burning two miles into the journey at Aird but pressed on to Hollyhead with smoke billowing from the rear wheels. This journey also holds the record for the longest completed journey with the choke fully out and the indicator flashing.

Jumble Sale Massacre - The greatest number of old ladies to perish while fighting at a jumble sale is 98, at a Methodist Church Hall in Castleford, West Yorkshire on February 12, 1991. When the doors opened at 10am, the initial scramble to get in cost 16 lives, a further 25 being killed in a crush at the first table. A seven-way skirmish then broke out over a pinafore dress costing 10p, which escalated into a full-scale melee resulting in another 18 lives being lost. A pitched battle over a headscarf then ensued and quickly spread throughout the hall, claiming 39 old women. The jumble sale raised £5.28 for the local Boy Scouts.

Gossiping - On February 18 1992, Joyce Blatherwick, a close friend of Agnes Banbury, popped round for a cup of tea and a chat, during the course of which she told Mrs Banbury, in the strictest confidence, that she was having an affair with the local butcher. After Mrs Blatherwick left at 2.10pm, Mrs Banbury immediately began to tell everyone, swearing them all to secrecy. By 2.30pm, she had told 128 people the news. By 2.50pm it had risen to 372 and by 4pm that afternoon, 2,774 knew of the affair, including the local amateur dramatic society, several knitting circles, a coach load of American tourists, which she flagged down, and the butchers wife. When a tired Mrs Banbury went to bed at 11.55pm that night, Mrs Blatherwicks affair was common knowledge to a staggering 75,338 people, enough to fill Wembley Stadium.

These are actual comments left last year on Forest Service registration sheets and comment cards by backpackers completing wilderness camping trips:

"A small deer came into my camp and stole my bag of pickles. Is there a way I can get reimbursed? Please call."

"Escalators would help on steep uphill sections."

"Instead of a permit system or regulations, the Forest Service needs to reduce worldwide population growth to limit the number of visitors to wilderness."

"Trails need to be wider so people can walk while holding hands."

"Ban walking sticks in wilderness. Hikers that use walking sticks are more likely to chase animals."

"All the mile markers are missing this year."

"Found a smoldering cigarette left by a horse."

"Trails need to be reconstructed. Please avoid building trails that go up hill."

"Too many bugs and leeches and spiders and spider webs. Please spray the wilderness to rid the area of these pests."

"Please pave the trails so they can be plowed of snow in the winter."

"Chair lifts need to be in some places so that we can get to wonderful views without having to hike to them."

"The coyotes made too much noise last night and kept me awake. Please eradicate these annoying animals."

"Reflectors need to be placed on trees every 50 feet so people can hike at night with flashlights."

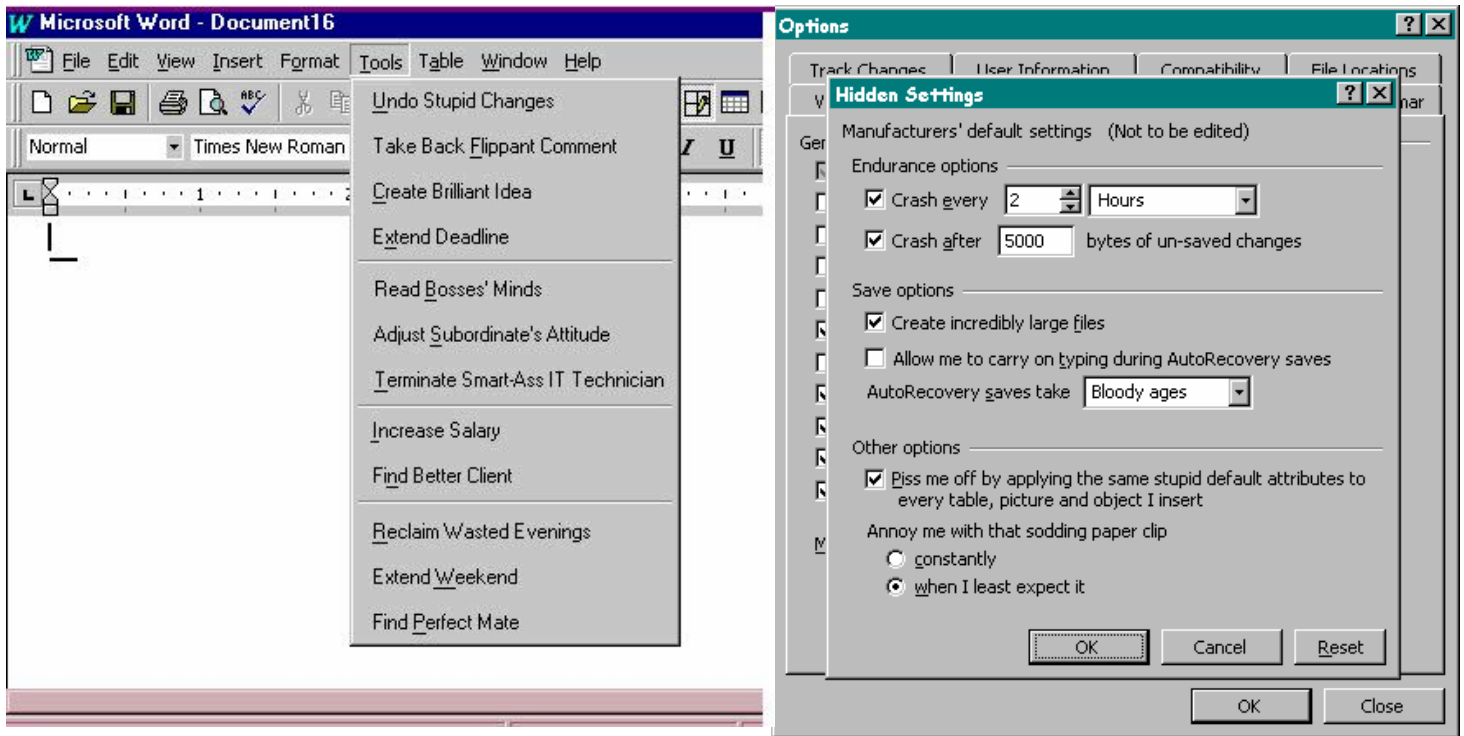
"Need more signs to keep area pristine."

"A McDonald's would be nice at the trail head."

"The places where trails do not exist are not well marked."

"Too many rocks in the mountains."

TECHNO STUFF



INSTRUCTIONS ON REPLACING MOUSE BALLS

(I don't know how they wrote this with a straight face. This apparently was a real memo sent at a computer company to its employees in all seriousness...This memo is from an unnamed computer company. It went to all field engineers about a computer peripheral problem. The author of this memo was quite serious. The engineers rolled on the floor! Especially note the last sentence)

Mouse balls are now available as FRU (Field Replacement Unit).

Therefore if a mouse fails to operate or should it perform erratically, it may need a ball replacement. Because of the delicate nature of this procedure, replacement of mouse balls should only be attempted by properly trained personnel.

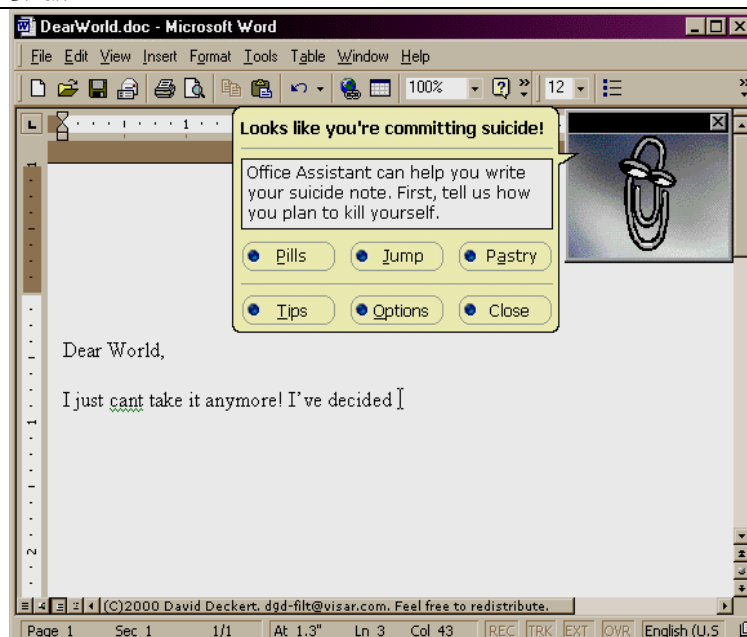
Before proceeding, determine the type of mouse balls by examining the underside of the mouse. Domestic balls will be larger and harder than foreign balls.

Ball removal procedures differ depending upon the manufacture of the mouse.

Foreign balls can be replaced using the pop-off method. Domestic balls are replaced by using the twist-off method. Mouse balls are not usually static-sensitive. However, excessive handling can result in sudden discharge. Upon completion of ball replacement, the mouse may be used immediately. It is recommended each replacer have a pair of spare balls for maintaining optimum customer satisfaction.

Any customer missing his balls should contact the local personnel in charge of removing and replacing these necessary items.

Brian

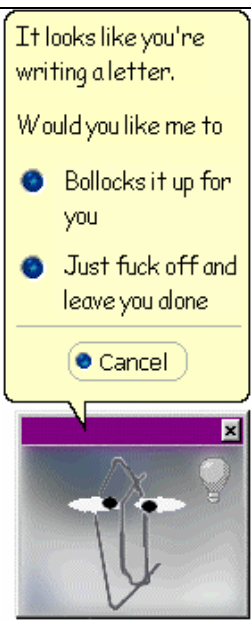


Choose a new one...!!!

A woman is helping her computer-illiterate husband set up his computer, and tells him that he will now need to choose and enter a password that he wants to use when logging on. The husband is in a rather amorous mood and figures he will try for the shock effect to bring this to his wife's attention so, when the computer asks him to enter his password, he makes it plainly obvious to his wife that he is keying in "penis"...

His wife nearly falls off her chair from laughing so hard when the computer replies:

PASSWORD REJECTED. NOT LONG ENOUGH PLEASE TRY A NEW ONE.



LITTLE JOHNNY - not for the faint hearted

A pregnant woman with triplets is walking down the street when a masked robber runs out of the bank and shoots her three times in the stomach. Luckily the babies are ok. The surgeon decides to leave the bullets in because its too risky to operate.

All is fine for 16 years and then one day the daughter walks into the room in tears. 'What's wrong' asks the mother.

'I was having a wee and this bullet came out' replies the daughter. The mother tells her what happened 16 years before and says its ok About a week later the second daughter walks into the room in tears 'Mum I was having a wee and this bullet came out' Again the mother explains what happened 16 years before.

A week later the son, you know who, walks into the room noticeably upset. 'Its okay says Mum, I know what's happened you were having a wee and a bullet came out'

'No says little Johnny, I was having a wank and I shot the dog'

Little Johnny was walking in the woods one day with his dad. On the way down the path, Johnny saw a fruit fly and he squashed it against a tree. His father told him, 'You killed a fruit fly so now you can't have fruit for a week.'

So they kept walking, and as the day went on, Johnny saw a butterfly. He tried to catch the butterfly and accidentally killed it. His father said, 'You killed a butterfly so now you can't have butter for a week.'

So after a while they got tired and decided to go home.

They walked into the kitchen and Johnny's mum said, 'There was a nasty Cockroach running around here, but since you were gone I had to kill it!' Little Johnny said, 'Will you tell her or should I?'

A College professor was doing a study testing the senses of first-graders using a bowl of jelly beans. He gave all of the children the same kind of jelly bean one at a time and asked them to identify them by colour and flavour.

The children began to say:

"Red.....cherry", "Yellow.....lemon",

"Green.....lime", "Orange.....orange".

Finally, the professor gave them all honey jelly beans. After eating them for a few moments none of the children could identify the taste. "Well" he said, "I'll give you all a clue. It's what your mother may sometimes call your father."

Little Johnny looked up in horror, spat his out and yelled, "Everybody, spit them out - they're assholes!!!"

Little Johnny woke up in the middle of the night and went to the bathroom. On the way back to bed, he passed his parent's room. When he looked in, he noticed the covers bouncing. He called to his dad, "Hey Dad, what are you doing?" The dad answered, "Playing Cards". Little Johnny asked, "Who's your partner?" The dad answered, "Your mum".

Little Johnny then passed by his older sister's room. Again, he noticed the covers bouncing. He called to his sister, "Hey Sis, what are you doing?" The sister answered, "Playing Cards." Little Johnny asked, "Who's your partner?" She answered, "My boyfriend."

A little later, the Dad got up and went to the bathroom (naturally). As he passed Little Johnny's room, he noticed the covers bouncing. He called to his son, "what are you doing?" Little Johnny answered, "Playing Cards."

The Dad asked, "Really? Who's your partner?" Little Johnny answered, "You don't need a partner if you have a good hand!"

A high school teacher reminds her class of tomorrow's final exam.

"Now class, I won't tolerate any excuses for you not being here tomorrow. I might consider a nuclear attack or a serious personal injury or illness, or a death in your immediate family - but that's it no other excuses-whatsoever!"

Little Johnny in the back of the room raises his hand and asks, "What would you say if tomorrow I said I was suffering from complete and utter sexual exhaustion?" The entire class does its best to stifle their laughter and snickering.

When silence is restored, the teacher smiles sympathetically at the student, shakes her head, and sweetly says:

"Well I guess you'd have to write the exam with your other hand."

A mother was working in the kitchen listening to Little Johnny playing with his new electric train in the living room. She heard the train stop and her son saying, "All of you sons of bitches who want off, get the hell off now, cause this is the last stop! And all of you sons of bitches who are getting on, get your asses in the train, cause we're going down the tracks."

The horrified mother went in and told him, "We don't use that kind of language in this house. Now I want you to go to your room and you are to stay there for TWO HOURS. When you come out, you may play with your train, but I want you to use nice language."

Two hours later, Little Johnny came out of the bedroom and resumed playing with his train. Soon the train stopped and the mother heard her son say, "All passengers who are disembarking the train, please remember to take all of your belongings with you. We thank you for riding with us today and hope your Trip was a pleasant one. We hope you will ride with us again soon." She hears the little boy continue, "For those of you just boarding, we ask you to stow all of your hand luggage under your seat. Remember, there is no smoking on the train. We hope you will have a pleasant and relaxing journey with us today." As the mother began to smile, the child added, "For those of you who are pissed off about the TWO HOUR delay, please talk to the bitch in the kitchen."

A man and his four-year-old son were talking about sex. The son asked his father, "Dad, what does a pussy look like?"

The dad asked him, "Before or after sex?"

"Ummm, before sex," the kid replied.

The dad said, "Have you ever seen a beautiful red rose with soft red petals?"

"Yeah," said Little Johnny. "Well, what about after sex?"

His dad replied, "Have you ever seen a bulldog eating mayonnaise?"

A young female teacher was giving an assignment to her Grade 6 class one day. It was a large assignment so she started writing high up on the chalkboard. Suddenly there was a giggle from one of the boys in the class.

She quickly turned and asked, "What's so funny Pat?"

"Well teacher, I just saw one of your garters."

"Get out of my classroom," she yells, "I don't want to see you for three days."

The teacher turns back to the chalkboard. Realizing she had forgotten to title the assignment; she reaches to the very top of the chalkboard.

Suddenly there is an even louder giggle from another male student. She quickly turns and asks, "What's so funny Billy?"

"Well miss, I just saw both of your garters."

Again she yells, "Get out of my classroom!" This time the punishment is more severe, "I don't want to see you for three weeks."

Embarrassed and frustrated, she drops the eraser when she turns around again.

So she bends over to pick it up. This time there is a burst of laughter from another male student. She quickly turns to see Little Johnny leaving the classroom.

"Where do you think you are going?" she asks. "Well teacher, from what I just saw, my school days are over!"

Little Johnny spots a nice looking girl in a bar so he goes up and starts small talk. Seeing that she didn't back off he asks her name.

"Carmen," she replies.

"That's a nice name," he says warming up the conversation, "Who named you, your mother?"

"No, I named myself," she answers.

"Oh, that's interesting. Why Carmen?"

"Because I like cars, and I like men," she says looking directly into his eyes. "What's your name?"

"Beercunt." he replies.