



# BOGGY SHOE

*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)*

*Runs/trash #102 November 2005*

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

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

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
31 October 2005	1428		Wheatsheaf, Plummers Plain	240 285	Dave Roberts	01372 220167
Directions: A23 north to Handcross, left on A279 and pub is approximately 2 miles on left. Est. 20 mins.						

7 November 2005	1429		Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172	Pete Eastwood	01273 845329
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.						
#### Bonfire fun followed by ON ON at The White Horse, Ditchling M.R. 325 152 ####						

14 November 2005	1430		The Gun, Findon	122 092	Aunty Jo Jex	01273 833617
Directions: Take A27 to Worthing. Right at Hill Barn roundabout, and again on to A24. Turn right about 2 miles up. Pub is in centre of village on left hand side. Est. 25 mins. <i>Aunty's birthday - don't forget the gifts!</i>						

21 November 2005	1431		The Lamb, Ripe	510 103	Don Elwick	01273 385637
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Straight on at Beddingham roundabout and 4th left. Straight on at cross roads. Pub on left 1/2 mile. Est. 25 mins.						

28 November 2005	1432		Royal Oak, Lewes	415 102	Rik Taub	tba
Directions: A27 east to Lewes roundabout. Up hill and straight on at traffic lights. Left after castle and first right for Needlemakers car park. Pub through alley, right and left Station St. Est. 15 mins. <i>A welcome return to Psychlepath as hare!</i>						

#### RECEDING HARELINE:

5/12/05 - Selmeston Arms, Selmeston

*Ivan and Mike*

12/12/05 - TBA

*Rosemary and Terry*

19/12/05 - TBA

*Christmas party*

16/1/06 - Pub TBA

*Joint OCH3: Bouncer and Daffy*



## CHRISTMAS CANCELLED part 1:



Donald Rumsfeld is giving the president his daily briefing. He concludes by saying: "Yesterday, 3 Brazilian soldiers were killed in an accident"

"OH DEAR GOD NO!!" George W. Bush exclaims. "That's terrible!!" His staff sits stunned at this display of emotion, nervously watching as the president sits, head in hands. Finally, the President, devastated, looks up and asks.....  
"How many is a Brazillion ??!"

## CHRISTMAS CANCELLED part 2:

Or it will be if we can't come up with something for the Christmas party!

Since the entreaty last month there has been a sum total of zero suggestions that I'm aware of! Surely someone has an idea? Come on thinking caps, contacts, favours, suggestions - cash them all in!

Excellent work by Nigel, Pete, Chris and Jo for the Trafalgar celebration run. Unusual decision by the landpersons of the Victory pub though, who on the eve of the namesake ships finest hour, chose to close! For the run we enjoyed a beautiful moonlit night, grog stops, rum toast to the queen and quite some jollity in the pub afterwards. It's always good to see loads of people make the effort to turn up in fancy dress although it looked like the message didn't quite reach everyone.

As a consequence there was a considerable amount of cannon fire flour bombs from interlopers Bouncer and Wiggy, the former dressed bizarrely as a pirate for the occasion, but perhaps in light of his continual disruption of the evening it was appropriate.

Only George managed to get him under control by setting him a mission of leaving a floury handprint on the backsides of all the ladies. For the most part this was achieved unless by very special request, or they were just too quick (not hard!), although Wiggy's protestations "I am a lady" was not enough to merit the award. The dregs of the flour were used up in a brief re-enactment of the battle of Trafalgar in the car park of the Victory afterwards. Perhaps Bouncer understood this but everyone else was left bemused.

Chris Wilce looked magnificent in his home-made officer uniform, although the bottom lip tremble when he got hit by shrapnel was a worry, and he did a grand job of the rum toast as we spiced the main brace.

Back in the (other) pub Don presented Nigel with a magnificent Trafalgar souvenir tankard to mark his 500 runs, and Nigel presented Don with the bill for the engraving! Honestly if you want to get anything done around here you've got to do it yourself! Anyway, after a short piece by Wiggy, Nigel made a presentation to Barfly Les of an England rugby shirt and everyone started getting all nostalgic, so it was obviously time to charge the glasses again. Great night, thanks guys!

### Brief note from Chris about the London Marathon club entries:

It's on 23rd April 2006. We are currently applying for the Hash club entries (may only be 1 place this year). When we have the ballot at the Christmas Hash we usually apply a rule that interested folk need to have applied individually, and that they have been turned down by the London Marathon ballot. That way we have managed to get more people into the race. Regrettably entries have now closed. **Chris**

No feedback from this years French trip so far. Anybody want to volunteer a weekend review?

And finally:

At last I have remembered to make note on the front page about our relationship with Bangkok H3! In a very official ceremony, some time ago now, our roving hasher Mr. Robbo Greyhound guesting with Bangkok officially twinned Brighton H7 with Bangkok H3. The upshot of this is that if ever you find yourself in Thailand's first city, you will receive a free beer or free simply by joining the local hash for a run. So go for it, you know it makes sense! Of course this means that we also have a responsibility to treat any visitors from the Bangkok Hash to Brighton with similar cordiality. Err... somebody better tell Julia!



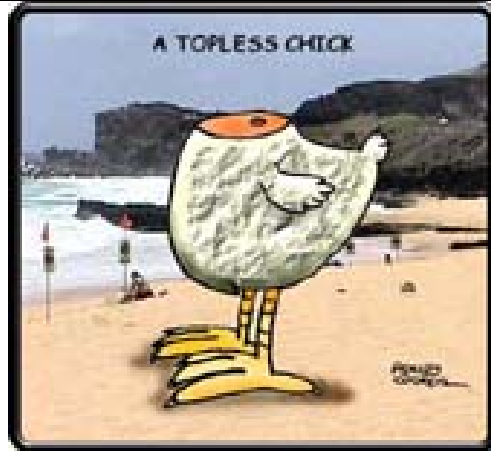
**ON ON, BOUNCER**

*An apology...*

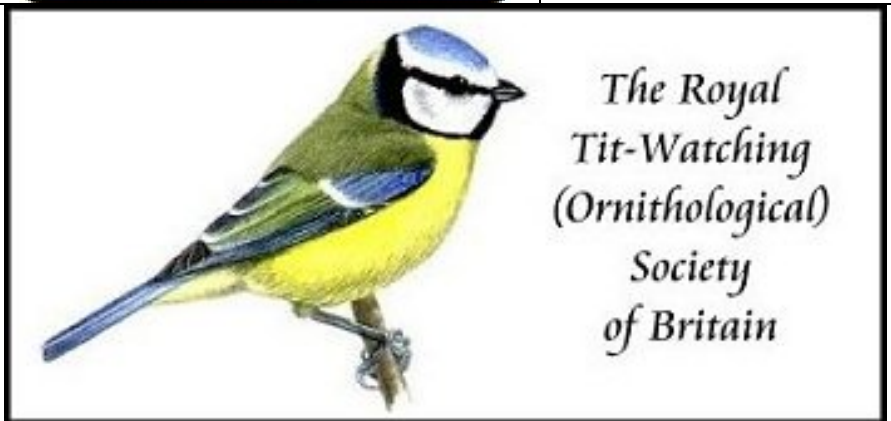
porno clips



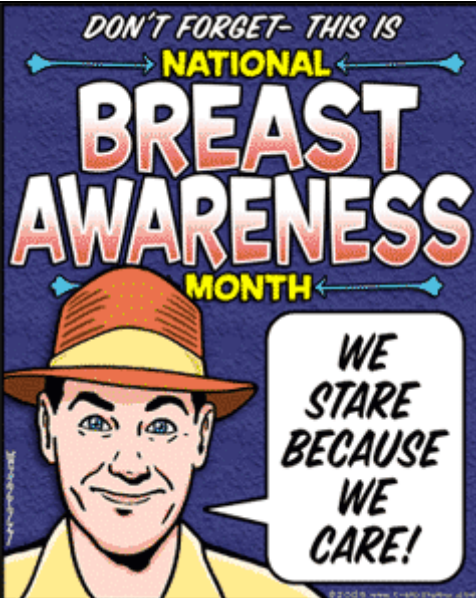
It seems some people think that page three is nothing but a gratuitous excuse to get some porno clips into the trash. That it's just a cheap ploy to show topless chicks with no real justification other than for the sake of voyeurism. Just because a certain successful national newspaper has been getting away with it for years now doesn't mean it's necessary for the trash to follow.



Well I think it only fair to attempt to answer these criticisms with a response that in actual fact the red-blooded male members of the hash are, it has to be said, highly appreciative of the pictures that occasionally appear, as they are on the whole of the female of the species, and we all like looking at tits don't we?



To tell the truth I think the pictures so far included have not been totally gratuitous as there has always been and always will be a story behind the picture, this being after all a news forum. However as a mark of respect to those less inclined to breast awareness and in the interests of equal opportunity I would welcome suggestions of something that the females may find more enticing on page three. In the meantime here's a blonde chick with a nice pussy...



Stuff it! This is meant to be a bloody hash after all! Why should we do the PC thing of stopping everything we enjoy just because someone's decided it's immoral? We regret that due to technical difficulties page three this month is on page four.

OK, here is a test...  
Slowly scroll down until the bottom of the first picture. Spend 1 minute and try to remember as much as you can about it.



### **OK, Now Stop Scrolling!**

Gaze at the picture for 60 seconds, and try to remember as many details as you can.

We have made some subtle changes to it which are in the next frame.

Now scroll down and see how many you can find.

**Don't Peek!**



How many did you find?

## NAVY NIGEL'S GUIDE TO NAVY TERMS

**Above Board** The term today means someone who is honest, forthright. It's origin comes from the days when pirates would masquerade as honest merchantmen, hiding most of their crew behind the bulwark (side of the ship on the upper deck). They hid below the boards.

**Ahoy!** This old traditional greeting for hailing other vessels was originally a Viking battle cry.

**Between the Devil and the Deep** In wooden ships, the "devil" was the longest seam of the ship. It ran from the bow to the stern. When at sea and the "devil" had to be caulked, the sailor sat in a bo'sun's chair to do so. He was suspended between the "devil" and the sea — the "deep" — a very precarious position, especially when the ship was underway.

**Chewing the Fat** "God made the vittles but the devil made the cook," was a popular saying used by seafaring men in the 19th century when salted beef was staple diet aboard ship. This tough cured beef, suitable only for long voyages when nothing else was cheap or would keep as well (remember, there was no refrigeration), required prolonged chewing to make it edible. Men often chewed one chunk for hours, just as it were chewing gum and referred to this practice as "chewing the fat."

**Devil to Pay** Today the expression "devil to pay" is used primarily to describe having an unpleasant result from some action that has been taken, as in someone has done something they shouldn't have and, as a result, "there will be the devil to pay." Originally, this expression described one of the unpleasant tasks aboard a wooden ship.

The "devil" was the wooden ship's longest seam in the hull. Caulking was done with "pay" or pitch (a kind of tar). The task of "paying the devil" (caulking the longest seam) by squatting in the bilges was despised by every seaman.

**Feeling Blue** If you are sad and describe yourself as "feeling blue," you are using a phrase coined from a custom among many old deepwater sailing ships. If the ship lost the captain or any of the officers during its voyage, she would fly blue flags and have a blue band painted along her entire hull when returning to home port.

**Head** The "head" aboard a Navy ship is the bathroom. The term comes from the days of sailing ships when the place for the crew to relieve themselves was all the way forward on either side of the bowsprit, the integral part of the hull to which the figurehead was fastened.

**He Knows the Ropes** In the very early days, this phrase was written on a seaman's discharge to indicate that he was still a novice. All he knew about being a sailor was just the names and uses of the principal ropes (lines). Today, this same phrase means the opposite - that the person fully knows and understands the operation (of the organization).

**Hunky-Dory** The term meaning everything is O.K. was coined from a street named "Honki-Dori" in Yokohama, Japan. Since the inhabitants of this street catered to the pleasures of sailors, it is easy to understand why the street's name became synonymous for anything that is enjoyable or at least satisfactory. And, the logical follow-on is "Okey-dokey."

**Listless** Today it means to be dull or without pep. It comes from the days of sail when a ship was becalmed and rode on an even keel ... without the port or starboard list experienced under a good breeze. No wind, no list; no list, lifeless.

**Long Shot** Today it's a gambling term for an event that would take an inordinate amount of luck. It's origins are nautical. Because ships' guns in early days were very inaccurate except at close quarters, it was an extremely lucky shot that would find its target from any great distance.

**Mayday** "Mayday" is the internationally recognized voice radio signal for ships and people in serious trouble at sea. Made official in 1948, it is an anglicizing of the French *m'aidez*, "help me".

**No Quarter** "No quarter given" means that one gives his opponent no opportunity to surrender. It stems from the old custom by which officers, upon surrender, could ransom themselves by paying one quarter of a year's pay.

**Splice the Main Brace** In the age of sail, ship's rigging was a favourite target during sea battles because destroying the opponent's ability to manoeuvre or get away would put you at obvious advantage. Therefore, the first and most important task after a battle was to repair damaged rigging (also known as lines- but never "rope!"). Examples of lines include braces (lines that adjust the angle at which a sail is set in relation to the wind) and stays (lines supporting the masts). The main brace was the principal line controlling the rotation of the main sail. Splicing this line was one of the most difficult chores aboard ship, and one on which the ship's safety depended. It was the custom, after the main brace was properly spliced, to serve grog to the entire crew. Thus, today, after a hard day (or, not so hard day), the phrase has become an invitation to have a drink.

**Taken Aback** One of the hazards faced in days of sailing ships has been incorporated into English to describe someone who has been jolted by unpleasant news. We say that person has been "taken aback." The person is at a momentary loss; unable to act or even to speak. A danger faced by sailing ships was for a sudden shift in wind to come up (from a sudden squall), blowing the sails back against the masts, putting the ship in grave danger of having the masts break off and rendering the ship totally helpless. The ship was taken aback.

**Three Sheets to the Wind** We use the term "three sheets to the wind" to describe someone who has too much to drink. As such, they are often bedraggled with perhaps shirttails out, clothes a mess. The reference is to a sailing ship in disarray, that is with sheets (lines — not "ropes" — that adjust the angle at which a sail is set in relation to the wind) flapping loosely in the breeze.

**Took the wind out of his sails** Often we use "took the wind out of his sails" to describe getting the best of an opponent in an argument. Originally it described a battle manoeuvre of sailing ships. One ship would pass close to its adversary and on its windward side. The ship and sails would block the wind from the second vessel, causing it to lose headway. Losing motion meant losing manoeuvrability and the ability to carry on a fight.

**Wallop** When the French burned the town of Brighton, England, in the 1500s, King Henry VIII send Admiral Wallop to retaliate and teach the French a lesson. He so thoroughly wrecked the French coasts, that ever since, a devastating blow is said to be an "awful wallop."



# Pusser's Folklore

The rum and its daily issue had its own litany around which colorful terms and ritual evolved over the more than 300 years that rum was issued in the navy. Some are noted below.

And the name Pusser's? Nothing more than a corruption of the name purser after the officer on board ship who was responsible for the daily issue of rum. Thus the name *Pusser's Rum*.

**Black Tot Day** - July 31st, 1970, when the last "tot was drawn in the fleet around the globe; a rather touchy subject with the old and bold!" Black Tot Day was officially the last day that Pusser's Rum was issued on board ships in the Royal Navy.

**Grog** - This most traditional of all rum drinks is a rich part of the early history of Pusser's Rum. There was an Admiral by the name of Vernon who was the hero of the Battle of Porto Bello and the Commander-in-Chief, West Indies Station, the prime area for Spanish trade in the Caribbean. He had selected Porto Bello for attack because he learned that a large assignment of gold and silver had been sent there from Panama. The remarkable sequel, which followed the town's capture, was Vernon's decision that all public money found was to be divided fairly as prize money among those British crews which took part in the engagement. This was a brave step, in defiance of the regulations, but general delight at home in England over the victory caused it to be overlooked. No act could have done more to win the sailors' hearts than on most occasions received nothing. The men had affectionately nicknamed Vernon Old Grog on account of the old grogram cloak (a rough hewn fabric of mohair and silk) that he often wore when the weather was bad.

In Vernon's time, the men received one-half pint of rum a day which they drank neat, that is without water. Thus there was a lot of drunkenness and disobedience on board for which many of the men were brutally disciplined. He was much concerned with what he called, "the swinish vice of drunkenness". He believed that if the rum was diluted with water that its effects on the senses would be reduced - even though the men were to receive the same amount of rum. Thus Admiral Vernon issued his infamous Order to Captains No. 349 on August 21, 1740. His order refers to the *"unanimous opinion of both Captains and Surgeons that the pernicious custom of the seaman drinking their allowance of rum in drams, and often at once, is attended with many fatal effects to their morals as well as their health ... besides the ill consequences of stupifying [sic] their rational qualities ... You are hereby required and directed ... that the respective daily allowance ... be every day mixed with the proportion of a quart of water to a half pint of rum, to be mixed in a scuttled butt kept for that purpose, and to be done upon the deck, and in the presence of the Lieutenant of the Watch who is to take particular care to see that the men are not defrauded in having their full allowance of rum... and let those that are good husbanders receive extra lime juice and sugar that it be made more palatable to them."*

The men were incensed that he should have ordered that their rum be diluted, and named it contemptuously *grog* from the name they had given him. Thus real grog is Pusser's Rum with water, lime juice and brown cane sugar. Unwittingly, Venon had created the world's first cocktail - *grog!*

**The Grog Tub** - Sailors had a way of embellishing their surroundings during their long stints at sea. The scuttled butt in Vernon's orders was a simple cask with a lid. Soon after he issued his orders, the entire British Fleet adopted his procedures for watering the rum. Eventually, the scuttled butt gave way to the Grog Tub, an oak cask banded with polished brass or copper hoops and covered with a fancy lid. On the side of the cask were the brass letters THE KING GOD BLESS HIM, the daily toast at noon when the rum or grog were issued. The grog tub was naturally the daily gathering place. While the men stood in line for their grog, rumors were exchanged so that in time the word *scuttlebutt* became synonymous with the word *gossip*.

**Gulpers / Sippers / Sandy Bottoms** - At sea, rum was a kind of currency, just like money. To offer a shipmate a portion of one's tot, no matter how small, was deemed to be the apotheosis of generosity. The men purchased articles from one another using rum as the currency; they played cards and other games of chance for it for it, and it was used to repay favors. Rum had a value, and like money, it came in different denominations defined by how much one might take or be given from another's tot. A wet was just enough on the lips to cover them thoroughly with rum. A sipper, a gentlemanly sip when offered; a gulper, one, but only one, big swallow (usually given as a favor), and Sandy Bottoms ... a rare privilege (in some cases, a settlement of a debt) involving drinking the entire contents of another's tot. The currency of the tot went like this:

3 'wets' (a tiny, tiny sip) equaled 1 sip.

3 sips equaled one gulp.

3 gulps equaled one tot.

**Jack / Jack Tar** - Jack is a generic name for all British sailors, derived from Jack Tar in the 18th and 19th centuries. Sailors in those years used high-grade tar in their clothing and hair for waterproofing. And the term, "Jack-of-all-trades," described a sailor who could turn his hand to anything, is widely used today.

**Nelson's Blood** - Another name for Pusser's Rum, and still in use today by old salts - especially in Great Britain's Royal Navy! At the Battle of Trafalgar on October 21st, 1805, Admiral Horatio Lord Nelson engaged the combined fleets of Spain and France. His flagship was HMS VICTORY. Although outnumbered, he sank or captured 17 of the enemy's ships to not a single loss of his own. This victory still lives as one of the greatest in the annals of naval warfare. Unfortunately, Nelson was mortally wounded and died knowing that victory was his. Legend has it that to preserve his body for the long passage back to England, that it was placed into a large cask of Pusser's Rum. Upon arrival, when the cask was opened, his pickled body was removed, but the jack tars had drilled a small hole at the base of the cask through which they drained most of the rum, thereby drinking of *Nelson's Blood*. Since then, the term *Nelson's Blood* has become synonymous with Pusser's Rum, and is still in wide use today. *Etc. etc.*

***And it's goodnight from him... In memory of a great funny man. Ronnie Barker RIP.***



This was originally shown on BBC TV back in the seventies. Ronnie Barker could say all this without a snigger (though god knows how many takes). Irony is that they received not one complaint. The speed of delivery must have been too much for most. Try getting through it without converting the spoonerisms [and not wetting your pants] as you read ...

### **This is the story of Rindercella and her sugly isters.**

Rindercella and her sugly isters lived in a marge lansion. Rindercella worked very hard frubbing sloor, emptying poss pits, and shivelling shot. At the end of the day, she was knucking fackered.

The sugly isters were right bugly astards. One was called Mary Hinge, and the other was called Betty Swallocks; they were really forrible huckers; they had fetty sweet and fetty swannies.

The sugly isters had tickets to go to the ball, but the cotton runts would not let Rindercella go. Suddenly there was a bucking fang, and her gairy fodmother appeared. Her name was Shairy Hithole and she was a light rucking fesbian. She turned a pumpkin and six mite wice into a hucking cuge farriage with six dandy ronkeys who had buge hollocks and dig bicks. The gairy fodmother told Rindercella to be back by dimnlight otherwise, there would be a cucking falamity. At the ball, Rindercella was dancing with the prandsome hince when suddenly the clock struck twelve. "Mist all chucking frighty!!!" said Rindercella, and she ran out tripping barse over ollocks, so dropping her slass glipper.

The very next day the prandsome hince knocked on Rindercella's door and the sugly isters let him in. Suddenly, Betty Swallocks lifted her leg and let off a fig bart. "Who's fust jarted??" asked the prandsome hince.

"Blame that fugly ucker over there!!" said Mary Hinge.

When the stinking brown cloud had lifted, he tried the slass glipper on both the sugly isters without success and their feet stucking funk. Betty Swallocks was ducking figusted and gave the prandsome hince a knack in the kickers. This was not difficult as he had bucking fuge halls and a hig bard on. He tried the slass glipper on Rindercella and it fitted pucking perfectly. Rindercella and the prandsome hince were married. The prandsome hince lived his life in lucking fuxury, and Rindercella lived hers with a follen swanny. *[oddy this has also been credited to American Red Skelton. Still eh?]*

*In a packed programme tonight...*

"Good evening... in a packed programme tonight, we'll be talking to an out-of-work contortionist who says he can no longer make ends meet, and the man who invented the zip fastener was today honoured with a lifetime peerage. He will now be known as the Lord of the Flies.

"Also in the news the toilets at a local police station have been stolen. Police say they have nothing to go on."

**Corbett:** Good evening! It's wonderful to be back with you again, isn't it, Ronnie?

**Barker:** Indeed it is. And in a packed programme tonight, I shall be having a word with a man who goes in for meditation, because he thinks it's better than sitting around doing nothing.

**Corbett:** And we'll be talking to a car designer who's crossed Toyota with Quasimodo and come up with The Hatchback of Notre Dame.

**Barker:** And we had hoped to have been bringing you Arthur the Human Chameleon, but this afternoon, he crawled across a tartan rug and died of exhaustion. But first, the news: The House of Commons was sealed off today after police chased an escaped lunatic through the front door during Prime Minister's question time. A spokesman at Scotland Yard said it was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

**Corbett:** West Mersea police announced tonight that they wish to interview a man wearing high heels and frilly knickers, but the Chief Constable said they must wear their normal uniforms.

**Barker:** Many old music hall fans were present at the funeral today of Fred "Chuckles" Jenkins, Britain's oldest and unfunniest comedian. In tribute, the vicar read out one of Fred's jokes, and the congregation had two minutes silence.

**Corbett:** Latest on the bullion robbery: At Wansforth Police Station, a man who's as deaf as a post, and doesn't speak English, with a terrible stutter, bad breath and squeaky shoes, is not helping the police with their inquiries one little bit.

**Barker:** At London's Heathrow, senior customs officer Seaforth Mumbly retired today. He shook hands with passengers passing through the customs, and confiscated a gold watch for himself.

**Corbett:** There was a fire at the main Inland Revenue office in London today, but it was put out before any serious good was done.

**Barker:** The search for the man who terrorizes nudist camps with a bacon slicer goes on. Inspector Lemuel Jones had a tip-off this morning, but hopes to be back on duty tomorrow.

**Corbett:** Finally, it was revealed in a government survey published today that the Prime Minister is doing the work of two men. Laurel and Hardy.

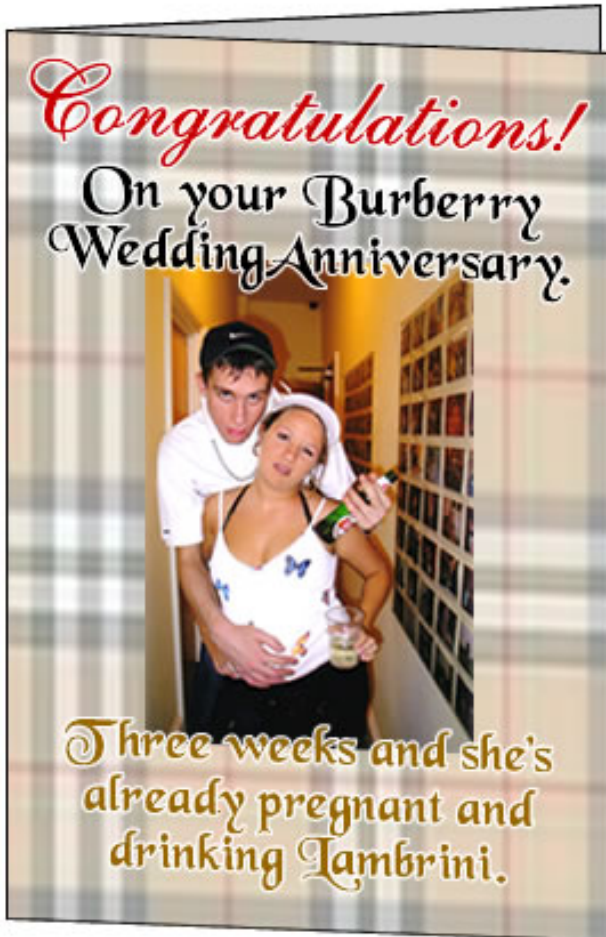
**Barker:** And now a sketch, featuring Mr Ronnie Corbett, whose wife tries not to bring out the beast in him, because she's afraid of mice.

## Just when you thought you were having a bad day. Enjoy!

- A fierce gust of wind blew 45-year-old Vittorio Luise's car into a river near Naples, Italy, in 1983. He managed to break a window, climb out and swim to shore -- where a tree blew over and killed him.
  - Mike Stewart, 31, of Dallas was filming a movie in 1983 on the dangers of low-level bridges when the truck he was standing on passed under a low-level bridge -- killing him.
  - Walter Hallas, a 26-year-old store clerk in Leeds, England, was so afraid of dentists that in 1979 he asked a fellow worker to try to cure his toothache by punching him in the jaw. The punch caused Hallas to fall down, hitting his head, and he died of a fractured skull.
  - George Schwartz, owner of a factory in Providence, R.I., narrowly escaped death when a 1983 blast flattened his factory except for one wall. After treatment for minor injuries, he returned to the scene to search for files. The remaining wall then collapsed on him, killing him.
  - Depressed since he could not find a job, 42-year-old Romolo Ribolla sat in his kitchen near Pisa, Italy, with a gun in his hand threatening to kill himself in 1981. His wife pleaded for him not to do it, and after about an hour he burst into tears and threw the gun to the floor. It went off and killed his wife.
  - In 1983, a Mrs. Carson of Lake Kushaqua, N.Y., was laid out in her coffin, presumed dead of heart disease. As mourners watched, she suddenly sat up. Her daughter dropped dead of fright.
  - Surprised while burgling a house in Antwerp, Belgium, a thief fled out the back door, clambered over a nine-foot wall, dropped down and found himself in the city prison.
  - A man hit by a car in New York in 1977 got up uninjured, but lay back down in front of the car when a bystander told him to pretend he was hurt so he could collect insurance money. The car rolled forward and crushed him to death.
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- In 1976 a twenty-two-year-old Irishman, Bob Finnegan, was crossing the busy Falls Road in Belfast, when he was struck by a taxi and flung over its roof. The taxi drove away and, as Finnegan lay stunned in the road, another car ran into him, rolling him into the gutter. It too drove on. As a knot of gawkers gathered to examine the magnetic Irishman, a delivery van plowed through the crowd, leaving in its wake three injured bystanders and an even more battered Bob Finnegan. When a fourth vehicle came along, the crowd wisely scattered and only one person was hit-Bob Finnegan. In the space of two minutes Finnegan suffered a fractured skull, broken pelvis, broken leg, and other assorted injuries. Hospital officials said he would recover.
  - While motorcycling through the Hungarian countryside, Cristo Falatti came up to a railway line just as the crossing gates were coming down. While he sat idling, he was joined by a farmer with a goat, which the farmer tethered to the crossing gate. A few moments later a horse and cart drew up behind Falatti, followed in short order by a man in a sports car. When the train roared through the crossing, the horse startled and bit Falatti on the arm. Not a man to be trifled with, Falatti responded by punching the horse in the head. In consequence the horse's owner jumped down from his cart and began scuffling with the motorcyclist. The horse, which was not up to this sort of excitement, backed away briskly, smashing the cart into the sports- car. At this, the sports-car driver leaped out of his car and joined the fray. The farmer came forward to try to pacify the three flailing men. As he did so, the crossing gates rose and his goat was strangled. At last report, the insurance companies were still trying to sort out the claims.
  - Two West German motorists had an all-too-literal head-on collision in heavy fog near the small town of Guetersloh. Each was guiding his car at a snail's pace near the center of the road. At the moment of impact their heads were both out of the windows when they smacked together. Both men were hospitalized with severe head injuries. Their cars weren't scratched.
  - In a classic case of one thing leading to another, seven men aged eighteen to twenty-nine received jail sentences of three to four years in Kingston-on-Thames, England, in 1979 after a fight that started when one of the men threw a french fry at another while they stood waiting for a train.
  - Hitting on the novel idea that he could end his wife's incessant nagging by giving her a good scare, Hungarian Jake Fen built an elaborate harness to make it look as if he had hanged himself. When his wife came home and saw him she fainted. Hearing a disturbance a neighbor came over and, finding what she thought were two corpses, seized the opportunity to loot the place. As she was leaving the room, her arms laden, the outraged and suspended Mr. Fen kicked her stoutly in the backside. This so surprised the lady that she dropped dead of a heart attack. Happily, Mr. Fen was acquitted of manslaughter and he and his wife were reconciled.
  - An unidentified English woman, according to the London Sunday Express was climbing into the bathtub one afternoon when she remembered she had left some muffins in the oven. Naked, she dashed downstairs and was removing the muffins when she heard a noise at the door. Thinking it was the baker, and knowing he would come in and leave a loaf of bread on the kitchen table if she didn't answer his knock, the woman darted into the broom cupboard. A few moments later she heard the back door open and, to her eternal mortification, the sound of footsteps coming toward the cupboard. It was the man from the gas company, come to read the meter. "Oh," stammered the woman, "I was expecting the baker." The gas man blinked, excused himself and departed.



## COUNCIL HOUSE AND VIOLENT



1. What do you call a Chav in a box? Innit.
2. What do you call a Chav in a filing cabinet? Sorted.
3. What do you call a Chav in a box with a lock on it? Safe.
4. What do you call an Eskimo Chav? Innuinnit.
5. Why are Chavs like slinkies? They have no real use but it's great to watch one fall down a flight of stairs.
6. What do you call a Chavette in a white tracksuit? The bride.
7. You're in your car and you see a Chav on a bike, why should you try not to hit him? It might be your bike.
8. What's the difference between a Chav and a coconut? One's thick and hairy, the other's a coconut.
9. What's the first question at a Chav quiz night? What you lookin' at?"
10. How do you get 100 Chavs into a phone box? Paint three stripes on it (*Adidas joke*)
11. Two Chavs in a car without any music. Who's driving? The police
12. What do you call a chav with 9 GCSE's? A liar.
13. What do you say to a chav with a job? Can I have a big mac please
14. What do you say to a chav in a suit? Will the defendant please stand
15. What do u call a knife in chav-ville? Exhibit A
16. Why is 3 chavs going over a cliff in a Nova a shame? A Nova seats 4
17. What do you call a 30 year old chavette? Granny.
18. How many chavs does it take to change a lightbulb? One, they'll screw anything.

19. What do you call 100 chavs at the bottom of a river? A start.
20. How many chavs does it take to clean a floor? None, "That's some uvver bleeders job innit."
21. Why did the chav take a shower? He didn't mean to, he just forgot to close the Nova's window in the car wash
22. Why did the Chav cross the road? To start a fight with a random stranger for no reason whatsoever.
23. What do you call a Chav at college? The cleaner.
24. Two chavs jump off beachy head, who wins? Society
25. How do you know Essex council chavs invented the female body? Because only they would be stupid enough to put a play area next to a shit hole.

Chavs are the reason Burberry is scrapping the cap.

### A typical chav male:

- age range 6 and above
- Burberry cap
- Trackies and t shirt
- Loads of chains
- Drive a Nova, Saxo, Corsa or Punto (prefereably in Black)
- White socks
- Stink
- Hang in gangs
- Always asking by-passers for a cigarette
- Always short of 10p
- Usually seen at MacDonalds
- Live in Council estates
- Parents are divorced or don't know who they're dad is

### Chavettes:

- Similar dress code to that of a male chav but like their bomber jackets with the fur
- Big hoop earrings
- Hair usually tied back
- Always got a fag in their hands
- Reside in similar places to that of male chav
- Usually seen with a pushchair even at the age of 14

Choose Chav. Choose no job. Choose no career. Choose a dysfunctional broken violent family. Choose a big fucking stolen television. Choose cheap cigarettes, crap modded cars, white cider and fake Burberry caps. Choose poor health, high cholesterol and state benefits. Choose a rat infested council estate. Choose no education. Choose tacky flammable market stall sportswear. Choose hunks of 9crt worthless gold jewellery. Choose attacking pensioners for their money so you can get 4 tins of strong Lager and 20 fags. Choose gangsta rap and ruling the playground like a tough hood, when in reality you are a fucking coward. Choose hanging in a bus shelter with the other losers, spitting on and vandalising everything in sight, stuffing fucking junk food into your mouth. Choose rotting away at the age of 30, pishing your last in a miserable council bedsit, nothing more than an embarrassment to the 50 selfish, fucked up chav brats you spawned to gain extra benefits. -Z

Choose no future.  
Choose Chav.

Chavspotting

## Year 1981

1. Prince Charles got married
2. Liverpool crowned Champions of Europe
3. Pope Died.

In the future, if Prince Charles decides to re-marry or Liverpool needs another European crown warn the Pope!

## Year 2005

1. Prince Charles got married (again)
2. Liverpool crowned Champions of Europe (again)
3. Pope Died.

### Dear Husband;

I'm writing you this letter to tell you that I'm leaving you for good. I've been a good woman to you for seven years and I have nothing to show for it. These last two weeks have been hell. Your boss called to tell me that you had quit your job today and that was the last straw.

Last week, you came home and didn't notice that I had gotten my hair and nails done, cooked your favorite meal and even wore a brand new negligee. You came home and ate in two minutes, and went straight to sleep after watching the game. You don't tell me you love me anymore, you don't touch me or anything. Either you're cheating or you don't love me anymore, whatever the case is, I'm gone.

P.S. If you're trying to find me, don't. Your BROTHER and I are moving away to West Virginia together! Have a great life!

Signed: Your EX-Wife

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Once upon a time, a guy asked a girl "Will you marry me?" The girl said, "NO!" And the guy lived happily ever after and went fishing, hashing and played golf a lot and drank beer and farted whenever he wanted.  
THE END

### Dear Ex-Wife

Nothing has made my day more than receiving your letter. It's true that you and I have been married for seven years, although a good woman is a far cry from what you've been. I watch sports so much to try to drown out your constant nagging. Too bad that doesn't work. I did notice when you cut off all of your hair last week, the first thing that came to mind was "You look just like a man!" My mother raised me to not say anything if you can't say anything nice. When you cooked my favorite meal, you must have gotten me confused with MY BROTHER, because I stopped eating pork seven years ago. I went to sleep on you when you had on that new negligee because the price tag was still on it.

I prayed that it was a coincidence that my brother had just borrowed fifty dollars from me that morning and your negligee was \$49.99. After all of this, I still loved you and felt that we could work it out. So when I discovered that I had hit the lotto for ten million dollars, I quit my job and bought us two tickets to Jamaica. But when I got home you were gone. Everything happens for a reason I guess. I hope you have the filling life you always wanted. My lawyer said with your letter that you wrote, you won't get a penny from me. So take care.

P.S. I don't know if I ever told you this but Carl, my brother was born Carla. I hope that's not a problem.

Signed: Rich As Hell and Free!

Joke of the month, thanks Brett:

An Irishman makes the final of Who Wants to be a Millionaire...

He's got £500,000. Chris Tarrant asks him the big question for 1 million quid. "Paddy, for £1million, who was the great train robber? Was it,

A, Ronnie Barker...

B, Ronnie O' Sullivan...

C, Ronnie Corbett or.. was it

D, Ronnie Biggs???"

Paddy say's..."Oi'll take de money please Chris"

Chris reminds him that he still has his 3 life lines left.

Paddy again say's.."Nope, Oi'll take de money please Chris"

"You don't want to phone a friend?" says Chris.

"No t'anks, Oi'll take de money - foinal answer"

"OK" says Chris, looking bemused "give him a round of

applause ladies and gentlemen, Paddy goes away with £500,000. However before you go you'll obviously want to know what the answer was Paddy?"

Paddy said "No, yer alroight, Oi knew de answer anyway, t'anks Chris"

"You knew it anyway!....are you mad!!!!" asks Chris, "Are you mental?"

Paddy says, "Oi moight be mental Chris....but Oi'm no feckin grass!"

