



BOGGY SHOE



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

Runs/trash #109 June 2006

<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) |
|---|------|-------|------------------------------|---------|-------------------|-----------------|
| 5th June 2006 | 1459 | | Eight Bells, Bolney | 261 226 | Phil & Andy | 01273 509958 |
| Directions: North on A23 to A272 turn-off. Right at T-junction, first right and pub on left. Est. 15 mins. | | | | | | |
| 12th June 2006 | 1460 | | Giants Rest, Wilmington | 546 048 | Chris Eddie Niel | 01273 554148 |
| Directions: Take A27 east and take 2nd right past Alfriston roundabout. Est. 25 minutes. | | | | | | |
| 19th June 2006 | 1461 | | Juggs, Kingston | 394 084 | Pat and Ivan | 01273 707182 |
| Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout, turn right. Pub on right in centre of village. Est. 15 mins. | | | | | | |
| 26th June 2006 | 1462 | | Royal Oak, Barcombe | 420 158 | Sasha Julia James | 01273 479200 |
| Directions: A27 east past Lewes to 2nd roundabout. Through tunnel then right at roundabout on A26. Turn left just past Cock Inn and pub is approx. 2 miles. Est. 25 mins. My birthday - says Julia! | | | | | | |
| 3rd July 2006 | 1463 | | Sussex Potter, North Lancing | 183 056 | Bouncer | 01273 441611 |
| Directions: A27 west past Shoreham Airport. Right at next roundabout, pub on left 200 yards. Est. 10 mins. | | | | | | |

RECEDING HARELINE:

10th July 2006 - Don & Theresa

#1464 - Yew Tree, Chalvington

17th July 2006 - #1465 Hare needed

24th July 2006 - #1466 Hare needed

The Malibogs return, run by Bouncer
probably from Tudor House, Ferring.

either:

31st July 2006 - #1467 OR

7th August 2006 - #1468.

A long way away still:

**19/3/07 1500th run. Celebration
event tba.**



World Cup stadium, Cologne ►

It's all about...

A load of grown men running around after a small amount of hot air surrounded by pig (or whatever these new balls are)

Yes, here it is. The World Cup edition of the trash and once again England have qualified somehow. So in the finest traditions if you can't beat the b@stards I guess even the hash will have to join the rest of the nation in our support. (with apologies to the Celts) To paraphrase the Del Amitri classic from the French World Cup: **Don't Come Home Too Soon**. Good luck, we wish you all the best, Let all England stand up and hold it's breath, the World may not be shaking but you might prove them wrong, Even long shots make it. And cocky gits led by a Swedish tit.

Trouble is, there's been some very funny business going on in the football world lately. What with my own team, Spurs, getting stuffed the night before their biggest game for years, Arsenal getting stuffed by Barcelona and the officials, Leeds amusingly getting stuffed by Watford, and possibly the ultimate FA cup game. Seagulls were a bit of a foregone really. So plenty of funnies doing the rounds and filling up these pages.

Finally, the end of an era for the hash with Ivans letter below. No need to nark mate. We've had some very proud moments in the Grand Prix over the years and recorded many respectable class wins and placings (and if anyone has a record of these I'd love to see it. If they haven't let's get one together for a fond look back next time round.), but the hash has grown away from the series and racing in general. Perhaps that's appropriate for a hash group, but many of us recognised this fact a couple of years back, which is why the treasurer sought a solution last year. Well done to all those who have carried the hash flag during our membership of the series. Time to move on with some great memories and maybe the second letter will offer those interested in the competitive aspect an outlet.

ON ON - Bouncer

Guys,

After 20 years, I have reluctantly had to pull the Hash out of the Grand Prix. It hasn't been an easy decision though if we look at the facts it is an inevitable conclusion. This includes:

- Our 2006 fee remains outstanding
- The Treasurer unwilling to contribute towards the fees
- Fewer hashers running races - Last year only 2 regular hashers completed the full 8 races
- Aging hashers & a lack of new younger blood coming through
- Increasing costs - Grand Prix/SEAA/Vests etc.

I have had a long chat with Ron & Joyce Smith who head up the Sussex Grand Prix and advised them that I will not be attending the AGM. They are very sympathetic to our position and do not want us to leave but understand our situation.

Interestingly, numbers of affiliated club runners are down this year for grand prix events. Perhaps the boom in road running has passed. Also if you look at the Sussex Races website there seems to be more events than ever - all after the same pool of runners!

A motion will be proposed to allow those of us who have done races this year, to have these transferred to other clubs (aka Rik Taub).

If you have any suggestions in moving forward, let me know.

On On

Ivan

We at Revolution Sports Marketing represent a national event called 'Run for the Children'. Our aim is to help create a fitter nation, encouraging both children and adults to exercise more and make healthy food choices, whilst raising money for 'Children with Leukemia'. To achieve this objective we stage over 50 races a year throughout the country, pitching at all sections of society. In each race the entrants run, jog or walk a 3K course, the emphasis being on participation and the choice to lead a healthy lifestyle rather than winning.

Three main partners are normally present within the programme:

- ☐ The Local Authority. (Sports Development)
- ☐ The local school sports partnership (funded by the Youth Sports Trust)
- ☐ A local running club.

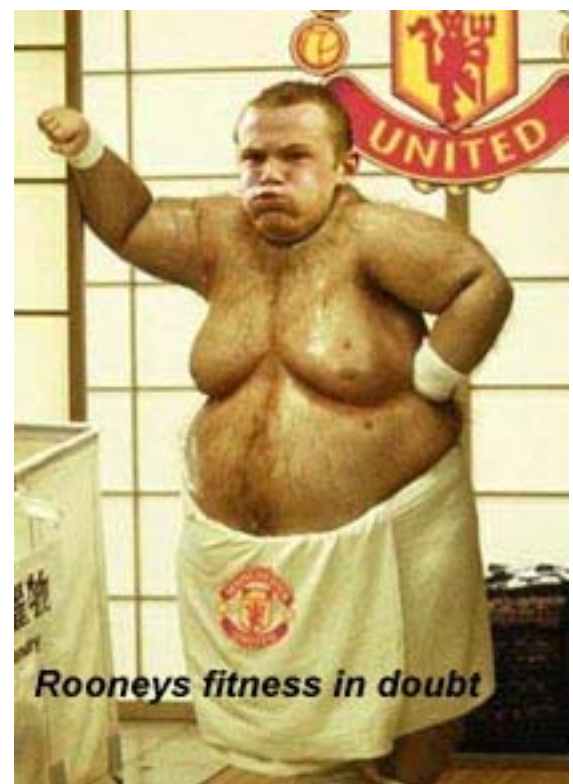
We are writing to you in the hope you may be able to aid us in the staging of the race (marshalling route, start, finish, handing out medals etc...). We are proposing to hold the run at Brighton University on 16th September.

We understand that such a task may incur a cost and are willing to contribute a donation of £200 to the club for helping us in this way; however as the event is in aid of Children with Leukemia it is difficult to offer any more.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Thank you in anticipation,

Tim Welland tim@revolutionsports.co.uk



**AFTER 40 YEARS OF HURT ENGLAND TRIES NEW TACTICS TO WIN BACK JULES RIMET:
(see more pictures of the squad later in this issue)**



Worth a look: If you are interested I have done a slide show of the pics from the Alfriston Run. I think that they represent the conditions quite well! You can find them at <http://www.cliffbanger.plus.com/h4/2006.html>

On On

Bushsquatter "Cheryl" bushsquatter@gmail.com

Dear fellow runner,

I ran the London in 2005 , I crossed the line just under 3 hours and promptly collapsed . As I lay there on the floor I wondered if anyone thought to recorder the finish line that the BBC were showing . Alas no, however this year , 2006 I did record (most) of the finishing line and have sold a few copies on eBay . I can see from the result some of your club members finished and thought they might want to be made aware that this service is available, for £5 per DVD. I have 3 DVD's for finishers 2:20 -> 3:30; 3:30 -> 4:30; and 4:30 ->6:05. Unfortunately I lost 4:37->5:06.

Best regards

Dave Hart dave_hartx@hotmail.com

We're Harriers

We're Harriers, We're Harriers
We run around while people stand and stare
We're Harriers. We're Harriers
We don't know where we're going and don't care

And we shout On-On. and it rings through the air
And some of us are hounds boys and some of us are hares,
But when we're on the move, well we haven't got a care
As we run across the Downs in the evening

Well I am a Sussex Farmer, I was working at me job,
When through me field one evening comes this great big mob
They was traipsing on me set-aside and trampling on me cob
As they ran across the Downs in the evening

Well the sound of their "On On" brought me wife up from her bed
She handed me my gun, and I let 'em have some lead
Didn't do them any harm though, cause I hit 'em in the head
As they ran across the Downs in the evening

Down by the big cow shed where I keeps all me hay,
There was twenty four milk maids waiting for their pay
With a shout of "We're On" well they had 'em all away
As they ran across the Downs in the evening

They scattered all me chickens and they upset all me pails
Looking for some spots of white, they said it was their trail
Then they followed fifteen pigeons right through the Sussex Vale
As they ran across the Downs in the evening

Well I bought meself some barbed wire and I've spread it all around
I've bought some anti-Hashing mines, I've laid them in the ground
If ever they come this way again, I'll mow the buggers down
As they run across the Downs in the evening

**BONUS PAGE THREE PICTURE
OH BABY, HOW CAN WE LOSE!**





Driver and Vehicle Licensing Agency

Notice issued: 12th May 2006

In order to assist other motorists in identifying potentially dangerous drivers, it's now compulsory for anyone with a lower than average IQ and driving ability to display a warning flag.

The flag (comprising of a red cross on a white background) will be attached to the top of at least one door of their vehicle.

For drivers of exceptionally low ability, additional flags are required.

INF 797/2

Visit the web site at www.dvla.gov.uk

Of Polyjohns and Regalfarts – South Downs relay 2006.

8a.m. Saturday 20th May. Buriton village pond:



After a week of pretty foul weather and with a forecast that assured a 100% probability of rain, a large contingent of hashers found themselves milling around with the ducks at the start of this years relay.

There had been a lot of questions on peoples lips about overall organiser Mr. Mutton's commitment as nobody was really sure he had a team, although a lot of people were on it! One of these was Theresa who, at the very start came over to announce that she had been chopped by Chopper Mutton and did we have any room. Sadly all we could offer was the final stage which was too late in the day for Tree.

Anyway to cut a long story short, off went the runners, teams ran all day and finished at Beachy Head. What's that? Too short, oh right!

Okay it was Dave, Graham and Jo who were proud banner carriers taking on the early shift and indeed mud, as we bundled into the cars and on to Harting Hill. The gauntlet was thrown down and the friendliness of previous years thrown into doubt as Dave demolished the opposition to come in streets ahead and send the next lot on their way, by which time we were well mixed into the British Heart Foundation's annual ride along the downs (Buriton being slightly off-route for the full 100). Brett found the short cut over Beacon Hill to Buriton Farm to avoid a clash with the bikes by the changeover least likely to succeed in the car parking stakes.

Meanwhile I took the wheel of Wiggy's car, 1st of 3 I would end up driving during the day, to head on to Hill Barn where we found the car park, this time of a decent size was completely choked! BHF had a checkpoint here and there was water and support for the cyclists in extreme quantities, as well as the rather amusingly named PolyJohn plastic WC which I discovered as a happy alternative when I headed off to the bushes.

Charlie took the bull by the horns on the next stage arriving at the changeover before any of us were properly ready. Didn't stop Bouncer leaving Don and even Nigel reeling in his wake as he raced across the road ahead of a tractor with its very own traffic jam! A temporary blip as he used a barbed wire fence to slow down his momentum, and off up the hill with a 200 yard head start! Overall that's nothing to Nigel though and he was back in touch by the top of the hill even if Bouncers timing prevented Nige from getting away as he got stuck on gate duty!

And so to the nasty climb that is Springhead Hill and a heated debate on the expected victor from Andy and Michelle. Needless to say the fact that Dave had chosen to put Julia out meant that the girls spent their time rabbiting leaving Andy with a clear run in front of him, not at all down to the fact that he gave them incorrect information, officer. Typical Regalf art tactics!

At Washington Brett finished his days work and was eyeing up the Franklin Arms but we didn't give him a chance, waiting only to see Phil Mutton thundering down the hill (probably not actually going as fast as he appeared to be), before we all piled off to Steyning bowl where the debate turned to whether Gabby was going to be there in time. With Charlie on the route it was a close thing but she made it just before he appeared on the top of the hill and headed off with Anne, Theresa and Grant on one of several stages to feature 4 runners as Muttons Marauders doubled up to claim the best time. Meanwhile the Sunday team was still short for the final stage!

So after three stages in Michelles car I switched again to Gabbies for the drive to the A283 layby where we were once again faced with a BHF checkpoint. It was here the lethal weapon of three small bouncers was let loose on the cyclists who suddenly found themselves going very slowly! Mum didn't get lost this time though so there were no naughty words to Dad when she finished.

Now for the long climb up to Devils Dyke. Luckily for me, Michelle's car coped well enough, and I pulled into the car park to see the cava being shoved on ice. If ever there was an incentive! At last hash spirit excelled and we were presented with the first three way tie of the day as Sasha, Nigel and Michelle crossed the line together. After 5 stages alone, Wiggy was heard to mope "I've got leprosy", so I gamely leapt in to his car only to be delayed at the petrol station and miss the next lot of runners setting off from Pyecombe Church, doh!

Come Ditchling Beacon we were fully expecting another BHF bundle but amazingly the car park was virtually empty. Reason soon became clear as little Hitler appeared demanding £2 unless you're a National Trust member. Extortion! Whilst Wiggy argued the toss with him and offered a pro-rata amount equivalent to 10 minutes against the all day rate, NT Charlie very gently ambled around the cars quietly deterring the man, who was known to him, from making too much fuss. Further salvation came as Suzanne whacked me on the head to announce her arrival with the words "Oi, I raced that, f* ck off!". Ahh I love it when a pretty girl talks dirty to me, so I did.

By now the strain was beginning to tell, at least on me, and despite Julia's attempts at encouragement, waiting at every stile (she having been abandoned by Andy who needed the training!?) I lumbered into bronze. Here we found that Phil had set the troops of some 15 minutes earlier, a policy he would follow until the end of the day. Well...

So Rodmell, and again runners sent away early, whilst we pondered just what Charlie meant by his comment "I think they're probably okay but I left them a while ago". He then cleared off to start the drinking with the by now somewhat gasping Brett in Alfriston. We still had to gather up Wiggy, and co. from Males Burgh but thanks to Phils cut through policy they beat the cars by 4 minutes, claiming to have run together all the way! Aileen oh so casually flicked the keys over to Grant before letting the by now very strong wind take her down to Alfriston.

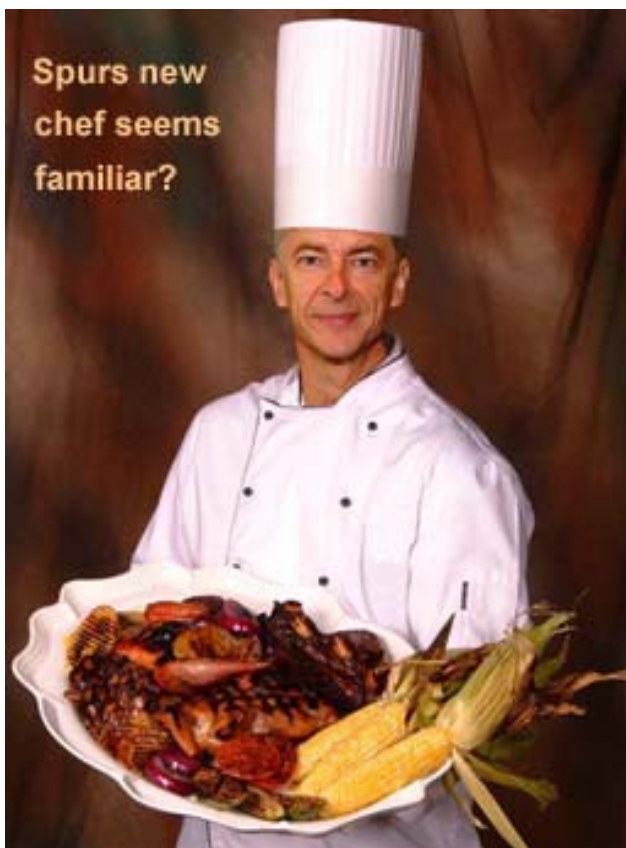
Here I learnt a lesson. I could no longer walk. Phil attempted to talk me out of the next stage but it still left us one short so Julia bravely stepped in to take the run over to Jevington and finally the Sundays had a complete team! I couldn't let the team down though so with a probably lethal cocktail of Tiger balm, aromatherapy oil, nurofen and brandy struggled off in the wake of Dave and Nigel on the final assault. Of course the calves cleared within a few minutes but too late to catch up. Even respectability was sacrificed to the wind but at least I passed 3 bikes. So grateful for every one for waiting for me, even though the delirium of the bouncer may not have added much to your appreciation of the cava. What a great day, as ever, and after heading off out of the wind to imbibe the fizz in the relative shelter of East Dean car park we finished up eating at the Newmarket for much more silliness.

My favourite comment of the day has to be Eddies typically muttunesque observation that there was nothing to tell between the teams as the start column for each stage was identical. Phil's own view was a far more succinct: the results are in, we won. Yes Phil, we know. As usual he completely failed to declare an interest in the disqualifications and dismissals of the other teams, although the parting shot that since his team were first to reach the Beachy Head golf club they must've won gave little credit to the one-in all-off system first introduced some years back to give Phil a fighting chance!

Good luck to the guys carrying the hash flag on the upstart pretender, and for us lesser mortals, next years event will be one to look forward to. Won't it just!

BOUNCER





SPURS BUG HITS HOPES

- Ω Spurs new season kit – White top brown shorts.
 - Ω Results are back re Marriotgate food testing. There were signs of some Hard Cheese and Sour Grapes.
- Also its been reported that when Martin Jol arrived in the Dressing Room that Sunday there was a diarrhoea puddle on the floor. Martin screamed "whose shit on the floor" at which Mido's hand slowly went up and he stated "but I'm good in the air"

SWEET REVENGE AS OFFICIALS WIN THEIR BETS

NEWSFLASH Thames Water confirmed all North London reservoirs are full again due to arsenal fans crying and spurs fans p'ssing themselves

What do Heather Mills and Arsenal have in common? All the money in the world won't buy a second leg!

On the subject of which...

A miner in Africa is telling his friend about the accident he had and how he lost his leg. He complains "who will want me now, a one legged gold digger".
The friend replies "why don't you speak to Paul McCartney".

LIVERPOOL, meanwhile, once again steal the silver, this time from West Ham in probably the greatest FA cup final ever. Nothing funny in that but the late great **Bill Shankly** was good for a quote or two...

(after a 0-0 draw at Anfield): "What can you do, playing against 11 goalposts?"

(after a hard fought 1-1 draw): "The best side drew."

(after beating Everton in the '71 cup semi): "Sickness would not have kept me away from this one. If I'd been dead, I would have had them bring the casket to the ground, prop it up in the stands and cut a hole in the lid."

(after signing Ron Yeats): "With him in defence, we could play Arthur Askey in goal."

(at Dixie Dean's funeral): "I know this is a sad occasion but I think that Dixie would be amazed to know that even in death he could draw a bigger crowd than Everton can on a Saturday Afternoon."

(on Brian Clough): "He's worse than the rain in Manchester. At least the rain in Manchester stops occasionally."

(on Ian St.John): "He's not just the best centre-forward in the British Isles, but the only one."

(on the day he signed Ian St John): "Son, you'll do well here as long as you remember two things. Don't over-eat and don't lose your accent."

(talking to a Liverpool trainee): "The problem with you, son, is that all your brains are in your head"

(to a Liverpool fan): "Where are you from?" "I'm a Liverpool fan from London." "Well laddie ... What's it like to be in heaven?"

(to a photographer who suggested Brian Clough was outspoken): "Laddie, that man scored 200 goals in 270 matches - an incredible record - and he has won cup after cup as a manager. When he talks, pin back your ears."

(to a reporter in the 60's): "Yes, Roger Hunt misses a few, but he gets in the right place to miss them."

(to a translator, when being surrounded by gesticulating Italian journalists): "Just tell them I completely disagree with everything they say!"

(to Alan Ball, who'd just signed for Everton): "Don't worry, Alan. At least you'll be able to play close to a great team!"

(to Kevin Keegan): "Just go out and drop a few hand-grenades all over the place, son."

(to the journalist suggesting Liverpool were in difficulties): "Ay, here we are with problems at the top of the league."

(to the players after failing to sign Lou Macari): "I only wanted him for the reserves."

(to Tommy Smith): "You son, you could start a riot in a graveyard."

(to Tommy Smith, who tried to explain that his bandaged knee was injured):

"Take that bandage off. And what do you mean about YOUR knee? It's Liverpool's knee!"

"Of course I didn't take my wife to see Rochdale as an anniversary present. It was her birthday. Would I have got married in the football season? Anyway, it was Rochdale reserves."

"Some people believe football is a matter of life and death, I am very disappointed with that attitude. I can assure you it is much, much more important than that."

"A lot of football success is in the mind. You must believe you are the best and then make sure that you are. In my time at Liverpool we always said we had the best two teams on Merseyside, Liverpool and Liverpool Reserves."





ARSENAL F.C. END OF SEASON DINNER DANCE

Starter

Egg on Face
Seasoned Hash
Frogs legs (past their best)
Spanish Surprise (well beaten)

Main course

Humble Pie
Chump Chops
French (has) Beans
Manager's Beef (not rare)
Catch of the Day - big lemon Sol (gutted)

NB: everything is imported, nothing is home grown.

Dessert

Sour Grapes (may be hard to swallow)
Fruitless Tarts
Raspberry Fools
Hard Cheese

Drinks

Bitter
Little Spirit
French Whine
Cabernet Empty 2006
Champagne - sorry none ordered
STRICTLY NO DOUBLES OR TREBLES

NB: drinks should be consumed from glasses as there will be no cups this year.

Guest speaker:

Sir Alex Ferguson - "What it's like to win the European Cup"

Please note that the club's European Tour for the season 2006-07 is not guaranteed.

THE SILLY PAGE

Anyone fancy it?*

A friend of a friend has got 3 spare tickets for England's opening game of the world cup against Paraguay.

The tickets are £150 each, which I would consider paying, as touts will want far more.

If you're interested or know anyone who is, please let me know ASAP as these tickets will go very quickly -

* see below for a plan showing the position of the seats.

Good observation

Usually the staff of the company play football. The middle level managers are more interested in Tennis. The top management usually has a preference for Golf. Finding: As you go up the corporate ladder, the balls reduce in size.

The family of potatoes

One night, the Potato family sat down to dinner--Mother Potato and her three daughters. Midway through the meal, the eldest daughter spoke up. "Mother Potato?" she said. "I have an announcement to make."

"And what might that be?" said Mother, seeing the obvious excitement in her eldest daughter's eyes.

"Well," replied the daughter, with a proud but sheepish grin, "I'm getting married!"

The other daughters squealed with surprise as Mother Potato exclaimed, "Married! That's wonderful! And who are you marrying, Eldest daughter?"

"I'm marrying a King Edward!"

"A King Edward!" replied Mother Potato with pride.

"Oh, a King Edward is a fine tater, a fine tater indeed!"

As the family shared in the eldest daughter's joy, the middle daughter spoke up. "Mother? I, too, have an announcement."

"And what might that be?" encouraged Mother Potato.

Not knowing quite how to begin, the middle daughter paused, then said with conviction, "I, too, am getting married!"

"You, too!" Mother Potato said with joy. "That's wonderful! Twice the good news in one evening! And who are you marrying, Middle Daughter?"

"I'm marrying a Lincolnshire White!" beamed the middle daughter.

"A Lincolnshire White!" said Mother Potato with joy. "Oh, a Lincolnshire White is a fine tater, a fine tater indeed!"

Once again, the room came alive with laughter and excited plans for the future, when the youngest Potato daughter interrupted.

"Mother? Mother Potato? Um, I, too, have an announcement to make."

"Yes?" said Mother Potato with great anticipation.

"Well," began the youngest Potato daughter with the same sheepish grin as her eldest sister before her, "I hope this doesn't come as a shock to you, but I am getting married, as well!"

"Really?" said Mother Potato with sincere excitement. "All of my lovely daughters married! What wonderful news! And who, pray tell, are you marrying, Youngest Daughter?"

"I'm marrying John Motson!"

"John Motson?!" Mother Potato scowled suddenly.

"But he's just a common tater!"

Q: How many soccer players does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A1: Five. One to get into position to screw it in, one to kick the legs out from under him, one to snatch the lightbulb and pass it to his mate who, then goes and screws it in over the other side of the room, and one to roll around on the floor pretending to be really injured.

A2: 15 - One to put the bulb in, 10 to kiss him afterwards, and the other side's back four to all stand around and put their hands up.

Another scandal is set to rock football.

Sophie Ellis Bextor's dead body has been found in a French international footballer's hotel room.

The police are treating it as murder on Zidane's floor....

Why did god invent football? So that married men could have some physical contact in their lives.



THE COMIC STRIP PRESENTS
Reggie and Ethel
THE EXCITEMENT OF THE WORLD CUP...



As promised, the girls step up the campaign! That cups gotta be ours.



MORONS OF 2005!!

1. **WILL THE REAL DUMMY PLEASE STAND UP?** AT&T fired President John Walter after nine months, saying he lacked intellectual leadership. He received a \$26 million severance package. Perhaps it's not Walter who's lacking intelligence.
2. **WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS:** Police in Oakland, CA spent two hours attempting to subdue a gunman who had barricaded himself inside his home. After firing ten tear gas canisters, officers discovered that the man was standing beside them in the police line, shouting, "Please come out and give yourself up"
3. **WHAT WAS PLAN B???** An Illinois man, pretending to have a gun, kidnapped a motorist and forced him to drive to two different automated teller machines, wherein the kidnapper proceeded to withdraw money from his own bank accounts.
4. **THE GETAWAY!** A man walked into a Topeka, Kansas Kwik Stop and asked for all the money in the cash drawer. Apparently, the take was too small, so he tied up the store clerk and worked the counter himself for three hours until police showed up and grabbed him.
5. **DID I SAY THAT???** Police in Los Angeles had good luck with a robbery suspect who just couldn't control himself during a line-up. When detectives asked each man in the line-up to repeat the words: "Give me all your money or I'll shoot", the man shouted, "that's not what I said!"
6. **ARE WE COMMUNICATING???** A man spoke frantically into the phone: "My wife is pregnant and her contractions are only two minutes apart". "Is this her first child?" the doctor asked. "No!" the man shouted, "This is her husband!"
7. **NOT THE SHARPEST TOOL IN THE SHED!** In Modesto, CA, Steven Richard King was arrested for trying to hold up a Bank of America branch without a weapon. King used a thumb and a finger to simulate a gun... Unfortunately, he failed to keep his hand in his pocket. (hellooooooo)!
8. **THE GRAND FINALE!!!** Last summer, down on Lake Isabella, located in the high desert, an hour east of Bakersfield, CA, some folks, new to boating, were having a problem. No matter how hard they tried, they couldn't get their brand new 22 foot boat, going. It was very sluggish in almost every manoeuvre, no matter how much power they applied. After about an hour of trying to make it go, they putted into a nearby marina, thinking someone there may be able to tell them what was wrong. A thorough topside check revealed everything in perfect working condition. The engine ran fine, the out-drive went up and down, and the propeller was the correct size and bitch. So, one of the marina guys jumped in the water to check underneath. He came up choking on water, he was laughing so hard. **NOW REMEMBER...THIS IS TRUE.** Under the boat, still strapped securely in place, was the trailer!

CANBERRA: Muslims who want to live under Islamic Sharia law were told on Wednesday to get out of Australia, as the government targeted radicals in a bid to head off potential terror attacks. A day after a group of mainstream Muslim leaders pledged loyalty to Australia at a special meeting with Prime Minister John Howard, he and his ministers made it clear that extremists would face a crackdown. Treasurer Peter Costello hinted that some radical clerics could be asked to leave the country if they did not accept that Australia was a secular state and its laws were made by parliament. "If those are not your values, if you want a country which has Sharia law or a theocratic state, then Australia is not for you," he said on national television. "I'd be saying to clerics who are teaching that there are two laws governing people in Australia, one the Australian law and another, the Islamic law, that this is false. If you can't agree with parliamentary law, independent courts, democracy, and would prefer Sharia law, and have the opportunity to go to another country which practices it, perhaps, then, that's a better option," Costello said. Asked whether he meant radical clerics would be forced to leave, he said those with dual citizenship could possibly be asked move to the other country. Education Minister Brendan Nelson later told reporters that Muslims who did not want to accept local values should "clear off".

"Basically, people who don't want to be Australians, and they don't want to live by Australian values and understand them, well then they can basically clear off," he said. Separately, Howard angered some Australian Muslims on Wednesday by saying he supported spies monitoring the nation's mosques.

BRITS, AMERICANS and CANADIANS.....ARE YOU LISTENING? This is Leadership with guts! The way it is. The way it should be. Our men and women died in two world wars to get us this country and we are giving it away.

BACKSIDE OF THE TRASH

Well. What a surprise. Not. Just look whose backsides it are....



A game at bedtime!!!

An old man and his wife have gone to bed. After laying in bed for a few minutes the old man lets out a loud fart and says "one-nil."

His wife rolls over and asks, "What in the world was that?"

The old man says, "A goal. I'm ahead one-nil."

A few minutes later the wife lets one go and says, "Goal! One all."

The old boy farts again. "Goal! I'm ahead 2-1."

Now starting to get into this the wife quickly farts again and says, "Goal! 2 all."

The old man tries to fart again, but cannot. Trying desperately not to be out-done by his wife, he gives it everything he has to get out just one more fart. He strains a little too hard and sh*tts the bed.

The wife asks, "Now what in the world was that?"

The old man replies, "Half-time, switch sides."

Next time you have a bad day at work, think of this guy. Rob is a commercial saturation diver for global divers in Louisiana. He performs underwater repairs on offshore drilling rigs. Below is an E-mail he sent his sister. She then sent it to The X, 103.2 on your FM dial in Ft Wayne, IN, who was sponsoring a "worst job experience" contest. Needless to say, she won.

Hi Sue,

Just another note from your bottom dwelling brother. Last week I had a bad day at the office. I know you've been feeling down lately at work, so I thought I would share my dilemma with you to make you realize it's not so bad after all.

Before I can tell you what happened, I first must bore you with a few technicalities of my job. As you know, my office lies at the bottom of the sea. I wear a suit to the office. It's a wet suit. This time of the year the water is quite cool. So what we do to keep warm is this: we have a diesel powered industrial water heater.

This \$20,000 piece of equipment sucks the water out of the sea and heats it to a delightful temperature. It then pumps it down to the diver through a garden hose, which is taped to the air hose. Now this sounds like a darn good plan, and I've used it several times with no complaints. What I do, when I get to the bottom and start working, is take the hose and stuff it down the back of my wet suit. This floods my whole suit with warm water. It's like working in a jacuzzi. Everything was going well until all of a sudden, my butt started to itch. So, of course, I scratched it. This only made things worse. Within a few seconds my butt started to burn. I pulled the hose out from my back, but the damage was done. In agony I realized what had happened. The hot water machine had sucked up a jellyfish and pumped it into my suit. Now since I don't have any hair on my back, the jellyfish couldn't stick to it. However, the crack of my butt was not as fortunate. When I scratched what I thought was an itch, I was actually grinding the jellyfish into my butt. I informed the dive supervisor of my dilemma over the communicator. His instructions were unclear due to the fact that he, along with 5 other divers were all laughing hysterically. Needless to say I aborted the dive. I was instructed to make 3 agonizing in-water decompression stops totalling 35 minutes before I could reach the surface to begin my chamber dry decompression. When I arrived at the surface, I was wearing nothing but my brass helmet. As I climbed out of the water, the medic, with tears of laughter running down his face, handed me a tube of cream and told me to rub it on my butt as soon as I got in the chamber. The cream put the fire out, but I couldn't poop for 2 days because my butt hole was swollen shut.

So, next time you're having a bad day at work, think about how much worse it would be if you had a jellyfish shoved up your butt. Now repeat to your self, "I love my job, I love my job, I love my job....."