



BOGGY SHOE



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

Runs/trash #111 August 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)
7th August 2006	1468		Flying Fish, Denton	457 024	Mudlarks & Gomi	01273 271441
Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. B2109 into Denton then 2nd left Denton Road. Pub on right $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Est 20 mins.						

14th August 2006	1469		Fox, Patching	078 057	Mike & Ivan	01273 556553
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. At A280 Angmering turn-off take right at roundabout then left just over A27. Pub 1km on right. Est. 25 mins.						

21st August 2006	1470		Foresters Arms, Fairwarp	466 268	Don & Theresa	01273 385637
Directions: A27 east to second Lewes roundabout. Left on A26 through tunnel, right at roundabout still on A26 to A22. Left and stay on A22 to 4th roundabout. Right on B2026 then 4th right. Pub on left. Est. 30 mins.						

28th August 2006	1471		Coach & Horses, Chelwood	412 287	Dave Evans	01273 473622
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. Left on to lights then left on A275 to North Chailey. At A272 carry on on A275 to Danehill. Left on School Lane and pub on left $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Est. 30 mins.						

4th September 2006	1472		John Harvey Tavern, Lewes	422 103	Grahame & Phil	01273 509958
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. After Dorset Arms turn right for public car park. Walk through to pub opposite brewery shop. Est. 20 mins.						

RECEDING HARES: Sunday 17th September - Sally & James wedding hash
Saturday 30th September - French hash in Montreuil



James Rogers and Sally Flood

Invite you to an Evening Party

In Celebration of Our Marriage

On

Saturday 16th September 2006

At

Birling Manor, East Dean, East Sussex

6.00pm Open House

8.00pm Celebration Party

An Apology!

Okay folks, gotta apologise for the non-appearance of e-mail trash last month. Up until now I have used the office e-mail for sending trash out, simply because I had the full address list on a group there, so it was easy! Recent events at the office suggest that I might be better off finally figuring out how to do this from home so here we go! If anyone wants a belated copy let me know and I'll get one to you.

Interestingly, main trash supplier Ivan has also reverted to a home e-mail which has seen a marked drop in the material coming through. Not a problem with the pile I've built up, but with Malibog returning to haring duty for the first time in 20 years on his annual visit from Stockholm, this is also a good time to shamelessly plunder his recent volumes as editor of the Stockholm trash. Thanks mate!

Two big events coming up to draw your attention to:

First off, our own Sally is getting married to James Rogers of Friends of the Mole H3 on Saturday 16th September. They met at Interhash 2004 while haring the W&NK H3 run and found they had so many similar interests they hit it off right from the start. So a true hash Wedding in every sense means they just have to get wed on a hash! After the main event on Saturday, there will be a **wedding hash on Sunday 17th**, which will include them actually tying the knot hash style! I know we don't usually run on Sundays but please make a special effort to keep this day free and attend what will be a brilliant run (okay I'm co-haring but Nicola will ensure quality control despite that!) and après from the Birling Gap hotel.

Right at the end of the month is our annual hash to France summed up by the following mails from Chris and Niel. The board will be doing the rounds shortly on hash night but please let one of them know as soon as possible if you want to come.

Bouncer

Email below from Niel about the Hash weekend in Montreuil. I've chatted to Niel, Tony and co - and settled on 30th Sep/1st Oct, if folks would like to go. Niel has a suggestion about accommodation, although would mean drivers remaining sober until they get back to accommodation. The St Deneux idea needs to be firmed up within 2 weeks, otherwise we revert to hotels. Last years meal at the Coq was very good, so we need to start to collect numbers to get a booking under way. Best if folks e-mail in if they're interested.

niel_robinson@hotmail.com

chrisdauncey@ottercm.fsnet.co.uk

Thanks for your help - cheers Chris

Alas very bad at making the Monday Brighton Hashes. So have reverted to emails!

Providing folks are still keen on Le Hash W.End, it's now time to establish the weekend. As you know, most bashes have been the last w.end of Sept. So this year it would be 30thSept/1stOct. I'm sure this would not suit all folks but please would you check this out with the Greyhounds, SpreadSheet and other important hashers to establish if this w.end would be OK.

One bit of news is that an old friend who has a cracking farmette at St Deneux (approx 10km from M-s-M) has offered us use of the accom. I think it could sleep up to 16 folks and the cost per head would be quite low (to be determined). I therefore need to have the dates agreed asap to enable me to get things fixed up. Some hashers may perhaps wish to stay at the Coq or other M-s-M hotel? Final numbers as usual can be sorted out later.

Best Regards to all The Hash Folk Niel (greyhound)



Announcement

Adobe would like to clarify the following:



This is a PDF file



This is a Paedophile

We apologise for the disappointment caused to some visitors of our site.

Adobe.

- Two blondes living in Sydney were sitting on a bench talking... and one blonde says to the other, "Which do you think is farther away.....Tasmania or the moon?" The other blonde turns and says "Helloooooo, can you see Tasmania...???"
- A blonde was playing Trivial Pursuit one night. It was her turn. She rolled the dice and she landed on Science & Nature Her question was, "If you are in a vacuum and someone calls your name, can you hear it?" She thought for a time and then asked, "Is it on or off?"
- A blonde is terribly overweight, so her doctor puts her on a diet. "I want you to eat regularly for two days, then skip a day, and repeat this procedure for two weeks. The next time I see you, you'll have lost at least five pounds." When the blonde returns, she's lost nearly 20 pounds. "Why, that's amazing!" the doctor says. "Did you follow my instructions?" The blonde nods. "I'll tell you, though, I thought I was going to drop dead that third day." "From hunger, you mean?" asked the doctor. "No, from skipping."
- An executive was interviewing a young blonde for a position in his company. He wanted to find out something about her personality so he asked, "If you could have a conversation with anyone, living or dead, who would it be?" The blonde quickly responded, "The living one."
- A girl was visiting her blonde friend, who had acquired two new dogs, and asked her what their names were. The blonde responded by saying that one was named Rolex and one was named Timex. Her friend said, "Whoever heard of someone naming dogs like that?" "HELLLOOOOOOO.....," answered the blond. "They're watch dogs!"

The Perfect Woman..... with the Perfect Attitude

1. I'll swallow it all....I love the taste
2. Are you sure you've had enough to drink?
3. I'm bored. Let's shave my pussy!
4. Shouldn't you be down at the bar with your buddies?
5. That was a great fart! Do another one!
6. I've decided to stop wearing clothes around the house.
7. You're so sexy when your hungover.
8. I'd rather watch football and drink beer with you than go shopping.
9. Let's subscribe to Husler.
10. Would you like to watch me go down on my girlfriend?
11. Say, let's go down to the mall so you can check out woman's asses.
12. I'll start painting the house when I'm done cutting the grass.
13. I love it when you play golf on Sundays. I just wish that you had time to play on Saturday too.
14. Honey...our new neighbour's daughter is sunbathing again. Come see!!
15. I know it's a lot tighter back there but, would you please try again.
16. No. No. I'll take the car to have the oil changed.
17. Your mother is way better than mine.
18. Do me a favour, forget the stupid Valentine's Day thing and buy new clubs.
19. I understand fully. . . our anniversary comes every year. You go hunting with the guys, it's a wonderful stress reliever.
20. Oh come on, what do you say we rent a good porno film, buy a box of beers and have my friend Tammy come over for a threesome!
21. Oh come one, not the damn mall again, let's go to that new strip club.
22. Listen, I make enough money for the both of us, why don't you retire and get that nagging handicap down to 7 or 8.
23. You need your sleep ya big silly, now stop getting up for the night feedings.
24. God.. if I don't get to blow you soon, I swear I'm gonna bust.
25. I signed up for yoga so that I can get my ankles behind my head just for you.



ANIMAL MAGIC

Mother love - Awww too cute man !!!!!!!

In a zoo in California, a mother tiger gave birth to a rare set of triplet tiger cubs. Unfortunately, due to complications in the pregnancy, the cubs were born prematurely and due to their tiny size, they died shortly after birth. The mother tiger after recovering from the delivery, suddenly started to decline in health, although physically she was fine. The veterinarians felt that the loss of her litter had caused the tigress to fall into a depression. The doctors decided that if the tigress could surrogate another mother's cubs, perhaps she would improve.

After checking with many other zoos across the country, the depressing news was that there were no tiger cubs of the right age to introduce to the mourning mother. The veterinarians decided to try something that had never been tried in a zoo environment. Sometimes a mother of one species will take on the care of a different species. The only "orphans" that could be found quickly, were a litter of weaner pigs.

The zoo keepers and vets wrapped the piglets in tiger skin and placed the babies around the mother tiger.

Would they become cubs or pork chops? The evidence David:



A rabbit walks into a pub and says to the barman "Can I have a pint of beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie"

The barman is amazed but gives the rabbit a pint of beer and a ham and cheese toastie. The rabbit drinks the beer and eats the toastie, he then leaves. The following night the rabbit returns and again asks for a Pint of Beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie. The barman, now intrigued by the rabbit and the extra drinkers in the pub (because word gets round) gives the rabbit the pint and the toastie. The rabbit consumes them and leaves. The next night, the pub is packed, in walks the rabbit and says "A pint of beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, please barman". The crowd is hushed as the barman gives the rabbit his pint and toastie and then burst into applause as the rabbit wolfs them down. The next night there is standing room only in the pub, coaches have been laid on for the crowds of patrons attending, the barman is making more money in one week than he did all last year. In walks the rabbit and says, "A Pint of Beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, please barman", smiling and accepting the tributes of the masses. The barman says, "I'm sorry rabbit, old mate, old mucker but we are right out of them Ham and Cheese Toasties". The rabbit looks aghast, the crowd has quietened to almost a whisper, when the barman clears his throat nervously and says, "We do have a very nice Cheese and Onion Toastie".

The rabbit looks him in the eye and says, "Are you sure I will like it"?



The masses bated breath is ear shatteringly silent. The barman, with a roguish smile says, "Do you think that I would let down one of my best friends, I know you'll love it"

"OK" says the rabbit, "I'll have a Pint of Beer and a Cheese and Onion Toastie". The pub erupts with glee as the rabbit quaffs the beer and guzzles the toastie, he then waves to the crowd and leaves NEVER TO RETURN!!!!!!

One year later in the now impoverished public house, the barman (who has only served 5 drinks tonight, 3 of which were his) calls time. When he is cleaning down the now empty bar, he sees a small white form, floating above the bar. The barman says, "Who are you?". To which he is answered, "I am the ghost of the rabbit that used to frequent your public house"

The barman says, "I remember you, you made me famous, you would come in every night and have a Pint of Beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, masses came to see you and this place was famous"

The rabbit says, "Yes I know". The barman said, "I remember, on your last night we didn't have any Ham and Cheese Toasties, you had a Cheese and Onion one instead"

The rabbit said "Yes, you promised me that I would love it"

The barman said "You never came back, after that fateful night, what happened?"

"I DIED", said the Rabbit.

"Blimey" said the barman, "what from".

After a short pause, the rabbit said... "Mixing me toasties"

WORLD CUP ROUND-UP

Raul, Ronaldo and Beckham were all at Real Madrid's canteen. They were eating their packed lunch and Raul said; "Tapas again! If I get Tapas one more time for lunch I'm going to jump off the top of the stadium." Ronaldo opened his lunch box and exclaimed, "Burritos again! If I get burritos one more time I'm going to jump off, too." Beckham opened his lunch and said, "Ham & Cheese again. If I get a Ham & Cheese sandwich one more time, I'm jumping too."

The next day Raul opened his lunch box, saw Tapas and jumped to his death. Ronaldo opened his lunch, saw a burrito and jumped too. Beckham opened his lunch, saw the Ham & Cheese and jumped to his death as well.

At the funeral Raul's wife was weeping. She said, "If I'd known how really tired he was of Tapas I never would have given it to him again!" Ronaldo's wife also wept and said, "I could have given him tacos or enchiladas! I didn't realize he hated burritos so much." Everyone turned and stared at the skinny arseless bint wearing oversized sun glasses and trailer trash trucker baseball cap. "Hey, don't look at me," said Posh, "David makes his own lunch."



BITTER

HENRY

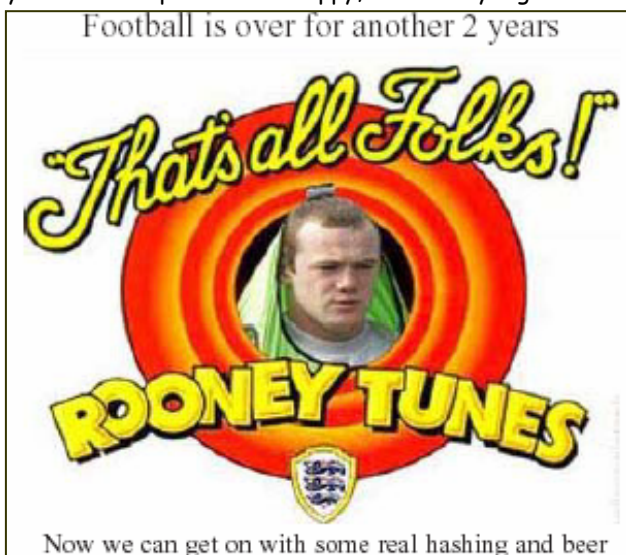
Since that Sunday evening the whole World has been debating what Italian defender Marco Materazzi said to Zinedine Zidane to make the retiring Frenchman react in the way he did. The French captain, in his last ever professional game, thrust his head into Materazzi's chest in Sunday's World Cup Final resulting in a red card and shame for Zidane. Today, with the help of Italian lip-reader Arturo Belladini, we can reveal what drove Zidane to self destruct;

Materazzi was seen to hold Zidane's shirt on the edge of the penalty box in extra-time at which point Zidane said "if you want my shirt so bad you can have it" Materazzi responded "I dont want your shirt you mother f*cker. you're a f*cking old man" As they jog away Zidane is seen to laugh at this and it is unclear how he responded due to him having his back to the TV camera Materazzi then hit a volley of abuse "you should've quit 2 years ago, you're a f*cking has-been" "mother f*cker! your mum is a f*cking muslim terrorist and you are too, f*ck you old man f*ck you" old man, this arena is not for you anymore mother f*cker" Zidane carries on jogging away "you are only good enough for (delete as necessary) West Ham, Tottenham, Newcastle, Everton, Leeds, Crystal Palace, Charlton, Norwich, Liverpool now" It's at this very point Zidane turned and head-butted him. (Alright that bit's made up.)

What I did on my Summer Holidays by Theo Walcott

I went to a place called Germany with my Uncle Sven and some other grown ups. It is a country in Europe where a bad man called Adolf used to live with his naff ties, he does not live there anymore, Uncle Owen does live there, and the grown ups say I can't talk about the bad man as it will make Uncle Owen cry if I do. In Germany there are lots of castles and some mountains. We are staying in a place called Baden Baden that's a silly name, Uncle Frank has the same name as his dad, that's silly too; his mum must get their underpants mixed up all the time. On the aeroplane Uncle Sol sat next to me, he got me some toffee and wants to be my friend, he works at the place where I do my YTS, so does Uncle Freddy but him and Uncle Sol are not best friends anymore. Uncle Owen met us at the airport, he talks foreign, Uncle Wayne, Uncle Steven and Uncle David also talk funny, my mum says Uncle David talks like Orville, he is a duck, Uncle Sol says Uncle David wears dresses and knickers, and asked me if I had ever worn them. Uncle Sol got me some pop. In Germany the grown ups are going to play football, my Granddad says we beat them in the olden days before my mum was born. That is a long time ago. While the grown ups went to play football so I went shopping with Auntie Vicky and Auntie Colleen and some other girls. Auntie Vicky bought me a big ice cream and got herself a little one but she said she was full before she had eaten any and threw it away. She bought lots of shoes and handbags and let me play with Brooklyn. She says she used to be in a pop band and sang me one of her songs, I think she was telling fibs. I told Uncle Sol about my day out with Vicky and he sulked, then he bought me an even bigger ice cream with lots of hundreds & thousands on it. All the other grown ups have a girlfriend except Uncle Sol so he plays with me while they go out. Uncle Sven says I must keep Uncle Sol happy, that's why I got taken on holiday. The grown ups went to play Football against somebody

called Sweden, Uncle Sol was crying as Uncle Freddy played for them and would not talk to him. Uncle Sol bought me lots of toffee today and some crisps. Uncle Sven is from Sweden and I heard him on the phone to Uncle Wayne's boss last night. Uncle Sven was naughty and he said a bad word too. He said "fukcing Ferguson" but I don't know why. Uncle Michael hurt his knee and had to go home to his mum for a plaster. Uncle Peter is a giant, a proper giant like you see in books; he is rubbish at football though. Uncle Wayne had a sore toe at the start of our holiday but it got better so they let him play football. Uncle Sol got me a present but I do not like it. He says all Germans wear leather underpants and I should while we are here, they are too tight for me. All the grown ups started to call Uncle Wayne a potato head who stood on somebody's spuds. He got shouted at by the referee. They are all saying that we have to go home now. Uncle Sol was crying again and I had to sit on his knee to make him stop. He had his mobile phone in his pocket, I think.



Now we can get on with some real hashing and beer

OOPS - EGHHS ran from the Horns Lodge on June 12th, and look what happened:

I have just had the misfortune of your “run” crossing my land. Imagine – you are sitting in your garden amongst 25 acres of fields and woodland on peaceful, balmy summer’s evening. From out of nowhere a mob appears screaming and shouting at the tops of their voices. They spread themselves across your fields – a field containing a flock of sheep, next to a field where horses are grazing.

As a consequence of their extreme shouting and bawling, your members scared the proverbial out of my horses and sheep and a lady and her dogs peacefully walking along the public footpath and angering us sitting in our peaceful surroundings. One of my horses is now lame as a consequence of having been spooked by your mob; an injury which could prove to be costly. Why should we have to put up with this on our own land? When your members were confronted, there was no apology or understanding of the situation – just a comment as to whether we had ever been on a hunt? Not helpful or relevant.

I wonder whether you have ever considered the effect your “game” has on livestock, landowners and those unfortunate enough to encounter you en route, or are you, as I suspect, completely disinterested in anyone else but yourselves?

I can find no reason why there has to be such ridiculous shouting which completely ruins the integrity of a quiet, rural landscape and destroys the enjoyment of a beautiful summer’s evening. If 99.99% of the time it is quiet and peaceful and then suddenly what sounds like an angry mob turns up en masse in your fields, it is hardly surprising that livestock will be frightened out of their lives.

By all means carry out your “sport” but if you intend to run across private land you should have the courtesy of contacting the landowners first and ensuring that you will not be scaring livestock. Please be advised that a public footpath is 5 foot in width (whether fenced or not) – your “members” were spread out across the field, shouting at the tops of their voices en route. In this instance they paid no heed to, nor did they check, whether there was any livestock in the fields before the shouting and hollering commenced from out of the blue. For your information fields usually equal livestock!! There is no reason why your sport should take place at the expense of other people’s enjoyment.

Perhaps you should stop for a moment and attempt to view things from outside of your “club”. I have no wish to spoil your enjoyment but please do not think you have the god-given right to have it at the expense of everyone’s peace and quiet and animals’ well-being. I cannot be the first landowner which your club members have upset.

I would appreciate the courtesy of your comments provided they are constructive. Should you not see fit to furnish some form of apology and an assurance that such an incident will not happen in the future, I may feel obliged to take the matter further. Indeed it may be duty to forewarn people that the EGHHS are on the way in readiness for your future runs, as listed on your website. I employ a PR company to handle my company’s business who would be more than pleased to write a suitable press release for local newspapers within the area of each run. “LOCK UP YOUR ANIMALS AND DON YOUR EAR DEFENDERS – EGHHS ARE OUT TO ENJOY THEMSELVES AT YOUR COST”.

Ann Zytynski

Dear Mrs Zytynski,

I believe I was the sole recipient of your e-mail complaining about East Grinstead Hash House Harriers, therefore I must offer the excuse of my absence abroad for your not receiving a reply sooner.

First of all let me apologize for any discomfiture that our run caused you on the evening of June 12th. We do not set out to be disagreeable, but the very nature of our pursuit requires that we alert fellow runners when we discover the previously marked trail, and although you characterize this as screaming, shouting, bawling (“bawling”?) and hollering, it is nothing more than the average human voice calling “On, On”. To someone expecting complete silence, this will of course be disturbing; but the disturbance is not violent or alarming and we pass quickly. When we meet objections from people, it is usually sufficient for us to explain the sporting nature of our presence to mollify objectors. I do not know what transpired in the conversations you had with our members, but I imagine in the heat of exertion whoever spoke to you had no time to be as decorous as you expected. You certainly should have been able to work out quickly you were not being confronted by “an angry mob”. Animals, I aver, have no such powers of deduction, and since we are acutely conscious of being in the countryside, we moderate our calls to suit the circumstances when we are near livestock. If horses are in sight, we make as little noise as possible. This is common sense, and we apply it; but we cannot always spot animals at a distance, behind hedges, etc, so we rely on the sound of our gradual approach to avoid startling them. Since we run exclusively on public footpaths, most of the livestock we encounter are in any case familiar with the passage of humans. If, as you say, some of our runners had strayed onto your private land, then I must apologize for this transgression – it sometimes happens that the footpath is not clearly marked or not a straight line and they go looking for it.

We have had only a handful of complaints in the 25 years of the club’s existence. Most people accept that our fleeting impact on the tranquillity of the countryside is not sufficiently bothersome to warrant writing about, if indeed they regard our group as any sort of nuisance at all. I note the suggestions you make about how we should prepare for our runs, but I shall have to demur over their adoption, as they are hardly practical. I think instead both parties should take a more philosophical approach to how we contend in our different ways for enjoyment of the open spaces and just accept Sartre’s observation that “Hell is other people”.

Yours sincerely,

Ian O’Donovan (Grand Master of East Grinstead Hash House Harriers)

Westerham & North Kent H3 in a co-production with Barnes H3 proudly present:

The Beer Hunters

Saturday 23 September, Horsham, W Sussex

Join us for another classic W&NKH3 **Treasure Hunt** in the ancient market town of Horsham, home to three breweries and 11 pubs in and within walking distance of the town centre.

The Treasure hunt will start at noon (meet at 11.30am) and, besides clues, will provide plenty of opportunity to sample local ales and hostelrys. We are hoping to persuade one of the breweries to put on a tasting for us if we get sufficient numbers. There will be an optional (ie if you've had too much beer we won't force you to eat!) meal in the evening when prizes will be awarded.

Layby and Lunchbox will lay their joint Hashy Birthday trail from Horsham the next day - pub to be announced but probably the Black Jug.

Travel: By road: A24 or M23 + A264. By train: London Victoria direct to Horsham. From London Waterloo change at Clapham Junction. From Brighton change at Three Bridges.

Accommodation: Travel Inn opposite the station: 01403.250141 or 0870.1977136. B&Bs through the Tourist Office: 01403.211661

How to book

Send a cheque for £5 payable to Westerham & North Kent H3 with the tear off slip below to: Caroline (Fetherlite) Thomas, 1 Old Denne Gardens, Denne Road, Horsham, Sussex RH12 1JA or hand to me at a Hash. Full joining info will be sent nearer the time.

W&NKH3/BH3 Treasure Hunt - 23/24 September 2006

Name: _____

Email: _____

Address: _____

We are currently trying to negotiate local camping. If you would be interested in this please tick this box.

☐

RELIGIOUS

Read the following explanation before looking at the picture at the bottom of the page.

This picture is not doctored. Most Syrians struggle to even read Arabic, much less have a clue about English. So, how do a group of Syrian protest leaders create the most impact with their signs by having the standard "Death To Americans"(etc.) slogans printed in English? Answer: They simply hire an English-speaking civilian to translate and write their statements into English. Unfortunately, in this case, they were unaware that the "civilian" insurance company employee hired for the job was a retired US Army sergeant! Obviously, pictures of this protest rally never made their way through the Arab TV networks!

A priest, a Pentecostal preacher and a Rabbi all served as chaplains to the students of Northern Michigan University in Marquette. They would get together two or three times a week for coffee and to talk shop. One day, someone made the comment that preaching to people isn't really all that hard. A much more real challenge would be to preach to a bear. One thing led to another and they decided to do an experiment they would all go out into the woods, find a bear, preach to it, and attempt to convert it. Seven days later they're all together to discuss the experience. Father Flannery, who has his arm in a sling, is on crutches, and has various bandages, goes first. "Well," he says, "I went into the woods to find me a bear. And when I found him I began to read to him from the Catechism. Well, that bear wanted nothing to do with me and began to slap me around. So I quickly grabbed my holy water, sprinkled him and, Holy Mary Mother of God, he became as gentle a lamb. The bishop is coming out next week to give him first communion and confirmation." Reverend Billy Bob spoke next. He was in a wheelchair, with an arm and both legs in casts. In his best fire and brimstone oratory he claimed, "WELL brothers, you KNOW that we don't sprinkle! I went out and I FOUND me a bear. And then I began to read to my bear from God's HOLY WORD! But that bear wanted nothing to do with me. So I took HOLD of him and we began to wrestle. We wrestled down one hill, UP another and DOWN another until we came to a creek. So I quick DUNKED him and BAPTIZED his hairy soul. And just like you said, he became as gentle as a lamb. We spent the rest of the time praising Jesus." They both looked down at the rabbi, who was lying in a hospital bed. He was in a body cast and traction with IV's and monitors running in and out of him. He was in really bad shape. The rabbi looks up and says, "Looking back on it now, circumcision may not have been the very best way to have started out."

Old Fred's hospital bed is surrounded by well-wishers, but it doesn't look good. Suddenly, he motions frantically to the pastor for something to write on. The pastor lovingly hands him a pen and a piece of paper, and Fred uses his last bit of energy to scribble a note, then dies. The pastor thinks it best not to look at the note right away and places it in his jacket pocket. At Fred's funeral and as the pastor is finishing his eulogy, he realizes he's wearing the jacket he was wearing when Fred died. "Fred handed me a note just before he died," he says. "I haven't looked at it, but knowing Fred, I'm sure there's a word of inspiration in it for us all." Opening the note, he reads aloud, "Help! You're standing on my oxygen tube!"

A young preacher was contacted by the local funeral director to hold a grave-side committal service at a small local cemetery for someone with no family or friends. The preacher started early but quickly got himself lost, making several wrong turns. He arrived a half-hour late, the hearse was nowhere in sight, and the workmen were eating lunch. The pastor went to the open grave and found the vault lid already in place. Taking out his book, he read the service. As he was returning to his car, he overheard one of the workmen say: "Think we should tell him it's a septic tank?"

HOW MOSES GOT THE 10 COMMANDMENTS...

God went to the Arabs and said, "I have Commandments for you that will make your lives better." The Arabs asked, "What are Commandments?" The Lord said, "They are rules for living." "Can you give us an example?" "You shall not kill." "Not kill? We're not interested."

So God went to the Blacks and said, "I have Commandments." The Blacks wanted an example, and the Lord said, "Honour your Father and Mother." "Father? We don't know who our fathers are."

Then God went to the Mexicans and said, "I have Commandments." The Mexicans also wanted an example, and the Lord said, "You shall not steal." "Not steal? We're not interested."

So God went to the French and said, "I have Commandments." The French too wanted an example and the Lord said, "You shall not commit adultery." "Not commit adultery? We're not interested." Finally, God went to the Jews and said, "I have Commandments." "Commandments?" they said, "How much are they?" "They're free." "We'll take 10."

There, that ought to offend just about everybody!



THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES AND ALL THAT

A little girl asked her mother, "Mommy, may I take the dog for a walk around the block?" Her mom says, "No, because the dog is in heat."

"What does that mean?" asked the child.

"Go ask your father. I think he is in the garage."

The little girl goes to the garage and says, "Daddy, may I take Susie for a walk around the block? I asked Mommy, but she said that Susie was in heat, and for me to ask to you."

Dad said, "Bring Susie over here" He took a rag, soaked it with gasoline, and scrubbed the dog's rear-end with it and said, "Okay, you can go now, but keep Susie on the leash and only go one time around the block."

The little girl left, and returned a short time later with the leash but without the dog. Her Dad asked, "Where is Susie?"

The little girl said, "She will be here in a minute."

She ran out of gas about halfway down the block and another dog is pushing her home.



A man called home to his wife and said, "Honey I have been asked to go fishing up in Canada with my boss and several of his friends. We'll be gone for a week. This is a good opportunity for me to get that promotion I've been wanting so could you please pack enough clothes for a week and set out my rod and fishing box? We're leaving from the office and I will swing by the house to pick my things up" "Oh! Please pack my new blue silk pyjamas."

The wife thinks this sounds a bit fishy but being the good wife she is, did exactly what her husband asked. The following weekend he came home a little tired but otherwise looking good. The wife welcomed him home and asked if he caught many fish? He said, "Yes! Lots of Salmon, some Bluegill, and a few Swordfish. But why didn't you pack my new blue silk pyjamas like I asked you to do?"

The wife replied, "I did. They're in your fishing box!!"



Two elderly gentlemen, who had been without sex for several years, decided they needed to visit a whore-house for some tail.....

When they arrived, the madam took one look at them and decided she wasn't going to waste any of her girls on these

two old men. So she used "blow-up" dolls instead. She put the dolls in each man's room and left them to their business. After the two men were finished, they started walking home and began to talking. The first man said, "I think the girl I had was dead. She never moved, talked or even groaned... how was it for you?"

The second man replied, "I think mine

was a witch. When I nibbled on her breast..... she farted and flew out the window!"

A man walks into a drug store with his 8-year old son. They happen to walk by the condom display, and the boy asks, "What are these, Dad?"

To which the man matter-of-factly replies, "Those are called condoms son. Men use them to have safe sex."

"Oh I see," replied the boy pensively. "Yes, I've heard of that in health class at school." He looks over the display and picks up a package of three and asks, "Why are there three in this package?"

The dad replies, "Those are for high school boys, one for Friday, one for Saturday, and one for Sunday."

"Cool!" says the boy. He notices a 6 pack and asks, "Then who are these for?"

"Those are for college men," the dad answers, TWO for Friday, TWO for Saturday, and TWO for Sunday."

"WOW!" exclaimed the boy, "then who uses THESE?" he asks, picking up a 12 pack.

With a huge sigh, the dad replied, "Those are for married men. One for January, one for February, one for March... and that's on a good year!"



THE END

The Amazing Edwin.

It was entertainment night at the old folks home and the Amazing Edwin was topping the bill. People came from miles around to see the famed hypnotist do his stuff.

As Edwin went to the front of the meeting room, he announced, "Unlike most hypnotists who invite two or three people up here to be put into a trance, I intend to hypnotize each and every member of the audience."

The excitement was almost electric as Edwin withdrew a beautiful antique pocket watch from his coat. "I want you each to keep your eye on this antique watch. It's a very special watch. It's been in my family for six generations."

He began to swing the watch gently back and forth, while quietly chanting; "Watch the watch, watch the watch, watch the watch..."

The crowd became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth, light gleaming off it's polished surface. Hundreds of pairs of eyes followed the swaying watch, until, suddenly, it slipped from the hypnotist's fingers and fell to the floor, breaking into a hundred pieces.

"SH*T," said the hypnotist.

It took three days to clean up the old folks home.

John came back from a safari in Africa. Upon arrival, he went to his friend, Stuart, and told him of his adventures.

"I was out in the jungle," he said, "when all of a sudden I heard a noise in the bush behind me. Looking back, I saw a huge lion, licking his chops and smiling at me.

"The lion started coming my way and I started running, with the lion not far behind. When the lion was almost at my neck, he suddenly slipped, and I got ahead a bit.

"The lion started gaining on me again, and as he got closer, once again he slipped. I happened to see a house not far away, so I made towards it. I got close to the house with the lion almost on top of me when he slipped for a third time.

"With my very last bit of strength, I ran into the house and closed the door in the lion's face.

"That's some story there, John. I would have shit my pants."

"Well, what do you think the lion kept slipping on?"



An Undertaker rings the wife of a dead man he is to bury.. "Mrs Jones, this is the manager of the Sunny Pines burial service and were having a bit of a problem with your late husband." "What's wrong?" Asks Mrs Jones.

"As you know, he was rather a 'big' man. When rigor mortis sets in to a male corpse, he ends up with an erection and, basically, we can't close the lid of your husband's coffin." Says the undertaker. "What can you do?" she asks surprised. "We can get a special coffin made that is about 4" taller than standard but it will cost you an extra \$1000." He says with a somber tone of



At the Dung Beetle Bar.

voice "I can't afford that. Can't you do something to solve the problem which is a little less expensive?" she says.

The undertaker thinks for a second, then suggests. "We could remove his penis."

"Hang on, I want him all there, together in his coffin when we bury him. I don't want bits of him lying around." Mrs

Jones said angrily over the phone. "No worries, we can remove his penis and insert it in his rectum." Said the undertaker.

"OK, but only on two conditions. It can't cost any extra and I want to see the body immediately before the funeral." Said Mrs

Jones in a matter of fact voice. "That's OK, see you before the funeral." Said the undertaker. At the funeral hall, the undertaker shows the wife into the back room where they have her deceased husband laid out in the coffin, wearing his best suit, with make-up on to make him look presentable. The undertaker closes the door of the room behind him as he leaves the wife alone with her dearly departed husband for the last time. She goes up to her husband's body and silently says her last, private good byes. As she is doing this she notices a small tear has trickled out of the corner of his eye and smudged the make-up. She looks around to see if anyone else is in the room. When she knows she is there by herself, she bends down and whispers in her husband's ear. "Hurts, doesn't it, you bloody bastard!"