



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*Runs/trash #113 October 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)
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2nd October 2006	1476		Thatched Inn, Keymer	315 158	Steve	01273 842778
<b>Directions:</b> From A23 follow A273 over Clayton Hill. Take B2112 towards Ditchling. Take left turn after 1 mile, then left at t-junction and immediately right up Ockley Lane. Pub is set back about 1/2 mile on left. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>						

9th October 2006	1477		Hare & Hounds, Cowfold	214 222	Brett & Jo	
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A272 Haywards Heath turn-off. Turn right at T-junction. Left at roundabout and pub on left 1/4 mile. <b>c.20 mins</b>						

16th October 2006	1478		Crabtree, Lower Beeding	220 253	Dave Roberts	
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A272. Right at t-junction towards Cowfold. Right at roundabout, then straight on. Pub 2 miles on right. <b>Est 20 mins.</b>						

23rd October 2006	1479		Woolpack, Burgess Hill	301 198	Louis & Rik	
<b>Directions:</b> Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. Go over 1st roundabout then left at next A273. Right at next and pub 500m on left. Estimate 20 mins.						

30th October 2006	1480		Cleveland, Fiveways, Brighton	312 064	Bouncer & Wiggy	01273 441611
<b>Directions:</b> Head south on A23 to Preston Park traffic lights. Turn left and take 6 <sup>th</sup> right. Pub on right. <b>Est. 5 mins.</b>						

6th November 2006	1481		Beardsfield Nursery			
333 172			Pete Eastwood - to be confirmed			
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north, filter in l/hand lane on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP c. 1 mile on right. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>						

## RECEDING HARELINE

13/11/06	1482	Gun Inn Findon,	Ivan Mike
20/11/06	1483	Thatch, Keymer	Eileen & Bob
27/11/06	1484	Black Horse, Rottingdean	Don & Pat
04/12/06	1485	Black Lion, Halland	Bob Luck
11/12/06	1486	TBA	Terry & Rosemary
18/12/06	1487	Hickstead Hotel	Rik's Christmas party
27/02/07	1500	R*n #1 projection	
19/03/07	1500	Current numbering projection	
09/04/07	1500	Bouncers projection	



## SORT THIS ONE OUT!

Okay, anyone who has been keeping an eye on the receding hareline will have noticed the 1500<sup>th</sup> run getting the odd mention. As time rushes on (and the fact that Pete cornered me at Sally and James wedding asking if I could pull something together) we should get this organised. There is however, a slight hiccup which we can probably use to our advantage: we've got no idea of the real date!

If we start with the current numbering and work it forward the date is **19<sup>th</sup> March 2007**. If we start with the alleged hash inaugural run of 6<sup>th</sup> June 1978 (as per the 750<sup>th</sup> t-shirt/ vest!) the date is 27<sup>th</sup> February 2007. That actually works out to a Tuesday so that can't be right! Nevertheless we are assured by the Grandmasters Phil and Pete that the week is correct and that we have never missed a week, always a Monday if possible, and have never counted other than our weekly run (no family, French or other extracurriculars). So that gives us 5<sup>th</sup> June 1978, which means **26<sup>th</sup> February 2007** for the 1500<sup>th</sup>.

According to the aforementioned vest the 750<sup>th</sup> was held on 2<sup>nd</sup> November 1992, 3 weeks later than it should have been on 12<sup>th</sup> October 1992. This is precisely where the current numbering comes from. We are drawn to one of two conclusions:

- Either the GM's are suffering from brain fade as to the actually running of the hash and we have missed a few on the way to the 750<sup>th</sup>, or
- 3 runs were deliberately lost so that the 750<sup>th</sup> run celebration was held at a more convenient time.

If we now assume that this activity only occurs every 750 runs, it is therefore reasonable to assume that we should now rewrite the book slightly and celebrate our 1500<sup>th</sup> 3 weeks later than the current numbering suggests which gives us the date of **9<sup>th</sup> April 2007**. By a strange twist of fate that just happens to be Easter Monday, undoubtedly a better date for us to hold a celebration whilst being true to our Mondays only to count ~~rule~~ guideline.

There is a further possibility suggested by last years West London Hash visit to Brighton for their 1000<sup>th</sup> run, which was originally scheduled for the previous November. Due to a hash wedding amongst other things, the actual November date of their 1000<sup>th</sup> run became too complicated, and so they decided to count their regular run as the 1000<sup>th</sup> but hold a "1000<sup>th</sup> run celebration" at a somewhat warmer time of year. Is it possible this happened with the 750<sup>th</sup> run, but the numbering was lost as a result? If so, there being a precedent, why not do it again and have a bash on Easter Monday rather than in February!

... and finally, should we reset the numbering and, if so, does that make the 1500<sup>th</sup> run no. 1503; 1506 or should we just say to hell with it, cancel the Christmas day run, bung in a couple more and celebrate 1500 on the first May bank holiday run 1510 on 7<sup>th</sup> May (BH7 on BH7? [Bank Holiday 7<sup>th</sup>]). Answers on a postcard!!!

**BOUNCER**

**FROM NICOLA** - Time is running out for anyone who wishes to assist with Marshalling at the BEACHY HEAD MARATHON ON 28<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER. Please call/ email/ grab Nicola on Hash nights to volunteer for this limited opportunity.



"I think this means no candy."

**From Julia – HOUND OWNERS PLEASE NOTE:** Dogs are not covered by the Hash insurance policy. Dog owners should ascertain they have cover for them, which may be covered under their Household policies. (per Mr. Baskerville(!) - at the insurance company).

### HALLOWEEN HASH – 30<sup>th</sup> October 2006

As it's so close to Halloween, let's have a fancy dress run! Dressing only in black not really a good idea as we will be running in town for part of the run, but let's see some witches hats, vampire capes, skeletons, plenty of orange etc. See they've got loads of luminous stuff at Asda and Tesco!

Just a thought.



### Page Three Breasts - Revolting part 1!

There's this man who's taking a walk around the red light district until he passes a whorehouse with a blinking sign saying: "The Hooker With Three Breasts...". The man gets just a little interested and thinks "well... that could be a once in a lifetime experience". So he goes in and walks up to the man behind the counter. "I'd like to see the hooker with the three breasts" he says.

"Are you sure you can afford that... It'll cost you a thousand dollars" the pimp replies. But, the man is too excited, pull's his wallet and pays him the money. So, he's taken up three stairs to a little room in the back of the house and when he opens the room... there she is. The room is dark but as he comes closer he sees it... three breasts! And so the man absolutely has the night of his life.

The next day the man walks past that same whorehouse and thinking of the night before and the time he had, he goes in and pays the pimp another thousand dollars. Again, he goes up three stairs to that little dark room in the back of the house. And as the day before, she lies there waiting.

But, as he walks up to the hooker, he sees that something is wrong... "Hey! You had three breasts yesterday..." he says after which she smiles and says "What did you expect honey... you can only suck out a boil like that once!".



Federal Aviation Agency  
800 Independence Avenue S.W.  
Washington D.C. 20591

Dear Sirs;

Replace all female flight attendants with some good-looking' strippers! What the hell? The attendants have gotten old and haggard-looking. They don't even serve food anymore, so what's the loss?

The strippers would double, triple, perhaps quadruple the alcohol consumption and get a "party atmosphere" going in the cabin. And, of course, every heterosexual businessman in this country would start flying again, hoping to see naked women. Muslims would be afraid to get on the planes for fear of seeing naked women. Hijackings would come to a screeching halt and the airline industry would see record revenues. Why the hell didn't Bush think of this? Why do I still have to do everything myself?

Sincerely, Bill Clinton

A British company is developing computer chips that store music in women's breast implants.

This is a major breakthrough, since women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them.



**CONGRATULATIONS** to John on becoming a dad, and George on becoming a grandfather. **Badger is seen left with Isobel and Fosters,**

**AND HUGE THANKS...** to everyone for their sponsorship of my cycle ride to raise money for the Sussex Historic Churches Trust on 9<sup>th</sup> September.

As related at Patching this came about as follows:

In 2003 Gabrielle was asked to accompany her friend Joy on the ride, which she did, covering in excess of 40 miles. The following year Joy was unable to ride on the official day of the opening of the Churches as her son had an operation, and Gabrielle was pregnant so thought better of it. We assisted Joy though, by dropping her off at Amberley for a head start, and off she went dropping notes to say she'd visited the churches. Points are awarded for churches visited based on location and Joy visited many remote churches, accumulating more points than anyone else, winning the trophy for Shoreham. Last year she wanted some company in her bid to retain the trophy so it was my turn to join her. We won again, but on New Years Eve Joy suffered a brain haemorrhage and died a week later.

Whilst I did not ask for sponsorship last year I had a special reason to do so this time round, and so even though many people clearly were slightly uncomfortable with raising money for a church related cause (albeit bricks not bibles) it meant something special to me that so many of you did.

For the ride I was joined by a friend, Andy, who also knew Joy, and together we visited about 35 churches including Partridge Green, Christs Hospital, Rudgwick, Plaistow, Billingshurst, Pulborough, Parham Park etc. back to Shoreham. We had a beautiful day for it and reckon to have covered about 70 miles and raising about £800 in all. Thank you all once again. **BOUNCER**

## PAINFUL FRIDAY FUN



So Batman came up to me & he hit me over the head with a vase & he went T'PAU! I said "Don't you mean KAPOW?? He said "No, I've got china in my hand."

You invented Tipp Ex, correct me if I'm wrong.

I'm so lazy I've got a smoke alarm with a snooze button.

I bought some Armageddon cheese today, and it said on the packet 'Best Before End'

So I went to buy a watch, and the man in the shop said "Analogue." I said "No, just a watch."

I went into a shop and I said, "Can someone sell me a kettle." The bloke said "Kenwood" I said, "Where is he?"

So I went in to a pet shop. I said, "Can I buy a goldfish?" The guy said, "Do you want an aquarium?" I said, "I don't care what star sign it is."

I was in this restaurant and I asked for something herby. They gave me a Volkswagen with no driver.

My mate is in love with two schoolbags. He's bisatchel.

I went to the doctor. I said to him "I'm frightened of lapels." He said, "You've got cholera."

So I met the bloke who invented crosswords today. I can't remember his name, it's P something T something R.

I was reading this book today, The History Of Glue, and I couldn't put it down.

I phoned the local ramblers club today, and this bloke just went on and on.

My mate asked me "What do you think of voluntary work?? I said "I wouldn't do it if you paid me."

So I was in the jungle and there was this monkey with a tin opener. I said, "You don't need a tin opener to peel a banana." He said, "No, this is for the custard."

This policeman came up to me with a pencil and a piece of very thin paper. He said, "I want you to trace someone for me."

So I told my girlfriend I had a job in a bowling alley. She said "Tenpin?" I said, "No, it's a permanent job."

So I told my mum that I'd opened a theatre. She said, "Are you having me on?" I said, "Well I'll give you an audition, but I'm not promising you anything."

So this cowboy walks in to a German car showroom and he says "Audi!"

So I fancied a game of darts with my mate. He said, "Nearest the bull goes first" He went "Baah" and I went "Moo" He said "You're closest"

So I met this bloke with a didgeridoo and he was playing Dancing Queen on it. I thought that's Aboriginal.

I visited the offices of the RSPCA today. It's so tiny you couldn't swing a cat in there.

I was stealing things in the supermarket today while balanced on the shoulders of vampires. I was charged with shoplifting on three counts.

I phoned the local gym and I asked if they could teach me how to do the splits. He said, "How flexible are you?" I said, "I can't make Tuesdays or Thursdays."

So I went to the local video shop and I said, "Can I take out The Elephant Man?" He said, "He's not your type." I said "How about Batman Forever?" He said, "No, you'll have to bring it back tomorrow"

Bouncers favourite silly of the month:

HARRY HILL: So, Eastenders. This first series is dragging on a bit...

## T-BAR TWIN AND PISSTICIDE TIE THE KNOT.

You'd have thought that 6 months notice was plenty of time to sort out a hash route wouldn't you? I dunno where the time goes but after a couple of false starts Nicola and I found ourselves unable to connect to recce trail for Sally and James post-nuptial run, leaving only the morning of the wedding to dash out and set with no more than Nicola's vast local knowledge, and my hastily concocted map based on a run to see the Red Arrows in the Eastbourne Air show a few weeks earlier.

And so, after a quick stop on the route over to pick up the obligatory Harveys I arrived at Birling Gap hotel to find that Nicola, star that she is had been out since 7 in the morning setting trail. There was little left for me to do bar bringing the route back down from Friston Church, but I was enthused and went off on a loop through Crowlink taking in 3 of the 7 Sisters, suspecting that it was far too long!



The wedding fun started at the Tiger Pub where guests started gathering for a pre-nuptial 'get to know each other' drink from midday. James had one last task before taking Sally's hand as, based on the fact that such activity would be severely limited once wed, he managed to munch his way through most of a huge pork pie.

Back at the Manor tables were set for the reception and doubled as our chairs for the wedding itself in the capable hands of Eastbourne Registry Office on tour. We were sat by the escape door so the kids could run around outside and we could keep an eye on them, but were asked to leave some room for the entrance of the happy couple. That was best accomplished by stepping out and as they were waiting for the cue to go in James bunged me his phone. Anne quickly sussed the video so we made a small amount of footage of the signing of the register. Hope they can work out how to retrieve it!

Whilst photos were being taken we drifted outside for champagne and canapés, and the dubious pleasure of the adult bouncy castle (great for kids, not too sure what connotation of adult was meant but kept the clothes firmly on!). We'd just got started on the beer when we were called back in for the speeches, and found ourselves a little surprised at just how much the hash has played in their relationship as the stories unfolded. For us we could thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the antics related but rellies must still have outnumbered hashers by 5 to 1 so I wondered just what they were thinking!

There was another break after the speeches whilst they prepared the tables for the meal, which was done buffet style and table by table. As I was playing games with the kids I almost missed both courses, but to be honest was somewhat thrown by the proceedings and thought I'd already eaten! A lovely touch here was that the bride and groom didn't have seats so they could move round the tables and sit and chat to everyone rather than being stuck away on top table out of reach.

**When I said "I do"  
Darling... I didn't know I'd  
have to do everything!**



After putting the kids down in the van we returned to find that the evening guests had arrived and were enjoying the band. They played on until midnight and I hastily grabbed Anne for the last dance, Hey Jude. Liz joined us and before long my planned slowy had embraced everybody there in one huge high-kicking circle! After that a few of us headed out for a swim, weather still being rather nice, before attempting to dent the huge amount of beer that still seemed to be left, and eventually retiring.

### **Sudan man forced to 'marry' goat**

A Sudanese man has been forced to take a goat as his "wife", after he was caught having sex with the animal. The goat's owner, Mr Alifi, said he surprised the man with his goat and took him to a council of elders. They ordered the man, Mr Tombe, to pay a dowry of 15,000 Sudanese dinars (\$50) to Mr Alifi. "We have given him the goat, and as far as we know they are still together," Mr Alifi said. Mr Alifi, Hai Malakal in Upper Nile State, told the Juba Post newspaper that he heard a loud noise around midnight on 13 February and immediately rushed outside to find Mr Tombe with his goat. "When I asked him: 'What are you doing there?', he fell off the back of the goat, so I captured and tied him up". Mr Alifi then called elders to decide how to deal with the case. "They said I should not take him to the police, but rather let him pay a dowry for my goat because he used it as his wife," Mr Alifi told the newspaper.



## And so to the hash...



11 a.m. Sunday morning found a large crowd of mostly hungover people waiting in the car park outside the Birling Gap pub, including quite a few dressed for the occasion with some very nice hats and veils around. Trail went straight up to the Belle Tout lighthouse and on to the bottom of the climb up Beachy Head, whilst the walkers took the loop around the bottom to meet up with a farm track heading inland. Although I'd suggested the path on the map at this point, I soon realised that it wasn't the one I thought and I was lost! Nicola had things firmly under control though and I just settled back to enjoy the hash as we did various loops and things to keep catching up with the walkers. By the old barn they had managed to build up a bit of an edge and went trundling off towards Friston using my map of some days earlier as their guide, little realising that they were no longer on the revised trail as I'd totally forgotten to amend it!

Those of us who could resist the blackberries went down through the Sheep Centre and past the Manor to the road where, it seems, quite a few took the option to return to the pub. Conscious of Worst Boy FC's desire to hold the hash wedding at 12.30, Nicola then took a few off on a shortcut whilst I went up to Friston Church to set a new trail home ahead of the runners still out there.

I arrived back at the pub convinced I was well up the field to find that the field were all there with two barrels of beer and nothing to drink from! As mugs were distributed the walkers started to drift in, and finally, a good 10 minutes after I'd arrived Fat Controller turned up to a huge cheer!

Many hands made light work of getting the beer down to the beach where FC led us through a very entertaining hash wedding and they were pronounced hashhusband and hashwife, even if the bride refused to make all the promises relating to the ring and its usage! The gifts then started pouring in with the Friends of the Mole Hash Cash making a presentation of engraved champagne glasses, with a bottle, and a number of entertaining other gifts (tractor book, weather book, and a thong, probably meant for Sally but ended up on James, etc.).

When FC asked for ideas/ contributions I suggested that as the couple were going to be living in Kent we were losing a star harriett and demanded a dowry. A few days later someone said that the dowry was usually paid by the brides side so that put paid to that idea! I then thought what about the honeymoon? One thing led to another and these two adventurers found themselves being presented with a holiday in Afghanistan meaning they had to dress the part. So James found himself in a camouflaged hash shirt, with false beard, AK47, and the BH7 Afghan militia hat, whilst Sally was led aside to change into the hash burqa. Yup that was her photo in the last issue, with her new name. As everyone looked East I led the burqa clad one back to share a beer with James in the Afghan way, husband first. As the song went on and the drinking started I nipped over to where Sally lay concealed and off we ran into the sunset and back to Brighton Hash, leaving James bemused at the sight of Fetherlite emerging from the burqa instead of his new wife! Luckily he didn't think to use the gun on me and so the two were reunited for Scud's down-down for the Worst Boy Fat Controller and Maid of Dishonour Nicola Black Stockings, followed by the finale of the ceremony, the inevitable ducking in the ocean.

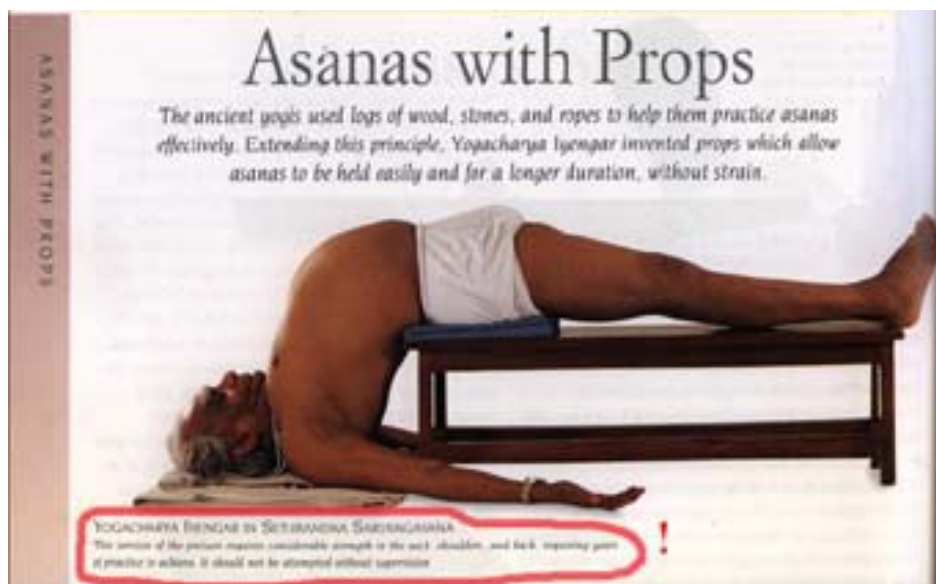


The pictures included here are all courtesy of Bushsquatter from Hastings Hash and a slide show with more may be seen at:

<http://www.cliffbanger.plus.com/h4/2006.html>

Thanks Cheryl, much appreciated!

The Cuckoo Hash is pleased to announce that as a result of fresh legislation it is no longer necessary to retire from hashing at age 65.



*This version of the posture requires considerable strength in the neck, shoulders, and back, requiring years of practice to achieve. It should not be attempted without supervision ( see below)*

Some of the statesmen of EGH3 had decided to create an offshoot from the main hash for extra larks. So, at last years Nash Hash in Norfolk, the mudseekers on the EGH3 trail suddenly found themselves being diverted along a trail hastily reset without the hares knowledge, to end up on Teddy Bears barge for a sip stop. The Cuckoos, it seems, continue to create havoc on EGH3 runs, just when they're least expected.

Interesting to note that a sub-group has also now appeared on BH7! Just occasionally I have found myself at the far end of the evening imbibing with the leftovers which invariably (every time the hash tractor from Brighton puts in an appearance!) means Mutton's crowd. Apparently I am not the only one to be greeted with a version of "we can't go yet, (insert name) /Bouncer's still here" as Wiggy also has noticed that they are unable to leave the pub until everyone else has gone and thus dubbed them the **Combat Drinkers**. The name has been embraced and the t-shirt printed in a colour suggestive of either the face or the floor of any one of the groups members the morning following hash night. They've even got a song:

We are the combat drinkers,  
We drinks it all of the day  
We wait 'til the pub is empty  
And knock back the leftover drip tray  
Ooh aar ooh ar ay ooh ar ooh ar ay

Anyone ready to take on the verses?! **BOUNCER**

## Revolting part 2

WATER..... It has been scientifically proven that if we drink 1 litre of water each day, at the end of the year we would have absorbed more than 1 kilo of Escherichia coli bacteria found in faeces, in other words, we are consuming 1 kilo of poop!

However, we do not run that risk when drinking wine (or rum, whiskey, vodka, beer or other liquors) because alcohol has to go through a distillation process of boiling, filtering and fermenting.

WATER = Poop WINE = HEALTH

Free yourself of Poop, drink WINE!!! It is better to drink wine and talk shit than to drink water and be full of shit.



A few months ago East Grinstead Hash nearly had an anniversary celebration.

Unfortunately numbers were low so they decided to cancel at short notice (i.e. the day before we sent our cheque off!).

Didn't think much more of this until Cathy Radio Soap rang up to see if we were going to the EGH3 hash picnic hosted by Cuckoo Hash in Cuckooofield. We had a reasonable hash (although I missed the walkers route at the beginning and ended up doing virtually the entire hash with all three boys) but the barbecue and fun and games later were excellent.

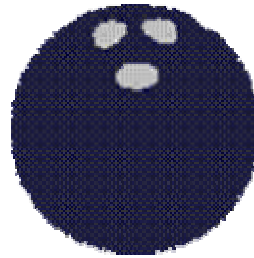
It was there that the story of the Cuckoo Hash emerged.

A wife was making a breakfast of fried eggs for her husband. Suddenly, her husband burst into the kitchen. "Careful," he said, "CAREFUL! Put in some more butter! Oh my GOD! You're cooking too many at once. TOO MANY! Turn them! TURN THEM NOW! We need more butter. Oh my GOD! WHERE are we going to get MORE BUTTER? They're going to STICK! Careful. CAREFUL! I said be CAREFUL! You NEVER listen to me when you're cooking! Never! Turn them! Hurry up! Are you CRAZY? Have you LOST your mind? Don't forget to salt them. You know you always forget to salt them. Use the salt. USE THE SALT! THE SALT!" The wife stared at him. "What in the world is wrong with you? You think I don't know how to fry a couple of eggs?" The husband calmly replied with a grin, "I just wanted to show you what it feels like when I'm driving."

## INTERESTING OBSERVATION?



1. The sport of choice for the urban poor is BASKETBALL.



2 The sport of choice for maintenance level employees is BOWLING



3 The sport of choice for front-line workers is FOOTBALL.

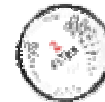


4 The sport of choice for supervisors is BASEBALL.



5 The sport of choice for middle management is TENNIS.

and.....



6 The sport of choice for corporate executives and officers is GOLF.

## THE AMAZING CONCLUSION:



The higher you go in the corporate structure, the smaller your balls become.

**Important postscript...** Hashers don't have balls. Err... to hash with.  
But inside the whistle is the smallest ball of the lot, which must put hashing at the top of the tree!





**An intellectual is someone who can listen to the William Tell Overture without thinking of the Lone Ranger.**

*The Lone Ranger was ambushed and captured by an enemy Indian war party.*

*The Indian Chief proclaims, "So, you are the great Lone Ranger. In honor of the Harvest Festival, you will be executed in three days. Before I kill you, I grant you three requests. What is your first request?"*

*The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse."*

*The Chief nods and Silver is brought before the Lone Ranger, who whispers in Silver's ear, and the horse gallops away.*

*Later that evening, Silver returns with a beautiful blonde woman on his back. As the Indian Chief watches, the blonde enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.*

*The next morning the Indian Chief admits he's impressed.*

*"You have a very fine and loyal horse, but I will still kill you in two days. What is your second request?"*

*The Lone Ranger again asks to speak to his horse. Silver is brought to him, and he again whispers in the horse's ear.*

*As before, Silver takes off and disappears over the horizon.*

*Later that evening, to the Chief's surprise, Silver again returns, this time with a voluptuous brunette, more attractive than the blonde. She enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.*

*The following morning the Indian Chief is again impressed. "You are indeed a man of many talents, but I will still kill you tomorrow. "What is your last request?"*

*The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse,....alone." The Chief is curious, but he agrees, and Silver is brought to the Lone Ranger's tent. Once they're alone, the Lone Ranger grabs Silver by both ears, looks him square in the eye and says, Listen very carefully for....the....last....time I said..... "BRING POSSE"*

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were at the bar drinking when in walks a cowboy who yells, "Who's white horse it that outside?"

The Lone Ranger finishes off his whiskey, slams down the glass, turns around and says, "It's my horse. Why do you want to know?"

The cowboy looks at him and says, "Well, your horse is standing out there in the sun and he don't look too good."

The Lone Ranger and Tonto run outside and they see that Silver is in bad shape, suffering from heat exhaustion. The Lone Ranger moves his horse into the shade and gets a bucket of water. He then pours some of the water over the horse and gives the rest to Silver to drink. It is then he notices that there isn't a breeze so he asks Tonto if he would start running around Silver to get some air flowing

and perhaps cool him down. Being a faithful friend, Tonto starts running around Silver. The Lone Ranger stands there for a bit then realizes there is not much more he can do, so he goes back into the bar and orders another whiskey.

After a bit a cowboy walks in and says, "Who's white horse is that outside?" Slowly the Lone Ranger turns around and says, "That is my horse, what is wrong with him now?"

"Nothing," replies the cowboy, "I just wanted to let you know that you left your Injun running."

An Indian walks into a cafe with a shotgun in one hand and a bucket of buffalo manure in the other. He says to the waiter, "Me want coffee." The waiter says, "Sure chief, coming right up." He gets the Indian a tall mug of coffee, and the Indian drinks it down in one gulp, picks up the bucket of manure, throws it into the air, blasts it with the shotgun, then just walks out. The next morning the Indian

returns. He has his shotgun in one hand and a bucket of buffalo manure in the other. He walks up to the counter and says to the waiter, "Me want coffee." The waiter says, "Whoa, Tonto. We're still cleaning up your mess from the last time you were here. What the heck was all that about, anyway?" The Indian smiles and proudly says, "Me training for upper management position: Come in, drink coffee, shoot shit, leave mess for others to clean up, disappear for rest of day".

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were riding across the plains one day, when Tonto suddenly cocked his ear at a passing falcon's cry.

"Kemosabe... Apache to East!" he whispered.

The Lone Ranger looked to his faithful companion. "What do we do?"

Tonto pondered a moment. "We ride West!"

After riding a short while, Tonto again paused, searching the horizon with his eagle-sharp eyes. "Kemosabe... Apache to West!"

The Masked Man looked once again at his friend. "What should we do?"

Tonto scratched his head in thought. "We ride North!"

After a brief ride, Tonto stopped to scent the breeze.

"Kemosabe... Apache to North!"

"What do we do now?" his companion asked.

Without hesitation, Tonto replied, "We ride South!"

Within minutes, Tonto reigned in his horse and dropped to the ground. Placing his ear to the earth, he listened intently. "Kemosabe... Apache to South!"

Worried, the Lone One asked him, "NOW what do we do?"

Tonto thought hard for a moment, his eyes squinting in concentration. Then his face lit up. "What do you mean "WE", White Man?"



**The New York City school board has officially declared Jewish English - now dubbed Hebonics - as a second language. Backers of the move say the city's School District is the first in the state to recognize Hebonics as a valid language and significant attribute of New York culture.**

According to Howard Schollman, linguistics professor at New York University and renowned Hebonics scholar, the sentence structure of Hebonics derives from middle and eastern European language patterns, as well as Yiddish.

Prof. Schollman explains, "In Hebonics, the response to any question is usually another question-plus a complaint that is implied or stated. Thus, 'How are you?' may be answered, 'How should I be, with my feet?'"

Schollman says that Hebonics is a superb linguistic vehicle for expressing sarcasm or skepticism. An example is the repetition of a word with "sh" or "shm" at the beginning: "Mountains, shmountains. Stay away. You want a nosebleed?"

Another Hebonics pattern is moving the subject of a sentence to the end, with its pronoun at the beginning: "It's beautiful, that dress."

Schollman says one also sees the Hebonics verb moved to the end of the sentence. Thus the response to a remark such as 'He's slow as a turtle,' could be "Turtle, shmurtle! Like a fly in Vaseline, he walks."

Schollman provided the following examples from his textbook, Switched-On Hebonics:

1. Question: "What time is it?"

English answer: "Sorry, I don't know."

Hebonic answer: "What am I, a clock?"

2. Remark: "I hope things turn out okay."

English response: "Thanks."

Hebonic response: "I should BE so lucky!"

3. Remark: "Hurry up! Dinner's ready."

English response: "Be right there."

Hebonic response: "Alright already, I'm coming, what's with the 'hurry' business?? Is there a fire?"

4. Remark: "I like the tie you gave me; wear it all the time."

English response: "Glad you like it."

Hebonic response: "So what's the matter; you don't like the other ties I gave you?"

5. Remark: "Sarah and I are engaged."

English response: "Congratulations!"

Hebonic response: "She could stand to lose a few pounds."

6. Question: "Would you like to go riding with us?"

English answer: "Just say when!"

Hebonic answer: "Riding, shmiding!? Do I look like a cowboy?"

7. To guest of honor at his birthday party:

English remark: "Happy birthday."

Hebonic remark: "A year smarter you should become."

8. Remark: "A beautiful day."

English response: "Sure is."

Hebonic response: "So the sun is out; what else is new?"

9. Answering a phone call from son:

English remark: "It's been a long time since you called."

Hebonic remark: "You didn't wonder if I'm dead yet?"



Polish immigrant went to the Dep of Transport to apply for a driver's license. First, of course, he had to take an eye sight test. The optician showed him a card with the letters: 'C Z W I X N O S T A C Z.' "Can you read this?" the optician asked. "Read it?" the Polish guy replied, "Hell, I know the guy!"

Mother Superior called all the nuns together and said to them, "I must tell you all something. We have a case of gonorrhea in the convent." "Thank God," said an elderly nun at the back. "I'm so tired of chardonnay."

## A GREAT BIG HALLOWEEN SURPRISE!





## AND IN THE END....



*As endorsed by Steve Irwin.*

### RIP Steve Irwin - too late it's already been done...

"In life he was a living legend; in death, nothing has changed." Quote from Live TV

There is already a product on the market cashing in on his recent death, it's a sun cream which is capable of blocking 100% of harmful rays....

There will be a tribute record released in the memory of Steve Irwin: Jimmy Nail "Crocodile Shoes". They were going to ask Sting to sing it, but he got a bit snappy.

When asked what his favourite programmes were when he was a kid, Irwin said he loved Thunderbirds, but Stingray will always have a place in his heart, CRIKEY.

### Others:

I'm not sure how many of you know this but the first recorded death from Asbestos exposure was in 1827. It would have been overlooked by the doctors of the time were it not for the fact of there being 3 weeks of unsuccessful attempts to cremate the body!

A funeral service is being held for a woman who has just passed away. At the end of the service, the pall bearers are carrying the casket out when they accidentally bump into a wall, jarring the casket. They hear a faint moan! They open the casket and find that the woman is actually alive! She lives for ten more years, and then dies. Once again, a ceremony is held, and at the end of it, the pall bearers are again carrying out the casket. As they carry the casket towards the door, the husband cries out: "BE CAREFUL! WATCH THAT DAMN WALL!!!"

A man was leaving a cafe with his morning coffee when he noticed a most unusual funeral procession approaching the nearby cemetery. A long black hearse was followed by a second long black hearse about 50 feet behind. Behind the second hearse was a solitary man walking a pit bull dog on a leash. Behind him was a queue of 200 men walking in single file.

The man couldn't stand the curiosity. He respectfully approached the man walking the dog, "I am so sorry for your loss, and I know now is a bad time to disturb you, but I've never seen a funeral like this. Whose funeral is it?"

The man replied, "Well, that first hearse is for my wife."

"What happened to her?"

The man replied, "My dog attacked and killed her."

He inquired further, "Well, who is in the second hearse?"

The man answered, "My mother-in-law. She was trying to help my wife when the dog turned on her."

A poignant and thoughtful moment of silence passes between the two men.

"Can I borrow the dog?"

"Join the queue."

An old man and woman were married for years even though they hated each other. When they had a confrontation, screams and yelling could be heard deep into the night. A constant statement was heard by the neighbours who feared the man the most.

"When I die I will dig my way up and out of the grave to come back and haunt you for the rest of your life!"

They believed he practiced black magic and was responsible for missing cats and dogs, and strange sounds at all hours. He was feared and enjoyed the respect it garnished. He died abruptly under strange circumstances and the funeral had a closed casket.

After the burial, the wife went straight to the local bar and began to party as if there was no tomorrow.

The gaiety of her actions were becoming extreme while her neighbours approached in a group to ask these questions: Are you not afraid? Concerned? Worried? That this man who practiced black magic and stated when he died he would dig his way up and out of the grave to come back and haunt you for the rest of your life?

The wife put down her drink and said..."let the old bastard dig. I had him buried upside down."

### And finally... revolting part 3:

Q. What do Elton John and Richard Hammond have in common?

A. Both have skid marks on their helmets.

