



BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R*ns/trash #121 June 2007*

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

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

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

Date	#No.	On On	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
4th June 2007	1511	The Star, Waldron	549 193	Bob Luck & Mike Morris	
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout, then through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout then right again onto B2192. Straight across at A22 and 1st right after Blackboys Inn. Est. 30 mins.					
11th June 2007	1512	The Crown, Turners Hill	343 356	Don and Ben	
Directions: A23 north to Handcross. Right on B2110. At t-junction with B2036 turn left, then right at Cowdray Arms back on B2110. Straight across at Crossroads and pub on right. Est. 30mins.					
18th June 2007	1513	The Victory, Staplefield	276 281	Mudlarks, Pete Nigel Dave	
Directions: A23 to Slaugham turn. Right at t-junction for 1km and pub just past cross-road on right. Est. 25 mins.					
25th June 2007	1514	Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172	Peter Eastwood	
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.					
2nd July 2007	1515	Hare & Hounds, Cowfold	214 222	Dave Roberts	
Directions: A23 north to A272 Haywards Heath turn-off. Turn right at T-junction. Left at roundabout and pub on left ¼ mile. Est 20 mins. FAG END HASH!					

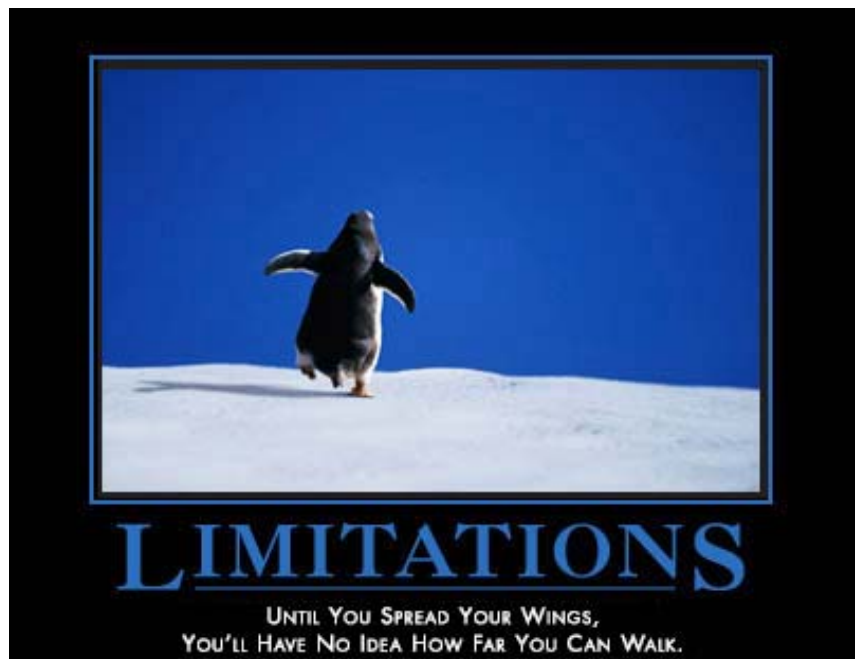
9th July 2007 1516 Bouncer
Ar*n View, Littlehampton O23 022
A27 west past Worthing to Crossbush
traffic lights. Left on A283 to Wick.
Straight on at roundabout. Right at junction
onto B2187. Pub on left just past station.
Est 35 mins. Malibogs return.

RECEDING HARELINE:

16th July 2007 - Jo & Brett. That's it.

HARES!

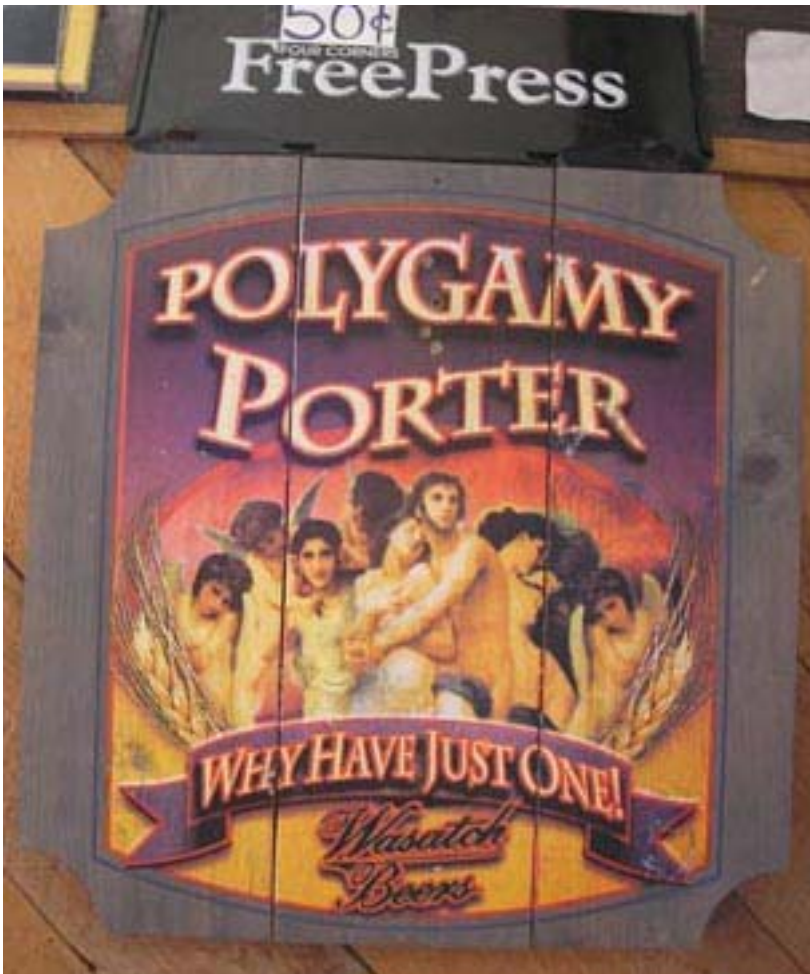
Advertise your next r*n in this space
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HASH SPLURGE

Here we go again and regrettably this issue has had to be thrown together with a bit of haste as it's come out earlier than normal (not that a hell of a lot of thought goes in to it anyway!). Still at least we get the chance to repair the oversight last time around of not congratulating Aileen and Grant on their April wedding! Well done to you both and we look forward to seeing you on the hash again in the very near future, even if you can only join us for a stroll at the moment Aileen. Grant on the other hand has no excuses!



Other congratulations to Mike Cockcroft on his big birthday celebration this week, just how big prudence and amnesia on the part of the editor have spared publication! Also to Oggy who's wife gave birth to a girl, Olivia, just a few days ago. Looks like Flying Ducks are temporarily closed for business as the guys have got so much on their plate! Devastating for Mr. Evans who found himself struggling with his relay squad, but still found time to organise curry deals for the rest of us. More on that later!

Talking of hash couples, Sally and James sent in the picture on the left from their recent trip to the States. Not known as one of the World's greatest beer brewing nations it's encouraging to see the micro brewery industry taking off stateside with some proper English beers. Great name too!

Just in case anyone is struggling with the distances to get to some of the recent hashes it's always worth bearing in mind neighbouring groups. The general principles of r*nning, comradeship and beer remain the same whichever hash you r*n with even if the marking, and post r*n fun can vary widely. Chichester in the West r*n alternate Sundays; Henfield erratically and roughly once a month; Old Coulsdon, W&NK, Hastings and Guildford also all not too far afield, but closest in terrain are East Grinstead H3 who recently celebrated their 25th birthday with an excellent black tie evening at High Rocks, to which Angel and myself were privileged to be invited. As you can see from their hareline below we are actually warming the Crown at Turners Hill up for them!

ON ON BOUNCER

EGH3 Mismanagement Returned - *Last year's failures re-elected unopposed.*

"I have a mandate for the future" proclaimed the leader, "I have learned from past mistakes and what I promise to deliver EGH3 for the years ahead is more spin and less substance."

Run 866
Monday 4 June 2007
19.30
Run 867
Monday 11 June 2007
19.30
Run 868
Monday 18 June 2007
19.30
Run 869
Monday 25 June 2007
19.30
Run 870
Monday 02 July 2007
19.30

The Partridge,
West Grinstead
189192 : RH13 8JS
The Farmers Inn
Scaynes Hill
368231 : RH17 7NE
The Crown
Turners Hill
342355 : R10 4PT
The Fountain,
Cowden
465404 : TN8 7JG
Larkins Brewery
Chiddingstone
511452 : TN8 7BB

Fetherlite
Scud
(WGH3 Run)
Snakebite
Bumper

Grand Old Man
Mark Milligan

Jim Perry

Leatherback
Euroyob
Eric



GOLDEN OLDIES - Harley Davidson:

From Trash #51: The inventor of the Harley Davidson Motorcycle Corporation, Arthur Davidson, died and went to heaven. At the gates, St. Peter told Arthur, "since you've been such a good man and your motorcycles have changed the world, you can hang out with anyone you want in Heaven." Arthur thought about it for a minute and then said, "I want to hang out with God." St. Peter took Arthur to the Throne Room, and introduced him to God. God recognized Arthur and commented, "Okay, so you were the one who invented motorcycles, eh?" Arthur said, "ya, that's me..." God commented, "Well, what a big deal in inventing something that's pretty unstable, makes noise and pollution, and can't run without a road?!" Arthur was apparently embarrassed, but finally spoke, "Excuse me but aren't you the inventor of woman???" God said, "Ah, yes." "Well," said Arthur, professional to professional, you have some major design flaws in your invention. 1. There's too much inconsistency in the front-end protrusion; 2. It chatters constantly at high speeds; 3. Most of the rear ends are too soft and wobble too much; 4. The intake is placed way too close to the exhaust; 5. And the maintenance costs are outrageous!!" "Hmmm, you may have some good points there," replied God, "hold on." God went to his Celestial supercomputer, typed in a few words and waited for the results. The computer printed out a slip of paper and God read it. "Well, it may be true that my invention is flawed," God said to Arthur, "but according to these numbers, more men are riding my invention than yours."

From Trash #53: A little old lady wanted to join a biker club. She knocked on the door of a local biker club and a big, hairy, bearded biker with tattoos all over his arms answers the door. She proclaims "I want to join your biker club." The

guy was amused and told her that she needed to meet certain biker requirements before she was allowed to join. So the biker asks her "You have a bike?" The little old lady says "Yea, that's my Harley over there" and points to a Harley parked in the driveway. The biker asks her "Do you smoke?" The little old lady says "Yea, I smoke. I smoke 4 packs of camels a day and a couple of cigars while I'm shooting pool." The biker is impressed and asks "Well, have you ever been picked up by the Fuzz?" The little old lady says "No, never been picked up by the fuzz, but I've been swung around by my nipples a few times."

This guy has always dreamed of owning a motorcycle. One day he has finally saved up enough money so he goes down to the dealer. After he picks out the perfect bike, the dealer tells him about an old biker trick that will keep the chrome on his new bike free from rust. The dealer tells him that all he has to do is to keep a jar of Vaseline handy and put it on the chrome before it rains, and everything will be fine. He happily pays for the bike and leaves. A few months later, the young man meets a woman and falls in love. She asks him to come home and meet her parents over dinner. He readily accepts and the date is set. At the appointed time, he picks her up on his bike and they ride to her parents house. Before they go in, she tells him that they have a family tradition that whoever speaks first after dinner must do the dishes. After a delicious dinner everyone sits in silence waiting for the first person to break the silence and get stuck doing the dishes. After a long fifteen minutes, the young man decides to speed things up, so he reaches over and kisses his woman in front of her family. No one says a word. Emboldened, he slips his hand under her blouse and fondles her breasts. Still no one says a word. Finally, he throws her on the table and has sex with her in front of everyone. No one says a word. Now he is getting desperate, so he grabs her mother and throws HER on the table. They have even wilder sex. Still no one speaks. By now he is thinking what to do next when he hears thunder in the distance. His first thought is to protect the chrome on his Harley, so he gets his jacket, reaches in his pocket and pulls out his jar of Vaseline. The father says, "Okay dammit, I'll do the dishes!"

Study finds fruity cocktails count as health food

WASHINGTON (Reuters) - A fruity cocktail may not only be fun to drink but may count as health food, U.S. and Thai researchers said on Thursday. Adding ethanol — the type of alcohol found in rum, vodka, tequila and other spirits — boosted the antioxidant nutrients in strawberries and blackberries, the researchers found. Any coloured fruit might be made even more healthful with the addition of a splash of alcohol, they report in the *Journal of the Science of Food and Agriculture*.

Dr. Korakot Chanjirakul and colleagues at Kasetsart University in Thailand and scientists at the U.S. Department of Agriculture stumbled upon their finding unexpectedly. They were exploring ways to help keep strawberries fresh during storage. Treating the berries with alcohol increased in antioxidant capacity and free radical scavenging activity, they found. Any coloured fruit or vegetable is rich in antioxidants, which are chemicals that can cancel out the cell-damaging effects of compounds called free radicals. Berries, for instance, contain compounds known as polyphenols and anthocyanins. People who eat more of these fruits and vegetables have a documented lower risk of cancer, heart disease and some neurological diseases. The study did not address whether adding a little cocktail umbrella enhanced the effects.

RULES OF SCHOOLYARD FOOTBALL

Matches shall be played over three unequal periods: two playtimes and lunchtime. Each of these periods shall begin shortly after the ringing of a bell, and although a bell is also rung towards the end of these periods, play may continue for up to ten minutes afterwards, depending on the "bottle" of the participants. There is a sliding scale from those who hasten to stand in line as soon as the bell rings, known as "poofs", through those who will hang on until the time they estimate it takes the teachers to down the last of their G & T's and journey from the staff room, known as "chancers", and finally to those who will hang on until a teacher actually has to physically retrieve them, known as "nutters". It is important, in picking the sides, to achieve a fair balance of poofs, chancers and nutters in order that the scoreline achieved over a sustained period of play is not totally nullified by a five-minute post-bell onslaught of five nutters against one. The scoreline to be carried over from the previous period of the match is in the trust of the last nutters to leave the field of play.

PARAMETERS

The object is to force the ball between two large, unkempt piles of jackets, in lieu of goalposts. These piles may grow or shrink throughout the match, depending on the number of participants and the prevailing weather. It is important that the sleeve of one of the jackets should jut out across the goal mouth, as it will often be claimed that the ball went "over the post" and is thus disallowed. In the absence of a crossbar, the upper limit of the target area is observed as being slightly above head height, regardless of the height of the keeper. The width of the pitch is variable. In the absence of roads, water hazards etc, the width is determined by how far out the attacking winger has to go before the pursuing defender gives up. At free kicks, the scale of the pitch justifies placing a wall of players eighteen inches from the ball. It is the formal response to "yards", which the kick-taker will incant meaninglessly as he places the ball.

TACTICS

Playground football tactics are best explained in terms of team formation. Whereas senior sides tend to choose - according to circumstance - from e.g. 4-4-2, 4-3-3, 5-3-2, the playground side is usually ore rigid in sticking to the all-purpose 1-1-17 formation.

STOPPAGES

Much stoppage time in the senior game is down to injured players requiring treatment on the field of play. The playground game flows more freely, with play continuing around or even on top of a participant who has fallen - or more likely been pushed - over.

Other stoppages :

1. Ball on school roof or over school wall. The retrieval time itself is negligible in these cases. The stoppage is most prolonged by the argument to decide which player must risk life, limb or four of the belt to scale the drainpipe or negotiate the barbed wire in order to return to play. Disputes usually arise between the player who actually struck ball and any others he claims it may have struck before is appearing into forbidden territory.
2. Bigger boys steal the ball. The intruders will seldom actually steal the ball, but will improvise their own kickabout amongst themselves, occasionally inviting the younger players to attempt to tackle them. Standing around looking bored and unimpressed usually results in a quick restart.
3. Menopausal old bag confiscates ball. More of a threat in the street or local green kickabout than within the school walls. Sad, blue-rinsed, ill-tempered, Tory-voting cat-owner transfers her anger about the array of failures that has been her life to nine-year-olds who have committed the heinous crime of letting their ball cross her privet Line of Death. Interruption (loss of ball) is predicted to last "until you learn how to play with it properly".

CELEBRATION

Goal-scorers are entitled to a maximum run of thirty yards with their hands in the air. But making it 34-12 does not entitle the player to drop to his knees and make the sign of the cross. A fabulous solo dismantling of the defence or 25-yard rocket (actually eight yards, but calculated as relative distance because "it's not a full-size pitch") will elicit applause and back-pats from the entire team and the more magnanimous of the opponents. However, a tap-in in the midst of a chaotic scramble will be heralded with the epithet "****ing poacher" from the opposing defence. "****ing goal-hanger" is the preferred alternative. Applying an unnecessary final touch when a ball is already rolling into the goal will elicit a burst nose from the original striker. Kneeling down to head the ball over the line when defence and keeper are already beaten will elicit a thoroughly deserved kicking.

PENALTIES

At senior level, each side often has one appointed penalty-taker, who will defer to a team-mate in special circumstances, such as his requiring one more for a hat trick. In the playground the best player usually takes the penalties but he may defer to the 'best fighter' or if the side is comfortably in front, the ball-owner may be invited to take a penalty. Goalkeepers are often the subject of temporary substitutions at penalties.

CLOSE SEASON

This is known also as the Summer Holidays, when the players dabble briefly in other sports: tennis for a fortnight while Wimbledon is on the telly; pitch-and-putt for four days during the Open; and cricket for about an hour and a half until they reckon it really is as boring playing as it is to watch.

SOUTH DOWNS RELAY 2007 - A TALE OF 10 PUBS (with a bit of licence)!

Considering Mr. Mutton's policy of keeping his squad very close to his chest, thus prompting doubts that he would be there, and Mr. Evans scrabbling around for weeks to pull a team together, a surprisingly huge crowd greeted Wiggy's car as it arrived 10 minutes after the planned start time to much disdainful watch pointing. I van, Wiggy and Nicola started the r*n taking us up to the high ground from the beautiful base camp start of Buriton pond. Usual form was quickly established with the second batch of r*nners all heading out together on I van's arrival at Harting Hill. Third stage ejected all too soon and I hit the ground for my first leg with a surprisingly sharp uphill. Some confusion at a signpost allegedly caused Pete to go the wrong way and before I knew it we were struggling through the crowds of cyclists heading west to the finish at Hill Barn.

In the cars through East Dean (the first one) village we encountered hoards of walkers. Reaching the changeover at Littleton Farm the farmer appeared through his fancy electric gates in his fancy 4WD and started remonstrating. 'Oh no, here we go' I thought, but his advice was kindly, offering us use of his meadow to park as a safer option. It transpired that he had mistaken us for the British Heart Foundation walkers and he was highly amused at the concept of hashing as it was explained but nevertheless said to give him a call next year and he would open the field up for us. The arrival of Brett and a milk lorry led to a bundle into the cars and off to Houghton Lane, the first changeover with an open pub nearby, at the **GEORGE & DRAGON**. Nigel was first in view but decided to r*n through as he's doing the next leg in the 100 miler in a couple of weeks. Mad, but his arrival before the girls were even in view prompted the call 'where are the girls?' "Shopping" was the obvious response! As we waited we were greeted by another r*nnner asking, "Which hash is this?". R2D2H3 blokey thought our activity far too fit and healthy for hashers, and the missed chance to get a pint in had me secretly agreeing with him!

Yes, we were clipping through the day at breakneck pace as we headed up to the top of Springhead Hill for the next changeover! Where does the time go? From here the 2nd hero of the day was Charlie r*nnng through to Washington. Wahay, there's a pub there, the **FRANKLAND ARMS**, I thought, but no, I'm on again! Which meant I missed Matthew Thomas getting lost on his 1st stage. I van was already on his third on the horrible climb up and asked if we could stay together so Emily and I took pity and showed him a short cut to Chanctonbury Ring. He showed his gratitude by clearing off. Next year he's definitely in the nearest dew (sic!) pond for that!

Brett had kept a careful eye (he said...) on the kids as Gabby set off before I got home and off we went in the cars to meet them all at the cement works car park, scene of a famous incident in the first 'Round Sussex for Lorna' r*n many years ago, when Marie-Anne and Oz came to blows after driving the car, with bikes on the roof, through the Gyppo bar! No time to hang around here as the **DEVILS DYKE**, scene of the first ever Brighton Hash 29 years ago, beckoned having returned to almost a pub after many years in the doldrums. *At last a pint*, and I can say here that the **Harvey's** was absolutely spot on! Pub did look good as well as the menu, although Charlie later advised that food can be hit and miss depending on which chef is on!



Next stop was Pyecombe, by which time it was looking highly likely that I would be called into service for Dave's team so I again missed out on the pint at the **PLOUGH**. Perhaps with one eye on the FA cup Brett was now proposing the first of the early starts. Really some sort of a relay this, when only the cars are really relaying! Phil agreed though so off the r*nners went to miss Malcolm and Andy fighting out for the honours, something that was to cost Malc dearly.

At Ditchling Beacon we were spared a repeat of last years 'little hitler' antics from the attendant, who Charlie assured me was on holiday, so we didn't need to play our trump card of the two National Trust bods in the collective squad! So far the day had been quiet weatherwise, light cloud, occasional sun and the chill of the night quickly left behind, but the favourable Westerly wind started to make itself felt here, much to the disappointment of the ice-cream van who capitalised well last year. Having set the trend letting outgoing r*nners off early

at the previous c/o the actual hanging around time was also much reduced, and r*nners were again released early, establishing the pattern for the rest of the day.

By Housedean Farm (the **NEWMARKET** not beckoning after last years post-r*n) Malc had stiffened up so much that it was clear he wasn't going to be able to perform his 2nd leg. Wiggy, who was scheduled to r*n only the first and last stages, and Liz combined to sort the problem and, after gathering up the arrivals, it was off to Rodmell, where again I had to resist the lure of a pint due to having to r*n, this time from the **ABERGAVENNY ARMS**. Nigel on his 5th or 6th stage, myself and Brett were therefore the first on the relay to christen the new bridge at I tford farm, which is a lot tougher

than it looks! I was drained so took the steep walk to the top as the others followed the track, recovering in time to jog in with Brett, past what really should have been another two pubs, but instead were just dew ponds oddly named the **RED LION** and the **WHITE LION**.

Ya see what I mean? Definitely waiting for I van, Lyons indeed!

No repeat of last year at Males Burgh when the r*nners had been set off so far ahead from Rodmell that they'd been waiting several minutes when the first car arrived, and straight off to Alfriston and the certainty of a beer. Brett tore himself away from the radio to join us in the mistaken belief that the **GEORGE INN** would have a telly. Nicola and Sally also joined us and with Peter B and Andy already there, we soon had a bit of a party! Tearing ourselves back to the business of the day we heard the news that Matt had got himself properly lost this time. Maps were pored over, mobile numbers swapped, and the incoming r*nners quizzed (including Wiggy who observed that the relay 'Youth Policy' wasn't working!) as we attempted to locate the lad. Brett with Jo headed off to Seaford to find him, perhaps concerned about losing his crown? All this activity meant that we bypassed Jevington, heading straight on to see the girls finish at Beachy Head golf club (or whatever, Nicola!). The champagne tasted better knowing that Matt had been found, exactly where he should have been, just an hour and a half late!



Sasha, Julia and Liz on the final sprint for the champagne!

Once again the job was done with the usual hash panache and at last everyone finally picked up on the message I'd been broadcasting all day and headed off to get beer from the **LANSDOWN ARMS** in Lewes to quench their thirst. Confident at last that my drinking wasn't going to be interrupted I clearly savoured the first pint (only my third of the entire day!) for far too long, as when I turned to collect my 2nd I found it had been divided up! I'll admit I was distraught, and I still can't believe that hashers would nick other hashers 'paid for' beer but before I could replace it, the wife dragged me off for a curry. Talk about mixed emotions, balancing the unquenched thirst against a very tasty curry! Thanks to Dave (who I think must've won last year?) for all his work pulling this together, to the team collators, Brett, Dave and Phil, and to Clipboard 'Sacha's Mum' Jill, all the way from Oz! But not to the b*ggers who nicked my pint. Oh well, one year I will get the pub crawl right!

A little corner of gems from Brett:

The Doctor Visit

"Don't laugh!" said the patient, Ed.

"Of course I won't laugh," the doctor said "I'm a professional. In over twenty years I've never laughed at a patient."

"Okay then," Ed said, and proceeded to drop his trousers, revealing the tiniest 'who-ha' the doctor had ever seen. It couldn't have been bigger than the size of an AAA battery. Unable to control himself, the Doctor started giggling, and then fell laughing to the floor. Later, he was able to struggle to his feet and regain his composure.

"I'm so sorry," said the doctor. "I really am. I don't know what came over me. On my honor as a doctor and a gentleman, I promise it won't happen again. Now what seems to be the problem?" (see bottom of the page!)

Paddy wins the Lottery:

Camelot said, "Paddy, we are a bit low on funds at the moment. Can we give you £3m this week and the second £3m next week?"

Paddy replies, "Look, if you're going to **ck me about I'll ave me pound back!"

A question for Bunter:

If a woman is uncomfortable watching you having a w*nk, do you think:

a/ You need more time together?

b/ She's a prude?

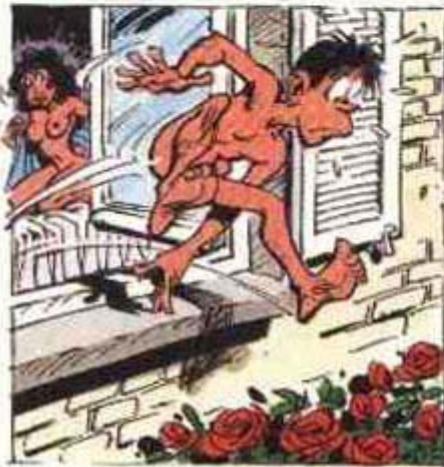
c/ She should sit somewhere else on the bus!

The Doctor Visit "It's swollen," Ed replied.



The Comic Strip Presents...

SPORTSLOJ



DANY + MARCO 73

So husband comes home, luvver jumps out of the window, joins in on the hash, explains about the tradition of the naked r*n and how much he prefers it to wearing clothes. Other r*nner points to condom and says, "So I suppose that's because it was raining when you came out?". Looks like Viking so maybe Malibog can enlighten us!

THE



END

OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH

MALIBOG HUMOUR FROM PAPUA NEW GUINEA:

It was mealtime during a flight on Air Niugini. "Would you like dinner?" the flight attendant asked our Grand Masta. "What are my choices?" Our Grand Masta asked.

"Yes or no." she replied.

OnOn

A flight attendant was stationed at the departure gate to check tickets. As a man approached, she extended her hand for the ticket and he opened his trench coat and flashed her. Without missing a beat, she said, "Sir, I need to see your ticket not your stub."

OnOn

A lady was picking through the frozen turkeys at the grocery store but she couldn't find one big enough for her family. She asked a stock boy, "Do these turkeys get any bigger?" The stock boy replied, "No ma'am, they're dead."

OnOn

A truck driver was driving along on the freeway. A sign comes up that reads, "Low Bridge Ahead." Before he knows it, the bridge is right ahead of him and he gets stuck under the bridge. Cars are backed up for miles. Finally, a police car comes up. The cop gets out of his car and walks to the truck driver, puts his hands on his hips and says, "Got stuck, huh?"

The truck driver says, "No, I was delivering this bridge and ran out of gas."

OnOn

A college teacher reminds her class of tomorrow's final exam. "Now class, I won't tolerate any excuses for you not being here tomorrow. I might consider a nuclear attack or a serious personal injury, illness, or a death in your immediate family, but that's it, no other excuses whatsoever!" A smart-ass guy in the back of the room raised his hand and asked, "What would you say if tomorrow I said I was suffering from complete and utter sexual exhaustion?" The entire class is reduced to laughter and snickering. When silence is restored, the teacher smiles knowingly at the student, shakes her head and sweetly says, "Well, I guess you'd have to write the exam with your other hand."

OnOn

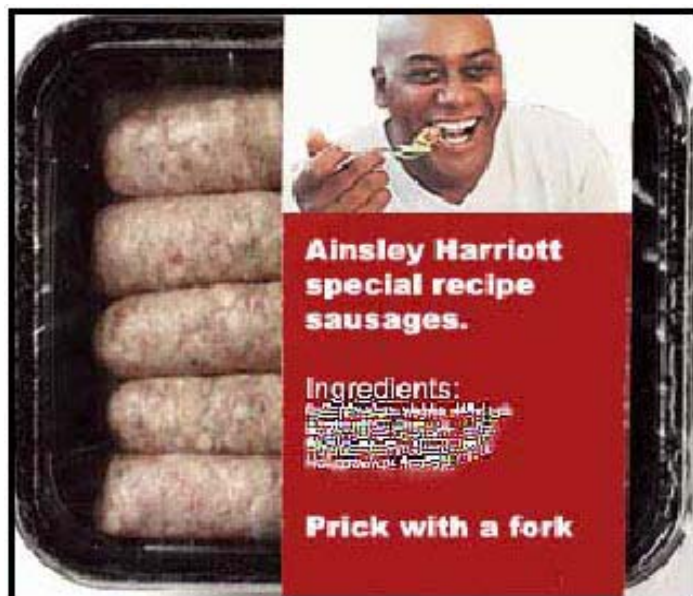
A Greek and an Italian were sitting down one day debating who had the superior culture. The Greek says, "We have the Parthenon." The Italian says, "We have the Coliseum." The Greek says, "We had great mathematicians." The Italian says, "We had the Roman Empire." And so on and so on for hours, until finally the Greek lights up and says... "We invented sex."

The Italian nods slowly and thinks, then replies, "That is true - but it was Italians who introduced it to women."

OnOn

A Professor was giving a lecture on "Involuntary Muscular Contractions" to his first year medical students. Realising that this was not the most riveting subject, the professor decided to lighten the mood slightly. He pointed to a young woman in the front row and said, "Do you know what your ass hole is doing while you're having an orgasm?"

She replied, "He's probably out hashing with his buddies."



And finally

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

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.

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

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

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."

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