



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R\*ns/trash #125 October 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
1st October 2007	1528	Marquis of Granby, Sompting	162 053	Pat Morfitt & Anne Witney
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west through tunnel. Straight on at traffic lights, across roundabout at North Lancing to next lights. Straight on again and after houses end take next left. Pub on right, parking limited. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
8th October 2007	1529	Old Oak Inn, Arlington	557 078	Pete Beard
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Alfriston roundabout. Continue and take 1st left (opposite Giants Rest pub). Right at t- junction and pub 1/2 mile on left through Caneheath. <b>Est. 25 mins.</b>				
15th October 2007	1530	The Eagle, Arundel	018 071	George Baxter
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west past Worthing to Crossbush traffic lights. Right at lights, bear left, and on to roundabout. Straight ahead, over bridge then left on one way and left again for car park. Pub on Tarrant Street left through alley. <b>Est. 30 mins.</b>				
22nd October 2007	1531	The Dyke Inn, Devils Dyke	259 111	Charlie
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west. At 1st exit turn right, cross above dual carriageway. Take 1st left then straight on at bend. <b>Est 5 mins</b>				
29th October 2007	1532	The Cat, West Hoathly	363 326	Aunty Jo
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Back under A23 to Ansty and stay on A272 into Haywards Heath. Left on B2028 through Lindfield. Immediately after Ardingly take right on Cob Lane. Pub c.2.5 miles on right. <b>Est. 30 mins.</b>				

### RECEDING HARELINE:

5th November 2007 - Pete Eastwood  
Bonfire night!

12th November 2007 - The Berwick Inn,  
Berwick, Mudlarks

10th December 2007 - Rosemary & Terry

31st December 2007 - Bouncers 500<sup>th</sup>.  
New Years Eve hash and party

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### *Thought for the day:*

Never let the truth get in the way of a good story.





## Hallo Every wee'un!

Huge congratulations to Aileen and Grant on the birth of Isabel:



She was born at 11.57pm on Saturday 1st September (to the dulcid tones of Match Of The Day - she made sure her daddy didn't miss Man U beating Sunderland before she emerged!). She weighed in at 5lbs 9ozs and her full name is Isabel Evelyn Hughes and she's a wee sweetie pie!.

We eventually made it out of hospital last Monday after ten days 'inside'! She was born very light (and three weeks early!) and didn't manage to eat at first and then got jaundice. However, she is piling on the ounces now and weighed in at 6lbs 8ozs today which is decidedly heavy weight compared to the 5lbs 9 ozs she was at birth.

All the best, Aileen x



## BOUNCERS 500<sup>TH</sup> RUN – 31<sup>st</sup> December 2007.

Yep, After 15 years with the club I've finally reached the 500 mark and, I can assure you that this was not in the least bit planned, it just happens (barring accident or injury but we'll celebrate[?] then anyway) to land on this years New Years Eve which is a Monday!

So inevitably it seems appropriate to ring out the old (and there's a double meaning here as we will be starting work on a new extension early in the New Year) with a hash at the usual time, grub, ale, music etc. until after we've seen the New Year in at Chez Bouncer in Shoreham.

Full details to follow, but I would like an indication of who is likely to be coming for catering (including beer) purposes, particularly as many people do tend towards their own arrangements at this time of year, so will be asking around Mondays.

## FRENCH HASH UPDATE

Well by now you may already have realised that, for the first time since 1994, we didn't have a French Hash. This was due to lack of numbers, which is very disappointing although sadly myself and Angel were unable to go as well. With Greyhound Niel only able to join us sporadically since his move to Devon I think we should thank him for once again offering his accommodation this year as well as expressing our appreciation for all the years past. Hopefully, a bit of buttering up will ensure he again offers next year and we can restore this great weekend to the calendar!

## RUN REVIEWS ETC.

After some years with nothing but our occasional weekend events it would be good to have some feedback from the runs, as well as something to plump out the trash! All hares deserve a bit of praise but we can probably all learn from mistakes and how often does something funny occur on the run just to be lost forever. We don't want to get into naming a scribe ahead of the run, but it would be good if someone other than your editor offered a run review from time-to-time! So get those e-mails coming. At this point I feel moved to mention the comments on the run list after Wiggy and my own last effort - "V.V. good hash - new places". Flattery will get you everywhere!



## WEBSITE PROBLEMS

A few people have mentioned difficulties with the website. For anyone who missed the e-mail, Louis has apologised that due to a touch of brain-fade, he overlooked renewing our domain name or something technical like that. There is a link through but due this time to my brain fade I seem to have misplaced the e-mail Louis sent with it on. Doh!

Hopefully, issues will soon be resolved and the site will be back shortly. Louis mentioned that this could take up to a month but that was a couple of weeks back!

Meanwhile if you or you know of anyone who isn't getting the information by e-mail please remind me of your e-mail address and I will check the group e-mail is up-to-date.

## ON ON BOUNCER



WASHINGTON (AFP) - A court in Nebraska is being asked to cast judgement on the ultimate judge — God. State lawmaker Ernie Chambers filed a lawsuit Friday against the Almighty - acknowledging he/she goes by numerous aliases — for causing “fearsome floods, egregious earthquakes, horrendous hurricanes, terrifying tornadoes, pestilential plagues” and other alliterative catastrophes. The suit, Chambers vs God, asks the court for a “permanent injunction ordering defendant (God) to cease certain harmful activities and the making of terrorist threats” which affect innumerable persons, including Chambers’s constituents.

It asserts that God is “the admitted perpetrator” of such acts and said that God’s omnipresence gives the local Douglas County District Court jurisdiction in the suit, adding that God’s omniscience eliminates the need to issue a formal notice of the lawsuit.

Chambers told local media he filed the suit to make a point about frivolous lawsuits frequently seen in US courts, citing a recent one against a judge. He asked the court to award him an unspecified summary judgment against God, or, in the alternative, issue a permanent injunction against God engaging in the damaging acts cited in the filing.

Neither God nor his/her spokespersons could be contacted for comment.

----- Haunted House Too Scary -----

ORLANDO - A woman suing Universal Studios contends the theme park operator’s annual Halloween Horror Nights haunted house attraction was too scary and caused her emotional distress. The lawsuit by Cleanthi Peters, 57, also seeks compensation for injuries she says she suffered when she visited the haunted house with her 10-year-old granddaughter in 1998. Peters is seeking

\$15,000 in damages for “extreme fear, emotional distress and mental anguish.” [We should introduce this lady to the guy who went swimming with the Killer whale... but wait, he died and his parents are suing Sea World because no sign was posted not to swim with Killer whales. Orlando brings out the best in litigation.]

----- Paris Man Enjoys Eating Himself -----

PARIS, France - Michel Journiac is being sued by a dinner guest he had over to his flat. It seems the guest became sick after Michel revealed that the delicacy of “black pudding” was made with Michel’s own blood. Journiac has this fetish for eating his own blood and in papers filed in court said, “It’s very rewarding to know you are eating some part of yourself.” His dinner guest didn’t share this rewarding feeling. [Michel is no doubt single and a lonely man.]

----- Actress Kensit Sleeps With Mother’s Ashes -----

LONDON - Actress Patsy Kensit (Lethal Weapon 2) revealed on Wednesday that she keeps her mother’s ashes by her bed – and hugs the urn when she is feeling down. “I know it sounds weird but I like to be near her,” Kensit told GQ magazine. No Patsy what’s really bizarre is... The urn Patsy ordered “is a nice big posh one” because her mother suffered from claustrophobia.

----- Accused Bank Robber Drops Name -----

SALT LAKE CITY - It wouldn’t be surprising if Johnny Lee Miller got upset at the mention of his anger-management course. FBI agents seeking a man who took \$34,804 from First Utah Bank on New Year’s Eve caught up with Miller after finding his course graduation certificate in the bank’s vault, said U.S. Attorney Paul Warner. The FBI said Miller slid a gun out from an envelope and demanded of a teller, “Where is your money?” The suspect took the gun with him but left behind the envelope, which also contained the certificate. It was issued by the Utah Department of Corrections.

Bill and Tom are two Irishmen working at the local sawmill. One day Bill slips and his arm gets caught and severed by the big bench saw. Tom quickly puts the limb in a plastic bag and rushes it and Bill to the local hospital. Next day, Tom goes to the hospital and asks after Bill. The nurse says, ‘Oh he’s out in Rehab exercising’. Tom couldn’t believe it, but here’s Bill out the back exercising his now reattached arm. The very next day he’s back at work in the saw mill. Couple of days go by, and then Bill slips and severs his leg on another bloody big saw thing. So Tom puts the limb in a plastic bag and rushes it and Bill off to hospital. Next day he calls in to see him and asks the nurse how he is. The nurse replies, ‘He’s out in the Rehab again exercising’. And sure enough, here’s Bill out there doing some serious work on the treadmill. And Bill comes back to work. But, as usual, within a couple of days he has another accident and severs his head. Wearily Tom puts the head in a plastic bag and transports it and Bill to hospital. Next day he goes in and asks the nurse how Bill is. The nurse breaks down and cries and says, ‘He’s dead’. Tom is shocked, but not surprised. ‘I suppose the saw finally did him in’ ‘No,’ says the nurse, ‘Some dopey b\*stard put his head in a plastic bag and he suffocated.’



Dear Hashers and Friends,

Thank you for all your support! Please read the attached journal to update your knowledge on our case. While the city is not seeking restitution anymore (thanks to all of you who emailed and wrote to the mayor), the state attorney still has not dropped the charges (breach of peace, a class D felony for sprinkling flour). I encourage you to email or write the state attorney, and let him know what you think about the charges. Many hashers and friends have already voiced their opinion. Again, thanks for your support.

On On,

Dr. G (one of the hares charged with a felony for marking a running trail)

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# The Poison Ivy League Journal

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September 16, 2007 A publication of the New Haven Hash House Harriers

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## Restitution Down, Felony Continues

On-On fellow Hashers,

the debut of this newsletter begins with good news and a tribute to the myriad of efforts of Hashers worldwide. After three weeks of the unyielding support of Hashers via petitions, blogs, emails, t-shirts, letters to the editor of numerous media sources and letters to the mayor of the city of New Haven, your efforts are starting to pay off. The **City of New Haven has decided not to seek restitution**. On On! This has lifted an enormous weight off of our shoulders as we are no longer worrying about having to give our first-born over to New Haven. We applaud the city and mayor of New Haven for their strong leadership in this matter.

While there is much to be celebrated in the recent decision of City of New Haven, the **State of Connecticut so far has not dropped the felony charges** against the infamous New Haven Two. The state attorney is arguing that the actions (dropping flour) of Daniel and Doro Salchow could be considered "reckless," which is a term included in the "breach of peace" class D felony statute. Given Daniel's immigration situation and Doro's foreign status, these charges cannot be taken lightly. We go back to court on October 5<sup>th</sup>.

That said, we are reaching out to Hashers to continue their efforts by directing their attention to the state attorney's office. If you wrote letters to the mayor, please resend them to the state attorney. If you didn't, we encourage you to write one now. Here's how: Please write to **Michael Dearington, State's Attorney; copy Marc Ramia, Asst. State's Attorney; and copy David Strollo, Supv. Asst. State's Attorney; 121 Elm Street New Haven, CT 06510 or give them a call at: (203) 503-6823**. You may also want to try [conndcj@po.state.ct.us](mailto:conndcj@po.state.ct.us) and address it to the attention of all three names listed above. If possible, please send a copy of the letter to [shanakennedy@hotmail.com](mailto:shanakennedy@hotmail.com) (to be passed on to the lawyer).

**Some possible topics to include in your letters:** the history and frequency of hashing; the fact that hundreds of Hashes go on each week without incident and where there has been incident, it was dealt with in an appropriate matter by law enforcement and justice systems alike; it was just flour; and anything else you think necessary.

Many Hashers responded to the media when this whole ordeal broke out. We are asking that Hashers continue this with an emphasis on the state of Connecticut needing to

come to its senses. Check out this article: [http://www.nhregister.com/site/index.cfm?newsid=18820001&BRD=1281&PAG=461&dept\\_id=517515&rfi=8](http://www.nhregister.com/site/index.cfm?newsid=18820001&BRD=1281&PAG=461&dept_id=517515&rfi=8)

We would also like to **thank our incredible lawyer, Michael Jefferson** for his amazing legal prowess. By 7:00 am of the morning after the IKEA incident, Mike was on the phone with us and ready for court that day. Because of Mike's quick response, Daniel's sister was able to go back to Germany and her appearances in court have been waived. Although he is not a Hasher, he should be. His steadfast commitment to our case is to be commended.

## Legal Defense Fund News

To date, Hashers from all over the place have raised money to help pay the legal fees. We have been beyond amazed by this generous outpouring of financial support. As it stands, **Hashers have raised close to \$3,000**. It truly has been amazing- thank you all.

A special thanks to Cap'n Crunch of DCH4 for organizing the legal fund. Additionally, Matzo Balls of the San Luis Obispo H3 out in CA is in the process of setting up a PayPal account to accept additional funds- more to follow on this soon.

If any funds are left over after the legal fees are paid, it will be donated to the Hill Health Center, a medical center for uninsured and economically disadvantaged patients here in New Haven. Read about it here: [www.hillhealthcenter.com](http://www.hillhealthcenter.com).

## New Hash Song

Written by Moustache Rider of NH4 ad to be sung to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*.

Dr. Gonad [and his sister] went to town  
Just to lay a trail,  
Threw some flour on the ground  
And, now he's facing jail!  
Dr. Gonad, keep it up,  
Don't let the HazMats Scare ya',  
They're all Assholes and we know  
The Judge is sure to clear ya'!

## Upcoming Events

October 5<sup>th</sup>- return to court.  
Near future- a large Hashing event here in New Haven- more details soon.

## Guildford H3 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday weekend Bisley Shooting range 29<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> September

The Bisley shooting range has seen quite a bit of hash action in the past having hosted a Surrey party in 1998, and the W&NK New Years Eve bashes in 1999 and 2000, and very good they've been too. As we turned into the drive we passed a car that had clearly missed the corner and crashed into a tree outside. No-one hurt and not hashers so moved on. In the past the accommodation has been in the same building as the party but this time it was a bit of a walk between. No problem for the van as we pitched right outside hall, registered, added our photos of us at 21 to the board (*just pick any number that hasn't been used - Gabs and her got 69. I chose 241 as there's probably twice as much of me now!*) and picked up our beige T-shirts. Hey, if it's good enough for the King of the Jungle it's good enough for me! "What size did I put?" I said to Dogsbreath. "We didn't ask in case we couldn't afford it" was the reply. Chose a large but had to change for XL a few minutes later. Guess my stomach was bigger than my eyes!



She liked Frank,  
he wasn't like other guys...

Gunshots all around had us wondering if they stopped at night thus prompting the old joke about the jungle drums: *A man goes to an exotic tropical island for a vacation. As the boat nears the island, he notices the constant sound of drumming coming from the island. As he gets off the boat, he asks the first native he sees how long the drumming will go on. The native casts about uneasily and says, "Very bad when the drumming stops." At the end of the day, the drumming is still going and is starting to get on his nerves. So, he asks another native when the drumming will stop. The native looks as if he's just been reminded of something very unpleasant. "Very bad when the drumming stops," he says, and hurries off. After a couple of days with little sleep, our traveller is finally fed up, grabs the nearest native, slams him up against a tree, and shouts "What happens when the drumming stops?!!" "Bass solo."*

Couple of beers as we reacquainted with friends and got ready, then everyone was given balloons to carry and told to watch out for feet lying along the trail. Off we went with scooters and buggy. Cross down and out of shooting range, down road then off into woods. At the canal we took a short-cut to the beer stop and the pack eventually reached us. Knee Trembler "I know you don't I? I'm Creepers sister>" Oh yeah we met at Nash Hash! That's good enough for myself and the two younger boys to ponce a lift to the very late BBQ lunch stop. Couldn't resist the old decking joke. *There's no respect nowadays. I went to B&Q the other day and some old bloke asked if I wanted decking. Got the first punch in though so that showed him.*

Callum had set off enthusiastically with Angel but was exhausted when he reached us, "I didn't know we could get a lift." I managed to get a small run in just catching up with the pack as they reached the shooting range but not quite beating the kids who'd all gone by car this time. Ended up with two down-downs: one for the shirt thing which was expanded to include me trying on Medium as well (see cover). The other was for the pair of shoes I'd lent Proxy which weren't long enough letting Scud draw comparisons between pedile and penile sizes concluding that I was lacking. I checked with Proxy and he confirmed they were wide enough though! Best of the rest came from the interesting War Cemetery the main pack had gone through via a tunnel. Although the hash horn failed to show much respect, the layout was apparently interesting with all the allies represented. Someone had apparently observed that the gap between the American plots was substantially larger than the rest prompting Dogsbreath to put this down to how fat they are!

DD's done most set off to get beered; showered and changed for the posh sit down dinner. The theme was "21" and I managed to dig out one of Airman Lucks old Singapore t's from about 1982 (which of course, didn't fit). Angel simply got the gear she'd been wearing back then out of her drawer (not that she's that much younger, just still wears it!). Best outfit was the woman who was obviously pregnant when she was 21 so spent half the evening with bump before being 'delivered' by a couple of nurses and the aptly named Birthing Blanket. After the beauty competition on the photos (won by RHUM looking beautiful in his cozzie in his old banks promo leaflet. Can't remember who lost!) came the caption contest. "Have we got to read that lot" said the judges, so as I was sat there, I pointed out my effort of a moustachioed Bodyshop with Births "*Even dirty old men need love*". "Good one" said the judges. "Who wrote..." "Me" "Prize to Bouncer!".



Proxy's band then started their set to much appreciation but ran into problems after a while when firstly the drummer got too hot, and then a fuse blew. Some Travolta look-a-like then stood up and performed a Stayin' Alive solo with special GH3 lyrics, very funny! As we were well in our cups we then filled the time between sets sharing all the recent appalling jokes:

- " *Foot and mouth has been discovered in Scotland but it's too early to say if the rest of Colin MacCrae will be found.*
- " *Pavarotti was recently singing to help save the rainforests. Now they're having to cut one down to bury the fat git!*
- " *Serial funeral goer Elton John has been wheeled out to sing a Pavarotti tribute with Jose Carreras and Placido Domingo. They will be calling themselves the two tenors and a nine-bob note.*
- " *Jose Mourinho has spoken at his disappointment over the end of his tenure with Chelsea saying he just wants to get back to Portugal and disappear. Apparently he's had a call offering to help from the McCanns.*
- " *Did you know that Pakistan has given up Cricket and taken up Bob Sleighting (slaying) instead?*
- " *In the old days a group of 20 white blokes chasing a black bloke were called the Ku Klux Klan. Now it's Formula One!*

Oh dear. Luckily the band came back and played on until about half-past midnight. A few late night songs ensued then bed.

After a substantial breakfast we all packed up and wended over weawy way to Chobham for the hash, a joint effort between Berkshire and Surrey. On arrival at the Wildlife Trust car park we discovered to our horror that there was a height bar so had to leave van on the verge outside. As I strolled in to find the group a ranger vehicle arrived so I approached him to see if we would be able to bring the van in to receive a torrent of abuse. "You're hash house harriers 'yes', you lot shouldn't be here, you haven't got permission for an organised event. 'hahaha' You can't run in a foot and mouth zone 'um, it's been declared clear here', you've got no consideration for others, you fill up the car park leaving no room for other people 'we are other people too', you tread on rare plants and frighten rare birds, and blow your horn at horses rant rant rant." Ranger Ragge was well known to the hash and clearly not happy so I directed him to Popeye who gave him his credit card number to shut him up. There then followed a lovely heath run, with the checks fairly flying through until we hit an on back enabling the rest of the pack to get ahead before we worked it out. Off the heath and through the village we soon found the first of two beer (and birthday cake left over from the night before) stops. Simple Simon was asked "Where were you last night?" "I was at home watching TV." "Miserable git. Should've come to the party." "I might've but you wouldn't have wanted a miserable git there would you?" Great logic!



"Boyl! That A positive goes right through ya, doesn't it?"

Didn't like the idea of the next roads name Steep Hill, so ended up having some surreal conversation with Layby about nostrils and other very non-sensible things. Some more running took us to the second beer stop from which there was

a short stroll off-piste in the woods back to the car park. Once again I managed to end up with what turned out to be a shandy down to a slight misunderstanding. Okay to be honest I'd stitched up a Berkshire lass who had a beer for wearing her shirt the wrong way round for the entire run, forgetting that this was a Berkshire hash. Mother had also turned up being from that hash and was still looking for revenge from last year. End result is I had to take her beer as the Brighton hash Mother! And so another great weekend ended as people departed for pub or home.

A man and his wife were about to celebrate 50 years together. Their three kids, all very successful and wealthy agreed to a Sunday dinner in honour of their parents. As usual, they were all late and had a



varied assortment of excuses. "Happy anniversary mom and dad," gushed son number one, "Sorry I'm running late - had an emergency, you know how it is, didn't have time to get you both a present."

"Not to worry," said the dad - "The important thing is that we're all together today." Son number two arrived and announced, "You and mom still look great dad, Just flew in from L.A. and didn't have time to get you a present -sorry."

"I t's nothing," said the father, "glad you were able to be here."

Just then the daughter arrived. "Hello you both, happy anniversary! I'm sorry but my boss is sending me out of town and I was really busy packing - so I didn't have time to get you guys anything." Again the father said, "I really don't care, at least the five of us are together today." During dinner, the father put down his knife and fork, looked up and said, "Listen you three, there's something your mother and I wanted to tell you for a long time. Well - your mother and I came to this country penniless and desperate. Despite this, we were able to raise each all you and send you to college. We always knew we loved each other but..... we never got around to getting married." The three kids gasped and said, "You mean we're BASTARDS ?"

"Yep," said the dad .... "and cheap ones too!"

A man was driving down the road and ran out of gas. Just at that moment, a bee flew in his window.

The bee said, "What seems to be the problem?"

"I'm out of gas," the man replied. The bee told the man to wait right there and flew away. Minutes later, the man watched as an entire swarm of bees flew to his car and into his gas tank. After a few minutes, the bees flew out.

"Try it now," said one bee. The man turned the ignition key and the car started right up. "Wow!" the man exclaimed, "what did you put in my gas tank"? The bee answered, (see bottom of page)

I was walking down the street when I was accosted by a particularly dirty and shabby-looking homeless woman who asked me for a couple of dollars for dinner. I took out my wallet, got out ten dollars and asked, "If I give you this money, will you buy some wine with it instead of dinner?"

"No, I had to stop drinking years ago", the homeless woman told me.

"Will you use it to go shopping instead of buying food?" I asked.

"No, I don't waste time shopping," the homeless woman said. "I need to spend all my time trying to stay alive.

"Will you spend this on a beauty salon instead of food?" I asked.

"Are you NUTS!" she replied. "I haven't had my hair done in 20 years!"

"Well," I said, "I'm not going to give you the money. Instead, I'm going to take you out for dinner with my husband and me tonight.

"The homeless woman was shocked. "Won't your husband be furious with you for doing that? I know I'm dirty, and I probably smell pretty disgusting."

"I said, "That's okay. It's important for him to see what a woman looks like after she has given up shopping, hair appointments, and wine."

At a world brewing convention in the States, the CEO's of various brewing organizations retired to the bar at the end of the day's conference. Bruce, CEO of Fosters, shouted to the barman: "In 'straylya, we make the best bladdy beer in the world, so pour me a Bladdy Fosters, mate!"

JEFF GOT THE FEELING THE  
BARMAN WAS USING HARRY POTTER  
MANIA TO HIS ADVANTAGE



Bob, CEO of Budweiser, calls out next: "In the States, we brew the finest beers of the world, and I make the King of them all, gimme a Budweiser!"

Hans steps up next: "In Germany ve invented das beer, verdammt. Give me ein Becks, ja ist der real King of beers, danke."

Paddy, CEO of Guinness, steps forward: "Barman, would ya gie me a doyet coke wid ice and lemon. Tanks." The others stare at him in stunned silence, amazement written all over their faces. Eventually Bruce asks: "Are you not going to have a Guinness, Pat?" Paddy replies: "Well, if ya pansies aren't drinkin', then neither am I"

This may come as a surprise to those of you not living in Las Vegas, but there are more catholic churches than casinos. Not surprisingly, some worshippers at sunday services will give casino chips rather than cash when the basket is passed. Since they get chips from many different casinos, the churches have devised a method to collect the offerings. The churches send all their collected chips to a nearby monastery for sorting and then the chips are taken to the casinos of origin and cashed in. This is done by the chip monks. :-)

A passenger in a taxi leaned over to ask the driver a question and tapped him on the shoulder. The driver screamed, lost control of the cab, nearly hit a bus, drove up over the curb, and stopped just inches from a large plate glass window. For a few moments everything was silent in the cab, and then the still shaking driver said, "I'm sorry but you scared the daylights out of me." The frightened passenger

apologized to the driver and said he didn't realize a mere tap on the shoulder could frighten him so much. The driver replied, "No, no, I'm sorry, it's entirely my fault. Today is my first day driving a cab. I've been driving a hearse for the last 25 years."

Bloke goes to a building site and asks if they've got any jobs.

Foreman says "what can you do?".

"I'm a handyman".

"Great, can you get up the scaffold and help the brickies."

"Oh, I'm not too good on heights"

"In that case the sparky needs a hand, wiring over there."

"Sorry, won't touch electrics - dangerous."

"Can you help the chippy out then?"

"I t's weird but I've got some sort of allergy brings me out in a rash when I'm near sawdust"

"I thought you said you were a handy man"

"I am. I only live round the corner"



# THE



# END

## (at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH



ZIMBABWEAN DOCTOR...

An Israeli doctor says: "Medicine in my country is so advanced that we can take a kidney out of one man, put it in another, and have him looking for work in 6 weeks."

A British doctor says: "That is nothing; we can take a lung out of one person, put it in another, and have him looking for work in 4 weeks. A Canadian doctor says: "In my country, medicine is so advanced that we can take half a heart out of one person, put it in another, and have them both looking for work in 2 weeks."

A Zimbabwean doctor: not to be outdone, says: "You guys are way behind... We just took a man with NO brain, made him President, and now the whole country is looking for work!!"

Two Nuns, Sister Marilyn and Sister Helen, are traveling through Europe in their car. They get to Transylvania and are stopped at a traffic light. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a diminutive Dracula jumps onto the hood of the car and hisses through the windshield.

"Quick, quick!" shouts Sister Marilyn. "What shall we do?"

"Turn the windshield wipers on. That will get rid of the abomination," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn switches them on, knocking Dracula about, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"What shall I do now?" she shouts.

"Switch on the windshield washer. I filled it up with Holy Water in the Vatican," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn turns on the windshield washer. Dracula screams as the water burns his skin, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"Now what?" shouts Sister Marilyn.

"Show him your cross," says Sister Helen.

"Now you're talking," says Sister Marilyn as she opens the window and shouts, "Get the f\*\*k off our car!"

—oOo—

A red-headed hooker decided she was doing pretty well for herself, so put on a special offer. On the inside of her left thigh she had a tattoo done of Osama Bin Laden, and on the inside of her right thigh one of George Bush, then told her clients that whoever could name these two men could pork her for free. The

next day she went out on the streets and was approached by an Arab gentleman. "If you can name these two blokes on the inside of my thighs, I'm free," she told the man as she opened her legs. "Well, the one on the left is Osama, but I don't know who the other guy is," he confessed, so he had to pay.

A little later on, an American gentleman came over. She took him to her room, stripped, opened her legs and said, "Name these two guys and you can have me for free."

"Well the one on the right is Dubya, but I haven't a clue who the other guy is..." the man said, so he had to pay.

A couple of days later a German propositioned the hooker. So she took him up to her love nest, stripped and spread her legs on the bed. "Name these two men and you can shag me for free," she told him. The German sat there for a moment before replying, "I don't know who the guys are on the inside of your thighs, but the one in the middle with the big lips and red hair is Boris Becker".

—oOo—

A lad from Sunderland walks in to his parents, bedroom to find his dad giving his mum one. The dad laughs throws a pillow at the lad and tells him to get out.

Hours later the dad hears a commotion coming from the lad's bedroom. He enters the bedroom to find the lad giving his gran one. The dad looks horrified. Not so funny when it's *your* mum is it...? Says the lad

