



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R-ns/trash #154 March 2010*

<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).

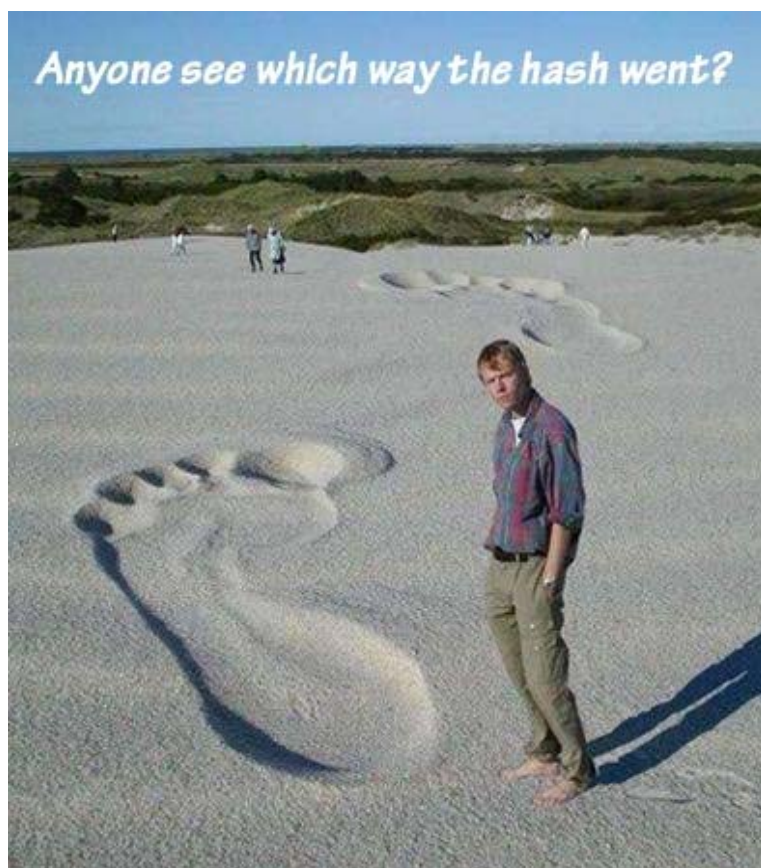
DATE	#NO	ON ON	MAP REF	HARES
1st March 2010	1654	Halfway House, Rose Hill, Isfield	457 163	James
<b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout, pub is on A26 on left 1/2 mile past Isfield turning. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
8th March 2010	1655	Winning Post, Plumpton	365 163	Phil
<b>Directions:</b> 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 right on B2116. Turn left at Half Moon, pub is just past level crossing on right hand side.. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>				
15th March 2010	1656	Snowdrop, Lewes	425 100	Don & Anne
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. The Snowdrop is at the end of this road on left. <i>Parking difficult.</i> <b>Est. 20 mins. Jazz &amp; ale (and real hash)?</b>				
22nd March 2010	1657	Yew Tree, Arlington	544 074	Nicola (birthday) & Ann
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Alfriston roundabout. Turn left then first right. Pub in centre of village about 1 mile. <b>Est. 25 mins..</b>				
29th March 2010	1658	Royal Oak, Newick	420 210	Rik
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 to Lewes, A275 to Chailey. Turn right at junction with A272. Go through village and turn right at the green. Pub is on right hand side. <b>Est. 25 mins. CURRY NIGHT HASH - 2 FOR £12!</b>				

## RECEDING HARELINE:

05/04/10	TBA, Henfield - Elaine
12/04/10	Giants Rest, Wilmington - George
19/04/10	TBA - Mudlarks
26/04/10	Coach & Horses, Clapham - Ivan
03/05/10	Flying Fish, Denton - Dave & Kit
10/05/10	Marquis of Granby - Pat
17/05/10	Angel & Bouncer - 7 year hashiversary
24/05/10	TBA - Pete Beard
07/06/10	Cuckfield - Brent & Kayleen
14/06/10	Horseshoe Inn, Windmill Hill, Herstmonceux - Julia & Chris
21/06/10	Ditchling - Peter E.
05/07/10	<b>UK IH alternative post-ramble</b>
26/07/10	Tiger Inn, East Dean - Ann 'Red Slapper'

## Thought for the day:

***HASHERS** - keep smiling! When it unnerves people and makes them wonder what you've been up to, tell them!*



## A cartoon illustration of the Grinch, a green creature with a large head and small body, running towards the left. He is wearing a white t-shirt with the words "ON ON" printed on it, red shorts, and white sneakers with red stripes. He is holding a small white card with a black footprint on it in his right hand. The background is white.

A cartoon illustration of the Grinch, a green creature with red fur on his head and arms, wearing a white t-shirt with "ON ON" printed on it and red and white sneakers. He is holding up two small white cards, each showing a black footprint. He has a mischievous expression.



"Hares were Bob Luck and Mike Morris. A bit of a pretty muddy hash, well actually not pretty at all, an ugly vertical out from the Chalkpit at Offham straight up the side of the quarry, and for some a little slide back down in places! grabbing hold of roots and branches only to find out that they are not attached to anything can be fun - I'm told - anyway we were at the top eventually and across the glorious Downs. Charlie had already run from his home at Saddlescomb and after an hour and a half had turned up ten minutes late but still bounded up past us. How does he do it? The sign of a good Hash is when an ON ON ! is called and dozens of torchlights appear to come from all directions and some far off too. Back down to the road after a few back-checks through the quarry diggings then across the road towards Hamsey, veering south through the woods and after a check (which I got wrong and inadvertantly short cut, honest) the pack waded across the water meadows north of Lewes before swinging (swimming) round back towards the road and the ON IN ! to the pub. Back before 9pm - well planned. Harveys Best was excellent - and the Old even better. Dave Evans awarded signed card and £50 for his retirement (from work) and as a recognition that he bought everyone a drink last but one Hash. Yet another good evening. ON ON."



Dear John,

Apologies for the cold email.

I have been reading a lot about hashing and met one of your groups at a pub in West London, who gave me some further insight into it's origins. I think it is a great concept and think we could put on a unique experience for your runners.

I run a 23 bed, 3 star hotel in the exclusive alpine resort of Megeve , France and we have some great routes, restaurants and bars, as well as unique local culture and produce to be explored and incorporated into the routes we can put on for you. We also have our very own chef who has cooked at the highest level, training at Claridge's and cooking at Michelin star level in both the Glass House and Switzerland . He is available to give groups a taster of cooking in a professional kitchen, visits to the buffalo farm and other local producers and putting together champagne picnics, which can be delivered to the end destination of your runs. We also have a big bbq out on the terrace on Fridays, which is a great social event to end the week on.

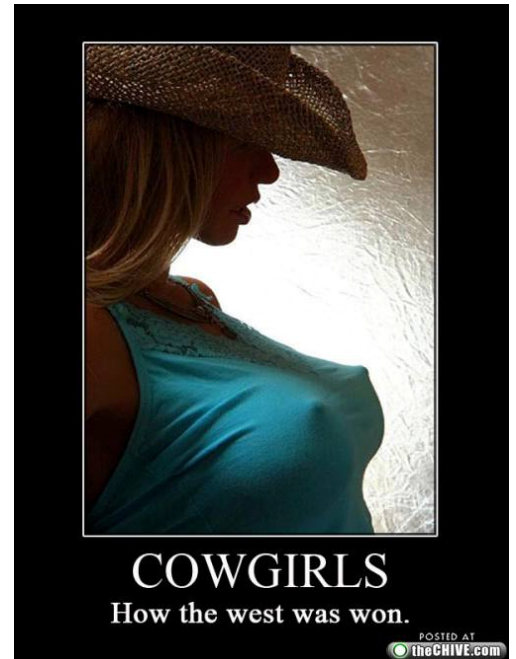
I would be happy to discuss this further with you if you think putting a group together and coming out might be of interest.

Look forward to hearing from you. Best regards,

**Pete Frost**

**Hotel Chalet d'Antoine**

[info@chalet-antoine.co.uk](mailto:info@chalet-antoine.co.uk) [www.chalet-antoine.co.uk](http://www.chalet-antoine.co.uk)



## SCAM WARNINGS! GIRLS...



OR THIS...



### Notes from a taxi driver:

You may or may not be aware that taxi drivers are exempt from the seat belt law whilst they have passengers on board. Whilst I was trying to bore the pants of this very attractive blonde the other day, she took issue with this saying that if I had a crash, the Force could throw me out of the car. Blondes, eh? I can't believe that she thinks Star Wars is real!



### **CRAFT #21 - Brighton 26/02/10 plus a whole weekend of activities as FUKFMH3 joined us!**

Bouncer left Essex back in 1992 to head south, after only a very short number of runs with the First UK Full Moon hash, but made a promise to founder Smartarse to set a run down south as soon as contact with Brighton hash had been established. That took longer than anticipated but BH7 turned out disappointingly to be highly resistant to anything other than a Monday night hash, so the plan hit the back burner. Nevertheless, whenever their paths crossed the subject was raised again. The creation of CRAFT H3 after several years finally led to the real possibility of a joint, which took fruition at the Perth Nash Hash. And so advertising took place, hounds signed up, crash space

was arranged at several locations, and B&B info fed back to the visitors.

For a brief time there was the possibility that the Stockholm Berserkers Full Moon Hash might also join in force, following the FUKFMH3 visit to Stockholm some years back, but in the end just Malibog was able to make it. Chez Bouncer, being in Shoreham-by-Sea, therefore also became location for a Saturday hash with many visitors crashing there, and Malibog having some knowledge of the area represented Berserkers as hare. **Groinbiter** was first to arrive just as **Bouncer** was heading out to collect **Malibog** from the station, but with a hash to be set, she decided to head straight for the pub, as the hares set-off. With the likelihood that **Hyena** and **My L'il Sperm'eard** would be hitting the pub about 4 also and hares being within feet of the Buckingham Arms as the Church clock struck 4 they stuck their heads round the door but seeing no-one tried the Crabtree where **Windsock** and **Tops** were staying, and found **Badger Pussy** relaxing in the bar. The Sock and Tops soon joined in as beers were appreciated, and **Panda** announced his imminent arrival by text so Bouncer attempted to get past predictive text which identified Sock first as Rock (obviously wrong - more like cushion) and then as Soak (far more likely!). Hares then completed their job, bags were dropped at Bouncers, and word got back that others were at the Buckingham. That meant a van dash with **Smartarse** to get bags up to the crash, before we could start the warm-up in earnest. But as they returned to the pub **Barbie Doll** was straight out the door, taking his newly bestowed status "beat the Barbie" seriously, having inherited the tag from Windsock in December. Windsock meanwhile was waxing lyrical with quotes from Quadrophonia and (predictably) Keith Moon, and Bouncer handed round 'thingies'. Tops also handed out a mini trash which to Bouncers great amusement showed a Shoreham pub called the Flying Duck. No such pub but just happens to be Brighton hashers Grant and Oggy's company and the arrow pointed at Grant and Aileens house! With **Rotting Stump**, **Stumping Rot** and **Rubber Ring** also now present, Mr. Arse presided over down-downs outside including Groinbiter for beating the barbie and all headed across to the station to take advantage of the group rate of 4 for 2 for the return tickets to Brighton. With a platform full of the great and good on their way home it probably wasn't the best time for the extremely lucid Windsock to burst into a chorus of "How would you like my finger in your ear!" but luckily most of the pack had arranged themselves considerably further up the platform and Tops managed to hide until the dust settled.

'P' trail seemed to be absent from Brighton station but later was proven to exist. At any rate, everyone found the Evening Star where a good sized pack of CRAFTies led by hare **Ratstail**, and otherwise including **Kit**, **Daffy Dildo**, **Little Bear**, **Keeps It Up** and **Wildbush** were all ready and waiting for the off. After a couple of relaxers, down-downs were again administered this time to virgin Kit and Bouncer, and we set-off on what appeared to be a d trail, hare having not seen the P arrow before, to the Lord Nelson. Rugby on the telly had the crowd already present yelling at the new arrivals to get their heads down, but it was only Wales, so pack split over the two bars to be joined in one by **Testiculator**, and in the other, just as we were heading out, by **Cyst Pit** in full running gear having jogged over from Whitehawk. Hare Ratstail and Cyst Pit received down-downs outside, and off we went again, down to the Basketmakers Arms. The tins caused a fair amount of fascination here, and many new notes were posted citing the Full Moon hash visit. We'd lost a few on the way down to chips and as Bouncer disappeared out to guide **Angel** in by mobile phone, others headed off in search of scoff. So the group that made it as far as the Waggon and Horses was somewhat depleted, but the landlady seemed pleased to see the hash back again. News filtered through here that Windsock and Tops had failed to find food near the station and had headed off back to Shoreham to eat at Brio. Groinbiter and Badger Pussy also decided to return but Bouncer had noticed the absence of Daffy and Little Bear so rang to find that all the other missing bodies were back at the Evening Star! KIU, Wildbush, Testiculator and Ratstail continued on trail to the Bath Arms for one last beer before they had to get trains joined by Cyst Pit, and Action Barbie who was not only the sole Mooner to get beyond pub 4 but the only person to complete the trail and get to the Victory! Meanwhile the rest of the pack had reconvened at the Evening Star where Little Bear dragged Bouncer outside to get some chips. Mr. X's unfortunate absence was most missed at this point of the evening as there is no record of how or when everyone made it back to their crash space!

Come the morning, and the crowds gathered outside Bouncers place ready for what they hoped in vain would be a short hangover run before adjourning to the Ropetackle Beer Festival. Malibog then went into a brief description of the "International markings so that everybody knows what to follow", which no-one knew, and off went the walkers, straight down to the pub. The runners headed round the corner and through the estate to the first check, which led up the hill. One on-back





took a path beside the motorway, and another had everyone crossing the bridge for a little look at the South Downs. Calling now went round the horse field to drop down some steps to a lane. As the pack headed off to the right a car appeared and advised you couldn't get through that way. "So it's a false trail?" said Ratstail. "Let's run it anyway!" And he did accompanied by Angel who kept going until everyone had gone by before turning back to pick up correct route through the copse and over the road to another field where shiggy was rife. Cyst Pit was still in the same running gear as the night before but hadn't been slowed down at all as pack headed south along the course of the old railway line. Hmm. Perhaps just as well Mr. Beeching wasn't here! The crap under the big bird looked more like flour but ahead were **Kit-Kat** from North Wilts H3, with her sister and niece who had dropped to a walk as we went past the airport. At the next check enthusiasm was starting to wane but fresh marks were appearing as we went through the woods and over to the houseboats. The garden sheds on these things were amazing, and Mr. Arse took full advantage to take many pictures of missiles buried nose deep in the mud, and Reliant Robins that had been cut in half! Over the green, pack had their first sight of the sea as they ran along the stony beach. Trail then headed back to the footbridge over the river and through the town. After the church there was some silliness as pack were taken up the steps to the library before heading up a side path and round to the Buckingham Arms again. No time to stop though as the beer festival was, by now, open, so people were chased up the road, through the old tennis courts and over the main road to the park. After the park there was a short uphill before the finish on the downhill and inn to where some of the walkers turned out to be after all! There were a few down downs from the Big Book of Bouncer and Smartarse, people



changed quickly and we reconvened at the beer festival.

Windsock had warned us that he had something up his sleeve, and appeared at the beer festival playing a Velcro guitar attachment on his shirt, with the amp on his belt! This provoked memories of Neil Innes and his opener "I've suffered for my music. Now it's your turn." from Bouncer, who turned around to see a poster on the wall announcing an upcoming Innes gig at the same venue! W&NK H3 founder **Spingo** was already there and, in between writing her opening cabaret for the UK alternative, was dishing out all manner of paraphernalia such as feet shaped paper clips/ earrings and badges proclaiming 'I play with myself'. Groinbiter was disappointed not to get one of these rare collectors items, announcing "Why can't I have one? I f\*ck myself stupid all the time!" Now there's a startling image of an innocent lady!

As 4pm drew near, hounds started to look for a telly to watch the Rugby on and a large contingent moved over to the Bridge. This had nothing to do with the arrival of **Proxy** but the balance of the pack then cleared off to the Lazy Toad where the rugby turned out to be on as well! As well as having a Gents bearing the legend "Tool Shed", there was a huge spread of bread and cheese on the counter to be enjoyed. We were also graced by the presence of a previous Craft hasher, **Bunter**, in a typically lary shirt. Attempts to coax the main pack over for the scoff were only partially successful, before a number headed back to the crash for chilli. Inevitably not all could face more ale post grub but Angel was determined, so leaving Daffy, Little Bear and Groinbiter to babysit, Angel, Bouncer, Proxy, and Barbie finally got their arse in gear and headed for the Crabtree. Windsock called in that pack had adjourned to the Buckingham Arms, but by the time the group got there he was already on track for the Duke of Wellington. So a reconvening at the Welly had a pack of 9 with Bouncer heading for the bar and ordering a dozen eggs! Novel, but Windsock was again causing a stir with his much improved playing on guitar shirt. Honestly if anyone ever tells you there's no benefit in drink, well you had to be there! Eventually, pack started to move on so Mr. Sock removed his Tops who was baling out for an early night and on to the Ferry Inn. To the packs amazement a table of 4 suddenly lit up provoking questioning looks at the barman who hadn't even rung time at this stage. Inconsiderate gigs were apparently in the right as it was now gone 11, however, at Badger Benders suggestion Windsock accosted 2 local WPC's to inform them of the travesty. At the Crown & Anchor there was a clear sign saying no admittance after 11 but one Bouncer persuaded another to let them in after a chat with the boss (a customer in Bouncers cab) and the way was clear for us. Eschewing the busier bars at the front and downstairs, pack found a very pleasant seating area at the cocktail bar where Angel created something out of nothing by balancing 2 pouffes on top of each other (this not Brighton it was an unusual sight!). Mr. Sock reappeared after a short while, having headed for the Marlipins opposite when our entry was barred, with a silly grin on his face "I've just had the best conversation of my life!". Even then though, he was unable to recall what it had entailed! Panda and Banana Pussy were next to bail out, before the rest eventually took the hint at something past 1 to head for home. And so to morning where the bottomless teapot did it's best to coax life back into people, and gradually bodies emerged from all over Shoreham to wend their weary way home. Except for Proxy, who Bouncer decided needed to do the hash he'd missed on Saturday. Hard or what! Yup, bloody hard so they ended up strolling most of it.

There are two footnotes to the weekend, one of enormous sadness and one which needed to be done. It was reported at the breakfast table at Bouncers that occasional Full Mooner, but well known to many others present, Goose, had suffered a major heart attack a few days earlier and had eventually passed away on the Saturday. A great hasher who will be very much missed until we meet again on the never-ending trail, and our condolences go out to his wife, IE, as well as all who knew him best. HIP Goose.

And finally, out on trail on Monday at the Brighton hash we were blessed with a slightly dusty but unmistakably full moon. As no salute had been conducted over the weekend, Bouncer, much to Black Stockings amusement, put the record straight, following which the haze cleared to give us full light on the rest of the trail. Respect!



## MORE REHASHING (by bouncer – all scribes welcome!)

08/02/10 Goddards Green Aunty Jo

It's been years since we've been from this pub, so even though the early route seemed familiar I couldn't quite work out where we were headed next and kept getting the checks wrong. Basic trudge down the road to start before we headed west across the wet fields, eventually to Cobbs Mill, where Charlie and Brent decided to head across the A23 before reality struck and they came back to find the pack. Brett was in denial about his involvement in this hash and probably justifiably substantiated this with the comment, "I can hardly remember where I've been in the light, let alone when we run in the dark later!" Meanwhile Marcus was making great progress and flashed us on to the next check but as I got to the road junction he was already flying back from north so, happy that he'd done the checking, I went with him down Langton Lane quite a way before we again realized that the pack weren't with us and marks had dried up. Despite a hasty retreat back to the check, and now joined by Brent and Sarah, we found no further marks until once again finding Cobbs Mill. Debating on which way we'd come out we decided that the more southerly route would be more likely to find the pack. Wrong! We'd inadvertently picked the out trail again, back to the Cuckfield road. "Don't go that way" suggested Brent, "I was there earlier and apart from no marks it's really muddy." As we stood there discussing options a farmer pulled up but waited until we'd started running to question us about a red van parked across his gateway. "That anything to do with you laarrt?" Of course we denied it and hot-footed back to the pub bang on 9. Inside we were very pleasantly surprised to find out from the barmaid that World famous guitarist **Dave Edmunds** had laid on the beers for all, and very unsurprised to find that Les Plumb was already there and well into the food! As the pack eventually returned from the many different routes they'd used to return from Hurstpierpoint, Emily set off again to pick up her **red van** that she'd parked down the road because she was late! Oops.

A very jovial evening ensued thanks to Dave 'Spreadsheet' **Evans** the real wallet opener, and Nigel decided that he should be awarded a down-down to mark his birthday, retirement and generosity. First problem was to get past Julia who was quite insistent that if he was going with her it had to be now! Pleas of just one waffer then Calvados (refer French hash ooh 10 years or so back now!) fell on deaf ears, so I was quite surprised a few minutes later when Nigel shoved a drink for Dave in my hands grumbling about his sore throat and could I do the RA thing. Caught by the moment all I could think was the old hash song "Hashy birthday, 4 queue, hashy birthday 4 queue", which might've offended some but Dave was gracious in admitting the whole thing was full of 'that old Bouncer bonhomie' and had enjoyed the moment, especially as Kit had now assumed responsibility for getting him home. I am assured that Dave did not actually end up paying for this one himself! Nor did Julia. Hash Gomi meanwhile was pointing out that it was also Nigels birthday (which had nothing to do with him not r\*nnng) and produced a down-down for him too! Nigel had brought his birthday card from Chris along, with Homer Simpson uttering the wisdom "To alcohol, the cause of, and solution to, all of life's problems!" which, by one of those bizarre coincidences which the world runs on, was the very thing on the front of the last trash released that very day!

As I bored everyone with the time Noddy Holder from Slade had inadvertently bought me and a friend a beer\*, Spreadsheet came up to me to remind me that I'd promised him some Jeff Lynne music. Couldn't help sniggering as I offered him a CD of Dave Edmunds that had been produced by the ELO frontman!

*\* In the Nell Gwynne in Covent Garden 25 years back we were surprised to see him and Dave Hill at the bar. Gordon being a lifelong fan then asked me to get their autographs. As we discussed this the moment went and they left, as we found out later, to take part in the 2<sup>nd</sup> half of the BRITS. Next best thing was to stand in their footsteps so we did as we ordered our beer. "And there's your change sir" said the barman to our bemusement as we'd not given him any dosh. On countback it occurred that Hill and Holder had left a substantial tip from which barman had taken our beers, still leaving him with plenty for his own pocket!*

### 15/02/10 Kings Head, Upper Beeding - Sally and James Rogers

As we gathered in the warmth of the pub, the question on everyone's lips was finally answered as the mystery hares of T-Bar Twin and Plssticide (on a rare visit to BH7 from Friends of the Mole (where they now hold the position of GM) were revealed. With half the pack mustering in the car park to hear instructions, while the other half milled around out front, it was inevitable that some detail went troppo, but we were soon off and charging back up the High Street. Glancing around I realized the hares weren't with us so called a hasty "wait a minute" which no-one paid a blind bit of attention too, and was just in time to see late arrival Sarah crossing the road to head up a footpath where Bob and I found the hares giggling! Across the park, where a scooter was found buried in the bushes, trail led down Hyde Street and over Windmill Hill. Through Golding Barn industrial and up to the check, Wiggy was convinced all paths led to the same place, which was nearly the last we saw of him! With a massive hint from head boy hare, I and a couple of others found 2 marks before again losing them, which had us musing on this as a 'clitoral trail'. Basically because us blokes couldn't find it even though we'd been told where it was (see back page trash #153). Hare soon came to our rescue and we then wondered why it was that most of the pack were running 6 feet to our left. Seems that tarmac roads are faster! From here it was on the South Downs Way down the hill, and over the footbridge then up the riverbank, seemingly without any further checks. That doesn't explain why Keeps It Up was spotted returning from a distant field though so maybe rear-running is the thing to do! One final tease by the hares with the large arrow pointing directly at the back garden of the pub, was overlooked in the dark by the pack. Just as well since the river is pretty deep at that point! On Inn for another great hash!





**A handful of 7 year old children were asked 'What they thought of beer'.**

- Beer makes my dad sleepy and we get to watch what we want on television when he is asleep, so beer is nice. '—Mellanie, 7 years old'
  - My Mum and Dad both like beer. My Mum gets funny when she drinks it and takes her top off at parties, but Dad doesn't think this is very funny.—Grady, 7 years old
  - "My Mum and Dad talk funny when they drink beer and the more they drink the more they give kisses to each other, which is a good thing.—Toby, 7 years old
  - 'My Dad gets funny on beer. He is funny. He also wets his pants sometimes, so he shouldn't have too much.—Sarah, 7 years old
  - 'I don't like beer very much. Every time Dad drinks it, he burns the sausages on the barbecue and they taste disgusting.—Ethan, 7 years old
  - 'I give Dad's beer to the dog and he goes to sleep.—Shirley, 7 years old
  - 'I think beer must be good. My dad says the more beer he drinks the prettier my mum gets.—Tim, 7 years old'
  - 'My Dad loves beer. The more he drinks, the better he dances. One time he danced right into the pool.—Lilly, 7 years old
- AND THE BEST RESPONSE:** - 'My Mum drinks beer and she says silly things and picks on my father. Whenever she drinks beer she yells at Dad and tells him to go bury his bone down the street again, but that doesn't make any sense.—Jack, 7 years



Muslim suicide bombers in Britain are set to begin a three-day strike on Monday in a dispute over the number of virgins they are entitled to in the afterlife. Emergency talks with Al Qaeda management have so far failed to produce an agreement. The unrest began last Tuesday when Al Qaeda announced that the number of virgins a suicide bomber would receive after his death will be cut by 25% next January from 72 to only 60. The rationale for the cut was the increase in recent years of the number of suicide bombings and a subsequent shortage of virgins in the afterlife. The suicide bombers' union, the British Organization of Occupational Martyrs (or B.O.O.M.) responded with a statement that this was unacceptable to its members and immediately balloted for strike action. General Secretary Abdullah Amir told the press, "Our members are literally working themselves to death in the cause of Jihad. We don't ask for much in return but to be treated like this by management is a kick in the teeth."



Mr. Amir accepted the limited availability of virgins but pointed out that the cutbacks were expected to be borne entirely by the workforce and not by management. "Last Christmas Abu Hamza alone was awarded an annual bonus of 250,000 virgins," complains Amir. "And you can be sure they'll all be pretty ones too. How can Al Qaeda afford that for members of the management but not 72 for the people who do the real work?"

Speaking from the shed in the West Midlands in which he currently resides, Al Qaeda chief executive Osama bin Laden explained, "We sympathize with our workers' concerns but Al Qaeda is simply not in a position to meet their demands. They are simply not accepting the realities of modern-day jihad, in a competitive marketplace. Thanks to Western depravity, there is now a chronic shortage of virgins in the afterlife. It's a straight choice between reducing expenditure and laying people off. I don't like

cutting wages but I'd hate to have to tell 3,000 of my staff that they won't be able to blow themselves up." He defended management bonuses by claiming these were necessary to attract good, fanatical clerics. "How am I supposed to attract the best people if I can't compete with the private sector?" asked Mr. Bin-Laden.

Talks broke down this morning after management's last-ditch proposal of a virgin-sharing scheme was rejected outright after a failure to agree on orifice allocation quotas. One virgin, who refused to be named, was quoted as saying "I'll be buggered if I'm agreeing to anything like that.....it's too much to swallow".

Unless some sort of agreement is reached over the weekend, suicide bombers will down explosives at midday on Monday. Most branches are supporting the strike. Only the North London branch, which has a different union, is likely to continue working. However, some members of that branch will only be using waist-down explosives in order to express solidarity with their striking brethren. Spokespersons in the North East of England, Swindon, North Kent and the entire Australian continent stated that this would not affect their operations as "There are no virgins in their areas anyway".

Terry : 'What a shite couple of years. Mum's a thief. Dad's a druggie. Been pulled up in the tabloids several times for my arrogant behaviour and now just missed the decisive penalty in a Champions League final'

Bridge : ' Hey, count yourself lucky mate.....I've just found out my missus has syphilis.



# THE



# END

## GUESS THE NATIONALITY

American? Swiss? Spanish? French? Brazilian? Italian?



All wrong. POLISH! See 'bottom' of page for proof!

## HOW TO SELL TOOTHBRUSHES

The kids filed back into class Monday morning. They were very excited. Their weekend assignment was to sell something, then give a talk on productive salesmanship.

Little Sally led off: "I sold girl scout cookies and I made £30," she said proudly, "My sales approach was to appeal to the customer's civil spirit and I credit that approach for my obvious success."

"Very good," said the teacher.

Little Jenny was next: "I sold magazines," she said, "I made £45 and I explained to everyone that magazines would keep them up on current events." "Very good, Jenny," said the teacher.

Eventually, it was Little Johnny's turn. The teacher held her breath. Little Johnny walked to the front of the classroom and dumped a box full of cash on the teacher's desk.

"£2,467," he said.

"£2,467!" cried the teacher, "What in the world were you selling?"

"Toothbrushes," said Little Johnny.

"Toothbrushes," echoed the teacher, "How could you possibly sell enough tooth brushes to make that much money?"

"I found the busiest corner in town," said Little Johnny, "I set up a Dip & Chip stand, I gave everybody who walked by a sample. They all said the same thing, 'Hey, this tastes like shit!' Then I would say, 'It is shit. Wanna buy a toothbrush?'"

An elderly man and woman, both in their 70's, walk into a sex therapist's office. The doctor asks, 'What can I do for you?' The man says, 'Will you watch us have sexual intercourse?'

The doctor raises both eyebrows, but he is so amazed that such an elderly couple is asking for sexual advice, that he agrees. When the couple finishes, the doctor says, 'There's absolutely nothing wrong with the way you have intercourse.' He thanks them for coming, wishes them good luck, charges them £50, and says good bye.

A week later the couple returns and asks the sex therapist to watch again. The sex therapist is a bit puzzled, but agrees. This happens several weeks in a row. The couple makes an appointment, has intercourse with no problems, pays the doctor, then leave. Finally, after 3 months of this routine, the doctor says, 'I'm sorry, but I have to ask. Just what are you trying to find out?' The man says, 'We're not trying to find out anything. She's married and we can't go to her house. I'm married and we can't go to my house. The Holiday Inn charges £98. The Hilton charges £139. We do it here for £50, and I get £43 back from BUPA.'

Two old men decide they are close to their last days and decide to have a last night on the town.

After a few drinks, they end up at the local brothel. The madam takes one look at the two old geezers and whispers to her manager, 'Go up to the first two bedrooms and put an inflated doll in each bed. These two are so old and drunk, I'm not wasting two of my girls on them. They won't know the difference.'

The manager does as he is told and the two old men go upstairs and take care of their business.

As they are walking home the first man says, 'You know, I think my girl was dead!'

'Dead?' says his friend, 'Why do you say that?'

'Well, she never moved or made a sound all the time I was loving her.'

His friend says, 'Could be worse I think mine was a witch.'

'A witch ?? . Why the hell would you say that?'

'Well, I was making love to her, kissing her on the neck, and I gave her a little bite, then she farted and flew out the window..... Took my teeth with her!'

