

I would like to share an experience with you about drinking and driving.

As you well know, some of us have been known to have had brushes with the authorities on our way home from the odd social session over the years. Well, I have done something about it: a couple of nights ago I was out for a few drinks with some pals and had a few too many whiskeys as well as beers and some rather nice claret.

But knowing full well I may have been slightly over the limit, I did something I've never done before - I took a bus home!

I arrived back safely and without incident which was a real surprise, as I had never driven a bus before !!

Good old Bruce was driving home from one of his business trips in Northern Australia when he saw an elderly Aboriginal man walking on the side of the road.

As the trip was a long and quiet one, he stopped the car and asked the guy if he would like a ride. With a silent nod of thanks, the chap got into the car. Resuming the journey, Bruce tried in vain to make a bit of small talk with the Aborigine. The old man just sat silently, looking intently at everything he saw, studying every little detail, until he noticed a brown bag on the seat next to Bruce.

"What in bag?" asked the old man.

Bruce looked down at the brown bag and said, "It's a bottle of wine.

I got it for my wife."

The Aborigine was silent for another moment or two.

Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder, he said, "Good trade !"



Reg Kelso says this is genuine ..not sure how they told the cow what would happen if she did not produce more milk.

From the spelling of "Capetown" it was probably from the Marine Superintendent!!

Reg should know.

The Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Limited.

DONALD CURRIE & CO, Managers.

Telegraphic Address.
DONCURCO, LONDON.

Telephone
No 2415, AVENUE.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
DONALD CURRIE & CO, Managers.

RECEIVED
26 DEC 1902
ANSWERED
31/12/02
4/12/03

3 and 4, Fenchurch Street,

London.

Dec. 6th. 1902

E.C.

*In reply
please quote* **V**

Messrs. The Union-Castle Mail S. S. Co. Ld.
Capetwon Agency.

Handwritten notes:
No. 9411/107
Handwritten initials and numbers

Dear Sirs,

Cows on R.M.S. "BRITON".

The Cow which was put on board the "BRITON" at your port on her last homeward voyage for the use of Dr. Jameson, is being returned in the ship with instructions that if she continues to give sufficient milk, she will be made use of on the homeward passage, and the English Cow will be landed in the ordinary course at East London, but if the Cape Cow is not giving sufficient milk (she is at present giving very little) she can be landed at your port and sold on our account, in which case the English Cow will not be landed at East London, but brought back for the use of the passengers.

2 Cows are being put on board by Lady Farrar for use of herself and family during the voyage,

Yours truly,

THE UNION-CASTLE MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.
DONALD CURRIE & CO

Subject: What have we learned in the last 2,066 years?

“The budget should be balanced,

the Treasury should be refilled,

public debt should be reduced,

**the arrogance of officialdom should be
tempered and controlled,**

**and the assistance to foreign lands should
be curtailed lest Rome become bankrupt.**

People must again learn to work,

instead of living on public assistance .”

Cicero - 55 BC.

EVIDENTLY - NOT A LOT !!

ALL THE UK BANKS, THAT WERE HELPED OUT BY THE BRITISH TAXPAYER,
HAVE BANDED TOGETHER, AND WOULD NOW LIKE TO SHOW THEIR UNITED
GRATITUDE TO THEIR CUSTOMERS, BY OFFERING EACH OF THEM,
A COMMEMORATIVE PENCIL SHARPENER.



The Lords prayer - revised.

Our father, who art in prison,
my mum knows not his name, thy Riots come,
read it in The Sun, in Birmingham, as it is in London,
give us this day our Welfare bread and forgive us our looting,
as we're happy to loot those who defend stuff against us,
lead us not into employment but deliver us free housing,
for thine is the telly's, the Burberry and the Bacardi,
forever and ever.....
Innit ?

AN ACTUAL CRAIG'S LIST PERSONALS AD

To the Guy Who Tried to Mug Me in Downtown Savannah night before last.

Date: 2010-09-27, 1:43 a.m. E.S.T.

I was the guy wearing the black Burberry jacket that you demanded that I hand over, shortly after you pulled the knife on me and my girlfriend, threatening our lives. You also asked for my girlfriend's purse and earrings. I can only hope that you somehow come across this rather important message.

First, I'd like to apologize for your embarrassment; I didn't expect you to actually crap in your pants when I drew my pistol after you took my jacket.. The evening was not that cold, and I was wearing the jacket for a reason.. my girlfriend was happy that I just returned safely from my 2nd tour as a Combat Marine in Afghanistan .. She had just bought me that Kimber Custom Model 1911 .45 ACP pistol for my birthday, and we had picked up a shoulder holster for it that very evening.

Obviously you agree that it is a very intimidating weapon when pointed at your head ... isn't it?!

I know it probably wasn't fun walking back to wherever you'd come from with that brown sludge in your pants. I'm sure it was even worse walking bare-footed since I made you leave your shoes, cell phone, and wallet with me. [That prevented you from calling or running to your buddies to come help mug us again].

After I called your mother or "Momma" as you had her listed in your cell, I explained the entire episode of what you'd done. Then I went and filled up my gas tank as well as those of four other people in the gas station, -- on your credit card. The guy with the big motor home took 153 gallons and was extremely grateful!

I gave your shoes to a homeless guy outside Vinnie Van Go Go's, along with all the cash in your wallet. [That made his day!]

I then threw your wallet into the big pink "pimp mobile" that was parked at the curb after I broke the windshield and side window and keyed the entire driver's side of the car.

Later, I called a bunch of phone sex numbers from your cell phone. Ma Bell just now shut down the line, although I only used the phone for a little over a day now, so what 's going on with that?

Earlier, I managed to get in two threatening phone calls to the DA's office and one to the FBI, while mentioning President Obama as my possible target.

The FBI guy seemed really intense and we had a nice long chat (I guess while he traced your number etc.).

;In a way, perhaps I should apologize for not killing you ... but I feel this type of retribution is a far more appropriate punishment for your threatened crime. I wish you well as you try to sort through some of these rather immediate pressing issues, and can only hope that you have the opportunity to reflect upon, and perhaps reconsider, the career path you've chosen to pursue in life.. Remember, next time you might not be so lucky. Have a good day!

Thoughtfully yours, Semper Fi, Alex

Classic Cleese at his very best.

The English are feeling the pinch in relation to recent terrorist threats and have therefore raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved." Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross." The English have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies nearly ran out.

Terrorists have been re-categorized from "Tiresome" to "A Bloody Nuisance."

The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was in 1588, when threatened by the Spanish Armada.

The Scots have raised their threat level from "Pissed Off" to "Let's get the Bastards." They don't have any other levels. This is the reason they have been used on the front line of the British army for the last 300 years.

The French government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from "Run" to "Hide." The only two higher levels in France are "Collaborate" and "Surrender." The rise was precipitated by a recent fire that destroyed France's white flag factory, effectively paralyzing the country's military capability.

Italy has increased the alert level from "Shout Loudly and Excitedly" to "Elaborate Military Posturing." Two more levels remain: "Ineffective Combat Operations" and "Change Sides."

The Germans have increased their alert state from "Disdainful Arrogance" to "Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs." They also have two higher levels: "Invade a Neighbor" and "Lose."

Belgians, on the other hand, are all on holiday as usual; the only threat they are worried about is NATO pulling out of Brussels.

The Spanish are all excited to see their new submarines ready to deploy. These beautifully designed subs have glass bottoms so the new Spanish navy can get a really good look at the old Spanish navy.

Australia, meanwhile, has raised its security level from "No worries" to "She'll be alright, Mate." Two more escalation levels remain:

"Crikey! I think we'll need to cancel the barbie this weekend!" and "The barbie is canceled." So far no situation has ever warranted use of the final escalation level.

-- John Cleese - British writer, actor and tall person



My Dog

Went down this morning to sign on my Dog.

The woman said, "Dogs are not eligible to draw benefit".

I explained to her that my Dog is black, unemployed, idle, can't speak English and has no clue who his dad is.

She looked in her policy book to see what it takes to qualify.

He gets his first cheque on Friday.

Damn this is a great country.

LITTLE KNOWN TIDBIT OF NAVAL HISTORY



The U. S. S... Constitution (Old Ironsides), as a combat vessel, carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last six months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators (i.e. fresh water distillers).

However, let it be noted that according to her ship's log, "On July 27, 1798, the U.S.S. Constitution sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and 79,400 gallons of rum ."

Her mission: "To destroy and harass English shipping."

Making Jamaica on 6 October, she took on 826 pounds of flour and 68,300 gallons of rum.

Then she headed for the Azores , arriving there 12 November.. She provisioned with 550 pounds of beef and 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine .

On 18 November, she set sail for England . In the ensuing days she defeated five British men-of-war and captured and scuttled 12 English merchant ships, salvaging only the rum aboard each.

By 26 January, her powder and shot were exhausted. Nevertheless, although unarmed she made a night raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland . Her landing party captured a whisky distillery and transferred 40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch aboard by dawn. Then she headed home.

The U. S. S. Constitution arrived in Boston on 20 February 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, no rum , no wine , no whisky , and 38,600 gallons of water!

GO NAVY!

At the end of the tax year, the Inland Revenue office sent an inspector to audit the books of a local hospital.

While the agent was checking the books he turned to the Accountant of the Hospital and said, "I notice you buy a lot of bandages. What do you do with the end of the roll when there's too little left to be of any use?"

"Good question," noted the Accountant. "We save them up and send them back to the bandage company and every now and then they send us a free box of bandages."

"Oh," replied the auditor, somewhat disappointed that his unusual question had a practical answer.

But on he went, in his obnoxious way. "What about all these plaster purchases? What do you do with what's left over after setting a cast on a patient?"

"Ah, yes," replied the Hospital Accountant, realizing that the inspector was trying to trap him with an unanswerable question. "We save it and send it back to the manufacturer, and every now and then they send us a free package of plaster."

"I see," replied the auditor, thinking hard about how he could fluster the know-it-all Accountant.

"Well," he went on, "What do you do with all the leftover foreskins from the circumcisions you perform?"

"Here, too, we do not waste," answered the Accountant. "What we do is save all the little foreskins and send them to the Inland Revenue Office, and about once a year they send us a complete dick."



This has to be one of the best singles ads ever printed. It is reported to have been listed in the Cornish Guardian.

SINGLE BLACK FEMALE seeks male companionship, ethnicity unimportant. I'm a very good girl who LOVES to play. I love long walks in the woods, riding in your pickup truck, hunting, camping and fishing trips, cozy winter nights lying by the fire. Candlelight dinners will have me eating out of your hand. I'll be at the front door when you get home from work, wearing only what nature gave me.. Call 01272-6420 and ask for Annie, I'll be waiting.....



Over 150 men found themselves talking to the Truro RSPCA

Charlie, a recently hired retiree, working as a greeter at Wal-Mart, came in 5 to 15 minutes late every morning, but he was among the best of Wal-Mart older persons.

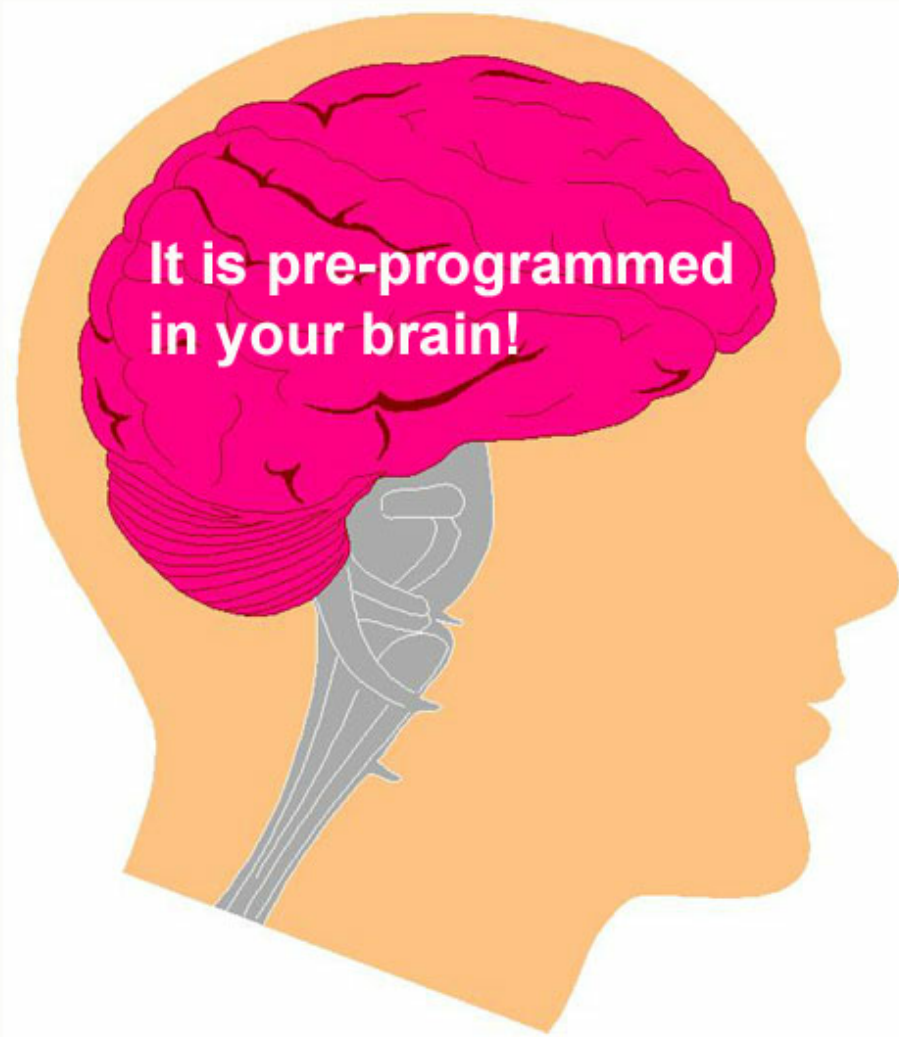
His boss called him into his office and said: Charlie, I have to tell you, I like your work ethic, but you are late all the time.

Yes, I know boss, and I am working on it. Charlie replied.

Well good, you are a team player. I know you're retired from the Navy. What did they say when you came in late there?

They said Good morning, Admiral, can I get you a cup of Coffee, sir?

HOW SMART IS YOUR RIGHT FOOT?



Try out this.....

This is hysterical. You have to try this. It is absolutely true. I guess there are some things that the brain cannot handle.

You have to try this please, it takes two seconds.

I could not believe this!

It is from an orthopedic surgeon.

This will confuse your mind and you will keep trying over and over again to see if you can outsmart your foot, but, you can't. It is pre-programmed in your brain!

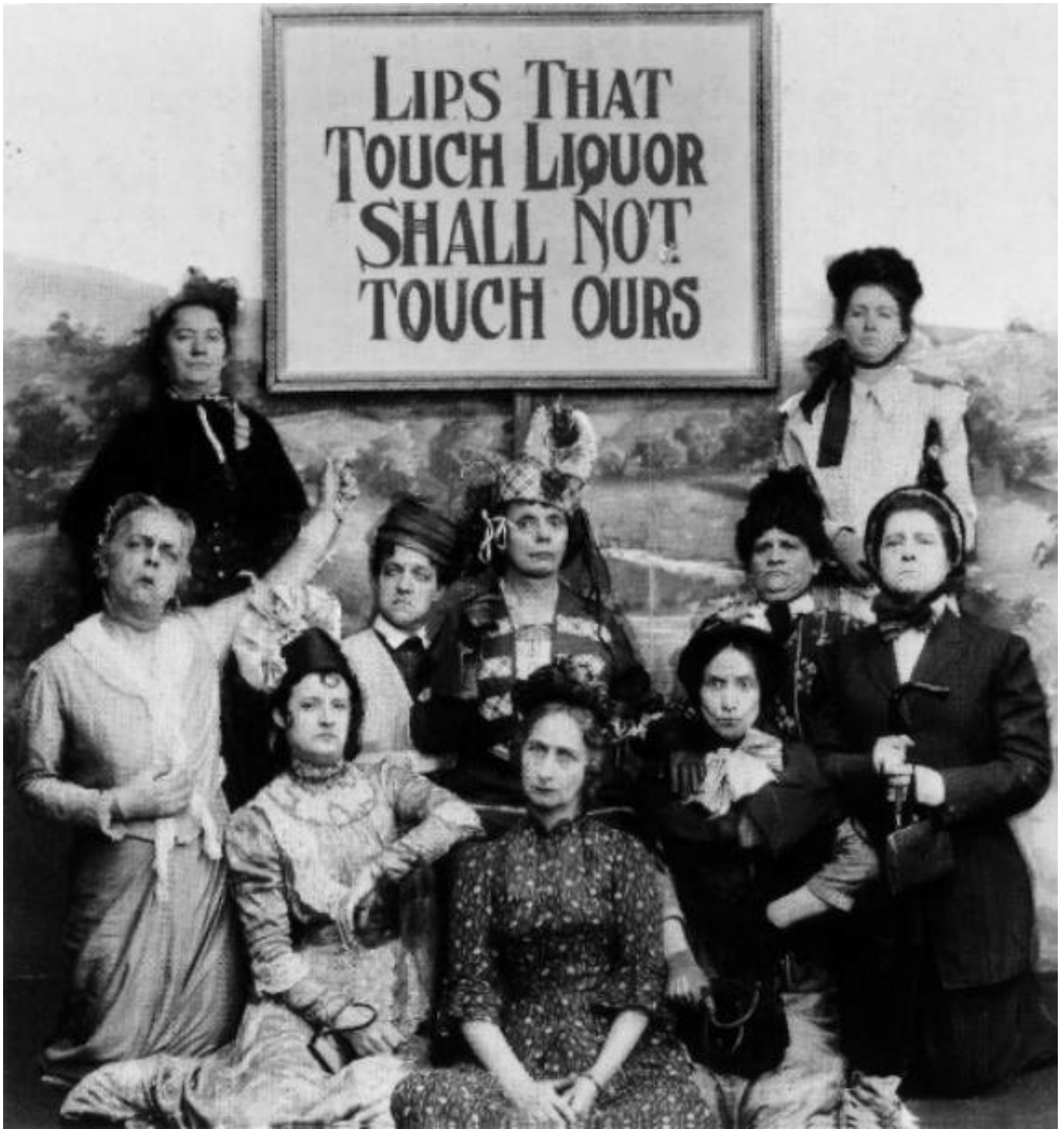
1. While sitting at your desk in front of your computer, lift your right foot off the floor and make clockwise circles.
2. Now, while doing this, draw the number '6' in the air with your right hand. Your foot will change direction.

I told you so! And there's nothing you can do about it! You and I both know how funny it is, but before the day is done you are going to try it again, if you've not already done so.

England, my England

Goodbye to my *England*, so long my old friend
Your days are numbered, being brought to an end
To be Scottish, Irish or Welsh that's fine
But don't say you're *English*, that's way out of line.
The French and the Germans may call themselves such
So may Norwegians, the Swedes and the Dutch
You can say you are Russian or maybe a Dane
But don't say you're *English* ever again.
At Broadcasting House the word is taboo
In Brussels it's scrapped, in Parliament too
Even schools are affected, staff do as they're told
They must not teach children about *England* of old.
Writers like Shakespeare, Milton and Shaw
The pupils don't learn about them anymore
How about Agincourt, Hastings, Arnheim or Mons?
When *England* lost hosts of her very brave sons.
We are not Europeans, how can we be?
Europe is miles away, over the sea
We're the *English* from *England*, let's all be proud
Stand up and be counted.....shout it out loud!
Let's tell our Government and Brussels too
We're proud of our heritage and the Red, White and Blue
Fly the flag of Saint George or the Union Jack
Let the world know....

WE WANT OUR ENGLAND BACK !!!



I think most men would need an 'overdose' of alcohol, before kissing any of that lot !!!