



TRAVELOGUE No. 15

Drinking To Oblivion - UK Disease

What we surely need to address is why vast swathes of young people - and their parents and grandparents, too, find that being so intoxicated that you can't stand up, is the very pinnacle of fun.

Drinking until the room starts spinning round and you want to throw up isn't fun so why such a vast numbers of people believe it is and that's what you must do to have a laugh. The following instance shows just how dreadful the whole scenario is becoming, and this could be any town in the land.

Detouring via a chippie in King Street at three in the morning after a party, this is what was on show:

- 1) a young man, who had been glassed in the face, trying to buy a kebab;
- 2) two extremely drunk young men standing outside (near some sick) trying to start a fight with any random person;
- 3) two girls aged about 15, completely inappropriately dressed (sorry, do exercise your female rights to cram your pallid flesh into whatever porno costume you like, but if you're going to stagger about pissed at three in the morning, take a coat and wear it), clutching each other and barely able to stand up;

- 4) another young girl, outside the chip shop this time, being felt up by some bloke as she was vomiting.

In what way is it fun to be glassed, semi-raped or puke down your dress? Does anyone seriously wake up in the morning and think: "Top night"? Statistics tell us they must, in vast and increasing numbers.

The fact of the matter is that the binge-drinking problem is largely an underclass problem. Teen pregnancies are largely an underclass problem. Teenage crime is largely an underclass problem. Child neglect - we live in a country where a little girl allegedly starved to death in her own home recently - is largely an underclass problem. Our collective problems are underclass problems, undoubtedly.

Could somebody not just come out and say it, before another generation floats away to its doom on a sea of alcopops? The underclass was made, not born. Nobody asks to live in poverty, with no hope, no ambitions, no possibility of betterment, and the belief that the most fun you can have is to drink yourself into early cirrhosis. But really - do we owe these people any favours? No we don't, it's the Government's responsibility and those who serve them with alcohol.



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Rocket Man Flies In Switzerland

An astonishing feat was achieved last month when Yves Rossy jumped out of a light aircraft strapped to a jet powered 2.5 meter wing. He performed figure of eights above the Swiss Alps at speeds of 300 kms/hr.

After five years of training and planning, he dropped from the plane at 2,300 meters glided gently before triggering the four jet tur-



Yves Rossy, known as The Fusion Man, flies with a jet powered single wing over the Alps at Bex on May 14th 2008. AP Photos

bines. Steering with only his body, Rossy dived, turned and soared again, flying apparently effortless loops from one side of the Rhone valley to the other.

The flight lasted five minutes before Rossy returned to earth by way of parachute. He said the team's next achievement would be to cross the English Channel later this year.

Ed: I saw it, just incredible. AP News

These columns really work. This odd looking grinster was off the books for months and many rumours abounded. Was he in jail, had aliens absconded the inert being, had he been washed up on a desert island or had Ladbrokes finally caught up with the shifty punter ???

Well, apparently none of the theories above. It seems his Mom had gone away on holiday and the loiterer was trapped in her garage for weeks, indeed months. Surviving on a case of Bundaberg distillate and a box of pickled eggs, our absconder didn't realise several months had passed by when the garage door burst open and the old girl appeared with drain rods in hand. It seems the



asphyxiating stench emanating from this corner of Richmond, Victoria, Aus, had killed all the local wildlife and only a dodgy dingo survived.

After a thorough sand-blasting and a good old fashioned colonic irrigation, our lurkster emerged to greet the press and bone Deano the Dingo. Now working at the upmarket Umbrella Club as a pipe cleaner and part time bouncer, this sad example of mediocrity shows that when all else fails, then just give up !!! At least the good month's sleep will make time race by - much the same as the clientele at the Umbrella Club. **Ed: welcome back, mate, keep pumping the eggs !!! Just don't fertilize them !!!!!**

Messages From The Fans

TUK: where's my dosh, you scabby cheapskate ???

SHEILA: Run off with my skanky mother, hey !!!!

Mrs BLUNKITT: I love you Dutchy. David got the dog and I want your babies !!!



Happy Birthday At Lakeside



A family gathering at Lakeside ensured the Correspondent enjoyed a typical Thai birthday bash. With only a sister in UK and no other family to speak of, it was an excellent karaoke party. BBQ food washed down with local homebrew, Sator, made for a memorable evening (apparently) !!!!



Talking 'Strine - Or So To Speak !!!!!



Australian English has been influenced by the cant and slang of criminal trans- portees, by the dialect of immigrants' home areas, and through contact with many Aboriginal languages. If you add to that a characteristically sardonic sense of humour and an enviable ability to turn a phrase in a moment, you have a colloquial language unlike any other.

Those last two abilities are combined in the ability endlessly to riff on some theme. If Australians want to indicate that someone is incompetent, they might say that he couldn't find a grand

piano in a one-roomed house, blow the froth off a glass of beer, knock the skin off a rice pudding, or train a choko vine over a country dunny (a dunny is a toilet). They might indicate something is totally useless by comparing it to an ashtray on a motorbike or mudflaps on a tortoise. They might suggest some person has limited mental abilities by saying that he wasn't the full quid (still around long after the dollar became the currency), a few flagstones short of a patio, a paling short of a fence, a chop short of a barbecue, or a kangaroo loose in the top paddock.

Lollybag is a recent alternative to budgie smugglers for over-tight male swimwear; the verb lunch cutter is from the phrase to cut somebody's lunch i.e.; to betray a friend, especially by having sex with his wife. To the list of Australianisms formed by adding -o to a truncated word (such as smoko, a break from work for a smoke, arvo for afternoon, ambo for ambulance man, servo for a service station, dermo for dermatologist, and gyno for gynaecologist) is added spasto for Trent Verhagen !!! **Ed: it follows !!!**



1881 saw the arrival of the Piercy family to Marchwiel Hovel. Two years later the Cricket Ground was laid and games began for the benefit of the local Community.

Post WWII and the Club prospered. National Village successes, League Champions and numerous evening KO cups brought great prestige to the area. Some of the characters of the Club feature below :-

Dave Jones Probably the best Club cricketer never to play County Cricket.

Roy Davies The best batting role model you could ever follow.

John Newcombe A bowling metronome, never phased, always spot on.

Other notable modernists follow :-



Failed Club Pinko

Bobby Mick Alpin A complete tosser, usually leg breaks. Haute couture passed him by on both sides. Probably the meanest man in the history of the game, when bowling, move the vehicles back. A man with deep pockets and exceedingly short arms. Encounter this aged specimen and be prepared for bed. This talented bore could talk a glass eye to sleep.

Dingo Morrison Rubber glove man, opening bat and non bowler, prolific run getter and socialite.

Hemmo Top admin, solid all-rounder with breakdown truck nearby !! Often required.

Pete Barrett Opening bat with high potential. Keeping this man alert was beyond most skippers ability. Declaration bowler.

Trent Verhagen Would catch virtually anything - and usually did.

Darren Bettis Hardest worker and Club Coach. Highly respected.

Anthony Morris, Forgraves, Wards, Fray Bentos, Hughsey, Bellis, Luke Davies, et al Cally Barlow's boys. Onwards forever.



Evil British Bureaucracy Again



The wife of a soldier faces deportation as her husband prepares to fight in Iraq or Afghanistan. Canadian-born Samantha Crozier, 23, has been given notice by the Home Office to leave the country by April 30, when her temporary visa expires after her application for British citizenship was refused. Mrs Crozier, who has a British mother, Antoinette, claims their children, Ethan, two, and Celeb, one, will have to be put into care while her husband, Lance Corporal Andrew Crozier, is sent on a tour of duty after he completes training.

Mrs Crozier moved to England with her husband, also 23, in October last year. She said MoD officials failed to tell her of the complicated procedure to become a British citizen. Ethan and Celeb, who were born while her husband was posted to Osnabruck, Germany, were awarded full British citizenship and Mrs Crozier applied for a Status Stamp at the British embassy in Dusseldorf. The stamp allowed her to stay in Germany at the UK base for five years. She was stopped at Newcastle ferry port by Customs and Excise (oh, well spotted) and advised to apply for citizenship. She said she was told that because her husband was born in Northumberland her application would be successful. However, Mrs Crozier received a letter last month, the day after her birthday, from the Home Office rejecting her application. It read: "You have applied for leave to remain in the United Kingdom on the basis of your marriage to Andrew Douglas Crozier. "However, the immigration rules direct that a person seeking such leave is to be refused if they do not meet the requirements set out in the immigration rules. (Errr, and what are they ??). "This includes that the applicant has limited leave to remain in the United Kingdom other than where that leave is of six months duration or less. On 30 October 2007 you were granted limited leave to enter as a visitor for a period of six months from 30 October 2007 until 30 April 2008 therefore you do not meet the requirements. "You are not entitled to appeal this decision. "Mrs Crozier, living in Bordon, near Petersfield, Hants, said: "We rang the MoD to tell them we were coming over and they gave us no advice other than to tell us to have a nice journey. "I think it is disgraceful. I came here to start a new life with my husband and my two wonderful little boys. My husband is very patriotic and would gladly fight for his country but it seems his country won't fight for him."

A (complete Bozo) Home Office spokesman said: "Overseas nationals wishing to come to the UK on the basis of marriage should apply for entry clearance from abroad. They will be given leave to enter the UK for two years, after which they can apply for settlement." ED : Absolutely stuck for words as this young lady struggles to keep her family unit together. Be an immigrant freeloader and you will piss it. Whatever next ??? Jeez !!

Toilet Notice

*We aim to
please, your aim
will help*

Visitors Gallery

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Poet's Corner - McAlpine Fusiliers

And down the glen came McAlpine's
men
With their shovels slung behind them
'Twas in the pub they drank the sub
And out in the spike you'll find them
They sweated blood and washed down
mud
With pints and quarts of beer
And now we're on the road again
With McAlpine's Fusiliers.
I stripped to the skin with Darky Finn
Way down on the Isle of Grain
With Horseface O'Toole I knew the
rule
No money if you stopped for rain
Bobby's god is a well-filled hod

Your shoulders cut to bits and seared
And woe to he who looks for tea
With McAlpine's Fusiliers.
I remember the day that Bear O'Shea
fell down some concrete stairs
What Horseface said when he saw
him dead
It wasn't what the rich call prayers
I'm a navy short, was Bobby's retort
That reached unto many ears
When the going is rough you must be
tough
With McAlpine's Fusiliers.
The craic was good in Cricklewood
And they wouldn't leave the Crown
With glasses flying and Biddy's crying

'Cause Paddy was going to town
Oh mother dear, I'm over here
And I'm never coming back
What keeps me here is the reek o'
beer
The ladies and the craic
I come from county Kerry
The land of eggs and bacon
And if you think I'll eat your fish 'n'
chips
Oh dear, then you're mistaken
Modern days have seen off the ways
Of Paddy and his brethrens anchor
Bobby McAlpine saw to that, no cheers
No more McAlpine's Fusiliers
Many thanks, you f*cking w*nker.