



<http://www.hooeoldmotorclub.org.uk/>

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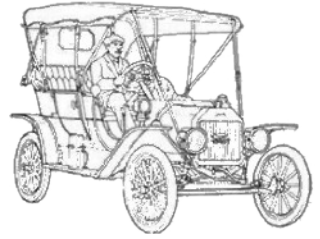
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*March News 2022*

# Colin's Comments

My GPS says time of arrival  
I see time to beat



Here we are in March 2022. As the old saying goes you can predict everything except the future so fingers crossed Covid is behind us. But what is there to look forward to? Rising prices all round with fuel being no exception. Why is it so expensive? Is it to replace lost revenue for the past two years combined with the increase in electric cars? which if so will only make fuel more expensive, so profits will be up as there will then be a surfeit of petrol/diesel.

Perhaps the same will happen to petrol/diesel cars. Rather than bring prices of electric cars down to petrol equivalents, possibly they will rise to match electric cars, when manufacturers find a reason to do so. They are hampered at the moment due to no processing chips.

The Highway Code was updated in January which some consider to be anti-driver. Please ensure you are aware of the implications. (*See announcements page of the website*)

Should any member be thinking of driving across Europe for work or play do not forget to check the various rules and regulations that are in force for the different countries. The starting point is to obtain a sticky label to blank out the EU emblem and replace with a UK one. GB emblems must be covered over as well. The stickers come in a variety of options from a Union Jack to an outline of Britain.

The committee is looking at 2022 as a year of growth in attracting new members and have embarked on promoting the club with posters and postcards and this year including cars up to and including 1980 at the Annual Show.

A letter was sent to all members notifying the January club night was cancelled and asking for feedback as to why the attendance was so poor in the winter months. By the time members read this the March club night will have been and gone. I hope more than the trusty dozen or so attended as it reflects badly on the club if more members are not in attendance and, in my view, is something of an insult to the speaker.

The AGM Will be held on Friday April 1<sup>st</sup>. (that is not an April fool joke). Although only 6 months since the last AGM it brings it into line with previous years. Any member wishing to be elected or to stand down from the committee must inform the Chairman or Secretary beforehand. This includes current committee members

Membership: Please renew membership subscriptions by cheque during March and sent to the treasurer or on the night of the AGM

To help determine the future of Hooe's Old Motor Club, a member's vote at the AGM will be required on several options which the committee has been discussing:- One possibility is to increase the fees to £20 single and £25 joint membership to cover the increase in the hire of Hooe Village hall, increase in insurance and probably the Marshall's dinner. Another option suggested was to merge with either Bexhill 100 or The Eastbourne club. The implications of merging, if that is the way members wish to save the club, will then require further discussion in committee. I think this is the first increase in membership fees for many years and hopefully will ensure the membership fees cover the clubs running costs.

Now for something completely different:-

Carbon balancing. Whilst carbon offsetting is often the phrase we hear in the media, it is only one of the ways you can counter those emissions .

There is Carbon Capture or Carbon offset. The differences being:-  
Carbon Offsetting.

Carbon offsetting emissions you will be funding the protection and development of already established forestry. This means the Carbon you are producing now has already been balanced out by trees that would not be there without intervention.

Carbon Capture

Is all about the future this is investing in the development of new woodland. Current emissions aren't immediately captured, they will be over the lifetime of the new trees

Further details are available at [www.trees.fbhvc.co.uk](http://www.trees.fbhvc.co.uk)

Drive it Day this year is on Sunday April 24<sup>th</sup> 2022

Further details at [www.driveitday.co.uk](http://www.driveitday.co.uk)

Happy motoring

Colin Lake

Chairman

## Hooe's Old Motor Club Accounts

### INCOME (£)

Club Subscriptions	*415.00
Donations	50.00
Club Dinners	259.95
Coach Trips	0

Annual Show Income 9731.93

**TOTAL INCOME**      **10456.88**

Profit 2964.55

Balance from 2020 18025.81

Money Manager Account 10162.68

Bank Interest 1.84

**TOTAL FUNDS**      **31154.88**

### EXPENDITURE (£)

Insurance	144.40
Hall hire (4 months only)	96.00
Club Dinners	747.70
Coach Trips	0
Stationery/Postage	234.87
Donations	**0
Web Expences	384.41
FBHVC	67.21
Sundry Expences	423.18
New Show Signs	500.00
Newsletters	555.00
Annual Show Outlay	4339.56

**TOTAL EXPENDITURE**      **7492.33**

\* New members and late payers only

\*\* To be carried over to 2022 show

## Membership Note

Your current membership covers you until April 2022. To ensure continued membership to April 2023 please pay your subscription by this April, either by sending a cheque made out to Hooe's Old Motor Club to the address below, paying on any club night or posting the renewal form on our website. Now that things are "going back to normal" we look forward to seeing you in the near future.

Many Thanks.

S. Garner (Membership Secretary)

Seafield Cottage

Collington Lane West

Bexhill on Sea

TN39 3TD

*(Single Membership fee £15*

*Joint Membership fee £20)*

## CLUB CALENDAR

- Friday April 1st..... A.G.M. Followed by Austins of the 1930s  
(by Ian Garner)
- Friday 6th May..... Fish & Chip Run  
(see enclosed flyer or 'phone David Taylor on 07798588396 for details)
- Friday 10th June ..... Kent and Sussex Railway talk by Doug Lindsay  
(Not the 3rd June as this is HM's Platinum Jubilee bank holiday!)
- Friday 1st July.....BBQ at the Bull, Boreham Street  
(See enclosed flyer or contact Sharon Winter on 1323 479200)
- Friday 5th August .....Show briefing at the hall, Second half T.B.A.
- Saturday 6th August.....Show setup - 10.00a.m. At the Sports field please.
- Sunday 7th August .....Hooe's Annual Car Show
- Friday 2nd September .....Trains, Boats and Aeroplanes by Dave Bone
- Friday 7th October .....T.B.A.
- Friday 4th November .....John Bishop's Annual Film Show.



## Remember when?



Back in the days of tanners and bobs....  
 When Mothers were married and Fathers had jobs.  
 When family's youngsters wore hand me down shoes,  
 And T.V.s had only had two channels to choose.

Back in the days of thrupenny bits,  
 When schools had nurses to search for your nits.  
 Riding bicycles was harmless; and 'conkers' permitted  
 And all of your jumpers were warm, and hand knitted.

Back in the days of shandies and Tizer,  
 It made you burp with a glassful inside yer....  
 When children respected what older folks said,  
 And a great big eiderdown covered your bed.



Back in the days of Listen with Mother,  
 When neighbours were friendly and talked to each other.  
 When life was so safe you could play in the street.  
 When doctors made house calls and police walked the beat.



Back in the days of Milligan's Goons,  
 When butter was real, and songs all had tunes.  
 Egg and chips for dinner, and trifle for tea,  
 And your annual holiday was a week by the sea



Back in the days of Dixon's Dock Green, Mivvis, and tubs, and Lyons ice cream.  
 Hoola-hoops, The Beezer, and National Health glasses,  
 And teachers commanded respect in their classes.

Dixon of Dock Green



Back in the days of reeling and rocking  
 When Elvis and Buddy got us all jiving.  
 When woodwork and metalwork got taught in schools,  
 and everyone dreamed of a win on the pools.



Back in the days when I was a lad  
 I can't help but smile for the fun that we had.  
 Go-carts and roller skates; snowballs to lob.  
 Back in the days of tanners and bobs....

## A WINTER'S TALE.

One stormy winter's night in the late seventies I was due to attend a meeting at Hooes Old Motor Club of which I was then secretary. My everyday car at the time, a Morris 1000, had misbehaved itself on the way home from work and had failed to start that evening. As time was pressing it was decided to use our only other car, a 1924 Talbot 10/23 saloon for the cross country journey of 36 miles over the Kent and Sussex weald from Ashford.

As we left home a south westerly gale was blowing and starting to rain hard. It soon became obvious it was going to be a difficult journey; with only 6v/24w headlamps and a lone small windscreen wiper failing to have much effect against the rain lashing the windscreen. Fortunately there was little other traffic on the road on such a wild and dirty night, with the wind buffeting the car and at times trying to blow it off its intended course! As the wind and rain increased it became necessary to open the top half of the screen in order to see the road ahead, which of course meant the rain blew in straight into our faces !!

Crossing more exposed parts on higher ground the storm increased, twigs, small branches and other debris were now battering the car as well. Up to this point we had been driving flat out in top gear around 25mph! The head on blast now slowed us down to about 15mph which could only be maintained in 2nd gear (three speed gearbox). When we eventually arrived at our destination, The Red Lion Inn, we found the journey had taken 2 hours 40 minutes, normally a run of 1 hour 30 minutes in the old Talbot.

A few hours later when the meeting had finished, the rain had stopped completely and the sky clear, with a bright full moon, but the gale force wind had not abated. As we set out for home with the blast full behind us we appeared to have suddenly acquired a lot of extra b.h.p and we had an invigorating and much more pleasant drive home. At one point on a long level stretch of road I put her out of gear and managed to coast 1.5 miles, only slowing by 5mph before slipping back into top. It felt like being in a galleon in full sail before the storm. We completed the homeward run in 1hour 8minutes. A drive I shall never forget.

A photo of the above Talbot at an early Hooe rally during a wheel changing competition, the late Tom Guy, looking on to check there is no breaking of rules or cheating.



*Dave Coltham*

## Ron's Reminiscences

Following on from my talk to the club on Nov 1st, I've just picked on a few experiences over 25 years ;

Andy, being short on the newsletter convinced me to write something - - - -

There were so many times it was very pleasant and I use to sit back and say "**wow this is great and I'm being paid for it**", BUT there were equally times when I thought "**what the hell am I doing here?**". One such occasion was when I was called to France where in the end I spent 3 weeks with a Citroen 2cv van. The van was left hand drive with the gear stick in the centre above the dash



panel tramping all over Normandy mainly along the coastal towns loaded with pottery of all shapes and sizes and filming in the markets with the 2cv. Of course, the market sites were already booked by the location manager, all I had to do was turn up on the agreed pitch and sit there until the props guys come to set up the stall.

Well all is going well; until one morning leaving home at about 5a.m, to Folkstone to board the ferry at 7a.m. On arrival in Boulogne I drive off, and enter the main port road with the 2cv running along happily. Now you may recall if you are old enough, there is a large roundabout on the main road as you enter the town. You get a very funny feeling when one turns the steering wheel to go round the roundabout and nothing happens! Quick thinking says "**Oh Dear**" and the van promptly goes up on to the centre of said roundabout. I sit turning the steering wheel round and round with no response. Immediate thought is to get off the roundabout and act if nothing has happened or the police will turn up. Remember I have a meeting with a film unit in two hours time about 20km away, so first get off the grass centre, somewhere in this case I really don't care where. Kicking the front wheels to turn them enough to get off the road I quickly backed off the roundabout still shivering with shock at my lucky escape. Right, what the hell has happened,? Inspection shows the steering shaft splines had sheared away and the locking bolt was still laying down the road somewhere or even on the ferry?? So no chance, searching in my tool box I find a bolt that may do, No, it's got to do. I slide the coupling back on the shaft and in short bodge it with bits of wire tightening the bolt, I gingerly try the



steering, good enough it holds so I again very gingerly drive down the road to a Citroen agent which I knew was there as I had noted it before. Go in and explain my dilemma in the best French I could muster, they take the van somewhere in the back telling me it will be about a hour. Looking at my watch as I should be on set at 11am, have a coffee and calm down. Sure enough they deliver back a 2cv that I can steer again. I arrive on time at the film set, have a well-earned breakfast, go home that evening and do it all again the next day. Then we moved to Normandy so I took the caravan, it's better than being stuck in a hotel. On this occasion Jean came with me to help, with her towing the caravan. The next location was the market in Honfleur, the problem I found was that once the stall was set up it seems every French lady shopping is interested in fancy pottery. You try telling French ladies, "***No its not for sale***" all day! So I made sure the table was covered over until we were ready and the film unit was in place.

Everything from now on was normal, except coming home one week later with Jean pulling the caravan, passing though the docks to the ship, Jean gets pulled over by the customs with the caravan, by this time I am already on the ramp I go inside waiting for her to drive on. She doesn't come, I guess as it's a woman driving by herself, the customs consider that to be rare, and so proceed to make a full search of the caravan, and the car, with dogs and also question her, for 15 minutes. Satisfied, they finally let her proceed, when we finally met up, she was not a happy bunny in fact, she was downright cross. Me joking, - "***you should have enjoyed the frisking***" definitely didn't help. It was a very quiet crossing??

The trusty 2 cv and me continued to cross to Dieppe or Calais six more times before we were to finish that episode. I got to enjoy driving the 2cv, it was comfy, cornered on its door handles, and it had a considerable rock and roll action and once you have got over the sickness feeling it was fine. The 800cc engine is not the fastest thing on four wheels, The big 30mm gear change handle was positive as one slides the rod in or out or a twist then finds 3rd and 4th. As interest I bought the 2cv van from the Tin Snail Company in Worthing For



£1500 And sold it on we when finished, as usual I should have kept it! How many times have I said that ?????

On another occasion connected with Poirot, this time the Plymouth was needed which I trailed to France this time; getting to the location, I was booked in to a four star plush hotel in Deauville with an underground car park for the car

and trailer. I was there for a week. During the filming one day, I was asked, **“Ron will you be an extra?”** It was quite common, well, that’s fine, we get paid the standard fee of £100 for the day and in addition they are still paying for the Plymouth. Location is Deauville station which is all dressed out in Thirties style. I go to make up and then the wardrobe and get inspected by the makeup mistress who then looks me up and down and then says **“You will do, get on the train”**; guess what, it’s the old Orient Express pulled by the biggest steam engine I have ever seen, where did they get that from?. Whistles blow, and then that lovely sound of the huge steam engine coming to life as we pull away from the station. we travel about five miles and stop, while somewhere forward I could see David Suchet doing his bit and hear the familiar words of **“action”** and a few seconds later **“cut, reset”**. In the meantime I sit back and enjoy the experience. I for once am not involved. We are delivered a very tasty packed lunch (What no FIVE star dinner with wine?). We go back and forth about six times and I finally I hear those magic words, **“That’s a rap, for the day”**. I don’t think I was ever seen but that’s not unusual and who cares so long as they pay. Now that’s a good day! After another two days going to fancy chateaus in the area on night shoots; (just a point if you were watching recently the episode was on with interior scenes in the Plymouth and with David Suchet outside a chateau at night). we are finally finished, I sign the hotel BBC account. (someone, somewhere pays). I put the Plymouth on the trailer and head home. On arrival home and after 15 mins the phone goes, I answer, it’s the BBC! a voice says **“Ron, we missed a shot can you go back on Monday with the Plymouth we need you to do a drive by, you are booked on the 7am Ferry Monday, See you there”**

(Here we go again, I never bothered to unload) I find the location in some remote small village in France that only me and a miracle could find. The drive by took about 30 mins, with just the director and camera crew. I catch the 6 pm ferry, and I am back in England by 10 pm. What a waste of time and money. But they pay so who’s going to argue with that. That was my life, at times, it was a challenge, freezing cold, pouring rain, long distances, and hours, traveling by night, finding remote locations all over England and France with NO SAT NAV’S in those days. Loading and unloading in the dark, trust me I have done it all. In some silly way I miss it.

The Good the Bad and the Ugly!

*Ron W*

With the world on the brink of war, a lot of people are not aware of what really happened in the White House during the change-over from Trump to the Irish loving Biden. Here is the true story. Read on.

## THE WHITE HOUSE INCIDENT

(Written by Bruce Moore, With apologies to Shelly Berman!)

Copyright 29-11-2020

(Scene: Tourist outside the White House phones reception.)

Tourist: "Hello, is that the white House?"

Receptionist: "White House, hello, and the top of the morning to you, Molly O'Biden speaking, t'ank you for calling the White House, and what would be the reason for your call, to be sure?"

T: "*What is the reason for --?* well, I was looking at the west wing and there is a man hanging from a window ledge and it looks to be on the Oval Office---,"

R: "Would you be a-wishin' to speak to that person sir?"

T: "what? no I don't wish to *speak* to him, I don't even *know* him, I just want someone to pull him in!"

R: "To be sure and I don't t'ink we have an officer for that sir."

T: "Well, how about you?"

R: "Sorry, but oi'll not be available until me coffee break oi t'ink".

T: "Oh, when *is* your coffee break?"

R: "In an hour to be sure, sir".

T: "Oh, I don't think the poor man can wait until then, his knuckles are awfully white. Can you put me through to Security please?"

R: "OK, I'll be forwarding you to the Security Department sir, -have a nice day."

T: "OK, thank you, -and you have a nice day too".

Security: "And the top of the mornin' to ya caller, security officer Shaun O'Biden CIA, FBI, Purple heart, VC and Bar, VD and scar, speaking, what can oi be a-doin' for you today, sir?"

T: "Hello officer, see, I was casually looking at the West wing of your building when I noticed a man hanging from a window and it looks to be on the Oval Office!"

Security: "Would you be describing him for me, sir?"

T: "---*What? Describe him? Why?* He's the only man hanging from a window on your building, I hate to waste the time, OK, he's fat with a strange blond quiff, wearing plus fours, and holding a golf bag between his legs. And there is an old grey-haired gentleman hitting his fingers with the heel of his shoe! -and he keeps shouting, it's mine, it's mine!"

S: “Which one would be saying it’s mine, it’s mine, sir?”

T: “They both are!”

S: “And would he be standing on a ladder, sir?”

T: “No, but there is one in the flower bed beneath him.”

S: “Oh no, not again, it’s the t’ird time this week he has tried to break in, t’anks for calling mister. (shouts to one side) Hey Patrick, ask Pedro the gardener to prop up the ladder on the Oval Office again please, yer, he’s at it again, to be sure!”

T: “Hello, hello Officer O’Biden sir, you go up there and pull the elderly gentleman aside, he looks very irate, and I’ll shout to the fat man and tell him you are coming, but HURRY UP!”

(Tourist shouts up---)

“Hello fat man sir, no, other side, yes, here I am, fine thank you, *don’t wave sir*, not with both hands. The security guard is coming up to rescue you, but it would help if you let go the bag, yes, excellent, there it goes, oh dear, poor fellow, that squashed his sombrero. Tell that gentleman to stop hitting you, why doesn’t he pull you in? Oh, he’s pushing you *OUT??* Here comes the security man, left leg, right leg, ooooooooooh---,” (Phones White House)

T: “Hello White House, your Security Officer is hanging from the Oval Office window, and two men are lying in the flower bed, --on top of the gardener!”

***“AND I AM NOT HAVING A NICE DAY, --THANK YOU!!”***

## **Local petrol stations where E0 fuel can still be obtained. i.e. Fuel containing zero ethanol**

Bexhill Service Station Bexhill – TN39 3LR

Bolney Cross Service Station A272 – Nr. Cowfold - RH17 5QU

Clayhill Service Station A26 – Nr. Lewes - BN8 5RU

Hawkswood Service Station A271 – Hailsham - BN27 1UG

Herstmonceux Service Station A271 – Herstmonceux – BN27 4JU

Horam Service Station A267 – Nr. Heathfield - TN21 0BN

North Heath Service Station Pulborough – RH20 1DN

Old Town Service Station Eastbourne – BN21 1HQ

Selmeston Service Station A27 – Nr. Polegate - BN26 6UE

Storrington Service Station Old Mill Drive, off A283 – Storrington – RH20 4NF

Trinity Place Service Station Eastbourne – BN21 3BZ

Uckfield Service Station Uckfield – TN22 1EJ

## Angus-Sandersons

Since the last November newsletter containing the article titled 'A Very Sad Storey' was printed and distributed, I have been contacted by the original compiler of that article back in 1976 - Dave Coltham was then the newsletter bloke, and the newsletter was produced on a silk screen printer, with each page being individually printed with a hand roller.!

The Angus-Sandersons mentioned at the end of the article were eventually rescued and restored, one at least by the late Mike Worthington Williams who founded and edited Classic Car Mart and contributed to many motorcycle periodicals. Below are a few extracts from a letter that he wrote to Motor Sport magazine back in 1977.

*"I have just purchased a 1920 Angus-Sanderson, which has been used as a work's hack in a Kent timberyard since about 1930. Despite its 47 years in the open, however, and 5 years of disuse under the trees, it was induced to start, and was driven on to the recovery vehicle.....Most of the body aft of the scuttle is missing, and the original back axle is damaged. The original artillery wheels are also very badly rotted, and will have to be replaced. The chassis number is A2131 and the engine number 12408. The engine is the original Tyler unit, and bears the date 29 October 1920....The car was originally supplied through W. Weeks & Son Ltd.....The registration number of the car is missing and unfortunately Weeks & Son are no longer trading in Maidstone, so it will not be possible to find out from their old sales records the registration number of the car. There cannot have been that many Angus-Sandersons registered in Maidstone, however, I am hopeful that we will eventually be able to trace the correct registration number and use this on the car when it is restored.*

Burgess Hill – M. Worthington-Williams

### -----

### Early adverts

## **The result of combined energy**

**T**he ANGUS - SANDERSON is the first All - British demonstration of "Massed Production." It is the first successful attempt on the part of a number of manufacturers to produce a car by combined effort, a method of production which has not only proved to minimise manufacturing costs, but which also ensures a better car. Each firm interested is a specialist in one particular component or unit and has at its disposal the very best plant and the most skilled labour.

**T**he ANGUS-SANDERSON 14 h.p. de Luxe is a car of the highest standard in every detail, which, if manufactured upon any other than the principle of massed production, would cost more in the region of £700 to £800.

Its equipment includes:—Five detachable wheels, five tyres, Lucas electric lighting set, with five lamps & Lucas electric engine starter **£450**

1918 ANGUS-SANDERSON  
1923 14 HP

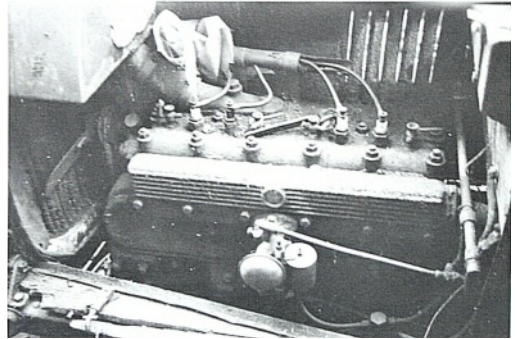
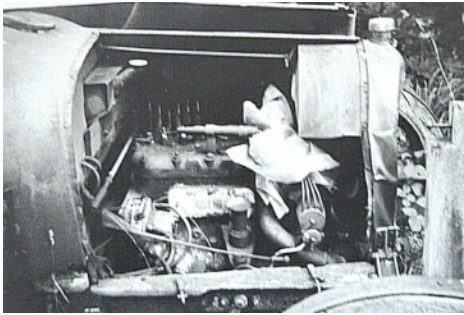
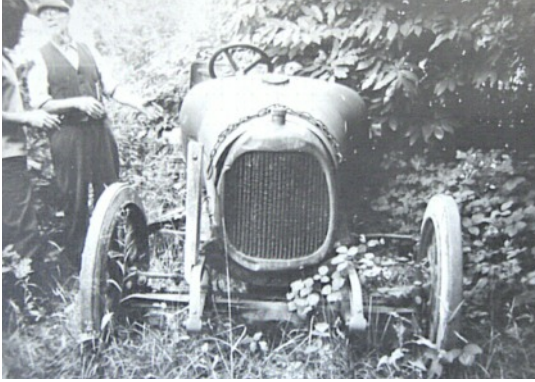
POPULAR



Angus  
Sanderson



Here are some photos of one of these cars as found near Tenterden , taken by Dave Coltham around 1971-72. As can be seen the condition was not good, chassis cut off shortly aft of the gearbox and an extra one fitted driving a wide belt to a large circular saw bench and other farm equipment. The rear axle had been cut and shortened for some other purpose. The elderly gentleman standing by the car still ran the engine and circular saw it powered, if Dave remembered correctly he was 90 plus years old.



## Extracts from ‘A Motorist’s Diary’ - Practical Motorist 1935

WAITED twenty minutes on the Holyhead road the other day in company with a cavalcade of motorists who became more and more fed up at the delay. Level-crossing gates closed, but no sign of a train. Exasperated, I had a talk with the boy in charge, "Got to close the gates coz a train's in the section," he said. "How long do we wait?" "Till line's clear." We waited. Train came by. Got ready. Gates still closed, Another train had got into the section, Something ought to be done about it. Level crossings make me cross. (Me, too.—Ed.)

Beacon Bilge "The Beacons are saving many tives," so saith a wise magistrate. Or perhaps he is a wise-cracking magistrate. Actually, the zebra posts and the orange globes are being ignored. Pedestrians never worry about their sanctuary crossings but continue to use the roads promiscuously. If the crossings were honoured they would do a lot of good, but they are not. The only 'way to force controlled road crossing is to rail in the pavements. The railings recently erected in Hammersmith Broadway have done much to relieve the congestion.

Hitch Hiking The American method of cadging a lift from a passing motorist seems to be spreading to this country. Two men, apparently of the tramp type, hailed me on the Great North road recently. Both used that expressive "thumb pointed over the shoulder" sign which is so effectively portrayed in Yankee pictures. Do tramps go to the pictures?

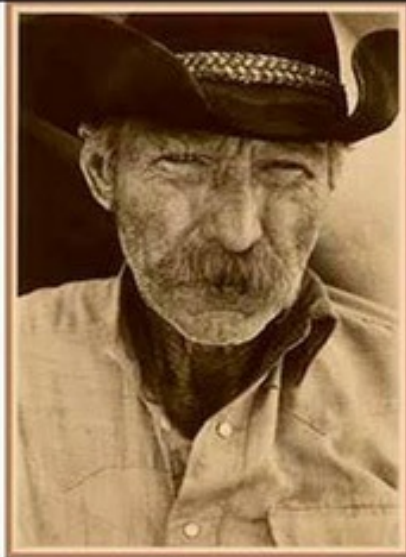
Hip, Hip, Hooray Believe it or not, but trams are definitely running down the hill which leads to oblivion. Plans are in hand to organise trolley-bus services on many miles of tram-infested London roads. Splendid ! Clumsy, accident - prone, traffic blocking trams have no proper place in modern traffic conditions. Nobody will shed a tear at their passing. 'There is nothing more ridiculous than to expect people to get off and on vehicles in the middle of the road. Trolley-buses provide the solution.

Hysteria - Do not like this "passive resistance" business in connection with the thirty-miles-an-hour speed limit, We may object to the administration of the law, but to prefer a term in prison to the payment of a nominal fine may do good in drawing the attention of the public and the authorities. Thirty m.p.h. in built-up areas is the law, and it should be respected. If it is not, then there should be no objection to the medicine.

Watch for the Breaker Strip - Helped out a motorist the other day who was stranded with a burst tyre. His spare was flat and would not respond to the pump. Had a look at all his tyres and found them down to the breaker strip, Many motorists think it economical to run their tyres to destruction. It isn't; also it is dangerous, We ought to thank Mr. Dunlop for the longevity of his products and not try to add a few precarious miles to the lives of tyres which have served us well and truly. A Burst tyre can cause a bad accident and a tyre which is down to the canvas is always likely to burst at any moment. A set of new tyres is cheaper than hospital fees.

Here are the Five Rules for Men to Follow for a Happy Life that Russell J. Larsen had inscribed on his headstone in Logan, Utah. He died not knowing that he would someday win the....

"Coolest Headstone" contest..."



A COWBOY TOMBSTONE .....

#### **FIVE RULES FOR MEN TO FOLLOW FOR A HAPPY LIFE**

1. It's important to have a woman who helps at home, cooks from time to time, cleans up, and has a job.
2. It's important to have a woman who can make you laugh.
3. It's important to have a woman who you can trust, and doesn't lie to you.
4. It's important to have a woman who is good in bed, and likes to be with you.
5. It's very, very important that these four women do not know each other or you could end up dead like me.