Hi ya loyal Readers, welcome to our traditional pantomime. We know it's a bit late, but if the RA Christmas Party can be held at the end of January then we can have our Panto in February. This time we spared no expense and tried to get some of the world's top stars to appear in this epic adventure.....of course none of them would do it, so we had to use what was at hand instead! ......sorry!! So here it is readers, the 1993 CMN Christmas Pantomime..... **Fosters and the Baked Beanstalk.**

Once upon a time, not so long ago and not so very far away, there lived a hulking great Irishman called Fosters-Hayes, who lived with his mother on a farm. The farm was so small that Fosters had to share his bunk bed with the farm's cow, Daisy, which was much better than sharing the same room in a caravan with Nathan.

Then the fateful day came when Fosters had frittered away all the family fortune on horse racing and Becks, as you do, and they had to sell their lovely moo cow. Fosters' Mum called the soft lad back from the pub and said, "Oi Fosters, Jesus Boy, you great useless lad! Go down to Mad Millers and trade in Daisy for a smaller, cheaper model!".

"Sure thing Mum," Fosters said, "Can you spare me the bus fare?" Oh! how poor Fosters and his Mum were heartbroken. Daisy was over the moon about it; at least this way she could get away from Fosters' snoring, smelly green socks and his duck machine.

So off Fosters and Daisy went on the bus to Mad Millers, as you do. After arriving at Mad Millers 24 Hour Discount Cow and Carry, they found the Mad Miller giggling away to himself. "Hi folks, The Mad Miller here - have I got a deal for you?! Cows, cows, cows! We got 'em all at knock down Mad Miller prices."

Fosters explained to The Mad Miller that he wanted to swap old Daisy for a new cow, but.....The Mad Miller suddenly interrupted Fosters, "Listen, soft lad. You don't want a new cow! No-sir-ee. What you want is to avail yourself of today's special offer......Magic Baked Beans".

Magic Baked Beans.....how silly. Only an idiot would would fall for that one! "You've got a deal Mister", Fosters cried excitedly. "I love baked beans." Fosters headed home as happy as could be, thinking, "Gee a whole giant tin of Magic Baked Beans, Mum will be thrilled!"

Fosters' Mum was very excited to say the least, "AAAARGH, Jesus lad! What was you thinking of? You swapped our cow for a 15 year old tin of baked beans? Get rid of them or I'll, I'll...." and with that she hurled Fosters out into the back yard.

Poor little Fosters was so upset. Well actually he wasn't that upset because at least he had a tin of beans to eat for his din-dins. He opened the tin but......"Ugh, these beans smell awful. They smell worse than a caravan full of Chasers!" Fosters said, "I'll have to bury them before they stink out the whole countryside." So after burying the tin in the back yard, Fosters shot off down the local pub, as you do, for a quick pint or twelve. Early the next afternoon, when Fosters finally woke up, he noticed something wasn't quite right. It was two o'clock in the afternoon but it was still dark outside. What a surprise he got when he looked out of the
window. "Jesus!" thought Fosters, "Those bloody beans have grown into a giant beanstalk. If Mum sees this she'll kill me".

Indeed, Fosters' Mum was looking for him. Quick as a flash Fosters shot off towards the beanstalk, closely chased by his Mother wielding one of Fosters' golf clubs yelling, "I'll show you how to use these sticks properly".

Fosters, now in fear of his life, jumped at the beanstalk and started to climb higher and higher. Soon he was up beyond the clouds. At the top he could see a huge castle in the distance.

"Jesus, that climb has made me hungry", Fosters thought. "I'll go and see if I can hustle up some nosh from over there".

So off he set towards the castle, as you do. After a while he arrived at the huge front door. He knocked timidly on the door, well as timidly as Fosters can. As there was no answer he crept in. When he got inside, he noticed there was something slightly strange about the place. Everything was really huge, even by Fosters' standards. The pair of shoes by the front door even made Fosters' size 18 Doc Martens look like dolls shoes.

Fosters began to look around and explore the castle, as you do. Eventually he found the kitchen, and there on the table was a ten foot tall bottle of Becks and a huge packet of chocolate biscuits. Fosters stared at these marvellous sights and thought, "I don't believe it. This is heaven. There must be enough Becks there to last me a whole day."

He took a look around and noticed a goose in the corner. As he watched, it laid a golden egg. "That's a shame", he thought. "If I didn't hate eggs so much, I'd nick that".

Then, just as Fosters was about to start climbing up the table to get at the Becks, he heard someone coming towards the kitchen. Fosters immediately ran off to hide, as you do. From his hiding place, Fosters saw a huge lady enter the room. She walked up to the table and put two slices of bread into a golden toaster. Within no time at all, out popped two slices of pure gold toast. Fosters thought to himself, "Jesuss! that's one rad toaster. If I could get my hands on that I'd be rich - I'd have enough money to pay for a maid to make me beans on toast every day". Suddenly, to his horror, he let rip a huge belch. "I wish I hadn't drunk so much beer last night", he mumbled.

Unfortunately for Fosters, the giant lady heard Fosters and quickly found him hiding behind an empty Becks crate.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH" she said, "What have we here luvvie? You'll make a tasty snack. I think we'll have you for dinner".

"Oh no you won't missus!" Fosters yelled out, and ran out from behind the beer crate at high speed (well, more a slow lumbering Fosters plod actually), but it was just fast enough for him to get away from the giant lady. Fosters carried on plodding along into the hall where he noticed that the cupboard under the stairs was slightly open. He dived in there to wait until the giant lady had stopped searching for him, as you do.

As Fosters hid under the stairs he heard, "Fe Fi Fo Fum, I've got a pain in my tum tum tum.....and I can also smell a big girlie around here somewhere." It was the mean old Husband giant.

"Damn. I knew I should've changed my socks last week", Fosters thought.

Fosters cowered in the cupboard scared stiff. What was he to do? If the mean old giant found him he would surely eat him straight away, socks and all. Suddenly the door creaked open and Fosters stood there face to kneecap with the giant. But the giant was very sad. He had a sore tum from eating too many extra large double chilli curry kebabs and drinking too much beer the night before.

"Please don't eat me", Fosters pleaded. "I'm all gristle. You wouldn't like me at all."

"Oh my tum", the giant groaned. "I can't eat you, well not now anyway, but I can always save you for later."

Suddenly Fosters had a bright idea, a novelty I know, but it is not unheard off. "Hey listen up Mr Giant. If you let me go, I'll go down to my Mum and get some of her special medicine for your tum. One dose of that and you'll be back to normal", Fosters said hopefully.

By now the giant was in so much pain that he let Fosters go to fetch the medicine for his tum. But little did the giant realise that Fosters had pinched the magic toaster and had no plans of returning.
"Ha, Ha, what a fool. I'm going to be rich, rich, rich! From now on it's caviar and beans on toast for me", Fosters said.

After climbing down the magic baked beanstalk, Fosters dashed home to his Mum. "Where have you been, you great useless good for nothing? I bet you've been down the pub again. Your dinner is ruined boy", she said.

"But Mum, look what I've got for you, A MAGIC TOASTER that turns ordinary bread into gold toast!", Fosters pleaded. Fosters' Mum was delighted with her new toaster, unfortunately though Fosters had forgotten that his house wasn't fitted with giant wall sockets and that they didn't have the right adaptor either.

Days passed and Fosters began to feel sorry for the poor old giant with his sore tum. So, with his conscience now bothering him, off he set back up the magic baked beanstalk with a bottle of Milk of McYuk for the giants' tum. Well in fact it wasn't his conscience which was bothering him, he wanted to find out if the giant had an adaptor for the toaster.

When Fosters arrived, the giant was crying giant tears because of his sore tum. "Don't worry Mr Giant", Fosters said, "take some of this."

Within a few minutes the giant was feeling well again! Yes indeed, the giant felt so much better, he felt fab-a-rooney and began to dance. "Yeah Big Man" shouted Fosters, "get on down and boogie big guy".

Meanwhile, the baked beanstalk had attracted a lot of attention and as Fosters and the Giant were bopping away, a TV crew climbed the beanstalk and were so impressed with their song and dance routine that they signed them up on the spot.

The last we heard of the duo, they were performing on the northern club circuit as Pogue impersonators.

**Dr Chris Mower's Medical Matters**

I am reliably informed that my last column, with its unique combination of terror and reassurance, was much appreciated by my loyal readers.

Now, as the New Year is well under way, many readers have already started thinking about their summer holidays, as you do. So here are some of your major worries examined and discussed in a reassuring way:

**MYTH**: Sunshine makes you happy.

**FACT**: This is, unfortunately, a complete lie, or according to recent research, half a complete lie. In fact there are two kinds of people in the world - "Heliophiles" and "Heliophobes".

The Heliophiles love sunshine because their skin has hyperactive melanocytes that manufacture brown pigment at the drop of a hat or bikini-top. Heliophiles are generally to be found working as Ice Cream Salesman, Deck Chair Attendants, Water Ski Instructors, Beach Boys or Adulterers.

The Heliophobes, on the other hand, have pale sensitive skin (look at the pale wreck Rocker for instance). They have little pigment in the skin and may have albinoid pink eyes, and can only be distinguished from rabbits by the lack of long ears and a waffly nose.

Some Heliophobes have other stigmata of "Helio-fugal" body habitus such as fangs and a black cloak, or they may sleep in coffins and may express a strong desire not to have a wooden stake shoved through their heart etc.

Heliophobes usually work in the "dark" professions such as Mushroom Growers, Boiler Stokers, Dark Room Attendants or Slug Breeders. The Heliophobes can be distinguished from the Heliophiles by a simple skin test which measures the thickness of cutaneous coconut oil.

**MYTH**: Tanning is good for the skin.

**FACT**: It is indeed true that tanning is good for certain types of skin. However, this only applies if the skin in question is about to become a briefcase or a pair of shoes.

Similarly, washing the skin with stringent alkali's and using a steam bath four times a day is good for the skin, but only if your ambition is to turn into Hush Puppies or a suede coat.

Ultra violet "B" rays (the cause of suntans) increase free radicals in the skin and enhance non random point mutation in genetic material with potential damage to
chromosomes and future generations. In fact, with some forms of suntan, you may lose your chance of making a future generation at all, ie if you end up looking like a berk because you left your string vest on while sun bathing, so that your skin looks like a waffle with scarlet fever.

There, I hope that's sorted out some of your main worries for this summer. Watch out for more medical matters in the next issue.

RIP Jo Baldwin !!!

It is with much regret that we have to announce the passing of the person that was Jo Baldwin, who has now been replaced by a simpering lovesick girlie.

Gone is the hard-edged young independent woman who disposed of men at the rate of one a week. Ever since she met a certain engineer and contracted spannerturneritis her decline has been rapid, without any known medical means of stopping the virus spreading.

Symptoms include muttering appalling comments such as:-

"If I'm not going out with Steve, I'm not going out at all."

"He's lovely."

"He's quite sexy, really."

If Dr Mower or any of our other medically expert readers can help, then contact our resident consultant R. Young on extension 2336 and an immediate programme of treatment will be put into effect.

We will of course keep you posted on Jo's condition in future issues.

Dear Tonia

I have made a terrible mistake. Only recently, in a moment of madness, I divulged quite a few embarrassing details of what happened on my hen night.

Unfortunately, I let slip an awful secret about a certain Chaser of an undisclosed age; all I can say is that she is pretty ancient by Chaser's standards. To my shame, I told someone about the incident involving my lovely hat and this certain Chaser, who insisted on tasting all the flavoured male prophylactics that were pinned to it.

Unfortunately, the person that now knows this secret is going to blackmail her and have now threatened that if this Chaser does not pay the required amount of £1,000 before her wedding day, they will disclose her name to the world.

What should I do? I don't want to lose this depraved Chaser as a close friend. She might make a voodoo doll and stick pins in it - she's done it before!

Please, please help me.

Tonia says:

Leave the RA now, girl! It's your only hope!!

Chaser Look-a-likes

Tricky Dicky Hallowes - Bernard Bresslaw from the Carry-On films; Steve Bould of Arsenal

Tonia - The telephonist from the Mercury One-to-One advert

Nathan - Julian Clary

Martin Dench - Anton Rogers; Arthur from On The Buses.

Baby Lemon and Baby Brennan - Winston Churchill (probably).

Feeble Footy Excuses!

What a start to the footballing season we have had. The most players that the MM could get down to the regular Elephant and Castle training sessions each week was seven - often less. What happened to the ten strong crowd that used to attend? No-one knows, but here is a list of the best excuses heard in 1993 for avoiding football practices:

"I'm having my hair cut" - Nathan

"Cyd won't let me" - Nathan
"I don't like playing football at lunchtime" - PG

"My knee hurts" - Foggy

"My wrist hurts" - Foggy

"I've got too much work" - Lee Newman

"No-one will pass the ball to me" - Super Kev

"I'm going on holiday soon (six months in fact), and don't want to get injured" - Foggy

"My agent won't let me" - Chris Hissey

"I will play, but not until next year" - Paul B

"I live in Yorkshire now" - Fosters

"I've got no money" - Nathan, Fosters, Mark, Foggy

"I've got a slight cold" - Super Kev

"No way. I used to play at school" - Colin Painter

"I forgot my kit" - Foggy

"I had my appendix out" - Lee Newman

"What day is it we are playing?.....Oh today!" - The Boy Mark

"I'm doing the Schedule" - Nathan

"Christine's not feeling well" - SB

"I've tried it once and didn't like it" - Stewart "Hoggo" Hogbin

"I'm just no good" - PG

"I'm too old now" - Foggy

"I'm injured" - SB

The following boasts are from those people who relentlessly turn up for football every week without fail, although they might not actually be thought fit to play.

"I don't care that I had 6 pints of Dogbolter last night, I'm still going to play" - Rocker

"I don't mind that I've forgotten my kit. I'll play in my blue and white spotty boxer shorts" - Nathan

**Quotes**

"It doesn't matter how often you check your equipment, it still won't stop a ram chewing through your rope" - Lee Newman

"I was just playing with it and it suddenly backfired" - Rocker

"Is Tigger the leopard in Winnie the Pooh?" - Kinky Kim K

"You don't get that satisfied feeling of going in and out, in and out" - Graham Noyce

"Were the drinks expensive?" - SB

"I don't know, I didn't buy any" - TB

"Have you got any balls I can play with?" - Kinky Kim K

**Friday Night Fever**

Once again the annual RA Christmas party was held in the basement, but as usual the Chasers managed to take it much lower.

'Tricky Dicky' Hallowes could have easily won any knobbly knees competition from here to Bognor with his unique dancing technique to the Chaka Demus hit 'Tease Me'.

'Scuddy' Morris had two rather different approaches to dancing. The first was to just stand there with a girlie draped round his shoulders. The second was to do an impersonation of Suggs from Madness and move just your shoulders from side to side and moving his feet when he remembered.
Graham 'Naughty Beer' Noyce seemed to believe that he was in the boxing ring with Chris Eubank. With his nifty footwork and punch jab combination he could have easily won.

Richard 'Rocker' Young took his inspiration from the Morecombe and Wise finale and was just waiting for 'Bring Me Sunshine' to be played so he would be in his element. Thankfully Shane didn't have (or had even heard of) the record.

PG mainly sat down drinking all night or talking football tactics to Kimberley and Sharon Coe, but when the urge took him or some girlie dragged him up, he stunned - yes stunned - everybody with his enthusiastic, athletic and co-ordinated movements, which consisted of moving his feet and throwing his arms about a bit.

His dancing partner for much of the evening, Mad Max the Disco Diva on the other hand, took the dance floor by storm with her imaginative interpretation of the music and easily outshone any other.

Angus 'Smooth mover, Smooth operator' Young sidled around the dance floor with ease, passing from partner to partner strutting his stuff, using all of the space to his devilish advantage. Judith's sisters didn't know what hit them.

Judith O had a whale of a time learning new dance techniques from Johnny D and, by the end of the evening, they both had jumping around the dance floor like Zebedee on E's down to a fine art form.

'Mad Miller' had a rather quiet evening compared to most of his outings. He not only managed to keep his trousers on but also his shirt. Although he did offer to show Ann his collection of interesting moles.

Kinky Kim K, like that other middle-aged housewife Paula, had dumped the old man for the night and wasn't going to let anything spoil her fun. She strutted her Funky Thang all night, and even managed to get drunk on nothing stronger than orange juice.

Paula and Ann tripped the light fantastic by dancing to almost every record played. They only stopped to refill their drinks and to cool down, 'cos these girlies are HOT on the dance floor. All they lacked were the white stilletoes and handbags to make the illusion of Romford's Hollywood Nightclub real.

Tonia B was in fine form - wriggling with Warren, nuzzling with Nathan, canoodling with Kevin - you name him, she danced with him. She kept going almost to the very end.

Jo Baldwin peaked early and puked later. She raved to anything the DJ played - fast or slow - until the booze got the better of her.

Helen "the Dutchess" Damms boogied the whole night away showing amazing stamina. This girl acted like she was on Duracells, rather than the ordinary zinc carbon batteries.

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The Jealousy Freaks

Rumours abound that the Freaks may be on the verge of splitting up after Merv let it slip that the band were "resting". We hope to run an interview with Merv in the next issue, giving you, our loyal readers, the facts straight from the horses' mouth.

Lyn and Linda Lose Their Lumps

CMN sends out its warmest, heartfelt congratulations to Linda B and Lyn L on the birth of little Chaserlets Callum and Jessica. We thought Lyn might call her little sprog "Ripley" after the character in the Alien films, or "Melony" because it rhymes so well, or even "Pippa" (when you squeeze a lemon you get pips).

End of the Marathon for Angela the Athlete

CMN were saddened to hear that one of the long-serving original Chasers, Angela the Athlete of Boats, is about to cast off and set sail into the sunset (yes, she's leaving the Agency after many years of service). Our readers will probably know her best for her stimulating travel articles. When asked for a comment on her new job, she was heard to say, "Mmm....It should be quite interesting really".

Forthcoming events:
Gates' Girlies/Bakers' Babes Challenge Match against Millers' Manky Men at the Elephant & Castle Sports Centre on Wednesday 16 February 1994. Any other girlies wanting to get top quality football coaching from those highly talented soccer geniuses PG and SB free of charge are welcome to come along to the regular Tuesday lunchtime training sessions. Contact Kim K, PG or SB for details. Total beginners are welcome.

RA Valentines Day Party - 23 May 1994

RA Easter Party - 24 July 1994

RA Midsummer's Night Party - 3 December 1994