

TRUE BLUE:

THE OFFICIAL TORY PARTY

**JOKE BOOK (BUT NOT
REALLY)**

**by
Barry D'astato**

This book is a collection of original jokes. A few, a very few, have been published in a now defunct newsletter, The Comedy Bulletin, but to the best of my knowledge, the entire collection is original and of entirely my own composition.

I dedicate this collection to Dermot Crossley, without whom it would never have been conceived, (a paternity writ is in the post), and to the politicians who have done so much to make me laugh, and to make all of us cry.

love and kisses

Barry D'Astato

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(but not really).

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I hear the PM's husband was taken to hospital after attending a party at Buckingham Palace; Mrs Thatcher said he was suffering from alcohol poisoning. Serves him right, he shouldn't have tried to drink Princess Margaret under the table.

Edwina Curry was runner up in a personality girl of the year contest. First prize went to Myra Hindley.

Robert McClelland reminds me of that video.

Rambo?

No, a JVC blank tape.

The Tories have invented a new meaning for the phrase Open University. From now on university will be open to anyone who can afford to pay back a student loan.

Some wit once said; Charity begins abroad. As far as the Tories are concerned, so do trade union rights; in Poland to be precise.

The Tories should nationalise crime; that would make sure it didn't pay.

I'm off to Gibraltar for my holidays; I've got everything packed: sun tan lotion, swimming trunks, bullet proof vest.....

Margaret Thatcher is the only person I know who can speak to a fifty year old man as though he were a four year old child, and get away with it.

My uncle made a killing on the Stock Exchange; he shot his broker the day after Black Monday.

The way Edward Heath keeps gunning for Margaret Thatcher, I get the distinct impression he's chasing Neil Kinnock's job. And the way things have been going for the Welsh windbag of late, he just might get it.

Definition of a polo mint: Prince Philip's bank account.

After the Prince of Wales criticised the guard's regiment for operating a colour bar, a spokesman for the black community said he found it touching that His Royal Highness was so eager for black people to have the opportunity to die for Britain.

Scottish vicar to schoolboy: Young Thomas, do you really believe all this nonsense about a big monster living under Loch Ness?

Boy: Well vicar, I don't think that's quite as daft as you believing that a man could walk over it.

Our vicar got sacked for having too much faith; he had Faith Williams, Faith Murphy, Faith Davidson and Faith Green.

That's a nice horse you're riding, miss; what's his name?

Oh f--- off and mind your own business, you stupid ---t.

Oh, sorry, I didn't recognise you, Your Highness.

A South African tourist who witnessed a black man being beaten up in a London park by six policemen said the sight of it had made him feel ill. Well, homesick, actually.

Think of all the talent to come out of Ireland: Barry McGuigan, Chris de Burgh, Terry Wogan..... Well, two out of three ain't bad.

My sister may be many things, but cheap, never; one mink and she's anybody's.

I bought my mother-in-law a bear skin rug. She said she would have appreciated it more if I'd killed the bear first.

I drink to, to, to.....

This Glaswegian gangster had sex with his girlfriend and she charged him five pounds. What's this? he said, you on the game now or something? No, she replied, it's a new levy; the moll tax.

I had a most peculiar breakfast on the train today; a cup of watery tea, two slimy yellow eggs, a piece of frizzled bacon, a mouldy fried tomato and two rounds of buttered toast. I can't understand why the toast wasn't burnt.

August 8th 1988 will go down in history as something of a special day; Sebastian Coe went out of the Olympics, the Duchess of York gave birth to a daughter and it was the start of National Condom Week.

There's a new TV series about a pair of gay gangsters with AIDS; it's called The Untouchables.

I can always tell when my wife has had too much to drink; her face goes blurred.

A recent survey has found that:

- a) the overwhelming majority of Russians don't want nuclear war.
- b) the overwhelming majority of Americans don't want nuclear war.
- c) in the event of nuclear war they'd both rather it happened in Europe.

The Soviets have their own humanitarian organization called the Red Cross.

The reds cross into Afghanistan,

The reds cross into Angola.....

Our managing director is like twenty-four carat gold; soft, yellow and impossible to find anywhere.

Then there was the moneylender who moonlighted as a private detective; Shylock Holmes.

I went shopping in a Safeway supermarket. On the way out I tripped over and broke my leg.

Would you like a job where you work twenty-five hours a week, have every weekend off and get fourteen weeks paid holiday a year? Then why not become a teacher?

I took my new girlfriend to a posh restaurant and wined and dined her. After we'd finished the meal she looked into my eyes and said: I know we haven't known each other long, but I'm madly and passionately in love with you. I'd do anything you want, anything at all.

I said: Anything?

She said: Yes, anything.

So I got her to pay the bill.

I applied for a job with Securicor. The bloke who interviewed me asked me if I liked Barry Manilow. I thought it was a strange question, but I answered truthfully that I did: In fact, I've got four of his albums, I said. The next day I received a letter from them saying they don't employ people with criminal records.

One good thing about being a nurse, when your boyfriend pops the question, you know he's not after your money.

If Iceland were to bomb Sweden do you think that would start another cold war?

Being a football manager in the English league is a bit like being an officer in the RUC; you've got a fifty/fifty chance of being fired.

I got the job when I told them I had letters after my name, but they sacked me when they found out they were HMP.

I would have become a vicar, but I don't like working Sundays.

Douglas Herd electrocuted himself changing a fuse. Afterwards he told the press he wouldn't be deterred from doing it again because he'd only received a short, sharp shock.

My newsagent had sold out of the Sun this morning, so I bought Andrex instead.

Harvey Proctor has been offered a part in an X certificate pantomime; he'll be playing Widow Spanky.

I gave my MP a pound of onions to go with the tripe he keeps talking.

Nigel Lawson's vanity isn't just inflated, it's index linked.

And now a blue joke: Edward Heath loves Margaret Thatcher.

I've just been arrested for possession, quick, get me Jerry Hall's lawyer.

The Tories are a very humanitarian party. They want capital punishment to protect us from criminals, to scrap the National Health Service and the Social Security system to make us learn to stand on our own feet, and compulsory ID cards so we don't get lost or forget our names and addresses.

Then there was the rent boy who felt a right fool. The right fool he felt was a Tory MP.

Waiter: Would you like a drink sir, wine perhaps?

Diner: Yes, a Chateau Fiona Wright please.

Waiter: Sir?

Diner: Something full bodied and tasteless.

My friend Mohammed comes from Johannesburg; he's an Afro-Khan.

I bought a nice little country cottage just outside Swansea; it's got double glazing by Everest and central heating by the Welsh Liberation Front.

I know a bloke who's so dim he bought a new car from John de Lorean, a used car from Richard Nixon and a drowned car from Edward Kennedy.

I've heard Michael Jackson offered a million pounds for the skeleton of the Elephant Man. Imagine paying that for a monstrous, deformed heap of bones. Ian Botham said he was very flattered but didn't like the idea of being filleted.

Ian Botham bowled another maiden over; this time it was an air hostess.

Doctor, my wife's having a phantom pregnancy, what shall I give her to drink?
Babycham.

When I bought this car, the salesman told me it had had one careful lady owner. He didn't tell me about the three lunatic men owners who'd had it before.

P W Botha: The new multi-racial government will have five non-white members: Mr Black, Mr Brown, Mr Green, Mr Grey and Mr Scarlet.

I wish my boss would stop using four letter words; it sends a shiver down my spine everytime I hear him say WORK.

Mum, I'm seventeen and still haven't had my first period, why not?
Ask your father, Norman.

There's a new consumer magazine for Satanists: it's called Witch.

Is that a typewriter?

No, it's a refridgerator; it's only pretending to be a typewriter.

Mike Tyson said living with Robin Givens was like living with the Ku Klux Klan; she's obsessed with being white, Iron Mike was quoted as saying. Perhaps she should have married Frank Bruno instead.

Recently I heard Jeffrey Archer described as the master story teller. No one ever called him that before his libel case.

My brother is totally uncultured; he thinks Les Miserables is a play about lesbians with AIDS.

Harvey Proctor has just gone bankrupt; his friends are having a whip round for him.

What does haplology mean?
I haven't the foggiest idea.

I'm glad George Bush won the American election and not that fellow Dukakis. I doubt he'll make a better president, but at least I can pronounce his name.

A friend of mine who's a vegetarian explained that 70% of all cases of food poisoning are caused by meat. If nobody ate meat, he said, 70% of all food poisoning would disappear. I pointed out that if we all gave up eating vegetables as well, there'd be no food poisonin at all.

Landlord: Looks like rain again.
Drinker: Tastes like it too.

Vicar: Do you believe Jesus could walk on the water?
Boy: Why not? Sugar Ray Leonard believes he can.

My girlfriend is a sex object. When I asked her if she'd like to have sex with me, she objected very strongly.

Reading between the lines: what they say, and what they really mean.

Published lyricist: contractually free.

I write lyrics, like five million other people in this country, and none of them has ever been offered a contract either. Last year I had a poem published in the church magazine.

Be realistic.

Accept less than us, much less. And be thankful for it.

~~Ex~~-forces preferred.

Don't apply if you have long hair, bad time keeping or a criminal record.

Plenty of overtime available.

The basic pay is very bad, so you'll have to work ten hour shifts, all day Saturday and Sunday morning to earn a living wage.

Commission only.

Work for nothing.

Trainee millionaires wanted.

Commission only: work for nothing.

Self-motivated people wanted.

Commission only: work for nothing.

Unique presentation.

We've developed a new method of conning people into buying it.

Monopoly product, no competition.

Nobody else is stupid enough to manufacture it.

Bright, bubbly person wanted.

If you're under twenty-five, very attractive, and preferably female, can smirk all day long without appearing or sounding patronising, and can eat

asparagus sideways, we want you to come and work for us in our telesales department. On commission only, of course.

You will be provided with qualified leads and full telesales back up. (this little gem translates as follows).

Our telesales staff will cold call on members of the general public and con them into making an appointment to see you. The entire telesales department work on commission only and are paid X pounds for every presentation made by the rep, (read: mug), ie you. They receive their commission regardless of whether or not a sale is made. They will therefore tell the potential buyer as little as possible about the product/service. Therefore nineteen out of twenty (at least) will not be the slightest bit interested in what you are trying to sell them. Therefore you will work for nothing.

Britain is rapidly becoming an importer of foreign waste. Fair's fair; we sell them Coronation Street, East Enders and Dr Who, now the Yanks and the Aussies are sending us The A-Team, Miami Vice and Neighbours in return.

I saw a horror film last night called Tube Ride To Death.

Was it about a train murder?

No, it was a documentary about smoking.

Mary had a little lamb.....and was prosecuted for bestiality.

Following the latest round of spending cuts in the arts, the London Symphony Orchestra will now be performing Vivaldi's 'The Three Seasons.'

The Tories have just revoked the right to remain silent; I hope my wife doesn't find out.

Teacher: What's the rainiest place in Africa?
Boy: So-wet-o, miss.

Teacher: Give me the name of a famous French philosopher.
Boy: Norman Wisdom.

I feel like Rocky Marciano.
You mean dynamic, unstoppable, unbeatable?
No, I mean dead.

This whore went to the dentist and was given a twenty-five pound bill for treatment. What! she exclaimed, twenty-five quid for having my cavity filled; that's more than what I'd have charged you.

I've just heard that under glasnost the Soviets are planning to open a stock exchange. I'm not sure which prospect terrifies me the most, the communists taking over our town halls or the Thatcherites taking over the Kremlin.

I saw a strange piece of graffiti the other week; it said simply: HITLER WAS GAY. I suppose the wit who wrote that thought the Führer was a woofter just because he told the jews to kiss his arse.

I saw a porn film called Soldier Blue the other day. It was the same as the original except in this one he had a novel way of riding his horse.

Why is the sea full of salt?
Because pepper would make the fish sneeze.

Teacher: Where does the Queen live?
Boy: Please miss, 10 Downing Street.
Teacher: No dear, the lady who lives there only thinks she's the Queen.

Private Green: What's the difference between a
Palestinian demonstrator and a hard boiled egg?
Private Cohen: You can't beat a hard boiled egg.

The Tories have issued a draft proposal for a
privatised prison service. Shareholders will get a
free cell for life plus ten percent remission on
their first sentence.

Carl Lewis and Ben Johnson are the best of buddies;
you might even say they were Seoul brothers.

Economists really like to hedge their bets, but don't
you sometimes get the impression that they just don't
know what they're talking about? When the pound was
weak, we were told we had to tighten our belts because
oil is priced in dollars, and we were losing revenue
on account of that. When it was strong, we were told
our goods were too expensive abroad and that we must
work harder on that account. When it struck a happy
balance and stabilised against other major currencies,
we were told this was stagnation. And finally they
said the economy would deteriorate unless there was
a significant upswing in the market. In other words:
things will get worse unless they get better.

Los Angeles is on the San Andreas fault line, it's
smog ridden, and has one of the highest murder rates
in the Western world as well as race riots, gang
warfare and a massive drug addiction problem. And
what is it known as? the gay capital of America!

Then there was the Salvation Army girl who was sacked
because she liked pantomime. On Christmas Eve, the
major found a-lad-in her bedroom.

I must be older than I thought; I can remember when
'gay' meant happy.

Charles is very concerned about conservation; I
suppose that's why he's the Prince of Whales!

My last job was royal entertainer; well, Her Majesty's
Pleasure, actually.

UNLIKELY BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

For Alex Higgins a signed photograph of Steve Davis.

For Mother Theresa Teach Yourself Unarmed Combat.

For Lloyd Honeyghan Humility by Lord Longford.

For Jean-Marie Le Pen a life size blow up doll of Linda Bellos.

For Harvey Proctor The Best Of Men Only: Omnibus Edition.

For the Metropolitan Police Commissioner a pair of trousers with the right leg cut off at the knee.

For Arthur Scargill a British Coal Share Prospectus.

For Cecil Parkinson a packet of condoms (better late than never).

My wife said I never send her flowers anymore, so I bought her a triffid.

What my husband needs is a few more pounds in his wallet and a few less round his stomach.

I was walking home through Mayfair last night when three women came up to me in the space of ten minutes and asked me if I had the time. Somebody should open a jewellers round there; they'd make a fortune selling watches.

My brother is so ignorant about history he thinks William Tell was a Medieval supergrass.

Abraham to Mrs Lincoln: Bit of a boring play, my dear. I prefer one with a surprise at the end.

All this talk about using a condom can save your life; I knew a bloke who died because he used one. His wife found the empty packet in his shirt pocket and put arsenic on his cornflakes.

My brother was fined ten pounds for substance abuse; he beat up a bag of flour.

Frank Bruno: eye of the tiger,
fist of steel,
will of iron,
chin of glass.

My brother works for the underworld.
Is he a notorious criminal?
No, a signalman.

How can I really turn my wife on?
Try tickling her back.
Where?
Just below that birthmark on her right buttock.

A woman where I work took the company to court because she was paid £40 a week less than the men for doing substantially the same work. She won her case and the management at once implemented an equal pay policy. They cut our pay by two thousand pounds a year.

Dr Frankenstein has become a conservationist; he's formed an organisation called Friends Of The Earth.

My boss says I've got a great sense of humour.
When did he tell you that?
Just after I asked him for a raise.

My son does his own version of the marathon; he runs to the shops and buys a chocolate bar.

I'm a very religious person. I don't believe in working on the Sabbath, or the day after, or the day after, or the.....

A Welshman has just complained to the CRE that he is being harrassed by left wing Labour MPs. Poor Neil Kinnock.

My MP told me when the Tories sell off the water companies we're going to have meters installed I don't like the idea of having to pay every time I pass water.

The South African government have finally decided to do something about institutionalised torture; they've banned Cry Freedom.

Waiter: Would you and your friend like a drink while you're waiting, sir?

Diner: Yes please, a Neil Kinnock for me and an Edward Heath for him.

Waiter: Sir?

Diner: A carrot juice and a sour grapes please.

Are you still here?

No, I've gone; this is a hologram.

Last year the outgoing chairman of Rothmans was given a £750,000 golden handshake, or about a fifteen pence bonus for every premature death caused by smoking every year in Britain.

My sister is in stock taking; she goes to supermarkets, and when no one's looking, she takes the stock.

Mrs Lawson bought her husband a balloon for his birthday, to match his inflated ego.

Leon Brittan applied for a job as a stunt man; on his CV he put 'fall guy' as one of his previous jobs.

America's most successful gigolo has just published his autobiography, it's called To Riches Through Bags.

Preacher: Marriage is a sacred and secure institution.
Heckler: So is Broadmoor.

The Animal Liberation Front raided a research laboratory over the weekend and released thirty white mice, seven rabbits, five cats and four Millwall fans.

My sister's going out with a right pig; she picked him up in a swine bar.

Linda Bellos thinks everyone hates her because she's black; funny Frank Bruno doesn't have the same problem

It's just been revealed that three months before the Irangate scandal Ronald Reagan secretly diverted two million dollars to a secret fund to fight the Rhode Island Reds.

The correct form of address was: Good evening, Your Highness, not Zieg Heil Princess Michael.

My kid sister is making a stand against sexism; she's training to be a quantum mechanic.

I saw a man selling 'smile rings' at Camden market, so I bought eight of them. They make excellent knuckle dusters.

Police are looking for an octopus that held up a bank in Central London this morning. The public have been warned not to approach him as he is known to be heavily armed.

My son is no academic; his idea of higher education is to read a comic going up in the lift.

I was competing in an athletics event. The organiser came over to me and said: This is Mr ----- from the AAA; he's come to give you a random drug test. I said: Is he taking the piss?

What's the quickest way to lose weight?
Fast!

A man had dinner in a none too plush restaurant where the food was indifferent, the service poor and the waiter downright rude. At the end of the evening he was unpleasantly surprised to be given a bill for £45 for a two course meal with one small glass of wine. Swallowing his astonishment, he began writing out a cheque, then decided to have a cup of coffee, for which he was charged a further three pounds. He said to the waiter, somewhat icily, "Three pounds for one cup of coffee; I should have had a coke instead." "Coke is four pounds," the waiter said, coldly. "Is that for a glass or a snort?" the man asked. The waiter laughed mirthlessly and went away. Finally, on finishing his coffee and paying the extra three pounds, the diner said to the waiter, "I expect you'd like a tip as well." The waiter's face lit up, "That would be most generous, sir." he said, almost politely. "Mac The Knife in the four thirty at Newmarket tomorrow!" the man snapped, and stamped out into the street.

Reasonance is caused by application of an osculating pressure to the primary cavity. The diatonic melodic sequence circumscribes the internal, diminishing spiral before terminating via the major cavity, modulated by manual operation of the valves.

Pardon?

The music goes round and round and it comes out here,

Then there was the Irish policeman who was caught having sex on duty with a blow up doll. He was sacked; the doll got twelve years for blowing up a bus garage.

I went to an angling competition as a spectator and it cost me forty pounds to get in. I bought my programme off a ticket trout.

Then there was the Labour MP who became impotent; he couldn't get an election either.

In Manchester today, four sewage workers were taken to hospital when a trench they were digging collapsed. The Chief Constable, James Anderton, said they were wallowing in a cesspit of their own making.

At the House of Commons sports day, Neil Kinnock won the handicap race; his handicap was the looney left. Robert McClelland won the hide and seek competition because nobody knows what he looks like. And Ron Brown won the mace throwing competition.

Somewhere Under The Rainbow.....is a French secret agent with a limpet mine.

I had a very nasty experience of the property boom recently; I left the gas on when I went out and my house blew up.

My next door neighbour gave his wife a necklace for her birthday. Unfortunately for her, it was a South African necklace; his case comes up next week.

I said to my greengrocer: Give me five pounds of potatoes.

He said: Reds or whites?

I said: I wanna eat 'em, not play snooker with them.

What's the difference between an American rock and roll star and Tom the cat?

One's Chuck Berry; the other wants to.....kindly leave the stage.

I wouldn't say my brother was ignorant, but last year he joined the RSPCA and summonsed a farmer for shooting clay pigeons out of season.

I once met a pimp who worked for Barclays; he was a bonk manager.

My friend Jim is a heavy metal fan. He's just got six months for stealing lead off a church roof.

Jim: Why do so few blacks join the army; is it because of colour prejudice?

Winston: No, it's just that we don't like killing people as much as you white folks.

Greville Janner is to head an enquiry into war crimes. I didn't know he was so concerned about human rights violations in Lebanon.

There's a horse running in the three thirty at Bath this afternoon that's won twenty-four races in a row and has never been beaten. It's called the Western Super Mare.

There's a new book out called Unusual Fairy Stories. I'm not sure if it's an Enid Blyton or the autobiography of Harvey Proctor.

I wonder why there are so few blacks in the Met. Don't they operate a colour bar.

Who, the police?

No, the Freemasons.

If glasnost ever spread to the sausage industry it'd go bankrupt overnight. Can you imagine anyone reading a label saying- ingredients: fat, sawdust, hair, eyeballs, bone, pigs' foreskins- then going home and making bangers and mash?

As a couple, they suit each other perfectly; her waist measurement is the same as his IQ.

The Militant Tendency tried to start a football team but had to shelve the idea when they couldn't find anyone to play on the right wing.

Invest in Barlowe-Clowes; your money will be safe as the Rock of Gibraltar.

The BBC is an equal opportunities employer.

Big deal, so is the IRA.

My wife had a baby last week, a bright, bouncing boy. I've already put his name down for the National Health Service.

Last time the government tried to introduce a poll tax, in 1381, the peasants revolted. Perhaps we should invade 10 Downing Street and parade round London Bridge with Maggie's head on a spike.

Secretary to union leader: Your wife's just been on the phone; she says if you don't get home before seven she's going to sequestrate your assets.

Everywhere I look I see more and more people smoking; I thought it was meant to be a dying habit. It is.

Join FOREST and stand up for smokers' rights. Why not go the whole hog and join EXIT?

I'll have to run or I'll miss my train home. That reminds me, I must get some sardines for my supper.

The Tories are great supporters of Greenpeace, especially in London. They take a green piece here and build a supermarket on it, a green piece there and build a car park.....

There's a new blow up doll of Margaret Thatcher; blow it up and take it to bed and afterwards, it tells you you've never had it so good.

I've got a Nigerian friend who supports apartheid. His ex-wife is chasing him for maintenance, so he hides his money to keep it apart from her.

Why is Heathrow Airport like a honeymoon hotel? They both have plenty of near misses.

What's the difference between Kurt Waldheim and Harvey Proctor? One's a closet Nazi; the other's a closet queen.

My next door neighbour is such a died in the wool Tory that he only watches blue films.

What's the seventh commandment?

I don't know.

Neither does Cecil Parkinson.

I had to travel from London to Brighton the day my car broke down. I couldn't afford the rail fare, so I went by taxi.

My brother is so ignorant about politics he thinks Black Rod is a Jamaican rock star.

I'm a Royalist through and through. I greatly admire both the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales, but my brother prefers the White Hart.

Have you heard of the Prince's Trust?

I didn't even know Charles had a hernia.

There's a new film out at the cinema called Dr No Meets The Invisible Man; it stars David Owen and Robert McClelland.

I had an electric shock yesterday; my electricity bill arrived; for three hundred pounds.

My friend Muhammed is a devout Moslem; he goes to Mecca every afternoon.

The good news is Margaret Thatcher has just announced her retirement. The bad news is her successor has been named; Edwina Curry.

A black list is Bernie Grant after a few drinks.

My baker is money mad; we call him a dough nut.

If they keep on building houses at the rate they are now, another ten years and the only green belts there will be in this country will be in judo clubs.

What a lousy play, that's the very last time I ever go to the theatre.

You don't mean it, Mr Lincoln?

Next time you hear someone say love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage, tell him he's talking pony and trap.

An Australian woman was accused of stealing a jumper, so they sent her to a kangaroo court.

They've just opened a wealth food shop in Catford. Don't you mean health food?

At sixty pence a pint of soya milk and two pounds a pound for vegetarian cheese, someone's getting wealthy.

I only made one mistake in my life; I picked slow horses and fast women instead of the other way round.

I ran into Gary Glitter the other day; he hasn't changed after all these years. He's still making lousy records, still dressing outrageously, still thirty-five.

Television sets are one of the few things which have beaten inflation. Since 1978 the cost of living has trebled, but a colour TV is still about the same price it was ten years ago. Not only that, but you can still see the same programmes.

My bird hates Christmas; she's a turkey.

I'll have to go home now; I've got a drink problem. Drinks are a pound each and I've only got ninety pence left.

I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you, Mrs Smith; your husband has got Parkinson's disease. Does that mean he's going to die, doctor? No, it means when he says he's working late at the office he's really screwing his secretary.

My son's a glutton for fruit. Last week he ate four apples, six pears and eight bananas. I said: Go easy, they don't grow on trees, you know.

A definition of the new realism: something preached by people earning thirty thousand a year and practised by those earning two pounds an hour.

In case you've never seen Edwina Curry, she's like a younger version of Margaret Thatcher, and has marginally less sex appeal.

Teacher: Can anyone tell me how many legs does a sheep have?

Boy: Please miss, six.

Teacher: No, that's the wrong answer, Johnny.

Boy: Please miss, they do have six legs where my gran lives.

Teacher: Do they dear, and where is that?

Boy: Sellafield miss.

If they hang Nelson Mandela, will that make Winnie the Black Widow?

The Green Party have launched a bring back the birch campaign; are they trying to protect the green belt or restore corporal punishment do you think?

I was waiting for a train at Victoria station when a woman meths drinker shambled up to me and asked if I could spare her fifty pence for a cup of tea. I said: Fifty pence! who do you think I am, Jeffrey Archer?

My butler just gave in his notice and told me to
---- off. That's what I call an uncivil servant.

How can I find out if my wife likes making love
with the lights on?

Ask the milkman.

My wife bought a new book this morning: The
Invisible Man. It's either science fiction by
H G Wells or the autobiography of Robert McClelland.

I asked my bank manager how I could raise some
dough; he said: Try putting some yeast in it.

Margaret Thatcher really does have the Churchill
spirit; I can tell that by the way she keeps giving
everybody V signs.

The Post Office are introducing a new three tier
service. First class: guaranteed delivery the same
week; second class: guaranteed delivery the same
month; and Terry Waite class: grow a beard and pray
it arrives eventually.

In case you don't recognise Prince Philip, he's
the royal with the size eleven shoe and the size
nine mouth.

I don't envy the Queen; it can't be much fun to
have a sister who chain smokes, a daughter who
swears at horses and a son who talks to pot plants.

When Mike Gattung took a barmaid back to his hotel
room do you think he was out for a duck?

I was a communist until May 12th.
Why did you stop being one then?
I won half a million on the pools.

Can anybody beat Steve Davis?
Mike Tyson?

I read in a recent issue of the New Scientist that biologists in Malaysia have crossed a hen quail with a cockerel. The resulting hybrid is called a yamyuh. They did it to introduce a new and interesting flavour of meat. One wonders what other crosses they might come up with.

Kenny Everett with a frog-a TV presenter who's hopping mad.

Lloyd Honeyghan with Frank Bruno-a big head with a small brain.

Bette Midler with the Yorkshire Ripper-blue murder.

Mike Tyson with John McEnroe-punch and moody.
a gossip columnist with an SDLP member-malice in wonderland.

Before you forgive your enemies, remember what happened to the man who turned the other cheek; he ended up with two black eyes.

London buses must be scared of being mugged; why else do they only come in threes?

Last year, an opinion poll in the Irish republic voted Margaret Thatcher the third most popular person in the world behind only the Pope and Mother Theresa. I don't know what they're putting in that pocheen nowadays, but I'll have to get my penfriend to send me a bottle.

Mustapha, you only paid ten pounds for that radio, but you sold it to me for thirty.
That's the profit, Muhammed.

It's totally untrue that we in the Met are heavily involved in Freemasonry. In fact, I've never met a single officer whom I could definitely state was a mason. And may my tongue be cut out and buried on Brighton beach if I lie.

I thought I'd go somewhere different this year, so I booked an adventure holiday in Beirut.

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