

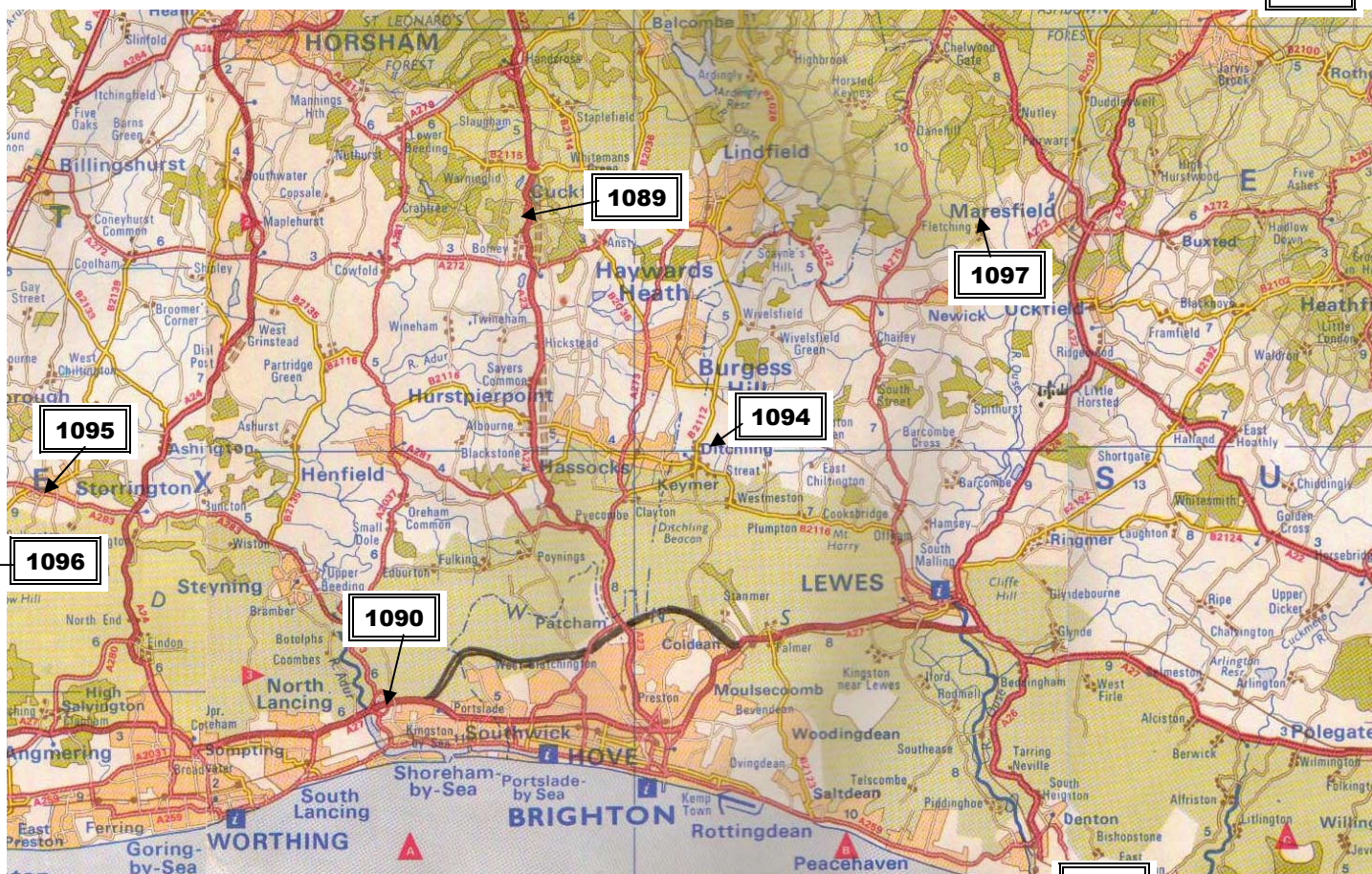
# THE BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF B71 HASH HOUSE HARRIERS  
MAY/JUN 1999 RUNS

1091

1093



03-May-99	1089	Ansty Cross	Ansty	293234	Ed	01273 884283
10-May-99	1090	Red Lion	Shoreham		Wiggy's 250th	01273 440578
17-May-99	1091	Greyhound	Charlwood	247410	Spingo & Layby OCH3	01737 551230
24-May-99	1092	Jolly Boatman	Newhaven	443018	Pete B. & Phil M.	01273 887579
31-May-99	1093	Crow & Gate	Crowborough	n/k	Don	01273 385637
07-June-99	1094	Sandrock	Ditchling	333172	Peter E.	01273 845329
14-June-99	1095	Crown Inn	Cootham	075145	Two Lyons (on my shirt!)	01273 707182
21-June-99	1096	George & Dragon	Burpham	039089	Jo & Tim	01903 765163
28-June-99	1097	Griffin	Fletching	427236	Mudlarks Nigel & Pete	01273 271441

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start



## Shiggy and the Brewer's Art

It appears that shiggy is appropriate for more than just running in –it makes for strong beer and ale. At least that was the belief of the *Brewers' Guide of London* in 1702 when it provided this recipe for making extra potent ale:

“Thames water taken up about Greenwich at Low water when it is free from all brackishness of the sea *and it has all the Fat and Sullage* of this great city of London, makes very strong drink. It will all itself ferment wonderfully and after its due purgations and three times stinking, it will be so strong that several Sea commanders have told me that it has often fuddled their murriners”.

Anyone who has bought a BT in the Thames shiggy can testify to its strength. from *The Hangover Handbook*



*“Experienced Hasher”*

## TRASH TALK

Well the lights are back, the London Marathon is over, and the South Downs relay is back on (28th May for the real one – teams to Phil Mutton and 5th June for the upstart pretender).

Its good to see a few people claiming their dues on the mugs with a couple of celebrations since last issue including Ivans 100th and my own 250th, and Wiggy's long overdue 250th coming up. The down-down song is repeated below for those who wonder what the hell I and Peter E. are warbling when the mug is issued. Learn it and use it. There is a very high chance of someone getting hit on the OCH3 joint run in Charlwood soon but its well to bear in mind that no-one downs beer too well whilst a) their trousers are being removed (thanks Gotlost!) and b) the tankard is being tilted at 60 degrees. Don should have known better than to try and pour beer on *my* head but I shall be lamenting the spillage for some time to come.

Point (for Ray and Rosemary?): if you have to change your run from that published for whatever reason please try and keep it in the vicinity of the original pub to give those who weren't aware of the change a fighting chance, inform the original pub of the change so that they can relay this information, and give more than one weeks notice if possible.

Now that we've got daylight back on our side I've been asked to remind everyone that we really do need to actually start running by 7.40 so that we can get as long a run in as possible (?) within the light and the pubs food serving hours. Don't know about that but if we can get back earlier we should be able to get an extra beer in.

Congratulations to Les and Simon on getting everyone back to the pub within the shortest ever space of time (approx 20 seconds for the bus to disgorge its passengers\*). Hashing is about comradeship and a good run is one where the pack keeps tight whilst still giving everyone the chance to run at their own pace. Checks, false trails, on-backs are the tools for the hare to ensure this happens so use them. By the same token hounds should be aware how far the pack has stretched and if necessary either hold the check or jog back along the line of runners. Course this is no substitute for a beer stop!

**ON ON Bouncer**

## THE DOWN DOWN SONG

Here's to (*name of hasher*), he's true blue,  
He's a hasher through and through,  
He's an arsehole so they say,  
Well he tried to go to heaven  
but he went the other way,

Drink it down down down down  
down down down down down down ....



*Phallus impudicus* is one of the more remarkable fungi, both for its appearance and disgusting smell. Also known as the stinkhorn (a name which should deliver a well-deserved blow to male egos), the fungi so shocked Charles Darwin's daughter that she used to seek them out specifically so that she could burn them and so prevent (as she saw it) the shocking of innocent household maids. Similarly, the editors of Victorian journals used to print pictures of the growth upside down, in order to disguise its appearance. This example was one set by the English naturalist Gerard who in his *Herbal* of 1638 had published a picture of the mushroom inverted, but had then rather undermined this tactic by labelling it *Fungus Virilis Penis effigie* or the *Pricke Mushroom* for short. Incidentally, this obscene fungi is known as the stinkhorn because it has evolved to mimic the smell of putrid rotting meat in order to attract flies to its bulbous head, which is covered in spores.

**BIGGUS DICKUS**



A blonde goes to the drugstore to pick up a box of condoms for her and her boyfriend. The clerk rings them up, and asks for \$1.06.  
The blonde says "I Thought they were only a dollar."  
The clerk says that the 6 cents is for the tax.  
The blonde gets all wide eyed and says "I thought you just rolled them on!"

## Strong Cider

*Drink strong cider as much as yer please*

*Loses yer teeth and bows yer knees*

*Sours yer guts and makes yer wheeze*

*Turns yer blood and kills yer fleas*

*Drink strong cider as much as yer please!*

*Anon.*

## TOP TIPS

**CONVINCE** friends you're filming a Channel 4 youth programme by taking your video camcorder to a party and whirling it around the most crowded room on the end of a piece of string.

V. James, Bow

**FELLAS.** Avoid pulling ugly birds. Simply drink 14 pints of beer and hey presto! Everyone you chat up looks like Catherine Zeta-Jones

Paul & Scotty BFPO544DRS P.S. Make sure she's still a stunner the next morning by hiding a bottle of vodka under your pillow and drinking it before she wakes up. Hey presto! Breakfast with Cindy Crawford.

**GARDENERS.** Take a tip from fashion designers. Paint long, thin, parallel stripes on your garden hose to give the impression that it is longer than it actually is. Or paint thicker hoops along its length to create a new, shorter look.

Percy Birke, Huddersfield

**PRETEND** you're listening to Radio One on Long Wave by slightly off tuning the FM frequency and wrapping the radio in a sleeping bag.

H. Clayton, Gateshead

**UNDERWATER** cameramen. Don't throw away those discarded supermarket trolleys. Tied together with string, two of them make an ideal shark cage.

Hapag Lloyd, Runcorn

**TAXI** drivers. Why not pop into a garage and ask them to fix your indicator lights for you so that the other motorists know where the fuck you are going.

E. Murphy, Ipswich

**FAT PEOPLE.** Keep your hands warm in winter by unbuttoning your shirt and tucking them in between the layers of fat on your belly.

M.Jackson, Wolverhampton

**STEREO** too loud? Simply place the speakers inside a cupboard. The volume can then effectively be controlled by opening and closing the cupboard doors.

L. Shufflebottom  
Market Drayton

**DRINK** drivers. Before motoring home after an evening on the piss, try sucking on an extra strong mint. Later, when police stop you for swerving across the road and driving on the pavement, they'll never in a million years suspect that you've been drinking

R. Luck,  
HM Prison Shotts

**ANTIQU** dealers. Calculate the age of old tables by sawing off one of the legs and counting the number of rings in the woodgrain. This works for chairs too.

A.Sapling, Sevenoaks

**GIVE** your goldfish a love-bite by inserting a straw into its bowl and sucking gently at its neck.

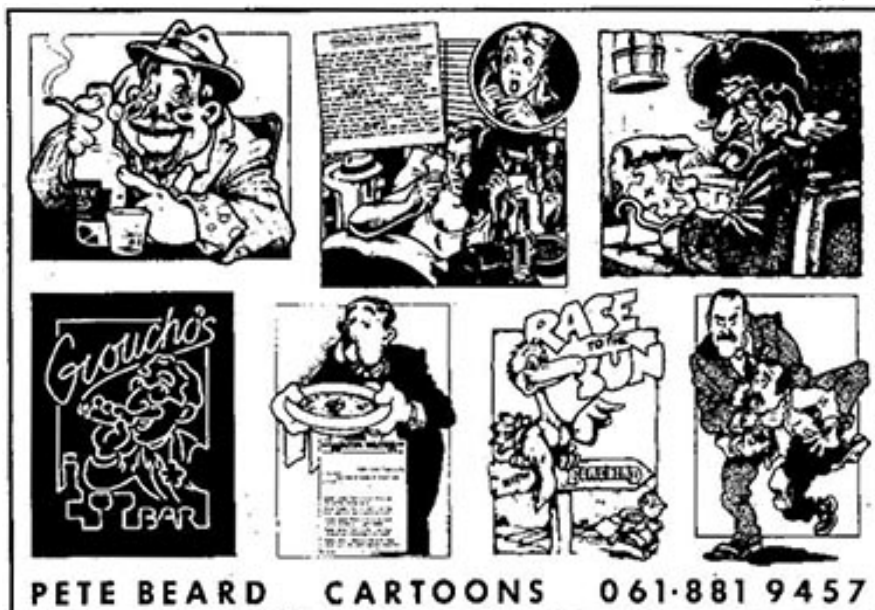
W.B. Levit, Hull

## BIG DOWN-DOWN

The World's largest pewter beer tankard was reportedly built in 1985 in the land of the Mother Hash – Malaysia. It can hold 2796 litres/614 gallons of brew. Even King Kong would have problems downing that. Was this a hasher's invention?

from *The Hangover Handbook*

← Huh?



STOLEN FROM MKH3

TRASH

## LUNCHTIME MENU

### Suc Mi Pagoda

2912 High Street  
281-6969

*That's "two ate one-Sixty-nine, Sixty-nine"*



#### A la carte

£2.69 Each

Cum Drop Soup

Fresh every 2.7 days

Hoo Flung Poo

Napkins & Raincoats Provided

Suc Sum Tit

Special

Yung Poon Tang

No Take Out Orders Accepted

#### Luncheon Specials

1. Sum Yung Chick.....£2.99  
Different & Delicious
2. Won Hung Lo.....£4.99  
Chinese Meatballs
3. Sum Dum Fuc .....£3.85  
Same As ~1 But With Extra Sauce
4. Chu Sum Twat.....£1.99  
Dinners for Parties of 3 or more
5. Suc Mi Pork.....£1.85  
Chef's Special
6. Fuc Yu Man.....£2.85  
Speciality of the House

#### Cum Tonese Cuisine

1. Goo in Hand.....£2.69  
For Those Dining Alone
2. Goo Wee Chick.....£1.99  
Sloppy Seconds – No extra charge
3. Cum Tu Soon.....£2.99  
Order early – These go fast!
4. Suc Mi Wang.....£4.99  
Traditional Chinese Meatloaf
5. Sum Dum Chick.....£3.99  
You eat what you pay for
6. Fuc Mei Slo.....£5.99  
Not available after 10 p.m.
7. Lik Mi Clit.....£2.99  
A delicious Lip Smacking Delicacy
8. Cho Kon It.....£2.99  
Not for the light throated
9. Fuc Sum Now.....£1.99  
For those in a hurry
10. Wai Tu Yung.....£4.99  
Not Available
11. Tung Sum Chick.....£3.99  
A taste bud tingle
12. Sum Gulp Cum.....£1.69  
Low-cal diet special

### For Very Best Tung Chow - You Cum Suc Mi Pagoda

To order your favourite dishes or wind someone up, dial (0896) 200 705 from the handset of a fax machine or from any touchtone telephone. You will then hear a menu of Funny Faxes like this one. Whatever you select will then be sent to the fax machine of your choice. @copyrighted material. 10/82. Fax suppression 0800 138 5236. Funny Fax, 9 Wimpole St, London W1M 8LB. Calls charged at £1 per minute. Call Now (0896) 200 705 Ref: Suc Mi Pagoda (t)

After a quarrel, a husband said to his wife, "You know, I was a fool when I married you." She replied, "Yes, dear, but I was in love and didn't notice."

A lady inserted an 'ad' in the classifieds: "Husband wanted.". Next day she received a hundred letters. They all said the same thing: "You can have mine."

The bride, upon her engagement, went to her mother and said, "I've found a man just like father"  
Her mother replied, "So what do you want from me, sympathy?"

A little boy asked his father, "Daddy, how much does it cost to get married?"  
The father replied, "I don't know son, I'm still paying."

Miss Snow White was a randy cow  
And desperate for a fuck,  
So off she went into the woods,  
To try and get some luck.

## SNOW WHITE

The next dwarf rammed his up her,  
And shagged her fanny raw,  
A dazed Snow White then whimpered.  
"That should be against the law."

She'd almost given up looking,  
When she saw some chimney smoke,  
Then she stumbled on the cottage,  
And went in for a poke.

So reluctantly he whipped it out,  
To prove he was no fool.  
And Snow White gave a big "High-Ho."  
As she rode upon his tool.

He made poor Snow White tremble,  
he was so big and thick  
"No wonder you're so HAPPY,  
With that fucking great big prick"

Her clothes came off in seconds.  
And she'd just removed her pants,  
When seven dwarves came marching in,  
With a merry song and dance.

Now one dwarf wasn't smiling.  
Cos he hadn't had a sniff,  
And due to his impatience,  
He couldn't raise a stiff.

With one dwarf still remaining,  
but feeling rather sore,  
She said "You'll have to use your tongue,  
My twat can't take no more!"

Snow White just stood there speechless,  
And thought she was in heaven,  
Originally after one good shag,  
But now she could have seven.

"Relax" you GRUMPY bastard,"  
So he did as he was told,  
And as soon as he was hard enough,  
He shot his fuckin load.

And so he put his tongue to work,  
Where others had placed their cocks,  
And 'cos he made Snow White feel better,  
She named the last dwarf "DOC ."

Straight away she took command,  
"My fanny needs a lick!"  
And when one dwarf moved forward,  
She said "Oi-you'd better drop your pick"

The next dwarf got a blow-job,  
And she took him deep quite easy,  
But she just avoided brain-damage,  
When he sneezed, she called him SNEEZY.

Now Snow White couldn't do much,  
With all that spadge inside her quim,  
So she grabbed a cup, and squatted,  
And filled it to the brim.

So down he went onto all fours,  
And said "I ain't licking that,"  
"Not there, that is my arse-hole,  
You DOPEY little brat!"

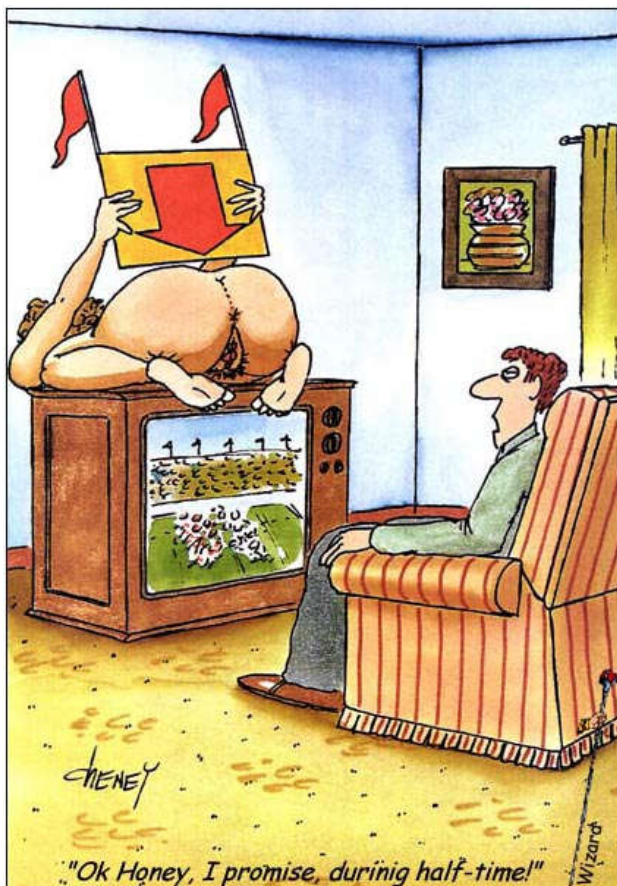
With three dwarves left, She turned and said,  
"You're next, I want your knob!"  
But no sooner had he entered her,  
he was sleeping on the job.

So there's the truth about the dwarves,  
And how they got their names,  
By satisfying Miss Snow White,  
And joining in her games.

The next dwarf started blushing,  
"Do we have to do it here?"  
Snow White said "Don't be BASHFUL,  
Unless you're a fucking queer"

"Wake up you SLEEPY bastard"  
She wanted more from him.  
And he woke with such excitement,  
That he filled her hairy quim.

There's one more thing you need to know,  
And that's - What happened to that cup,  
Well think of what you're drinking,  
When you next buy 7-Up!



## CAPTION COMPETITION



How did Bill and Hillary Clinton meet?  
- They were dating the same girl in highschool.

*Rich took a holiday last summer in a nudist camp, but like so many other first timers he overdid it on the first day. That night, while making love to his girlfriend the pain became so unbearable, so he got out of bed, rushed in to the kitchen and thrust his throbbing sunburnt tool in a glass of refreshing milk. Suddenly his girlfriend walked in and said, "Oh, so that's how you do it. I've always wanted to know how you load those things!"*

Q: How do you embarrass an archaeologist?

A: Give him a used tampon and ask him which period it came from.

Q: What did the cannibal do after he dumped his girlfriend?

A: Wiped his ass.

Q: How can you tell if your wife is dead?

A: The sex is the same but the dishes pile up.

Q: Why does Dr. Pepper come in a bottle? A: His wife died

Q: How can you tell if you're at a bulimic bachelor party?

A: The cake jumps out of the girl.

Q: What do you call a prostitute with a runny nose?

A: Full.

Q: What's the difference between pussy and apple pie?

A: You can eat your Mom's apple pie.

Q: How do you make 5 pounds of fat look good? A: Put a nipple on it.

Q: What's the difference between oral sex & anal sex?

A: Oral sex makes your day, anal sex makes your hole weak.

Q: How is pubic hair like parsley?

A: You push it aside before you start eating.

Q: What is blonde, has six legs, and roams Michael Jackson's dreams every night? A: Hanson.

Q: If your wife keeps coming out of the kitchen to nag at you, what have you done wrong?

A: Made her chain too long

### **An Australian version of Mills and Boon**

We met in a secluded field, the sun nearly kissing the evening horizon. The warm breeze was full of that earthy, musky scent that only those fortunate enough to live outside the urban rat race know, and a quiet whispering of leaves in the weeping willow overhead added the final touch to the most romantic scene. We lay there, both naked. I knew I had to have her, and have her now. Without a word being spoken, I managed to move myself to a position of dominance. I could feel instantly that this was what she had been waiting for as she frantically thrust her pelvis at my approaching organ.

I moved slowly at first, inch by inch, until I was fully inside her. Then as the tension rose, we began the ultimate in sex. Although inexperienced, she approached every change of position with enthusiasm, moaning with despair every time I withdrew to prevent myself from ending it all too soon. As the sexual tension heightened towards the inevitable mind blowing climax, it was all I could do to hold out until the moment we had been both waiting for was upon us. As it did we rolled together in the now damp grass. As the last deep orange glow of the long setting sun melted into the darkness of approaching night, we lay there still entwined in an amorous embrace. I kissed her long and lovingly, and whispered how good she had been. She tenderly and sensuously licked my inner ear and whispered, "BAAA" then rejoined the flock.

A man went into a chemists looking for condoms. Unfortunately he didn't know what size to get. The pharmacist asks him, 'Would you like to find what size you are, Sir?'

The guy agrees and the pharmacist leads him into a room with a board. The board has many differently-sized holes in it. The pharmacist leaves allowing the guy some privacy to match up his dick with the right hole.

Three hours have gone by and the pharmacist wonders what is taking so long. So, he knocks on the door and sees if the guy is alright. The guy says, "Forget the condoms, I think I'll take the board."

Q: What do a gynaecologist and a pizza delivery boy have in common?

A: They can both smell it but can't eat it.

Q: Did you hear Lorena Bobbit died in a car crash? A: Some dick cut her off.

The blonde goes over to her brunette friend's house on Friday to chat. Later on, the brunette's husband pulls up in the driveway, and gets out of the car, holding a dozen roses. The brunette says "oh great, looks like I'm going to spend the weekend on my back with my legs spread in the air again". The blonde says "Why, don't you have a vase?"

A horse and a chicken are playing in a meadow. The horse falls into a mud hole and is sinking. He calls to the chicken to go and get the farmer to help pull him to safety. The chicken runs to the farm but cannot find the farmer anywhere. So he drives the farmer's Mercedes back to the mud hole and ties a piece of rope to the bumper of the car. He then throws the other end of the rope to his friend, the horse and drives the car forward, pulling the horse to safety.

A few days later, the chicken and the horse were playing in the meadow again and the chicken fell into the mud hole. The chicken yelled to the horse to go and get some help from the farmer

The horse said, 'I think I can stand over the hole!' So, he stretched over the width of the hole and said, 'Grab my 'thingy' and pull yourself up.' And the chicken did, and pulled himself to safety.

#### **The moral of the story**

If you are hung like a horse, you don't need a Mercedes to pick up chicks.



# Unbelievable!

**I**t's all been going horribly wrong with ashes. In France, a man died after crashing his motorbike while scattering his wife's ashes along an autoroute. Still more upsetting were events in New Zealand, where an elderly widow blew her life savings on an ash scattering trip to Antarctica. Trouble started when Myra Scarfe, 80, decided to honour her husband's dying wish for his ashes to be scattered on the Antarctic snows. She duly collected his cremated remains and made the requisite travel arrangements, re-mortgaging her house to pay for the \$6,000 round trip. During the journey she suffered from chronic seasickness, and on arrival she got lost in a blizzard and was chased by a polar bear. The ashes were eventually scattered, however, and she returned home "with my heart at peace", only to be informed by an embarrassed crematorium director that what had been scattered wasn't her husband at all, but a tin of wallpaper paste which had been inadvertently handed to her. "I hope that polar bear eats them and gets sick," said a defiant Mrs Scarfe.



**Laughter has been** hitting the headlines again. In Australia, a hospital has opened a "laughter ward" where patients chuckle themselves back to health by watching funny videos. In Germany, meanwhile, a man was fined for releasing laughing gas during a manic depressives' dinner dance. The man in question was dance organiser Helmut Stahl, 46, of Munich, himself a depressive, who'd arranged the event on the fifth birthday of his local Depression Self-Help Group.

"I know what it's like to be down," explained Mr Stahl, "and thought the gas would cheer people up." It certainly did that with guests laughing uproariously as they discussed how unhappy they were, and splitting their sides when one man got up on stage and tearfully confessed to being gay. Unfortunately, however, things took a turn for the worse when one man stabbed another for laughing about the death of his mother, whereupon the police were called and Mr Stahl was arrested. "I told them we were depressives," recalled the latter, "but they just fell about."



**It's been an** interesting week for vegetable growers. According to researchers at Sussex University, physical contact with vegetables can make them grow bigger. Such is certainly the case with champion French grower Jacques Mailliou, 43, of Carcassonne, who regularly produces massive veggies by the simple ruse of having sex among them. Mr Mailliou

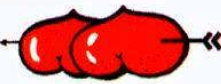
discovered the horticultural benefits of sex after a night-out with wife Angeline.

"We were drunk," he recalled, "and ended up bonking in the marrow patch. We didn't think anything of it at the time, but the next morning the marrows were definitely bigger." Initially, he refused to believe the two events were connected, but when a further bout of herbaceous humping caused his shallots to balloon, he was left in no doubt. He has now taken to having sex three times a week in various parts of his garden, increasing it to five times when he's preparing for a competition. "It's not fair" said one rival grower. "I'm a widower and haven't got anybody to make my vegetables bigger with."

**Stripper alert!** In Brisbane an old man died after a 79-year old woman stripped off at his retirement home. "She was wrinkled in all the right places," opined one eyewitness. Equally disastrous were the experiences of Italian stripper Carlo Pampini, who was attached by a group of old ladies after tormenting them with a giant frankfurter. Mr Pampini, 31, of Naples was performing at a hen night when disaster struck. "It was in a private hotel room," recalled the shellshocked saucepot, "and I knew from the outset they were going to be a hard audience. They were older than usual, and very serious." Not to be put off, Mr Pampini gamely removed his clothes and wedged a sausage between his buttocks, bending over in front of one woman and urging her to remove the sausage with her teeth. This proved too much for the audience, however, who set upon him en masse and beat him senseless with their chairs, whereupon it emerged he was actually in the wrong room and that what he had taken for a hen party was in fact the Catholic Mothers Against Pornography Guild. "It could have been worse," said a recuperating Mr Pampini, "I could have done the whipped cream and electric toothbrush trick." ■



# Sexy Calendar



## PARTING SHOT

A critic is like a eunuch in a harem. He sees what is being done;  
he knows why it is done; but he cannot do it himself

Isaac Asimov