



# BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs/trash#91 November 2004

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

All directions/ timings start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
1 <sup>st</sup> November 04	1376		White Horse, Storrington	087 144	Ivan & Mike C.	01273 707182

**Directions:** A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on left in centre. Park opposite. **Est 25 mins.**

8 <sup>th</sup> November 04	1377		Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172	Peter Eastwood	01273 845329
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**Directions:** A23 north, filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right on B2116. PEP is 1 mile on right after mini roundabout. **Bonfire run, then ON ON to India Garden, Lower Church Road, Burgess Hill. Right out of Pete's to roundabout, left to next, right to next, left to next, left again, right, 2nd left and 2nd left again, Curry house on left ¼ mile - should get you there!**

15 <sup>th</sup> November 04	1378		Beeding Hill car park, Shoreham	208 096	Bouncer & Wiggy	01273 441611
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**Directions:** Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then 3rd left and 2nd right towards Mill Hill YHA. Car park 2½ miles on sharp r/hand bend. **Est. 15 mins. On on the Bouncers - headwetting hash.**

22 <sup>nd</sup> November 04	1379		Boars Head, Horsham	164 298	Theresa & Ann	01273 705846
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**Directions:** A23 north to A272. Turn right, go through Cowfold to West Grinstead traffic lights. Right on A24, at 2nd roundabout take B2237 into Horsham. Pub ¾ mile on left at junction with Tower Hill. Turn left for c/park immediately on right. **35 mins.**

29 <sup>th</sup> November 04	1380		Winning Post, Plumpton	365 163	Bob Luck	01825 732178
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**Directions:** A23 north, keep in left-hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go right on B2116. Turn left just past Half Moon and pub is just past level crossing on right hand side. **Est. 20 mins.**

#### Receding Hareline:

6th December 2004 1381 Sussex Ox, Milton Street  
Rosemary & Terry

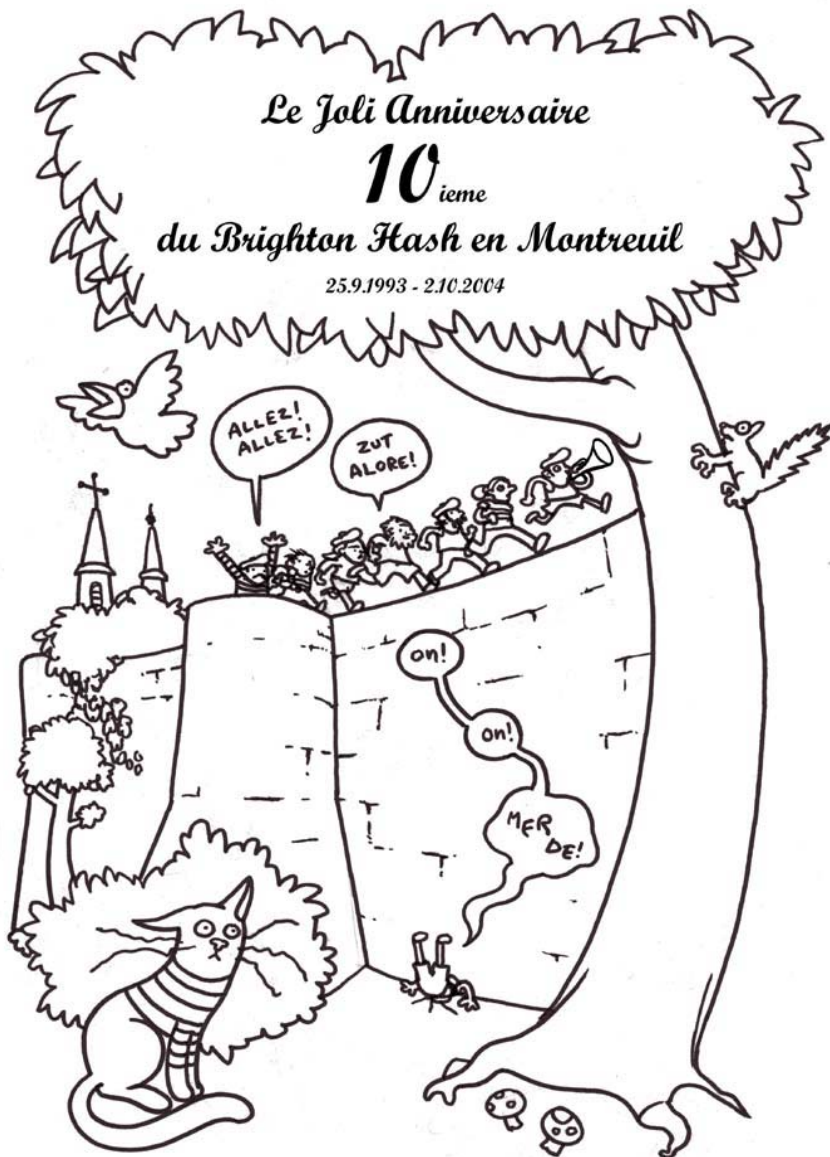
13th December 2004 1382 TBA Brett & Jo

20th December 2004 1383 Café de Paris, Kempdown  
Christmas Red Dress hash and Party



## SPOUTING OFF...

Gotta say well done not only to organiser Nicola 'Black Stockings' Williams, but also to the huge hash turnout for this years Beachy Head (call it what you will Eastbourne Council, it'll always be the Seven Sisters to those of us who remember) Marathon. Apologies if I've missed anyone or got my facts wrong but especially well done to marathon virgins (I think) John 'Badger' Baxter (1<sup>st</sup> Brighton hash home, although beaten by ex-City runner Dougie Cooper in the form of his life); Sally 'T-bar twin' Flood; Sasha; Dave 'Monsieur Spreadsheet' Evans (who ran the entire thing with the beret); Theresa and Ann; and Pat. Also in no particular order to Steve 'Queen Bea' Hanna; Martin 'Venom' Pedlow (without the horn); Ivan Lyons; Chris 'Greyhound' Dauncey; Wiggy, Lin, Alan Deacon, Tony Whitman and Hugh. Condolences to Julia who was unable to start after a bout of illness and Bob who was forced to retire at Birling Gap after 23½ miles. There was a lot more hash presence as Jo, Brett and John H continued to recce the half marathon route (will it ever see the light?); and Ed, Phil 'Chopper' Mutton, Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood and myself did our stints on the marshalling. On on to next year!



I shall have to start garnering a bit of commitment to this years Christmas do which will be revisiting Café de Paris, scene of last years excellent event. There will be a limit of 70 this time as we're in the upstairs bar so if you can pay either £5 deposit or £15 in full you will certainly secure your attendance. Hot & cold buffet, midnight bar and live music all included.

Well the Montreuil trip was again a sparkling success thanks to the many involved but most especially to Spreadsheet who put in a lot of work even though he couldn't attend. All the first run of shirts have now gone, however, if any past attendees would like one I'm sure we could get more run off now the screens are in place - long sleeves a tenner, artwork to the left, just let Don or myself know. The jury is still very much out on whether this 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration was 2, 3 or 4 years late!

Finally has anyone seen that baby yet? Thought I caught a glimpse on the front page but no. Still our friends Creamy and Ponce Charming are now proud parents of a little girl. Congratulations to them on winning the race. We're jealous as hell.

**BOUNCER & ANGEL**

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**H3 Ski Trip 2005 to Alpe d'Huez, France**

***Last 3 places to fill!***

Travelling with Ski Miquel Holidays to **Chalet Hotel Bel Alpe** for 1 week on **Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> January 2005**.

More information can be seen on <http://www.miquelhols.co.uk>

Approx. **£ 530.00** per person depending on final numbers.

Please contact Diana Lumsdaine (Coolbox) on 01276 682838 or 07718 805753



*Page three topless dancers limbering up class of 2025*

### **WHY GOD CREATED CHILDREN (AND IN THE PROCESS GRANDCHILDREN)**

To those of us who have children in our lives, whether they are our own, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, or students...here is something to make you chuckle.

Whenever your children are out of control, you can take comfort from the thought that even God's omnipotence did not extend to His own children. After creating heaven and earth, God created Adam and Eve. And the first thing he said was "DON'T!"

"Don't what?" Adam replied.

"Don't eat the forbidden fruit." God said.

"Forbidden fruit? We have forbidden fruit? Hey Eve...we have forbidden fruit!!!!!"

"No Way!"

"Yes way!"

"Do NOT eat the fruit!" said God.

"Why"

"Because I am your Father and I said so!" God replied, wondering why He hadn't stopped creation after making the elephants. A few minutes later, God saw His children having an apple break and He was ticked!

"Didn't I tell you not to eat the fruit?" God asked.

"Uh huh," Adam replied.

"Then why did you?" said the Father.

"I don't know," said Eve.

"She started it!" Adam said

"Did not!"

"Did too!"

"DID NOT!"

Having had it with the two of them, God's punishment was that Adam and Eve should have children of their own. Thus the pattern was set and it has never changed.

**BUT THERE IS REASSURANCE IN THE STORY!**

If you have persistently and lovingly tried to give children wisdom and they haven't taken it, don't be hard on yourself.

If God had trouble raising children, what makes you think it would be a piece of cake for you?

**THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!**

1. You spend the first two years of their life teaching them to walk and talk. Then you spend the next sixteen telling them to sit down and shut up.
2. Grandchildren are God's reward for not killing your own children.
3. Mothers of teens now know why some animals eat their young.
4. Children seldom misquote you. In fact, they usually repeat word for word what you shouldn't have said.
5. The main purpose of holding children's parties is to remind yourself that there are children more awful than your own.
6. We childproofed our homes, but they are still getting in.

**ADVICE FOR THE DAY:** Be nice to your kids. They will choose your nursing home one day.

**AND FINALLY:** IF YOU HAVE A LOT OF TENSION AND YOU GET A HEADACHE, DO WHAT IT SAYS ON THE ASPIRIN BOTTLE: "TAKE TWO ASPIRIN" AND "KEEP AWAY FROM CHILDREN".

**What type of dad are you? Try this quiz to find out whether you're a doting dad, or still a lad.**

1: It's the proudest moment of your life - your first meeting with junior in the delivery room. Do you  
A: Instantly compare hair and weight with the baby in the cot next door.  
B: Inspect the baby from nose to toes before weeping into your partner's nightie with the emotion of it all.  
C: Pat the baby, then hand out cigars in the waiting room.  
D: Tell your partner the baby looks a bit like her old boy-friend.

2: It's 3am and the baby has been wailing since midnight. It's your turn to do the comforting. Do you  
A: Call your brother/sister/best friend and find out if their baby can scream as loudly.  
B: Tuck the baby under your arm while you pore through your copy of the Family Health Encyclopaedia  
C: Plop them into the baby bouncer and try to engage them in Tomb Raider on the PlayStation.  
D: Wind the clock on 2 hours, wake your partner up and tell her it's her turn again.

3: Your toddler has just discovered how to launch food from the highchair using just one hand and a spoon. Do you  
A: Grab your tape measure - brilliant, that was 10cm further than yesterday.  
B: Bin the meal and start fixing a new one - they are obviously allergic to carrots.  
C: Marvel at their over-arm technique and see if your local cricket club will let you bring them to practice.  
D: Look around to make sure your partner isn't watching, retrieve the food from the dogs bowl and put it back on babies plate.

4 You're picking junior up from school and fall into conversation with one of the mums in the playground. Do you  
A: Grill her on her little one's reading skills.  
B: Chat nervously while studying the playground for potentially dangerous objects.  
C: Ask her to look after your briefcase while you join in a game of footie.  
D: Tell her that as the kids get on so well together why don't you bring yours round one afternoon when her husbands not there.

You've got two children and they're arguing over who has the biggest pudding. How do you deal with it?  
A: Make them sing for it - the best singer gets the biggest piece.  
B: Send them both to bed instantly and wonder where your parenting skills went so wrong.  
C: Wait until mum is out of the room, then open a packet of Hobnobs to share.  
D: Nothing. The fight is much better than watching Crossroads.

It's sports day and you've entered the dad's race. Do you  
A: Spend weeks preparing and invest in all the best running gear.  
B: Make yourself sick because you're so nervous.  
C: Get thoroughly in the spirit of things by hiring a comedy chicken suit.  
D: Get tanked up in the beer tent, stand on the start line with a fag drooping from your mouth and collapse in a heap clutching your chest when the starter fires the pistol.

You've bought your 15-year old a new cd player for their birthday. As they race upstairs to try it out, do you  
A: Make sure they promise to let all their friends know what it cost.  
B: Spend the day reading through Eminem's lyrics to find out if they are suitable.  
C: Rush upstairs with them to get working on your dance routine.  
D: Put your old Little Richard LP on full blast and tell them they don't make 'em like that anymore.

Your teenager tells you they have a sweetheart at school. How do you react?  
A: Ring the parents and try to find out what they earn.  
B: Ply them with reams of family planning literature.  
C: Invite yourself along to every cinema, bowling and youth club event they go to.  
D: Find out how much rent you could get for their room.

You've reluctantly agreed to give your offspring driving lessons. Do you  
A: Tell them constantly that you passed your test after 12 lessons, but they will probably need more.  
B: Keep your hand on the handbrake at all times, and don't let them go over 20mph  
C: Go cruising down the high street with the stereo up.  
D: Point to the dent you put in the bumper last week, blame them and tell them they will have to pay.

The last chick's leaving the nest to go to university. What book would you give them as a guide to life?  
A: The Guinness Book of Records - It's good to know who you're up against.  
B: The Family Health Encyclopaedia - just to be on the safe side.  
C: The Beano Annual - what a wheeze!  
D: Last years Good Pub's Guide.

If you answered mostly A's - Some friendly competition is healthy, but really, don't you think you're taking things a bit too far? If you're a competitive dad, remember it's not the winning, but the taking part that counts.

Mostly B's - Being concerned about your child's welfare is expected, but being neurotic is bad for all concerned. Children have to learn by their own mistakes, and wrapping them up in cotton wool is no preparation for the "real world". Lighten up a little.

Mostly C's - Your Peter Pan attitude means you have a lot of fun with your children, but remember you are the adult there. You have a responsibility to provide sensible guidance to your children, and to support your partner's authority.

Mostly D's - You bastard!

**Why is it that people say they "slept like a baby" when babies wake up like every two hours and cry?**

Look at this picture then see bottom for an explanation that may surprise you:



A lady about 8 months pregnant got on a bus. She noticed the man opposite her was smiling at her. She immediately moved to another seat. This time the smile turned into a grin, so she moved again. The man seemed more amused. When on the fourth move, the man burst out laughing, she complained to the driver and he had the man arrested. The case came up in court. The judge asked the man (about 20 years old) what he had to say for himself.

The man replied, "Well your Honour, it was like this: When the lady Got on the bus, I couldn't help but notice her condition. She sat under a sweets sign that said, "The Double Mint Twins are Coming" and I grinned. Then she moved and sat under a sign that said, "Logan's Liniment will Reduce the swelling," and I had to smile. Then she placed herself under a deodorant sign that said, "William's Big Stick Did the Trick," and I could hardly contain myself. BUT, your Honour, when she moved the fourth time and sat under a sign that said, "Goodyear Rubber could have prevented this Accident"...I just lost it."

Girl at dentist: I'd rather have a baby than have a tooth pulled out.

Dentist: Make up your mind so I know how to tilt the chair and which tool to use.

A young fireman placed a ladder against the bedroom window of a burning house and rushed up. Inside was a curvy brunette in a see-through nightie. "Aha," said he, "you're the second pregnant girl I've rescued this year!" "But I'm not pregnant," the brunette indignantly exclaimed. "You're not rescued yet either."

A girl goes to her mother and says: "Mum, I think I'm pregnant"

The mother says: "But didn't I tell you to take the necessary measures?"

The daughter replies: "But that's just what I did, I measured them all and then went with the biggest..."

**No Worries**

In a second grade class, Little Suzy asks, Teacher, can my Mummy get pregnant? How old is your mother, dear? asks the teacher. Forty. Yes, dear, your mother could get pregnant. The little girl then asks, Can my big sister get pregnant? Well, dear, how old is your sister? Suzy answers, Nineteen. Oh yes, dear, your sister certainly could get pregnant. She then asks, Can I get pregnant? How old are you, dear? Little Suzy answers, I'm seven years old. No, dear, you can't get pregnant... Then, Little Johnny who is sitting behind the little girl gives her a poke and says, See, I told you we had nothing to worry about.

There were three Indian squaws. One slept on a deer skin. One slept on an elk skin and the third slept on a hippopotamus skin. All three became pregnant and the first two each had a baby boy. The one who slept on the hippopotamus skin had twin boys. This goes to prove that the squaw of the hippopotamus is equal to the sons of the squaws of the other two hides.

While the bar patron savoured a double martini, an attractive women sat down next to him. The bartender served her a glass of orange juice, and the man turned to her and said, "This is a special day. I'm celebrating."

"I'm celebrating, too," she replied, clinking glasses with him.

"What are you celebrating?" he asked.

"For years I've been trying to have a child," she answered, "Today my gynaecologist told me I'm pregnant!"

"Congratulations," the man said, lifting his glass. "As it happens, I'm a chicken farmer, and for years all my hens were infertile. But today they're finally fertile."

"How did it happen?"

"I switched cocks."

"What a coincidence," she said, smiling.

A nun was walking in the convent when one of the priests noticed she was gaining a little weight. "Gaining a little weight are we sister Susan?" he asked. "No, Father. Just a little gas," Sister Susan explained. A month or so later the priest noticed that she had gained even more weight. "Gaining some weight are we Sister Susan?" he asked again. "Oh no, Father. Just a little gas," she replied again. A couple of months later the priest noticed Sister Susan pushing a baby carriage around the convent. He leaned over and looked in the carriage and said, "Cute little fart."

**PICTURE**

These are signs in Japanese metro trains, "Priority seats for ...." from left to right:  
 1. Person with injured arm  
 2. Person holding a child  
 3. Pregnant woman  
 4. Person with injured leg

The extract below comes from Sussex Drunkyard, a hilarious plsstake of the local CAMRA branches Sussex Drinker, which they liked. There didn't seem to be any mention of copyright for any of the articles in the magazine so I shall probably nick a few of them over the coming months. I'd recommend you get your own copy though, just 50p in the charity pot at the Evening Star.

# CAMPUB

## Baby, let's get drunk!

ONE OF CAMPUB's most pressing campaigns involves the age of our members. There is concern throughout the beer community that not enough young people are getting actively involved in consumer groups such as ours.

Our rival organisation CAMRA, for example, currently has an average membership age of 73. It is a situation they have tried to rectify by putting photos of pretty ladies on all their campaign literature, but for some reason that just seems to have attracted even more older men to join.

Here at CAMPUB we take a more proactive approach to recruiting younger members. Though one can't legally buy alcohol until the age of 18, you are allowed to consume it in your own house from the age of five (*that's the only piece of genuine factual information in this entire magazine, folks*). With that in mind, Sussex branch recently loaded up a shopping trolley full of strong ale and set about going door to door, inviting youngsters to try some. Wary of what happened to our Portsmouth branch when they dressed up in clown costumes and went round asking parents if they could get their children drunk (several were lynched by an angry mob), we phoned in advance and pretended it was some sort of market research thing.

CATCH  
THEM  
YOUNG



Our first potential recruitee was Jason Weeble, age six. We sent his mum out to get some pork scratchings and started him off on the Nutters Old Sock at a moderate 8.7% ABV. "Eugh, it tastes horrible," was Jason's first response, indicating that he probably favoured a lighter ale. Sparrowsons Dirty Tractor, Giblet Redeye and Tally's UPA were all sampled, with Jason's responses varying from "that tastes like poo" to "I want ice cream". After three or four more tasters, Jason started to complain that he "felt dizzy". By that stage he'd barely had three pints altogether, so he was clearly a lightweight and not the sort of person we'd want joining CAMPUB anyway.

Remembering a loophole in the law that says children under five are also allowed alcohol as long as it's medicinal (and what could be more medicinal than a couple of pints of Felcher's Brainrot), we turned our attentions to his younger brother, Tonka, age seven months. Tonka looked a far better proposition as his clothes were already covered in vomit, presumably the aftermath of a late-night kebab.

REPORT CONTINUES NEXT MONTH

Why is that when a mother goes into a baby changing room she always comes out with the same baby?

A woman came to the psychiatrist worried. "Doctor," she said, "I can't sleep at night. When I'm in the next room, I have this dreadful fear that I won't hear the baby if he falls out of the crib at night. What should I do?" "Easy," said the doctor. "Just take the carpet off the floor."

**BABY HASHERS** The official Baby Hashers™ theme sung to the melody of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star":

*Drinky, Drinky many beers,  
Listen to as many cheers.  
Now I have but one great wish.  
Not a lousy birthday kiss!  
For my next Big Barfday Bash,  
I wish to join the Brighton Hash.  
Drinky, Drinky in a bar,  
'Til we don't know where we are.*

**Wordlist**

*Crawl = Run  
FCB = Front Crawling Bastard  
Gruel = Food  
Kindergarten = Bar  
Milk = Beer  
Soda Pop = Champagne,*

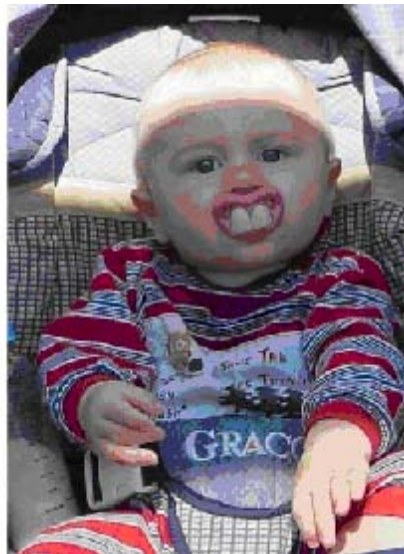
**Children and Childbirth**

Due to a power blackout at the time, only one paramedic responded to the call. The house was very, very dark so he asked Katy, a 3-year old girl, to hold a flashlight high over her mummy so he could see while he helped deliver the baby. Very diligently Katy did as she was asked. Heidi pushed and pushed and after a little while Connor was born. The paramedic lifted him by his little feet and spanked him on his bottom. Connor began to cry. The paramedic then thanked Katy for her help and asked the wide-eyed 3-year old what she thought about what she had just witnessed. Katy quickly responded. "He shouldn't have crawled in there in the first place. Smack him again".

Dear Reader: Parents or relatives should consider several factors before assigning a pet name to a child.

- Is the name likely to draw negative attention or unflattering comments later in life? Is the child going to be comfortable with the name or will they harbour resentment and spend the rest of their life explaining the nickname? Talk to others before assigning a moniker.
  - Adolescent years are particularly stressful. The identity of the adolescent comes under assault and is in question as a part of growing up. Having an unwanted nickname should be avoided. Contrary to the old rhyme "Sticks and stone may break your bones," nicknames can sometimes hurt.
  - If a child expresses a dislike for a nickname, parents should drop the name. Forcing the child to continue to go by an unliked name can have negative results.
  - In some situations, however, children may want to nickname as part of the ritual of becoming "one of the gang." As long as they are happy with the name, parents should accept it and not voice objections. These names are often short-lived and may not stick with the person throughout life.
- Remember that a name can stay with a person for a lifetime and can influence one's identity.

Here are the latest in kids dummies I wonder if the reactions from the passers-by affects them in later life?



**What A Baby Would Tell You**

I have my blankie, you have your caffeine. Enough said. Don't be jealous, but I think I'm in love with the ceiling fan. I know where the remote control is, but it'll cost you. To you, it's just an empty egg carton; to me, it's PlayStation. Actually, I don't mind sitting in a bathtub that I've peed in. There's no point in teaching me to say "mama" or "dada". My first word is going to be "hat". I've told you five times what a cow says. If you can't remember, I'm not telling you again. There is no question that I can cry longer than you can listen. I'm not just wildly throwing my food. I'm exploring the laws of gravity, estimating mass, and testing wind velocity. If you wanted a good sleeper, you should have gotten a cat.

I was sitting in the waiting room of the hospital after my wife had gone into labour and the nurse walked out and said to the man sitting next to me, "Congratulations sir, you're the new father of twins!" The man replied, "How about that, I work for the Doublemint Chewing Gum Company." The man then followed the woman to his wife's room. About an hour later, the same nurse entered the waiting room and announced that Mr. Smith's wife has just had triplets. Mr. Smith stood up and said, "Well, how do ya like that, I work for the 3M Company." The gentleman that was sitting next to me then got up and started to leave. When I asked him why he was leaving, he remarked, "I think I need a breath of fresh air." The man continued, "I work for 7-UP."

Two brunettes and a blonde are in the hospital awaiting the arrival of their first children. The 1st brunette says, "I just know I'm going to have a girl, because I conceived while I was on my back". The 2nd brunette says, "Mine's going to be a boy, because I was on top during conception". The blonde says, "Uh-oh! I'm going to have a puppy!"

Congratulations on your new baby!



A woman goes to her doctor who verifies that she is pregnant. This is her first pregnancy. The doctor asks her if she has any questions. She replies, "Well, I'm a little worried about the pain. How much will childbirth hurt?"

The doctor answered, "Well, that varies from woman to woman and pregnancy to pregnancy and besides, it's difficult to describe pain."

"I know, but can't you give me some idea?" she asks.

"Grab your upper lip and pull it out a little..."

"Like this?"

"A little more..."

"Like this?"

"No. A little more..."

"Like this?"

"Yes. Does that hurt?"

"A little bit."

"Now stretch it over your head!"

### MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR TEEN PREGNANCY

Hey, girls! Pregnancy is a great way to keep your boyfriend and get lots of attention, but it's also a big responsibility. Here are some tips to get you through those nine months.

- \* Plan ahead! You don't want your expectancy date to coincide with prom or homecoming.
- \* Drink lots of water. This will flush the alcohol and drugs right out of your system before it reaches your baby.
- \* Be prepared! Make sure you purchase the latest styles of cool, fashionable Nike athletic shoes for your baby ahead of time.
- \* Make sure all your teachers know you are pregnant, so they will have reduced expectations for you, allowing you to skate through junior high.
- \* Take care of little details early. Make sure you get your driver's license in case you have to take yourself to the hospital when you go into labor.
- \* If someone expresses disapproval that you are having a baby at such an early age, get "in their face" with lots of sassy "attitude." A key phrase to remember: "Nobody's gonna tell me how to raise my baby."
- \* Remember to eat often (every three to four hours) when you're pregnant - even if you'd rather spend your money on CDs and clothes rather than candy bars and chips.
- \* Smoking while pregnant can result in lower birth weight for your newborn, making it smaller and easier to pass through the birth canal.
- \* Be the envy of your friends by thinking up the coolest baby name ever. Viripulus Equinox is a great example.

Little Johnny goes to his Dad and asks, "what is politics?" Dad says, "well, son let me try to explain. I'm the breadwinner of the family, so let's call me 'Capitalism.' Your Mom, she's the administrator of the household, so we'll call her the Government. We're here to take care of YOUR needs, so we'll call you 'The People.' The nanny, well, she works hard all day for very little money, so we'll consider her 'The Working Class' and your baby brother...we'll call him 'The Future.' Now, think about that and see if it makes sense. So the little boy goes off to bed thinking about what his dad has said.

Later that night, he hears his baby brother crying, so he gets up to check on him. He finds that the baby has soiled his nappy, so the little Johnny goes to his parents' room and finds his mother sound asleep.

Not wanting to wake her, he goes to the nanny's room. Finding the door locked, he peeks into the keyhole and sees his father in bed with the nanny. He gives up and goes back to bed.

The next morning, Little Johnny says to his father, "dad, I think I understand the concept of politics now." The father says, "good, son, tell me in your own words what you think politics is all about." Little Johnny replies, "well, While Capitalism is screwing the Working Class, the government is sound asleep, the People are being ignored, and the Future is in deep shit."

Mrs. Donovan was walking down O'Connell Street in Dublin when she met up with Father Rafferty. The Father said, "Top o' the mornin' to ye! Aren't ye Mrs. Donovan and didn't I marry ye and yer husband two years ago?"

She replied, "Aye, that ye did, Father."

The Father asked, "And be there any wee ones yet?"

She replied, "No, not yet, Father."

The Father said, "Well now, I'm going to Rome next week and I'll light a candle for ye and yer husband."

She replied, "Oh, thank ye, Father." They parted ways.

Some years later, they met again. The Father asked, "Well now, Mrs. Donovan, how are ye these days?"

She replied, "Oh, very well Father."

The Father asked, "And tell me, have ye any wee ones yet?"

She replied, "Oh, yes Father. Three sets of twins and four singles, 10 in all."

The Father said, "Glory be! That's wonderful! How is yer loving husband doing?"

She replied, "E's gone to Rome to blow out yer fookin' candle!"

A pillow biter goes into a doctor's surgery convinced that he is pregnant. "How could you possibly be pregnant?" asks the doctor, "Who's the father?" The queer said in a high-pitched squeal, "Do you think I have eyes in the back of my head?"



A mother took her daughter to the doctor and asked him to give her an examination to determine the cause of her daughters swollen abdomen. It only took the doctor about 2 seconds to say "Your daughter is pregnant."  
The mother turned red with fury and she argued with the doctor that her daughter was a good girl and would never compromise her reputation by having sex with a boy. The doctor faced the window and silently watched the horizon. The mother became enraged and screamed, "Quit looking out the window! Aren't you paying attention to me?"  
"Yes, of course I'm paying attention ma'am. It's just that the last time this happened, a star appeared in the East, and three wise men came. I was hoping that they would show up again."

Mom and Dad were taking young Billy for a walk through the park one sunny afternoon when all of a sudden, in the bushes a short distance away, Billy spots two dogs going at it. Billy says, "Daddy, what are they doing?" The dad responds after some quick thinking, "Why son, their making a puppy."  
Later that night Billy was thirsty and got out of bed to get a glass of water. As he walked by his mom and dad's room, he heard a noise and looked in only to find them going at it. Billy shouts, "Daddy what are you doing?" The father, quite embarrassed, replies "Why Billy, we're making a baby." "Quick, turn her over..." declares Billy, "...I want a puppy!"

A doctor was having an affair with his nurse.....  
Shortly afterward, she told him she was pregnant. Not wanting his wife to know, he gave the nurse a sum of money and asked her to go to Italy and have the baby there.  
"But how will I let you know the baby is born?" she asked. He replied, " Just send me a postcard and write "spaghetti" on the back. I'll take care of expenses."  
Not knowing what else to do, the nurse took the money and flew to Italy. Six months went by and then one day the doctor's wife called him at the office and said "Dear, you received a very strange postcard in the mail today from Europe, and I don't understand what it means."  
The doctor said "Just wait until I get home and I will explain it to you". Later that evening the doctor came home, read the postcard, fell to the floor with a heart attack. Paramedics rushed him to the ER. The lead medic stayed back to comfort the wife.  
He asked what trauma had precipitated the cardiac arrest. So the wife picked up the card and read: "Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti - Two with sausage and meatballs, two without."  
  
How many baby sitters does it take to change a light bulb? A:  
None, They don't make Pampers small enough.  
If olive oil comes from olives, where does baby oil come from?

What did the blonde say when she found out she was pregnant? "Are you sure it's mine?"  
What do you call a blonde with 2 brain cells? Pregnant.  
What's The Best Sexual Position to make an ugly baby? Ask Your Mother!  
How do you get a blonde to marry you? Tell her she's pregnant.  
Why has Barbie never got pregnant? ?Because Ken comes in a different box.  
What's the difference between a pregnant woman and a light bulb? You can unscrew a light bulb.

A man comes into the ER and yells, "My wife's going to have her baby in the cab!" I grabbed my stuff, rushed out to the cab, lifted the lady's dress, and began to take off her underwear. Suddenly I noticed that there were several cabs, and I was in the wrong one. Dr. Mark MacDonald, San Antonio, TX

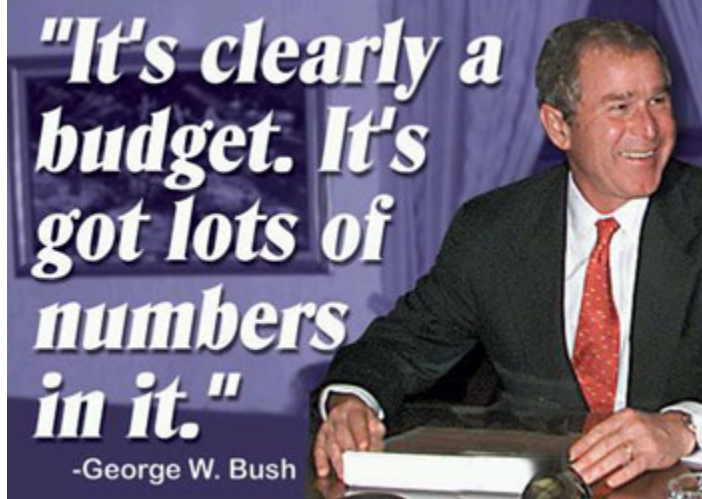
Having determined that the husband was infertile, a childless couple decided to try artificial insemination. When the woman showed up at the clinic, she was told to undress, get up on the table and place her feet in the stirrups. She was feeling very comfortable about the whole situation and when the doctor started dropping his pants, she freaked. "Wait a second! What the hell is going on here?" she yelled.  
"Don't you want to get pregnant?" asked the doctor.  
"Well, yes, but..." stammered the woman.  
"Well lie back and spread 'em," replied the doctor. "We're out of the bottled stuff, so you'll just have to settle for what's on tap."

For three years, the young attorney had been taking his brief vacations at this country inn. The last time he'd finally managed an affair with the innkeeper's daughter. Looking forward to an exciting few days, he dragged his suitcase up the stairs of the inn, then stopped short. There sat his lover with an infant on her lap!  
"Helen, why didn't you write when you learned you were pregnant?" he cried. "I would have rushed up here, we could have gotten married, and the baby would have my name!"  
"Well," she said, "when my folks found out about my condition, we sat up all night talkin' and talkin' and decided it would be better to have a bastard in the family than a lawyer."

There was an expectant father who had spent quite some time waiting for the offspring to arrive - at his in-laws' place. As his leave balance had gone into the red, he tells his father-in-law, "When my son comes, do not call up my office and say that I have become a father of a boy because I'll have to shell out a lot for parties.  
Just leave me a message that the clock has arrived. This will be our code for the arrival of the baby."  
The offspring does finally arrive one day, but it's a daughter.  
The father-in-law now thinks to himself, "If I tell him that the clock has not arrived, he'll misunderstand and think that something has happened to the baby and come rushing over."  
So the father-in-law left the following message: "The clock has arrived, but the pendulum is missing."

**Just maybe he's not as stoopid as we thought:**

You may know they've released John Hinckley from the mental facility for unsupervised visits to his parents home on weekends. For those of you who may be too young to remember John Hinckley shot President Ronald Reagan to impress the actress Jodie Foster. This is such a nice letter from the President:



THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON D.C.

Mr. John Hinckley St. Elizabeth's Hospital Washington, DC  
Dear John:

Laura and I hope that you are continuing your excellent progress in recovery from your mental problems. We were pleased to hear that you are now able to have unsupervised visits with your parents. The staff at the hospital reports that you are doing fine. I have decided to seek a second term in office as your president and I would appreciate your support and the support of your fine parents. I would hope that if there is anything that you need at the hospital, you would let us know. By the way, are you aware that John Kerry is screwing Jodie Foster?

Sincerely,  
George W. Bush  
President

**President Vladimir Putin called President Bush with an emergency:**

"Our largest condom factory has exploded!" the Russian President cried; "My people's favourite form of birth control! This is a true disaster!"

"Vladimir, the American people would be happy to do anything within their power to help you.", replied the President.

"I do need your help," said Putin. "Could you possibly send 1,000,000 condoms ASAP to tie us over?"

"Why certainly! I'll get right on it!", said Bush.

"Oh, and one more small favour, please?", said Putin.

"Yes?", replied the President.

"Could the condoms be red in colour and at least 10" long and 4" in diameter?" said Putin.

"No problem," replied the President and, with that, Bush hung up and called the President of Trojan condoms. "I need a favour, you've got to make 1,000,000 condoms right away and send them to Russia."

"Consider it done," said the President of Trojan.

"Great! Now listen, they have to be red in colour, 10" long and 4" wide."

"Easily done. Anything else?"

"Yeah," said the President, "Print 'MADE IN AMERICA, SIZE MEDIUM' on each one."

**Little Johnny & President Bush**

President George W. Bush is visiting an elementary school today and he visits one of the 4th grade classes. They are in the middle of a discussion related to words and their meanings.

The teacher asks the President if he would like to lead the class in the discussion of the word, "tragedy." So the president asks the class for an example of a "tragedy."

One little boy stands up and offers, "If my best friend, who lives next door, is playing in the street and a car comes along and runs him over, that would be a tragedy."

"No" says Bush, "that would be an accident."

A little girl raises her hand: "If a school bus carrying 50 children drove off a cliff, killing everyone involved, that would be a tragedy."

"I'm afraid not" explains the President. "That's what we would call a GREAT LOSS."

The room goes silent. No other children volunteer. President Bush searches the room. "Isn't there someone here who can give me an example of a tragedy?"

Finally, way in the back of the room, a boy named Johnny raises his hand. In a quiet voice he says, "If Air Force One, carrying you and Mrs. Bush, was struck by a missile and blown up to smithereens, that would be a tragedy."

"Correct" exclaims Bush, "that's right. And can you tell me WHY that would be a tragedy?"

"Well," Little Johnny said, "because, like you just told us, it wouldn't be an accident, and it sure as hell wouldn't be a great loss."

**Moses at the airport**

While going through an airport during one of his many trips, President Bush encountered a man with long hair, wearing a white robe and sandals, holding a staff. President Bush went up to the man and said, "Aren't you Moses?" The man never answered but just kept staring ahead. Again the President said, "Moses!" in a loud voice. The man just kept staring ahead, never answering the president. Soon a secret service agent came along and President Bush grabbed him and said, "Doesn't this man look like Moses to you?" The secret service agent agreed with the President. "Well," said the President, "every time I say his name, he just keeps staring ahead and refuses to speak. Watch!" Again, the President yelled, "Moses!" and again the man stared ahead. The secret service man went up to the man in the white robe and whispered, "You look just like Moses. Are you Moses?" The man leaned over and whispered, "Yes, I am Moses. But the last time I talked to a bush, I spent 40 years wandering in the desert!"

### *Bouncers diary continued...*

There was a suggestion that I should be renamed Muesli as I've become a serial hasher (there's already a Corn Flake - girl who fainted in a cornfield!). Certainly my next two trips were a bit cheeky and probably came about more on the basis of conscience than any particular great need to get involved.

After renewing old friendships on the very enjoyable trip to Stockholm in April with the First UK Full Moon H3 I was keen to join them on their 200th r\*n based at a pub with camping at Wickham Market near Ipswich. As this was also near my brothers new home I'd planned to roll in a visit to him with the campout. Then Lundy came up, Gabs decided she didn't want to camp and was a bit hashed out, and the van had to go for MOT. I knew the hash were light on the planned numbers though so, although I'd missed the trip to Wolf brewery (see Full Moon logo in #85) and the hash to the first recorded sighting of a UFO in Britain, I managed to blag an overnight pass to join them for r\*ns 200b and c on Sunday evening. I arrived as they were destroying a chilli in the pub, so with the aid of a roll of parcel tape I slowly put my tent up and dived in for a beer, in order to make the best of it before the 10.30 closing. No worry said Smartarse, we're residents! Pre-hash the evening passed with a few rounds of bingo with some absurd hash-based calling which got us all singing, and a raffle. R\*n 200b was a stroll up the street to a check back, down the street to a phone box which we crowded into to avoid the rain whilst the more enthusiastic checked, then back for a very wet circle. Down-downs were distributed and knocked back verry quickly, including Smartarse for putting Wickham Bishop on the website, which was some 20 miles away. Back in the pub it was business as usual as we hung out for the 200c, the moon of the (full) moon at 1.22am. Clearly the publican was looking for his pit as we finally rolled out to perform a Mexican moon opposite the pub, as did we once that job was done! After a cuppa the following morning I declined to get involved in any of the bank holiday activities, and after gratefully accepting a Guinness hat freeby whizzed back to join the family.

Worthy Winchester H3 were responsible for the 2001 Nash Hash and consequently have a pretty high profile. No surprise then that when it came to their 1000<sup>th</sup> r\*n/weekender they should also attract the bulk of the roving hashers. It was a real shame that Guildford H3 also celebrated their 999/1000<sup>th</sup> r\*ns that same weekend as they inevitably suffered with numbers. Guildford GM and w&nker, Bodyshop is an old mate, as are his wife Birthing Blanket, keyman(?) Deadloss, and RA Uptake among others, and so if we were going to either it was always going to be the Guildford event. Despite Bods nagging about getting our rego in early we procrastinated right up to the last minute as I was conscious of Angel getting bigger, but as she has a very good friend in Guildford we eventually decided to go along for the Saturday evening. And as she'd got Dawn's help with the kids all day she let me join in the day and 999<sup>th</sup> r\*n.

The event was held at the Sayers Croft Field Centre near Cranleigh, a venue ideal for hash celebrations complete with bunk space for 200 plus, large dining room, and wonderful countryside. We arrived about 11-ish in time for me to join in the water polo and hear tales of the vast amounts drunk the previous evening in spite of the very small turn-out (about 15-20). Then on to a substantial lunch, which was advertised as Jacket spuds but ended up with tons of chilli, bread and salad as well. After lunch we bided our time as some Danish visitors tried to persuade us all to try their spunk. "You can drink it or eat it." Turns out Spunk is a brand of licorice sweet in Denmark which has now been used as the basis for a licorice Schnapps. So I tried and very nice it was too.

Our host and family joined us on the run, which was invaluable to those of us walking as we managed to keep up with ease and inside information to the beer stop where the run split. The barrel of bright ale had been wedged into a tree, which split halfway up the trunk at the perfect height for serving from. The long run was basically doing a loop to come back to the same car park for a 2<sup>nd</sup> beer stop (major event after all!), basically because, said Bodyshop "it's the only car park in the area with a beer tree in". One of the Danish guys asked if he could borrow the beer tree for Eurohash. Sticking solidly to the "all flat on average" theory and having climbed severely in the first half I went for down all the way and enjoyed the stroll back to the site. With the extra loop it was quite a while until all the long trailers returned so we just concentrated on hydrating with the ale until all were back and the circle started. Various downs were awarded by Uptake who had recently returned from hashing in the USA and was full of invention. That's why the christenings involved beer on the head followed by a liberal dousing of flour. Messy. He asked all the RA's from other chapters in for a beer before we awarded down downs of our own. As W&NK RA I picked on Dane Joint Venture who had nearly completed the run when the blisters got to her, at which point she realised - no socks. Scud then took the reins to do the gunge tank, all previous sinners qualifying. Nothing to worry about I said to Joint Venture. Wrong, she was gunged as a female representative (and most likely to succeed in wet t-shirt contest I suspect).

After another substantial meal the evening party had a cops and robbers theme by which time Gabby had joined me. Dancing to hash band Beet Route we were even treated to W&Nker and excellent bassist Proxy on stage, until Daffy and I cleared off to set the nude run trail, my first as hare! Obviously the Millennium stadium streaking bug has stuck! On that unsavoury note, for anyone who's made it this far, I shall close the account here with a congratulations to the Guildford hash on a fine event. The boys thoroughly enjoyed the goody bag of water pistols and Frisbees etc. We really must get that joint run sorted soon!

BOUNCER

"Those stories about my intellectual capacity do get under my skin. You know for a while I even thought my staff believed it. There on my schedule first thing every morning it said, 'Intelligence briefing.'" —George W. Bush 2000

**Things you have to believe to be a Republican today:**

Saddam was a good guy when Reagan armed him, a bad guy when Bush's daddy made war on him, a good guy when Cheney did business with him and a bad guy when Bush needed a "we can't find Bin Laden" diversion.

Trade with Cuba is wrong because the country is communist, but trade with China and Vietnam is vital to a spirit of international harmony.

The United States should get out of the United Nations, and our highest national priority is enforcing U.N. resolutions against Iraq.

A woman can't be trusted with decisions about her own body, but multi-national corporations can make decisions affecting all mankind without regulation.

Jesus loves you, and shares your hatred of homosexuals and Hillary Clinton.

The best way to improve military morale is to praise the troops in speeches while slashing veterans' benefits and combat pay. If condoms are kept out of schools, adolescents won't have sex.

A good way to fight terrorism is to belittle our long-time allies, then demand their cooperation and money.

Providing health care to all Iraqis is sound policy. Providing health care to all Americans is socialism.

HMOs and insurance companies have the best interests of the public at heart.

A president lying about an extramarital affair is an impeachable offence. A president lying to enlist support for a war in which thousands die is solid defence policy.

The public has a right to know about Hillary's cattle trades, but George Bush's driving and military record is none of our business.

Being a drug addict is a moral failing and a crime, unless you're a conservative radio host. Then it's an illness, and you need our prayers for your recovery.

You support states' rights, which means Attorney General John Ashcroft can tell states what local voter initiatives they have the right to adopt.

What Bill Clinton did in the 1960s is of vital national interest, but what Bush did in the '80s is irrelevant.



**While on the Clinton theme . . .**

There are two books for sale. Which to buy? "Titanic" or "My Life" by Bill Clinton?

Titanic: \$29.99

Clinton: \$29.99

Titanic: Over 3 hours to read

Clinton: Over 3 hours to read

Titanic: The story of Jack and Rose, their forbidden love, and subsequent catastrophe

Clinton: The story of Bill and Monica, their forbidden love, and subsequent catastrophe

Titanic: Jack is a starving artist

Clinton: Bill is a bullshit artist

Titanic: In one scene, Jack enjoys a good cigar

Clinton: Ditto for Bill

Titanic: During ordeal, Rose's dress gets ruined

Clinton: Ditto for Monica

Titanic: Jack teaches Rose to spit

Clinton: Let's not go there

Titanic: Rose gets to keep her jewelry

Clinton: Monica's forced to return her gifts

Titanic: Rose remembers Jack for the rest of her life

Clinton: Clinton doesn't remember Jack

Titanic: Rose goes down on a vessel full of seamen

Clinton: Monica...ooh, let's not go there, either

Titanic: Jack surrenders to an icy death

Clinton: Bill goes home to Hilary...basically the same thing