



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers – Runs/trash #101 October 2005

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

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

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

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
3 rd October 2005	1424		Sloop, Scaynes Hill	385 243	Chris plus ...	01273 554148
Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again and stay on A272 through Haywards Heath to Scaynes Hill. Turn left by garage opposite Farmers pub. Sloop is 1.5 miles on right. 20 mins.						
10 th October 2005	1425		Royal Coach, Shoreham	207 046	Wiggy	01273 440578
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Straight on at next roundabout, right at bottom over Norfolk Bridge. Left at next roundabout and first right for car park. Est. 15 mins.						
17 th October 2005	1426		Victory, Staplefield	276 281	The Mudlarks	01273 271441
Directions: A23 to Slaugham turn. Right at t-junction for 1km and pub just past cross-road on right. Est. 25 mins. FANCY DRESS RUN, 200th anniversary of Battle of Trafalgar and Navy Nigels 500th						
24 th October 2005	1427		Woolpack, Burgess Hill	301 198	Louis & Rik	Unknown
Directions: Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. Go over 1st roundabout then left at next A273. Right at next and pub 500m on left. Est. 20 mins.						
31 st October 2005	1428		TBA		Dave Roberts	01372 220167
<i>Ahh, well it's like this see, Dave's on holiday as we went to press. Hallowe'en though!</i>						

Rhyming Hareline:

7/11/05 - PEP then White Horse
Pete "I 'ad 'er"s firework fun
 14/11/05 - Findon
Aunty Jo's bidet from the Gun,
 21/11/05 - OnonDon yet to choose
 28/11/05 - Royal Oak
Rik's comeback run over in Lewes
 5/12/05 - Selmeston Arms
Uh oh no it's Mike & Ivum
 12/12/05 - TBA
Rosem'ry'n'Terry get out the rum
 19/12/05 - Any offers?
Christmas party, fill your tum
 16/1/06 - Pub TBA - *Joint OCH3;*
Bounce and Daffy



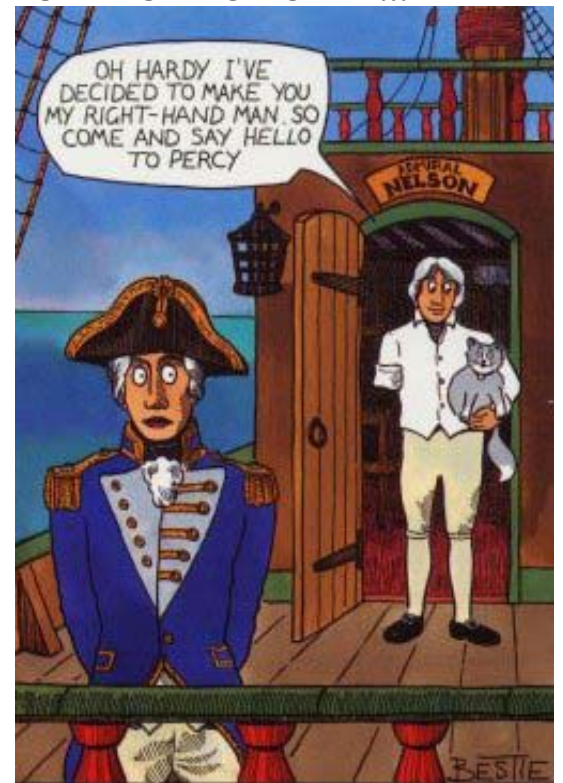
Henfield H3 run 44 will be from the Hare & Hounds, Cowfold - Tuesday 27th September, Hare Moneypenny, start 7pm.

BRIGHTON HASH EXPECTS EVERY HOUND TO TURN UP IN SAILOR GEAR...

... for Navy Nigel and Professor Pete's 200th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar fancy dress run from The Victory (of course), Staplefield. As this also marks Nigel's 500th hash with BH7 there should also be a grog stop (hint guys!) as well as who knows what other kind of Navy fun! See back page for ideas! (*er... no, don't do that. It's still optional even in Brighton. - Editor*)

In advance of the main event we are sending over some of our stalwarts to remind our nearest continental neighbours who's boss on 8th October 2005 - the BARMY (Brighton Annual Ramparts de Montreuil Yomp) Hash run. If you haven't yet declared your interest contact Grahame Cooper or Dave Evans on Monday.

Since the last trash Angel (Gabrielle), myself (Bouncer), Crackerjack (Callum), Gooley (Kieran), Officer Dribble (Ewan), T-bar Twin (Sally) and Sludge (Mike Mandeville) have all returned from representing the club at Nash Hash 2005 in Norfolk, Nicola sadly being unable to go in the end. I was surprised that they didn't also go for a theme along the lines of us whopping the French being as Nelson was apparently Norfolk born. We ended up with an Ancient Britons theme which went very well anyway (see review later in the trash). Other possibilities for the fancy dress ntu'd included acronyms (as we were only just outside NORWICH - Nickers Off Reddy Wenn I Cum Hoam); redhex; sheep (but I suppose that was done to death at Interhash Cardiff anyway!).



Soon be Christmas so we've really got to get our thinking caps on as to what we're gonna do about the Christmas run this year. The Café de Paris was really too small without the basement room but has since been sold so is right out. One option is to use the Rugby Club, where we can make as much noise as we want, get the late licence and even if we wish, outsource the grub to external caterers. Now the rugby season is on and after the cOck-up last time they won't dare let us down on beer or staff levels again!

Also mooted has been a return to the Kings Head, Burgess Hill. If you've got any other ideas of somewhere that could accommodate about 70-odd please check them out and bandy them round for approval!

BOUNCER

IMPORTANT MATHEMATICS:

First we state that women require time and money:

$$\text{Women} = \text{Time} \times \text{Money}$$

And as we all know "time is money"

$$\text{Time} = \text{Money}$$

Therefore by substituting Money for Time we get:

$$\text{Women} = \text{Money} \times \text{Money}$$

$$\text{Women} = (\text{Money})^2$$

And because "money is the root of all evil" we therefore can state:

$$\text{Money} = \sqrt{(\text{Evil})}$$

$$(\text{Money})^2 = \text{Evil}$$

And Since

$$(\text{Money})^2 = \text{Women}$$

and

$$(\text{Money})^2 = \text{Evil}$$

we are forced to conclude, by substituting "Women" for "(Money)²", from above that:

$$\text{Women} = \text{Evil}$$

Billy was at school this morning in the outback and the teacher asked all the children what their fathers did for a living. All the typical answers came out, Fireman, Policeman, Salesman, Chippy, Captain of Industry etc, but Billy was being uncharacteristically quiet and so the teacher asked him about his father. "My father is an exotic dancer in a gay club and takes off all his clothes in front of other men. Sometimes if the offer is really good he'll go out with a man, rent a cheap hotel room and let them sleep with him."

The teacher quickly set the other children some work and took little Billy aside to ask him if that was really true.

"No" said Billy, "He plays cricket for Australia but I was just too embarrassed to say."

Good VS. Bad...Your Civic Duty

In light of recent world events, there has been much discussion about people unfairly referred to as "Towel-heads." It is unfair to profile and characterize all "towel-heads" as bad or evil. In fact, there are some good people who wear a towel atop their heads. In fact, it is your civic duty to be able to distinguish between good and evil towel-heads! Suppose, for instance, you were walking down a dark alley and encounter a towel-head... what would you do? Knowing the difference between good and evil is paramount. The difference between some Uzi-carrying bad towel-head and a good towel-head can sometimes be the difference between life and death.

So that you can make a clear distinction, below are 3 photographs showing a good towel-head, a bad towel head and indeed a very good towel-head. You must study the 3 pictures carefully so that you will not confuse them in a moment of indecision . . . it could save your life!

Now then.....



▲ Good towel head



Bad towel head ►

Good God! Towel head ▼



STOP PRESS - "TOWEL HEADS"

Recently a warning was given about the use of the above Politically incorrect term.

Please note: we all need to be more sensitive in our choice of words.

We have been informed that the Islamic terrorists who hate our guts, our religion, our freedom and our way of life in general - and want to kill all of us for the greater glory of Allah - do not like to be called "Towel Heads". This is because the item they wear on their heads is not a towel but actually a small, folded sheet.

Therefore, from this point forward you should only refer to them as "Little Sheet Heads."

Thank you for your support and compliance on this delicate matter.



H3 Ski Trip January 2006



This year we are travelling with Ski Olympic to **ChaletHotel Gelinotte** in Val D'Isere on **Sunday 22nd January 2006**.

Traditional Val D'Isere offers extensive ski-ing and fantastic facilities in a wonderful setting. The chalet hotel is a recent addition to Ski Olympic's portfolio. It will accommodate up to 41 guests in en-suite bedrooms and offers a sauna, to ease those aching bones after a hard day on the pistes, pool room and resident's bar with open log fire. Another luxury is a mini-bus shuttle to and from the slopes.

The essential facts for you to digest are:

Cost of holiday approx. **£ 600.00** per person (depending on group discount)
(catered chalet-half board with ski hosting, air travel and transfers)

A 6 day wide area lift pass will cost approx. £ 130.00 with discounts from age 60.

Ski Olympic are holding places for our group and request all bookings handled by the party leader (me!) so please help by sending me confirmation of your attendance along with a deposit cheque for **£ 125.00** per person made out to "**Ski Olympic**". The balance will be payable early November.

On-On ski
Coolbox

Diana Lumsdaine

27 Rideway Close, CAMBERLEY, Surrey GU15 2NX

Telephone numbers: work: 0870 400 8300 home: 01276 682838 mobile number: 07718 805753

Email: dmsl@waitrose.com

More info: www.skiolympic.co.uk

Marxist in the Mountains - Skiing 2006

The Venue will be in Andorra at the beautiful **and cheap** resort of Soldeu.

Flights are **cheap** from Easy Jet and Ryan Air into Spain, where we then hire a car and drive up the mountain (3 hours) to go straight to the bars. Ski hire is **cheap** as are the ski passes. If you are twelve and gay you can also hire snow boarding stuff also **cheap** (I'm told). Marxist has access to a 3 bedroom apartment that sleeps six (two rather cosily) that is, guess what, **cheap**. The total cost for the above is around £200 pounds for a week. See what I mean - **Cheap**. Beer, food, entertainment etc is extra.

Proposed dates are 1st to 8th of March 2006. Other dates are available. Numbers are not limited as we can also hire additional apartments if needs be subject to availability.

Should you be interested please email me back at boyblunderwlh3@yahoo.co.uk

I know Andorra's not the poshest place to go skiing but there are over 50 bars, 200 km of piste and the beer is only London prices. It also has one of the finest English speaking ski schools in Europe.

Hey look at that! It's the 101st issue! Cue some very Dogdgy jokes



What did the dalmation say after finishing his dinner?
That hit the spots!

A nursery school teacher was delivering a station wagon full of kids home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the fire truck was a Dalmation dog. The children started discussing what the dog's duties might be. "They use him to keep crowds back," said one youngster. "No," said another, "he's just for good luck." A third child concluded. "No silly, they use the dogs to find the fire hydrant!"

"Doctor, doctor, I keep thinking I'm a dog."
"Sit down and tell me all about it."
"I can't, I'm not allowed on the furniture."

A young boy, about eight years old, was at the corner "Spar" grocery picking out a pretty good size box of laundry detergent. The grocer walked over, and, trying to be friendly, asked the boy if he had a lot of laundry to do. "Oh, no laundry," the boy said, "I'm going to wash my dog." "But you shouldn't use this to wash your dog. It's very powerful and if you wash your dog in this, he'll get sick. In fact, it might even kill him." But the boy was not to be stopped and carried the detergent to the counter and paid for it, even as the grocer still tried to talk him out of washing his dog. About a week later the boy was back in the store to buy some candy. The grocer asked the boy how his dog was doing. "Oh, he died," the boy said. The grocer, trying not to be an I-told-you-so, said he was sorry the dog died but added, "I tried to tell you not to use that detergent on your dog." "Well," the boy replied, "I don't think it was the detergent that killed him." "Oh? What was it then?" "I think it was the spin cycle!"

Brooklyn comes home one day to find his daddy Becks playing a game of snap with the dog. "What are you doing Dad?" he asks. "Just playing snap, with the dog", son says David. "Wow", Dad says Brooklyn, "That must be the cleverest dog alive anywhere" "Oh I don't know says David, "I've beaten him four games out of five".

A girl was visiting her blonde friend who had acquired two new dogs, and asked her what their names were. The blonde responded by saying that one was named Rolex and one was named Timex. Her friend said, "Whoever heard of someone naming dogs like that?" "Hellooo," answered the blonde. "They're watch dogs!"

Inner Strength

- If you can start the day without caffeine or pep pills,
 - If you can be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains,
 - If you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles,
 - If you can eat the same food everyday and be grateful for it,
 - If you can understand when loved ones are too busy to give you time,
 - If you can overlook when people take things out on you when, through no fault of yours, something goes wrong,
 - If you can take criticism and blame without resentment,
 - If you can face the world without lies and deceit,
 - If you can conquer tension without medical help,
 - If you can relax without liquor,
 - If you can sleep without the aid of drugs,
 - If you can do all these things,
- Then you are probably the family dog.

How do you know when a dog has been naughty? *A: It leaves a little poodle on the carpet!*

What happened to the dog that swallowed a firefly? *A: It barked with delight!*

What do dogs eat at the cinema? *A: Pup-corn!*

Who is the dogs favourite comedian? *A: Growlcho Marx.*

Why did the snowman call his dog Frost? *A: Because Frost bites.*



Two immigrants have just arrived in the United States and one says to the other, "I hear that the people of this country actually eat dogs."

"Odd," her companion replies, "but if we are going live in America, we might as well do as the Americans do."

Nodding emphatically, one of the immigrants points to a hot dog vendor and they both walk toward the cart. "Two dogs, please," she says. The vendor is only too pleased to oblige, wraps both hot dogs in foil and hands them over the counter. Excited, the companions hurry to a bench and begin to unwrap their "dogs."

One of them opens the foil and begins to blush. Staring at it for a moment, she turns to her friend and whispers cautiously, "What part did you get?"



One day a policeman on duty saw a man with a brick on a leash. Being the man that he was he went over and said to the man and said nice dog you got there.

The man replied, "it's not a dog it's a brick dumb ass!"

The policeman said "I'm sorry for wasting your time" and, feeling embarrassed, strolled away quickly. When the policeman was out of site the man bent down and whispered to the brick: "Got him there didn't we Rover?"

I was in the cinema the other day when a man with a dog sat in front of me, and the dog sat up on the seat. I was going to say something to the staff, but the dog seemed otherwise well behaved, so I let it ride. As the film progressed, I noticed that the dog was completely enthralled by it. He was laughing at all the jokes, crying in the sad bits, and covering his eyes with his paws in the scary bits. At the end of the film I tapped the man on his shoulder and said "I'm amazed at the way your dog responded to the film".

He replied "So am I. He hated the book."

A friend of mine plays the Bag Pipes. When he practices, he goes down into the basement, and his pet Dog sits at the top of the stairs and sings along with him. One day after an hour of practising his neighbour came over and called down the stairs, "Can you play something the Dog doesn't know?"



QUOTES

"Outside of a dog, a book is man's best friend. Inside of a dog, it's much too dark to read." -- Groucho Marx

"If your dog is fat, you aren't getting enough exercise." -- Unknown

"Some days you're the dog; some days you're the hydrant." -- Unknown

"Whoever said you can't buy happiness forgot about puppies." -- Gene Hill

"In dog years, I'm dead." -- Unknown

"To his dog, every man is Napoleon; hence the constant popularity of dogs." -- Aldous Huxley

"A dog teaches a boy fidelity, perseverance, and to turn around three times before lying down." -- Robert Benchley

"Did you ever walk into a room and forget why you walked in? I think that's how dogs spend their lives." -- Sue Murphy

"I loathe the people who keep dogs. They are cowards who haven't got the guts to bite people themselves." -- August Strindberg

"No animal should ever jump up on the dining room furniture unless absolutely certain that he can hold his own in the conversation." -- Fran Lebowitz

"Ever consider what they must think of us? I mean, here we come back from a grocery store with the most amazing haul -- chicken, pork, half a cow. They must think we're the greatest hunters on earth!" -- Anne Tyler

"I wonder if other dogs think poodles are members of a weird religious cult." -- Rita Rudner

"My dog is worried about the economy because Alpo is up to 99 cents a can. That's almost \$7.00 in dog money."

"If I have any beliefs about immortality, it is that certain dogs I have known will go to heaven, and very, very few persons." -- James Thurber

"Don't accept your dog's admiration as conclusive evidence that you are wonderful."

"Women and cats will do as they please, and men and dogs should relax and get used to the idea."

"In order to keep a true perspective of one's importance, everyone should have a dog that will worship him and a cat that will ignore him."

"When a man's best friend is his dog, that dog has a problem."

"Cat's motto: No matter what you've done wrong, always try to make it look like the dog did it."

"Money will buy you a pretty good dog, but it won't buy the wag of his tail."

"No one appreciates the very special genius of your conversation as the dog does."

"A dog is the only thing on earth that loves you more than he loves himself."

"If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you; that is the principal difference between a dog and a man." -- Mark Twain

"Things that upset a terrier may pass virtually unnoticed by a Great Dane."

"I've seen a look in dogs' eyes, a quickly vanishing look of amazed contempt, and I am convinced that basically dogs think humans are nuts." -- John Steinbeck

"Dogs come when you call them. Cats take a message and get back to you."

"Life is like a dog sled team.....if you aren't the lead dog, the scenery never changes."



If New Orleans is the home of Jazz and Delta Blues how is it that Katrina & the Waves can have such a big impact? A spokesman for the group, who are to release a lyrically updated cover of the Animals classic hit "Rising Sun" (there used to be a house in New Orleans...), has communicated the groups disappointment at not being asked to headline the benefit gig.

News in that Merseyside Aid have sent 2 planeloads of workers out to the Mississippi basin to help with looting!

The Marine and the insurgent

A Marine squad was marching north of Basra when they came upon an insurgent soldier badly injured and unconscious. Nearby, on the opposite side of the road, was an American Marine in a similar but less serious state. The Marine was conscious and alert. As first aid was given to both men, the Marine was asked what had happened. The Marine reported, "I was heavily armed and moving north along the highway and coming south was a heavily armed insurgent. Seeing each other we both took cover. I yelled to him that Saddam Hussein was a miserable low-life scumbag, and he yelled back that George W Bush is a rich, good-for-nothing idiot." "We were standing there shaking hands when a truck hit us."



Meanwhile George W. enjoys his holiday in the South!

ON ON THE LONG WOAD TO NASH HASH 2005...

Nash Hash originally started from an original idea by Gerry Gurney founder of Surrey H3. Already the few clubs in existence at the time in the UK were starting to follow the Far East and Australian chapters practice of inviting other hashes to their celebration runs, and it was at the Cambridge 100th that the idea was mooted. Over the next few months, suddenly nothing happened, until Surrey On Sec Andy Ridler reminded Uncle Gerry of the promise made to host the first Nash Hash! He then went on to work tirelessly towards this objective whilst Gurney had another beer, and so in 1981 Ravenswood Manor up at Sharpthorne in Sussex became the host venue for 200 odd attendees representing every chapter in the UK (only 9 then but including Brighton who I believe were represented by Phil and Pete) plus many from abroad.

Thanks probably to the beer, and in spite of the poor runs and camping in the stingers, Donnington volunteered to host the second 2 years later as a more sober hasher reminded them that Interhash was the following year. 12 months later they panicked and the reins were handed over to Cambridge H3. Eventually Croxton Park became the site as the early plans to go to Great Yarmouth 90 miles away were deemed silly. By 1985 numbers were starting to grow as more and more clubs were being formed, many of whom are now starting to celebrate their 1000th runs. Wessex hosted along with new club the Haunch of Venison Mountain Rescue Club (founded by John Phillips ex-Cambridge and jointly the name of a Salisbury pub and an irony on the lack of hills in the area) at Salisbury Racecourse. The event kicked off with the Castle Street beer against the clock run!

Berkshire held the next in 1987 at Binfield Heath, with some 500 attendees and additional run choices, and when the beer ran out the Guernsey hash Christmas service and cocktail party was started when the Scottish contingent took their bus to the Guernsey encampment. The first trip north of the border to Edinburgh's Nash Hash at Motec on the outskirts of the city saw the first of the 4 day events Friday through to Monday, the first indoor NH, as well as the widest choice yet of runs and over two days. I started hashing in 1991 but too late to get involved with the Yorkshire Nash at Headingley which again was indoors. Interesting times though as after London, West London/Barnes, and Aberdeen hashes all pulled out of taking on to 93 the event closed without a new host.

Cheltenham & Cotswold H3 eventually came good with a back to basics approach. By 1993 Alex and I had moved from Essex and I'd joined Brighton Hash after only one away weekend, the Milton Keynes 101st run. I knew of the C2H3 event, but as we did very little in the way of events then, missed that as well as both North Hants in 1995 and Teign Valley in 1997. By now the success of Nash Hash was established and the four days of August Bank Holiday was the when.

In 1999 my duck was finally broken thanks to the persuasive powers of Hernietta from Surrey who dragged me up to the Trossachs for Glagows hosting of the end of the century hash at Aberfoyle. What an event! I was smitten and had no hesitation in persuading Gabs to join me in registering for Worthy Winchesters obviously space themed event in 2001. Being a mere hours drive we felt comfortable leaving Callum with family and again had a great weekend. More about Bad Manners on request!

With Gabs working many Sunday's I had become very involved with the Westerham & North Kent Hash as the trails were not too far away, usually manageable with the buggy, and the chosen hash of many good friends from my earlier days of the sport. W&NK had enjoyed a very good reputation for hosting events of their own and so conversation (mainly FYOS, who sufficiently engaged my enthusiasm) had inevitably led to the possibility of the club hosting a Nash Hash event. Tentative enquiries had been made to a couple of venues, however, Tim FYOS was already stepping back from the running as he focussed on his career with Ericsson, and his interest in the Bluebell line. With Gabrielle and myself already looking to expand our family we considered

2005 the earliest point by which we would be able to set the wheels in motion. W&NK being a cuckoo hash in which most people already ran with other clubs, it needed more than just a funny name to make a bid work so some representation was made to other clubs in the area for support. Sadly, Leatherback was East Grinstead GM at the time and maintained that they could do it on their own so rather than assist, actually proposed bidding against us and so we decided to bin the plan.

Word unfortunately had got round and so whilst I was at the GM's meeting as BH7 representative (yes, yes, we know you're really GM Pete as you elected yourself 27 years ago, and we don't do AGPU's, but since you won't bother turning up...) I discovered no-one had actually proposed taking over 2003. Leatherback then announced that I had plans, which I didn't, so after a bit of 'banter' I picked on the weakest GM in the room, Stretch, who had recently broken his leg, and recalled a conversation we'd had at the Lundy Island Hash earlier in the month. He had a venue - a Nuclear Power Station, and he had the enthusiasm and ideas. Unfortunately his hash Ebley Full Moon had not offered their backing. No problem announced the chair, we'll give you three months! Sure enough the hash pulled out all the stops and Stretch worked his nuts off to create a new chapter the Severn Valley H3, got the help, got the bid and found a slightly less dangerous venue in Westonbirt Girls School.

This truly was a fantastic event and we established the practice of taking it in turns on the runs, with Gabs insisting on tackling the very dangerous East Grinstead run, so the other could look after the kids. Amazingly though we got to the GM's meeting to find that once again, no-one was bidding for 2005. There was much mirth as Leeky Willie proposed a Welsh hosting men-only, Welsh only, run-free event, which sounded good but this was serious. Then Twonk spoke, at first slightly slurred but gradually gathering momentum but again we had to wait three months.

And so we come to 2005 and Twonks Ancient Britons Hash. As an away group the Ancient Britons were prolific visiting countless celebration runs and holding countless committee meetings coincidentally whilst the runs were on. This is an aspect of the Ancient Britons that has continued unabated and to date there has not been a single run held in their name, all runs at this years Nash hash following the recent pattern of being set by visiting clubs. As a lure to helpers Twonk offered free camping accommodation to early arrivals from Wednesday night. There was a short run to the nearest pub on Thursday which was in progress when we arrived shortly after 10pm, however, the bar was open with beer at £1 a pint, so after putting the kids to bed in the van we went down to catch up with old friends.

Friday we made a quick assessment of the area available, picked one we liked with easy access to the facilities and space for friends to camp around us (cheap ploy to get help with keeping the kids amused, but we needn't have worried) before popping in to take a look at Norwich. Hughieeee Bleerrggh made some sort of attempt to talk us out of just picking a location and plonking ourselves there but as he talks in management speak riddles i.e. if it's desired "it's in the minutes", if it's not desired "you'll need to talk to somebody else about that", I came away with the warm comfortable feeling that whatever I did was okay as long as he didn't get the blame. So the groundsman was probably a bit enthusiastic in crashing the hares meeting to grumble that this bloke won't do what he's told and park in a neat orderly line. No worry as Windsock with his Christs Hospital education quickly placated him "Some people I wouldn't trust much, but him...". The sentence was unfinished (I wouldn't trust at all? Trust to the ends of the earth? Hmmm...) but I got the result and he left us alone after that.

Bodies were arriving all day long, registering for the goody bags which included t-shirts and programmes etc. and even colouring books for the kids, nice touch but no pencils. Teign Valley provided welcome drinks as more and more bowled up to register but we took so long to decide who was doing which days run that we ended up with no tag for the bus. First run was the woad run on Friday night, everyone wearing blue paint. Again a cock-up with the arrangements meant that it was only last second that Gabby decided to let me go but too late as I and a couple of others fruitlessly attempted to find the hash.

So Saturdays recovery was with the kids up to Happisburgh to help the SUCK H3 beach run. With help we managed very well to get around the run and I was persuaded to help with the RA'ing. This was a thoroughly enjoyable circle on the beach with loads of songs and audience participation going on. I presented a Kiwi with one of the kids broken cricket bats "but I hate the bastards as much as you!", in advance of our Ashes victory and I dunno who else. Back to the site just in time to prevent G freezing after her run on the EGH3 trail, then on to the fancy dress party where Callum spent the whole time in open mouthed awe at all the swords. After putting him to bed the party in earnest started and Sundays hangover established!

I was disappointed that Cooperman was not here for the Isle of Wight run so followed him on to the ISCA H3 bus for a fast flat 7 miler across a horse sanctuary and was once again called on to RA. This time I awarded Vicky Vomit for making me an RA in Essex so everyone could suffer since; QC as my only child present; Lone Ranger for a number of reasons including thinking he was on the EGH3 run with Turtle and One Loos. Similar misunderstanding occurred with Pole Pussy and Ferret who seemed to think they were on the naked run. Favourite has to be Turtle who discovered a third manoeuvre for peeing when camping. 1 is the male version, one leg out flap and pee. Method 2 is the female backside out. Turtle stuck his head out and peed in the tent!

Sunday afternoon was taken up by cocktail party's with competition hot between W&NK and Guernsey before yet another nights partying and some truly abysmal cabaret (Bucks Fizz will never be the same Lightning, Mirkin your Mind up indeed!). Am I getting to old for the constant drink-run-drink of NH? Naaaa, but Mondays run was tough and there was a definite feeling of glad it's all over. Now though, I can't wait until Milton Keynes event at Towcester Racecourse in 2007!

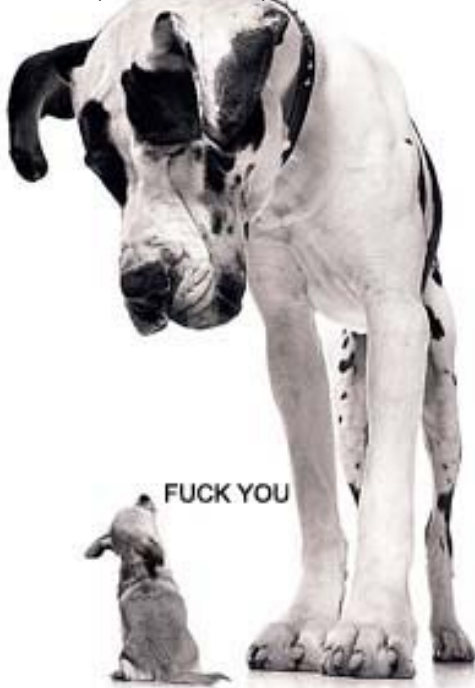
It's common practice in England to ring a telephone by sending extra voltage across one side of the two wire circuit and ground (earth in England). When the subscriber answers the phone, it switches to the two wire circuit for the conversation. This method allows two parties on the same line to be signaled without disturbing each other.

An elderly lady with several pets called to say that her telephone failed to ring when her friends called; and that on the few occasions when it did ring her dog always barked first. The telephone repairman proceeded to the scene, curious to see this psychic dog. He climbed a nearby telephone pole, hooked in his test set, and dialed the subscriber's house. The phone didn't

ring. He tried again. The dog barked loudly, followed by a ringing telephone. Climbing down from the pole, he found:

1. The dog was tied to the telephone system's ground post via an iron chain and collar.
2. The dog was receiving 90 volts of signaling current.
3. After several such jolts, the dog would start barking and urinating on the ground.
4. The wet ground now completed the circuit and the phone would ring.

Which shows you that some problems can be fixed by just pissing on them. But only temporarily.



NEVER BE AFRAID TO SAY WHAT YOU FEEL

Dog demons



Things Dogs Must Try To Remember...

I will not play tug-of-war with Dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.

The garbage collector is NOT stealing our stuff.

I do not need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm lying under the coffee table.

I will not roll my toys behind the fridge.

I must shake the rainwater out of my fur BEFORE entering the house.

I will not eat the cats' food, before or after they eat it.

I will stop trying to find the few remaining pieces of clean carpet in the house when I am about to throw up.

I will not throw up in the car.

I will not roll on dead seagulls, fish, crabs, etc.

"Kitty box crunchies" are not food.

I will not eat any more socks and then redeposit them in the backyard after processing.

The nappy bin is not a cookie jar.

I will not wake Mummy up by sticking my cold, wet nose up her bottom end.

I will not chew my human's toothbrush and not tell them. I will not chew crayons or pens, especially not the red ones, or my people will think I am haemorrhaging.

When in the car, I will not insist on having the window rolled down when it's raining outside.

We do not have a doorbell. I will not bark each time I hear one on TV.

I will not steal my Mum's underwear and dance all over the back yard with it.

The sofa is not a face towel. Neither are Mum & Dad's laps.

My head does not belong in the refrigerator.

I will not bite the officer's hand when he reaches in for Dad's driver's license and car registration.

If your dog was called my penis...

My penis ate my homework.

Oh, no! My penis is frothing at the mouth!

Sorry I'm late. I was playing with My penis.

Sorry, Officer. I didn't know I had to keep My penis on a lead.

My penis doesn't come when I call it.

My penis likes to crawl between the legs of guests.

I love giving My penis a bath.

At night, I sleep with My penis in my hands.

My penis likes it when people pet him.

My penis needs more exercise. He weighs over 50 pounds!

Playing with My penis really wears me out.

Would you like to see a picture of My penis?

Sometimes I wake up, and My penis is already active.

I think My penis has a mind of its own.

I keep a picture of My penis in my wallet.

Whenever I get lost, My penis points me in the right direction.

I think My penis is getting old because he won't get excited anymore. He just plays dead.

My penis got out last night. I think he's sleeping with the lady next door.

If My penis was a weinerdog, he would be long and hairy and hard to carry.

My penis loves to chase pussies in dark alleys.

Help! I can't find My penis!

Sorry I'm driving so slow, officer. I was looking for My penis.

My penis gets excited whenever the mailman comes.

Sorry to be driving so fast, officer. I have to take My penis to the hospital.

Oh, no! Something bit My penis!

Redneck Vasectomy

After having their 11th child, a Norfolk couple decided that was enough, as they could not afford a larger bed. So the husband went to his veterinarian and told him that he and his cousin didn't want to have any more children.

The doctor told him that there was a procedure called a vasectomy that could fix the problem but that it was expensive. A less costly alternative, said the doctor, was to go home, get a cherry bomb (fireworks are legal in Norfolk), light it, put it in a beer can, then hold the can up to his ear and count to 10.

The Norfolkia said to the doctor, "I may not be the smartest man in the world, but I don't see how puttin' a cherry bomb in a beer can next to my ear is gonna help me."

"Trust me," said the doctor.

So the man went home, lit a cherry bomb and put it in a beer can. He held it up to his ear and began to count: "1, 2, 3, 4, 5," at which point he paused, placed the beer can between his legs, so he could resume counting on his other hand.

This procedure also works in Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma and sometimes in West Virginia.

What do rednecks do for Halloween? Pump kin.

A visiting professor at the University of Norwich is giving a seminar on the supernatural. To get a feel for his audience, he asks: "How many people here believe in ghosts?" About 90 students raise their hands. "Well that's a good start. Out of those of you who believe in ghosts, do any of you think you've ever seen a ghost?" About 40 students raise their hands. "That's really good. I'm really glad you take this seriously. Has anyone here ever talked to a ghost?" 15 students raise their hands. "That's a great response. Has anyone here ever touched a ghost?" 3 students raise their hands. "That's fantastic. But let me ask you one question further... Have any of you ever made love to a ghost?" One student in the back raises his hand. The professor is astonished. He takes off glasses, takes a step back, and says, "Son, all the years I've been giving this lecture, no one has ever claimed to have slept with a ghost. You've got to come up here and tell us about your experience."

The redneck student (remember, this is Norfolk) replies with a nod and begins to make his way up to the podium.

The professor says, "Well, tell us what it's like to have sex with a Ghost."

The student replies, "Ghost?!? I thought you said 'goats'."

A Norfolk family from the sticks were visiting the city and they were in a mall for the first time in their life. The father and son were strolling around while the wife shopped. They were amazed by almost everything they saw, but especially by two shiny, silver walls that could move apart and then slide back together again.

The boy asked, "Paw, What's 'at?"

The father (never having seen an elevator) responded, "Son, I dunno. I ain't never seen anything like that in my entire life, I ain't got no idea'r what it is." While the boy and his father were watching with amazement, a fat old lady in a wheel chair rolled up to the moving walls and pressed a button. The walls opened and the lady rolled between them into a small room.

The walls closed and the boy and his father watched the small circular numbers above the walls light up sequentially. They continued to watch until it reached the last number and then the numbers began to light in the reverse order. Then the walls opened up again and a gorgeous, voluptuous 24-year-old blonde woman stepped out.

The father, not taking his eyes off the young woman, said quietly to his Son, "Boy, go git yo Mumma.... "

Norfolk Family Tree

Smile !! =)




Many many years ago when I was twenty three,
I got married to a widow who was pretty as could be.
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her, and soon the two were wed.
This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life.
My daughter was my mother, for she was my father's wife.
To complicate the matters worse, although it brought me joy.
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.
My little baby then became a brother-in-law to dad.
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad.
For if he was my uncle, then that also made him brother
To the widow's grown-up daughter who, of course, was my
stepmother.
Father's wife then had a son, who kept them on the run.
And he became my grandson, for he was my daughter's son.
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue.
Because, although she is my wife, she's my grandma too.
If my wife is my grandmother, then I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it, it simply drives me wild.
For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw.
As the husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa!!

WHEN ORDERING YOUR DRINKS

1. Please remember to order your drinks one at a time as we like to run backwards and forwards to keep us fit.
2. When ordering a round please make sure you don't know what you want when you arrive at the bar. We like to stand and wait while you nip forwards and backwards or shout across the room to find out, although we do generally find that the other people at the bar have been waiting 'half an hour' (see below) and may start moaning, not your problem.
3. Once you have ordered two drinks take them back to your table and stay for a quick chat before coming back to pay. We will still be waiting as we aren't going anywhere and we appreciate the rest.
4. Please order Guinness last. We really want you to stand at the bar with your other drinks while it settles and we especially pleased when we forget about it and are reminded to top it up.
5. Never put money in our hands as we like to pick it up off the bar, especially if it's all in change and in a puddle of beer.
6. Never say please or thank you it only irritates us.
7. Always wait until we tell you how much your round is before asking for crisps, snacks etc. When requesting crisps always ask what our full assortment of flavours are before asking for plain, it helps us learn the stock.
8. When ordering a drink for 'Tom or Jim' don't tell us what they have ordered. Just point them out to us and we will guess what they want. This game is so much fun and we love it when we get the answer right.
9. If you have been waiting at the bar for more than two minutes then please heckle us and tell us you have been waiting for half an hour. It keeps us on our toes as we have no concept of time.
10. Can we remind you that the bell is just to make sure you are awake? We don't want you to come to the bar until two minutes past eleven when we have removed the till draw and switched off the lights.
11. If on arriving at the bar there is somebody waiting before you, shout up before them. We like to be abused by people who think they have been served out of turn and it is usually our own fault. We have the ability to keep track of people as they arrive at the bar particularly on busy nights, so why not use it.
12. If not 'of the faith' when spotting the water jug on the bar please shout "What's that, holy water?" Although we have heard this a million times we never cease to find it amusing.

THANK YOU!!

<p>READING SINGLES BAR BODY LANGUAGE</p> <p>Lesson no 3: HOW TO TELL WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY HER ANY MORE DRINKS....</p> 	<p>A timid little man ventured into a biker bar in the Bronx and, clearing his throat, asked, "Um, err, which of you gentlemen owns the Doberman tied outside to the parking meter?"</p> <p>A giant of a man wearing biker leathers with his body hair growing out of the seams turned slowly on his stool. He looked down at the quivering little man and said, "It's my dog. Why?"</p> <p>"Well," squeaked the little man, very nervous, "I believe my dog just killed it, sir."</p> <p>"What?" roared the big man in disbelief. "What in the hell kind of dog do you have?"</p> <p>"Sir," answered the little man, "It's a four-week-old puppy."</p> <p>"Bull!" roared the biker, "How could your puppy kill my Doberman?"</p> <p>"It appears that he choked on it, sir."</p> <p>A chap goes into a pub with his wife and mother-in-law. He asks the barman for two halves of cider and a Paul Daniels for the mother-in-law. The barman asks him if he means a Jack Daniels as Paul Daniels is a magician. The man replies that he wants the mother-in-law to disappear!</p>
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On a walking holiday a man ends up at a pub deep in the broads. As he walks in a silence falls over the bar.

After he asks for a pint the landlord says: "Not from around here, are you?"

The man replies that he isn't and that he is on holiday from London. The landlord asks him what he does in the big city and the man replies that he is a taxidermist. "What the hell is that?" asks the landlord to which the man replies that he stuffs and mounts animals. The landlord turns to the regulars and exclaims "It's OK, lads - he's one of us."

A Somalian arrives in Leicester as a new immigrant to the United Kingdom. He stops the first person he sees walking down the street and says, "Thank you Mr Englishman for letting me in this country!"

But the passer-by says "You are mistaken, I am a Pakistani".

The man goes on and encounters another passer-by. "Thank you for having such a beautiful country here in Britain!"

The person says "I no Blitish. I flom Hong Kong.

The new arrival walks further, and the next person he sees he stops, shakes his hand and says "Thank you for the wonderful Britain!"

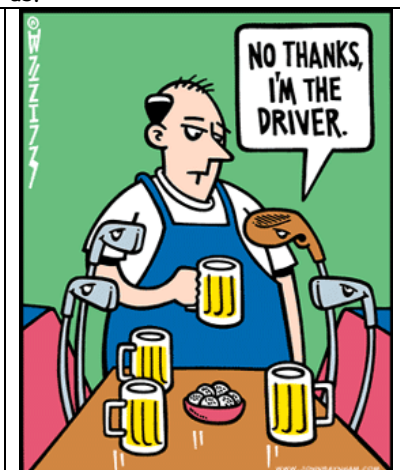
That person puts up his hand and says "I am from Iran, I am not British!"

He finally sees a nice lady and asks suspiciously, "Are you a British citizen?"

She says, "No, I am from Romania!"

So he is puzzled, and asks her, "Where are all the British?"

The Romanian lady looks at her watch, shrugs, and says... "Probably at work."



BACKSIDE OF THE TRASH – WOO HOO. LOOK AT THIS LOT!



A physician claimed that the following are actual comments made by his patients (predominately male) while he was performing their colonoscopies:

1. "Take it easy, Doc. You're boldly going where no man has gone before!"
2. "Find Amelia Earhart yet?"
3. "Can you hear me NOW?"
4. "Are we there yet? Are we there yet? Are we there yet?"
5. "You know, in Arkansas, we're now legally married."
6. "Any sign of the trapped miners, Chief?"
7. "You put your left hand in, you take your left hand out..."
8. "Hey! Now I know how a Muppet feels!"
9. "If your hand doesn't fit, you must quit!"
10. "Hey Doc, let me know if you find my dignity."
11. "You used to be an executive at Enron, didn't you?"
12. "God, Now I know why I am not gay."
And the best one of them all...
13. "Could you write a note for my wife saying that my head is not up there."

A bloke is in a queue at the Super Market when he notices that the rather dishy blonde behind him has just raised her hand and smiled hello to him. He is rather taken aback that such a looker would be waving to him, and although familiar he can't place where he might know her from, so he says "Sorry, do you know me?"

She replies "I maybe mistaken, but I thought you might be the father of one of my children!"

His mind shoots back to the one and only time he has been unfaithful, "Oh no" he says "are you that stripogram on my stag night that I shagged on the snooker table in front of all my mates whilst your mate whipped me with some wet celery. "No" she replies, "I'm your son's English Teacher"

A Polish immigrant goes to the DVLC to apply for a driving license. He has to take an eye sight test. The clerk shows him a card with the letters: C Z W I Z N O S T A C Z

"Can you read this?" asks the optician.

"Can I read it?" the Polish guy replies, "I know the guy."

A world renowned expert in the sounds of European wasps is walking down the High Street one day when he spots an advert in his local record shop for "Wasp sounds from around the globe". On further enquiry he discovers that a vinyl recording of this subject has just been released and a few copies are available in store there and then. Naturally, being a world renowned expert in the sounds of European wasps he is curious and asks the young chap behind the counter if he can have a listen to "Wasp sounds from around the globe". A few seconds later the world renowned expert in the sounds of European wasps is standing at one of those little sound stations with his headphones on and a puzzled expression on his face. He removes the headphones, walks back to the counter and catches the young sales person's attention. "Excuse me" he says, "I'm a world renowned expert in the sounds of European wasps and I've just been listening to "Wasp sounds from around the globe", and I must say, there appears to be some mistake. Those are no wasp sounds with which I am familiar".

The young man dutifully checks the recording in question and assures the world renowned expert in the sounds of European wasps that he is indeed listening to "Wasp sounds from around the globe". Puzzled, the world renowned expert in the sounds of European wasps returns to the headphones and once again begins to listen. After a few seconds he once again returns to the counter and accosts the young fellow there. "Excuse me" he says, "As I mentioned before, I am a world renowned expert in the sounds of European wasps and I've just been listening to "Wasp sounds from around the globe" and I have to say again, those are no wasp sounds with which I am familiar. Are you certain I have been listening to the correct recording?"

Slightly exasperated by now, the young man checks the disc currently playing and with a slightly sheepish grin confesses: .
"Sorry Sir, I seem to have played you the Bee side".