



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

Runs/trash #118 March 2007

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

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

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

Date	#No.	On On	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
5th March 2007	1498	The Dolphin, Haywards Heath	326 240	Rik & Louis	
<i>Directions:</i> Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next roundabout and right again at next. Pub on left after 1 km. Est. 20 mins.					
12th March 2007	1499	Red Lion, Shoreham-by-Sea	208 059	Bouncer	01273 441611
<i>Directions:</i> A27 to Shoreham flyover. A283 into Shoreham. Left at next roundabout & 1st left for pub car park. 10 mins.					

19th March 2007	1500	The Castle Hotel, Bramber	188 107	Don	01273 385637
<i>Directions:</i> A27 to Shoreham; A283 north then right on to A2037 at next roundabout. Straight on at next roundabout and pub is over bridge on left hand side. Est. 20 mins. HASH PARTY TIME - CELEBRATION CURRY, REGISTER NOW!!					

26th March 2007	1501	The Ark, West Quay, Newhaven	448 005	Mudlarks	01273 271441
<i>Directions:</i> A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. Turn right over bridge and left for Marina. 25 mins.					
2nd April 2007	1502	Railway Tavern, Henfield	205 163	Cardinal Hugh	01273 494200
<i>Directions:</i> A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout then just past a set of pedestrian lights turn left into Church Street. Pub is on right approx. 1km. Est. 20 mins.					

RECEDING HARELINE:

9th April 2007 Easter Monday double:

1400 hours - Henfield H3 White Hart, Henfield. On On to Stan's BBQ

1930 hours - BH7 R*n 1503 - Blackboys Inn - Ivan & Mike [Ivans 40th]

19th May 2007 Saturday - ANNUAL HASH RELAY

28th May 2007 R*n 1510 - Anybody's 60th

2nd July 2007 R*n 1515 - Bouncer Malibogs return, Littlehampton

HASHING

Hashing is infectious; you catch it like the flu,

When someone hashed by me today, I started hashing too

I passed around the corner and someone saw me r*n

When he started hashing, I knew I'd passed on all the fun.

I thought about the hash then I realized its worth,

A single hasher, just like me could hash all round the earth.

So, if you feel like hashing, don't leave it undetected

Let's start an epidemic quick, and get the world infected!

Errata: it seems the word hash has replaced the word smile in this article.

However, the outcome seems to be the same and no-one noticed anyway.

Excited? See inside for lots more stuff about hash and hashing!



The bit that apparently some people do read after all (to the Editors very great surprise and amusement!)

Lively debate followed publication of the last trash with particular regard to the suggestion to combine the annual hash relay with a celebration to mark the chapters 1500th run! For the relay the status quo was preferred and, without wishing to appear to be jumping the gun, a return to the curry house in Lewes that saw our custom post relay a couple of years ago was proposed. This to follow thirstquenchers in the pub next door that used to be called what it is again now (which momentarily eludes me...), but in between was the White Star. To be confirmed so watch this space!

As to the 1500th celebration, a possible bash in June was suggested and hasn't been entirely ruled out! This means that all the good intentions your editor had of pulling together for the trash a number of the more amusing stories from our hashtory to mark the occasion (which he has singularly failed to do), can still be put back long after the run itself! Again watch this space for info.

Meanwhile, Don has been working really hard on pulling together the fun for the 1500th run itself, on March 19th, as well as designing and sorting out a celebration shirt. Fine tuning is still very much in progress but the basic evening will be panning out roughly as follows:

7.30pm Meet at Bramber village car park for one of the hares usual high quality meanderings

9.00pm Return for appreciation of the ale in the Castle Hotel opposite

10.00pm Gathering at the Maharajahaha next door for buffet style curry complete with all the usual sides to be washed down with Harveys

12.00am Carriages for the nobbs, while the rest of us piss of home

For obvious catering reasons please register your attendance as soon as humanly possible to Don.

ON ON Bouncer

Hello Hashers and Friends,

Four of us are planning a **SCHOOL DISCO NIGHT** for Friday March 30th for adults at the **Henfield Leisure Centre**. It's part of our FUNdraising campaign to help us meet our sponsorship target for The Race the Sun Challenge which we are (stupidly) doing in September!! (50 mile cycle, climb up & down one of England's highest mountains then canoe on Lake Thirlmere!!)

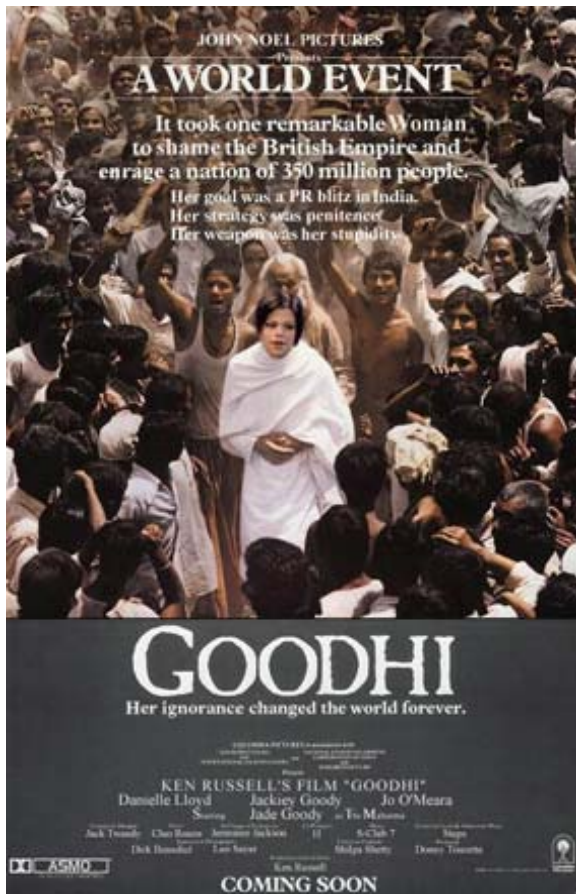
Please come along to the school gates for 8.30pm, enjoy some tuck shop food, music in the playground and dare you go behind the bike shed? Tickets are £10 pp and are available from the Sports Centre or you can ring Kay on 07813 116 884 or Liz on 01903 813864

Please invite other friends and family and if any of you can or wish to sell more tickets please get in touch.

Finally if you would like to sponsor us in our quest to raise £1800 for Action Medical Research do look at the following link: <http://www.action.org.uk/~HenfieldHopefuls>

Try to make the SCHOOL DISCO later this month - uniform encouraged!!

Kay Liz Roger and Rose - The Henfield Hopefuls!!



Hash Commandments from Hash Bible

- 1/ Thou shalt hold no other before the Hash.
- 2/ Thou shalt not expectorate, urinate, defecate, masturbate nor fornicate on the holy Hash trail.
- 3/ Thou shalt not take the Hash Name of a hasher in vain, for the RA will not hold a hasher guiltless that taketh a Hasher's name in vain.
- 4/ Remember the Hash day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Hash: in it shalt thou do no work, thou, not thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, not thy maidservant, not thy cattle, not thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days did Gispert toil, yet ran Hash on the seventh: wherefore he blessed the Hash day, and hallowed it for all others.
- 5/ Honour thy Religious Advisor and the Pack that thy days without Down-Downs may be many.
- 6/ Thou shalt not bear false witness against another hasher.
- 7/ Thou shalt not cause others to be Dead On Trail by setting a poor trail nor removing Hash.
- 8/ Thou shalt not steal thy fellow hasher's banner, nor his bugle, nor his hashit; nor shalt thou short the Hash Cash nor filch the Beer, for the holy water must be replenished and the Hash must never run out of Beer.
- 9/ Thou shalt not make any graven Hash Mark, nor Beer Near, nor any other offensive mark that unfairly impedes the Pack from its pursuit of the On In and Beer.
- 10/ Thou shalt not covet thy fellow hasher's bugle, not his whistle, not his mug, nor his bottle-opener, nor his wife, nor his mistress, nor shalt thou mention his position nor his job nor his place of work.

Ideal Home exhibition

Web goes down the toilet - An internet toilet roll browser and a net-enabled chopping board are among cutting edge designs at the Ideal Home Show. The show, which runs at London's Earls Court exhibition centre until 6 April, is home to a variety of strange gadgets. Brunel University design graduates came up with five of the 15 products showcased in the Future Concepts gallery.

Design graduate Andrew Cubitt has taken the humble toilet roll and turned it into a hi-tech news and information service. A unit installed in front of a toilet on the cubicle wall provides up-to-the-minute information on products, stocks and shares and lottery results. People can even print off the information on a standard toilet roll.

Net on the chopping block - Although many products profess to be embedded internet devices, they are often little more than PCs packaged in other cases, such as a fridge door. Brunel graduate Charly Ingrey-Senn hopes his internet-enabled cutting board will be different. It contains a microprocessor-controlled system capable of browsing the web. It can download recipes and display them on a screen within the board itself providing inspiration for even the most uncreative cook.

For sun worshippers, there is the solar-powered sun lounger, designed by Damian Poole. It rotates in unison with the movement of the sun providing people with the much-sought after perfect all-over tan.

Lapping up beer

Wednesday January 24, 06:25 PM

A pet shop owner in a southern Netherlands town has invented a beer for dogs. Kwispelbier - Kwispel is the Dutch word for wagging a tail - is made from beef extract and malt. Terrie Berenden, from Zelhem, said: "Once a year we go to Austria to hunt with our dogs, and at the end of the day we sit on the veranda and drink a beer. So we thought, my dog also has earned it," she said.

Japan liquor shop churns out beer from milk

Tuesday February 13, 08:58 AM

TOKYO (Reuters) - Great news for beer and milk lovers: A liquor shop owner in Japan's largest dairy farming region has stopped crying about local spilt milk and started making beer from it instead. "We came up with the idea after hearing about surplus milk," said Chitoshi Nakahara, head of the Nakahara liquor shop on the northernmost island of Hokkaido. Milk consumption has been declining steadily in Japan, and Hokkaido disposed of nearly 900 tonnes of milk last March due to over-production, according to the Japan Dairy Association. Nakahara's new brew, "Bilk" -- a combination of "milk" and "beer" - is about 30 percent milk. It also contains hops, and the production process does not differ much from that of regular beer, he said. His shop started selling Bilk, which apart from a slight milky scent looks and tastes like ordinary beer, on February 1 after spending about six months developing the product with a local brewer. Bilk is only available at six local shops or by mail order, but Nakahara is currently out of stock due to heavy media attention. Don't worry if you can't get hold of any, though: Nakahara also sells beer brewed from another major Hokkaido product -- potatoes.



Here are some alternative "out of office" messages:

1. I am currently out at a job interview and will reply to you if I fail to get the position. Be prepared for my mood.
 2. You are receiving this automatic notification because I am out of the office. If I was in, chances are you wouldn't have received anything at all.
 3. I will be unable to delete all the unread, worthless emails you send me until I return from holiday on 4 April. Please be patient and your mail will be deleted in the order it was received.
 4. Thank you for your email. Your credit card has been charged £5.99 for the first ten words and £1.99 for each additional word in your message.
 5. The e-mail server is unable to verify your server connection and is unable to deliver this message. Please restart your computer and try sending again. (The beauty of this is that when you return, you can see how many in-duh-viduals did this over and over).
 6. Thank you for your message, which has been added to a queuing system.. You are currently in 352nd place, and can expect to receive a reply in approximately 19 weeks.
 7. I've run away to join a different circus.
 8. Hi. I'm thinking about what you've just sent me. Please wait by your PC for my response.
 9. Sorry to have missed you but I am at the doctors having my brain removed so that I may be promoted to management.
 10. Please reply to this e-mail so I will know that you got this message. I am on holiday. Your e-mail has been deleted.
 11. I will be out of the office for the next 2 weeks for medical reasons.. When I return, please refer to me as ' Margaret ' instead of 'Stuart'
- Thanks and Best Regards



Retirees got it tough

Share this to all the retirees that you know. And if you have not retired yet, something to look forward to.

Question: How many days in a week? Answer: 6 Saturdays, 1 Sunday

Question: When is a retiree's bedtime? Answer: Three hours after he falls asleep on the couch.

Question: How many retirees to change a light bulb? Answer: Only one, but it might take all day.

Question: What's the biggest gripe of retirees? Answer: There is not enough time to get everything done.



Question: Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors? Answer: The term comes with a 10% discount.

Question: Among retirees, What is considered formal attire? Answer: Tied shoes.

Question: Why do retirees count pennies? Answer: They are the only ones who have the time.

Question: What is the common term for someone who enjoys work and refuses to retire? Answer: NUTS

Question: Why are retirees so slow to clean out the basement, attic or garage? Answer: They know that as soon as they do, one of their adult kids will want to store stuff there.

Question: What do retirees call a long lunch? Answer: Normal.

Question: What is the best way to describe retirement? Answer: The never ending Coffee Break.

Question: What's the biggest advantage of going back to school as a retiree? Answer: If you cut classes, no one calls your parents.

Question: Why does a retiree often say he doesn't miss work, but misses the people he used to work with? Answer: He is too polite to tell the whole truth.

MY FAVORITE ONE:

Question: What do you do all week? Answer: Monday to Friday NOTHING, Saturday to Sunday I REST.

A South American scientist from Argentina, after a lengthy study, has discovered that people with very low intellect read their e-mails with their hand on the mouse.

Don't bother taking it off now. It's too late.

THE CUNNING LINGUIST



READ THE INSTRUCTIONS VERY CAREFULLY

If you are sitting next to someone or irritates you on a plane or train....

1. Quietly and calmly open up your laptop case.
2. Remove your laptop.
3. Boot it.
4. Make sure the guy who won't leave you alone can see the screen.
5. Open your email client to this message.
6. Close your eyes and tilt your head up to the sky.
7. Then hit this link:

<http://www.thecleverest.com/countdown.swf>

PRAISE FOR THE BOGGY SHOE FROM 2006:

JANUARY TRASH:

I've been drunk for a week. I thought it might sober me up to read the Brighton Trash, it didn't! *Bunter, BH7 (retired)*

FEBRUARY TRASH:

This is not a newsletter to be tossed aside lightly. It should be thrown with great force.....*Greyhound Niel, Kabul H3*

MARCH TRASH:

It is pretentious gibberish, without any claim to importance whatsoever. It is nothing but phony surrealism with occasional references to running and mankind. It has no form, no basic philosophy and absolutely no lucidity. It's too conscious to be written off as mad. It's just a waste of everybody's time and it made me ashamed to think that such balls could be taken seriously for a moment.....*Local Knowledge, Barnstaple H3*

APRIL TRASH:

This publication known as the Hash Trash is a weapon of Western psychological war aimed at infecting part of our population with a new philosophical outlook of inhumanity in order to prepare for war...*President Kim, North Korea*

MAY TRASH:

Unnatural, immoral, morbid and unwholesome. I think it's time there was an innovation to protect the public from the vagaries of this magazine. Given a good narrative you could put a blue-arsed baboon as the principal editor and get what is known as a decent publication.....*Wiggy, Craft Club Hash*

JUNE TRASH:

This edition of the Trash is not merely awful, I would consider it sacrilegious to say anything less than it is godawful. It is so unbelievably horrible, so appealingly unknowledgeable, so dogmatically insensitive to the magic of the published art that it should qualify as the crowned head of anti-literature, even as the impostor popes went down in history as 'antipopes'.....*Benny Dickhead, Vatican H3*

JULY TRASH:

Of all the bête, clumsy blundering boggling baboon-blooded stuff I have ever read, this latest eight pages of gibberish beat – as so far as the narratives and anecdotes went – and of all the affected sapless soulless beginningless endless topless bottomless topsiturviest scannelpiaviest doggerel of words I ever endured the deadlines of, that eternity of nothing was the deadliest as far as its expression went.....*anon*

AUGUST TRASH:

Hopeless and indefensible photographic studies of vive and morbidity. Garbage and offal. It is but a form of Sadism where amorous excitement assumes the form of mad delirium that in sexual transport become like wild beasts. To suffer from erotic madness which leads course nature to lust and inspires higher degeneration.....*President Bush*

SEPTEMBER TRASH:

A bad escape of moral sewer gas. Repulsive degrading foul and filthy. Offensive, contemptible, abominable..It is but an open drain; a loathsome sore unbandaged.....*Undone BH7*

OCTOBER TRASH:

The Brighton Trash is about the origins and effects of alcohol. The subject it treats is shocking but central to the world we live in. It addressed the subject without passion or wit and is an immoral and uncompassionate publication.

What have we done to deserve this.....*Kalbo, Kimbe H3*

NOVEMBER TRASH:

It is a vulgar and barbarous publication, a dramatized stench which would not be tolerated by the vilest populace of France or Italy. One would imagine this newsletter to be the work of drunken savages.....*Tony Bliar, LonH3*

DECEMBER TRASH:

I liked page three.....*The Cardinal*

(Christ there's always a stinker in every crowd...ed)

MOTHERS DAY – 18th March – It ain't always good advice!



GONNA BE A BEAR

In this life I'm a woman. In my next life, I'd like to come back as a bear. When you're a bear, you get to hibernate. You do nothing but sleep for six months. I could deal with that.

Before you hibernate, you're supposed to eat yourself stupid. I could deal with that too.

When you're a girl bear, you birth your children (who are the size of walnuts) while you're sleeping and wake to partially grown, cute, cuddly cubs. I could definitely deal with that.

If you're mama bear, everyone knows you mean business. You swat anyone who bothers your cubs. If your cubs get out of line, you swat them too. I could deal with that.

If you're a bear, your mate EXPECTS you to wake up growling. He EXPECTS that you will have hairy legs and excess body fat.

Yup, gonna be a bear!

Kicking one! A child's mind.. such a wonderful thing.....

A little boy comes down to breakfast. Since they live on a farm, his mother asks if he had done his chores. "Not yet," said the little boy. His mother tells him he can't have any breakfast until he does his chores. Well, he's a little ticked off, so he goes to feed the chickens, and kicks a chicken. He goes to feed the cows, and he kicks a cow. He goes to feed the pigs, and he kicks a pig. He goes back in for breakfast and his mother gives him a bowl of dry cereal. "How come I don't get any eggs and bacon? Why don't I have milk in my cereal?" he asks. "Well," his mother says, "I saw you kick the chicken, so you don't get any eggs for a week. I saw you kick the pig, so you don't get any bacon, for a week either. I also saw you kick the cow, so, for a week you aren't getting any milk." Just then, his father comes down for breakfast and kicks the pussycat as he's walking into the kitchen. The little boy looks up at his mother with a smile, and says, "Are you going to tell him, or should I?"

Who'd be a dentist?

A little boy goes shopping with his mother and is waiting right outside of the ladies dressing room for his Mum to come out. While waiting the little boy gets bored and just when his Mum comes walking out, she sees her son sliding his hand up a mannequin's skirt. "Get your hand out of there!" she shouts. "Don't you know that women have teeth down there?" The little boy quickly snatches his hand away and thanks his lucky stars he didn't get bitten. For the next ten years, this little boy grows up believing all women have teeth between their legs. When he's 16, he gets a girlfriend. One night, while her parents are out of town, she invites him over for a little action. After an hour of making out and grinding on the sofa, she says, "You know, you could go a little further if you want."

"What do you mean?" he asks.

"Well, why don't you put your hand down there?" she says, pointing to her crotch.

"HELL NO!" he cries, "you've got teeth down there!"

"Don't be ridiculous," she responds, "there's no such thing as teeth down there!"

"Yes there are," he says, "my Mum told me so."

"No there aren't," she insists. "Here, look for yourself."

With that, she pulls down her pants and gives him a little peek. "No I'm sorry" he says. "My Mum already told me that ALL women have teeth down there."

"Oh for crying out loud!" she cries. She whips off her panties, throws her legs behind her head and says, "LOOK, I DON'T have any teeth down there."

The boy takes a good long look and replies, "Well, after seeing the condition of those gums, I'm not surprised!"

Ali G's Driving Tips

I as been driving since I was 12, but recently me decided to get a real driving liscence. However, when I went for a lesson, this ponce sat in me car and tried to make me drive like a batty man. Don't worrie, I gave im a one inch punch like Bruse Lee, but because of this, I as decided to pass on me driving knowlage to all ya massive for free. Read through me tips and than you is ready for even long trips (like down to McDonalds). Wicked.

Tip 1 - Make sure your car is safe.

You is gonna lose marks if ya car is a wreck. May I suggest you get an MOT first (me mate Dave will sell ya one for 20 squids - just tell im Ali said). Also, make sure all 8 of ya speakers is workin' at there best (be carefull that the clutch pedel don't damage that 20" bass bin). Tinted windows and UV lights may also win you marks wid de instructor.

Tip 2 - Make sure its safe for you to drive.

Its a well known fact that if you is a woman (thats 1 in 2 people in the UK), you will not be able to drive. Batty men shouldn't drive either.

Tip 3 - Drinking and Driving.

You should never drink drive (not even if its rainin'). You could 'it a bump an' spill ya drink - Aye. No, me is messin', don't do it.

Tip 4 - Listen for your Instructor.

If you can hear your instructor shouting at you, then your music aint loud enough you is probably listening to the wrong music, may I suggest Drum and Bass.

Tip 5 - Use the proper equipment.

When your instructor asks you to start the car, remember that you is supposed to use the proper key, not a screwdriver.

Tip 6 - Changing Gears.

This is an important part of drivin' and I hope you is payin' attention. There are two main gears you will use, thats 4 and 5. I suggest using 5th in residential areas, and 4th if you is driving on a field or somthin'.

Tip 7 - Breaking and Corners.

Breaking and corners 'ave alot in common. You need to be usin' the handbreak for both.

Tip 8 - Correct Signalling.

Remember that the horn and headlights aint just for gettin' the attention of that biatch wid de short skirt. They is best used to cuss other drivers if they is goin' too slow (ie 90 mph).

Tip 9 - Advanced warning signs and Speed limits.

I aint sure what these things are. You can make about £30 stealing them though. AYE!

Tip 10 - Dat's it, you is now a safe driver.

You will be able to spend hours sat in the carpark at MFI wid da Drum and Bass pumpin out.

Keep it safe, keep it real... respect.
Wicked!



THE

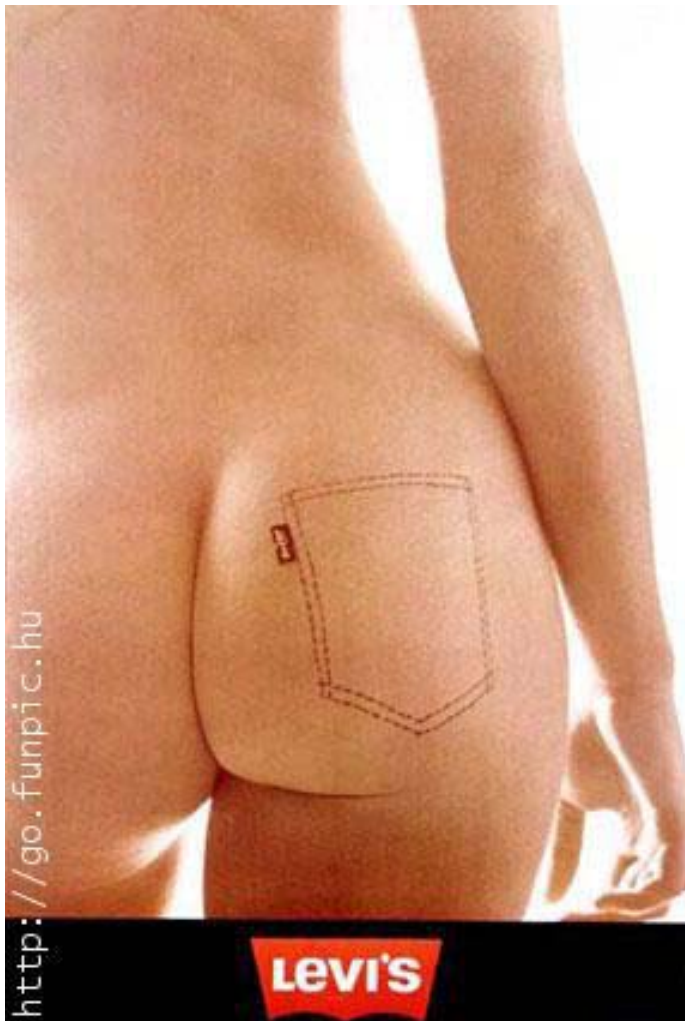


END

Grown-up words

A group of kindergartners were now in the first grade. Their teacher wanted them to be more grown up since they were no longer in kindergarten. She told them to use grown up words instead of baby words. She then asked them to tell her what they did during the summer. The first little one said he went to see his Nana. The teacher said, "No, No, you went to see your grandmother. Use the grown up word." The next little one said she went for a trip on a choo-choo train. The teacher again said, "No, No, you went on a trip on a train. That's the grown up word."

Then the teacher asked the third little one what he did during the summer. He proudly stated that he read a book. The teacher asked what book he had read. He puffed out his chest and in a very adult way replied, "Winnie the shit!"



A typical English 20 something, having split from his latest girlfriend, decided to take a vacation. He booked himself on a Caribbean cruise and proceeded to have the time of his life, that is, until the ship sank.

He found himself on an island with no other people, no supplies, nothing; only bananas and coconuts. After about four months, he is lying on the beach one day when the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen rows up to the shore. In disbelief, he asks, "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

She replies, "I rowed from the other side of the island. I landed here when my cruise ship sank."

"Amazing," he notes. "You were really lucky to have a row boat wash up with you." "Oh, this thing?" explains the woman. "I made the boat out of raw material I found on the island. The oars were whittled from gum tree branches. I wove the bottom from palm branches, and the sides and stern came from a Eucalyptus tree."

"But, where did you get the tools?" "Oh, that was no problem," replied the woman. "On the south side of the island, a very unusual stratum of alluvial rock is exposed. I found if I fired it to a certain temperature in my kiln, it melted into ductile iron. I used that for tools and used the tools to make the hardware."

The guy is stunned. "Let's row over to my place," she says. After a few minutes of rowing, she docks the boat at a small wharf. As the man looks to shore, he nearly falls off the boat. Before him is a stone walk leading to an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white.

While the woman ties up the rowboat with an expertly woven hemp rope, the man can only stare ahead, dumb struck. As

they walk into the house, she says casually, "It's not much but I call it home. Sit down, please. Would you like a drink?"

"No! No thank you," he blurts out, still dazed. "I can't take another drop of coconut juice." "It's not coconut juice," winks the woman. "I have a still. How would you like a Pina Colada?"

Trying to hide his continued amazement, the man accepts, and they sit down on her couch to talk. After they have exchanged their stories, the woman announces, "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable. Would you like to take a shower and shave? There is a razor upstairs in the bathroom cabinet." No longer questioning anything, the man goes into the bathroom. There, in the cabinet, a razor made from a piece of tortoise bone. Two shells honed to a hollow ground edge are fastened on to its end inside a swivel mechanism. "This woman is amazing," he muses. "What next?"

When he returns, she greets him wearing nothing but vines, strategically positioned, and smelling faintly of gardenias. She beckons for him to sit down next to her. "Tell me," she begins suggestively, sliding closer to him, "We've been out here for many months. You've been lonely. There's something I'm sure you really feel like doing right now, something you've been longing for?" She stares into his eyes.

He can't believe what he's hearing. "You mean" he swallows excitedly and tears start to form in his eyes. "Don't tell me you've got Sky Sports as well!"