



BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R*ns/trash #124 September 2007*

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

All r*ns 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
3rd September 2007	1524	Laughing Fish, Isfield	452 173	Spreadsheet Dave
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.				
10th September 2007	1525	White Hart, Stopham Bridge	031 184	Theresa
Directions: Take A27 west to A24. North to Washington then take A283 through Storrington & Pulborough. Cross A29 and after going under a railway bridge pub is ¾ mile on left. Est. 40 minutes.				
17th September 2007	1526	Roebuck, Laughton	500 132	Don
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left on A26 at 2nd roundabout through tunnel, right then right again on B2192 through Ringmer. Right again on B2124 and pub on left approx. 2.5 miles. Est 25 mins.				
24th September 2007	1527	New Moon, Storrington	087 143	Wiggy & Bouncer
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on High Street. Est 25 mins.				
1st October 2007	1528	Marquis of Granby, Sompting	162 053	Pat Morfitt
Directions: A27 west through tunnel. Straight on at traffic lights, across roundabout at North Lancing to next lights. Straight on again and after houses end take next left. Pub on right, parking limited. Est. 20 mins.				

URGENT!!!

29th to 30th September 2007

MONTREUIL-SUR-MER

The 11th, 12th or 13th BARMY Hash

RECEDING HARELINE:

8th October 2007 - The Old Oak,
Arlington. Pete Beard

15th October 2007 - The Eagle,
Tarrant Street, Arundel. George

22nd October 2007 - The Dyke Tavern,
Devils Dyke. Charlie

Thought for the day:

In beer we trust...

... whenever we play hash.



It's a delicacy Ethel, and besides, I was reading on the interweb how we all gotta help do somethin' bout this noo Carbon foot problem.

TRASH WAFFLE:

So for ages I've been wondering what all this stuff about carbon footprints (the latest London buzzphrase to find it's way to the suburbs through the meeja) was about. Then I saw the pictures and light dawned, it's obvious! Hashing of course! Haven't we been using that l'il ole picture of feet for ever and a bit? Suddenly hash feet are fashionable, not just on hashers but all over the place. I inevitably my warped mind started to plan and plot how to incorporate this new found knowledge into the trash. That's where I ran into problems and discovered it's basically a one-line joke. Bugger. Still got 6¾ pages to fill. How on earth could I make this article bigger? Appliances? An interesting possibility but nah. Crap idea all along. We all know what it's about so time to bale out and crack on with the trash...

BOUNCER



URGENT 29th -30th September - Niel is not able to join us much since his move to Devon but has once again offered his French pad as a base for the annual Montreuil hash. Always a great weekend usual format is meet at Niels on the Saturday for a typical French buffet lunch. Hash around 4 ish, back to Niels for some funny French lagers. To hotels etc. to get ready for slap-up meal and lots more beers, wine, Calvados or all three (Mr. Evans), at one of the local establishments. Sunday hangover run round the ramparts, relaxing café lunch then clear off back to Blighty. Names to Don as soon as please!



Green Rap - *Rapped to 'In the Hall of the Mountain King'*

I wouldn't say we were rich but my hubby's well paid
And I've bought a lot of things with the money he's made
When I haven't got cash then I pay on HP
And everyone I know is doing just like me
Decking out the kitchen, all mod cons
And I'll pay it off if I win the premium bonds
Oh you'd be amazed at the time I save
With the fridge and the freezer and the microwave
I've instant this and I've instant that
Artificial cream substitute, look less fat
A deep fat cooker ooh it makes great chips
But why do they always go straight to me hips
There's a thick and thin toaster, eye level grill
And you should see the size of me electric bill
An electric coffee mill, electric knife
It really is a hectic electric life
A self cleaning oven with a halogen hob
And it's all guaranteed to get the goodies down the gob
With maximum convenience, minimum fuss
And the food processor's an additional plus
And the waste disposal is beyond compare
But I can't help feeling something's missing somewhere,
No I can't feeling something's missing somewhere, somewhere,
somewhere..The place, the place, the place where we live
is an executive estate
It's a period residence very up-to-date
With it's Georgian columns and its olde world charm
We've even got a Georgian burglar alarm
And the rest of the estate is as jealous as jade
At the home improvements me husbands made
But I don't like to judge and I'm slow to condemn
And that's why I think I'm better than them
No there's nothing wrong nowadays wanting to be rich
But try telling that to the silly little bitch
Who lives next door with a pea for a brain
And the Greenpeace stickers on her window pane
And she comes around here with her petition in her hand
Wanting this to be saved and that to be banned
She's right depressing I'm glad when she's gone,
Cos that's the time when I can turn the television on,
No, I wouldn't swap me telly for a million pounds
With its wrap around speakers stereo sound

A squarer flatter screen, oh it's all very swish
Connected as it is to me satellite dish
I have a TV dinner and a TV lunch
A TV breakfast and a TV brunch
I can always change channels if the programme is a bore
That's what remote control is for
There's a feller on now and he's got a lot to say
And he's telling me I shouldn't use me aerosol spray
Says we're mucking up the sky and we're mucking up the sea
What the flippin' heck has all of that to do with me?
He says the lakes are polluted, the rivers are a mess
We've got to save more and we've got to use less
Say yes to ecology, no to greed,
I can do without that thank you very much indeed
This fellers putting me in a right bad mood
Cos he's telling me the chemicals they're putting in me food,
Well I'm just not listening I just don't care
Just as long as it'll keep and its cheap and its there
And now he's going on about the forests in Brazil,
Oh it makes me want to pop another vallium pill
Half of the World starving and half of us fed
I think I'll watch Who Wants to be a Millionaire instead
And now he's going on about the ozone hole
And something's going wrong with this remote control
Cos I can't change channels and I can't switch off
I've had about enough of this environment stuff
No I'm not going to change cos I'm happy as I am
D'you know what I'm saying though I couldn't give a damn
Not gonna save the world I'm not going green
WHAT THE PIGGING HELL'S THE MATTER WITH THIS
POXY OLD MACHINE

Things are better now I've had a stiff gin
I've got my blindfold on and my earplugs in
Cause what I don't hear and what I don't see
Hasn't really got a lot to do with me
Yes I'm alright, Jack, I'm okay
And I'm gonna carry on in my usual way
How can I change what I don't understand
I'd prefer instead to keep my head buried in the sand
Yes, I'd prefer instead to keep my head stuck in the sand
Yes, I'd prefer instead to keep my head stuck in the sand
It's nice here.



MILTON KEYNES HASH HARRIETTE POSES FOR THE SHOE..



NASH HASH 2007

Milton Keynes H3 at Towcester racecourse

As with so many things the point at which it all went wrong started in Essex. Casting back to last years Essex Hash weekend celebration at Billericay Football club when for some odd reason I swapped my ID tag with Mother from Berkshire Hash on the Friday night pub crawl. On that occasion we sparked a wave of tag swapping so by the end nobody knew who they were and not just from alcohol!

The Towcester Friday pub crawl had Mother proposing we once again swap tags but this time it stopped there. After all, as it was Angels turn to hash on Saturday, I was taking the kids on the short stroll to the concrete cows and so was to all intents Mother! Worked for me. Come Sunday the overly efficient RA on the Spa run insisted on running with clipboard and invited us to 'shop' our co-hashers for the purpose of circle entertainment later. Forgetting that I'd left the Mother tag behind and that Mother had done likewise I immediately gave her the name Bouncer, Brighton Hash which she quickly jotted down.

On the Saturday, returners from Run 5 told how the run had ended with a free Thai Curry for all. Rumour was that it would be a roast dinner on the Sunday so the coaches had filled up very quickly leaving Bodyshop from Guildford and I the Spa run as a 2nd choice, which was unfortunate for Bods as he'd done the same run the day before. Fortunately the hares had also changed so didn't cotton on to the fact that we were always on the right route. Helped that we blamed Rhum I suppose.

Amongst the usual run of false trails etc. was a fishhook which usually involves runners returning along the trail to the backmarker as they reach the fishhook. On this occasion we were required to go to the hare with the blue hat who would be sweeping.

Bods said they'd revolted and run through on Saturday

but I planned something more imaginative, so when Bods warned that the hook was drawing near went and got the blue hat and stuck it on the head of the hare waiting at the hook to make sure people went back. 'But...' we argued, "you have the blue hat!".

As the RA again wrote on her board I realised a cunning plan to get the clipboard was called for. Lemming provided the inspiration as he yelled "get the hares" when we were mucking about in the mud so, after a brief chase, I offered to let RA off the mud if she gave me the clipboard. Oh dear. I'm on it again. So to the circle and inevitably I was first to be called in to sit on the ice and take my punishment. Apart from a cold backside the turning of the circle every few minutes whilst I remained on the ice meant a healthy dose of sunburn. I was later offered a smiley mask and straw to drink a down down. Thanks Spingo for filming that. Not!

Anyway, usual form for the weekend. Camped up just in time for enjoyable pub crawl with karaoke pub and lots of fun, returned to site for late party, brief incident with visitor in awning in the night, W&NK hash tiffin Saturday, another very late night including campfire with Stoke hashers, Guernsey Christmas party on Sunday, followed by cabarets including W&NK rep Scud on the harmonica (but not me, despite someone persistently sticking my name on the board to sing), diddly dee band, yet another late night, hangover run, closing circle and off we went.

Food was probably the best ever, drink as usual abundant and excellent, laughs too many to report but the unfortunate coach driver who had lost his Dad days earlier and broke down when organiser Ringpeace told the oldie: "Remember, it's better to die in your sleep like my Dad, not screaming and shouting like the 45 passengers he had in his coach" just has to be mentioned!

Oh yeah, and the goody bag had a torch in it!

One hiccup for us was Ewan trapping his thumb in the buggy nearly severing the top. Quick trip with Angel and Mad Donna to an NHS walk-in clinic and ET was born! I shall ever be grateful to Chips and Layby for taking care of the kids so I could join the run.

Many more memories keep coming back and bringing a smile but we'll have to look forward to Edinburgh 2009 for the next UK Nash Hash. Just as soon as they get a venue and date sorted I'll put the details out to see if we can get some extra Brighton presence along to join the rest of the 500 plus hounds this year!

BOUNCER

HASHERS AGAINST THE WALL – *gotta feel for these guys:*

This came from John Ferchak (Shameless) VBH3 : Bimbo and others,

Between us all, we probably have contacts for hashers at many of the hash chapters in the US (or anywhere for that matter!), or can get a message forwarded. One way for hashers to help with this nonsense is to send thousands of emails to I KEA, telling them to drop charges and threatening a boycott. I just went to the I KEA USA site. If you use I KEA Help ("Ask Anna"), and ask "how I KEA management can be contacted by email?", you will get directed to a page where you can select the New Haven store, and with another selection or two, you get to the email page. You just fill out the form, along with your email address and type in a message. I sent the following message:

"I wish to protest the absurd charges being filed by New Haven and I KEA against Dr. Salchow, who was participating in a harmless activity of the Hash House Harriers, a renowned running club, with chapters around the world. I request that the charges be immediately dropped and an apology issued. Otherwise I and many others will boycott I KEA products." Swamping the store with emails before Sept. 14, the next court date, will send the right message. - Shameless

Offbeat Runners Club Sets Off Terror Scare in New Haven
Published: August 25, 2007

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 24 (AP) — Daniel Salchow and his sister, Dorothee, planned to spend a pleasant afternoon marking a trail for fellow members of their offbeat running and drinking club.

Instead, they wound up in police custody after their clue of choice — flour — set off a bioterrorism scare and forced hundreds of people to evacuate an I kea furniture store on Thursday. "It was absolutely not in any way what we intended and not what we anticipated," Dr. Salchow said on Friday at the New Haven courthouse.

Dr. Salchow, a New Haven ophthalmologist, and his sister, who is visiting from Hamburg, Germany, were charged with first-degree breach of peace, a felony.

The siblings are members of the Hash House Harriers, a group that bills itself as a "drinking club with a running problem" and has more than 1,800 chapters around the world. The runs typically end with beer stops at pubs or homes. The club started in Malaysia in 1938, when British citizens there modified an old game called Hares and Hounds.

Dr. Salchow said that the group had used flour to mark a course two months ago in Washington without incident. Dr. Salchow and his wife recently moved to New Haven, where he works with needy children through a Yale University program. On Thursday, Dr. Salchow, 36, and his sister, 31, were the hares, meaning they marked a trail for others, the hounds, to follow. To make things interesting, they decided to route runners through the huge I kea parking lot. Just before 5 p.m., the police received a call that someone was sprinkling powder on the ground. The store was evacuated and remained closed the rest of the day. The incident prompted a massive response from the New Haven police and authorities from surrounding towns.

Dr. Salchow was at home waiting for the others who took part in the four-mile run to arrive for an after-party when his wife called to say there was a problem. He biked to I kea and tried to explain to the police that the powder was just flour. The club's tactics have caused problems elsewhere. In 2002, a trail of flour caused a mall in Fayetteville, N.C., to be evacuated for two hours. A few months earlier, two runners in Oxford, Miss., were arrested after using piles of white powder to mark a route through a downtown square. Dr. Salchow said that after the 9/11 attacks, club members started using chalk to mark courses. But as fears eased, they went back to flour because it is biodegradable. He said they would start using chalk again or find somewhere else to run.

Jessica Mayorga, a spokeswoman for Mayor John DeStefano Jr., said the city planned to seek restitution from the Salchows, and will meet Monday to decide how much. Ms. Mayorga said they should not have used the flour if they knew it had caused scares in the past. "You see powder connected by arrows and chalk, you never know," she said. I kea would not provide an estimate of how much money it lost by closing.

The Salchows were released on promises to appear in court. They are due back in court Sept. 14. "Not in my wildest dreams did I ever anticipate anything like that," Dr. Salchow said.

FROM MALI BOG

Whilst picking up a run number I happened to see they were selling Puma Running Shoes. On the side of every box in small letters on the left hand corner was written 'Average Contents 2' Hummmm! Does that mean one could find 3 if one looked hard enough. Now what makes me think they are made in China???

Thanks to Theresa for pointing out that in fact the average number of legs per human being is 1.9 something!



HASHER'S LAMENT

When my ageing limbs can no longer run,
When the weekly Hash stops being fun,
If I can't sup my ale when the trail is done,
Then I'll quit.

When my chest gets too tight - as it's doing today,
When my glasses are broke and I can't see the way,
When I say that the Hares deserve some praise,
Then I'll quit.

When the aches have not stopped by next week's trail,
When a shine has replaced my present grey mane,
When I think the Committee are almost sane,
Then I'll quit.

Though the season gets longer, as seasons do,
And the tree stumps and branches leave me black and blue,
Will I stop while there's trash and an ON ON or two?
Not bloody likely!
(An On)



Council tax re-evaluers want to charge us more if we live in a nice area. That ought to mean discounts for those of us who live in rough areas.

We have a huge council house in our street. The extended family is run by a grumpy old woman with a pack of fierce dogs. Her car isn't taxed or insured, and doesn't even have a number plate, but the police still do nothing. Her bad tempered old man is famous for upsetting foreigners with racist comments. A shopkeeper blames him for ordering the murder of his son and his son's girlfriend, but nothing has been proved yet. All their kids have broken marriages except the youngest, who everyone thought was gay. Two grandsons are meant to be in the Army but are always seen out in nightclubs. The family's odd antics are always in the papers. They are out of control.
Honestly - who'd live near Windsor Castle?

Apple announced today that they have developed a chip that can store and play music in womens breast implants. The 'iTit' will cost £399 to £599 depending on the breast size. This is considered to be a major breakthrough because women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them!!!

More from the news...

A Chinese couple have named their baby '@'. The father said: "The whole world uses it to write emails and translated into Chinese it means 'love him'."

The symbol @ is pronounced in English as 'at' and sounds like the Chinese phrase "love him".

A bad haircut, a packet of mints and harassment from monkeys are just some of the more unusual insurance claims, it has been disclosed. The monkey case ended with the creature running off with a holidaymaker's camera, the Go Travel Insurance company said. Other claims included a holidaymaker who wanted to claim for his daughter's bad haircut and a man who claimed for a newspaper and a packet of mints.

DAD AND SON DIE RESCUING BEER IN TEWKESBURY FLOOD

Nightmare Of The Floods Shocked friend finds bodies floating in water a rugby club treasurer and his son died yesterday as they battled to save beer from their flooded clubhouse. Bram Lane, 64, and his son Christopher, 27, were found lying in a foot of water by a horrified official at Tewkesbury rugby club in Gloucestershire. They are thought to have been electrocuted as they used an electric pump, powered by a petrol generator, to dry out the cellar.

Sue Key, wife of the club's chairman, said: "Bram was the loveliest man you could ever hope to meet. Nothing was ever too much trouble for him. "It is tragic that we should have lost him and his son for the sake of saving a few bottles of beer."

Club secretary John Williams said: "Bram's life was the club, he was dedicated to it. He was a terrific guy. Everyone is devastated."

Fire chief Terry Standing warned: "We would urge all people attempting to pump out water to be aware of the safety issues, particularly when using electrical powered pumps."

H3 Ski Trip 2008

We still have a few places left to fill to benefit from full group discounts.



Dear All

By popular request, our holiday next year will be in Switzerland in **Lauterbrunnen** with Ski Miquel, one of our favourite holiday companies catering for groups with a modicum of comfort and style.

We are departing on **Saturday 2nd February 2008**, with options for flying from Gatwick or making your own way there.

Lauterbrunnen is an authentic alpine village at the centre of the Jungfrau region, a fantastic ski area famous for the ski resorts of Murren, Wengen and Grinwald. Daily ski guiding will enable us to enjoy to the full, the extensive slopes nestling under the Eiger, Monch and Jungfrau mountains.

Chalet-Hotel Rosa has recently been renovated and is spacious and well equipped. We are limiting our numbers to just 22 in order to benefit from maximum discount and comfort. Have a look at Ski Miquel's website www.miquelholts.co.uk for more details including the tempting hot tub!

Costings are as follows:

Holiday approx. **£ 545.00** per person (final price dependant on group discount)
(catered chalet-half board with ski hosting, air travel and transfers)

A 6 day lift pass will cost approx. £ 128.00 and this covers the full Jungfrau region including all trains.

To join us, please send me a deposit cheque for **£ 100.00** per person made out to "**Ski Miquel Holidays**".

We look forward to you joining our merry band of happy skiers!

On-On ski

Coolbox

Diana Lumsdaine
27 Rideway Close, CAMBERLEY, Surrey GU15 2NX

Telephone numbers: work:01753 851577
home: 01276 682838

mobile number: 07968 596417

Email: dmsl@waitrose.com

THE



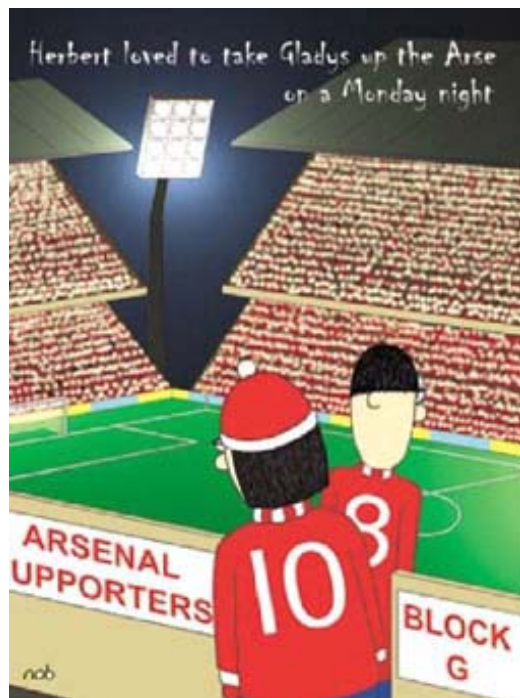
END

(at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.....

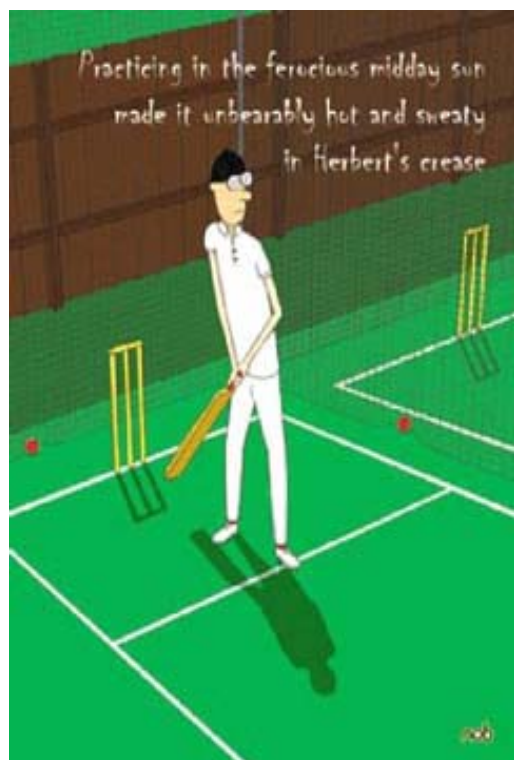
Subject: Junior School Children writing about the sea

- 1) This is a picture of an octopus. It has eight testicles. (Kelly age 6)
- 2) Oysters' balls are called pearls. (James age 6)
- 3) If you are surrounded by sea you are an I land. If you don't have sea all round you, you are incontinent. Wayne age 7)
- 4) Sharks are ugly and mean, and have big teeth, just like Emily Richardson. She's not my friend no more. Kylie age 6)
- 5) A dolphin breaths through an arsehole on the top of its head. (Billy 8)
- 6) My dad goes out in his boat, and comes back with crabs. (Emily 5)
- 7) When ships had sails, they used to use the trade winds to cross the ocean. Sometimes, when the wind didn't blow, the sailors would whistle to make the wind come. My brother said they would be better off eating beans. (William age 7)
- 8) I like mermaids. They are beautiful, and I like their shiny tails. How do mermaids get pregnant? (Helen age 6)
- 9) I'm not going to write about the sea. My baby brother is always screaming and being sick, my Dad keeps shouting at my Mum, and my big sister has just got pregnant, so I can't think what to write. (Amy age 6)
- 10) Some fish are dangerous. Jellyfish can sting Electric eels can give you a shock. They have to live in caves under the sea where I think they have to plug themselves into chargers. (Christopher age 7)
- 11) When you go swimming in the sea, it is very cold, and it makes my willy small. Kevin age 6)
- 12) Divers have to be safe when they go under the water. Two divers can't go down alone, so they have to go down on each other. (Becky age 8)
- 13) On holiday my Mum went water skiing. She fell off when she was going very fast. She says she won't do it again because water shot up her fanny. (Julie age 7).



I have 2 dogs & I was buying a large bag of Winalot in Tesco and was standing in the queue at the till.

A woman behind me asked if I had a dog. On impulse, I told her that no, I was starting The Winalot Diet again, Although I probably shouldn't because I'd ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms. I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and the way that it works is to load your trouser pockets with Winalot nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry & that the food is nutritionally complete so I was going to try it again. I have to mention here that practically everyone in the queue was by now enthralled with my story, particularly a guy who was behind her.



Horrified, she asked if I'd ended up in the hospital in that condition because I had been poisoned. I told her no, it was because I'd been sitting in the road licking my balls and a car hit me, I thought one guy was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard as he staggered out the door. Stupid cow.....why else would I buy dog food??

"Personal ads" in the Dublin News

Heavy drinker, 35, Cork area. Seeks gorgeous sex addict interested in a man who loves his pints, cigarettes, Glasgow Celtic Football Club and starting fights on Patrick Street at three o'clock in the morning.

Bitter, disillusioned Dublin man, lately rejected by longtime fiancée, seeks decent, honest, reliable woman, if such a thing still exists in this cruel world of hatchet-faced bitches.

Ginger haired Galway man, a trouble-maker, gets slit-eyed and shirty after a few scoops, seeks attractive, wealthy lady for bail purposes, maybe more. Bad tempered, foul-mouthed old bastard, living in a damp cottage in the arse end of Roscommon, seeks attractive 21 year old blonde lady, with a lovely chest.

Devil-worshipper, Offaly area, seeks like-minded lady, for wining and dining, good conversation, dancing, romantic walks, and slaughtering cats in cemeteries at midnight under the flinty light of a pale moon.

Limerick man, 27, medium build, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks alibi for the night of February 27 between 8 PM and 11:30 PM.

Optimistic Mayo man, 35, seeks a blonde 20 year old double-jointed supermodel, who owns her own brewery, and has an open-minded twin sister