



BOGGY SHOE



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

*R*ns/trash #130 Marsh 2008*

<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 March 2008	1550	John Harvey Tavern, Lewes	422 103	Sasha & Julia
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. After Dorset Arms turn right for public car park. Walk through to pub opposite brewery shop. Est. 15 mins.				
10th March 2008	1551	Frankland Arms, Washington	123 128	Ann & Theresa
Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning. Left into Village and pub is on left. Est. 25 mins.				
17th March 2008	1551	Gardners Arms, Sompting	157 053	Les Plumb's St. Patricks Day run.
Directions: A27 west through tunnel. Straight on at traffic lights, over roundabout at North Lancing to next lights. Straight on again, next left after houses end and right at roundabout. Pub on left. Est. 15 mins. WEAR EMERALD & CURRY NIGHT!				
24th March 2008	1552	The Ship Inn, Cuckfield	304 257	Bouncer
Directions: A23 north to A272. Loop back under A23 and carry on to Ansty. Left at next 2 roundabouts onto B2036. Go right up High Street and pub is on left just at junction with B2114 to Staplefield. Est. 20 mins. EASTER MONDAY				
31st March 2008	1553	Southdown Avenue, Brighton	314 060	David, Eddie & Chris
Directions: South on A23 past Preston Park. Bear left on one-way system then straight on uphill and 3 rd right. Est 10 mins but allow plenty of time to park as it can be busy. ED's 60 th birthday.				

RECEDING HARELINE

7th April Wiggly TBA

14th April Fernhurst Crescent Hollingbury

- Mike Morris - Postponed to summer.

30th anniversary hash sometime in 2008

and the return of the ale trail!

24th May Hash SDW relay

Thought for the day:

As you get older you'll learn that:
if it ain't hurting, it ain't working.

Unless you're a hasher.

Hashers don't get injured.

Well, they do but they're usually
too plastered to notice.

3 Rules of Getting Older



Never pass a bathroom,
don't waste a hard-on,
and never trust a fart



PARIS (AFP) - Advice on how to score with the ladies would probably never include the strategy that works best for at least one species of male spider: playing dead.

Not all male nursery web spiders looking for a little arachnid sex adopt this technique, but those that do more than double their chances of hitting the jackpot, according to new study in Behavioural Ecology, reported Wednesday in the British magazine New Scientist. In experiments designed by Trine Bilde of the University of Aarhus in Denmark, researchers set up date-and-mate opportunities for *Pisaura mirabilis*, a species native to Europe. All the males sought to attract partners by offering a gift of food, held in the mouth. But the ones that lay flat and motionless — even if it meant getting dragged about by a female that had latched onto the victuals — wound up in a much better position, as it were, to engage in sexual activity. The hapless males that tried the direct approach wound up keeping the free meal but not getting what they were really after. Males that played dead were also allowed to copulate longer than males that did not, ensuring more eggs could be fertilized, the researchers reported. Playing dead is a well-known defence mechanism in nature, but this is apparently the first time such behaviour has been observed as a strategy for obtaining sexual favours.

76-year-old Vet "trained to kill" _____

STOCKTON, Calif. - When two men held up a Bank of America branch in Stockton, California, they didn't plan on having to face Edward Christopher. The 76-year-old WWII vet saw the men taking money from a teller and moved to stop them. He didn't take any guff from the Krauts and he wasn't about to take it from these two whipper-snappers. The three men struggled and Christopher managed to rip one bag away from the thieves before they fled with an undisclosed amount of cash. In an interview Christopher said he's not particularly fond of police, reporters or even Bank of America, but he likes bank robbers even less. "I was trained to kill," he said, "and I've never been deprogrammed." ...*and Men are programmed to seek breasts from a baby but do we get deprogrammed? Now you know why we're obsessed!*

Six Elderly Men Are Pregnant _____

LONDON, England - Dear Sir, We are happy to inform you that you are pregnant. What's so strange about that, anyway? A hospital in London recently mailed 30 erroneous letters to patients, including six elderly men, telling them that they are expecting a bundle of joy. Instead, the patients were actually to have received a letter indicating their operations had been postponed. The hospital blamed it on human error. The letters were automatically generated by a computer, and an employee had to choose which "reason" it was to be sent. According to a spokeswoman for the Chesterfield and North Derbyshire Royal Hospital said, "The girl operating the system has simply chosen the wrong option." Tell that to six 70-year-old men who think they are having a baby...In the meantime, the spokeswoman insists an error like this will not occur again. Right.

AAADD

Am I the only one suffering from A.A.A.D.D? They have finally found a diagnosis for my condition though. Hooray!!

A.A.A.D.D. = Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder...

This is how it goes: I decide to wash the car; I start toward the garage and notice the mail on the table. OK, I'm going to wash the car. But first I'm going to go through the mail. I lay the car keys down on the desk, discard the junk mail and I notice the trash-can is full. OK, I'll just put the bills on my desk and take the trash-can out, but since I'm going to be near the mailbox anyway, I'll pay these few bills first. Now, where is my cheque book? OOPS, there's only one check left. My extra cheques are in my desk. Oh, there's the beer I was drinking. I'm going to look for those cheques. But first I need to put my beer further away from the computer, where I notice I'm half way through the trash and make a temporary note to finish it, oh maybe I'll pop the beer into the fridge to keep it cold for a while. I head towards the kitchen and the flowers catch my eye, they need some water. I set the beer on the counter and uh oh! There are my glasses. I was looking for them all morning! I'd better put them away first. I fill a container with water and head for the flowerpots - - Aaaaaagh! Someone left the TV remote in the kitchen. We'll never think to look in the kitchen tonight when we want to watch television so I'd better put it back in the family room where it belongs. I splash some water into the pots and onto the floor, I throw the remote onto a soft cushion on the sofa and I head back down the hall trying to figure out what it was I was going to do?

End of Day: The car isn't washed, the bills are unpaid, the beer is sitting on the kitchen counter, the flowers are half watered, the cheque book still only has one check in it, the trash is still pending and I can't seem to find my car keys! When I try to figure out how come nothing got done today, I'm baffled because I KNOW I WAS BUSY ALL DAY LONG!!! I realize this is a serious condition and I'll get help, BUT FIRST I think I'll check my e-mail... Please pass this on to everyone you know because I DON'T REMEMBER WHO I'VE ALREADY TOLD!!!



THE WISDOM OF AGE

An old farmer in Georgia had owned a large farm for several years. He had a large pond in the back, fixed up nice; picnic tables, horseshoe courts, basketball court, etc. The pond was properly shaped and fixed up for swimming when it was built. One evening the old farmer decided to go down to the pond, as he hadn't been there for a while, and look it over. As he neared the pond, he heard voices shouting and laughing with glee. As he came closer he saw it was a bunch of young women skinny dipping in his pond. He made the women aware of his presence and they all went to the deep end of the pond. One of the women shouted to him, "We're not coming out until you leave!"

The old man replied, "I didn't come down here to watch you ladies swim naked or make you get out of the pond naked." "I'm here to feed the alligator."

Moral: Old age and cunning will triumph over youth and enthusiasm every time

A young man who was also an avid golfer found himself with a few hours to spare one afternoon. He figured if he hurried and played very fast, he could get in 9 holes before he had to head home. Just as he was about to tee off an old gentleman shuffled onto the tee and asked if he could accompany the young man as he was golfing alone. Not being able to say no, he allowed the old gent to join him. To his surprise the old man played fairly quickly. He didn't hit the ball far, but plodded along consistently and didn't waste much time. Finally, they reached the 9th fairway and the young man found himself with a tough shot. There was a large pine tree right in front of his ball, directly between the ball and the green. After several minutes of debating how to hit the shot the old man finally said, "You know, when I was your age I hit the ball right over that tree." With that challenge placed before him, the youngster swung hard, hit the ball up, right smack into the top of the tree trunk and it thudded back on the ground not a foot from where it had originally lay. The old man offered one more comment, "Of course, when I was your age that pine tree was only 3 feet tall."

A bloke who's just reached his 150th birthday was giving a press conference to the assembled media. "Excuse me, sir," on of the reporters said, "but how did you come to live to 150?" "It's actually quite simple," the old bloke replied. "I just never argue." "That's impossible," the reporter responded. "There must be something else, like diet, or meditation, or something. Just not bloody arguing won't keep you alive for 150 years!" The old bloke stared hard at the reporter for several seconds. "Hmmm," he finally shrugged, "maybe you're right."

An older, white haired man walked into a jewellery store one Friday evening with a beautiful young gal at his side. He told the jeweller he was looking for a special ring for his girlfriend. The jeweller looked through his stock and brought out a \$5,000 ring and showed it to him. The old man said, "I don't think you understand, I want something very special." At that statement, the jeweller went to his special stock and brought another ring over. "Here's a stunning ring at only \$40,000" the jeweller said. The young lady's eyes sparkled and her whole body trembled with excitement. The old man seeing this said, "We'll take it." The jeweller asked how payment would be made and the old man stated, by check. "I know you need to make sure my check is good, so I'll write it now and you can call the bank Monday to verify the funds and I'll pick the ring up Monday afternoon," he said.

Monday morning, a very teed-off jeweller phoned the old man. "There's no money in that account."

"I know", said the old man, "but can you imagine the weekend I had?"



There were two old men, one a retired professor of psychology, and the other a retired professor of history. Their wives had talked them into a two week stay at a hotel in the Catskills. They were sitting around on the porch of the hotel watching the sun set. The history professor said to the psychology professor, "Have you read Marx?" To which the professor of psychology said, "Yes, I think it's the wicker chairs!"

An old man lived alone in Idaho. He wanted to spade his potato garden, but it was very hard work. His only son, Bubba, who used to help him, was in prison. The old man wrote a letter to his son and described his predicament. Dear Bubba: I am feeling pretty bad because it looks like I won't be able to plant my potato garden this year. I'm just getting too old to be digging up a garden plot. If you were here, all my troubles would be over. I know you would dig the plot for me. Love, Dad

A few days later, he received a letter from his son.

Dear Dad: For heaven's sake, Dad, don't dig up that garden. That's where I buried the BODIES. Love, Bubba

At 4 a.m. the next morning, FBI agents and local Police showed up. They dug up the entire garden area without finding any bodies. They apologised to the old man and left. That same day, the old man received another letter from his son.

Dear Dad: Go ahead and plant the potatoes now. It's the best I could do under the circumstances. Love, Bubba

Reporters interviewing a 104 year-old woman: "And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?" the reporter asked. She simply replied, "No peer pressure."

REHASHING

Run 1547 Hare and Hounds Worthing, Ivan and Pat.

Ivan seemed excited by the prospect of running from a pub called the Hare and Hounds. Nobody else was, on account of this particular hare's track record in finding decent pubs, and the feeling was that on on's should be chosen more for their ale, location and conviviality than their name. Odd that.

Calf injured I nevertheless decided to try a walk so gathered with the rather exclusive pack outside the pub to watch Elaine parking and applaud when she finally came to rest. Fending off the abuse about lack of appropriate gear we set off up an alley then turned through the precinct and over for a quick look at the wood on the beach. I spotted Guy here and thought I had a walking companion but my own tender step was no match for his bold march so I settled into using him as a beacon to where the hash had gone and following at my own limp. I had expected the hare to cut up through the beachfront gardens where we could make some gain but sadly found we were on marks and the pack had therefore been before us. As we cut up towards the hospital and gas works I realised with a chilling inevitability that we were about to attempt to pass the finest ale pub in Worthing. At this point Guy, being of the lager fraternity, resisted ably despite the loss of marks, however, the old selective drinkers constipation (can't pass a 'proper' pub) kicked in and I fell through the door of the Selden Arms to enjoy a pint from the 929 the counter board told me they'd had to date. There was also a board with a long list of upcoming choices which prompted me to ask about the chance of a hash. Sadly no evening food, so it would be buffet or curry round the corner but watch this space.

Back at the on inn Guy was well into his beer but it wasn't long before hounds started appearing having variously short-cut from Broadwater (Les); just before they got serious about the downs (Ann and Don); and various other places. Having barely earned any dinner I still succumbed to the fiver a head menu and was presented with some sort of mini waffles which rapidly went the way of all hash chips as the hounds got stuck in thereby easing my conscience. Conversation then ambled through various subjects with much being made of Grahame's secret life (*see picture of doppelganger in January trash*). Harveys was fine although Ivan spent the entire evening on his mobile so failed to notice the abuse about the trail or the recognition of the pubs qualities. All too soon it was time for me to tell my very dodgy French knock knock joke to Don with translations by Ann: **Rappez rappez. Qui est la? Losti. Losti qui. Exactly, and zat is why I wish you to open ze door.** Time for bed said Zebedee with a groan. Another great hash...



Run 1549 – Crescent, Clifton Hill, Brighton

This was a change from the Quadrant where Phil's daughter works but parking was no easier than the former. Not that it made much odds to the hares who used their bus passes! After a quick breeze round the block I wound down Wiggy's window to be told by Mr. Beard that there was a space on a single yellow just round the corner, and there was, derestricted after 6pm so we parked literally right outside the pub to receive the bags from all the cyclists! Phil gave away a few secrets to Wiggy so he could SCB and Pat and I set off to find the pack well on the way to Sainsbury's in the New England quarter. Cutting down to London Road the over to the Level, Elaine noted the lack of mud. On the level there's usually plenty of canine mud to be found so I had to back the hares up on that one! Trail went uphill to London Road station, downhill to the park, uphill to the velodrome for a lap, downhill to the lights, uphill to Preston Park Station and then even more uphill. I was feeling a bit seasick by now so strolled the climb safe in the knowledge that a

large part of the pack were behind (although with the nagging uncertainty that many may have opted for the Brighton train that pulled in as we reached the station). As we looped round, gratefully missing the Drove and the steps at Tivoli Crescent, Don and I realised we'd come adrift of the front pack as well but in the nick of time Bob called. We then headed off down the Drove following no calling whatever and soon the reason became clear as we realised there were no marks. With some heading straight down and others wobbling down to Shirley Drive, an executive decision was made by Jo so Don and I followed her down to the Old Shoreham Road before deciding on St Annes Wells Gardens. At the bottom of Upper Dyke Drive suddenly marks appeared along with the missing half of the pack and it later transpired that Anybody had found marks outside his house so had been able to lead the pack on the right route (Pete's insistence that all marks were on the right didn't translate to marks were always on the right as there hadn't been one for the diversion). Our prediction was correct and we were soon back at the pub!

Inside and with a comforting ale we got to small talk and Bob Patton revealed he hadn't cashed his Pledge rego for Interhash and wouldn't be going. Meanwhile I decided to lead the need for hares (despite Pete's protestations that he and Phil were setting every hash) and stuck myself down for 17th March with the comment "The Not the St. Patricks Day Hash Hash". Eileen remonstrated, issue was discussed, and a wager was made. She nearly got away with it as my first thought was a million pounds, but when she suggested a pint, I explained that as it was holy week there was a change to Saturday 15th. "of course" she then uttered, conceding defeat and producing said pint as Gary checked his I-phone for confirmation. Result!

Another great hash ...

POTATO TALK

As everyone knows St. Patrick's Day is always on 17th March. This year 17th March just happens to be a Monday prompting some interesting celebratory opportunities. Except..., as anyone who actually reads the run reviews will already know, this year it will be on the 15th in a very rare move (last time was about 50 years ago, next time will be in 2160). Bloody typical. The reason for the change is that God ranks higher than St. Patrick and Monday 17th happens to be the start of Holy week, which for the Catholic Church means Church every day and worshipping at each of the stations of the cross therefore longer services than usual. So no time for getting pissed then. You'd have thought this would be greeted happily by the Irish as they could celebrate on the Saturday without having to think up some lame excuse for the boss to 'rest' their hangover the following day, but no. It seems the majority are fucked off as they think they won't be getting their national holiday! No doubt the pubs will be holding their promotions on both days thus doubling the annual Paddy boost.



An American lawyer asked, "Paddy, why is it that whenever you ask an Irishman a question, he answers with another question?" "Why would you be wantin' to know?" asked Paddy.

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Reilly went to trial for armed robbery. The jury foreman came out and announced, "Not guilty."

"That's grand!" shouted Reilly, "Does that mean I can keep the money?"

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An Irish girl said to a shopkeeper: "Could I be trying on that dress in the window?"

The Shopkeeper replied: "I'd prefer that you use the dressing room, lass."

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Mrs. Feeney shouted from the kitchen, "Is that you I hear spittin' in the vase on the mantle piece?"

"No," said her husband, "but I'm gettin' closer all the time."

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Q: What do you call an Irishman who knows how to control a wife? A: A bachelor.

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Finnegan: "My wife has a terrible habit of staying up 'til two o'clock in the morning. I can't seem to break her of it."

Murphy: "What on earth is she doin' at that hour?"

Finnegan: "Waitin' for me to come home."

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Did you hear about the Irish newlyweds who sat up all night on their honeymoon waiting for their sexual relations to arrive?

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Father Guffy roared from the pulpit to his parishioners:

"Smoking has killed millions — it coats your lungs and you die in pain. The drink has killed millions— it rots their stomachs and they die in agony. Overeating and consorting with loose women have killed millions as well."

"Excuse me, Father," hollered Shaughnessy from the back, "But what is it that kills all the people who live clean?"

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Definition of an Irish husband: A man who hasn't kissed his wife for twenty years, but he will kill any man who does.

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"Mr. O'Brien," asked the druggist, "Did that mudpack I gave you improve your wife's appearance?"

"It did surely," replied O'Brien, "but it keeps fallin' off!"

### Paddy vs The Inland Revenue

The Inland Revenue decides to audit Paddy, and summons him to an appointment with the most thorough auditor in the office. The auditor is not surprised when Paddy shows up with his solicitor. The auditor says, "Well, sir, you have an extravagant lifestyle and no full-time employment, which you explain by saying that you win money gambling. I'm not sure the Inland Revenue finds that believable." "I'm a great gambler, and I can prove it," says Paddy. "How about a demonstration?"

The auditor thinks for a moment and says, "Okay. You're on!" Paddy says, "I'll bet you a thousand pound that I can bite my own eye." The auditor thinks a moment and says, "No way! It's a bet."

Paddy removes his glass eye and bites it. The auditor's jaw drops. Paddy says, "Now, I'll bet you two thousand pound that I can bite my other eye." The auditor can tell Paddy isn't blind, so he takes the bet. Paddy removes his dentures and bites his good eye. The stunned auditor now realises he has bet and lost three thousand quid, with Paddy's solicitor as a witness. He starts to get nervous. "Would you like to go double or nothing?" Paddy asks. "I'll bet you six thousand pound that I can stand on one side of your desk and pee into that rubbish bin on the other side, and never get a drop anywhere in between."

The auditor, twice burned, is cautious now, but he looks carefully and decides there's no way Paddy can manage that stunt, so he agrees again. Paddy stands beside the desk and unzips his trousers, but although he strains like hell, he can't make the stream reach the bin on other side, so he pretty much urinates all over the auditor's desk. The auditor leaps with joy, realising that he has just turned a major loss into a big win. But Paddy's solicitor moans and puts his head in his hands.

"Are you okay?" the auditor asks.

"Not really," says the solicitor. "This morning, when Paddy told me he'd been summoned for an audit, he bet me £20,000 that he could come in here and p\*ss all over your desk - and that you'd be happy about it!"



*The Comic Strip presents... Old Age Sex*



# THE



# END

## (at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH



THE EASTER BUNNY GETS A RUDE AWAKENING.

A man was sitting on a London train eating a bag of fresh prawns, ripping off the heads and shells and then throwing them out of the window. After he had gobbled a few of them down an older woman opposite him said, "Would you mind not doing that? It's disgusting to watch." "Listen, love." He replied, "It's got nothing to do with you, I've paid my fare for this journey and I'll do what I damn well want on this train." He carried on ripping off the shells, throwing them out of the window and eating the prawns. Finally he finished the bag and settled back for a little sleep. The woman then started some knitting and all the man could hear while he was trying to sleep was the incessant clicking of her knitting needles. After a while, he sits back up and says to the woman, "Could you stop that noise, can't you see I'm trying to sleep?" "It's got nothing to do with you," replies the old woman, "I've paid my fare and I'll do what I want on this train." At that, the man grabbed the woman's knitting and threw it out of the window. The woman immediately stood up and pulled the train alarm cord. The man burst out laughing and said, "Ha ha, you'll get fined £200 for that!" To which the old woman replied, "And you'll get six years when the police smell your fingers."

Check your Batteries !!  
My 85 yr. old aunt sent me this one. At the Senior Citizen's Luncheon, an elderly gentleman and an elderly lady struck up a conversation and discovered that they both liked to fish. Since both were widowed they decided to go fishing together the next day. The gentleman picked the lady up and they headed to the river to his fishing boat and started out on their adventure. As they traveled they came to a fork in the river and the gentleman asked, "Would you rather up or down?" All of a sudden, the lady stripped off her shirt and pants and made mad passionate love to the man right in the boat. When finished, the man couldn't believe what had happened but, he had just had the best sex that he had experienced in years. They fished for awhile and then continued down the river and soon came to another fork. Again he asked the lady, "Up or down?" Again, she stripped off and made wild passionate love to him. Really impressed, he asked her to go fishing again the next day and she said "Yes." So here they were, riding in the boat and came to the fork in the river and the gent asks, "Well, do you want to go up or down?" The lady replies, "Down." A little surprised the gent continues down the river until they come to another fork and he asks, "Up or down?" "Up", the lady replies. Really confused, the gent asks, "What's the deal? Each time yesterday when I asked, up or down, you made mad passionate love to me. Today, nothing!" The lady replies, "Well, yesterday I didn't have my hearing aid and I thought you said 'fuck or drown!'"



The British Ambassador in Ottawa, and his wife, hosted a gala dinner party in the Prime Minister's honour. At the dinner table, the Ambassador's wife was talking with Madame Chrétien: "Your husband has been such a prominent public figure, such a presence on the international scene for so many years! How quiet retirement will seem in comparison. What are you most looking forward to in these retirement years?" "A penis," replied Madame Aline Chrétien. A hush fell over the table. Everyone heard her answer.. And no one knew what to say next. Le Grand Jean leaned over to his wife and said: "Mon petit chou, in Hinglish dey pronounce dat word 'appiness!'"



How to use a condom after the age of 50



An old man and his grandson went into a betting shop, and the boy asked his grandfather if he could put a bet on. The old man asked his young grandson if he could touch his arse with his dick. 'No' replied the boy 'Well then, you're not old enough' remarked his grandfather. So the boy went next door to the paper shop to buy a scratch card, which he immediately scratched, to find he had won £50,000. He ran back to his grandpa, who suggested that they split it 50:50. The boy said, 'Grandfather, can you touch your arse with your dick?' 'Yes, of course. I'm a grown man' he replied. 'Well then, go fuck yourself.'