



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R\*ns/trash #132 May 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                  |
|--|------|--------------------------|---------|------------------------|
| 5th May 2008   | 1559 | Rising Sun, Nutbourne    | 074 187 | George                 |
| Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. After Coot-ham cross a small bridge and turn hard right on West Chilmington Road. 2nd left is Nutbourne Road, pub ¼ mile on left. ½ hour |      |                          |         |                        |
| 12th May 2008  | 1560 | Chequers, Slaugham       | 257 281 | Brett & Jo             |
| Directions: A23 north past Bolney. After Warninglid turn-off carry on downhill past garden centre and next left. Pub approx. 1/2 km on right. Est 15 mins.   |      |                          |         |                        |
| 19th May 2008  | 1561 | Railway Tavern, Henfield | 205 163 | Trevor & Malcolm       |
| Directions: 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.                               |      |                          |         |                        |
| <b>24th May 2008 Hash relay on South Downs Way contact Phil Mutton for teams</b>   |      |                          |         |                        |
| 26th May 2008  | 1562 | Half Moon, Warninglid    | 249 261 | Pete 'Gromit' Wallace  |
| Directions: A23 north past Bolney. Next junction is B2115. Right at t-junction. Pub 1 mile on left. Limited parking. 15 mins.<br><i>BH7 gatecrash East Grinstead hash (with permission of the hare)! IMPORTANT: RUN STARTS STRICTLY AT 7.30 pm.</i>  |      |                          |         |                        |
| 2nd June 2008  | 1563 | Holmbush Inn, Faygate    | 218 343 | Bob & Binx with Rodger |
| Directions: A23 north to Pease Pottage. A264 left, then left again at 2 <sup>nd</sup> roundabout. Right into village after 2 miles and pub on the right by the railway. Est 25 mins.   |      |                          |         |                        |

### RECEDING HARELINE

9th June The Woodmans Arms, Hammerpot  
- Ivan & Mike

30th June - Fernhurst Cresecent,  
Hollingbury - Mike Morris & friends

### ALE TRAIL 2008

See inside for full pub list.

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### Thought for the day:

It's all flat on average!

To average out any non-flat bits,  
have another beer.



## HASH NOTICEBOARD

Hash relay 24<sup>th</sup> May – teams and stuff to last years winner (Phil) to organise the après please. "Having been excluded from the 100 relay on the grounds that we are not serious runners the Regal Relay Team have decided to run the original 80 route starting at Buriton Church – just for the fun of it." *So said Mr Mutton in the original flyer for this now annual day out for the hash, which started on 31<sup>st</sup> May 1997.* "A team of 6 running three legs each works well." *Age has seen that the more the merrier works better though!* This is a day out NOT a race so please – follow the South Downs Way, the country code and the highway code." *We'll ignore reference to the country code which has long since seen much of our access rights swallowed up and focus on the FUN aspect. As most teams see the runners helping each other along it certainly isn't a race. There are plenty of options for beers en route, usually post race champagne, and naturally a few more beers in the pub afterwards before we adjourn to the curry house!*

| Leg | OS ref  | Start               | Distance |
|-----|---------|---------------------|----------|
| 1   | 740 200 | Buriton Church      | Start    |
| 2   | 791 181 | Harting Hill        | 3.8      |
| 3   | 821 179 | Buriton Farm        | 2.2      |
| 4   | 875 167 | Hill Barn           | 4.1      |
| 5   | 951 144 | Littleton Farm      | 5.4      |
| 6   | 017 118 | Houghton Lane       | 4.7      |
| 7   | 070 125 | Springhead Hill     | 4.4      |
| 8   | 119 129 | Washington Church   | 3.4      |
| 9   | 163 095 | Steyning Bowl       | 4        |
| 10  | 198 096 | A 283 Lay-By        | 3.2      |
| 11  | 258 107 | Devil's Dyke        | 3.8      |
| 12  | 292 126 | Pycombe Church      | 3        |
| 13  | 332 131 | Ditchling Beacon    | 2.9      |
| 14  | 368 092 | Housedean Farm      | 5        |
| 15  | 418 059 | Rodmell             | 5.7      |
| 16  | 468 059 | Males Burgh         | 4.5      |
| 17  | 519 031 | Alfriston           | 4.5      |
| 18  | 561 015 | Jevington           | 4.1      |
| End | 585 986 | Eastborne Golf Club | 2.6      |

### Ale trail – the story so far:

Five years ago we ran from pubs on the Brighton and South Downs Ale Trail list earning free t shirts for everyone to mark our 25<sup>th</sup> birthday which we subsequently had over-printed with the hash logo. As it's our 30<sup>th</sup> birthday this year we thought we'd try it again so the participating pubs are shown on the right and given that we need to visit 20 during the 19 week run of the trail, hares are asked to consider this list of pubs so far confirmed, many of which are regular hash pubs. If you feel particularly strongly about any particular pub not on the list, and cannot wait until September this will be accommodated, but please bear in mind if we don't get to visit 20 we won't get the t-shirts! This may be overcome by a change in the game plan. 5 years back the passports were 'managed' en bloc. This year we would encourage hares to take part with their own passport enabling them to visit pubs outside of the hash run to help us reach the 20. **Thank you.**

### Pub (bold visited in 2003)

Alma Arms  
 Battle of Trafalgar  
 Black Horse  
**Brewers Arms**  
 Buckingham Arms  
 Bugle  
 Caroline of Brunswick  
**Cock**  
 Dorset Arms  
 Downsman  
 Duke of Wellington  
 Elephant & Castle  
 Evening Star  
 Gardeners Arms  
**Greyhound**  
 Greys  
 Hand in Hand  
 John Harvey Tavern  
 Jolly Boatman  
**Laughing Fish**  
 Lewes Arms  
 Lord Nelson  
 Mitre  
 Neptune  
 Plough  
 Prestonville Arms  
 Red Lion  
**Ship**  
 Sir Charles Napier  
**Sloop**  
**Stand-Up Inn**  
 Stanley Arms  
 Station  
**Trevor Arms**  
 Waggon & Horses  
 Watermill

### Location

Uckfield  
 Brighton  
 Lewes  
**Lewes**  
 Shoreham  
 Brighton  
 Brighton  
**Ringmer**  
 Lewes  
 Hove  
 Shoreham  
 Lewes  
 Brighton  
 Lewes  
**Keymer**  
 Brighton  
 Brighton  
 Lewes  
 Newhaven  
**Isfield**  
 Lewes  
 Brighton  
 Brighton  
 Hove  
 Henfield  
 Brighton  
 Shoreham  
**Cuckfield**  
 Brighton  
**Scaynes Hill**  
**Lindfield**  
 Portslade  
 Brighton  
**Glynde**  
 Brighton  
 Burgess Hill

### Type of run

Mostly country  
 Mostly town  
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### Last hashed

Not known  
 Not known  
 12/08/2002  
**28/07/2003**  
 20/04/1998  
 Not known  
 Not known  
**23/05/2005**  
 12/12/2005  
 11/07/2005  
 Not known  
 07/05/2007  
 04/11/1996  
 07/10/1996  
**02/08/2004**  
 Not known  
 Not known  
 03/03/2008  
 01/03/2004  
**03/09/2007**  
 26/07/1999  
 Not known  
 Not known  
 Not known  
 Not known  
 07/04/2008  
**24/03/2008**  
 Not known  
**16/07/2007**  
**07/01/2008**  
 Not known  
 Not known  
**08/12/2003**  
 Not known  
 04/03/1996

Hi All

**This message is to inform you that I will be unavailable for the next two weeks. I am having substantial repairs done to my home and it is essential that I am present to supervise the new contractor.**



“Beer O’clock” in Britain is 6.14pm, new research has revealed.

That is the time the average drinker makes it to the bar after work, according to a survey.

The research also found Britons spend longer in the pub than their continental neighbours. The survey of drinking habits across Europe found drinkers in this country spent an average of four hours and 27 minutes in the pub. On average British drinkers leave the pub around 10.30pm. Spanish drinkers have their first drink at 5.45pm, and the French start drinking around 6pm. In France they spend an average of around and two hours 35 minutes drinking and in Holland three hours and 30 minutes.

The research, by SAB Miller, also found Brits were more likely to go to the pub on Friday than on any other day. And it revealed one in ten workers in Britain have a pint at lunchtime, compared with more than 20% of Danes and 18% of Spaniards. It found around half the alcohol consumed in the UK was drunk in beer. The French drink only 15% of their alcohol in beer, and the Czechs nearly 65%.

#### ***Sort this Boris:***

A proposal for a controversial £100 million mosque next to the Olympic Village will be decided by an unelected quango. A decision on whether it gets the go-ahead will rest not with Newham’s elected councillors but with the London Thames Gateway Development Corporation. Plans by the Muslim sect

Tablighi Jamaat to build the mosque have aroused concern as the group has been accused of drawing young men towards an extremist version of Islam. Although no formal planning application has yet been made, the proposal has stirred up substantial argument. The public will be consulted - as with other planning applications - but if the corporation approves the proposal there will be no right of appeal. However, if the quango rejects the scheme Tablighi Jamaat can appeal to the Government. Dr Patrick Sookhdeo, director of the Institute for the Study of Islam and Christianity, said: “The corporation has already said that the new mosque will make West Ham a ‘cultural and religious destination’. This will be nothing less than an Islamic quarter of our capital city. But has anyone asked the people of West Ham? The non-Muslims? The moderate Muslims? The Muslim women?”

Tony Arbour, Conservative spokesman on planning for the London Assembly, said: “For this major decision to be taken by a quango is undemocratic. Local residents have been shut out of the process.” When the proposal emerged (last) July it was envisaged that the first phase of the mosque alone would accommodate 10,000 worshippers. The ultimate number, including visitors, could be as many as 70,000. Abdul Kalik, the project director, said the mosque was intended as an “Islamic landmark”. “It will be a long, undulating building borrowing ideas from nomadic structures and tented cities,” he said. The mosque would be illuminated at night by millions of translucent tiles and surrounded by an “Islamic garden, transposed on to modernday London”, according to the architects Mangera Yvars.

The corporation is a public body, funded by Ruth Kelly’s Department for Communities and Local Government. She appoints its independent board of directors. Newham council confirmed: “The decision will be made by the corporation.”

Tablighi Jamaat has been described by French intelligence as “an antechamber of fundamentalism”, something the group denies. Although it has never been implicated in any act of terror, two of the 7/7 bombers, Mohammad-Sidique Khan and Shehzad Tanweer, regularly visited its headquarters in Dewsbury, West Yorkshire. It has close links with the Wahhabi fundamentalist strand of Islam practised by the Saudi royal family. Applications which go to the corporation instead of the local council include those for 50 or more houses and flats, large developments of more than 2,500 square metres of floor space or one hectare, development on green belt or “metropolitan open land” and transport infrastructure.

Here’s a sample of the latest views published.

” I think it’s an absolute disgrace that the public are to fund a £100m mosque. I have no objections with a mosque per se, but I would like to see the outcome of a proposal to build a Church Of England place of worship in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, financed with Saudi tax payer’s money. Where is the common sense?! No thank you, not for me.- Dan, Potters Bar, Hertfordshire

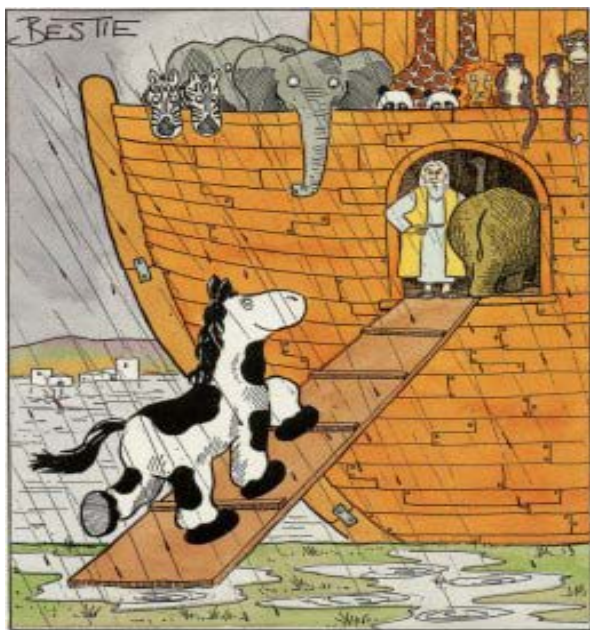
” I think the Muslim population should have as many Mosques as they want and these Mosques should be as big as they want – but let them fund them themselves. This is an extraordinary amount of money to be spending on a single percent of the population; a minority yet to prove that it has the capability, willpower and hierarchical system of management to monitor its own members - Finsbury Park Mosque being a prime example of inappropriate spending of public money.- James, London

## FOUND! LOST DIARIES OF NOAH

At least according to South Africa's "People" magazine dated April 11 to May 1. According to the article the diaries were "found in an ancient ship-like wreck about 32 kms from Mount Ararat" "immediately below the mountain of Al Judi, named by the Koran as the final resting place of the Ark" by Professor Horace Ventor (no origin or organization given) and Dr Vito Fontes "a leading Italian archaeologist and linguistic expert".

3000 b.c. Day One

Dear Diary, First day at sea. Whew! Just made it under the wire. The animals seem happy, but the lions and tigers are beginning to become restless, and it was a bad idea to put the rhinos, hippos and elephants on the starboard side, and the birds, insects, gerbils and hamsters port. Took some work to 'straighten' that one out, har har. Too tired to talk to God tonight. (Get Him started about the furies of His judgement, and He just goes on and on...) So, off to bed...



TWO SINNERS MADE A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO GET ABOARD THE ARK

equestrian section, and morale among the cows and chickens has sunk to a new low. God has helped the situation somewhat by confusing the thoughts of the higher primates, thus keeping them from undoing the knots on their cages. Only problem is that they know they're being kept from thinking, and all I hear are anguished cries of "What are they \_doing\_ to us?" Meat was stringy anyway, and tasted like sandal thongs.

3000 b.c., Day Thirty

Dear Diary, Can't sleep. Can't eat. Quelled mutiny by executing the centaurs as an example. Oldest son has developed strange religious beliefs based upon the frustrated mating cycles of our hyenas. Sight of humpbacked whale off port bow excited animals into thinking that God had sent it to destroy me and my family. Daughters are tempting me with their wicked ways. The night has a thousand phantoms that torment my soul.

3000 b.c., Day Thirty-Eight

Dear Diary, Spent the day with my daughters- today doesn't count.

3000 b.c. Day Thirty-Nine

Dear Diary, Becoming steadily less connected with day-to-day matters. Read yesterday's entry: thought someone else had written it. Had vision of strange birds. Have forgotten what land looks like. See no hope: God has forsaken me. Tomorrow I shall go into the hold and begin putting the animals out of their misery, and ending this charade once and for all. I shall begin with the gryphons and dragons.

3000 b.c. Day Three

Dear Diary, Rain has stopped, finally, and there's not a whole lot of land left to see. Saw a whole village's worth of people, all tied together in a pitiful attempt to save their own lives through common struggle. Sure glad I read those books about building my own shelter and surviving the Apocalypse; now if I can figure out what "canned rations" and "ferroconcrete bunkers" mean, I'll be in business. Shem lost his left hand to one of the lions yesterday. God provided food, all right: a thick, mealy white powder that you could almost eat if you added a little salt water. The budgies didn't like it, though, and the koala bears kept yelping for fresh eucalyptus leaves.

3000 b.c. Day Seven

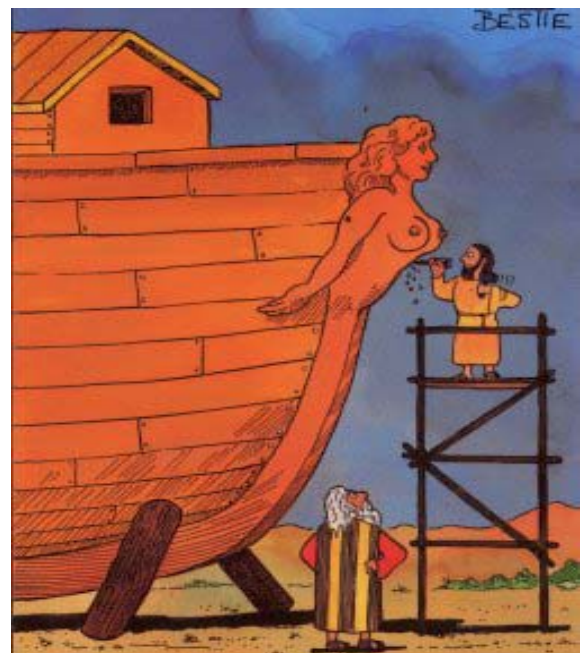
Dear Diary, Time to sweep the decks. No time to write.

3000 b.c. Day Seventeen

Dear Diary, God decided to "help" by giving me the power to understand the animals' speech. I imagine over fifteen thousand married couples, forced to live in cramped and confined conditions, squabbling over how much yummy white powder mixed with sea water they get to have. They also whine about how good they used to have it, on the green earth, eating trees and nuts and berries and each other. Can't sleep at night.

3000 b.c. Day Twenty-Two

Dear Diary, Got so sick of white powder that we skinned and ate the unicorns. This caused quite a ruckus in the



NOAH'S 'ARTISTIC' SON NEARLY LOST THEM THE CONTRACT

# RE-HASHING

## Red Lion, Shoreham 7<sup>th</sup> April 2008

I was drafted in to provide the knowledge in the pack as Wiggy and Ann set live. The 'knowledge' consisted of a ruff outline of the route which seemed to change with every re-telling. With a figure of 8 involved I decided not to give anything away to the walkers at the start, which may be why Pete "I 'ad er" Eastwood was so keen to set off, leaving Pat in the pub. So off up the road past the Southern Cross napped wall for the usual run round the pony field, just Mike falling for the option down the steps at the check. At the bridge I explained the trail to the walkers who as one decided to go on a bit further crossing the bridge with the pack as I popped down the arrow for the return trail not realising that Pat was behind and about to get very confused! The trail skirted the contours before heading down towards Erringham Farm. At the stile pack were obviously gagging to head into the farm and tussle with the bulls but the hare had assured me he was going up the hill so I called them back only to discover that trail had gone cold. With hounds trying every which way unsuccessfully I decided to get to the car park and take it from there. At this point, as the walkers erased all earlier advice from their memory banks and headed on up towards Beeding Hill, Charlie assured me that the marks were downhill as he'd seen them on his r\*n over from Saddlescombe. Whaaaatt? Back over the bridge it was left down the hill and I van started getting ideas of a beer stop at my house. As the whole pack headed into the green in Badgers Walk to find themselves caged the neighbouring house owner came out to remonstrate worried about all our noise! I later discovered that the end of term exams last year had been marked with a campout by local teens on the same plot. Wiggy assured us subsequently that there were hundreds of marks but the trail had again gone cold so we made our way into the top of the park where the pack obligingly spread out, with only Sasha and myself finding marks until at last a check was spotted at the gates. From here the trail headed down Windlesham but unexpectedly (for me) then headed back to the Upper Shoreham Road for the on inn getting us back at 8.35! Unless you were the walkers or Pat who were quite a lot later. Oops. The exceedingly generous Wiggy bought everyone a beer in the pub to mark his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, steadfastly refused to don the hash 'arse-out' birthday shorts, and stories from Perth Interhash were bandied about for another fine hash...

## Windmill, Littleworth - 21<sup>st</sup> April 2008

Having advised half the hash the run was here and the other half that it was at Plumpton there was bound to be confusion on the board the previous week. Sadly with a 50/50 choice the wrong one was put down so more e-mails and we ended up with a substantial pack for this run, with loads of new faces and a long lost returner in Bob Wallace. A few months ago I was running with Lemming and Mother from Berkshire hash and we got to talking about run reviews for our respective trashes. As with most hashes it is expected that as well as taking their turn to set trail, hounds will also take turn to scribe (*aah get your violins out for the poor editor. Better still get your mice out! Ed.*). Being an old married couple Lemming and Mother were seen as a single entity but that wasn't enough for them and they presented a run review in a format that this run ideally lends itself too, vis a vis:

*We met at the pub. Ran around a bit in some fields and mud and went back to the pub.*

Actually it was a lovely run with the amusing sideshow of dog control by Max and Binx. Binx was clearly the more experienced managing to get Bob to follow him wherever he went which made for a good controlled hash enabling Binx (from Ja Ja Binx from the Star Wars series - a name picked by Bob's sons but only half allowed by Mum & Dad), to stay on trail. Max had a much harder time of it with Hugh and had to keep him on the lead for most of the run to stop him straying off-piste. We should be grateful that Max has taken this job on as Hugh has always been a bit prone to straying most noticeably when he's been the hare. The pub was also entertaining as I finally received a mug for completing 500 runs with Brighton hash. Although I'd advertised the fact several months ahead of the date and party at our house on 31<sup>st</sup> December, I had failed to account for Angel who had expertly convinced Don that I didn't want another mug even as I was pressing hard! It was worth the wait though as the mug is exceptional although my observation that it was shaped like a woman was quickly corrected to 'tulip shaped'. Another great hash (although I haven't yet heard any reports from Plumpton!)

## THE BORING BIT...

Julia has asked me to once again remind all dog owners on the hash that dogs are not covered for their actions by the hash insurance. This was highlighted in the renewal information for the hash policy so please ensure you have adequate liability cover in place elsewhere, either a pet animals policy or appended to your household insurance. Thank you.



From Don

## **MEN ARE JUST HAPPIER PEOPLE!**

- " Your last name stays put.
  - " The garage is all yours.
  - " Wedding plans take care of themselves.
  - " Chocolate is just another snack.
  - " You can never be pregnant.
  - " You can wear a white T-shirt to a water park.
  - " You can wear NO shirt to a water park.
  - " Car mechanics tell you the truth.
  - " The world is your urinal.
  - " You never have to drive to another petrol station toilet because this one is just too icky.
  - " You don't have to stop and think of which way to turn a nut on a bolt.
  - " Same work, more pay.
  - " Wrinkles add character.
  - " Wedding dress £2000. Tux rental-£100.
  - " People never stare at your chest when you're talking to them.
  - " The occasional well-rendered belch is practically expected.
  - " New shoes don't cut, blister, or mangle your feet.
  - " One mood all the time.
  - " Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat.
  - " You know stuff about tanks.
  - " A five-day holiday requires only one suitcase.
  - " You can open all your own jars.
  - " You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.
  - " If someone forgets to invite you, he or she can still be your friend.
  - " Your underwear is £4.95 for a three-pack.
  - " Three pairs of shoes are more than enough.
  - " You almost never have strap problems in public.
  - " You are unable to see wrinkles in your clothes.
  - " Everything on your face stays its original colour.
  - " The same hairstyle lasts for years, maybe decades.
  - " You only have to shave your face and neck.
  - " You can play with toys all your life.
  - " One wallet and one pair of shoes one colour for all seasons.
  - " You can wear shorts no matter how your legs look.
  - " You can 'do' your nails with a pocket knife.
  - " You have freedom of choice concerning growing a moustache..
  - " You can do Christmas shopping for 25 relatives on December 24 in 25 minutes.
- No wonder men are happier.

## **NICKNAMES**

If Laura, Kate and Sarah go out for lunch, they will call each other Laura, Kate and Sarah.

If Mike, Dave and John go out, they will affectionately refer to each other as Fat Boy, Godzilla and Four-eyes.

## **EATING OUT**

When the bill arrives, Mike, Dave and John will each throw in £20, even though it's only for £32.50. None of them will have anything smaller and none will actually admit they want change.

When the girls get their bill, out come the pocket calculators.

## **MONEY**

A man will pay £2 for a £1 item he needs.

A woman will pay £1 for a £2 item that she doesn't need but it's on sale.

## **BATHROOMS**

A man has six items in his bathroom: toothbrush and toothpaste, shaving cream, razor, a bar of soap, and a towel from M&S.

The average number of items in the typical woman's bathroom is 337. A man would not be able to identify more than 20 of these items.



## **ARGUMENTS**

A woman has the last word in any argument. Anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.

## **CATS**

Women love cats.

Men say they love cats, but when women aren't looking, men kick cats.

## **FUTURE**

A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband. A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.

## **SUCCESS**

A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend.

A successful woman is one who can find such a man.

## **MARRIAGE**

A woman marries a man expecting he will change, but he doesn't.

A man marries a woman expecting that she won't change, but she does.

## **DRESSING UP**

A woman will dress up to go shopping, water the plants, empty the bins, answer the phone, read a book, and get the post.

A man will dress up for weddings and funerals.

## **NATURAL**

Men wake up as good-looking as they went to bed.

Women somehow deteriorate during the night.

## **OFFSPRING**

Ah, children. A woman knows all about her children. She knows about dentist appointments and romances, best friends, favourite foods, secret fears and hopes and dreams.

A man is vaguely aware of some short people living in the house.

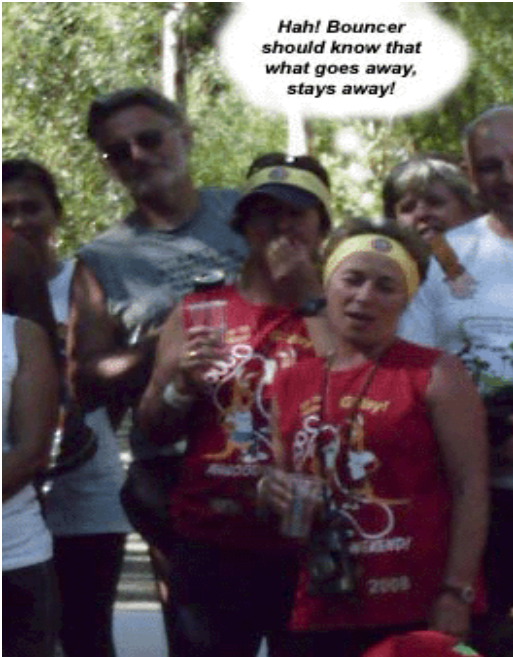
## **THOUGHT FOR THE DAY**

A married man should forget his mistakes.

There's no use in two people remembering the same thing

THIS PAGE RESERVED FOR REVIEWS FROM INTERHASH.

Les, Ann, Nicola and Mary look on during a circle.



Meanwhile here's a joke or two from the Interhash trash...

A hasher gets a job at Perth Zoo and the head keeper asks which animals he would like to work with. "I like the Dangaroos" says the hasher. "You mean the Kangaroos?" "No, the Dangaroos" says the hasher and takes him to the Lions cage to show him the sign that clearly states "These animals are dangerous".

QUOTES

Georgie Best: "I spent 90% of my money on women, drink and hashing. The rest I wasted."  
Groucho Marx: "Only one man in a thousand is a leader of men (FRB), the other 999 follow women."  
I nuit saying: "Unless you are the lead husky, the view is always the same."  
Captain Oates: "I'm just going to try a short-cut and I may be some time."

Q: What do you call a boomerang that doesn't come back? A: A stick.  
Q: What do you call a didgeridoo that doesn't blow? A: A didgeridon't (as you may have guessed).

A hasher walks into a bar. The stunning topless barmaid says "Welcome sir, Premium beers are all free tonight and when you are ready you can take me home". Then he wakes up.

Q: How many Californians does it take to screw in a light bulb? A: Californians don't screw in light bulbs. They screw in hot tubs.

Q: How many Freudian analysts does it take to screw in a light bulb? Two: one to screw in the bulb and the other to hold the penis. No! Ladder! Ladder! To hold the ladder.

A Kiwi and an Aussie were sitting around talking one afternoon over a cold beer. After a while the Kiwi says to the Aussie, "If I was to sneak over to your house and shag your wife while you were off fishing, and she got pregnant and had a baby, would that make us related?"

The Aussie crooked his head sideways for a minute, Scratched his head, and squinted his eyes thinking real hard about the question. Finally, he says, "Well, I don't know about being related, but it would make us even."

There is a new girls' doll out on the market. It comes with no shoes, no clothes, no house, no car and no farm. It's called Zim-barbie.

A man went to the hospital to have his wedding ring cut off from his penis

According to the Nurse attending, the patient's girlfriend found the ring in his pants pocket and she got so mad at him, she used petroleum jelly to slip the ring on his penis while he was asleep

I don't know what's worse:

Having your girlfriend find out you're married  
Explaining to your wife how your wedding ring got on your penis  
Or finding out your penis fits through your wedding ring.

Australian Police have been unable to recommend a prosecution for the following scam:

A company takes out a newspaper advertisement claiming to be able to supply imported hard core pornographic videos. As their prices seem reasonable, people place orders and make payments via check.

After several weeks, the company writes back explaining that under the present law they are unable to supply the materials and do not wish to be prosecuted. So they return their customers' money in the form of a company check. However, due to the name of the company, few people will present these checks to their banks. The name of the company: "The Anal Sex and Fetish Perversion Company."



# THE



# END

## (at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH



A Welsh farmer walking through his field, notices a man drinking out of his pond.

The Welsh farmer shouted: 'Paid a yfed a dwr, maer gwerthin wedi cachu un a for.' (Which means: 'Don't drink the water, the cows have sh\*t in it').

The man shouts back: 'I am a Muslim, I do not understand. Please speak in English.'

The Welsh farmer says: 'Use two hands, it holds more'

In a quiet little fishing village in Wales a Welsh old timer is talking to a young man in a bar.....

Old Man: "Look out there to the field. See that fence? Look how well it's built. I built that fence stone by stone with my own two hands, piled it for months. But do they call me Jones-the-Fence-Builder? Nooo.."

Then the old man gestured at the bar. "Look here at the bar. See how smooth and just it is? I planed that surface down for eight days. But do they call me Jones-the-Bar-builder? Nooo..."

Then the old man points out the window. "Look out to sea. See that pier that stretches out as far as the eye can see? I built that pier with the sweat off me back. I nailed it board by board. But do they call me Jones-the-Pier-Builder? Noo..."

Then the old man looks around nervously, trying to make sure no one is paying attention. "But f\*ck one sheep..."

### Under the bed

An English man Irish man and a Welsh man were all sitting in a pub chatting, the English man asked for advice from his other pals 'i think my wife is sleeping with a plumber, I went home yesterday and found a pipe bender under-

neath the bed' upon hearing this the irish man says ' I think my wife is having an affair with an electrician, I wen home last night and found wire cutters underneath my bed!' Upon hearing this the Welsh man when pale and says 'I think my wife must be having an affair with a horse!!' the other two men look at him in amazement and ask why he replies ' I went home last night and found a jockey underneath the bed.

Shamus and Murphy fancied a pint or two but didn't have a lot of money between them; they could only raise the staggering sum of one Euro. Murphy said "Hang on, I have an idea." He went next door to the butcher's shop and came out with one large sausage. Shamus said "Are you crazy? Now we don't have any money left at all!" Murphy replied "Don't worry - just follow me." He went into the pub where he immediately ordered two pints of Guinness and two glasses of Jamieson Whisky. Shamus said "Now you've lost it. Do you know how much trouble we will be in? We haven't got any money!!" Murphy replied, with a smile "Don't worry; I have a plan, Cheers!" They downed their drinks. Murphy said "OK, I'll stick the sausage through my zipper and you go on your knees and put it in your mouth." The barman noticed them, went berserk, and threw them out. They continued this, pub after pub, getting more and more drunk, all for free. At the tenth pub Shamus said "Murphy - I don't think I can do anymore o' this. I'm drunk and me knees are killin' me!" Murphy said "How do you think I feel? I lost the sausage in the third pub."



**Phil Mutton finds an interesting new method of winning the regal relay by combining his cycle training with a cunning disguise.**