



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R\*ns/trash #134 July 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
7th July 2008	1568	Greyhound, Keymer 7/20	317 153	Pete Beard
Directions: A23 to A273, then right at Stone Pound traffic lights. Pub on right about 1.25 miles. Est 10 mins.				
14th July 2008	1569	PEP, Ditchling	333 172	Pete Eastwood
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.				
21st July 2008	1570	Red Lion, Shoreham 8/20	208 059	Pat & Mike
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. Est. 10 mins.				
28th July 2008	1571	Pig & Butcher 9/20	477 239	Don & Anne
Directions: A27 east to second Lewes roundabout. Left on A26 through tunnel, right at roundabout still on A26 to A22. Left and stay on A22 past Uckfield to rejoin A26. Take 2nd right after roundabout and pub on left. Est 25 mins.				
4th August 2008	1572	Sloop, Scaynes Hill - Halfway!	385 243	Rik & Matthew
Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again and stay on A272 through Haywards Heath to Scaynes Hill. Turn left by garage opposite Farmers pub. Sloop is 1.5 miles on right. 20 mins.				

## RECEDING HARELINE - ALE TRAIL 2008

11/08/08	Stand-Up Inn	Lindfield	Ivan
18/08/08	Watermill	Burgess Hill	Trevor & Malc
25/08/08	Laughing Fish	Isfield	Grahame Cooper
01/09/08	The Station	Preston Park, Brighton	Gary & Bob

Pub	Location	Visit on..
Alma Arms	Uckfield	<i>Eager hare needed</i>
Black Horse	Lewes	<i>Eager hare needed</i>
Brewers Arms	Lewes	Pub crawl July 11th?
Buckingham Arms	Shoreham	16 <sup>th</sup> August bash?
Bugle	Brighton	Pub crawl Sept 12th?
Caroline of Brunswick	Brighton	Pub crawl Sept 12th?
Cock	Ringmer	<i>Eager hare needed</i>
Dorset Arms	Lewes	Pub crawl July 11th?
Duke of Wellington	Shoreham	16 <sup>th</sup> August bash?
Elephant & Castle	Lewes	Pub crawl July 11th?
Gardeners Arms	Lewes	Pub crawl July 11th?
Greys	Brighton	Pub crawl Sept 12th?
Hand in Hand	Brighton	Pub crawl Sept 12th?
John Harvey Tavern	Lewes	Pub crawl July 11th?
Jolly Boatman	Newhaven	<i>Very eager hare needed</i>

Pub	Location	Visit on..
Mitre	Brighton	Pub crawl Sept 12th?
Neptune	Hove	16 <sup>th</sup> August bash?
Prestonville Arms	Brighton	Pub crawl Sept 12th?
Romans	Southwick	16 <sup>th</sup> August bash?
Sir Charles Napier	Brighton	Pub crawl Sept 12th?
Stanley Arms	Portslade	16 <sup>th</sup> August bash?



THE UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS **300444**

## Julie Andrews Turns 69 (*boy is that ever a headline!*)

To commemorate her birthday, actress/vocalist, Julie Andrews made a special appearance at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall for the benefit of the AARP (???). One of the musical numbers she performed was 'My Favourite Things' from the legendary movie 'Sound Of Music'. Here are the lyrics she used:

Maalox (???) and nose drops and needles for knitting,  
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,  
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,  
These are a few of my favourite things.

Cadillac and cataracts and hearing aids and glasses,  
Polident (???) and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,  
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,  
These are a few of my favourite things.

When the pipes leak, When the bones creak,  
When the knees go bad,  
I simply remember my favourite things,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions,  
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,  
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,  
These are a few of my favourite things.

Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinnin',  
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin',  
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,  
When we remember our favourite things.

When the joints ache, When the hips break,  
When the eyes grow dim,  
Then I remember the great life I've had,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

Ms. Andrews received a standing ovation from the *[hashers in the]* crowd that lasted for over four minutes and repeated encores.

*And here's a couple of stories from Ms. Andrews recent history:*

Julie was in the doctor's examining room with a baby, waiting for the doctor to arrive for baby's first exam.

The doctor arrived, and examined the baby, checked his weight, and being a little concerned, asked if the baby was breast-fed or bottle-fed. 'Breast-fed,' she replied.

'Well, strip down to your waist,' the doctor ordered.

She did. He pinched her nipples, pressed, kneaded, and rubbed both breasts for a while in a very professional and detailed examination. Motioning to her to get dressed, the doctor said, 'No wonder this baby is underweight.

You don't have any milk.'

I know,' she said, 'I'm his Grandma, but I'm glad I came!!

Old dear Julie Andrews was attending a church service.

Halfway through she leant over and said to her companion, 'I just let out a silent fart. What do you think I should do?'

He replied, 'Put a new battery in your hearing aid.'





### **As he was moneing, family jokes from Ivan....**

Far away in the tropical waters of the Caribbean, two prawns were swimming around in the sea - one called Justin and the other called Christian.

The prawns were constantly being harassed and threatened by sharks that inhabited the area. Finally one day Justin said to Christian, "I'm fed up with being a prawn, I wish I was a shark, then I wouldn't have any worries about being eaten."

A large mysterious cod appeared and said, "Your wish is granted" and lo and behold, Justin turned into a shark.

Horriified, Christian immediately swam away, afraid of being eaten by his old mate.

Time passed (as it invariably does) and Justin found life as a shark boring and lonely. All his old mates simply swam away whenever he came close to them. Justin didn't realize that his new menacing appearance was the cause of his sad plight.

While swimming alone one day he saw the mysterious cod again and he thought perhaps the mysterious fish could change him back into a prawn.

He approached the cod and begged to be changed back, and, lo and behold, he found himself turned back into a prawn.

With tears of joy in his tiny little eyes Justin swam back to his friends and bought them all a cocktail. (Editor's note: The punch line does not involve a prawn cocktail - it's much worse).

Looking around the gathering at the reef he realized he couldn't see his old pal.

"Where's Christian?" he asked.

"He's at home, still distraught that his best friend changed sides to the enemy & became a shark", came the reply.

Eager to put things right again and end the mutual pain and torture, he set off to Christian's abode. As he opened the coral gate memories came flooding back. He banged on the door and shouted, "It's me, Justin, your old friend, come out and see me again."

Christian replied, "No way man, you'll eat me. You're now a shark, the enemy, and I'll not be tricked into being your dinner."

Justin cried back "No, I'm not. That was the old me. I've changed."

**Groaner that way > > > >**

*"I've found Cod. I'm a Prawn again, Christian!"*

Life in the Australian Army...

*Text of a letter from a kid from Eromanga to Mum and Dad. (For those of you not in the know, Eromanga is a small town, west of Quilpie in the far south west of Queensland)*

Dear Mum & Dad,

I am well. Hope youse are too. Tell me big brothers Doug and Phil that the Army is better than workin' on the farm - tell them to get in bloody quick smart before the jobs are all gone! I wuz a bit slow in settling down at first, because ya don't hafta get outta bed until 6am. But I like sleeping in now, cuz all ya gotta do before brekky is make ya bed and shine ya boots and clean ya uniform. No bloody cows to milk, no calves to feed, no feed to stack - nothin'!! Ya haz gotta shower though, but its not so bad, coz there's lotsa hot water and even a light to see what ya doing!

At brekky ya get cereal, fruit and eggs but there are no kangaroo steaks or possum stew like what Mum makes. You don't get fed again until noon and by that time all the city boys are buggered because we've been on a 'route march' - geez its only just like walking to the windmill in the back paddock!!

This one will kill me brothers Doug and Phil with laughter. I keep getting medals for shootin' - dunno why. The bullseye is as big as a bloody possum's bum and it don't move and it's not firing back at ya like the Johnsons did when our big scrubber bull got into their prize cows before the Ekka last year! All ya gotta do is make yourself comfortable and hit the target - it's a piece of piss!! You don't even load your own cartridges, they come in little boxes, and ya don't have to steady yourself against the rollbar of the roo shooting truck when you reload!

Sometimes ya gotta wrestle with the city boys and I gotta be real careful coz they break easy - it's not like fighting with Doug and Phil and Jack and Boori and Steve and Muzza all at once like we do at home after the muster.

Turns out I'm not a bad boxer either and it looks like I'm the best the platoon's got, and I've only been beaten by this one bloke from the Engineers - he's 6 foot 5 and 15 stone and three pick handles across the shoulders and as ya know I'm only 5 foot 7 and eight stone wringin' wet, but I fought him till the other blokes carried me off to the boozier.

I can't complain about the Army - tell the boys to get in quick before word gets around how bloody good it is.

Your loving daughter,  
Sheila



**He wants me to clean his Tardis.  
What a fuckin' liberty.**

## RE-HASHING - the ale trail...

After the slightly shaky early start, missing the first 2 weeks due to runs being committed elsewhere, we had several early gains with the **Plough**, **Henfield** honouring Trevor and Malcolm's pre-trail beer stop to start us off (*see last issue*). Then before any passports were handed out, East Grinstead H3 ran from the **Lewes Arms**, **Lewes** on 8<sup>th</sup> June enabling a bonus stamp to be rewarded to just about all the passports.

The purpose of the EGH3 visit was to challenge the pub to a Dwile Flonking match, and I was curious to find out how this Sussex game actually worked. First of all though was the run which started from the car park near the Dorset Arms, flew up over the golf course to muck about on Mount Caburn, headed down to Glynde for the beer stop before cutting back round and returning across the golf course again. One noteworthy incident was Lone Rangers 'airing' of his danglies, sadly missed by Candida, probably the only person slightly interested, and that just to prove her earlier comment that she suspected there was a 'bit of a naturist in Les waiting to come out'. Problems at the sip, which was locked in co-hare Dic Docs car, when she gave the key to Dave Cordrey, who let himself get sucked into the misguided wake of Bullshit Larry, were eventually resolved when they realised their error.

Now, Dwile Flonking! This challenge was instigated by main hare Yogi. Traditionally a farming related thing the idea was to splat the opponents with a cloth soaked in the beer slops but points were scored for all sorts of things. To start the get-up was important so bits of string round your trousers to stop the rats getting up, waistcoats, hats, lots of colour and make-up all seemed important. Next names, and being hash we just bunged our tags at them which won brownie points particularly when Layby revealed she used to be Ginger Minge. For some reason she was sporting a black mirkin provoking the inevitable response to the question "why did you change your name?", "Well once you've tried black you don't turn back!"

I think the actual game works like this: 2 teams, batting and fielding. Each bat has one go and dips the rag (a beer towel) into the slops and holds it there on the end of their stick as the fielders dance round in a circle holding hands. As soon as the whistle goes the batter must take a shot. Points are awarded for hitting a fielder, partially or fully but lost for hesitation or hitting the band or the public. If the fielder misses they then have to down a beer in the time it takes the fielders to pass the stick round the circle. If the fielders break the circle batter gets a free hit. The main idea seems to get people to drink lots of beer and have a lot of fun so the fact that Lewes Arms won by only one point (49-48) when they supplied the umpire was irrelevant!

**9<sup>th</sup> June 2008 - Trevor Arms, Glynde.** Third stamp, and the first 'honest' one for BH7 was Ivan and Pat's run from here, and I guess it was inevitable that the trail would take us bang into the same territory as the day before. Yup twice up Caburn in as many days for YT here. This was a lovely run on a lovely evening, unusually for Ivan being respectably short in distance if not time, which was lost to the ravages of the hills. First time guest hasher Brent was slightly confounded by the flour from Sunday and led a merry pack the wrong way up the Mount, and Suzi caused a bit of mirth choosing to run in Crocs and cutaway jeans. Back at the pub she was heard to say she was trying to keep a low-profile but that ain't the way! Very lovely but she hasn't been seen since.





**15<sup>th</sup> June 2008 - The Ship, Cuckfield (W&NK H3)** Although this was after the Brighton pub crawl, not all passports were stamped at every pub so this counts as our 4<sup>th</sup> official visit. Once again the passports gatehashed another run but as I was hare (er... hence the pub choice which BH7 only visited at Easter) I felt we were justified in getting our stamps. Naturally this was a wonderful run 'through the woods and streams', past the false trees, free-range chickens, pigs, sheep, goats and whatever else. At the sip near the church I was moved to speak of Tim 'Dr. Love' Carter which prompted a brief search for his resting place as the pack felt a beer was the appropriate way to honour a hasher but we weren't able to find his grave so ran on through the village and across the fields back to Whitemans Green car park for down downs. I was named by an Essex hasher called 'Thumper' and in conversation on the way round it turned out that w&nker Jenny Palmer (whose daughter incidentally did a thesus on hashing!) also goes by the hash name of Thumper, so she became, much to her chagrin, my mum! Another beer was awarded in his absence to Grabarse from Guildford H3, who after several elaborate changes of plan had attempted to make the hash by biking to the station, train to Victoria with the plan to ride to the pub from Haywards Heath. He got to Victoria to find that bikes were banned due to the London to Brighton ride. Doh!

**16<sup>th</sup> June 2008 - The Downsman, Hangleton.** There are many instances of hounds running back-to-back trails, even on the same day sometimes, but as hare for the 2<sup>nd</sup> time in as many days in a totally different area, I was sorely tempted to set this lively. Gave in though and thus had my 4<sup>th</sup> run in 2 days at the 5<sup>th</sup> of our trail. I was extremely conscious of the interesting times that had been enjoyed the last time the club ran here when Martin hared and Tony had an altercation with a local nutter. Another danger was the long checkless paths on the Downs so I upset Charlie, who was convinced flour would be everywhere on the old rail track, and decided to stay south of the road as far as possible using the various parks and trails past the llamas (*note for Python fans: mirar hacia fuera alli son llamas\**), and through the hedge backwards, eventually crossing to the Downs at Foredown Hill. Ivan and Pat found the back check for an easy On Inn, and merry times were had at the pub, whilst several bicycles staved off the local villains by remaining safe in the camper van.

*\* One of my favourite sketches this was delivered in Spanish with subtitles (and on reflection had to be seen):*

*Man: The llama is a quadruped which lives in big rivers like the Amazon, It has two ears, a heart, a forehead, and a beak for eating honey. But it is provided with fins for swimming.*

*Guitarist & Dancer: Llamas are larger than frogs.*

*Man: Llamas are dangerous, so if you see one where people are swimming, you shout:*

*Guitarist & Dancer: Mirar hacia fuera alli son llamas!*  
*[Look out, there are llamas!]*

**23<sup>rd</sup> June 2008 - The Bull, Shermanbury or Mockbridge.** Whoops. Sent Angel off with the instructions to see if she could get the passports stamped for #6, and first off the woman wanted to see them individually as beers were bought, then she questioned why the names weren't filled in! Step in Chopper who saved the day but remembers nothing! I know little of the trail other than that there was a bit of a trespass. Unfortunate but these things do happen from time-to-time. Wildbush has taken the brunt of it though, as it turns out she works with the landowner who was unamused by the hash. Any defence to this then Dave?

**30<sup>th</sup> June** wasn't a trail pub but it was a lovely run through Stanmer Park and a great party afterwards at Mike Morris' house, with Harveys laid on and loads of Barbie grub and salad. Even a Brit win in the tennis! Thanks again Mike!

And so, the pubs taken care of we can now return to that pub crawl! I dawdled somewhat at the office arriving at the **Evening Star** just before 6.30pm to find Bunter on a mission, Brent 'Keepsitup' and Kayleen 'Wildbush' already there with Aaron, and we were soon joined by Don, Ivan with Sheldon and Magreet, and Les Gray. Nice number for a crawl so off to the **Battle of Trafalgar**, where Bunter rejoined us briefly after scoring 2 more pubs in the time we took to leisurely stroll up. Here the ice-cube game was invented and will no doubt be adapted on future missions. At the **Nelson** we pondered the uses of a paper hat, before heading down to the **Basketmakers Arms** to promote the hash by filling in the messages in the tins. Don took his leave here, although we had already lost Aaron, and unfortunately we lost Ivan, Sheldon and Magreet as the hardcore stopped for food in Waggamammas. By the time we got to the **Waggon and Horses** they'd drunk up and found another pub. This was a great night and the mutual feeling was to go for it and get this established as a regular feature, which should even become a hash in its own right along the lines of S(N)OTED! Of course the main mission was to see that loads of passports got stamped and we did well picking up quite a few extra stamps on top of the books we were carrying. Future not to be missed pub crawls are already announced as per the front page:

**11<sup>th</sup> July** - P trail from Lewes station to John Harvey Tavern for 7pm (or Evening Star, Brighton from 6pm, train 6.30pm)

**16<sup>th</sup> or 17<sup>th</sup> August** - bring your bikes for a gentle ride along the coast as usual visiting several fine pubs on the way.

**12<sup>th</sup> September** - the 2<sup>nd</sup> Brighton pub crawl - London Road and Hanover.

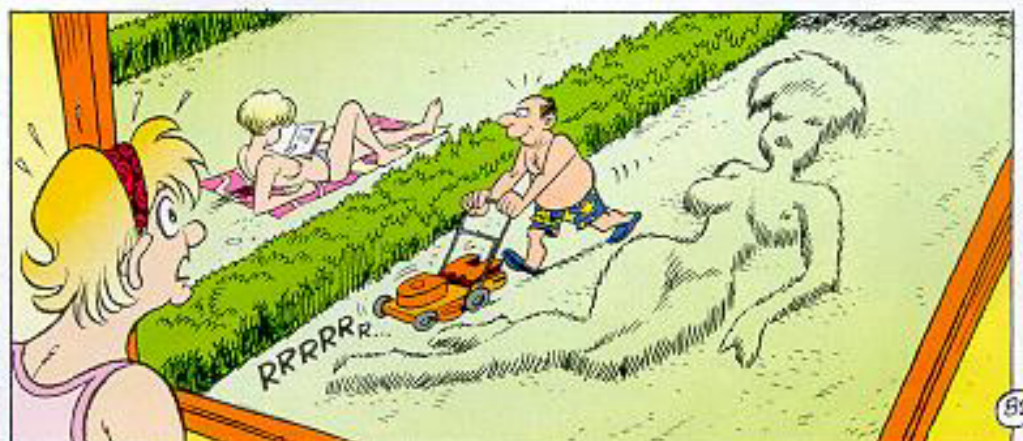
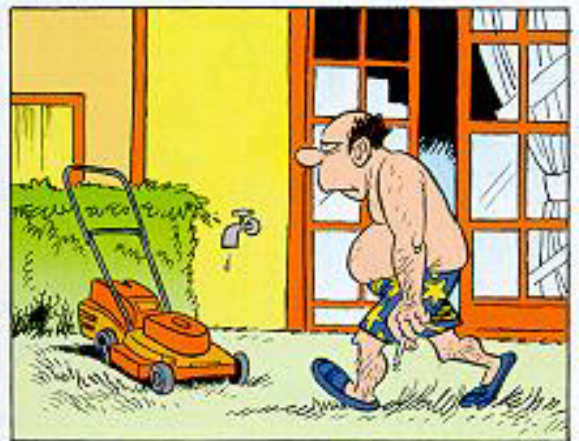


**Not a llama, no fins...**



## The Comic Strip presents...

*Never get a deprive a hasher of his beer just to cut your grass!*





## THE DARK SIDE OF HASHERS... This month: Grahame Cooper



### The evolution of maths in British schools:

#### 1 . Teaching Maths in 1970

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100. His cost of production is  $\frac{4}{5}$  of the price. What is his profit?

#### 2. Teaching Maths in 1980

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100. His cost of production is  $\frac{4}{5}$  of the price, or £80. What is his profit?

#### 3. Teaching Maths in 1990

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100. His cost of production is £80. Did he make a profit?

#### 4. Teaching! Maths in 2000

A logger sells a truckload of timber for £100. His cost of production is £80 and his profit is £20. Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

#### 5. Teaching! Maths in 2008

A logger cuts down a vast, beautiful forest because he is selfish and inconsiderate and cares nothing for the habitat of animals or the preservation of our woodlands. He does this so he can make a profit of £20. What do you think of this way of making a living?

Topic for class participation after answering the question: How did the birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut down their homes? (There are no wrong answers. )

#### 6. Teaching! Maths in 2018

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### THINGS YOU REALLY SHOULD KNOW - No.642

There are no gay people in Russia—there are homosexuals but they are not allowed to be gay about it. The punishment is seven years locked in prison with other men and there is a three-year waiting list for that.

