



BOGGY SHOE



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

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 January 2009	1594	Marquis of Granby, Sompting	162 053	Ivan
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. ¼ hr.				
12th January 2009	1595	Woolpack, Burgess Hill	301 198	Rik & Louis
Directions: Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. Go over 1st roundabout then left at next A273. Right at next and pub 500m on left. Estimate 20 mins.				
19th January 2009	1596	Black Horse, Lewes	414 096	Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. A277 to traffic lights then right & left at mini roundabout. 15 mins.				
26th January 2009	1597	Bax Castle, Southwater	184 272	Bouncer
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right at T and carry on through Cowfold to West Grinstead traffic lights. Right on A24, left at roundabout into Southwater, then left past Church. Right at t-junction and pub is first right. Est 30 mins. AUSTRALIA DAY BURNS NIGHT HASH <i>Fancy Dress R*n, either Australian or Scottish!</i> - Deposits to Bouncer.				
2nd February 2009	1598	Royal Oak, Wineham	236 206	Malcolm & Trevor
Directions: A23 north to B2117 for Hurstpierpoint. Left at t-junction and immediately right on B2118. Left just past Kings Head on B2116. Take 2nd right and pub on left 1.5miles. Est. 20 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE

- 09/02/09 Shepherd & Dog, Fulking
Pete B. & Grahame
- 16/02/09 Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell
Mudlarks
- 23/02/09 White Horse, Hurstpierpoint
Aunty Jo
- 02/03/09 The Chequers, Steyning
Mike Anybody
- 09/03/09 The Cat & Canary, Henfield
Elaine
- 16/03/09 Plumpton - Phil M.
- 06/04/09 Badgers Watch, Telscombe
Pat
- 11/05/09 Foresters Arms, Fairwarp
Brent & Kayleen

CRAFT #8 pub crawl:

7pm Friday 16th January Meet at the Evening Star, Brighton for Matthews Magical Mystery Meander!

Thought for the day:

Don't take your bike to the hash if you're an idiot or David Cameron!



HASH NOTICEBOARD

Next generation Brighton hash continues to expand:

Dear Bouncer,

Its a girl Ruby second name Kate weight 7.14 born at 6.14 on 23.12.08 alls well that ends wells Sash was fantastic 1 hour 20 minutes and she popped out into this world.....Sash is a natural!!! Ruby is gorgeous just like Sash. I on the other hand cried almost all the way through it and was useless!! Please could you pass this on to the Hash.

She's such a cutie... but then we would say that !!!!

See you soon.

Love Juliaxxxxxxxxxxxxx



Huge congratulations to the girls, as Hash Cash proves she has a softer side!

HASH T SHIRTS	BH7 Runs	Hare bonus	CRAFT Pubs	Total points	
Amanda Whistle	10			10	At last the 30 th anniversary hash t shirts are ready and the column left shows those who earned a free t or sweat shirt and have yet to claim it.
Andy Elliott	2		5	7	
Ben Whistle	9			9	
Bob Luck	9	1		10	
Bob Patton	6	1		7	
Caira Lavelle	9			9	
Chris Wheeler	3		6	9	
Daffy Dildo	0		8	8	
Eileen Jessop	7			7	
Elaine	13			13	
Jane Coe	8			8	Points were awarded on the basis of 1 point per ale trail pub visited with either the Brighton etc. hash on its regular Monday night runs, or with the spin-off the CRAFT H3 on the monthly pub crawls. Additional points were also awarded for everyone who showed further support for the trail by setting a hash from one of the trail pubs (or in Malc and Trevor's case, arranging a beer stop visit!).
Jenny Clarke	5		10	15	
Julia	13	1		14	
Julia Wheeler	2		6	8	
Les C	10		.	10	
Les Plumb	10			10	
Matthew	12	1	10	23	
Nicola	7			7	
Peter E	9			9	
Rik Taub	8			8	
Sasha	14	1		15	Over 110 runners signed the sheet over the 4 month period of the trail so with only 30 or so passports (based roughly on an average pack) it was necessary to restrict the awards to those who had most earned them.
Tony Coe	8			8	
					T shirts were allocated firstly to those who ran their own passports (pink), then in descending points. Anyone earning less than 9 points did not automatically earn a shirt but has the generosity of those who declined a shirt to thank! If any qualifiers on this list decide they do not require a shirt please let Bouncer know so that it can be passed on to the next in the list.
					Well done everyone and thanks for making this work again! Next club trail in 2013 but I will advertise 2009 here.
					Catch me on Hash night to claim t shirts!

ON ON Bouncer

ANSWERS TO CHRISTMAS QUIZ From issue 139 and a bit american

- Boxing.
- Niagara Falls. The rim is worn down about two and a half feet each year because of the millions of gallons of water that rush over it every minute.
- Asparagus and rhubarb.
- Baseball.
- Strawberry.
- The pear grew inside the bottle. The bottles are placed over pear buds when they are small, and are wired in place on the tree. The bottle is left in place for the whole growing season. When the pears are ripe, they are snipped off at the stems.
- Dwarf, dwell, and dwindle.
- Period, comma, colon, semicolon, dash, hyphen, apostrophe, question mark, exclamation point, quotation marks, brackets, parenthesis, braces, and ellipses.
- In Minnesota. The team was originally known as the Minneapolis Lakers and kept the name when they moved west.
- Batter hit by a pitch; passed ball; catcher interference; catcher drops third strike; fielder's choice; and being designated as a pinch runner.
- Lettuce.
- Shoes, socks, sandals, sneakers, slippers, skis, snowshoes, stockings.

Meanwhile, I've just found out that Hugh Martin wrote 'Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas!' Crikey 'Cardinal'!



BURNS IS BACK!

The 6th Burns hash will this year be on 26th January from the Bax Castle, near Southwater. As usual it should only cost about £5 /head for haggis plus roast veg and as usual there should be some fun and games on the night. Please let me know if you will be attending with payment. Thanks, Bouncer

Triple 100 - 100 miles; 100 beers in 100 hours!

This idea was mooted on the Hash Space as an activity to keep hashers amused over the festive period! Didn't say whether it should be pints but I suspect that as it was an American idea stubbies would be enough if you fancy falling off any resolutions big time! Then again, near on a marathon a day is tough going too so you need to be on form. I'm happy to attempt this as a relay if anyone wants to put a team together!

Tell Tale Signs U R An Experienced Hasher:

1. You first wake-up & you're afraid you're gonna die, then half an hour later you're afraid you won't, but another half hour later you're on your way to the hash
2. You spell Alcohol with a capital letter out of respect
3. You can sleep anywhere: in cars, tents, beaches, parties, bars, the bare ground or anywhere you pass out
4. You believe spilling your beer is Alcohol abuse & a major offence! You will get down & lick it back up
5. You go to the bathroom to hurl, but take your beer with you
6. You have at least once in your life drank out of your shoes
7. You're on a first name basis at bars in your area as well as the detoxification centre
8. Beer ads make sense
9. You wake up to the sound of your dog drinking out of the toilet & you're so dry that it sounds mighty thirst quenching
10. You wake-up the next morning & start drinking a few of the half empties left sitting around
11. Work annoys you because it gets in the way of hashing
12. You party until sunrise Friday night, hash all Saturday & party again all Saturday night & figure you'll catch up on sleep when you're dead
13. You compare scars & reminisce fondly about how they were acquired
14. You know phrases like "R U", "SCB", "FRB", "ON-ON", "SI P", "Down-Down" & "ON-I NN"
15. Toilet paper, chalk, flour, whistles or alcohol can be found in your backpack or car at all times
16. Everywhere you look you see a possible hash trail
17. The space on your driver's license that tells your eye colour reads "Bloodshot"
18. You can fall down a flight of steps without spilling your beer
19. You make mix drinks by the litre- then fill your camel back with it
20. You put off urinating in hopes of reaching that near orgasmic Zen-like piss
21. The bottle says 20 standard drinks, but you only get 5
22. You frequently urinate on trail (the world is your toilet!)
23. You know songs like "The S & M Man", "Swing Low Sweet Chariot", "Yogi Bear", "I Used to Work in Chicago" & "Bestiality's Best"
24. You don't need to be drunk to behave stupidly, it just comes natural!



Harriette gets caught with new shoes!

WHA'S LIKE US - DAMN FEW AND THEY'RE AE DEAD!

- The average Englishman in the home he calls his castle, slips into his national costume - a shabby raincoat - patented by chemist Charles Macintosh from Glasgow, Scotland.
- En route to his office he strides along the English lane, surfaced by John Macadam of Ayr, Scotland.
- He drives an English car fitted with tyres invented by John Boyd Dunlop of Dreghorn, Scotland.
- At the office he receives the mail bearing adhesive stamps invented by John Chalmers of Dundee, Scotland.
- During the day he uses the telephone invented by Alexander Graham Bell, born in Edinburgh, Scotland.
- At home in the evening his daughter pedals her bicycle invented by Kirkpatrick Macmillan, Blacksmith of Dumfries, Scotland.
- He watches the news on T.V., an invention of John Logie Baird of Helensburgh, Scotland and hears an item about the U.S. Navy, founded by John Paul Jones of Kirkbean, Scotland.
- He has by now been reminded too much of Scotland and in desperation he picks up the Bible, only to find that the first man mentioned in the good book is a Scot - King James VI - who authorised its translation.

Nowhere can an Englishman turn to escape the ingenuity of the Scots.

- He could take to drink but the Scots make the best in the world.
- He could take a rifle and end it all but the breech-loading rifle was invented by Captain Patrick Ferguson of Pitfour, Scotland.
- If he escaped death, he could find himself on an operating table injected with penicillin, discovered by Alexander Fleming of Darvel, Scotland, and given an anaesthetic, discovered by Sir James Young Simpson of Bathgate, Scotland.
- Out of the anaesthetic he would find no comfort in learning that he was as safe as the Bank of England, founded by William Paterson of Dumfries, Scotland.
- Perhaps his only remaining hope would be to get a transfusion of guid Scottish blood which would entitle him to ask "WHA'S LIKE US"

As a young piper, I was asked by a funeral director to play at a grave-side service for a homeless man, with no family or friends. The funeral was to be held at a cemetery way back in the country, and this man would be the first to be laid to rest there. As I was not familiar with the backwoods area, I became lost; and being a typical man did not stop for directions. I finally arrived an hour late. I saw the backhoe and the crew, who were eating lunch, but the hearse was nowhere in sight.

I apologized to the workers for my tardiness, and stepped to the side of the open grave, where I saw the vault lid already in place. I assured the workers I would not hold them up for long, but this was the proper thing to do. The workers gathered around, still eating their lunch. I played out my heart and soul. As I played the workers began to weep. I played, and I played, like I'd never played before: From My Home & The Lord is my Shepherd to Flowers of the Forest. I closed the lengthy session with Amazing Grace and walked to my car. As I was opening the door and taking off my coat, I overheard one of the workers saying to another, 'Lard Jeezuz b'y, I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years.'



EVER HOPEFUL FOR A BLOWJOB,
HARVEY DISGUISES HIMSELF AS BAGPIPES

A POEM FOR THE MORNING AFTER BURNS' NIGHT

Last night I found a haggis
Shivering under my bed.
I looked at the pitiful creature.
"Get out of here!" I said.

He shrank back in the corner.
He moaned and looked forlorn.
He looked me in the eye and said,
"I wish I'd never been born."

I curiously asked the reason
For his mournful little plea.
His shivering stilled for a moment,
"Your accent is strange." Said he.

"That's true, I'm from Australia,
I'm a stranger to your shore."
"Protect me, then," he begged me,
"From an ancient Scottish lore.

"'Tis the night of our mortal danger,
When no haggis remains alive.
They'll drink and sing and eat us all,
For its January twenty five.

"'Tis the night of their annual gathering.
'Tis the night when Rabbie Burns
Is toasted, sung and recited.
'Tis the night for which no haggis yearns.

"They mash and smash the tatties.
They do the same to the neeps.
And pile them round the haggis,
On the platter, in steaming heaps

"They answer the skirl of the bagpipes
As the platter is carried in high
With me - or my brother upon it,
Oh, please, we don't want to die!

"Then the moment of truth is upon us
When 'To a Haggis' is read.
And the Master draws his sgian dubh.
It plunges and then we're dead."

I said, "Stay in the corner.
Your secret is safe with me.
I'll not tell a soul, where you're hiding
And tomorrow you'll be free!"

I answered the skirl of the bagpipes;
My promises still in my head.
I toasted his health in malt whisky.
And ate his brother instead.

So the next time you eat a Haggis
Remember me little mate
But whatever you do I ask you
Don't stick me pal on your plate.

REHASHING...

LGC Boars Head Horsham

Les took his haring duties seriously and recce'd his first hash 4 times braving raging hounds and horses to finalise a route that had Bouncer volunteering as co-hare. Nice start from the car park up a lane to check one offering the railway bridge as temptation. When setting Les revealed that the false to the left got a bit close to the return trail, but wasn't overly concerned as he reckoned it would probably only be Brent in head down motor on mode that would get it wrong. Trail called on it was downhill to next wet check which was called just as Julia and Sasha reached us. Lots more wet feet due to the sodden sods as we went under the railway then the A24. Here Bouncer had stuck a short loop in which was nevertheless enough for the rear end to overtake the FRB's up the hill. It was about here that Brent reappeared after his predicted loop back to the pub! This caused Angel a huge amount of mirth although she was already in trouble after Matthew turned up with only one shoe, and not for the first time as he'd done the same at the relay! Having borrowed a spare, but just the one, from Daffy Dildo he was good to run but caused more consternation when his hat got hooked on an overhanging branch. Despairingly looking on the ground for it, he was only appeased when Charlie shone his torch on the offending item still in the trees! Trevor was by now getting fed up with the wet. "Don't worry, plenty of dry later". "Later" when it came was road which he moaned about too! Next check, which Bouncer had earlier found out was named the **Broadbridge Heath** check, was left and led on to the **Slinfold** check (these new hares!). Before that was an SCB by the river through to Christ's Hospital station, which was taken by a few walkers and worked well to reunite them with the pack eager for mud after their road run on the South Downs Way after the **I tchingfield** check. The **Christ's Hospital** check headed left up the hill then skirted the woods to a regroup without any sip (shame!). This was a hazardous crossing over the A24 but tackled as a group caused no problems and it was on through the horse paddock (sans horses by now) to Griggs Farm. A nice road finish after the **Southwater** check through the No Through Road ("I wonder how much it costs to buy a no through road sign to put up on a road that you can easily get through, pondered hare") and back to pub for some expensive ale! Another great hash...

Wiggy New Moon, Storrington

Wiggy was originally going to set this one live but finding himself without anyone to run with on the Sunday called me up and said "fancy coming round while I set?". Having knackered my knee at the Duck Pond Waddle the previous week, a run was not on the agenda but I could manage a stroll so off we jolly well went. First problem was to locate some marking material so it was into the drug store where Hare was delighted with his 40p chalk, as I picked up some bog roll from Somerfield. The pack was an elite few so close to Christmas although the night was very pleasant. A quick loop round through the car park to gather stragglers then off towards Cootham. Check returned to the High Street though and up towards the Church across a meadow. Then along the lane before turning Downwards. At the next check Brent decided on the hill and charged up despite lack of marks, as pack headed east to the next check on ? lane. Meanwhile, Julia and Sasha (by now T + 3 days) who had arrived as On was called had taken a short cut with YT (Charlie: Girls said to make sure it's marked through. B: I'll do better than that and stroll with them). We could hear the pack bearing down as we continued up the lane so I refreshed marks as we went, but they didn't catch up before the next check which again offered a climb. This incidentally was the hiding place for the whisky 2 years back at the last Burns hash, which anyone who hung around in the cold for 20 minutes will well recall as Wiggy tried to remember where he'd left it! We stayed low and carried on through the woods expecting imminent pack but again made the road and down to the waterfall where we decided against the official SCB as we were still ahead. Up past the dead deer into the fields we now had a fine view of the torches on the road so extinguished our own until past Sullington Church. Unbelievably the pack still hadn't found us! When we were setting I had been surprised by an enormous and irate Sow on the next section but no sign tonight. Leaving Wiggy's marks alone now we took a couple of diagonals across the fields until we were back into the woods, on to the road, then home through the houses somehow managing to beat the pack! Another great hash!

KIU Ansty Cross

It was a pleasant surprise to see Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger had made the effort on a bitter night to come all the way over from Bexhill for Brents first Brighton Haring. Latching on to walking Hare's assistant, Kayleen, we headed due east from the pub to a check that took the pack on a short loop as we headed north. Over the A272 we reached the cemetery just as the pack caught up so I went off with Spreadsheet to see if we could find Doctor Lurves final resting place but we were once again unsuccessful. As the pack moved off on another loop we were joined on the walk by George Vargha and a returning Eddie for the west leg of our square. Pack again caught us up shortly outside of Cuckfield Park but they still had another loop to go as we turned south on Deak's Lane for the return to the pub. Brilliant work by the hare meant that walkers and r*nners all made the pub together (thus negating our SCB advantage at the bar, dammit!). Whilst on trail I'd mentioned that Bob Luck used to live in Deak's Lane to Kayleen, apparently sealing the kiss of death on the lad who managed to get totally lost, only getting back to the pub some ¾ hour after the rest of us!



Barstool for kilt wearers...

In the pub Navy Mudlark had some leftover material from his excellent performance as RA at the Xmas bash and called us to order to dispense down-downs firstly to Dave Evans for managing the extraordinary feat of setting a run in Lewes from a pub with no Harveys. This was accompanied by a pair of hash thongs and a personalised Spreadsheet mug! Bouncer received a plastic bag and a freebie promo shirt for Bali 2010 (bid was won by Kuching on Borneo!) to wear as he poured beer over his face outside, whilst wearing the gutter pipe over the elbow. Nigel's pride in his efforts to acquire said shirt reminded me of the shirt he'd taken to Perth for me, which he'd also worn at the Hong Kong Sevens and while kayaking in Sydney harbour. It seems that few had seen the story of the Great White which had very nearly dun for some kayakers also in Sydney Harbour the previous day! Another great hash!

"Selling Insurance"

Bouncer walks into an insurance office and asks for a job. "We don't need anyone" they replied.

"You can't afford not to hire me. I can sell anyone, anytime, anything!"

"Well we have two prospects that no one has been able to sell. If you can sell just one, you have a job." He was gone about two hours, and returned and handed them two checks, one for £25,000.00 and another for £50,000.00.

"How in the world did you do that?" they asked.

"I told you I'm the World's best salesman, I can sell anyone, anywhere, anytime!"

"Did you get a urine sample?" they asked him.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Well, if you sell a policy over £20,000.00 the company requires a urine sample. Take these two bottles and go back and get urine samples." Bouncer was gone about 6 hours and they were about to close when in he walks in with two five gallon buckets, one in each hand. He sets the buckets down, and reaches in his shirt pocket and produces two bottles of urine, and sets them on the desk and says "Here's Mr. Brown's and this one is Mr. Smith's."

"That's good" they said, "but what's in those two buckets?"

"Well, I passed by the Travelodge and they were having a lawyers convention, so I stopped and sold them a group policy!"

Airman Jones was assigned to the induction centre, where he advised new recruits about their government benefits, especially their GI insurance. It wasn't long before Captain Smith noticed that Airman Jones had almost a 100% record for insurance sales, which had never happened before. Rather than ask about this, the Captain stood in the back of the room and listened to Jones's sales pitch. Jones explained the basics of the GI Insurance to the new recruits, and then said: "If you have GI Insurance and go into battle and are killed, the government has to pay \$200,000 to your beneficiaries. If you don't have GI insurance, and you go into battle and get killed, the government only has to pay a maximum of \$6000." "Now," he concluded, "which bunch do you think they are going to send into battle first?" "All the strength you need to achieve anything is within you. Don't wait for a light to appear at the end of the tunnel, stride down there and light the bloody thing yourself"

FROM THE 2008 NEWS ARCHIVE:

LONDON (AFP) - Organisers of a duathlon in Scotland have taken out a one-million-pound (1.46-million-euro, 1.97-million-dollar) insurance policy against attack by or sighting of the fabled Loch Ness monster.

Transport operator FirstGroup said in a statement that its policy with insurers Royal and Sun Alliance would pay out should "Nessie" emerge from the murky depths of the vast watercourse and/or attack one of the competitors.

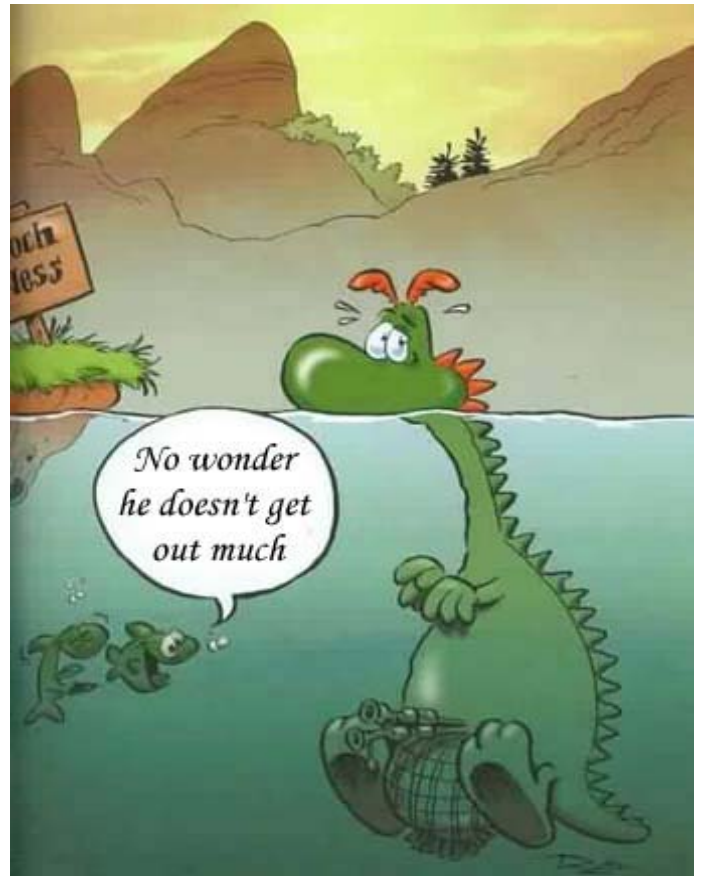
First Monster Duathlon race director Malcolm Sutherland said they were planning for all eventualities. Jon Woodman, trading director at R and SA said: "This is one of our more unusual requests but it certainly gave our team something to get their teeth into." Any "proven sighting" has to be independently verified, subject to policy terms and conditions, the insurer said. The event, on September 2, requires individuals in each team of four to complete two legs of the eight-legged event around the shores of Loch Ness, in northern Scotland — one 10-kilometre run and one 20-kilometre cycle. Money raised will go to charity.

Insurance Claims See also #51

Below are actual insurance claim form gaffes. These are NEW (mostly), and are the collection made by Norwich Union for their annual Christmas magazine:

- "A car drove away at speed catching our client who went up in the air and his head went through the windscreen and then rolled off at the traffic lights a good few feet away. The car then sped off and miraculously our client remained conscious and managed to cross the road."
- "I had one eye on a parked car, another on approaching lorries, and another on the woman behind".
- "On the M6 I moved from the centre lane to the fast lane but the other car didn't give way."
- "Mr. X is in hospital and says I can use his car and take his wife while he is there. What shall I do about it?"
- "No witnesses would admit having seen the mishap until after it happened."
- "Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have."
- "The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him."
- "The pedestrian had no idea which way to run, so I ran over him."
- "I saw a slow-moving, sad faced old gentleman, as he bounced off the roof of my car"

The chef at a hotel in Switzerland lost a finger in a meat cutting machine and, after a little hopping around, submitted a claim to his insurance company. The company, suspecting negligence, sent out one of its men to have a look for himself. He tried the machine out and lost a finger. The chef's claim was approved.



**CRAFT#7 Review - Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle Friday 5th December 2008
Lindfield from Haywards Heath**

A double booking forced hare KIU to alter the date, unfortunately meaning a short notice hash that prevented others from making it. So apologies from Daffy and others suggested this was going to be our lightest pack yet! Still, with 3 certainties we could be sure of a laugh regardless!

La Pipe, returning, was first to arrive at the Burrell Arms, tempted by the pub so often seen immediately outside the station from the train windows, whilst passing through Haywards Heath, and promptly availed himself of his namesake Harveys Best. Bouncer was already three pints to the good by the time he got there after a strange afternoon and some research for a future option involving the Duke of Wellington in Shoreham. No need to go into it all here as he bored the pack senseless on the night! LGC made an impressive entrance with some lovely he'd chatted up on the way down. Not having Dave's eyesight he'd had to ask where the Burrell was and she'd responded with, "I'll show you. I'm here for a bridesmaids dress fitting and I could do with a stiff one beforehand." Wonder if her name was KT? Hare and Wildbush, tearing herself away from work for once, completed the pack but a short delay whilst the last three waited for the barrel to be changed (that or drink John Smiths!) meant that a top-up was called for, for La Pipe and Bouncer.



Eventually hare persuaded us that better pubs awaited and the mild dry night held some attraction!

The Witch Inn was slightly over a kilometre distant which made it one of the longest walks between pubs that we'd had, and the hare was soundly beaten down when he tried to stop the pack from entering as he'd intended a visit on the return trip. This lot have drinkers constipation though, can't pass a pub, so in we went. Bouncer returned from the bar to find that the comfortable table was one stool short so sat with a couple of girls at the next table before moving the stool over. They left within seconds "wadd-i-say?". Wildbush was making noises about food at this point so a choice needed to be made - head to Bent Arms for pub grub or White Horse for Thai. The decision was made by La Pipe who needed to make an early departure (*having told the wife he'd be home after 10?*). Delay food so he can have a pint at the Stand-Up. Actually that may have been Bouncer forgetting (and why not) that Dave had set trail for BH7 from the Stand-Up in the summer. Whatever, the silly sod (Bouncer again) lost the trail after a call of nature so took the Cooks tour to pub 3.

As we enjoyed the Smoke and other ales it was revealed that Brent has been known by many variations on a theme, which are lost in your scribes mental notes, only 'Takes It Up' being called to mind having been used by Mad Cow at a recent Barnes run. The lure of the dartboard proved too strong and LGC soon established himself as a bit good. Wildbush presented a crisp packet for inspection with the warning that *'These chips can be eaten as part of a healthy diet along with plenty of broccoli...'* No good for George 'I Don't Like Broccoli' Bush (the first one) then. Dave was now eager to go so bravely took on the mini-marathon walk back to the station as we headed to the Bent Arms to see if we could procure some grub.

As we sauntered up the High Street Bouncer made a late and unnecessary call to a drinking pal who lives in Lindfield but was almost certainly already involved. In the Bent Arms the kitchen was closed so halves were purchased, tipped into tankards and we left to try the Red Lion.

This was an immensely enjoyable pub with great music and some white terriers? At least that's what the bit of paper says. Gotta feeling LGC knows about that so ask him. Kayleen was starting to shake uncontrollably now so food being pretty urgent we opted for the soft way back to the station and booked a cab. He was pretty sharp too but was decent enough not too press the point having done his legal duty and asked whether there was anything in the tankards we were all holding. "No, guv, honest" we all said as one. Curry house insisted we finish before we went in though, boo.

And so as food was mauled*, yet another CRAFT drew to a close and suspects wound their weary way homewards. Apart from a brief foray by Bouncers hat, mainly for the purposes of the photo, the whole subject of Christmas was avoided completely. How about that!

* **Footnote:** Whilst in the curry house Bouncer had told the anecdote about a previous post beer curry, which had resulted in him finding an After Eight mint for Gabby melted in his wallet a few days later. Angel had scoffed it anyway much to ET's amusement who reminded Daddy of this in the days before this CRAFT - "Remember when Mummy ate your wallet?". In demonstrating this, for some odd reason he put another After Eight mint in his wallet. No prizes for guessing what happened!



THE



END

BLAST FROM THE PAST - From #67:

Bouncer walked into the local job centre, marched straight up to the counter and said "Hi, I'm lookin' for a job.". The man behind the counter replied "Your timing is amazing. We've just got a listing from a very wealthy man who wants a chauffeur for his twin daughters. You'll have to drive around in a big black Mercedes, uniform provided. Because of the long hours of this job meals will also be provided and once a year you will also be required to escort the young ladies on their overseas holiday. The salary package is £200,000 a year and the word is they're both nymphomaniacs!" Bouncer said "B*ll*cks! You're taking the p*ss!". The man behind the counter said "Well you f*ckin' started it!"

The Gardener

I met this girl recently, she was a gardener and I was doing a bit of gardening. She was a nice Chicory. Anyway I took her back to my place to smoke a bit of herbaceous border, you know get her a bit hyacinth. Whilst she was there she got out my Sweet William. Now I don't have a Forsythia, it got parsniped by a juniper when I was a child, so there she was with my blue bell and my honeysuckled, which was nice. So I went down to her Lily of the Valley, fiddled with her Clematis, parted her Lobellia, and she said don't Teasle, Tulip. So I did remembering not to forget-me-not to put a foxglove on my Dogwood. I mean I don't want to pollinate and have to get Marigold. Anyway she starts to Beetroot and I think, right time to Yucca. So I got my Rockery into her Quince and I Rhododendron. Halfway through I'm thinking to myself. How about a bit of Box hedging, bit of re-potting, annual Saxifrage, one up the Aspidistra if you like. I give that a go she goes Lupin, jumps out of bed before I can cuckoo spit my snowdrops and accuses me of being sycamore. Well I say I don't want to seem ungrapefruit, I mean I like you but not allotment.



YIPPEE! NO MORE BUSH! As we say farewell to George W. here's another true story:

At Heathrow Airport in England, a 300-foot red carpet was stretched out to Air Force One and President Bush strode to a warm but dignified handshake from Queen Elizabeth II. They rode in a silver 1934 Bentley to the edge of central London where they boarded an open 17th century coach hitched to six magnificent white horses. As they rode toward Buckingham Palace, each looking to their side and waving to the thousands of cheering Britons lining the streets, all was going well. This was indeed a glorious display of pageantry and dignity. Suddenly the scene was shattered when the right rear horse let rip the most horrendous, earth-shattering, eye-smarting blast of flatulence, and the coach immediately filled with noxious fumes. Uncomfortable, but maintaining control, the two dignitaries did their best to ignore the whole incident. But then the Queen decided that was a ridiculous manner with which to handle a most embarrassing situation. She turned to Mr. Bush and explained, "Mr. President, please accept my regrets. I'm sure you understand that there are some things even a Queen cannot control." George W., ever the Texas gentleman, replied, "Your Majesty, please don't give the matter another thought. You know, if you hadn't said something I would have assumed it was one of the horses."