



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R ns/trash #143 April 2009*

<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
6th April 2009	1607	Badgers Watch, Telscombe	397 014	Pat
Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est. 10 mins.				
13th April 2009	1608	The Fox, Patching	078 057	Wiggy
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. At A280 Angmering turn-off take right at roundabout then left just over A27. Pub 1km on right. Est. 25 mins.				
20th April 2009	1609	The Juggs, Kingston	394 084	Matthew
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout, turn right. Pub on right in centre of village. Est. 10 mins.				
27th April 2009	1610	The Oak, Ardingly	345 295	Don
Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again and stay on A272 into Haywards Heath. Left at Dolphin pub, round one-way and past station. Straight on at roundabout then left just past next on to Ardingly road. At junction with B2028 go hard left (not on B2028) to pub on left. Est. 30 mins.				
4th May 2009	1611	The Crown, Cootham	074 147	George
Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take second exit A283 to Steyning. Left at next roundabout, straight on at A24 staying on A283 through Storrington. Pub on right 1 mile after duck pond on left. Est. 25 mins.				

### RECEDING HARELINE

- 11/05/09 Foresters Arms, Fairwarp - Brent & Kayleen
- 18/05/09 The Griffin, Fletching - Mike C.
- 25/05/09 The Fox, Small Dole - Hugh
- 01/06/09 Red Lion, Willingdon Village – Ann & Nicola
- 23/05/09 **ANNUAL HASH RELAY –  
Buriton to Beachy Head**

### CRAFT #11: Bluebell Railway Ale Train ride, Horsted Keynes station.

#### Thought for the day:

*Beer is good, beer is great, it goes with anything  
on your plate. Unlike chocolate!*

Banks escape once again as G20 protests spiral  
out of control



# HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

PLEASE NOTICE!!!!

You may have noticed the increased amount of notices for you to notice. And, we have noticed that some of our notices have not been noticed. This is very noticeable.

It has been noticed that the responses to the notices have been noticeably unnoticeable. Therefore, this notice is to remind you to notice the notices and to respond to the notices because we do not want the notices to go unnoticed.

From the Notice Committee for Noticing Notices

**CRAFT#11: Friday 17<sup>th</sup> April Bluebell Rail Ale Train - An evening of steam, real ale, jazz and at least six guest beers.**

Enjoy a steam hauled train ride, a pie & chip supper at Sheffield Park & Live Jazz at Horsted Keynes, plus everyone's first pint will be free. £21.50 per person. Limited places so booking is essential (01825 720800)

Train departs Horsted Keynes at 5:45pm: Train departs Kingscote at 6:30pm

**NB;** A few of us are intending to go to Horsted Keynes. Meet at Haywards Heath railway station by 5:20pm to get a lift (or to pick up passengers). Please advise if you intend to travel via Haywards Heath station and we will confirm if there will be enough seats in the cars. We will be returning to Haywards Heath in taxis from Horsted Keynes when the King George bar (on the platform) closes (10:00pm).

**NB2;** If you intend to travel directly to Kingscote, please note beer will **not** be served on the train until it departs. If you would like a beer waiting for you when you board the train, let us know!

Alternatively, for £10, non traveling tickets are available at Horsted Keynes (includes a pasty & chip supper and first pint). Let me know if you are interested. There was only one train last year and it sold out quickly.

On

**23<sup>rd</sup> May 2009 ANNUAL HASH RELAY – Our Annual pub crawl along the South Downs Way from Buriton on the Hampshire Border to Beachy Head. Start getting your teams together now! See Phil for full details.**

On

**FEATURED WEEKENDS (various BH7 folk already booked):**

**26<sup>th</sup> to 28<sup>th</sup> June - FRIENDS OF THE MOLE H3 1000<sup>th</sup> R\*n Weekend (organised by Sally and James!)**

Canterbury Rugby Club on the edge of the City. Camping around the Club pitches, and food, showers and loos will be provided or stay in nearby hotel / b&b's at own expense. All inclusive at £79.99. £10 reduction if taking off-site accommodation.

Friday Registration and 999th Cops and Robbers 'Run' in and out of the pubs in Canterbury.

Saturday Choose from 3 A to B Runs with Vintage Bus transfer; 14 mile 'Ball Breaker' run; or 30 mile Bike Hash.

Evening Huge curry, washed down with fine Kentish ales, and a good rock band to dance to, featuring Proxy of OCH3.

Sunday 'Hangover' Hash and Closing Circle.

See website [www.geocities.com/fotmhhh](http://www.geocities.com/fotmhhh) for full details and a registration form.

**17<sup>th</sup> to 19<sup>th</sup> July - HURSLEY H3 1000<sup>th</sup> + R2D2 H3 500<sup>th</sup> Weekend**

Winchester Rugby Club. Just £30 for all runs, two nights camping, two breakfasts, Saturday packed lunch and evening meal, hash entertainment, and some drinks tokens (according to funds). We advise bring your own for when the Club bar shuts.

The weekend-long event includes runs/walks on Friday, Saturday (including a ball-breaker) and Sunday.

**28<sup>th</sup> to 31<sup>st</sup> August - 15<sup>th</sup> UK NASH HASH - Perth Racecourse - [www.users.zetnet.co.uk/festivalhash/](http://www.users.zetnet.co.uk/festivalhash/)**

The Scottish Hashers look forward to welcoming you to Perth for Nash Hash 2009. Perth Racecourse is situated in beautiful, secluded parkland beside the river Tay and adjacent to the grounds of Scone Palace seat of the Earl of Mansfield. This was the location of Scone Abbey, former home of the Stone of Destiny and crowning place of the Scottish kings. Perthshire is justly famous for its magnificent hills, rivers, lochs and forests and we can guarantee hashing of unsurpassed quality with short bus rides of the venue.

All food from Saturday breakfast to Monday Breakfast is covered by your registration payment. On site camping/ caravanning included - local hostels and B&B's. See web site for everything as there's too much to print here!

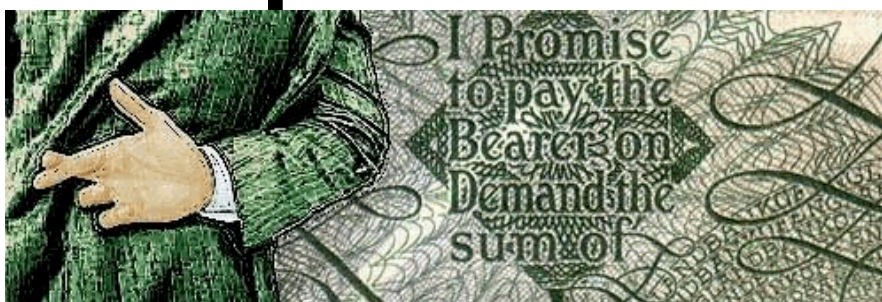
On

"Westerham And North Kent Hash"  
[list@w-nk.org.uk](mailto:list@w-nk.org.uk)

**Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> July 2009** White Horse, Maplehurst, West Sussex Hares: Scud and Fetherlite

Your chance to learn Morris Dancing!! In exchange we'll teach them how to hash.

The only thing neither side needs to learn is how to drink beer!! **Important: bring your own MUGS.**





Model sues plastic surgeon in Mexico for not making her nipples even after a breast implant. The doctor said they looked good to me.

**Top Tips for Combating the Credit Crunch**

- **HOMEOWNERS:** Prevent burglars stealing everything in the house by simply moving everything in the house into your bedroom when you go to bed. In the morning, simply move it all back again.
- **SAVE** electricity by turning off all the lights in your house and walking around wearing a miner's hat.
- **HOUSEWIVES,** the best way to get two bottles of washing-up liquid for the price of one is by putting one in your shopping trolley and the other in your coat pocket.
- **OLD** telephone directories make ideal personal address books, simply cross out the names and address of people you don't know.
- **SAVE** a fortune on laundry bills. Give your dirty shirts to Oxfam, they will wash and iron them and you can buy them back for fifty pence.
- **OLD** people, if you feel cold indoors this winter, simply pop outside naked for ten minutes. When you go back inside you will really feel the benefit.
- **CAN'T** afford contact lenses? Simply cut out small circles of cling film and press them into your eyes.
- **WHY** pay the earth for expensive jigsaws? Just take a bag of frozen chips from the freezer and try piecing together potatoes.
- **MIX** tea with coffee, and leave in the fridge to cool. Hey presto! Toffee.
- **MAKE** your own inexpensive mints by leaving blobs of toothpaste to dry on a window sill. Use striped toothpaste to make humbugs.
- **SHOPPERS,** when buying oranges, get more for your money by peeling them before taking them to the counter to be weighed.



This is a quiz for people who know everything! These are not trick questions. They are straight questions with straight answers.

1. Name the one sport in which neither the spectators nor the participants know the score or the leader until the contest ends.
2. What famous North American landmark is constantly moving backward?
3. Of all vegetables, only two can live to produce on their own for several growing seasons. All other vegetables must be replanted every year. What are the only two perennial vegetables?
4. What fruit has its seeds on the outside?
5. In many liquor stores, you can buy pear brandy, with a real pear inside the bottle. The pear is whole and ripe, and the bottle is genuine; it hasn't been cut in anyway. How did the pear get inside the bottle?
6. Only three words in standard English begin with the letters "dw" and they are all common words. Name two of them.
7. There are 14 punctuation marks in English grammar. Can you name at least half of them?
8. Name the only vegetable or fruit that is never sold frozen, canned, processed, cooked, or in any other form except fresh.
9. Name 6 or more things that you can wear on your feet beginning with the letter "S."

**Spot the blonde competition (see page 4):**



**Two blondes walk into a pub.....you'd think at least one of them would have seen it.**

A phone company put an ad in the paper in order to recruit workers. The next day, two groups of workers show up - a crew of five men and a crew of five blonde women. Due to EEO regulations, the company cannot decide who to give the job to, so to be fair they give the two groups a test. The company boss says, "Each crew will receive a telephone pole that must be installed into the ground. Whoever is able to hammer it in first will get the job." Both groups agree that this is a fair test, so off they go in the Company trucks with the long telephone poles sticking out the back. A few hours pass, and finally, at 1:00, the male crew returns. "Yes!" they shout. "We came back first, so we get the job!!" "Good work, men," says the boss, "However, we must wait until the other crew comes back to make sure that the reason they're delayed is not because of traffic or the truck breaking down." "Fine, no problem," say the men. An hour passes, two hours pass, three hours. Finally, at 4:30, the Blonde crew arrives. All the women's faces are flushed and they are breathing hard. They have obviously been working hard. "What happened to you? What took so long?" asks the boss incredulously. "What do you mean, 'what took so long'?? We worked our butts off. Do we get the job?" "YOU get the job? No way! The men were back here THREE HOURS ago!" "Well, of course they were," say the blondes. "But they cheated !! They only put the stupid pole in halfway!!"



OOPS  
BLONDE  
MOMENT

A young wife, her blonde husband and a young good looking sailor were shipwrecked on an island. One morning, the sailor climbed a tall coconut tree and yelled, "Stop making love down there!" "What's the matter with you?" the husband said when the sailor climbed down. "We weren't making love." "Sorry," said the sailor, "From up there it looked like you were." Every morning thereafter, the sailor scaled the same tree and yelled the same thing. Finally the husband decided to climb the tree and see for himself. With great difficulty, he made his way to the top. The husband says to himself, "By golly he's right! It DOES look like they're making love down there!"

A blonde goes into a coffee shop and notices there's a 'peel and win' sticker on her coffee cup. So she peels it off and starts screaming, 'I've won a motorhome! I've won a motorhome!' The waitress says, 'That's impossible. The biggest prize is a free Lunch.?' But the blonde keeps on screaming, 'I've won a motorhome! I've won a motorhome!' Finally, the manager comes over and says, 'Ma'am, I'm sorry, but you're mistaken. You couldn't have possibly won a motorhome because we didn't have that as a prize. The blonde says, 'No, it's not a mistake. I've won a motorhome!' And she hands the ticket to the manager and HE reads...  
**W I N A B A G E L'**



**FINAL EXAM**

The blonde reported for her university final examination that consists of yes/no type questions. She takes her seat in the examination hall, stares at the question paper for five minutes and then, in a fit of inspiration, takes out her purse, removes a coin and starts tossing the coin, marking the answer sheet: Yes, for Heads, and No, for Tails. Within half an hour she is all done, whereas the rest of the class is still sweating it out. During the last few minutes she is seen desperately throwing the coin, muttering and sweating. The moderator, alarmed, approaches her and asks what is going on. "I finished the exam in half an hour, but now I'm rechecking my answers."



## REHASHING....

2/3/09 **Chequers, Steyning. Mike Anybody Cockcroft**

Early arrivals were being told by the landlord that there was a strict curfew on the kitchen so they had to be back by 9 to eat. Locals were also overheard grumbling about sweaty runners and how many are there anyway, so with my usual tact and diplomacy I made a couple of remarks about the hordes waiting in the wings and the bonus sweat they would have if the pack had to go faster than they were used to and come in before changing. Boss made a tactical exit and barmaid said we'd be fine so folk were able to order in peace. It was good to see Terry and Rosemary as I hadn't coincided with either of them for ages, although Terry confessed to gearing her appearances to when it was Gabs turn to run! Cheeky I thought but I was impressed as half the time we can't even work out whose turn it is! Trail started by heading off through the village car park and as I strolled off with Rosemary also walking, a) as she prefers to avoid running in the dark, b) taking it easy after a rib injury since Christmas and mainly, I suspect, c) because she didn't trust me not to just piss off to the nearest pub if I was left to my own devices! We were promptly passed by long time returnees Rachael and Emma making their 2<sup>nd</sup> run at last, plus virgin friend of same Jo, and the Seaford crew who were also late but that was par 4 really. First check was outside the rec where Mike was just gathering up the strays and ushering them past the tennis courts, apparently for a climb up the hill. As we checked though we found marks on Mouse Lane, only discovering our error later (was that what we said we'd say Rosemary?). We diligently set about not kicking through any checks as we headed right through the farm, past the start of the Stinger, and into the Leisure Centre, especially as the calls were so near. A quick tour of the car park exposed Bouncers timely error, coming immediately after Rosemary's confession to having flunked her map reading course, and a torch a short distance behind us as we retraced had us wondering just how long we could keep the pack at bay. Fortunately the back streets of Steyning were sufficiently baffling to the pack that we found our way through the churchyard and over the bypass without any further interference in our musings by the pack. As we strolled up to join the Downs Link, though, they were clearly back on track and gaining. Torches out as we went into the water meadows below the castle as a hound behind had already found the check. Good old inside info enabled us to SCB across the field so Nigel and Charlie had to take the Cook's tour to catch us up and we were soon overhauled by the rest of the pack as we crossed back into Steyning for the final few metres to the finish.

I'd been a bit confused at the start by the non-appearance of Kayleen as a walker, who had been in the pub. One bizarre rumour was that she was actually going to r\*n tonight, but as she wasn't amongst those who'd overtaken us I questioned Brent about it to find out she'd stayed in the pub studying! As KI U and a few others also hadn't gone through but were in the bar before me, I suspect there was a late short-cut with a few missing the meadows out. Another barfly was Malcolm who'd survived the hash in the snow, and being barred from working the following day, who had managed to slip on the ice while delivering the mail after getting the all-clear! His initial X-ray showed no abnormalities (?) so he'd toughed it out only to get a call 9 days later asking him to attend hospital to get his broken ankle set. Obviously the thing to do is sue someone and within a short time he had a long list to be working on, but meanwhile we had a birthday to celebrate. Yup, silly bugger decided not to broadcast it so only told the press, and naturally I expected a free pint out of it! Trevor kept trying to convince me that Malcolm was just 50 but I know better! Just like in Monopoly when you get a Chance card fast forwarding you to Go!, if you become a Grandad you fast forward to 50 (God help that little tyke in Eastbourne, eh!), therefore if you have another landmark birthday, it's got to be the next big number so he's definitely 60! Way to go Malc. Somehow he avoided having to stump up for the beer due to the timely arrival of bonus chips, which were soon liberally doused in the wonderful home-made tartare sauce and demolished by Hugh having to turn his attention away from the new young ladies who had made their exit. Still I managed to cheer him up with my attempts to Google a page three picture of Elaine Paige for the Elaine Paige page in the trash it really being Elaine's 60<sup>th</sup>. Another great hash...

9/3/09 **Elaine's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, Henfield**

Somehow I let Phil talk me into unearthing something for a mini-presentation to Elaine as she'd failed to disguise her birthday as well as Malcolm by inviting all and sundry to her pad for a party! Sunday evening, and bear in mind I was on a course all day Monday, I remembered! Omigod, panic, quick call to Wiggy to try and recover the hash birthday arse (which so far has only been awarded to the male contingent, but needs must...), and then the realisation that it was last seen in the boot of his car that had itself last been seen floating off down the underhill road at Edburton. Now I really had to work at it! There was quite a gathering in the car park next to the Cat & Canary and it transpired that we were augmented by a respectable amount of Henfield joggers. As we set off it quickly became apparent that they were from the walking arm! We stayed with the pack pretty well until Elaine (leading the knitting circle) ordered us to a halt and we waited while the r\*nners headed south before continuing westward. After a bit of a stroll through a couple of fields we found ourselves heading down the infamous Leeches Lane which never dries out. Ever. So hare takes us under a couple of electric fences to find a safe route through. Soon after returning to the official route we were drawn to the fence to look at a field sculpture which





consisted of, and was probably called, three cars nose first in a field. Apparently monument to a car enthusiast who met his maker young, made from his first three cars. I think.

Whilst we'd been on our amble the rest of the pack had been misled along an apparently economically marked trail by the river. The leaders were back about the same time as us though which meant we had our work cut out to get to the barrel of Harvey's first! Then I discovered the mulled wine and being a gent promptly put a drink aside for Gabs, as I set about making sure a Burns Night stitch up on the driving front wasn't repeated (domestic, you don't need to know!). It was good to see a few old faces and long lost hashers putting in appearances at the après, as we got stuck into chilli or bean casserole with oodles of salad and bread. Except that by the time Elaine got to it there wasn't a whole lot left! Meanwhile a cake had appeared completely covered in maltesers spelling out 60 in white ones. Lot of interest in that! As that was being cut and distributed (maltesers shooting off at random angles to take out a few hashers on the way!) I became aware that people spilling out of various rooms were starting to make moves so thought I'd better try and pin Elaine down. Opening the Big Book Of Bouncer I referred firstly to the Haynes

manual for Woman. Lots of witticisms in there none of which can I remember! Various other odds and sods had found their way into the shoebox of goodies including a hash directory, head scarf (to hide the blue rinse), a bag of marbles for when she loses hers, and a bizarre vibrator scenario involving an old electric toothbrush, but the main feature was the hash arse which had turned up after all! Although unusual mid-year to transfer the hash burqa it seemed appropriate especially as Angel had won it previously so on it went unfortunately covering the arse, and there was some question over the down down as Charlie disappeared under the burqa as we were all singing the song, came out smiling, rapidly followed by Elaine who promptly displayed an empty glass. Hmm. And on that note it was time to wrap up and clear off. Another great hash.

### 23/3/09 Royal Coach, Shoreham. Angel and Bouncer.

Approximately 23:59 in the publication of the trash 24 hour clock Matthew advised that he would prefer to defer his planned run so we could appreciate it better by day. With no time to find anyone else Gabby suggested there were some decent deals on food at the Royal Coach, which prompted me to think of some uncharted hash terrain in Shoreham that we could probably do something with. So after about 10 days of almost non-stop sunshine we found ourselves setting trail in flour pretty relaxed about things only for the first rain to turn out as a full on squall sufficient to destroy most of the dust. Having blown through pretty quickly though there was a decent pack at the pub and the promised deal of curry and a pint for a fiver was now down to just the veggie option as the advance guard had grabbed all the chicken option.

So without the benefit of the chalk arrows at the start it was necessary for me to pop some prompts down. First check was intact with an option through the airport but Young Les was well placed to pick it up across the rec. Some managed to find dust through the woods until the check was repaired at the railway bridge. Rachael and Emma were well placed to find the fresh flour going down from the dribble dropper, tight to the river past the outbound centre then under Norfolk Bridge to cut along the side of the mud flats. I was aware looking back that the pack seemed a bit lighter than at the start and later discovered that Prof and Wiggy had wound each other up that the other was on the parallel path through the airport and called on half the pack the wrong way! Meanwhile, Keeps It Up was unable to keep his feet on the coarse plants and fell about 4 times to my amusement. Check was a typical Bouncer joke with one option back over Norfolk Bridge. Good job it wasn't that way as there were several who short cut on to the footpath. Next check was by the houseboats and I took the chance to get ahead to refresh the trail along the beach promenade. No-one found the check at the Widewater car park, however as we'd set it I stuck to my guns and went down the side of the flats only to find the pack had overtaken me eventually picking up the marks. It was a bit chaotic here as the true trail, obviously wiped, went seaward of the beach huts so the next check was missed completely. Charlie realised something was amiss and found trail by the waters edge as Chopper decided to break off. At the next check it was soon called on through the houses despite Wiggy's insistence that there was no path there. Into the dog walkers field it was immediately left into the woods and through for a check where I managed to get the wrong route and impaled my eye on a tree we hadn't got! At least I drew blood so had more cause to grumble than Navy Nige who very nearly also got spiked. Meanwhile the girls had found trail and Gabs was right behind to call all the strays (including YT) back. As the pack carved a route through the wilderness I short cut again to make sure marks were visible although we'd put plenty down as there was a fair bit of dog crap to cover! As Charlie again found trail from the check I had to cover my eyes as the pack swarmed to the river. Luckily none were idiot enough to try it but as the last were disappearing and I marked the SCB we were joined by Trevor and Wiggy moaning about their plotlost moment. From here it was straightforward along the causeway to the check at the airport before a short road stretch on inn. At the pub it soon became apparent they only had one pan and were washing it up diligently between servings as the curry was pretty slow in arriving. At least the beer was quick and for effectively £2 to eat who could really moan! Dare I say another great hash... ?



***On stretching Long John was inspired to offer up this piece after Jo advised him:***

The transformation feels so dramatic that perhaps there is a section on it in The Old Testament. Maybe it would go like this:- *And Josephine of Arunimear came down amongst the tribes of runners. The tribes of runners were from far to the east, by the magical brewery and flooding plain, from the city of brightness where the traffic floweth not, from the southern lands of the rivers twixt Adur and Arun where men hasheth even in the darkness of winter, and of the western waste lands where the pubs are few and pricey and the streets are lighted not at evensong. And thus, did Josephine of Arunimea spake unto the many tribes there:- 'Ye abominations, ye joggeth much even in the muddy valleys and high hills where buzzards soar, ye bingeth often and dine on nuts and crisps of unnatural flavours - but stretcheth ye not but above once in a decade, and even then tis only to impress thy neighbours! How cam ye to such slackness? Know ye not thou shall face much affliction for thy false labours and will runneth not but only hop?' And lo, there was much gnashing of teeth and pulling of white hair, and still the tribes stretcheth not, for they replied 'Aye, but to stretch is not the fashion'. And thus, did Josephine of Arunimea spake, 'If stretcheth ye not then truly it is written that thou shalt spend thy days as serpents upon their bellies amongst the dust, not even unto the hash shalth thou jog, and thou shall bingeth not, even at weekends when the footie is on.' Some amongst the tribes quaketh much and touched their toes many times, and lo, they were delivered of their pains. But some, not believing, ended their days with knees that creaketh and they whingethed much over red wine about their bad backs. And lo, no-one listened, though they nodded much in false sympathy.*

#### AUNTY JO WITH A CREAKER.



An Irishman moves into a tiny hamlet in County Kerry, walks into the pub and promptly orders three beers. The bartender raises his eyebrows, but serves the man three beers, which he drinks quietly at a table, alone. An hour later, the man has finished the three beers and orders three more. This happens yet again. The next evening the man again orders and drinks three beers at a time, several times. Soon the entire town is whispering about the Man Who Orders Three Beers. Finally, a week later, the bartender broaches the subject on behalf of the town. "I don't mean to pry, but folks around here are wondering why you always order three beers?"

"Tis odd, isn't it?" the man explains. "You see, I have two brothers, and one went to America, and the other to Australia. We promised each other that we would always order an extra two beers, one for each of us, whenever we drank as a way of keeping faith with the family bond." The bartender and the whole town were pleased with this answer, and soon the Man Who Orders Three Beers became a local celebrity and source of pride to the hamlet, even to the extent that out-of-towners would come to watch him drink.

Then, one day, the man comes in and orders only two beers. The bartender pours them with a heavy heart. This continues for the rest of the evening. He orders only two beers. The word flies around town. Prayers are offered for the soul of one of the brothers. The next day, the bartender says to the man, "Folks around here, me first of all, want to offer condolences to you for the death of your brother. You know...the two beers and all...."

The man ponders this for a moment, then replies, "You'll be happy to hear that my two brothers are alive and well. I t's just that I, meself, have decided to give up drinking for Lent."



**CRAFT #10 Review - Brighton and Hove Beer festival Friday 13<sup>th</sup> March 2009**

**Cast: Bouncer; Daffy; Wildbush; Keeps It Up; Ging Gang; Testiculator; Lost Gray Cells; plus various other hashers.**

Daffy and I had been to this event in past years and Daffy had the idea to roll it into a CRAFT. As it coincided with my birthday I was up for the idea. There then followed a frantic chase around to bag tickets as this is always a sell out session. Augmented by being asked to help out, enough were procured to guarantee a decent CRAFT attendance.

My involvement began by working on the bar for the Friday lunchtime session from 11am to 3pm where hash interest was first shown by Kit on a session with a couple of mates. Saw them a couple of times but by the end mates came to get pints of the Skullsplitter at 8.3%. As I pointed out it was cheaper to drink by the third than the pint one of them then asked for 3 thirds in a pint glass. So I filled it to exactly a third, told him to neck it and I'd get the next one! He paid the pint price but Kit appeared a couple of minutes later asking for a half of the same, the first time he's contemplated it he told me later! As I was leaving I bumped into another mate who'd been unable to tear himself away from the Sussex bar downstairs.

Having 'done' the full 4 hour lunchtime session Richard was off on a pub crawl round Brighton with some mates, "but I'll probably be back in Shoreham for a couple of beers later on". There's a man who doesn't know when to stop!



Back home, Daffy had already arrived so we grabbed a bite before heading to the station. Although my intake had been fairly light lunchtime it must've had some effect as I couldn't find my way back! Luckily Daffy had some idea so we made it at about 5.30. Officially I was due back on duty but the bars were well staffed so I hung with Daffy until KI U and Wildbush appeared shortly after, then did the hour to the half each hour until the kicking out session when the last minute 'use up the tokens' rush kicked in. This meant that my appearance with the group was pretty limited but we found ourselves a base on the balcony, scene of Radio Soaps rash cob-lobbing some years earlier with Angel. First job was to find out when the rest of the gang would be arriving and calls were made to establish that Les was still relaxing at home, while we were unable to raise GG or Testi at all! Despite that they appeared about 7 ish with Les about an hour later having missed his connection while asking the ticket office when his train was, doh! Beer was excellent and so much to choose from, with the third pint

measure proving useful for tasting. Most popular on my part of the bar was True Grit and I found myself returning to it several times. Food didn't seem so great, with the Goan curry being too heavy on the spud. Tankards being a mainstay of the CRAFT, Wildbush drew our attention to a fella with the biggest one we'd ever seen. Holding 9 pints so a session is over with just one visit to the bar!

Andy Elliot appeared with his brother and fixed to the Sussex bar this time was Mark Halls and Barney although we managed to avoid each other completely! As I was about to get behind the bar for my final stint, I was accosted by Cairn who was there with brother Tom and others and had an enthusiastic conversation about her

experiences in Thailand. Running with her emigrant fathers local hash she found herself being introduced to another Brighton hasher on tour, Bob Patten, which both tickled her and resulted in a joint down-down for the pair of them. Full details to follow says Cairn but I think we'll have to wait and see! Kicking out complete Daffy and I hung around for a bit of after hours beer before we were bussed back to Shoreham. Not a bad deal working the fest as it includes beer, food, entrance, a t-shirt and the transport back!

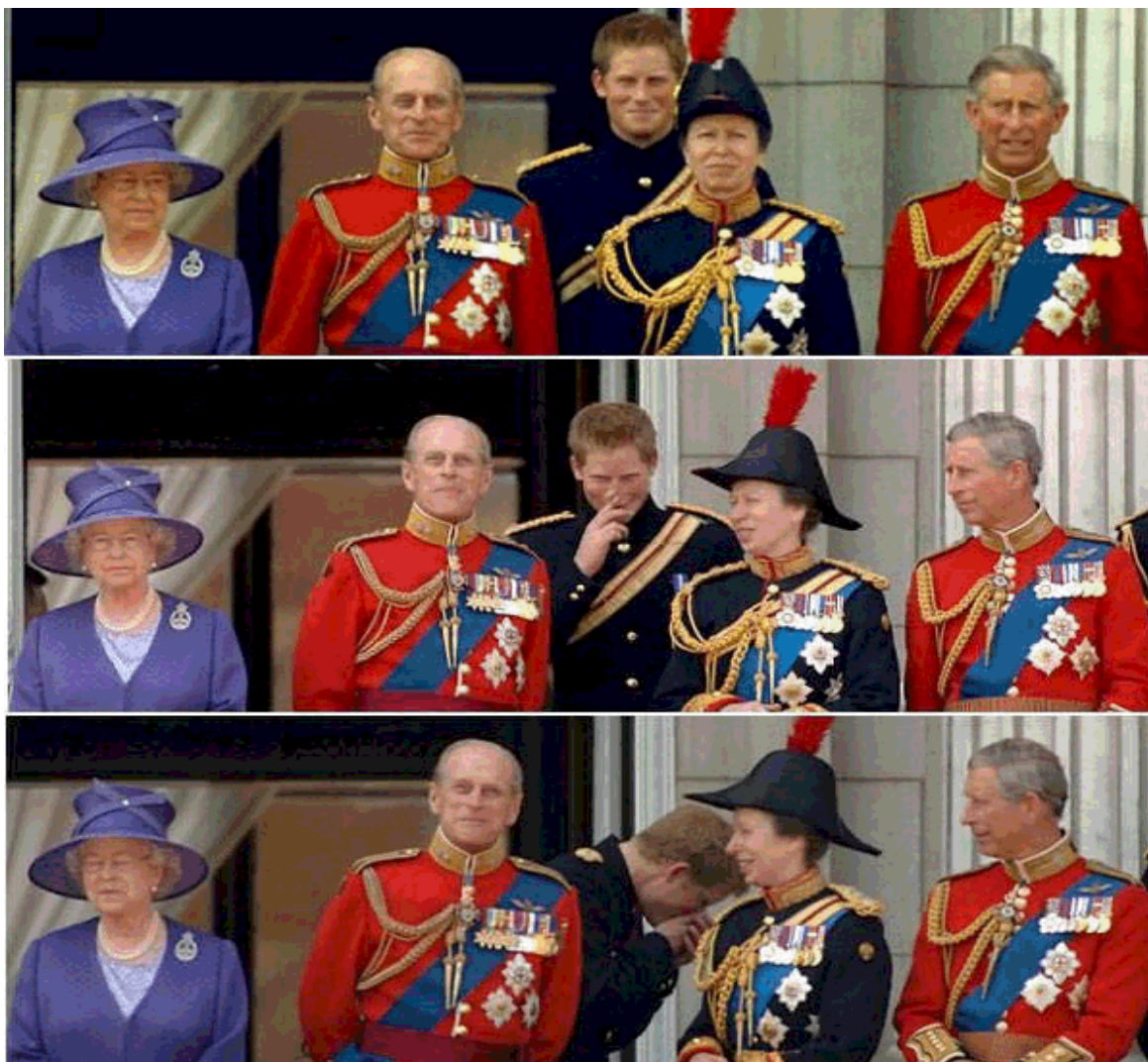
A footnote from the Croydon hash was that Testiculator apparently managed to damage himself falling up the steps at East Croydon station drawing blood! After Daffy and myself failing to get home safely the previous month interest was high in who would fail this time, but at the time of writing all seem to have been accounted for. Double whammy next time then! ....





### WHAT IS A FART!

<p>A fart it is a pleasant thing It gives the belly ease, It warms the bed in winter, And suffocates the fleas.</p> <p>A fart can be quiet, A fart can be loud, Some leave a powerful, Poisonous cloud</p>	<p>A fart can be short, Or a fart can be long, Some farts have been known To sound like a song....</p> <p>A fart can create A most curious medley, A fart can be harmless, Or silent, and deadly.</p>	<p>A fart might not smell, While others are vile, A fart may pass quickly, Or linger a while.....</p> <p>A fart can occur In a number of places, And leave everyone there, With strange looks on their faces.</p>	<p>From wide-open prairie, To small elevators, A fart will find all of Us sooner or later.</p> <p>But farts are all bad, It's simply not true- We must never forget.... Sweet old farts like you!</p>
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What I like about this picture is the volumes it says about the differences between generations. As Philip seemingly lets one go with little more than a hint of satisfaction on his visage, the Queen masters her dignity attempting to ignore it until by picture three the response of the youngsters, or is it the odour, forces a response of mild distaste. Charles and Anne are both clearly rather amused, Anne especially regarding her father with admiration. If there was a speech bubble it would have to say "Nice One Pops!". Harry on the other hand is a riot. The pong has hit him so hard he hasn't even had time to pull his granddads finger, before having to retch! Who says we don't need the Royal Family!

You are on the bus when you suddenly realize... you need to fart. The music is really loud, so you time your farts with the beat. After a couple of songs, you start to feel better as you approach your stop. As you are leaving the bus, people are really staring you down, and that's when you remember... you've been listening to your ipod.

#### Have you ever asked your child a question too many times?

My three-year-old son had a lot of problems with potty training and I was on him constantly. One day we stopped at Taco Bell for a quick lunch in between errands. It was very busy, with a full dining room. While enjoying my taco, I smelled something funny, so of course I checked my seven-month-old daughter, and she was clean. Then I realized that Danny had not asked to go potty in a while. I asked him if he needed to go, and he said "No".

I kept thinking "Oh Lord, that child has had an accident, and I don't have any clean clothes with me." Then I said, "Danny, are you SURE you didn't have an accident?"

"No," he replied. I just KNEW that he must have had an accident, because the smell was getting worse. So, I asked one more time, "Danny, did you have an accident?"

This time he jumped up, yanked down his pants, bent over, spread his cheeks and yelled "SEE MUM, IT'S JUST FARTS!!"

While 30 people nearly choked to death on their tacos laughing, he calmly pulled up his pants and sat down. An older couple made me feel better, thanking me for the best laugh they'd ever had!

# THE



# END

When you have a 'I Hate My Job' day, [even if retired you have those sometimes] try this: On your way home from work, stop at your pharmacy and go to the thermometer section and purchase a rectal thermometer made by Johnson & Johnson. Be very sure you get this brand. Change into very comfortable clothing and sit in your favourite chair. Open the package and remove the thermometer. Now, carefully place it on a table or a surface so that it will not become chipped or broken. Now the fun part begins. Take out the literature from the box and read it carefully. You will notice that in small print there is a statement: 'Every Rectal Thermometer made by Johnson & Johnson is personally tested and then sanitized.' Now, close your eyes and repeat out loud five times, 'I am so glad I do not work in the thermometer quality control department at Johnson & Johnson.' HAVE A NICE DAY AND REMEMBER, THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE ELSE WITH A JOB THAT IS MORE OF A PAIN IN THE BUTT THAN YOURS!

### The Polite Way to Pee

During one of her daily classes, a teacher trying to teach good manners asked her students the following question:

"Michael, if you were on a date having dinner with a nice young lady, how would you tell her that you have to go to the bathroom?"

Michael said, "Just a minute I have to go pee."

The teacher responded by saying, "That would be rude and impolite. What about you Sherman, how would you say it?"

Sherman said, "I am sorry, but I really need to go to the bathroom. I'll be right back."

"That's better, but it's still not very nice to say the word bathroom at the dinner table."

"And you, little Johnny, can you use your brain for once and show us your good manners?"

"I would say: 'Darling, may I please be excused for a moment? I have to shake hands with a very dear friend of mine, whom I hope to introduce you to after dinner.'"

There was once a great actor who could no longer remember his lines. After several years of searching, he finally finds a theatre where they seem prepared to give him a chance to shine again.

The director says, "This is the most important part, and it has only one line. At the opening you walk on stage carrying a rose. You hold the rose to your nose with just one finger and thumb, sniff the rose deeply and then say the line 'Ah, the sweet aroma of my mistress.'"

The actor is thrilled. All day long before the play, he's practicing his line over and over again.

Finally, the time comes. The curtain goes up, the actor walks onto the stage, and with great passion delivers the line, "Ah, the sweet aroma of my mistress."

The theatre erupts. The audience is screaming with laughter, but the director is steaming! "Arghhhhhh! You idiot!" he cries.

"You've ruined me!"

The actor is bewildered, "What happened, did I forget my line?"

"No!" screams the director. "You forgot the rose!"



HOW TO HOLD A BEER ON A HARLEY...