



BOGGY SHOE

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

R-ns/trash #149 October 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
5 th October 2009	1633	Royal Oak, Newick	420 210	Bob Luck
<i>Directions:</i> Take A27 to Lewes, A275 to Chailey. Turn right at junction with A272. Go through village and turn right at the green. Pub is on right hand side. Est. 25 mins				
12 th October 2009	1634	Horns Lodge, Chailey	398 183	Mike 'Anybody' Cockcroft
<i>Directions:</i> Take A27 towards Lewes. Left at first roundabout on A275, then left at the traffic lights. Pub is about 6 miles on right hand-side. Est. 20 mins				
19 th October 2009	1635	Victory, Staplefield		
276 281	Mudlarks			
<i>Directions:</i> A23 to Slaugham turn. Right at t-junction for 1km and pub just past cross-road on right. Est. 25 mins <i>Nigels 650th run - navy fancy dress re-enactment of his 500th!</i>				
26 th October 2009	1636	Plough, Pyecombe		
292 126	Charlie			
<i>Directions:</i> A23 north. Off at first exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. Est. 5 mins				
2 nd November 2009	1637	Kings Head, East Hoathly		
524 163	Don			
<i>Directions:</i> A27 East to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout and through Cuilfail Tunnel. Right on A26 then right again on B2192 through Ringmer to A22. Turn right on A22 then next left. Pub in centre of village. Est. 30 mins <i>Don advises that there is a possibility of a short tour of the 1648 brewery, to be arranged nearer the time.</i>				

A DAY AT THE RACES



**UK
NASH
HASH
2009**

RECEDING HARELINE - WTF!!

- 09/11/09 - PEP, Ditchling - Peter E.
- 16/11/09 - Pete B & Grahame C.
- 23/11/09 - Station, Preston Park - Eddie
- 30/11/09 - Wiggy
- 14/12/09 - Ivan
- 21/12/09 - Trevor - Christmas paaarty!

Thought for the day:

A Torch is a container for carrying dead batteries in.

Quote of the day:

"Waggle your torches. They'll think you're running!" Max

HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

Upcoming CRAFT H3 trails:

- #17 02/10/09** Horsham – Weltons Brewery Old Ale launch night. A great night was had at this event last year – beer very competitively priced; loads of bread and cheese; Morris dancing etc. – recommended! **Advance tickets required - see Bouncer.**
#18 20/11/09 Kingston, Surrey – Daffy and FB’s trail and Curry Hash curry.

On

NOT A WIND UP

Now that the lights have been tuned out on the hash it’s time to dust off the hashlights, if you haven’t already done so, and you’ll probably have found that the batteries are dead/ missing/ have leaked? I have access to a large amount of wind-up torches which I will sell on at cost, just £3! E-mail, phone or grab me or Gabs on a Monday if interested.

On

CHRISTMAS DO/ MENU

After a couple of years at the Hassocks hotel, a return to Brighton was proposed by Trevor and true to his word, he’s found a reasonable deal of £19.50 plus 10% service from the Al Fresco restaurant near west Pier. A straw poll was taken by Mr. Mutton and the idea of Brighton won favour so menu etc. below. No details yet of how we play this but the restaurant are asking for £10 / head deposit so presumably Trevor will be taking the same, along with names.



Located just 100 metres from the historic West Pier, Alfresco boasts fantastic views along the Brighton coastline.

A visit to the restaurant is not just about the excellent food and friendly welcome but about experiencing the changing seasons from a unique vantage point – in Autumn wonderful sunsets coupled with the magical formations created by roosting starlings, in Winter majestic seas and ferocious winds, in Spring brilliant skies and in Summer beaming sunshine and packed beaches.

Our location is unparalleled in the Brighton area.

Christmas 2009

ENJOY a full night’s entertainment with our local Disc Jockey – dancing and great music throughout the evening Tel. 01273 206523 to make a reservation

Winter roast root vegetable soup with parsnip crisps

Home cured salmon gravalax with crayfish tail and cucumber salad served with a sweet mustard dressing and warm bread

Home-made chicken terrine served with a rich Cumberland sauce

Baked courgette stuffed with Somerset goat’s cheese, sunblushed tomato and pesto herb crust served with a tomato and roast pepper sauce and grilled artichokes

Steamed fillets of lemon sole on a bed of garlic spinach with baked Duchesse potato and lemon butter sauce

Escalope of British turkey coated in oregano and lemon crust with seasonal vegetables and roast potatoes

Traditional roast local beef sirloin with seasonal vegetables, potatoes roasted in dripping, crisp Yorkshire pudding and red wine sauce

Chocolate brownies served with ice cream

Mon, Tues, Wed £19.50 plus 10% service Thurs, Fri, Sat £24.50 plus 10% service

A non-refundable deposit of £10 per person is required for all reservations. Any change in numbers must be notified ONE week before or regretfully no shows will lose their deposit.



BEERS FOR THE BOYS

The first thing (well perhaps the second thing) the lads want on their return from their tours of duty in Afghanistan is a beer. You now have an opportunity to buy our brave lads a pint.

RAF Brize Norton have launched a fund to buy beer for the boys when they arrive back in the UK from their tour of duty. It'd be great if you will have a collection at your hashes and can send a cheque to

Wing Cdr Chadwick
216 Sqn
RAF Brize Norton
Oxon
OX18 3LX

Cheque made payable to SIF Fund RAF Brize Norton with 'Beer for the Boys' written on the reverse. Tell them it's from your hash. Please dig deep for this one. Call a pint £2.50! They deserve it and a pint after their efforts is close to hashers hearts! I'd also be grateful if you do send a cheque to let me know so we can keep a total of hash donations. Sincere thanks.

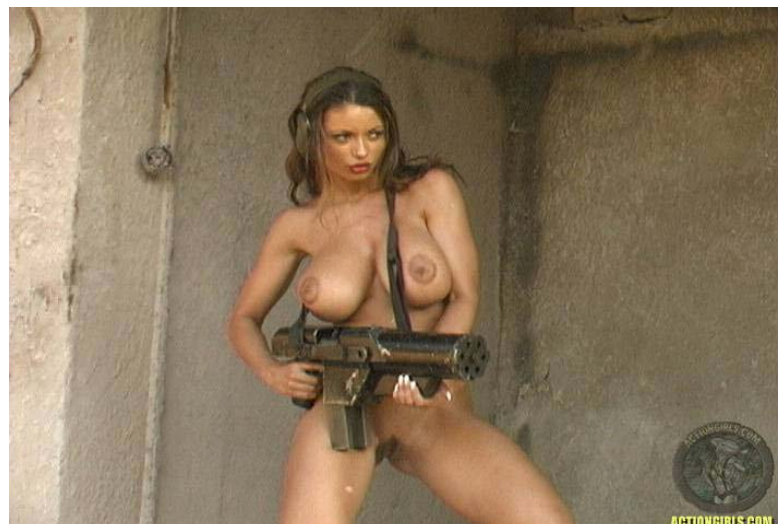
OnOn Amnesia jain.belton@sky.com

The average age of the military man is 19 years. He is a short haired, tight-muscled kid who, under normal circumstances is considered by society as half man, half boy. Not yet dry behind the ears, just old enough to buy a beer, but old enough to die for his country. He never really cared much for work and he would rather wax his own car than wash his father's, but he has never collected unemployment either. He's a recent Comprehensive School graduate; he was probably an average student, pursued some form of sport activities, drives a ten year old jalopy, and has a steady girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left, or swears to be waiting when he returns from half a world away He listens to rock and roll or hip-hop or rap or jazz or swing and a 155mm howitzer. He is 10 or 15 pounds lighter now than when he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dusk. He has trouble spelling, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less time in the dark. He can recite to you the nomenclature of a machine gun or grenade launcher and use either one effectively if he must.

He digs foxholes and latrines and can apply first aid like a professional. He can march until he is told to stop, or stop until he is told to march. He obeys orders instantly and without hesitation, but he is not without spirit or individual dignity. He is self-sufficient. He has two sets of fatigues: he washes one and wears the other. He keeps his canteens full and his feet dry.

He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but never to clean his rifle. He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothes, and fix his own hurts. If you're thirsty, he'll share his water with you; if you are hungry, his food. He'll even split his ammunition with you in the midst of battle when you run low. He has learned to use his hands like weapons and weapons like they were his hands. He can save your life - or take it, because that is his job. He will often do twice the work of a civilian, draw half the pay, and still find ironic humour in it all. He has seen more suffering and death than he should have in his short lifetime. He has wept in public and in private, for friends who have fallen in combat and is unashamed. He feels every note of the National Anthem vibrate through his body while at rigid attention, while tempering the burning desire to 'square-away' those around him who haven't bothered to stand, remove their hat, or even stop talking. In an odd twist, day in and day out, far from home, he defends their right to be disrespectful.

Just as did his Father, Grandfather, and Great-grandfather, he is paying the price for our freedom. Beardless or not, he is not a boy. He is the BRITISH Fighting Man that has kept this country free for over 200 years. He has asked nothing in return, except our friendship and understanding. Remember him, always, for he has earned our respect and admiration with his blood. And now we even have women over there in danger, doing their part in this tradition of going to War when our nation calls us to do so. As you go to bed tonight, remember this shot. . .



CRAFT #16 - Brighton

Following the City Hash paintball visit to Shaves Thatch was our 2nd Saturday crawl, this time round Brighton, and I already knew I would not be able to take advantage of the beer as I had to take my parents home from the airport. Having arranged to meet up at 5pm at the **Evening Star**, and with my Dad telling me flight arrived 9.45pm I thought I could at least enjoy a bit of social. That was until 2 things happened: I discovered that the flight arrived 19.45 thus knocking 2 hours off my time with the hash; then Gabs had got nailed on the A23 so I had to go and change the tyre, meaning I didn't arrive until gone 6pm. Keeps it Up and Wildbush had everything/one under control though and were following our guide plan to hit the ale trail pubs, which we'd discovered had only 2 weeks left to run on. What with a jolly summer of CRAFT we'd ended up not actually getting to many of the pubs so were under pressure to earn our t shirts. The downside was that I'd got the books!



When I arrived the group were winding their way on to the **Prestonville Arms**, having already visited the **Duke of Wellington** so with books in hand I hastily dived back in the Welly for stamps, then cornered Matt in the Evening Star, before chasing



the group down at the chippy outside the Battle of Trafalgar where the ominous presence of Fat Bastard was threatening their supplies. A quick view on the distance encouraged a change of plan to the **Basketmakers Arms**, 'where they do great food' and Daffy, KIU and WB all set off with chalk. Arriving with the second group of Heavy Pants, Dirty Wee Gee String, and Sweetheart we discovered that they'd stopped serving just a few minutes earlier so folk were dispatched to the chippy and the group then parked themselves on the pavement to gorge.

Group three eventually turned up with City H3 founder Myrtle, FB, Dick Dense and a few others, but Myrtle having eaten must've downed his pint in one as he was gagging to set off for pub 4 so was handed the chalk and a map. I decided that Brighton wasn't safe with him wandering loose so offered to take the chalk but he was adamant. I

strolled towards the **Waggon & Horses** as he chalked until I became aware that Myrtle was no longer behind so tracked him down to the outside of the police station. He managed to stay in touch to the pub after I put him right but disappeared again as I got served. In putting down the mark he'd managed to get in a barney with the landlady who accused him of childish schoolboy behaviour by chalking on her pavement. It took a momentary explanation that Myrtle is Myrtle, and of what hashing is about for her to u-turn so that the rest could find us, and us to have this marked down for a possible Brighton hash in the near future!

FB was frantically checking his internet phone for plane times and finally shoved me on my way as the plane had landed. Hah! When I got to Gatwick I found the plane had been delayed 2 hours so my Dad's original guesstimate was correct, and they hadn't updated the internet grrr. Meanwhile back in Brighton, CRAFT continued to the **Fountainhead**, rejecting the Bath Arms in view of the size of the group, before heading back to the **Evening Star** and trains home. Despite his concerns after previous mishap, even Daffy made it back to his own pit without incident! On on to Weltons!



A police officer pulls over a Scottish man who's been weaving in and out of the lanes. He goes up to the man's window and says, "Sir, I need you to blow into this breathalyzer tube."

The man says, "Sorry, officer, I can't do that. I am an asthmatic. If I do that, I'll have a really bad asthma attack."

"Okay, fine. I need you to come down to the station to give a blood sample."

"I can't do that either. I am a haemophiliac. If I do that, I'll bleed to death."

"Well, then, we need a urine sample."

"I'm sorry, officer, I can't do that either. I am also a diabetic. If I do that, I'll get really low blood sugar."

"All right, then I need you to come out here and walk this white line."

"I can't do that, officer."

"Why not?"

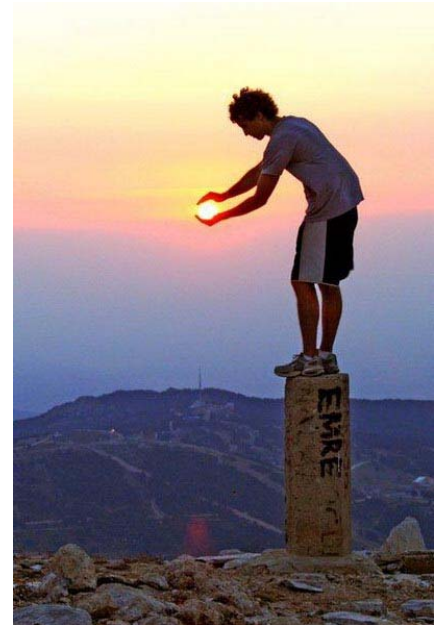
"Because I'm drunk."

REHASHING (incorporating some amazing sunset pictures)

Jack and Jill, Clayton - Terry and Chris

Gathering in the car park, it was good to see Chris back from the Antipodes for a quick visit, and to help Terry set the hash. On was called, immediately followed, for those who hadn't gone hell for leather, by on on to Hash Gomi's car for a beer stop, which was quickly renamed a beer start. Dave had celebrated his 40th on Saturday and there was Harveys needing drinking so we were happy to oblige. The interruption over it was off up the lane, where check 1 was already being called up the hill.

Something of a teaser though as we swung back down at the next check to cut along the camber. Next check we again started up towards Wolstonbury only to be called back for a cut through the woods. At the next check in the woods, Bouncer started showing off his little one, a half-inch long torch that nevertheless did the trick in the fading light, bad puns aside! From here trail led down and out of the woods to a track, the racket just the other side of the hedge turning out to be cattle and not Wiggly on a rampage as was at first suspected. Kit was going well considering he only gave up his place in the knitting circle after the relay. After flirting with Danny it was up the path cutting back to New Way Lane. Down the lane then left had us thinking we were on our way home, which led to a large group of FRB's SCB'ing down the road when the scent of beer got too strong. Shame as I'd worked hard to repair earlier damage to my pack placing, and missed the opportunity to get back to the free Harveys early as hare dragged us across the road and up to the railway line. I was convinced I was a) right, and b) at the front as I checked down the line path,



and On Inn. Turns out I was wrong on both counts but hare gave in to the revolt and followed my excellent example. Back in the car park the FRSCB's had already started on the Harveys, so I had to move fast to secure a cup for the missus, always wise, but Dave was determined to finish up and topped my own cup up several times, so that I was still in the car park when a breathless Brett appeared. Having arrived late he'd done a good enough job following trail but the result was inevitable as he'd Gotlost and had cut back in along the road. Angel was a bit upset that we hadn't made it to the top especially as there was a gorgeous sunset shortly into the run so here's some lovely pics. Otherwise, another great hash...



Tiger, East Dean - Nicola and Ann

I arrived with a packed car of Wiggly, Pat, Charlie and Anne, having taken the slowest route possible, but it was a lovely evening and the pack were all in jolly mood as we set off. A very rare visitor, but

former regular Mickey Hayler, had joined us as we were local to him, which was good to see. First check was called pretty quickly (as I happily wound up my new rechargeable torch and waxed lyrical on the benefits of being 'too busy' to check even though they hold their charge for hours), to head down towards the Sheep Centre where I identified an SCB to put me out ahead on the checking. Wrong of course but it looked simple enough to cross the field to rejoin the group heading south. KIU was heading down the hill as I reached the fence and realised I'd have to retrace to the check where walkers were by now crossing the style. Red Slapper had waited for me at the next check and offered an SCB which I declined on the basis that she'd already given me enough info. Catching up with the back of the pack at the next check it was one thing to know where you're going and something else to get up the 1 in 3! At the end of this loop we again met Ann to head south once more. Next check was overridden by a pack who were not going to take the Beachy Head marathon route east when the odds were 90% in favour of a clockwise return, so charged up to Belle Tout, then down to Birling Gap. Father Time stuck his oar in about now so Black Stockings showed us the motorway route to Crowlink. Thinking I was finally back in touch enough to get to a check before it was called, as much of the pack was returning from the right, I found myself on the edge of a bank so ran down and crashed into the brambles at the bottom to see all those behind skirting the bank to the style. You do feel a fool! Charlie grumbled a bit about cheats not coming back as we headed on up to the Church before heading down a startlingly flour free field to the end where hares gave us a choice of finish. Another great hash...



All this beauty brings a tear to your eye don't it...



TRASH FROM NASH HASH HASH TRASH

A young man was at a party in Scotland fully dressed in his native kilt, every male there was. He had been dancing with several young ladies, but none of them had really interested him. But, there was one girl who he had noticed that he wanted in the worst way. He was shy however and did not have the nerve to ask. Just as the last song was coming on Jill, the girl he fancied, came over and asked him, "Would you like to dance with me?"

Thoroughly pleased the young man responded, "Aye, how could you tell?"

She responded, "By the gleam in your eye."

After they danced the last dance Jill asked him, "Would you like to walk me home?"

The boy was so pleased he eagerly responded, "Aye, how could you tell?"

She responded, "By the gleam in your eye."

When they reached the girls house she calmly asked him,

"Would you like to come in and sleep with me?"

He was so excited, he really was curious this time, "Was it the gleam in my eye?"

Jill responded, "No the wee tilt in your kilt."

A SPECIAL SAFETY WARNING TO ALL READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

1. Consumers of this product are warned that if they paid for it with cash (coins, notes, etc.) they should wash their hands with bactericidal cream before reading it, to avoid the spread of viruses and bacteria.
2. Consumers are advised to read the magazine in a sitting position (chair, sofa, etc.) to avoid unnecessary physical strain. This is particularly advisable for the elderly, pregnant women, babies and those with cardiac or respiratory problems.
3. Consumers reading the magazine in transit (train, bus, ship, car etc) are advised to carry a bottle of water with them at all times, in case the act of reading the product leads to dehydration (shortage of water or other equivalent fluids, but not including alcohol, coffee, tea or other stimulants).
4. If the consumers intend to read the magazine in an outdoor situation (garden, park, bench, campsite, etc.), they should wear sunblock or similar protective cream (above level 35) at all times to avoid damage from exposure to ultra-violet light or other carcinogenic emissions.
5. If consumer is prompted by the contents of the product to an act of laughter (emitting such sounds as "ha ha" or "hee hee") they should immediately cease reading and seek urgent medical advice before they choke to death.

A hasher walks into the pub with a black eye and a fellow hasher asks "What happened to you?"

"You know that blond with the big boobs who lives across the street from me?"

"Yeah, what about her?" asked the friend.

Well I was banging her this afternoon when her burly husband came home and caught us."

"That's tough," said the fellow hasher, "But it could have been worse."

"How's that?" asked the first with a wrinkled brow.

"Well if he came home an hour earlier, he would've beaten the shit out of me!"

Mick was attending the weekly Hash run and had just told them he couldn't make the upcoming NASH HASH camping and drinking trip because his wife wouldn't let him go. After listening to the jeers and other derisive remarks from his fellow hashers Mick left to go back home to his wife. When Mick's friends started arriving to set up camp the following week who should be there but Mick sitting up in front of his truck, tent up, beer in hand, camp oven roast stewing away in a hot bed of coals.

"How did ya talk your wife into letting you go Mick?"

"I didn't have to" was Mick's reply.

"When I left the meeting I went home and slumped down in my chair with a beer to drown my sorrow s. Then my wife snuck up behind me and covered my eyes and said, "surprise!!"

When I peeled her hands back she was standing there in a beautiful see through negligee and she said, "Carry me into the bedroom, tie me to the bed and you can do whatever you want." So here I am!



WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER??



BECAUSE ALL THESE CLOTHES ARE NOW AVAILABLE @ PRIMARK

White man say to Redskin Chief: "Why is your wife called 'Three Horse'?"
Chief replied: "Because, she just Nag, Nag, Nag."

I recall my first time with a condom, I was 16 or so. I went in to buy a packet of condoms at the pharmacy. There was this beautiful woman assistant behind the counter, and she could see that I was new at it. She handed me the package and asked if I knew how to wear one I honestly answered, 'No, this is my first time.' So she unwrapped the package, took one out and slipped it over her thumb. She cautioned me to make sure it was on tight and secure. I apparently still looked confused. So she looked all around the store to see if it was empty. It was empty.

'Just a minute,' she said, and walked to the door, and locked it.

Taking my hand, she led me into the back room, unbuttoned her blouse and removed it. She unhooked her bra and laid it aside. 'Do these excite you?' She asked. Well, I was so dumb-struck that all I could do was nod my head. She then said it was time to slip the condom on. As I was slipping it on, she dropped her skirt, removed her panties and lay down on a desk. 'Well, come on', she said, 'We don't have much time.'

So I climbed on her. It was so wonderful, that unfortunately, I could no longer hold back and KAPOW, I was done within a few minutes. She looked at me with a bit of a frown. 'Did you put that condom on?' she asked. I said, 'I sure did,' and held up my thumb to show her. **She fainted.**

As men age, we tend to end up seeing more and more of the medical establishment. For example, my family doctor recently referred me to a female urologist. I saw her yesterday and she is stunning. She's not only beautiful but she's very sexy. She told me that I must stop masturbating. I asked her why, and she said, "Because I'm trying to examine you..."

An old man goes to the doctor for his yearly physical. His wife tags along. The doctor comes into the examination room and says, "I need a urine sample, a stool sample, and a sperm sample."

The old man being hard of hearing yells to his wife, "What did he say?" "What's he need, what does he want?"

His wife yells back, "He said he needs your underwear."