



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R-ns/trash #150 November 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
2nd November 2009	1637	Kings Head, East Hoathly	524 163	Don
<b>Directions:</b> 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>There will be a short tour of the 1648 brewer for anyone able to get there by 6.50!</i>				
9th November 2009	1638	White Horse, Ditchling	325 152	Peter E.
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Park in village car park on right. Est. 10 mins. <i>Bonfire run</i>				
16th November 2009	1639	Giants Rest, Wilmington	546 048	Peter B & Grahame C.
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 east and take 2nd right past Alfriston roundabout. Est. 25 mins.				
23rd November 2009	1640	Station, Preston		
Park	299 067	Eddie		
<b>Directions:</b> Follow A23 into Brighton over mini roundabout and on to traffic lights. Right at 2nd set, under railway and 1st right. Pub opposite on right. Difficult street parking. Est. 5 mins.				
30th November 2009	1641	Black Horse, Findon		
120 083	Wiggy			
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 to Worthing. Right at Hill Barn roundabout, and again on to A24. Turn right for Findon village and pub immediately on left Est. 25 mins.				

## RECEDING HARELINE

07/12/09 - TBA - Bouncer

14/12/09 - Gardeners Arms, Sompting - Ivan

21/12/09 - Al Fresco, Hove - Trevor - Christmas paaarty!

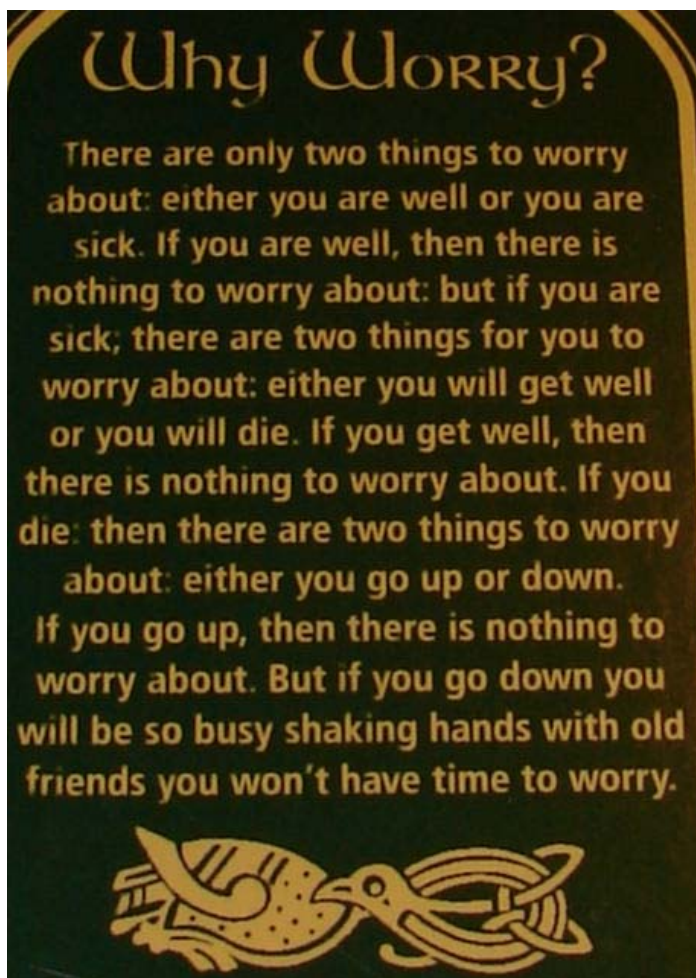
HENFIELD H4 #82:

15/11/09 11.30am The Fox & Hounds, Small Dole. Hare: Moneypenny

CRAFT #18:

20/11/09 7pm Canbury Arms, Kingston.  
Hare: Daffy and Fat Bastard (L)

Joint hash - Henfield H4 #83 & CRAFT H3 #19:  
Friday 18th December Henfield pub crawl 7pm.  
*Put on your best hats for Snotty's Christmas trale!*







Mr. Thomas has requested his pictures be included in this trash. So instead of the usual page three here's a picture of a scrubber, and a char...

Article date: 02 Oct 2009

Beer enthusiasts will be able to enjoy up to 50 real ales from across the world during a 19-day festival at Wetherspoon pubs across the UK. The festival runs from Wednesday 28 October until Sunday 15 November, inclusive.

The beers on offer have been sourced from brewers in Belgium, Czech Republic, Japan, New Zealand, Poland and the USA. The festival will feature award-winning ales, speciality, seasonal and fruit beers, as well as draught cider. In addition, several beers have been brewed exclusively for the festival.

The overseas beers on sale are Anker Gouden Carolus Ambrio (Belgium), Galbraith's Mr G's Luncheon Ale (New Zealand), Namyslow Original Plum Beer (Poland), Port Grumpy's Pale Ale (USA), Purkmistr Bohemian Schwarzbier (Czech Republic)



and Toshi's Amber Ale (Japan).

The UK beers will include Banana Bread Beer (Wells & Young's Brewery), Gathering Storm (Leeds Brewery), Holy Cow (Wood Brewery), Long-Eared Owl (Cottleigh Brewery), Morocco Ale (Daleside Brewery), Red Torpedo (Traditional Scottish Ales Brewery), Supernova (JW Lees Brewery).

The beers brewed exclusively for the festival include Boss Hogg Bitter (Greene King Brewery), Brass in Pocket (Spinning Dog Brewery), Iron Lady (Batemans Brewery) and Scarecrow (Highwood Brewery).

Customers will be able to sample any three real ales in special third-of-a-pint glasses – for the price of a pint. Tasting notes on all of the beers will be available in the pub.

The festival's organiser, Gary Holmes, said: "The festival will give people the opportunity to enjoy a superb selection of UK and international beers in our pubs. We are proud that we will be serving beers from several highly respected overseas brewers, as well as beers brewed exclusively for the festival by UK brewers."

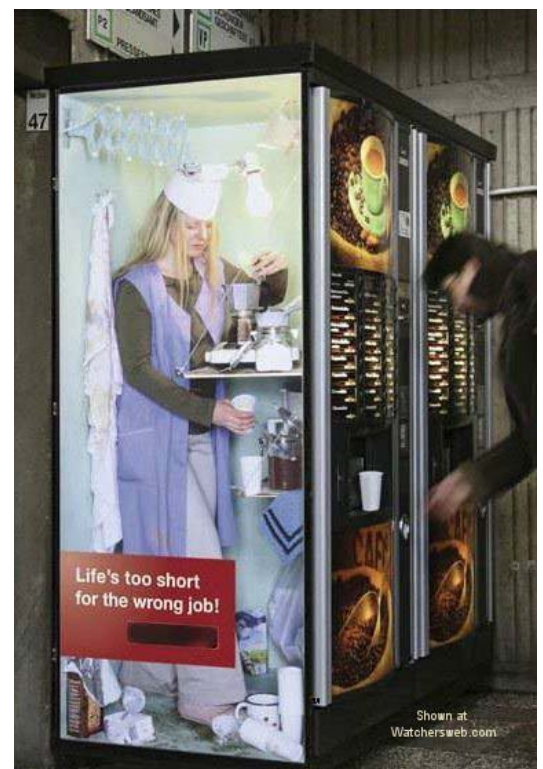
SYDNEY (AFP) - Australian doctors revealed Wednesday that they drip-fed an Italian tourist a steady dose of vodka over three days to save his life after he poisoned himself. The 24-year-old man was taken to a north Queensland hospital two months ago after he swallowed a large amount of a potentially-fatal substance found in antifreeze in an apparent suicide attempt.

Doctors at Mackay Base Hospital decided the best method of saving the unconscious man's life was to reverse the effect of the poison, ethylene glycol, by giving him pharmaceutical-grade alcohol. Dr Pascal Gelperowicz said that once the hospital's alcohol supplies ran out doctors sent out for a case of vodka and the unusual drip was set up. "We quickly used all the available vials of 100 percent alcohol and decided the next best way to get alcohol into the man's system was by feeding him spirits through a nasal-gastric tube," Gelperowicz said.

His colleague Dr Todd Fraser said the patient was given about three standard drinks an hour for three days in the intensive care unit. "Fortunately for him, he was in a medically induced coma for a good portion of that," he told the Australian Broadcasting Corporation. "By the time he woke up, I think his hangover would have well and truly gone." Although unusual, the treatment was approved by hospital officials. "The hospital's administrators were also very understanding when we explained our reasons for buying a case of vodka," Fraser said. The patient regained full health and was discharged from hospital after 20 days.

The bar patron wondered why the waiter had set a vertical plumb line from the table top to the floor and why he first set the glass of vodka on the floor next to the line and then raised it to the table. The waiter replied, "You said you wanted your vodka straight up, sir."

The next patron wondered why he was scrubbing, wiping and disinfecting the bar surface in front of him so furiously and laboriously. He replied, "You wanted your whiskey neat, sir."





## CRAFT #17 - Weltons brewery

For some odd reason there was a huge amount of interest in this event, which probably had nothing at all to do with Brent's waxing lyrical about it on a regular basis since last year, and we must have had over 20 hashers making an appearance! Lost Grey Cells did a magnificent job of ensuring we all had tickets (free but necessary for brewery to keep tabs on numbers for 'elf'n'safety/ fire restrictions), making several trips to the beer shop in Horsham and sending them on to me to hand out on the night. That could have been his first mistake! As the brewery opened their doors at 7pm we had a slight quandary on whether to just send everyone straight there or arrange a pre-party muster beer. Having rejected the Bedford from last year, I opted to advertise the **Station Inn**. Unfortunately Angel and I found ourselves arriving a bit close to the start time and had panicked phone calls from Daffy, Testi and birthday girl, Ging Gang, wondering where their tickets were. So after a quick check in the pub, Gabs dropped me off with the chalk as she rushed their tickets over whilst I waited for the arrivals. Having no confidence in my own directions though I decided that I'd better set the P trail and leave them to follow in case it went tits up with wifey! As I closed in on **the brewery** there was a heartbroken phone call from Heavy Pants who, with Dirty Wee G String had arrived at the railway station, failed to

find the trail to the pub, and unable to believe that I hadn't waited for her also failed to find trail from the pub. Oops. At the brewery the crowd, considerably larger than last year, was queuing for their Old and cheese, but several CRAFTY folk were already into the beer having beaten the ticket checker into position! More guilt when Fish'n'Chips arrived as she'd been misled by the instruction to meet at the Station, and thought it meant station (dur!). A beer soon relaxed her though and we set about enjoying the hospitality of our hosts with the Morris dancers (strangely missing Scud, and several other W&NKERS?) doing their thing. Good to see Ratstail make it along, as well as regulars KIU and Wildbush, although Bollocks from Henfield was another expected absentee, as well as Anal Condom and Eric the Viking who had confirmed attendance on Facebook. There were so many hashers at this it was hard to keep track as Heavy Pants had done quite a job in selling the night to City H3, but I think we had Skylark, Dick Dense, Paralyxic and Paul amongst others. They seemed a bit insular though and resisted attempts at much conversation with the rest of the CRAFTies which all seemed a bit odd! It all became clear much later in the evening, but before that we had the pleasure of seeing Ging Gang tooting her flute with the Morris, taking bets on whether Les would actually turn up with his new *fille* (they did!), and some cake from Ging Gang (provided by Wendy) who gamely necked a slightly belated birthday down down.

As crowds thinned down it was time to conduct a little circle in the occasional CRAFT tradition, but for some reason, and maybe it was alcohol induced (as my response certainly was), Paralyxic took against the idea advising me that I wasn't qualified to RA, and had no right to confer names on people I didn't know. True that I did have a suggestion to put to those gathered (anyone who's ever been in my circle during a naming will know that the name has to receive majority support), however, I was astonished at the vitriol she was pouring out at me given that she was on a hash evening. That little aside had the effect of disrupting the circle to such an extent I was unable to continue with any other merriment. Subsequent discussion with Wendy exposed the reason why the City people had been so stuck-up all evening, as they didn't know it was a hash night and thought they were on a social! So sadly a somewhat sour note to end the night on, instead of the high I'd planned, but the end of the evening it now was and gradually the brewery emptied and Angel and I strolled across the yard to crash in the van.

So a mixture of a hugely successful night in the CRAFT annals, tempered by the need to ensure people meet beforehand so we all know who is up for a bit of hash fun. No problem with that next month as we again join forces with SORTED for a Daffy trail and surprise celebration.



*Originating in Indonesia where On-On's are usually out of the back of a beer truck, the circle started out as a way of stopping the locals nicking the beer, which would be left in the centre of the pack. Inevitably someone would take it upon themselves to conduct a bit of entertainment, of which down-downs were a natural evolutionary step. Most hash chapters now have a circle and it is a great way for people to get involved, newcomers to get introduced, anniversary's celebrated (both numbers of runs and birthdays!), and the hares and others rewarded/ punished for their sins! Whilst barracking of the RA is expected there is also the expectation that the pack will respect the circle. If they don't, they get punished! Loss of control is usually as a result of the RA trying something that is not appreciated by the majority, rather than one individual. The RA has a number of things at their disposal to deal with abuse so it is rather disrespectful to sabotage the circle by making them turn away to "diffuse the situation", before the RA has done their bit. Circles are rare on the Brighton Hash but Nigel has done an excellent job the last couple of years, so let's all give him the space he deserves at the Christmas do!*

What is the difference between Bird Flu and Swine Flu? For bird flu you need tweetment and for swine flu you need oinkment



## REHASHING

**The Mudlarks - Staplefield** (*Think I was housebound as this was the only run Angel let me go on in October!*)

If one could be arsed, one would have looked up the old trashes to see just what number run Nigel celebrated when he did the original navy themed fancy dress (incidentally also marking the 221<sup>st</sup> anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar), but since one couldn't even be arsed to read the current edition as a reminder to dress for action there was no chance of the former. And since no other bugger reads the trash either, the Mudlarks were left to ~~look slightly silly~~ stand out from the pack with Nigel in his original Broadsword shirt thing and Pete some kinda stripy gear.



The funny thing is that Nigel clearly didn't research this too well as the pub is not called the Victory for any patriotic reason but as the result of a legal battle to enable the former private house with a long brewing tradition to become a pub. *"Apparently, during the 19th century it was difficult for the owners of this inn to gain a license, so, after a prolonged legal battle with the locals, when they finally managed it in 1848 - they aptly named it The Victory Inn. The name also holds a resonance for the cricket team and its supporters as matches are played on the green, which The Victory overlooks."* See nothing to do with war!

Hopes were high for a cracking nights frivolity as we mustered outside for some hash words and the revelation that there would be a grog stop

as well as a second navy rum port of call, but we set off in the usual direction up the side of the Jolly Tanners. Maybe it was my lack of fitness; maybe it was enthusiasm for the grog stop; maybe it was the fact that I was still high on anaesthetic from having a tooth pulled earlier; or maybe it was just that it was a bloody long way between checks, but whatever I managed to make a decent show of checking at the first only to get it wrong, find myself at the back and lost heart early. Eventually managed to catch up with Red Slapper for a very interesting conversation\* as we were coming into the grog stop outside some posh place (nothing to do with Peterborough United [see recent press]. Or that soppy tart preening around Mr. Beckham). Naturally all chat was suspended as I took flight to make sure I was lubricated and Messrs. Beard and Cain then burst into songs such as Oh for me Grog, The Good Ship Venus and similar non-legal related rhyme. Last away from the check I hovered hoping that maybe I could slip onto the short-cut but the Black and the Red convinced me otherwise so it was off again for more lengthy trail before we hit the 2<sup>nd</sup> stop. Tragedy almost struck the hash here when Rosemary and the rest of the knitting circle appeared to have stolen the bottles, but they returned it just before they became late. As in the late Brighton knitting circle. It's sort of a threat geddit? So with glasses charged we raised our Rum to celebrate the navy's victory at Trafalgar and since, as well as Nigels 650<sup>th</sup> hash, before once again charging on for a couple more obscure checks and a long run in on the road. Not sure if she ran but apparently in the pub was a new boot who had been in Brighton for a successful interview and, used to running with Herts Hash, decided to give us a go. Then glasses were raised for Terry who has recently achieved some kinda academic success, jolly good! Charlie then pointed out that Nigel should at least get a beer for his efforts, and bugger hash cash, he'd get it, so a down down was duly awarded to the hare, the anniversary, and the sinner all rolled into one pint for the one person affected! That only left special recognition for Brett, who by coincidence had managed to find himself with monocular vision on the very night of the Nelson run after a nasty fall on holiday, and thereby winning the fancy dress competition. Another great hash...

### \* The story goes..

We were at a hash do last year when Borneo was confirmed as the venue for Interhash 2010, and serial hasher Tablewhine was quick to propose the UK alternative venue of Catford to me (apparently Kuching is Indonesian for Pussy. The cat sort.). Ryde was rather more sensible and suggested Bournemouth for Borneo. As they were both going to Sarawak, and we lived on the south coast they suggested we take on the organisation. Oh how we laughed! Time went by and I did occasionally wonder why there had been no information about the UK alternative yet.

Meanwhile in a separate and unrelated incident, at the Friends of the Mole do earlier this year Ann revealed that she'd had a dream that her, Nicola and I had been charged with organising Interhash at 4 days notice for 5000 worldwide hashers in the Crumbles in Eastbourne, as a result of some conflict in the original designated region.

Fast forward to Nash Hash in August and Junior asks me what the plan was. I again laughed but as others also came up realised they were serious. Oh well, in for a penny, and by the end of the weekend I had an outline committee in place of willing helpers. Relating this to Ann on the run, I told her my reservations about Bournemouth, given that it was a bit distant for me to organise and it would be the site for Nash Hash 2011 anyway, and said I was thinking maybe we could get away with Eastbourne as in Krakatoa the movie. "Nicola would be really good to help with that" said Ann, and suddenly there was this "Oh My God" moment as we looked at each other!

Watch this space for info on the UK alternative to Interhash. And pray to God there's no conflicts in Borneo next year!



## MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH - *Life is too short for the wrong job:*



### The Bird Feeder

I bought a bird feeder.. I hung it on my patio and filled it lovingly with seed... It was indeed a beautiful bird feeder. Within a week we had hundreds of birds taking advantage of the continuous flow of free and easily accessible food. But then the birds started building nests in the boards of the patio, above the table, and next to the barbecue.. Then came the bird sh \* t. It was everywhere; on the patio tiles, the chairs, the table .... everywhere! Then some of the birds turned mean. They would dive bomb me and try to peck me even though I had fed them out of my own pocket. And other birds were boisterous and loud. They sat on the feeder and squawked and screamed at all hours of the day and night and demanded that I fill it when it got low on food. After a while, I couldn't even sit on my own back porch anymore. So I took down the bird feeder and in three days the birds were gone. I cleaned up their mess and took down the many nests they had built all over the patio. Soon, the back yard was like it used to be ... quiet, serene and no one demanding their rights to a free meal...

Now let's see .....

Brown & our government give out free food, subsidised housing, free medical care, and free education and allows anyone born here to be an automatic citizen. Then the illegals came by the millions. Suddenly our taxes went up to pay for the free services; small flats are housing 5 or more families; you have to wait 6 hours to be seen by a doctor in an emergency surgery because it is filled with illegal non tax payers; your child's year 12 class is behind other schools because over half the class doesn't speak English. Corn Flakes now come in a bilingual box; I have to 'press one' to hear my bank talk to me in English, and people waving flags other than 'The Union Jack' are squawking and screaming in the streets, demanding more rights and free liberties. It's just my opinion but: maybe, just maybe, it's time for the government to take down the damn bird feeder. If you agree, pass it on; if not, continue cleaning up the sh\*t!



### The Urine test

THIS GUY MAKES A GOOD POINT

This was written by a construction worker in Fort MacMurray- he sure makes a lot of sense.

I work, they pay me. I pay my taxes and the government distributes my taxes as it sees fit. In order to earn that pay cheque, I work on a rig site for a Fort Mac construction project. I am required to pass a random urine test, with which I have no problem.

What I do have a problem with is the distribution of my taxes to people who don't have to pass a urine test. Shouldn't one have to pass a urine test to get a welfare cheque because I have to pass one to earn it for them?

Please understand that I have no problem with helping people get back on their feet. I do on the other hand have a problem with helping someone sit on their ass drinking beer and smoking dope. Could you imagine how much money the provinces would save if people had to pass a urine test to get a public assistance cheque? Please spread the word if you agree or forget about it if you don't. Hope you will spread the word though, because something has to change in this country, and soon!!!





## Lest We Forget

Her hair was up in a pony tail,  
Her favourite dress tied with a bow.  
Today was Father's Day at school,  
And she couldn't wait to go.

But her Mother tried to tell her,  
That she probably should stay home.  
Why the kids might not understand,  
If she went to school alone.

But she was not afraid;  
She knew just what to say.  
What to tell her classmates  
Of why he wasn't there today.

But still her mother worried,  
For her to face this day alone.  
And that was why once again,  
She tried to keep her daughter home.

But the little girl went to school  
Eager to tell them all.  
About a dad she never sees  
A dad who never calls.

There were daddies along the wall in  
back, For everyone to meet.  
Children squirming impatiently,  
Anxious in their seats

One by one the teacher called  
A student from the class.  
To introduce their daddy,  
As seconds slowly passed.

At last the teacher called her name,  
Every child turned to stare.  
Each of them was searching,  
A man who wasn't there.

'Where's her daddy at?'  
She heard a boy call out.  
'She probably doesn't have one,'  
Another student dared shout.

And from somewhere near the back,  
She heard a daddy say,  
'Looks like another deadbeat dad,  
Too busy to waste his day.'

The words did not offend her,  
As she smiled up at her Mum.  
And looked back at her teacher,  
Who told her to go on.

And with hands behind her back,  
Slowly she began to speak.  
And out from the mouth of a child,  
Came words incredibly unique.

'My Daddy couldn't be here,  
Because he lives so far away.  
But I know he wishes he could be,  
Since this is such a special day.

And though you cannot meet him,  
I wanted you to know.  
All about my daddy,  
And how much he loves me so.

He loved to tell me stories  
He taught me to ride my bike.  
He surprised me with pink roses,  
And taught me to fly a kite.

We used to share fudge sundaes,  
And ice cream in a cone.  
And though you cannot see him.  
I'm not standing here alone.

'Cause my daddy's always with me,  
Even though we are apart  
I know because he told me,  
He'll forever be in my heart'

With that, her little hand reached up,  
And lay across her chest.  
Feeling her own heartbeat,  
Beneath her favourite dress.

And from somewhere in the crowd of  
dads, Her mother stood in tears.  
Proudly watching her daughter,  
Who was wise beyond her years.

For she stood up for the love  
Of a man not in her life.  
Doing what was best for her,  
Doing what was right.  
And when she dropped her hand back  
down, Staring straight into the crowd.  
She finished with a voice so soft,  
But its message clear and loud.

'I love my daddy very much,  
he's my shining star.  
And if he could, he'd be here,  
But heaven's just too far.

You see he was a Royal Marine  
And died just this past year  
When a roadside bomb hit his convoy,  
And taught Britain's how to fear.

But sometimes when I close my eyes,  
it's like he never went away.'  
And then she closed her eyes,  
And saw him there that day.

And to her mothers amazement,  
She witnessed with surprise.  
A room full of daddies and children,  
All starting to close their eyes.

Who knows what they saw before them,  
Who knows what they felt inside.  
Perhaps for merely a second,  
They saw him at her side.

'I know you're with me Daddy,'  
To the silence she called out.  
And what happened next made believers,  
Of those once filled with doubt.

Not one in that room could explain it,  
For each of their eyes had been closed.  
But there on the desk beside her,  
Was a fragrant long-stemmed rose.

And a child was blessed, if only for a  
moment, By the love of her shining star.  
And given the gift of believing,  
That heaven is never too far.

### BEERS FOR THE BOYS

40 pints from Brighton H7 on it's way v. shortly!  
On on Bouncer

Absolutely brilliant. Thanks Bouncer and all at Brighton  
H3  
OnOn Amnesia Bicester H3

*Huge thanks to everyone who has already contributed to  
the 'Beers for the Boys' collection, and to Julia for  
offering to round our donation up from hash funds. If  
you would like to donate (using £2.50/pint as a  
benchmark, although every penny counts!) please catch  
myself, Julia or Gabs on hash night.  
On on, Bouncer*

*A young heart reflects the unquestionable bravery of  
troops everywhere. And not just on the frontline ...*



