



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R-ns/trash #153 February 2010*

<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
1st February 2010	1650	Plough & Harrow, Litlington	523 017	Matthew
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east past Lewes and Beddingham. Take 2nd right after Alfriston roundabout past the Giants Rest pub. Pub approx. 2.5 miles on right. Est. 25 mins.				
8th February 2010	1651	Sportsman, Goddards Green	268 202	Brett and Jo
<b>Directions:</b> Take A23 to A2300 Burgess Hill turn-off. Turn right for Goddards Green at first roundabout. Pub is on left hand side after 1/4 mile. Est. 15 mins.				
15th February 2010	1652	Kings Head, Upper Beeding	194 106	Mystery guest hares!
<b>Directions:</b> A27 to Shoreham; A283 north then right on to A2037 at next roundabout. Left at next roundabout and pub is on left hand side. Est. 15 mins.				
22nd February 2010	1653	Chalk Pit Inn, Offham	401 116	Bob & Mike
<b>Directions:</b> Take A27 towards Lewes. Left at first roundabout on A275, then left at the traffic lights. Pub is about 1 mile on left hand-side. Est. 15 mins.				
1st March 2010	1654	To be advised		
<b>Hare:</b> James				

## RECEDING HARELINE:

08/03/10	Winning Post, Plumpton	Phil
15/03/10	Snowdrop, Lewes	Don
22/03/10	Yew Tree, Arlington	Nicola (b'day) & Ann
29/03/10	Royal Oak, Jacobs Post	Rik

## CRAFT #21

26/02/09 Joint with FUK Full Moon H3  
Friday pub crawl in Brighton 7pm from Evening Star  
Saturday Hash 10.30 followed by Dark Star brewery visit or beer festival etc. to be finalised Shoreham area

## HENFIELD H4

#85 21/02/10 near Washington/Storrington Bollocks  
#86 21/03/10 Henfield HOMER

## Thought for the day:

*Homer drank the goblet dry,  
Now Homer is no more,  
For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.  
**Moral:** Don't minesweep!*





# HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

**2ND 3RD AND 4TH JULY 2010 - UK OUTERHASH - *The UK alternative to Interhash***

K'CHING it's **EASTBOURNEO!** Eastbourne Rugby Club

Friday Night - Red Slappers Red dress pub crawl

Saturday am - Choice of trails; pm - Hash games; evening - Proxy's band and 'jungle' fancy dress party

Sunday am - Hangover hash

Pre-registration now open - to include all food Saturday and Sunday, camping, entertainment and beer tba.

**Contact: Bouncer or Black Stockings** for more info at this stage.

[illegible]

### From Amnesia:

I attach a response from Beer for the Boys. Well done.

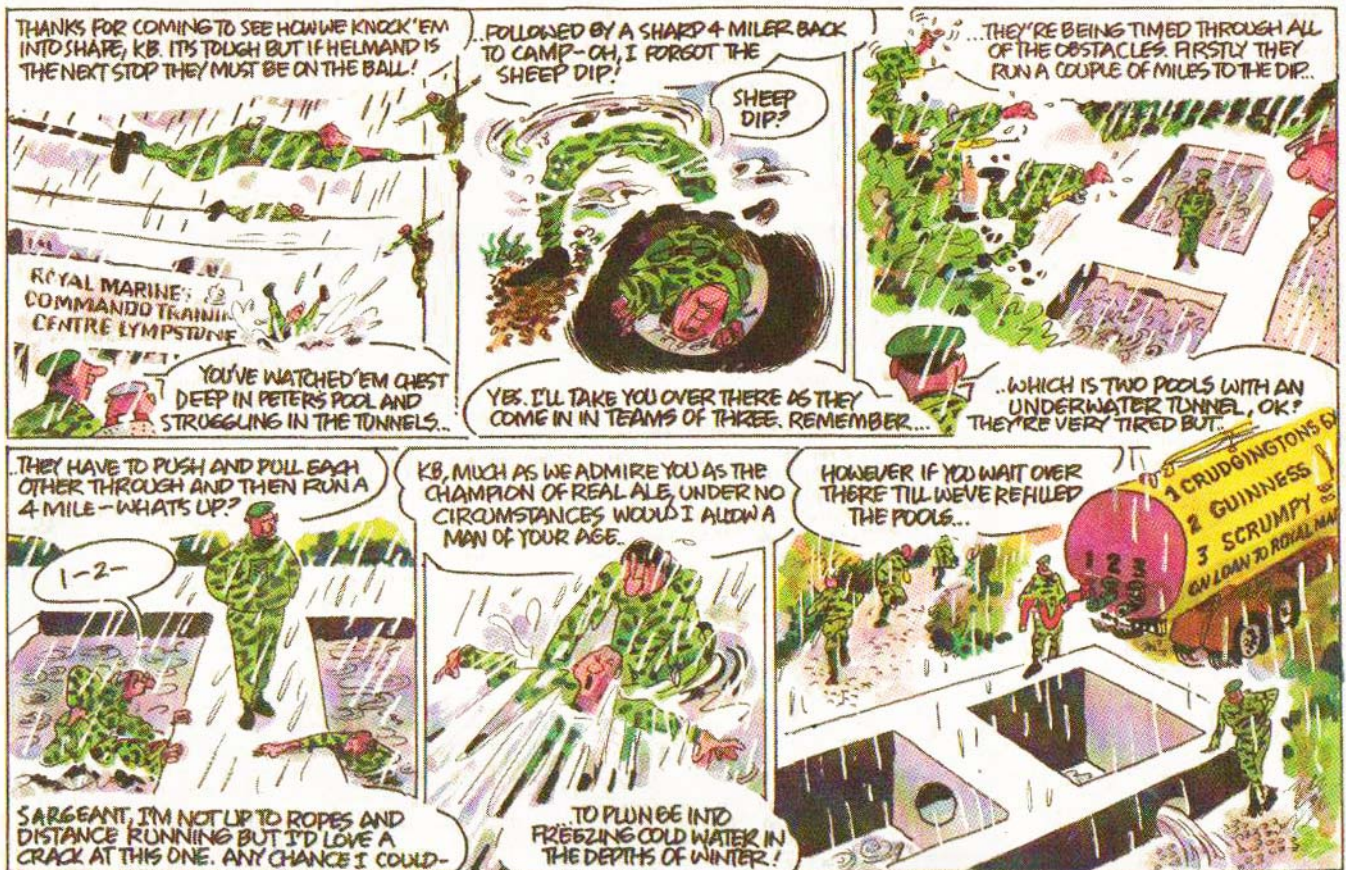
"Many thanks for your email and your support for Beer for the Boys. I am happy to say that we have received many donations from H3 branches throughout the UK and indeed from overseas as well, and we are very grateful for the support of all the H3 branches".

In April Bicester H3 will run, walk or crawl the 72 miles of Hadrian's Wall, carrying a military stretcher with either someone on it or a barrel of beer, to raise funds for Help for Heroes and **Beer for the Boys**. We don't expect the barrel of beer to be much of a challenge after the first half day as it will soon stop being a barrel of beer and become just a barrel! We will be staying at Newcastle YHA on the evening of 11th April and starting at Wallsend early on 12th ending the first day at Hebbon on the Wall. We'll be drinking in one of the two pubs at Hebbon. On the 13th we hash .... but will be staying at Greenhead, drinking at the Greenhead hotel. On the 14th we go on to somewhere else but will again stay at the Greenhead hotel. The 15th sees us move on to Carlisle and we have still to confirm where we stay but we will let everyone know. From there we go to Bowness and the bus takes us home.

Any hashers are welcome to join us for a day or more or just meet us for a drink and we'd love to see you and, after the first day, you are welcome to carry the stretcher.. We've also arranged for any Scots to cross onto the south side and Wha de Say is happy to translate.

We will be grateful for your sponsorship. Please help us to raise funds either by sponsorship funds or by [www.justgiving.com/BH3-hash-the-wall](http://www.justgiving.com/BH3-hash-the-wall). Can we thank everyone for their words of support and their dosh. These are two good charities and sorry for banging on about it. Come and help us make this a good event please and thanks for reading this.

KEG BUSTER BY BILL TIDY





Two of the proposals our nanny state is proposing could impact hashing here:

1: Drink as much as you like offers - Nash Hash for example?

..but this is the one that worries me the most

2: Banning of speed drinking contests

Now, I hope that is aimed at organised pub promotions and not at anything not controlled by the pub, otherwise this might impact on the circle.

On On

Pampers

*Does our society mirror Nash Hash or is it the other way around, in that 10% of people drink 50% of the alcohol?*

Did You Know This About Leather Dresses?

Do you know that when a woman wears a leather dress, a man's heart beats quicker, his throat gets dry, he gets weak in the knees, and he begins to think irrationally???

**Ever wonder why? It's because she smells like a new car!**

She spent the first day packing her belongings into boxes and suitcases. On the second day, she had the movers come and collect her things. On the third day she sat down for the last time at their beautiful dining table by candle-light, put on some soft background music and feasted on a pound of shrimp, a jar of caviar and a bottle of spring water. When she had finished she went into each and every room and deposited a few half-eaten shrimp shells, dipped in caviar, into the hollow of the curtain rods. She then cleaned up the kitchen and left.

When the husband returned with his new girlfriend, all was bliss for the first few days. Then slowly the house began to smell. They tried everything: cleaning, mopping and airing the place out. Vents were checked for dead rodents, and carpets were steam cleaned. Air fresheners were hung everywhere. Exterminators were brought in to set off gas canisters, during which they had to move out for a few days and in the end they even paid to replace the expensive wool carpeting.....nothing worked. People stopped coming over to visit. Repairmen refused to work in the house. The maid quit.

Finally, they could not take the stench any longer and decided to move. A month later, even though they had cut their price in half, they could not find a buyer for their stinky house. Word got out and eventually even the local realtors refused to return their calls. Finally, they had to borrow a huge sum of money from the bank to purchase a new place.

The ex-wife called the man and asked how things were going. He told her the saga of the rotting house. She listened politely and said that she missed her old home terribly and would he be willing to reduce her divorce settlement in exchange for getting the house back. Knowing his ex-wife had no idea how bad the smell was he agreed on a price that was about 1/10th of the house had been worth, but only if she were to sign the papers that very day. She agreed and within the hour his lawyers delivered the paperwork.

A week later the man and his girlfriend stood smiling as they watched the moving company pack everything to take to their new home. And to spite the ex-wife, they even took the curtain rods!!!!



✿ England manager, Fabio Capello rang Wayne Bridge last night and said, "I've spoken to John, and he's lost the captain's armband. Can you look under your bed for us??".

✿ Wayne Bridge sent his missus a replica of his \*ock made from Cadbury's chocolate. She said that she prefers Terrys! After Wayne Bridge refused to play for England while John Terry remains captain, fans are now urging JT to try it on with Emile Heskey's wife.

✿ Fabio Capello is expected to name Gary Neville as the new England Captain... Apparently the decision is based on the fact that he hasn't got a chance of sleeping with anyone's wife.

✿ I don't know why everyone is giving John Terry such a hard time. As a footballer, getting a girl to consent is a rarity, he should be commended.

**New earthquake early warning system revealed.**

**CRAFT #20 - Cuckfield 15/01/10**

Brent and Kayleen set both this and the W&NK trails on the Sunday after, but just a few days before it looked as if it could be complicated with the arrival of the snow prompting a 'cry for help' e-mail. Strange as you'd think the Canadians were used to a bit of snow! Flour obviously wouldn't show up too well but poster paints, traditionally used to colour flour, seemed to be off the shelves. There have been some strange hash-setting materials in the past such as sugar, daffodils, bedsheets and "police line - do not cross" tape (hash memories are long for some things Mr. Wallace!), but powdered orange-flavoured energy drink must be a first!

Anyway, plan was to set P trail from Haywards Heath station and set off from Brent & Kayleens house. Angel, unable to make the crawl due to family commitments, had the car, leaving Bouncer with the van which motored well to the bottom of the road, cut-out and steadfastly refused to go again. So a quick restructuring - Brent ended up doing P trail, Angel cadged lifts, and Bouncer nicked car arriving only 10 minutes late to find they hadn't set-off for the pub as Gin Gan and Testiculator were very close too. So a quick beer at Chez Wildbush etc., where Daffy was already in residence, and off we set for the stroll through the slush to pub #1, **the Wheatsheaf**. It didn't help Chris's 'end of week and get me a beer' mood that work shoes were not really enough and he had wet feet by the time we reached the first pint. These were swiftly decanted into tankards for the long stroll to pub #2 **the Ship**, not because of any problem with the Wheatsheaf but we were on a schedule to get to Thai food before they stopped serving and Bouncer was insistent on going to the Ship against KIU's better judgement. Apart from admiring the huge Whisky bottle, Bouncer, boring git that he is, was engaged heavily in catching up with Bill the landlord. With an eye on the time Brent ushered pack out for the stroll directly to #4 **the White Hart** for the Thai food, do not pass go, do not collect £200, and do not under any circumstances go into pub #3 **the Rose and Crown** as there isn't time. Daffy, Kayleen and Jenny all complied, whilst Testi still trying to wind down, and Bouncer in dire need of a call headed in quickly followed by the hare to enjoy a far more pleasant establishment than memory serves. Once again glasses were emptied rapidly for the stroll, which was interrupted by a call from Kayleen asking where they were! Ne'er mind all were soon sat in great comfort with some wunnerful Thai grub and a pint of good Sussex ale for a well worthwhile visit. The previously fed Chris and Jenny amused themselves on the darts as we eat and were accosted by a friendly local immigrant from Jockland, which may have prompted their sharp exit but the rest were only a short distance behind and had been convinced to take the short-cut to #5 **the Talbot**. Testi was already halfway through his pint so it wasn't that good an SCB! Sadly, the call of the train curtailed their visit and they hot-footed it as the rest of the pack indulged in a more leisurely discussion of designs for CRAFT t-shirts (still to see the light). Pub #6 was the same as #1 but with well-filled bellies and an overall feeling of satisfaction with the ale consumed, the decision was collectively made to head back for the much appreciated crash space, with only the appearance of a pink welly as a CRAFT trophy worthy of particular mention from the walk back (translation: the only bit that beer-addled memories could recall and that only because we've still got it!). Another great hash!

*On*

Mujibar was trying to get a job in India.

The Personnel Manager said, 'Mujibar, you have passed all the tests, except one. Unless you pass it, you cannot qualify for this job.'

Mujibar said, 'I am ready.'

The manager said, 'Make a sentence using the words **Yellow**, **Pink**, and **Green**.'

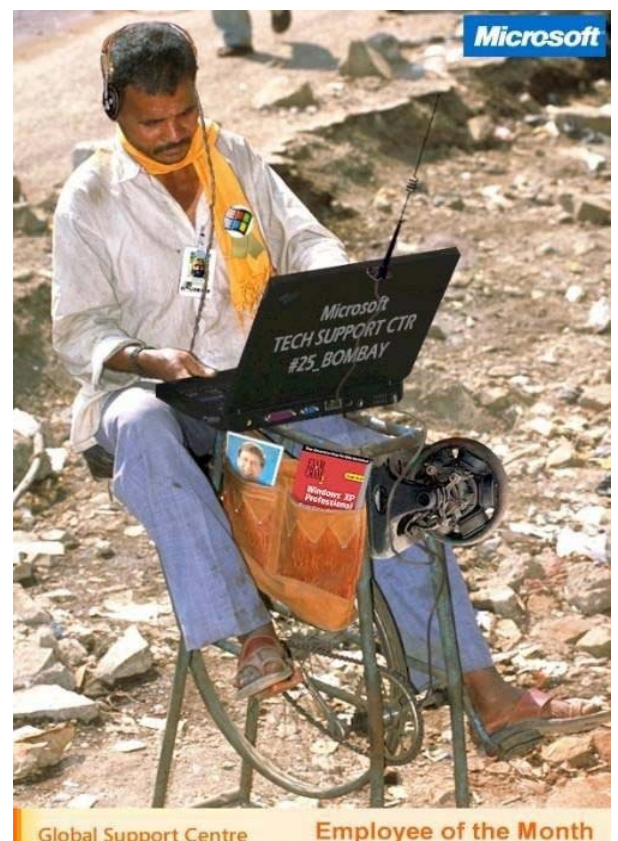
Mujibar thought for a few minutes and said, 'Mister manager, I am ready.'

The manager said, 'Go ahead.'

Mujibar said, 'The telephone goes **green, green**, and I **pink** it up, and say, **Yellow**, this is Mujibar.' Mujibar now works at a call center. No doubt you have spoken to him. I know I have.

### INDIAN RIDDLE:

I have one, You have one  
Your mother uses your father's one  
And your auntie uses your uncle's one  
A married lady would acquire one  
But a divorced lady would lose her one  
A Pope doesn't use his one  
David Bos has a short one  
Pete Beard had a hairy one  
Lord Krishna had a long one  
Arnold Schwarzenegger has an even longer one  
Madonna doesn't have one  
The Chinese usually have short ones  
While the Indians usually have long ones  
Do you have one? How long is your one?



*Your surname that is!*



## REHASHING in the snow

Winter snow is here & our birds are finding food scarce. Please go to the petshop & buy a bag of nuts for our feathered friends. There's no finer sight on a winter's morn than a pair of Tits around your nut sack. Just remember however it's a bit early in the year to expect a swallow!

### White Horse, Ditchling - Run 1647 11/01/10 John & George

Nothing stops the hash and so an impressively large pack gathered in the snow at Ditchling for this run. Actually that's an outright lie! An impressively large pack gathered around the blazing fire inside the pub etc. etc.. Having gone to the effort of setting trail though, hares were insistent and so out we went for a slippery amble up towards Lodge Hill. Over the style was the sight of some beautifully crushed snow where the local yooof had been sledging and where Charlie was seen to go plummeting over the edge full of the joys of winter. Apparently he'd forgotten his sledge though so down there he stayed until a trudge through the latter part of the field with its accompanying virgin, pure, and white drifts of gently gathered snowflakes (this is not snow, this is M&S snow!) brought him back in touch with the pack. That part of the pack that had slipped and slid, shrieked and grabbed at the brambles to avoid following him, rather than the part of the pack that had followed Mr. 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood's advice that it all comes out in the same place and stayed on the road up to the Oldland Mill. Luckily they all as one headed north incorrectly at the check, so we regained the advantage down to Ockley Lane. Internal compii (compasses?) had gone haywire in the snow and several expressed confusion about where we were. Trail headed up the lane, turned south and cut along the stream on to Grand Avenue on a route that used to be a regular feature of the Christmas hash from the Hassocks Golf Club. Through Adastral park Bouncer once again bored everyone with Al Brays Welly Boot Marathon World Record set here 100 years ago, before we spilled back out on to Ockley Lane again. Trail was north to the footpath opposite the Thatched Inn but several took the trespass in their size nines across the snow to cut the hash off on the final stretch back to Ditchling. Clocking in at around 3 miles this was an excellent run in the circumstances. Well done hares!

### SO, HOW DID YOU BREAK YOUR ARM?

Nicola 'Black Stockings' Williams offered this story from her early skiing days which, even if you aren't a skier, you'll be able to appreciate the humour:

Conditions were perfect...12 below, no feeling in the toes, basic numbness all over...the "Tell me when we're having fun" kind of day. Nicola complained to her companion that she was in dire need of a rest room. He told her not to worry, that he was sure there was relief waiting at the top of the lift in the form of a powder room for female skiers in distress. He was wrong, of course, and the pain did not go away. If you've ever had nature hit its panic button in you, then you know that a temperature of 12 below doesn't help matters. With time running out, she weighed her options. The companion, picking up on the intensity of the pain, suggested that since she was wearing an all-white ski outfit, she should go off in the woods and no one would even notice. He assured her, "The white will provide more than adequate camouflage."

So she headed for the tree line, began lowering her ski pants and proceeded to do her thing. If you've ever parked on the side of a slope, then you know there is a right way and wrong way to set your skis so you don't move.

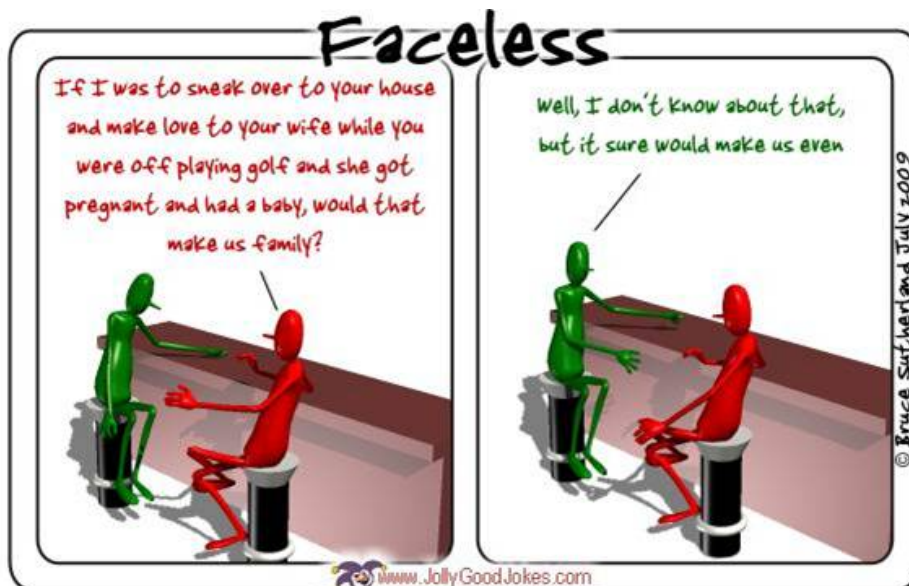
Yup, you got it!!! She had them positioned the wrong way. Steep slopes are not forgiving...even during the most embarrassing moments. Without warning, Nicola found herself skiing backward, out-of-control, racing through the trees...somehow missing all of them and onto another slope. Her derriere and the reverse side were still bare, her pants down around her knees, and she was picking up speed all the while.

She continued backwards, totally out-of-control, creating an unusual vista for the other skiers, eventually going back under the lift and finally colliding violently with a pylon. The bad news was that she broke her arm and was unable to pull up her ski pants.

At long last the friend arrived, helping to put an end to her nudie show, before summoning the ski patrol, who transported her to a hospital.

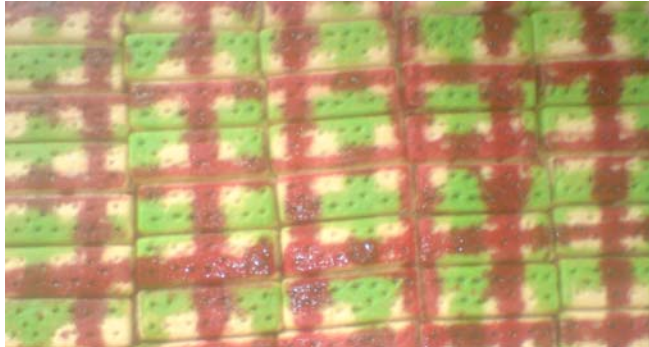
While in the emergency room, a man with an obviously broken leg was put in the bed next to hers. "So, how'd you break your leg?" she asked, making small talk. "It was the stupidest thing you ever saw," he said. "I was riding up this ski lift and suddenly, I couldn't believe my eyes! There was this crazy woman skiing backward, out-of-control, down the mountain, with her bare bottom hanging out of her pants. I leaned over to get a better look and fell out of the lift." ..

"So, how'd you break your arm?"



**Royal George, Shoreham - Run 1649 25/01/10 Bouncer BURNS HASH #7** "So what made you think that hashing was for you, Bouncer?" "Well, I've got no organizational skills and don't know when to shut up." "OK, you're in."

Pat had the idea to run from the George with the £3.50 carvery attraction but unfortunately wasn't around to set trail so when it was realised that Burns Night was on the Monday Bouncer stepped in. With everyone gathered and many in kilts and tartan there was a bit of boring waffle before hare grabbed Kit and asked him to hang on a second with the walkers. It's a tribute to Kits new found enthusiasm for running that he then buggered off with the pack, as well as the pack with the whisky for the sip stop in! Nigel Mudlark saved the day though, rushing it back for the walkers to go and hide. First check had everyone crossing the road hoping for an early assault on the Downs, but it was back and down an alley prompting concerns that it would be another tedious urban route after hares previous endeavour. As we returned to 50 yards from the pub though, banter turned to 'lovely short run' etc. until someone realised we hadn't had the promised sip. Over the footbridge check 2 led up towards Southwick Hill for a wander around a field where hare confessed to having forgotten which of the myriad of footpaths he'd set trail on. As we headed for the top and then dropped down to the road, rumours of a dash through Southwick Tunnel a la the Railway Children H3 turned out to be unfounded, but several tried the return along the Mile Oak road before it was called under the A27. Charlie disappeared up the hill again here, and after a bit of repair found tissue shortcutting past the 2<sup>nd</sup> check to call the on-back up. Inevitably this was a slow climb before the first of two long

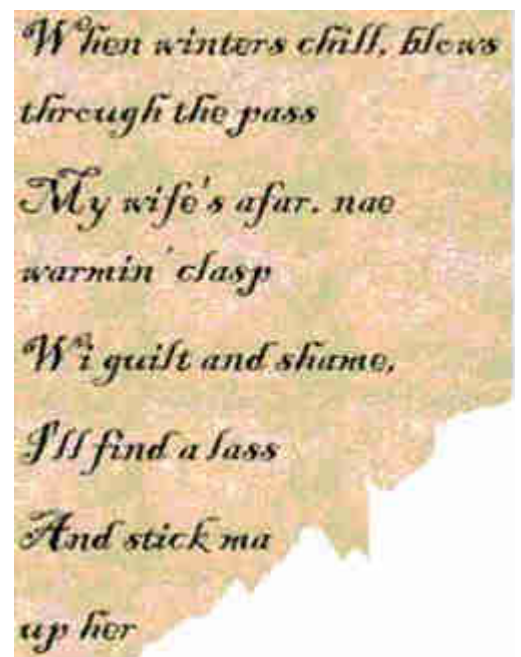


paths ultimately leading into sip. It was on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of these as pack struggled through a muddy path hemmed in by barbed wire that hare was seen hurtling past in the field next door from back to front to get to the sip at roughly the same time as the leaders. Mudlark had found buried whisky but there was more in the car as well as Irn Bru and a tray of Shortbreads decorated tartan style with food colouring, all washed down to the sound of the Red Hot Chili **Pipers**. There was one more check before the end but hare opted to drive back with lazy git Wiggy yelling out the window at everyone to get running! So that was the run and despite concerns over the long dashes, seemed well received, particularly the sip!

Back at the car park, Bouncer received a call from Humper asking to join us, but then discovered he'd lost his notes. Angel tried driving back home but no joy, so everyone was now sitting down as Bouncer ran around like a blue-arsed fly totally unable to cope. Pack dutifully took charge rearranging the tables to form long tables all pointing at the only available seating left for Bouncer, Angel and Humper at the bottom of the stairs, where they could witness the breakdown of the hare. Hey ho!

Slash Gordon, meanwhile kept everyone entertained with his excellent toast to the chefs and address to the haggis, before the haggis was served at the carvery. A note purported to be a direct facsimile of a Burns poem was passed around the tables but had unfortunately been damaged. We may never know what it said.


As the now usual Burns night cry went out that the otherwise insatiable appetite of Hash Gomi had been satisfied (*he can't finish his plate!*), and Daffy and Little Bear made a discrete exit (what did they know?), Bouncer stood up wearing a rasta tea cosy hat before going into an explanation of what may have been if Robbie had managed to raise his passage to the Windies before he was published. [Briefly here, "Jean Armour's parents forbade their marriage until he was financially sound. Meanwhile one Mary Campbell was carrying twins of his, complicating matters, but luckily she died..."\*]. To wrap up this concept an adapted version of *Amazing Grace*, a song which holds so many Scottish Associations, was played:



'Twas just a seed, a tiny seed,	Pass the joint 'round please	How sweet the smell,	On my amazing grass
That my mate gave to me,		That made a wreck of me,	
A seed I sowed,	I can't believe,	I once was straight,	Amazing grass,
And then watched grow,	Amazing weed,	Now shit-faced,	How sweet the smell,
Into a fucking great tree	One toke, one tiny puff,	Pass the joint back please	That made a wreck of me,
	I'm ripped, I'm bent,		I once was straight,
Amazing grass,	I'm off me tits,	And when I'm old,	But now off me face,
How sweet the smell,	I'm stoned, I'm wrecked, I'm	And near-on fucked,	Oh, can I have another
That made a wreck of me,	fucked	With cobwebs on me arse,	toke please
I once was straight,		I'll just thank Christ,	
Now shit-faced,	Amazing grass,	Oh, that I've survived,	<i>etc. ad nauseum.</i>

In the absence of any volunteers to take on a reading etc. pack was then treated to another classic from Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson prompting Chopper to put his head in his hands and utter "Oh, no" as 'Hey Santa Claus' washed itself over the audience.



A person with long, curly orange hair and glasses.[illegible]

# THE END

## SOME LOVE STORIES...

### SCOUSER AND THE GAY MAN

At the end of a tiny deserted bar in Liverpool sat a Scouser. He was having a few beers, when a short, well dressed, and obviously gay man walked in and sat beside him. After three or four beers, the gay man got the courage to say a few words to the Scouser. Leaning over towards him, he whispered, "Do you want a blow job?". At this, the Scouser leaped up with fire in his eyes, and smacked the sh1t out of the gay man, knocking him swiftly off his stool. He proceeded to beat him all the way out of the bar, before leaving him bruised and battered in the parking lot, and returning to his seat. Amazed, the bartender quickly brought over another beer to the Scouser, and said, "I've never seen you react like that. What did he say to you?" "I don't know," the Scouser replied. "Something about a job."

### NO SEX SINCE 1957

A crusty old Marine Sergeant Major found himself at a gala event hosted by a local liberal arts college. There was no shortage of extremely young, idealistic ladies in attendance, one of whom approached the Sergeant Major for conversation. "Excuse me, Sergeant Major, but you seem to be a very serious man. Is something bothering you?" "Negative, ma'am. Just serious by nature." "The young lady looked at his awards and decorations and said, "It looks like you have seen a lot of action." "Yes, ma'am, a lot of action." The young lady, tiring of trying to start up a conversation, said, "You know, you should lighten up a little. Relax and enjoy yourself." The Sergeant Major just stared at her in his serious manner. Finally the young lady said, "You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when is the last time you had sex?" "1957, ma'am." "Well, there you are. You really need to chill out and quit taking everything so seriously! I mean, no sex since 1957! She took his hand and led him to a private room where she proceeded to "relax" him several times. Afterwards, panting for breath, she leaned against his bare chest and said, "Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1957!" The Sergeant Major, glancing at his watch, said in his matter-of-fact voice, "I hope not, it's only 21:30 now."

### The Black Bra

I had lunch with 2 of my unmarried friends. One is engaged, one is a mistress, and I have been married for 20+ years. We were chatting about our relationships and decided to amaze our men by greeting them at the door wearing a black bra, stiletto heels and a mask over our eyes. We agreed to meet in a few days to exchange notes. Here's how it all went.

My engaged friend: The other night when my boyfriend came over he found me with a black leather bodice, tall stilettos and a mask. He saw me and said, 'You are the woman of my dreams. I love you.' Then we made passionate love all night long.

The mistress: Me too! The other night I met my lover at his office and I was wearing a raincoat, under it only the black bra, heels and a mask. When I opened the raincoat he didn't say a word, but he started to tremble and had his way with me.

Then I had to share my story: When my husband came home I was wearing the black bra, black stockings, stilettos and a mask over my eyes. When he came in the door and saw me, he said, 'What's for dinner, Batman?'

### SASKATCHEWAN LOVE STORY

A man met a beautiful lady and he decided he wanted to marry her right away. She protested, "But we don't know anything about each other." He replied, "That's all right; we'll learn about each other as we go along." So she consented, and they were married, and went on a honeymoon to a very nice resort. One morning, they were lying by the pool when he got up off his towel, climbed up to the 10 meter board and did two and a half tuck gainer, entering the water perfectly, almost without a ripple. This was followed by a three rotations in jackknife position before he again straightened out and cut the water like a knife. After a few more demonstrations, he came back and lay down on his towel. She said, "That was incredible!" He said, "I used to be an Olympic diving champion. You see, I told you we'd learn more about each other as we went along." So she got up, jumped in the pool and started doing laps. She was moving so fast that the froth from her pushing off at one end of the pool would hardly be gone before she was already touching the other end. She did laps in freestyle, breast-stroke, even butterfly! After about thirty laps, completed in mere minutes, she climbed back out and lay down on her towel, barely breathing heavy. He said, "That was incredible! Were you an Olympic endurance swimmer?" "No", she said, "I was a hooker in Saskatoon and I worked both sides of the river."

...and finally: After the Cadbury's takeover (*good job it wasn't Nestle-->*) comes news that Renault and Ford are working together on a new small car for women. They are mixing the Clio and the Taurus. The new vehicle, called the Clitaurus, comes in pink, and the average male thief won't be able to find it even if someone tells him where it is.







EAST GRINSTEAD H3 HAS JUST BEEN AWARDED THE 2010 OLYMPIAD TO COINCIDE WITH THEIR **1000<sup>TH</sup> RUN** WHICH WILL BE HELD AT **PLUMPTON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE** AND WHICH WILL BE KNOWN AS

## **THE FARMYARD OLYMPICS**



JOIN US FOR TWO DAYS OF HASHING EXCELLENCE, OLYMPIAN FEASTING AND ATHLETIC MEDIOCRITY ON THE BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND OF **27<sup>TH</sup>-29<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 2010** IN THE COLLEGE'S HALLS OF RESIDENCE OR CAMPSITE FACILITIES

SINGLE ROOM TICKETS WILL COST **£90** UNTIL 31<sup>ST</sup> MARCH 2010 AND **£105** IF BOUGHT LATER.

FOR THIS OUTLAY YOU WILL RECEIVE

- TWO NIGHTS' ACCOMMODATION IN THE COLLEGE'S HALLS OF RESIDENCE,
- SIX MEALS PROVIDED BY THE COLLEGE'S CULINARY TEAM,
- A FREE BAR, LIVE MUSIC AT THE SATURDAY GIG: FARMYARD FANCY DRESS
- PARTICIPATION AS A TEAM MEMBER IN THE FARMYARD OLYMPICS,
- A GOODY BAG
- DWYLE FLUNKING
- THE CHANCE TO EXACT REVENGE ON ANY MEMBER OF EGH3 WHO EVER SLUNG MUD AT YOU.
- AND OF COURSE TWO GREAT RUNS.

## **THE FARMYARD OLYMPICS** **Registration Form**



Name	M/F				
Hash Handle		Home Hash			
Phone		Mobile			
email					
Contact Address					
Special Requirements (Food/Drink )					
Drink (Tick Preference)	Beer	Lager	Cider	Wine	Soft
Tee shirt Size (Tick Preference)	S	M	L	XL	XXL
Cost £90 until 31 March 2010 £80 for camping			Cheque enclosed for £		
Cost £105 after 31 March 2010 £85 for camping			Cheque enclosed for £		

*I accept the invitation to the EGH3 1000<sup>th</sup> run celebration weekend.  
In the event that any accident loss or injury happens to me or my property during the celebration weekend I fully exonerate EGH3 and/or their organising committee from any liability blame compensation or damages.*

Signature (One form per hasher)	Date
------------------------------------	------

Please return this form with your cheque made payable to "EGH3"  
to:  
**Bumper, Twittens, Treemans Road, Horsted Keynes, West Sussex RH17 7DY**