



BOGGY SHOE



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)
R-ns/trash #158 July 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
28th June 2010	1671	Yew Tree, Arlington	544 074	Ann & Nicola
Directions: A27 east to Alfriston roundabout. Turn left then first right. Pub in centre of village about 1 mile. Est. 25 mins. ##### EASTBOURNEO PRE-LUBE. #####				
5th July 2010	1672	Ram, Firle	469 073	Bouncer
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Keep left on A27 at roundabout after Beddingham crossing and take 2nd right 1.5 miles down. Take 2nd left and car park is on the left just before the pub. Est. 15 mins. ##### EASTBOURNEO POST LUBE #####				
12th July 2010	1673	Eight Bells, Bolney	262 228	Elaine
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right then right again for village. Est. 15 mins. <i>20 years of hashing for Elaine!</i>				
19th July 2010	1674	George Inn, Burpham	039 089	Chris PTI Wilce
Directions: Follow A27 west, past Worthing. After about 6 miles dual carriageway ends. Turn right at lights, then into left hand lane. After Crossbush pub and left bend take next right through Warningcamp. Keep left in Burpham for pub. 30 mins..				
26th July 2010	1675			Wiggy?
Directions: Est. 15 mins.				
2nd August 2010	1676	Royal Oak, Poynings	262 120	Ivan
Directions: A23 north, 3rd exit on A281. Straight over mini roundabout follow round to pub on right. Est. 10 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

- 09/08/10 Ditchling - Peter E
- 23/08/10 The Sloop, Scaynes Hill - James & Paddy

HENFIELD HASH

18/07/10 TBA
CRAFT #26 - 23rd July 2010
POETS day pub crawl in Hove.
7pm

Thought for the day:
I send £2 a week to Africa and they squander it on a bloody trumpet!

Now everybody likes to play the Vuvuzela by blowing into that instrument. But man should know where the Vuvuzela comes from!

(See page 3)



AARH - ME HEARTIES - TREASURE BURIED IN COULSDON!

On Friday 30th July at the hour of eight bells (8.00pm), there will be the taste of the high seas and the sound of a shanty or two, as Coulsdon Theatre Workshop perform their open-air version of 'Treasure Island'!

It promises plenty of piratical playing, plus a live band performing old sea-songs and shanties - a treat for those of a nautical inclination. I've booked tickets for Chipmonk, Fetherlite, Scud and Sir Raymond - if anyone would like to accompany us, then you can book your tickets at:-

www.twcoulsdon.org.uk (£8 for youngsters, £5 for old sea salts)

All the action is taking place at:-

Coulsdon Manor Hotel, Coulsdon Court Road, Coulsdon CR5 2LL

and you can bring rugs, cushions or garden chairs to sit on the grass, and maybe warm clothes for later in the evening. They've asked that we don't bring our own

food or drink, as Coulsdon Court will be happy to take your pieces of eight in exchange for grog and vittels.

Hope to see lots of you there to get us in the pirate spirit (mine's a rum, Jim lad!)

On on Layby



"The World Cup is starting to resemble World War II. France leave early, the US turn up at the last minute, Italy fold up when it matters and England are left fighting the Germans" Stephen Fry

Perils of a Christian Upbringing

As I walked down the busy sidewalk, knowing I was late for Church, my eye fell upon one of those unfortunate, homeless vagabonds that are found in every city these days.

Some people turned to stare. Others quickly looked away as if the sight would somehow contaminate them.

Recalling my old pastor, who always admonished me to 'care for the sick, feed the hungry and clothe the naked,' I was moved by some powerful inner urge to reach out to this unfortunate person.

Wearing what can only be described as rags, carrying every worldly possession in two plastic bags, my heart was touched by this person's condition.

Yes, where some people saw only rags, I saw a true, hidden beauty.

A small voice inside my head called out, 'Reach out, reach out and touch this person!'

My case comes up Friday.



Wabbit (last seen #72 - revived by Herts H3)

A little girl walks into a pet shop and asks in the sweetest little lisp, "Excute me, mithter, do you keep wittle wabbits?"

And the shopkeeper gets down on his knees, so that he's on her level, and asks, "Do you want a wittle white wabby or a soft and fuwwy black wabby or maybe one like that cute wittle brown wabby over there?"

She in turn puts her hands on her knees, leans forward and says in a quiet voice, "I don't fink my pyfon weally gives a phuck!"

CRAFT #24 - Heavy Pants retraction

Further information has come to light on the end of the evening after CRAFT #24 and Heavy Pants has asked me to issue a retraction. Apparently it's not a rumour. No but seriously, it seems that the incident with the law was to do with the CRAFT tradition of walking with tankards, which in Crawley is a no-no. Nice policeman refused to allow Testiculator to return to pub to finish beer and tipped away a couple of quids worth, despite there being no indication of the town having a zero tolerance to public drinking. Quite rightly Wendy got irate at this but wants it noted for the record that she did not get locked up!

CRAFT #25 - Letchworth Garden City

The trouble with hash weekends is that they invariably land during term time, meaning that we have to wait for kids to come out of school before we can hit the road. That means we usually end up hitting rush hour traffic which in turn usually means I hit the ground running to start the trail with the pack or play catch up.

At Herts the Friday night theme was native American Indians so I did a quick change into a squaws outfit before getting dragged into the circle to announce CRAFT #25 as well as Herts whatever number, and off we set. The advance info that this was the same trail as 2 years ago came in handy for myself, Emu (Edinburgh) and Ever Ready (Yorkshire) and we found ourselves very close to the front of the pack at the first pub, **The Boot**. I took the executive decision to stand the first CRAFT round for regulars Daffy, Testiculator and Little Bear as the DJ ran through all the obvious Amerind themed songs (Rawhide, Running Bear) as well as a selection of C&W. Meanwhile, Martini, Utter Buttocks and others

were doing the rounds for the Macmillan nurses again. With the threat of karaoke looming and seeing Showman looking very much the worse for wear, we soon moved on to pub 2 now accompanied by Fat Bastard who promptly spotted a very prominent house number 69 which meant a photo opportunity. Déjà vu was kicking in already at the **Cock Inn** despite the early point in the evening so beer was necked swiftly and on to the **White Lion**. Dog End had the bright idea of taking her shoes off just as



we hit the bumpy bit on the pavement so I ended up chucking her over my shoulder to get her over the road where FB and Rawhide were getting stuck into chips. From here, there seemed to be quite a few of us heading round to **the Victory**, whose back bar was stuck in the 60's, but how the hell did we manage to overtake here My L'il Sperm'ead? Things started to get very silly here and I seemed to spend an awful lot of time trying to locate my beer. In the distinctive home-made CRAFT tankard I was carrying it shouldn't have been hard to locate so accusations were made at Guzzler who has a reputation for "borrowing" items to be returned in the circle. Unfair really as it later turned out to have been Looberty who'd left it outside, in the ladies sink and various other interesting locations. In between this merry game of hide and seek I had a chat with Ever Ready's wife Flossie who was admiring tall boys Too Tuf and Stretch. In a height check there seemed to

be little in it to shortarse Flossie so she suggested they get on their knees so we could decide who was taller. They both thought it was a good idea (muppets), and did so with the result that Flossie was declared tallest!

From here I remember ending up in a cab back to the site and have vague memories of the dancing to Fliptops disco. Angel assures me she showed me the cheese and pickle rolls, and I later found out that a large group of us had ended up drinking until 4 ish in someone's caravan but beyond that, several hours went in a blur. Now that's what I call a CRAFT night!

A funny rom the HERTS H3 weekend trash

An old cowboy sat down at the bar and ordered a drink. As he sat sipping his drink, a young woman sat down next to him.

She turned to the cowboy and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

He replied, "Well, I've spent my whole life, breaking colts, working cows, going to rodeos, fixing fences, pulling calves, bailing hay, doctoring calves, cleaning my barn, fixing flats, working on tractors, and feeding my dogs, so I guess I am a cowboy."

She said, "I'm a lesbian. I spend my whole day thinking about women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about women.

When I shower, I think about women. When I watch TV, I think about women. I even think about women when I eat. It seems that everything makes me think of women."

The two sat sipping in silence.

A little while later, a man sat down on the other side of the old cowboy and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

He replied, "I always thought I was, but I just found out I'm a lesbian."



REHASHING

07/6/10 White Harte, Cuckfield - Keeps It Ups' 100th run

Apart from earlier confusion over the website entry of the White Horse, which is in Cuckfield, there was more palaver at the start trying to find somewhere to park amidst the rumour that the village car park was strictly voucher only. This is the slightly insane Horsham District Council idea that even though parking is free, you still need a voucher and without one, which you can't seem to get anywhere, they can fine you for not paying a non-existent parking fee. Charlie, Sarah and Matt for some reason were refusing to join in and remained steadfast on the opposite side of the road. Some wise words from Brent and off we went into the rec through the back route. Trail dropped out the bottom of the park then cut round to pop out near the Ship. Over the road we soon found ourselves on the golf course still unsure whether it was a clockwise or anti route. At the top of a small hill decision was made and the short-cutters were rife as we headed back towards the road. At the road some opted right which seemed silly but eventually trail was found left and then right across Whitemans Green. At the end of the green, route went straight ahead which made no sense at all, but led to a wonderful wooded section. At the next check Bouncer was leading for the first time in a long time, and could hear the voices of the walkers for an easy run in.

Brent and Kayleen had managed to do a buffet deal with the pub of a Thai for a tenner, which feeble excuse was enough for Angel and Bouncer to turn up with neckties. Food was reasonable but the promise of all veggie starters didn't materialise, and there was only a very bland main. To their credit the staff were very quick to respond to the complaint though, producing a very tasty veggie green curry for Rik, Karen and Bouncer. No sign of Brents tankard for his 100th run which was a shame so Mudlark was left to make him down from a very ordinary glass.

21/06/10 Saddlescombe Farm - Charlie

A Midsummers Night Barbecue. Originally scheduled for Pete Eastwoods place, Charlie agreed to the hash using his lovely little pad with the backdrop of the South Downs when Pete turned out to be away. The 11th hour information that there was a bit of water on the run was restated by Charlie at the start with his announcement that non-swimmers should take advice. Nicola wasn't in time to hear this but Bouncer was gutted that his ankle injury would preclude him from playing. The run headed back over Newtimber as your reviewer joined the substantial walking group to head down the valley towards Poynings. Mike Morris started to doubt himself as we turned away from the Cwm but it was too late to backtrack as Marcus had appeared from above going at high speed. Rosemary and Judith took an executive decision but a large amount of the pack had clocked us and went past until we heard foul mouthed utterings from the swamp below. Pat bottled out of the short-cut at this point and went back to do the swim properly as the walkers stood at the end of the lake offering nothing useful whatsoever, but thoroughly enjoying the spectacle of hashers emerging from the Black Lagoon. A couple of half-hearted attempts were made to get Ivan in for cheating but in actual fact the ones who did the proper trail deserve more of a mention than the SCB's. Long absent returner Bunter and Bouncer stood at the top watching as Charlie, Liam and Benson, Don, Trevor, Keeps It Up, Kit, Pat, Dildoped Matthew, James and Malcolm all emerged but what had happened to Wiggy? Being a non-swimmer he'd been led through the brambles at the waters edge by Anybody Seen Mike getting nicely carved up in the process.

The rest of the walkers decided against joining Bunter and Bouncer in the Royal Oak and made their way back where stories from the run were emerging of hermits on the hills grumbling about the interruption to their midsummers contemplation, while others pointed out that the Morris would be putting on their show in the other direction!

Back at ranch, we were offered Harveys at £2.50/ pint which seemed a bit steep with our trade rate of about £1.30/ pint. Wine at £2 / glass was also a lot for a non-profit organisation and you have to ask what better occasion there was to give something back for our 50p's, especially as many other hashes would have done this as a freebie or at least offered a substantial discount. £4 for the food was acceptable for those who managed to procure steaks, burgers, bangers as well as the vegetables available - mushrooms, courgettes and peppers. Didn't represent good value for the vegetarians but you can't please everybody. Overall an excellent, proper, hash, incredible weather and a superb location made for another great night!

Before and after pictures of the Hash vets team in the "official" South Downs Relay:



Well done Spreadsheet, Combat Drinker, Prof, Psychlepath, David Ringer and the Airman!

MORE TRASH FROM HERTS H3 25TH BIRTHDAY HASH TRASH:

Hot on the heels of TV's Essex Police's Interceptors (to catch Bouncers mates), the Italian Police take charge of a Lamborghini to catch criminals. Shame no-one could drive it!



The Queen has forgiven Sarah Ferguson for selling meetings with Prince Andrew, and just to show there are no hard feelings she is treating Fergie to a weekend break in Paris with a chauffeur driven black Mercedes thrown in!

A hasher went out & bought one of those 3D HD TV's the other day. He said it was so realistic that he fell asleep during the Liverpool game, and when he awoke his wallet had gone.

The cardinal was driving along with his pet dog in the passenger seat. Suddenly he is pulled over by the police as the dog shouldn't be next to him. As the copper approaches the car, Hugh starts to whack the dog on the nose. When the copper asks why, he replies, "He just ate me tax disc!"

Bouncer was watching the football with Angel, and at half-time he switches through the channels (as men do) and accidentally finds a porn channel.

Bouncer says to Angel, "Shall we watch the second half, or shall we watch the porn?"

Angel says, "You'd better watch the porn, as you already know how to play football!"

Airport security event

Customs Official: Your name, please?

Passenger : Batman.

Customs Official: What's your real name?

Passenger: My name is Bat-man.

Customs Official: Are you trying to be funny? What's your surname?

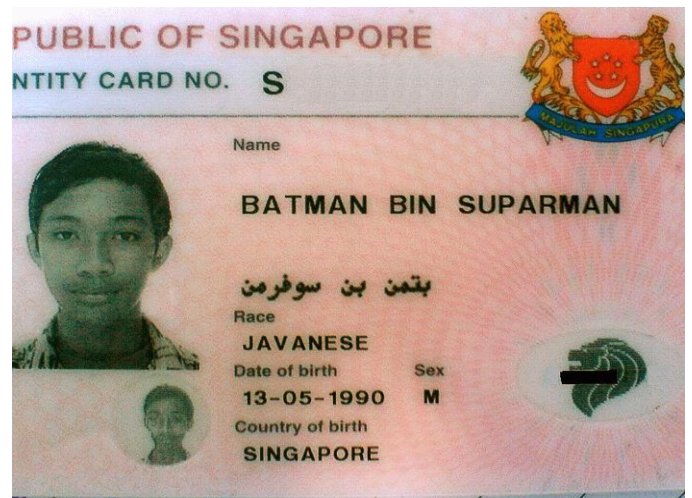
Passenger: Superman.

Customs Official: So you're telling me your name is Batman Superman?

Passenger: Yes.

Customs Official [calling over to Passport Security]: Arrest this guy.....

In custody they asked for his identification card:



TIAGRA



Two guys out hashing when one says "I think I'm going to divorce my wife. We haven't spoken in over six months." His friend replies, "I wouldn't if I were you. Women like that are hard to find!"

A husband says to his wife "What would you do if I won the lottery?"

His wife replies, "Take half the money and leave you!"

"Good!", says the husband. "I won £10. Here's a fiver, now f*ck off!"

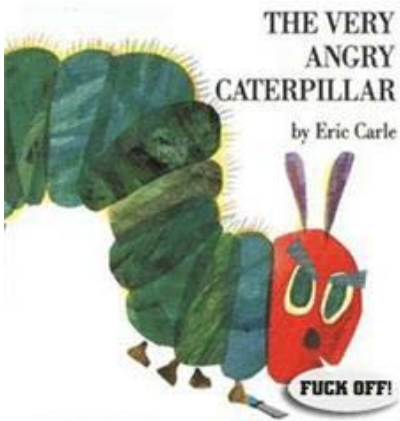
If women are so good at multi-tasking, how come they can't have headache and sex at the same time?

THE

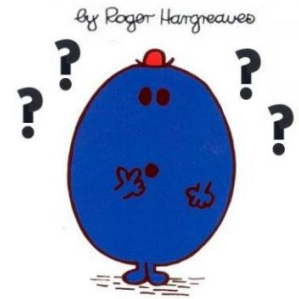


END

MODERN CHILDRENS BOOK TITLES



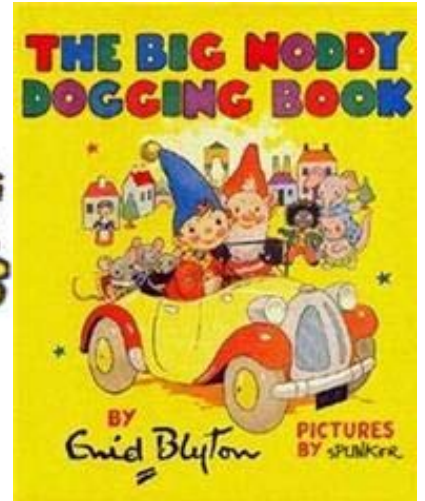
MR. ALZHEIMERS



LITTLE MISS FANNY FART



LITTLE MISS GAMEL TOE



When I first saw this picture, I thought it's just another photo-shopped hoax. But digging deeper, I was surprised to discover this is a real plant, usually called the Peter Pepper, scientific name *capsicum annuum 'Peter'*. It's native to Louisiana and Texas.. It's been called many other names, including Chilli Willy and Penis Chilli, and has been judged "Most Pornographic Pepper" by Organic Gardening Magazine,

If women think they aren't meant to cook why do they have milk and eggs inside them?

Why is it when your wife or girlfriend gets pregnant, all her friends rub her belly and say "congratulations!"
But nobody rubs your dick and says "Good Job"?



When Wiggy was a wee bairn, his mother took him out on the bus to go shopping, but as she boarded the bus the driver made a comment that he was the ugliest baby he had ever seen. His mum was clearly upset but bit her tongue and took the ticket, with baby Wiggy cradled in her arms and walked up to the back of the bus.
Another passenger, seeing her distress, said she should have it out with the driver for being so rude. Mrs. Wiggy agreed so the passenger says "Here, let me hold your monkey while you sort it out!"

I'm trying to enjoy the vuvuzela concert and some prick keeps playing football.