



# BOGGY SHOE



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

*R-ns/trash #167 April 2011*

<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
4th April 2011	1711	The Cleveland, nr. 5 Ways, Brighton	313 064	Eddie
<b>Directions:</b> From Patcham, south into Brighton along A23, over mini roundabout at Carden Avenue on London Road. At Preston Park traffic lights turn left (right if coming from south) into Preston Drove. Cleveland Road is 6th right by park. <b>Est, 5mins.</b>				
11th April 2011	1712	Half Moon, Plumpton	364 133	Matthew DP
<b>Directions:</b> A27 to Lewes, A275 through Offham. Next left is B2116. Take 3rd right just past 20mph bend and car park is immediately on the left. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>				
18th April 2011	1713	Red Lion, Ashington	132 158	Wiggy & Bouncer
<b>Directions:</b> A27 to Shoreham, A283 north. Left at roundabout stay on A283 past Steyning and take 2nd right for Wiston. Under A24 and pub is on left <b>Est 25 mins.</b>				
25th April 2011	1714	The Ship, Cuckfield	304 257	KIU & Wildbush
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A272. Loop back under A23 and carry on to Ansty. Left at next 2 roundabouts onto B2036. Go right up High Street and pub is on left just at junction with B2114 to Staplefield. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
2nd May 2011	1715	The Fox Patching	078 057	Ivan
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west past Worthing. At A280 Angmering turn-off take right at roundabout then left just over A27. Pub 1km on right. <b>Est. 25 mins.</b>				

## RECEDING HARELINE\*:

09/05/11 Fountain, Ashurst - Trevor & Malc (*but then they always say that*)

\* aka "the lies that hares tell". Guaranteed to change.

## CRAFT HASH #35

Bob's pub crawl by train - date tba

## Thought for the day:



Mid-Life is when you go to the doctor and you realize you are now so old, you have to pay someone to look at you naked....



Lean forwards, lean backwards, stand up sit down.  
"It's the weight of the beer!" - *Who's Shout?*

## WEBTALK

Louis has recently done some excellent work on the website and given it a fresh new look so make sure you visit soon.

Navigation is much easier and faster from the [Home](#) page with our mission statement (r\*n/drink) and details of the next r\*n clearly visible for a quick look. If you have more time check out the [News](#) page for upcoming stuff, The [Up and Coming Hashes](#) page does what it says on the tin being the receding hareline. You'll notice that the last couple of r\*ns are still up there and the reason for that is so that you can vote on the pub (not the r\*n - without the hares the club couldn't keep going so instead of criticising, think ahead to your next r\*n). Just click on the stars you want to award the pub and hares will know whether it's worth a return visit - see the [Pub Ratings](#) page for the history, but bear in mind it's just a bit of fun so make your own judgement! The final page is [Hash Trashes](#), which is an archive of current and back issues of the Boggy Shoe and its predecessors with the latest issue first. With the de-restriction of available web space I've recently added a load more back issues and will keep going until this is as complete as we can get (unfortunately some early issues went missing).

Down the side are links to e-mail the hash; UK, World and other useful websites; and to add comments etc. Great work, thanks and well done Louis!

On on Bouncer

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**Huge congratulations to Sasha and Julia on the birth of Beatrice Ann, sister to Ruby, on Monday 14<sup>th</sup> March at 6.45 am. She weighed in at 7lbs 9 ozs after a very short labour, and all are doing well!**

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### **SOUTH DOWNS RELAY 2011 – PART 1 THE HASH ORIGINAL RELAY**

8am Saturday 21st May at Buriton Church. Text Phil Mutton on 07802302686 or e-mail [phil.mutton@btopenworld.com](mailto:phil.mutton@btopenworld.com) for more.

### **SOUTH DOWNS RELAY 2011 – PART 2 THE HARDCORE 100**

Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> June 2011. Would all who wish to being considered for the Vet's Team contact:

Either: - Peter Thomas – at [p.a.thomas@sussex.ac.uk](mailto:p.a.thomas@sussex.ac.uk) Or:- David Evans [davidbarclayevans@btinternet.com](mailto:davidbarclayevans@btinternet.com)

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### **HOVE CYCLE LANES from Graeme (*please follow links*):**

Dear Fellow Hasher

Have a look at the info. and petition below - Please sign it if you can. I use this bike-lane every week to get between home and my volunteering job in Hove. The Council want to spend a £million ripping it up. Madness!

Grahame (being knocked off once is enough)

#### **Save the Hove cycle lanes!**

CTC and local campaign group Bricycles [are campaigning](#) to retain and improve threatened segregated cycle lanes in Hove, East Sussex. Originally installed three years ago as part of the Cycling Towns initiative in the city, the Conservative administration is now proposing to spend £1.1 million to remove them. Instead of [ripping them out](#), campaigners Becky Reynolds and Tony Green want the scheme to be upgraded and the junction at the north end of the scheme completed. A [petition](#) has been lodged.

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Dear Hashers,

I have decided to run 50 Marathons (each one at least 26.2 miles) to raise vital funds for our local hospices.

I would be most appreciative if you could take a look at my web-site [www.webjam.com/50marathons](http://www.webjam.com/50marathons) where you can obtain much more information on my marathon challenges & to sponsor me.

My endeavours can also be found on Twitter. All comments & support would be most welcomed!

Updates to my progress will appear in future issues of the trash

With kind regards,

**Ivan Lyons APFS**

Chartered Financial Planner and Director

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### **BRENT SPONSORSHIP - LONDON MARATHON 17<sup>th</sup> APRIL 2011 - Last chance!**

Hi All,

After almost 10 years trying I have finally secured a place in the London 2011 Marathon. As most London marathoners raise money for charity I have decided to raise funds for the Prostate Cancer Charity. It would be great if you could sponsor me. My page can be found here: <http://www.justgiving.com/Brent-Crowle>

Cheers and on on - Keeps It Up (Brent)





### Think this would get their attention?

Don't forget to mark your calendars.  
As you may already know, it is a sin for a Muslim male to see any woman other than his wife naked and if he does, he must commit suicide.

So next Saturday at 1 PM British Summer Time, all British women are asked to walk out of their house completely naked to help weed out any neighbourhood terrorists.  
Circling your block for one hour is recommended for this anti-terrorist effort.

All patriotic men are to position themselves in lawn chairs in front of their houses to demonstrate their support for the women and to prove that they are not Muslim terrorist sympathizers.

Since Islam also does not approve of alcohol, a few bottles of Harveys at your side is further proof of your patriotism and that you are a believer in global warming.

The Coalition appreciate your efforts to root out terrorists and applauds your participation in this anti-terrorist activity.

P.S. If you don't share this with at least 1 person, you're a terrorist-sympathizing, lily-livered coward and are possibly aiding and abetting terrorists.



Congratulations to CAMRA which was 40 years old on 26<sup>th</sup> March this year, and is accordingly awarding itself a great big pat on the back. Not bad for an organisation dedicated entirely to beer. Not sure how much CAMRA itself has been responsible for keeping Sussex beer traditions alive, as Harveys is still going just as strong as ever, but when you consider it is effectively free membership (the £20 annual charge is returned in Wetherspoons vouchers which put in a big appearance in the Cliftonville prior to the Sussex beer festival), you might just as well join up and support the cause. Mind you, the hash is dedicated almost entirely to beer and is now 73 years old! On on!



## Why was he born so beautiful?



## Why was he born at all?

### CRAFT #34 Sussex Beer Festival & Bouncers 50<sup>th</sup> birthday

What could be a more perfect way of celebrating your 50<sup>th</sup> birthday than with a bunch of good mates at a beer festival! The Sussex beer festival at Hove Town Hall is a CRAFT regular but being a Friday it was necessary to grab tickets early as they always sell out very quickly. Before the festival though quite a few were meeting up for early beers in Wetherspoons, George Street. First to arrive were **Daffy Dildo**, **Spingo** and **Little Bear**, all staying down the road at a hotel. **Bouncer** and his brother **Andrew** arrived at 2 on the dot, very quickly followed in no particular order by **Bob** and **Chris** (the latter on nursing duty with strict orders from Sheila to stop Bob from drinking due to nasty bout of something horrible), **Jenny** (on behalf of **Matthew**), **Pete "Who's Shout" Beard**, **Rik** and **Phil Mutton** who were waving the Wetherspoons 50p off per pint vouchers around. Also there was **TDH** down from London, CRAFT regulars **Testiculator** and **Ging Gang Goolie**, plus **KIU** and **Wildbush** with a bag of bottles of beer for Bouncer. Somehow **Banana Bender** and **Doctor Doolittle** from Essex H3 had managed to decipher Angels directions and found the P trail to locate the pub. Scottish **Phil** on the other hand claimed to have been waiting at Waterstones until getting it right with a phone call! **Mark Halls** made it shortly before we departed, and **Riz** also put in an appearance fresh from hitting the lunchtime session, although **Kit** didn't manage to do likewise!

Bouncer revealed a bag of yellow and blue wigs with a loose plan of helping us locate the group in the Town Hall but still amusing fun in the Cliftonville. Angel had asked what the colours represented to be informed it was the blonde to blue rinse party. Everyone also had to complete a scratchcard to find out if they were a true blue hasher. Well it was actually an NHS guideline to find out if you were drinking too much, but they seemed to think the average hash score was a problem? Unwrapping the rather unexpected, but nevertheless highly appreciated cards and gifts (silly really expecting hashers to understand the difference between presence and presents), Bouncer found one from Testiculator stroke GGG suggesting Beige would become the norm. Chris pointed out that the boy was actually wearing beige so he removed the offending striped rugby shirt to reveal another beige t-shirt underneath, doh! It was also here the old git revealed his plan of trying 50 different beers during the course of the day, but the 'Spoons weren't helping as they kept selling out! Somebody suggested that Bouncer was the one who needed help, and he couldn't agree more, proceeding to sup every different ale anyone in the pub (and later at the fest.) had paid their hard-earned for. Once fed it was on on to the Town Hall, Spingo spotting en-route a 50<sup>th</sup> birthday cake in a shop window prompting a photo call.

At the beer festival CRAFT took over properly as loads more joined our group. As well as **Angel**, **Andy L**, **Radio Soap**, **Cyst Pit**, **Charlie**, **Mudlark Nigel**, **Pat**, **Ivan**, **Sarah**, **Senna** and **Wiggy**, it was good to see **T-Bar Twin** and **Plssticide** making the effort to come over from Kent! Others there included 2 old mates from Bouncers stag weekend in Dave Guys party, Andy Elliot there with his brother Charles, Marks wife Sharon and a couple of school Dad's Steve and Ian, the latter working the bar at the bottled beer section who donated yet more to the cause. The mission, a simple one for most which involved finding their favourite beers and imbibing, and although some complicated it by going for lager like ales, or hitting the wine bar (BB and DD), was highly successful. Wiggy set a tough standard early on by starting at 9% and not dipping below on the next 4 pints. Reports that Ollie called up to Sue on his arrival home that "Dad's wankered" are unsubstantiated but hardly surprising! At one stage Nigel announced that a contingency was in place in case the 50 didn't look like being sampled of pouring a small amount of the nearest 50 into a pint glass for a down down. Fest organisers drawn by the wigs also had a plan to assist but luckily getting everyone to sing happy birthday was called off when the mike failed. Still had to do a photo shoot! In a beer fest tradition a side group was at one point witnessed "spoofing" coins to decide who should neck a half of the 10.8% beer, the strongest regular beer in the programme. Senna lost but somehow managed to share the beer around enough people that there was very little left for the down down. For some odd reason (ignoring the fact that we were a pretty odd looking bunch ourselves in the wigs) some bloke was dressed up as a banana. Needless to say the costume ended up being swapped around others in the group although how Banana Bender got away without it will remain a mystery. All too soon it was chucking out time and Daffy was proposing a curry. The consensus was that not enough of us had paced ourselves properly, so we tottered off to our pits instead. Many thanks to all those who made it a thoroughly memorable night (ummm..) and for all the kind wishes, gifts and cards etc.!



**N**ow he was in his 50s he found himself inexplicably drawn to an ad for a pair of beige slacks with matching beige cardigan and shirt from World Of Beige.



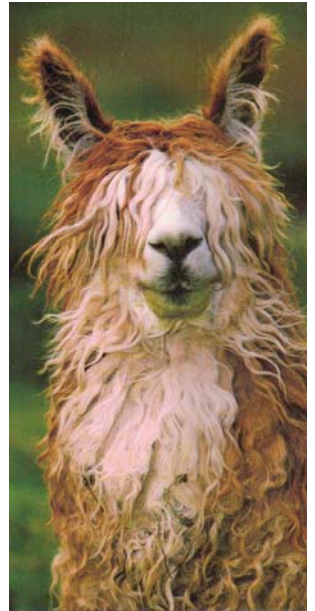




## REHASHING

### Rising Sun, Upper Beeding - Bouncer's bad hare day >>>

After Grahames moaning about too many words (see #166), here's a new abridged review. So out of the pub down to the river, pack went wrong way, trail found up to Beeding bridge, pack lost again, splashed through to cross the river again, up through the rough, an don to the road. Boring street bit, eventually to Windmill Hill, where pack lost again. Nice path past the Alpacas, then more road through the rookery and up Heartbreak Hill. Regroup at the top, and Prof leads the way until marks lost. Find road and drop down to sip where walkers have found lots of nice cake to wash down with horrible Tesco value beer. Nice downhill stroll to finish. In the pub beer, grub, Down Down for Bouncer of beer with a shot of liquorice sambuca. Another great hash...



### The Plough, Plumpton Green

It was good to see Julia out so soon after the birth of Beatrice-Ann to Sasha the previous Monday. Best wishes to Mike Cockcroft who missed the run after an eye op earlier in the day. Hares set off from the car park to be overtaken by the pack before doubling back and heading the opposite way. 1<sup>st</sup> check had us heading back to pub yet again before the fields called us and off we went on a Cooks tour to Wivelsfield Green. As usual Bouncer was moaning, this time complaining that if light was so fast how come he was running quicker than his torch. Quite a lot of the pack had disappeared including Pat to Ivans consternation but eventually all were reunited for a long stretch to a regroup. Several weary legs took the SCB while the rest carried on to the dog leg home. Sadly the Old Ale was not on great form but was more than made up with the Porter which was excellent, even if Mr. Mutton thought that Pete had ordered Water! Once again it was Down Down time for Pat who celebrated her #0<sup>th</sup> birthday on 19<sup>th</sup> March. Another great hash...!



Just a few hours after Bouncers big birthday a number of us were at it again before the hangover had abated, to celebrate Pats big birthday, with an excellent evening at the Brighton Sailing Club. Great music as ever by Rik, and the Harveys was as cheap as the last few hash events! Thanks for a great night Pat and Happy Birthday on behalf of the whole hash!



## A MOTHERS TENDER LOVE – IN PICTURES (FOR GRAHAME):



Baby bear goes downstairs, sits in his small chair at the table. He looks into his small bowl. It is empty. 'Who's been eating my porridge?' he squeaks.

Daddy Bear arrives at the big table and sits in his big chair. He looks into his big bowl and it is also empty. 'Who's been eating my porridge?!?' he roars.

Mummy Bear puts her head through the serving hatch from the kitchen and yells, 'For God's sake, how many times do I have to go through this with you idiots? It was Mummy Bear who got up first. It was Mummy Bear who woke everyone in the house. It was Mummy Bear who made the coffee. It was Mummy Bear who unloaded the dishwasher from last night and put everything away. It was Mummy Bear who swept the floor in the kitchen. It was Mummy Bear who went out in the cold early morning air to fetch the newspaper and croissants. It was Mummy Bear who set the damn table. It was Mummy Bear who walked the bloody dog, cleaned the cat's litter tray, gave them their food, and refilled their water. And now that you've decided to drag your sorry bear-arses downstairs and grace Mummy Bear with your grumpy presence, listen carefully, because I'm only going to say this once....

'I HAVEN'T MADE THE F\*\*\*ING PORRIDGE YET!'



## KIDS KWOTES

An exasperated mother, whose son was always getting into mischief, finally asked him 'How do you expect to get into Heaven?'

The boy thought it over and said, 'Well, I'll run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, 'For Heaven's sake, Dylan, come in or stay out!'

One summer evening during a violent thunderstorm a mother was tucking her son into bed. She was about to turn off the light when he asked with a tremor in his voice, 'Mummy, will you sleep with me tonight?'

The mother smiled and gave him a reassuring hug. 'I can't dear,' she said. 'I have to sleep in Daddy's room.'

A long silence was broken at last by his shaky little voice: 'The big sissy.'

A little boy was doing his math homework. He said to himself, 'Two plus five, that son of a bitch is seven. Three plus six, that son of a bitch is nine....'

His mother heard what he was saying and gasped, 'What are you doing?'

The little boy answered, 'I'm doing my math homework, Mum.'

'And this is how your teacher taught you to do it?' the mother asked

'Yes,' he answered.

Infuriated, the mother asked the teacher the next day, 'What are you teaching my son in math?'

The teacher replied, 'Right now, we are learning addition.'

The mother asked, 'And are you teaching them to say two plus two, that son of a bitch is four?'

After the teacher stopped laughing, she answered, 'What I taught them was, two plus two, THE SUM OF WHICH, is four.'

One day the first grade teacher was reading the story of Chicken Little to her class. She came to the part of the story where Chicken Little tried to warn the farmer. She read, '.... and so Chicken Little went up to the farmer and said, 'The sky is falling, the sky is falling!' The teacher paused then asked the class, 'And what do you think that farmer said?'

One little girl raised her hand and said, 'I think he said: 'Holy Shit! A talking chicken!'

The teacher was unable to teach for the next 10 minutes.

Little Johnny watched, fascinated, as his mother smoothed cold cream on her face. 'Why do you do that, mommy?' he asked.

'To make myself beautiful,' said his mother, who then began removing the cream with a tissue. 'What's the matter?' asked

Little Johnny. 'Giving up?'

### A Mothers Tender Love continued:

A small boy is sent to bed by his father. Five minutes later....'Da-ad...'

'What?'

'I'm thirsty. Can you bring a drink of water?'

'No, You had your chance. Lights out.'

Five minutes later: 'Da-aaaad.....'

'WHAT?'

'I'm THIRSTY. Can I have a drink of water??'

'I told you NO! If you ask again, I'll have to smack you!!'

Five minutes later.....'Daaaa-aaaad.....'

'WHAT!'

'When you come in to smack me, can you bring a drink of water?'

When I was six months pregnant with my third child, my three year old came into the room when I was just getting ready to get into the shower. She said, 'Mummy, you are getting fat!'

I replied, 'Yes, honey, remember Mummy has a baby growing in her tummy.'

'I know,' she replied, but what's growing in your bum?'

A little girl asked her mother, 'Can I go outside and play with the boys?'

Her mother replied, 'No, you can't play with the boys, they're too rough.'

The little girl thought about it for a few moments and asked, 'If I can find a smooth one, can I play with him?'



A man has six children and is very proud of his achievement. He is so proud of himself, that he starts calling his wife, 'Mother of Six' in spite of her objections. One night, they go to a party. The man decides that it is time to go home and wants to find out if his wife is ready to leave as well. He shouts at the top of his voice, 'Shall we go home Mother of Six?'

His wife, irritated by her husband's lack of discretion, shouts right back, 'Any time you're ready, Father of Four.'



## How things have changed since Pat and Bouncer left school:

1977: Long hair 2010: Longing for hair

1977: KEG 2010: ECG

1977: Acid rock 2010: Acid reflux

1977: Trying to look like Marlon Brando or Liz Taylor 2010: Trying NOT to look like Marlon Brando or Liz Taylor

1977: Seeds and stems 2010: Roughage

1977: Going to a new, hip joint 2010: Receiving a new hip joint

1977: Rolling Stones 2010: Kidney Stones

1977: Screw the system 2010: Upgrade the system

1977: Parents begging you to get your hair cut 2010: Children begging you to get their heads shaved

1977: Passing the drivers' test 2010: Passing the vision test

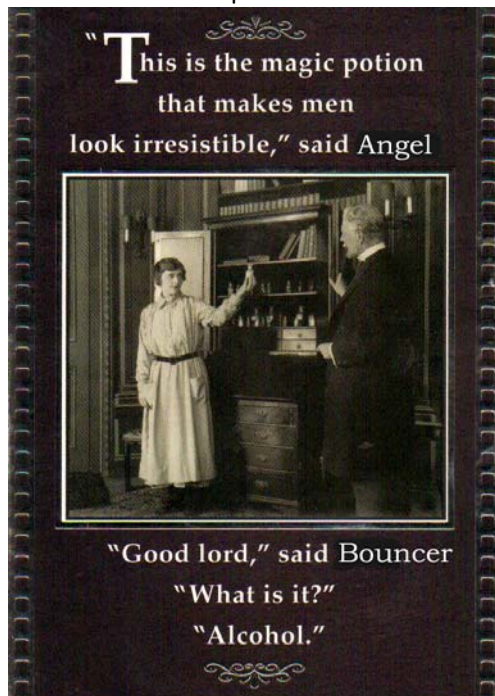
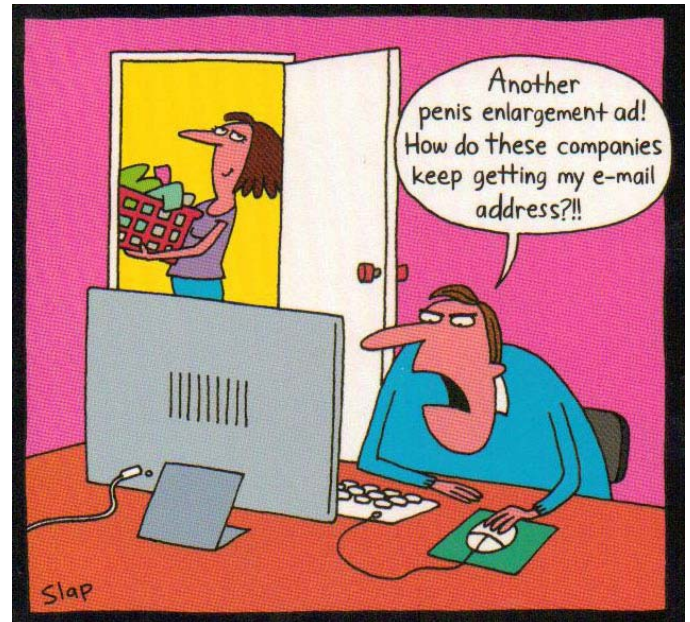
1977: Whatever 2010: Depends

Just in case you weren't feeling too old today, this will certainly change things.

The people who starting university this year were born in 1994.

They are too young to remember the space shuttle blowing up.

Their lifetime has always included AIDS. Bottle caps have always been screw off and plastic. The CD was introduced ten years



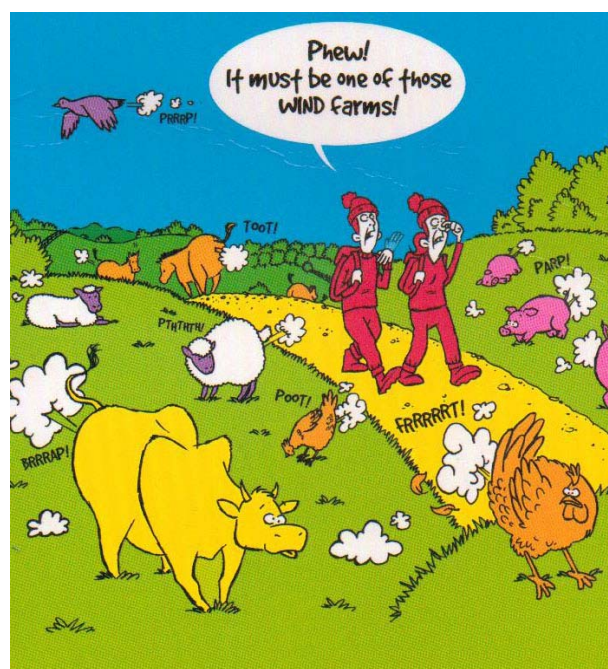
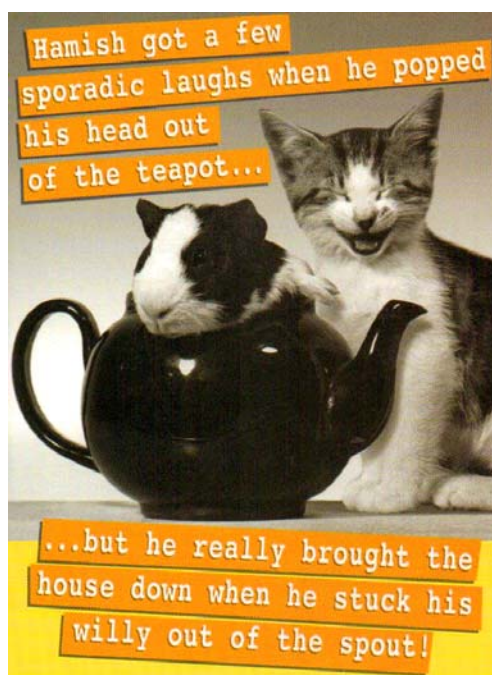
before they were born. They have always had an answering machine. They have always had cable. They cannot fathom not having a remote control. Popcorn has always been cooked in the microwave. They never took a swim and thought about Jaws. They can't imagine what hard contact lenses are. They don't know who Mork was or where he was from. They do not care who shot J. R. and have no idea who J. R. even is. They don't have a clue how to use a typewriter.

## Pretty Amazing!

The following was developed as a mental age assessment by the School of Psychiatry at Harvard University. Take your time and see if you can read each line aloud without a mistake. The average person over 50 years of age cannot do it!

1. This is this cat.
2. This is is cat.
3. This is how cat.
4. This is to cat.
5. This is keep cat.
6. This is an cat.
7. This is old cat.
8. This is fart cat.
9. This is busy cat.
10. This is for cat.
11. This is forty cat.
12. This is seconds cat.

Now go back and read the third word in each line from the top down





# THE



# END

## LOSING A FRIEND!

This is a very touching story about life, death and friends. It's certain to strum your heartstrings and touch your soul. I normally don't include this type of thing, but this one below I couldn't help. ... I'm still choked up over it.

If you think life is hard how would you like to be an egg? You only get laid once. You only get smashed once. It takes 4 minutes to get hard but only 2 minutes to get soft. You share your box with 5 other guys and after 3 minutes in the hot tub you get your head smashed in and then you get a good poking by a load of soldiers. But worst of all the only chick that ever sat on your face was you mother so cheer up, life ain't that bad! Happy Easter!

- The nice thing about being senile is you can hide your own Easter eggs and have fun finding them.
- Why does the Easter bunny hide its eggs? He didn't want anybody to know that he was screwing the chicken!



Banks are offering a free pencil sharpener in gratitude for the billions of pounds profit they got out of us last year. It's designed to remind us of the friendly and even intimate relationship the banks have built up with the British public.



Life is all about asses.  
You're either covering it,  
Laughing it off,  
Kicking it,  
Kissing it,  
Busting it,  
Trying to get a piece of it,  
Or behaving like one.

An innocent Irish girl says, "My hands are freezing" Her mum says "put them between your legs. That'll warm them up." Next day she's with her boyfriend and he says ""My hands are freezing." So she says "Put them between my legs, it'll warm them up." Then he says "My penis is frozen." Later the girl asks her Mum "Have you heard of a penis?" Mother asks why. "Don't they make a fecking mess when they defrost?"

## Bad taste jokes doing the text rounds:

- Unbelievable. Some eagle-eyed twat has noticed that Ireland fielded illegal players in both the Cricket World Cup and the Six Nations. The adjusted results mean that England take the Grand Slam and England are through to the cricket final by default. Check out the BBC website!  
CARLSBERG don't do texts for deluded English fans who STILL think they can win everything. But if they did, this would probably be the best text in the World...
- My wife reckons she can tell how good a film is by how many tissues she goes through when watching it. Funnily enough, I have a similar system!
- I got a letter from Screw Fix Direct thanking me for my interest, but explaining they were not a dating agency.
- Why is it when your wife gets pregnant all her friends rub her belly and say "congratulations!", but nobody rubs dad's dick and says "Good Job"? .....Because it might not be true.
- A family is driving behind an Ann Summers delivery lorry when a large dildo flies out & hits thier windscreen. To hide her embarrassment the mother says to the children "That was a big insect".  
To which the 7 year old son replies "I'm surprised the fucker could fly with a cock that size!"