



BOGGY SHOE



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

R-ns/trash #172 September 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
5th September 2011	1733	Cock Inn, Wivelsfield	353 201	Kit & Dave 'Gomi' Bos
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take 2nd right B2112 through Ditchling. Turn right at third roundabout and pub is through village on the left. Est 25 mins.				
12th September 2011	1734	Bridge Inn, Shoreham	217 050	Angel & Bouncer
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Straight on at next roundabout, pub is opposite at next roundabout. For car park go over bridge to Airport roundabout, come back on yourself then left. Est. 15 mins.				
19th September 2011	1735	Red Lion, Ashington	132 158	Wiggy the Shiggy
Directions: 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 Est 25 mins.				
26th September 2011	1736	Ram, Firle	469 073	Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans
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.				
3rd October 2011	1737	Swan, Falmer	355 090	Grahame & Who's Shout
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. Est. 5 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

10/10/11	Chequers Inn, Steyning
	Suzy, Dean & Jason
17/10/11	Flying Fish, Denton -
	Snowlark

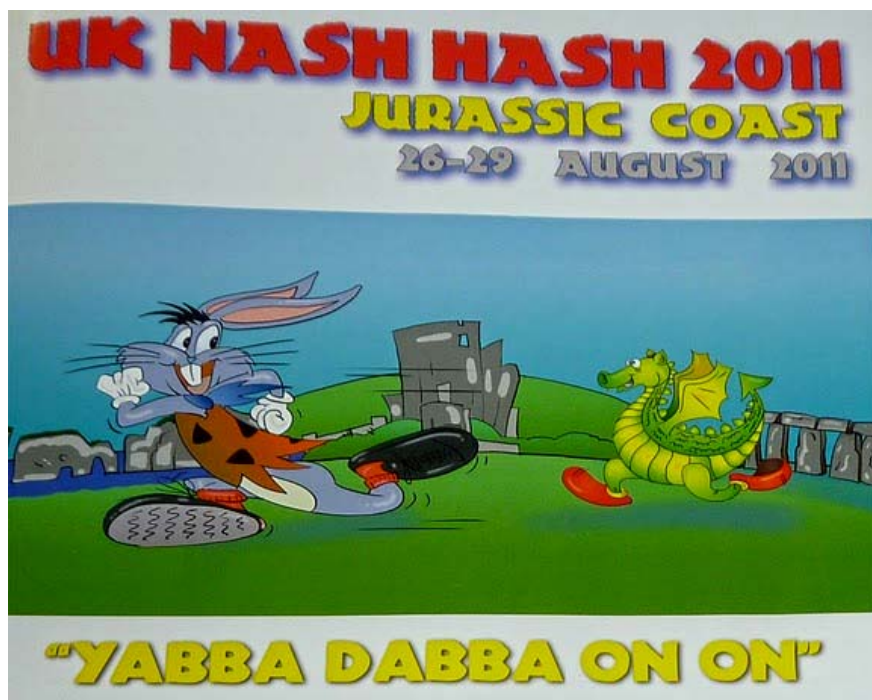
CRAFT HASH #39

16/09/11	Basketmakers Arms, Brighton,
	Ratstail (W&NK w/e prelude)
07/10/11	Tokyo - Yorky Porky

Thought for the day:

"Son, when you're participating in sports events, it's not about whether you win or lose... it's about how drunk you get."

HOMER SIMPSON



A cartoon illustration of a pirate captain. He has a large, bushy orange beard and mustache, and a small tuft of purple hair. He is wearing a blue pirate coat with orange trim and gold buttons, a black belt with a gold buckle, and orange shorts. On his head is a blue pirate hat with a white skull and crossbones. He is holding a large, silver cutlass in his right hand, which is raised high. A green parrot with a pink feather on its head is perched on his left shoulder. He is wearing black boots. The background is a plain white surface with a light gray shadow beneath him.

CRAFT Hash pub crawl in Brighton

Hare : Ratstail Special quests : Geneva Hash

The Pirates of Pease Pottage Horsham treasure hunt

Sunday 18th September at 11am

Roosthole Car Park, Hammerpond Road, Mannings Heath, RH13 6PG (OS Ref: TQ298 207)

'The Pirates of Pease Pottage'

On Inn - The Dragon, Forest Road, Colgate RH12 4SY Come out of car park, turn left. After 0.7 miles, turn left into Grouse Road. Go along some way and take 2nd on left into Blackhouse Road. At end of road, turn left and Dragon is along on left. Park behind the pub.

[illegible]

If you ordered one of the new r*nnng material shirts, please make sure you pay Brent or Kayleen as soon as possible. They have paid for them out of their own pocket and need to recoup their outlay. Although there have been no complaints it's worth mentioning that the reason the logo has ended up so small is that the printers based the size on the female small shirts which have a slight V neck, reducing the available space to put the logo. The screen was set up on a one-size fits all basis!

[illegible]

Wildbush & I are planning on heading up to Oxford on the 10th of September for the open doors event. The itinerary is as follows:

- Meet at the Swan & Castle from 09:00 to 10:00 for Brunch (Oxford Castle, Castle Street, Oxford, OX1 1AY)
- On your own
- Meet at the Four Candles from 13:00 to 14:00 for Lunch (51-43 George Street, Oxford, Oxfordshire, OX1 2BE)
- On your own
- Meet at the Turf from 17:00 for a hash (4-5 Bath Place, Oxford, Oxfordshire, OX1 3SU) set by OX3.

Many of the walks/tours need to be pre-booked from 22/08 09:00 via the Oxford Preservation Trust's website. Details of the events on the 10th of September available here <http://www.oxfordopendoors.org.uk/eventMap.php?code=ButtonSat>

If there are any BH7 or H4 hashers interested they can let us know and we will advise Shagger or they can contact him directly (steve_goodenough@msn.com).

Cheers and on on - KIU

[illegible]

In August I ran my 7th marathon in 2011, the Seaford marathon. Fortunately the weather was a lot kinder than last year. Marathon 45 will be run on Sunday 11th September in Dorking over the North Downs this time.

I was recently asked by a hasher, how much weight I had lost this year in running all these marathons. When I responded that actually I hadn't lost any weight at all, the reply was Has your beer intake increased then?

Well, for anyone that knows me, I am a little bit of a light weight when it comes to the Harvey's, however it got me thinking.

Running marathons – Does it make you put on weight? The answer is somewhat surprising. For the answer in my case please log on to <http://www.webjam.com/50marathons>.

The appeal for our local hospices is going really well. Once again I would like to thank the generosity of one & all on behalf of the charities. Some £5,500 has been raised so far. Knowing that so many people have been so generous has spurred me on, especially on those hills.

Waddle on friends - Ivan

Teign Valley H3 hashers take their stint at the Nash Hash bar seriously L to R: Migman, Honeydew, Hi-De-Hi



POLE DANCING AT NASH HASH



Wrong!

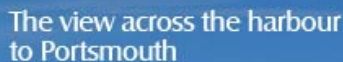


Getting there!



Oh Yeah, baby!

A joint with Portsea Island Seriously Social (PISS) H3 was first proposed by No Sox in March last year and with the Bouncers heading to Gosport for a family holiday, it seemed an opportune time to pull it together. With Liam working there and Chris Wilce normally based there interest was high, so contact was made with Shit For Brains of PISS H3. Whilst well up for it he had to refer to higher authority (the wife) for a decision, however, with KIU, Wildbush, Daffy, and Little Bear all proposing to join us at the campsite it looked like a go-er so the info went out. Then the apologies started to arrive, firstly from Liam who was oop north, Clare had decided to go to Devon, Andy's wife booked their holiday to clash, and Daffy and LB opted to go to Essex with Snorted H3 instead. Even Chris was away with his GF. So down to just 4 definites (although you never know with



go back along the P trail towards the Portsmouth Ferry to pick up Testi coming by train. This gave us great views over the harbour and we found him just starting on the trail, so popped into **#2 the Castle** for a sanitiser. Sat outside Chris was able to go through his huge pack and sort unnecessary bits to chuck in the car as we broke the news it was a good walk back to the campsite. Ex-brewery, **#3 the Clarence** had a huge back room but strangely most of the clientele were crowded into the small front bar. Obviously worried by these strange new arrivals, we again opted to sit outside and watch the traffic go by. **The Queens Hotel #4** was a gem of a find, having been in all but 2 years of the Good Beer Guide, although finding the way in caused some confusion as a very large dog was asleep behind a fire grate in the only doorway. Landlady was very welcoming and had a good laugh when we explained what we were about, and the beer was excellent in both choice and keeping. All of which meant that a second round was called for. Well we were in the middle of a game of Drinkers Dominoes! The Gents here were interesting too with an 8 foot long urinal and a single 6 inch washbasin. How we get our priorities muddled which further reminds me (deviating as much as Ronnie Corbett on a good night) of the snippet of information that came my way recently that apparently a testicular guard was first used in cricket in 1874, but the first helmet was only used in 1974, which ultimately means that it took us men 100 years to realise that our brain was just as important as our balls. Or in other words we decided it was more important to protect the family jewels than the crown.

Eventually we had to leave to head down to #5 **The Vine** where a band called the Dogs Bow Locks were allegedly playing, Testi grabbing tucker on the way. Gosport seemed to be a town of 2 halves pub wise and we'd already passed a couple of enticing pubs only to find they did absolutely no ale at all. Even the Hall & Woodhouse owned Vine was limited to just one beer but it was very well kept Tanglefoot so we could almost forgive them. The band took their time starting up and when they did the lead singer took to standing on a chair in the middle of the floor with one leg up on the back and telling us all to 'Sit Down', novel way to get us dancing! With time refusing to wait for us to finish our pints, tankards were adopted for the considerable walk to #6 **the Village Home**, via a quick photo call at Testi Come road. Sadly the GBG listed **Alverbank Hotel** was closed to non-residents for a private function, making this our final port of call for the evening, but it was a good one. Out came the dominoes, and beers were bought, as we sat surrounded by Elvis memorabilia. At some stage we found ourselves making shoe sculptures with the girls on the next table for no clear reason! All good fun but kicking out time of 12.30 was too distant for the ladies who were anxious to get to their pits. I still dragged the heavily laden Testi the long way round to see the hotel and views over the Isle of Wight which meant it was getting pretty damn late by the time he got to setting his tent up! Another great hash...

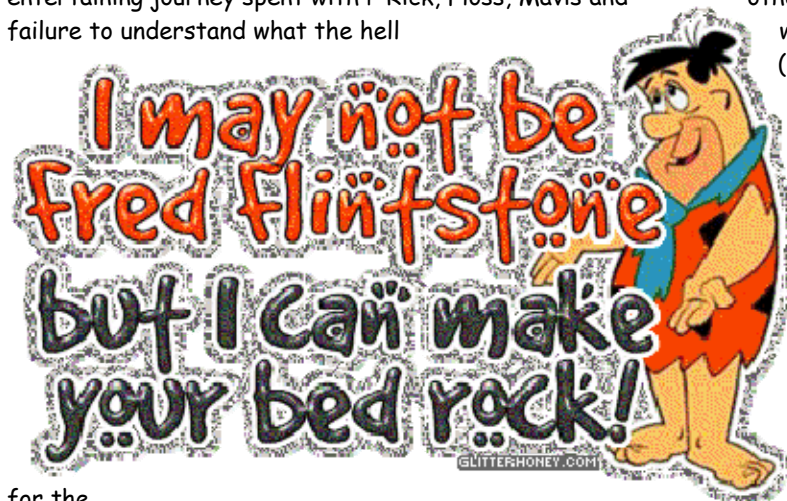
[illegible]

NASH HASH 2011 - BOURNEMOUTH SPORTS CLUB (another boring Bouncer run report!)

A massive thank you to Gabs sister Mel who offered to house-sit and mind the kids so that we could both enjoy the whole weekend, even if all 3 of them did manage to arrange sleepovers with friends at various times (had this silly image of Mel being in our house on her own!). Arriving with Radio Soap on board and at the same time as Ab Fab we headed for the W&NK hash enclave, which being a Cuckoo hash, had attracted many of our local hashers including Red Slapper, Black Stockings, The Falling Madonna, and Mrs. Ox from Brighton H7's Eastbourne contingent; T-Bar Twin and Plssticide from Friends of the Mole H3; Little Bear & Daffy from West London H3; Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger from Hashtings H3; and quite a few registered as W&NK - Chips, Layby, the Scuds, Hotlips and Cockhead etc. Word from the early arrivals was that the Thursday pre-lube had been a testing 7 miler wake-up call! After setting up camp, registering, by which time Wildbush had arrived with KIU to find that the only shirts left were XXL, and encouraging helpers to pop up the gazebo (the 4th as it happened!) for the tiffin, it was into the red dresses (mine making me look like a Monty Python extra from the Spanish Inquisition sketch*) and on to the busses for a trip to Poole Park for the r*n along Poole Quay. A bit of early arsing about with Stretch got me soaked before the bemused looking Mayor set us off, a mass of 300+ red dresses interspersed with hares with collection buckets for the Eve Appeal (gynaecological cancer research) charity collection. Your average Red Dress run involves a few pubs along the way, so I set off rapidly in order to get established at the bar early on, however, no-one seemed to be interested in stopping other than a quick photo call with a happy couple who'd literally just been wed. Pub after pub was passed as we headed along the quay and into the precinct. Finally, I spotted a Wetherspoons and attempted to gather forces for an assault. Bika said let's get a bucket so we held out for a few minutes, but to no avail. After a brief attempt to get served I gave up and moved on to another pub over the road with Call Girl (see lap dancing pic 2 with Angel). This time 5 collectors turned up, which meant we soon outnumbered the locals! A quick pint later and off we went again until Dirty Hole appeared claiming there were no more pubs on trail so with Fat Bastard we headed into Aldi's to get some cans for the end. A big SCB was called for when we realised that the buses were due back at site at 5.30pm, not that they were leaving then, and back we headed for the red dress buffet. The 2001 themed opening ceremony included the hosts recreating the evolution of man thing on stage. After that most of the evening was passed catching up with old friends, trying to work out what the fancy dress theme was (thongs and boardies), thoroughly enjoying the pole dancer (yes, a hasher!) and dancing badly to the band (who helped by playing badly). A good night thanks to the company, but not hugely encouraging for the rest of the weekend.



We beat the queues at breakfast but the cooked part was served on a bap (no plate) with 3 items allowed, and the tea urn dried up constantly, cue lots of whinging from all sides! Rumours were that the Ballbreaker bus was going to fill up early so Brent, Bushsquatter, Cliffbanger and myself had to get ready sharpish. I'd made a rod for my own back having mumbled for years how unfair it was that I had to go on the pub crawl on a Friday so that I could look after the kids on Saturday and Angel could run without a hangover, when I could've been doing the ballbreaker. Oh well, in for a penny! The bus couldn't leave as the gypo bar was down on the gate, until a hasher by the name of Gates appeared to magic it away and off we went for a highly entertaining journey spent with P Rick, Floss, Mavis and others singing songs all the way. Best bit was Mavis's total failure to understand what the hell



for the

best "I like looking at grass!" as concentration became a big asset. Bit of confusion at Worth Maltravers, then off through several campsites before we hit one of the steepest climbs I've seen. Worth it though with the views over Swanage but we seemed to have lost a chunk of pack. The news at the sip was not good - still 6 miles to go, but at least the lost souls found a shortcut avoiding the climb. The route to Old Harry was narrow and unrunnable for large sections so we indulged in a bit of blackberrying. At this point I strayed off-piste when a pip got under my filling pulling it out, but running was easier on the main path and I could see the FRB's ahead so was soon back in touch, although Bushsquatter and I had to fight our way through the wire for the finish along the nudist beach. In the circle it was revealed that one of the hashers knew the Wing Commander and had arranged for the Red Arrows to fly over at the start of the Red Dress run. The previous weeks tragedy had sadly prevented that but they'd made a fly-past over the campsite earlier on. Most of the circle concentrated on the Long Run as we shared the finish, just Butchers Dog and Pearl'n'Dean receiving awards for racing back first.

In the early years of the 16th century, to combat the rising tide of religious unorthodoxy, the Pope gave Cardinal Ximinez of Spain leave to move without let or hindrance throughout the land, in a reign of violence, terror and torture that makes a smashing film. This was the SPANISH INQUISITION...

Chapman: Trouble at mill.

Cleveland: Oh no - what kind of trouble?

Chapman: One on't cross beams gone owt askew on treadle.

Cleveland: Pardon?

Chapman: One on't cross beams gone owt askew on treadle.

Cleveland: I don't understand what you're saying.

Chapman: [slightly irritatedly, with exaggeratedly clear accent] One of the cross beams has gone out askew on the treadle.

Cleveland: Well what on earth does that mean?

Chapman: *I* don't know - Mr Wentworth just told me to come in here and say that there was trouble at the mill, that's all - I didn't expect a kind of Spanish Inquisition. [JARRING CHORD] [The door flies open and Cardinal Ximinez of Spain [Palin] enters, flanked by two junior cardinals. Cardinal Biggles [Jones] has goggles pushed over his forehead. Cardinal Fang [Gilliam] is just Cardinal Fang]

Ximinez: NOBODY expects the Spanish Inquisition! Our chief weapon is surprise...surprise and fear...fear and surprise.... Our two weapons are fear and surprise...and ruthless efficiency.... Our *three* weapons are fear, surprise, and ruthless efficiency ... and an almost fanatical devotion to the Pope.... Our *four*...no ... *Amongst* our weapons.... Amongst our weaponry... are such elements as fear, surprise.... I'll come in again. [exit Inquisition]

Chapman: I didn't expect a kind of Spanish Inquisition.

[JARRING CHORD] [The cardinals burst in]

Ximinez: NOBODY expects the Spanish Inquisition! Amongst our weaponry are such diverse elements as: fear, surprise, ruthless efficiency, an almost fanatical devotion to the Pope, and nice red uniforms - Oh damn! [To Cardinal Biggles] I can't say it - you'll have to say it.

Biggles: What?

Ximinez: You'll have to say the bit about 'Our chief weapons...'

Biggles: [rather horrified]: I couldn't do that... [Ximinez bundles the cardinals outside again]

Chapman: I didn't expect a kind of Spanish Inquisition.

[JARRING CHORD] [The cardinals enter]

Biggles: Er.... Nobody...um....

Ximinez: Expects...

Biggles: Expects... Nobody expects the...um...the Spanish...um...

Ximinez: Inquisition.

Biggles: I know, I know! Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition. In fact, those who do expect -

Ximinez: Our chief weapons are...

Biggles: Our chief weapons are...um...er...

Ximinez: Surprise...

Biggles: Surprise and --

Ximinez: Okay, stop. Stop. Stop there. Stop. Phew! Ah! ... our chief weapons are blah blah blah. Cardinal, read the charges.

Fang: You are hereby charged that you did on diverse dates commit heresy against the Holy Church. 'My old man said follow..'

Biggles: That's enough. [To Cleveland] Now, how do you plead?

Cleveland: We're innocent.

Ximinez: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! [DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER]

Biggles: We'll soon change your mind about that! [DIABOLICAL ACTING]

Ximinez: Fear, surprise, and a most ruthless-- [controls himself with a supreme effort] Ooooh! Now, Cardinal -- the rack!

[Biggles produces a plastic-coated dish-drying rack. Ximinez

looks at it and clenches his teeth in an effort not to lose control. He hums heavily to cover his anger]

Ximinez: You....Right! Tie her down. [Fang and Biggles make a pathetic attempt to tie her on to the drying rack]

Ximinez: Right! How do you plead?

Cleveland: Innocent.

Ximinez: Ha! Right! Cardinal, give the rack [oh dear] give the rack a turn. [Biggles stands awkwardly and shrugs his shoulders]

Biggles: I....

Ximinez: [gritting his teeth] I *know*, I know you can't. I didn't want to say anything. I just wanted to try and ignore your crass mistake.

Biggles: I...

Ximinez: It makes it all seem so stupid.

Biggles: Shall I...?

Ximinez: No, just pretend for God's sake. Ha! Ha! Ha!

[Biggles turns an imaginary handle on the side of the dish-rack] [Cut to them torturing a dear old lady, Marjorie Wilde]

Ximinez: Now, old woman - you are accused of heresy on 3 counts - heresy by thought, heresy by word, heresy by deed, and heresy by action *four* counts. Do you confess?

Wilde: I don't understand what I'm accused of.

Ximinez: Ha! Then we'll make you understand! Biggles!

Fetch...THE CUSHIONS! [JARRING CHORD] [Biggles holds out two ordinary modern household cushions]

Biggles: Here they are, lord.

Ximinez: Now, old lady -- you have one last chance.

Confess the heinous sin of heresy, reject the works of the ungodly -- *two* last chances. And you shall be free --

three last chances. You have three last chances, the nature of which I have divulged in my previous utterance.

Wilde: I don't know what you're talking about.

Ximinez: Right! If that's the way you want it -- Cardinal!

Poke her with the soft cushions! [Biggles carries out this rather pathetic torture]

Ximinez: Confess! Confess! Confess!

Biggles: It doesn't seem to be hurting her, lord.

Ximinez: Have you got all the stuffing up one end?

Biggles: Yes, lord.

Ximinez [angrily hurling away the cushions]: Hm! She is made of harder stuff! Cardinal Fang! Fetch...THE COMFY CHAIR! [JARRING CHORD] [Zoom to Fang's horrified face]

Fang [terrified]: The...Comfy Chair? [Biggles pushes in a comfy chair -- a really plush one]

Ximinez: So you think you are strong because you can survive the soft cushions. Well, we shall see. Biggles! Put her in the Comfy Chair! [They roughly push her into the Comfy Chair]

Ximinez [with a cruel leer]: Now -- you will stay in the Comfy Chair until lunch time, with only a cup of coffee at eleven. [aside, to Biggles] Is that really all it is?

Biggles: Yes, lord.

Ximinez: I see. I suppose we make it worse by shouting a lot, do we? Confess, woman. Confess! Confess! Confess!

Biggles: I confess!

Ximinez: Not you! *(That'll do for that! Ed.)*

IMPROVED ARCHIVE JOKES



Today is National
Good Looking Person Day.
Send this to someone Gorgeous.
Don't send it back to me.
I've received fucking hundreds.

I took my Dad to the mall the other day to buy some new shoes (he is 66). We decided to grab a bite at the food court. I noticed he was watching a teenager sitting next to him. The teenager had spiked hair in all different colours - green, red, orange, and blue. My Dad kept staring at her. The teenager kept looking and would find my Dad staring every time. When the teenager had had enough, she sarcastically asked: "What's the matter old man, never done anything wild in your life?" Knowing my Dad, I quickly swallowed my food so that I would not choke on his response; In classic style he responded without batting an eyelid - "Got stoned once and screwed a parrot. I was just wondering if you were my daughter."



I don't think I've ever heard the concept explained any better than this .



'Well you see, Norm, it's like this . . A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo. And when the heard is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole group keeps improving by the regular killing of the weakest members. In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Now, as we know, excessive intake of alcohol kills brain cells. But naturally, it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this way, regular consumption of beer eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster and more efficient machine. And that, Norm, is why you always feel smarter after a few beers.'

THE



END



- David Cameron "I am granting the Metropolitan Police emergency powers to use water cannons, rubber bullets and tear gas to take back control of our streets from these ponsing parasites biting the hand that feeds them. In addition I am deploying the British Army as a visible presence to provide the authority that is so very lacking.".....Carlsberg don't do Prime Ministers but if they did..
- Take away their benefits and their homes. That's the mp's then you deal with the rioters
- Looting in Tooting, stealing in Ealing; can't say what's happening in Buckingham..
- Police have been advised to use Persil in the riot cannons - to stop the colours running.

- I never thought I would see the day when someone says he's moving from London to Belfast to get away from the troubles!
- Bad news, the rioting has spread to Ireland. Poor Paddy has just smashed his laptop screen after trying to loot ebay.
- The rioters in Dublin have smashed into Argos and are waiting at collection point C



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- I've just been warned by a policeman not to go into Bradford, I said "Why are they rioting?"He said "No, it's a shithole"
- Just drove through Whitehawk and it's absolute carnage! F*cking looters..... Oh wait no, it's just Whitehawk!
- The riots in Tottenham started after Harry Redknapp declared his interest in Emile Heskey; the riots in Birmingham started when he changed his mind.
- Safest place to be in Tottenham from the looting is Spurs trophy cabinet....
- Carlton Cole has joined in with London's riots; he's reportedly thrown 12 petrol bombs..police confirm that none have hit the target
- Apparently rioters have again broken into JJB sports in North London to return the Arsenal strips they stole before.
- There was a lull in the riots at around 9am to midday. It appears



- they've all gone to sign on.
- I put a £10 bet on Tottenham to win the EPL this year. Not entirely sure who they are, but the news ticker tells me they're on fire!
- News reports in London branded the rioting an "abomination", Birmingham branded it "upsetting and soul destroying" and Liverpool simply called it Monday.
- After the rioters set up all their looted brand new Sony home entertainment system, they were distraught that they forgot to rob a set of 3D glasses too.
- It isn't all bad news in London. Shares in Autoglass just shot up 300%
- STOP PRESS: Gaddafi has apparently entered Jordan. That slag'll shag anyone.



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