

BOGGY SHOE

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

R-ns/trash #175 December 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 December 2011	1746	Fox, Patching	078 057	Bouncer
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. At A280 Angmering turn-off take right at roundabout then left just over A27. Pub 1km on right. Est. 25 mins.				
12th December 2011	1747	The Oak, Cane Heath, Arlington	557 078	Airman Bob & Chris
Directions: A27 east to Alfriston roundabout. Continue and take 1st left (opposite Giants Rest pub). Right at t- junction and pub 1/2 mile on left through Caneheath. Est. 25 mins. Bob's 1000 th r*n!				



19th December 2011	1748	Hassocks Hotel	304 156	Ride it, baby!
Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. Est. 10 mins. XMAS HASH - see flier.				



26th December 2011	1749	Hillside Walk, Haywards Heath	317 247	KIU & Wildbush
Directions: A23 north, A272 to Haywards Heath, left at Dolphin pub and 3rd left Lucastes Avenue. Left at T junction then 4th left. Est. 20 mins. MIDDAY RUN - bring leftovers!				

2nd January 2012	1750	Telscombe Tavern	395 014	Pete & Dave
Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est.10 mins MIDDAY RUN				

RECEDING HARELINE:

9/1/12 - John Harvey Tavern, Lewes, Matthew
 16/1/12 - Ivan
 23/1/12 - Bouncer, Burns Hash
 30/1/12 - Findon, Wiggy
 6/2/12 - Brett & Jo

CRAFT HASH #43

16/12/11 - Woodmans Arms, South Croydon. P trail from South Croydon station but not far from East Croydon. Followed by 'Main Vein' gig night starring Proxy from Old Coulsdon H3! Jolly Farmers, Purley

Reasons to hash part XIV:

Patient: The problem is that obesity r*ns in my family.

Doctor: No, the problem is that no one r*ns in your family.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

16th December - CRISMASS CRAFT

For anyone who caught them at Eastbourne you will know just how good Main Vein are. They're playing at the Jolly Farmers in Purley from 9.30pm so the plan is to meet up at the Woodman pub, South Croydon station at 7pm and have a mini-pub crawl before getting to the Farmers for the band, featuring hasher Proxy from Old Coulsdon H3. You're not allowed them in the circle so use this as an opportunity to bring along your best hat!

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

19th December - CHRISTMAS HASH AND PARTY...

This years Christmas Hash will be on Monday, 19th of December, at the same venue as last year, The Hassocks Hotel. The cost is £20 per person, which includes all of above on the menu (see November issue), plus wine and a drink at the bar. It also makes the maths and money collection straight forward. Rik will be providing the music.

I will start collecting money on 31st Oct. The full amount will need to be paid by Monday 12th December to confirm a place.

Ride it, baby (Pat)

[illegible]

7-10th September 2012 - Hastings H3 Portugal Hash - Poço Redondo, Tomar, Portugal

Cost - £165 if booked before 31/12/11; £180 until full. Includes 3 nights accommodation; meals as per itinerary (*full itinerary available on request*); circle drinks; transport to/from runs and vineyard; Vineyard tour; Shirt.



All bookings will be co-ordinated by Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle

(crowleb@btinternet.com)

To guarantee a space £50 is due at time of booking; balance due 31/05/2012

[illegible]

IVAN LYONS 50 MARATHON CHALLENGE: To donate follow link:

<http://www.webjam.com/50marathons>

My last marathon in 2011, and 11th one this year, is the **Portsmouth Coastal Waterside Marathon** on 18th December.

«« Looks like you're building up the arm muscles as well as the legs, Ivan!

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH ON FACEBOOK

After a brief trial with CRAFT H3 as a group, and seeing it in action by other hashes, I've finally got around to creating a group for Brighton Hash on Facebook as it seems like a good way to add r*ns and generally keep in touch. All hashers I'm aware of on facebook have been added and I've made all the regular hashers admins. Feel free to add photos; runs (as events); comments, news or views, or anything else you think may be of interest to the hash.

If I've missed you out or you know anyone else who should be added, just get them to send a request to the group and any admin will be able to add them.

Let me know what you think and how best we can use this as a tool to our advantage!

On on.

Bouncer

[illegible]

SAFETY ON THE HASH

After the mishap experienced by Trevor (see **Rehashing**) there's been a lot of talk about safety on the hash. Please can you read the suggested guidelines and responsibilities enclosed. Hashing is a hazardous sport anyway and we manage to make it worse by running off-road, in the dark, occasionally under the influence after a sip, and even sometimes drunk (Malcolm!). However, it's been around a long time now so a lot of good practice has evolved.

Even if it is Christmas we don't want to get bogged down by Elf 'n' Safety, however, accidents happen and our own biggest enemies are ourselves. At the end of the day if you bugger up the evening for everyone else, especially if you end up creating paperwork, you ain't gonna get anyone to buy you a beer at the bar!

Please Note:

CHISTMAS IS CANCELLED

**Apparently, YOU told Santa that
you have been GOOD this year ...**



He died laughing

[illegible]

Why the E.U. is in trouble

Thought you might appreciate a quick lesson in Economics re the Euro Zone.

Some years ago a small rural town in Spain twinned with a similar town in Greece. The Mayor of the Greek town visited the Spanish town. When he saw the palatial mansion belonging to the Spanish mayor he wondered how he could afford such a house.

The Spaniard said: "You see that bridge over there? The EU gave us a grant to build a two-lane bridge, but by building a single lane bridge with traffic lights at either end this house could be built".

The following year the Spaniard visited the Greek town. He was simply amazed at the Greek Mayor's house, gold taps, marble floors, it was marvellous.

When he asked how this could be afforded the Greek said; "You see that bridge over there?"

The Spaniard replied; "No."

News shorts:

- They were only doing the draw for Euro 2012 and England still came last!
- France, Ukraine, Sweden and England...F.U.S.E. No doubt we'll blow it!
- The tape of the 911 call made by Michael Jackson's doctor has just been released. Dr Murray says, "I need help Michael's collapsed." Operator says "Have you started CPR?" Dr Murray says "No" Operator says, "Have you started a defibrillator?" Again the doctor says, "No" Operator says, "Well you wanna be starting something, you got to be starting something!"
- BBC News: Volunteers fill in as UK Border Agency staff take part in national strike. We have a UK Border Agency?
- 10 years ago we had Steve Jobs, Bob Hope, and Johnny Cash. Now we have no jobs, no hope and no cash!

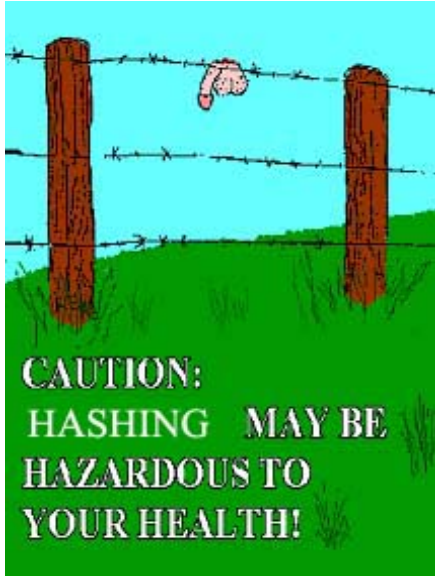
On the subject of Movember:

- So you offer someone a sincere, heartfelt compliment on their Movember effortand suddenly she's not your friend anymore!
- I was asked to man the phones at work the other day. So I went round and drew a little moustache on all of them.

ELF'N'SAFETY PART 1 - ON THE HASH!

Several Brighton hashers were present in 2004 when we set trail for the W&NK H3's contribution to Interhash in Cardiff. One of the strict requirements was that we thoroughly checked the trail over and reported back on a form, all the potential hazards, if possible with location, map references etc. The trail was only short but we had 12 hares present which was necessary as we had 200 runners on each of the two days the trail was run. This was my first introduction to the anality of the Health & Safety Executive, but I was impressed when Layby, who'd obviously been there before, stood up to do the health and safety speech on the coach and said "look out, there's a load of pricks out there." Short and sweet, and 100% accurate!

Once again it's time for some waxing on about safety on the hash after Trev's spectacular crash & burn. No-one enjoys being preached too and we are all responsible adults taking our chances but there are some things that you can do to help yourself!



Hares: You have a responsibility when haring to limit potential hazards, which means you need to have a good idea of what to expect on a trail. **Advance reconnaissance** is essential, not only to identify places for a bit of mischief but also for familiarity. There have been many occasions when the hare has got lost on trail, what chance have the hounds got! It's good practice to **set with someone else**. We have had instances where the hare has set trail then found for one reason or another that they cannot make the hash! At least with a back-up you have someone available to **sweep**. Bear in mind that, with checks and the wide range of abilities, a mile will take about 15 minutes to cover in summer, and 20 minutes in winter, i.e. maximum 6 miles summer, 4.5 in winter.

How you **mark trail** is the most important part of it. You are dealing with a wide range of abilities so use the tools available to keep the pack together as much as possible - checks, regroupings, false trails, **sip stops**, even check-backs, on-backs and fishhooks, and try to aim to get all back within 5 minutes from the fastest to the slowest. When it comes to live runs, **markings** are especially important. Trails need to be clear enough to follow, **checks** should be obvious, and hounds must be aware when they have overcooked it and need to retrace their steps. Many chapters actively mark false

trails with a bar or cross after a maximum of 3 marks. With BH7, 2 marks is On, but if someone has found 1 mark, consider how they can go before they are obviously off-trail bearing in mind the terrain; can a torch be seen from the check; will they hear the call back; what about local noise (much greater near roads and in town); and of course, weather conditions! If you run with the hash, it is far better that you sweep at the back than keep up with the FRB's, and **ensure that checks are marked through**. It doesn't matter if leaders find the trail easily, and if they do go astray they'll hear the rest of the pack coming through behind, whereas if you leave the back on their own, just one unkicked check can cause confusion and delay. Always try and remember a map for the walkers, preferably with the trail marked on it, and spares in case anyone drops back.

Hounds: Aim to be at the start by **7.30pm**, not 7.40! Some hares aren't as tolerant as others with the leeway, especially when they've overcooked the trail, or the pub are funny about food. Listen to the **words of wisdom** from the hare at the start! When on trail, and unless you've been asked to refrain, for example, where animals are present, please **call clearly** when you see marks. International hash calls rely on syllables CHECK (1 syllable); ON ON (2 syllables); ARE YOU ON? (3 syllables), and can be made by voice calls, hash horn, whistles, even flashes on a torch. *6 blows of a whistle is a distress signal!*

Buddy up. Make sure there is always someone who knows where you are, i.e. injured or call of nature, tell hare, or if you are first to the check, wait for next runner before checking - it's not a race! Even car sharing to the start helps with this! Back up the runners in front, by spreading along the trail to form a link from checkers to pack.

Bring **torches** in winter, and **dress appropriately** - good shoes, wind or waterproofs, warmth in winter so hats and gloves if necessary, but watch out for heat in summer. Most importantly, light colours or **reflective** gear, especially in winter.

Know your own ability! If you're injured or only want to walk, stick with the walkers. If you drop back, let someone, preferably the hare know, if they need to make any contingency plans. Faster r*nners look out for the slower ones! And finally, leave your silly head at home! Don't deliberately attempt to cause harm, even in jest, and don't take unnecessary risks, especially where barbed wire, brambles, cattle and so on, are concerned.

Additional points from Pat:

- If anyone who regularly takes a mobile phone on the hash (for example, to record route) please advise the hare.
- It has been suggested we should carry a small first aid kit with alcohol wipes, plasters and other basics in it.

Perhaps the hares could take responsibility for ensuring there is a phone/ first aid kit on the run.

- As an extra suggestion it is worth adding that if anyone is first aid qualified everyone is aware who they are.
- Similarly, we should also all be aware if anyone has special requirements in the event of mishap such as antihistamines.
- It may be useful if hares leave a spare map at the bar for latecomers, who should leave their name with the staff before setting off.
- Identify new r*nners and make sure they have someone to go round with.

ELF'N'SAFETY PART 2 - CHRISTMAS TIME!



Santa's Visit Application



Please Note: You better not pout, you better not cry, you better be good, I'm telling you why. Santa Claus is coming to town, and he hasn't got much time. To assist in the efficient processing of all children's requests please fill in this form clearly and truthfully because, he *does* know.

Applicant details

What did your parents name you?

Where do you live?

Have you been good?

On the scale below please indicate (tick) your level of behaviour over the past 12 months (*Remember he knows*)

Angelic Kidding around Despicable

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

If you ticked between 1 and 4 inclusive:

What would you like for Christmas? (*Please print*)

If you ticked between 4 and 7 inclusive:

What would you like for Christmas? (*Please print*)

If you ticked between 7 and 10 inclusive:

What would you like for Christmas? (*Please print clearly*)

Access details

What is the pitch of your roof? degrees

If the pitch is more than 30 degrees please attach a roofing diagram indicating at least two (2) anchor points.
(eg. TV antenna, spire, chimney etc.)

Does your roof have a minimum load bearing capacity of 1 ton per square meter? (9 reindeer, a full sleigh, plus a big bloke in a funny suit)

No ☐ On the night please ensure that your driveway is clear of all objects bigger than a cat.

Unsure ☐ Please attach a certified engineer's report clearly outlining the average load bearing capacity of your roof.

Yes ☐

Do you have a chimney?

Yes ☐ When was it last swept? / /

Approx. diameter of stack opening centimeters

Please ensure on the night that the hearth is clear of burning embers and sharp objects.

No ☐ On the night please leave the back door or a large window ajar.

Gift placement details

Where would you like your gifts placed?

☐ Stocking (*Please specify stocking size*)

☐ End of bed

☐ Under the Christmas tree

☐ Hidden (*Please indicate level of difficulty*)

All day to find Half day to find Ten minutes to find

Refreshment details

Will refreshments be provided? Yes ☒

What type of refreshments will be available? (*Tick more than one*)

☐ Brandy ☐ Rum ☐ Gin ☐ Scotch ☐ Whisky

☐ Vodka ☐ Bourbon ☐ Beer ☐ Wine

☐ Other (*Please specify, including percentage proof*)

<input type="text"/>	Alc./Vol.
<input type="text"/>	Alc./Vol.
<input type="text"/>	Alc./Vol.

Where will these refreshments be found?

☐ Liquor cabinet (*Please leave unlocked, or a key in an obvious place*)

☐ Bar

☐ Fridge

☐ Cupboard (*Attach a house plan indicating which cupboard/s in which room/s*)

☐ On the kitchen table (*Preferred option*)

Declaration

I the abovementioned child living at the abovementioned address, declare that the information provided herein is true and correct in every detail. Furthermore, I authorise Santa to contact my parents of the same address to confirm the details set out herein. I understand that in the event that my story does not correspond with that of my parents, especially the bit about my level of behaviour, it could be a lean Christmas. I also promise to be asleep when Santa arrives, because, he *does* know.

Your name in running writing

Whats today?

 / /

Please send this completed application by Air Mail, arriving no later than, the night before Christmas, to:

Mr. S. Claus
C/- Mail Service HOHOHO
North Pole

Form SCLAUS1ES
Dec 98

A MAN IN RED

A couple of weeks ago I saw a man crying uncontrollably outside a shopping centre in Liverpool.

When I asked him what was wrong, he said he hated dressing up in a red suit at this time of year and people poking fun and laughing at him.

I said well you chose to play for Liverpool Mr. Gerard

One year, I decided to buy my mother-in-law a cemetery plot as a Christmas gift... The next year, I didn't buy her a gift. When she asked me why, I replied, "Well, you still haven't used the gift I bought you last year!"

IF YOU SEE A FAT MAN
Who's jolly and cute,
Done up in a beard,
and a red flannel suit,
And if he is chuckling,
and laughing away,
While flying around in a miniature sleigh,
With eight tiny reindeer to pull him along,
Then you may as well face it...
Your eggnog's too strong!

The Gay Dyslexics Association are putting on a Christmas play about Scrooge in the local theatre.
It's called Bumhug.

You heard about the dyslexic devil worshipper? He sold his soul to Santa

Ms. Terri asked her Sunday School class to draw pictures of their favorite Bible stories.

She was puzzled by Kyle's picture, which showed four people on an airplane, so she asked him which story it was meant to represent. "The Flight to Egypt," was his reply.

Pointing at each figure, Ms. Terri said, "That must be Mary, Joseph, and Baby Jesus. But who's the fourth person?"

"Oh, that's Pontius - the pilot!"

You know you are a hasher, when, at 8am, your wife asks you to toast some bread for her and you raise your beer high and say "to bread".

REHASHING THE CRAFT 1 - #41 Brents Nip nash report



According to Yorky Porky's Catch the Hare goes to Tokyo schedule, Friday, the 7th of October, was a free day. However, due to wet weather on the 6th the Hakone day trip was cancelled. Seven of us decided to head to Hakone on Friday and start the CRAFT early. 7:30 AM to be precise before joining the Friendly Friday Fuckov Hash House Harriers for the joint F3H3 CRAFTH3 crawl in Gokokuji.



As Unacceptable, Soggy Crack, Last Tango, Skylark, Mushi Mushi, Wildbush, and I were heading out the door of the hostel YP, Going Commando, and Blood Stained Clothing were seen wobbling back from the previous night out in the Karaoke Box! They declined to join us so we headed out.

The pre-crawl was going to consist of several modes of transportation - a bus, a pirate ship, two ropeway rides, a funicular train, a small private train, and of course some hiking. After arriving in Hakone we boarded a bus down the hill to Lake Ashi where we hiked along Cedar Lane and arrived at the Mount Fuji viewpoint only to find construction workers, a diversion, and no beer!

Thirsty, we continued on and eventually arrived at the dock to catch the Pirate ship only to find out we missed it by 5 minutes. The 25 minute wait was the perfect excuse to find some beer. Wildbush pointed out that we had passed an ice cream stand boasting an amazing 142 flavours which also sold beer so we headed that way. We ordered our beers and were surprised when we were handed ice cream cones. It was Asahi Lager flavoured ice cream!



We then boarded the Pirate ship for the scenic ride across the lake. Unfortunately there was no beer on the boat! Our next destination was the Hakone hot springs. Following a 20 minute ropeway ride part way up a mountain we disembarked and grabbed a refreshment before completing the climb on foot. At the top we enjoyed "black" hard boiled eggs. The eggs are boiled in the hot springs, hence the black colour of the shells. Legend states you will live 5 years longer if you consume one. After descending down the hillside to the ropeway terminal we boarded another cable car. 10 minutes later we reached the end of the line and a funicular train awaited us. Another 30 minutes and we were at the end of the line. It was time for a late lunch and to our surprise the



aptly named "Craft House" was the only place still serving.

After lunch we boarded a small private train to head back to the Japan Railway station for a train back to Tokyo. As we had some time up our sleeve, Last Tango suggested we stop at the Botanical Gardens on the way. Following a short hike we arrived at the Botanical Gardens only to find the local authorities had closed it down due to safety concerns.

Next stop was Gokokuji to run with the F3H3. A large pack awaited us (25 CH4ers, 10 Okinawa hashers, 15 White Snake hashers, & 15 Tokyo based hashers). Crusader set a great run through the residential streets. At the end of the run we were greeted with a hash towel, bottomless beer and nibbles. Down downs were also plentiful. The RA, Rapunzel, gave everyone at least one. Yorky Porky had several. Martian Matron got one for complaining the Okinawa boys were too fast and prevented her from doing any checking!



It was now approaching 11 PM and we were given a choice. Either follow Yorky Porky to an all you can eat and drink place around the corner or head back to Ueno and find some pubs. Radio Soap, More On, Martian Matron, Cheap Shit, Wildbush, and I headed back to Ueno. We arrived back at the hostel to find out that the nice land lady put 5000 yen behind the bar next door. When we arrived in the pub we were informed there was no free beer left. Seems that Poor Sod and P-Rick beat us to it! Unfortunately 5000 yen doesn't buy a lot of beer.



Cyst Pit led us to a fast food noodle shop around the corner. Put money in the vending machine, select the pictures of the noodles (content being a complete mystery) & which beer you want. A ticket is dispensed which is then handed over to the chef behind the counter to receive your order.

The next stop was the pub across the street from the hostel followed by a night cap of whiskey and Vodka courtesy of More On & Cumbing Numb in the common room at the hostel.

Another great CRAFT! On on, Keeps It Up

REHASHING THE CRAFT 2 - #42 Barnes H3 Christmas hash, Murder Mystery in Lewes

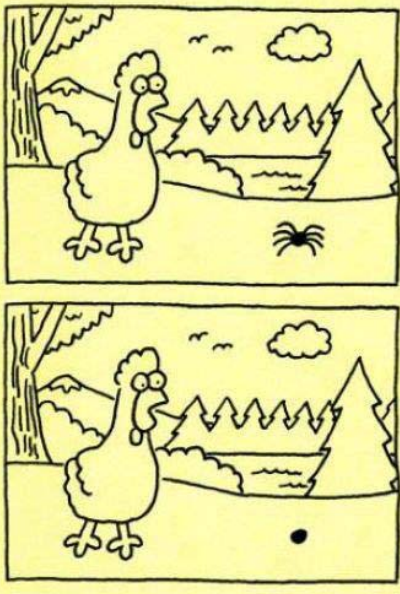
With enormous good taste, Barnes H3 opted to have their annual Christmas away weekend in l'il ole Lewes. Although a bit later in the month than we usually like, especially after the foreign CRAFT ramblings in October making it 10 weeks since the previous UK CRAFT, the Friday pub crawl was too much to resist a hashcrash into. Fetherlites innate ability to organise a great night started with the handing out of treasure hunt clues in the bar of the **White Hart**. From there it was a very short stroll to the **Royal Oak** where most of the CRAFTies not staying all weekend arrived, including Bob & Chris, who'd had a bit of a 'mare journey, Mrs. Ox, Red Slapper (straight off the plane from Baltimore) and guest Philip. As usual where there are large crowds of hashers gathered together (about 40 plus!), the early stages consist heavily of catching up with old friends.

Which is why after a promising start, the treasure hunt started to fall apart early for your scribe! Down the hill to student pub, the **Lansdowne Arms**, the luxury of space afforded by the previous establishment was gone and it was elbows at dawn! A quick CRAFT circle up was called to congratulate Little Bear, Radio Soap and Cyst Pit on reaching their 10th hash, which seemed to be an excuse for Bouncer to dish out blow up traffic cone hats to everyone who'd gone over that number previously, although Wildbush looked askance with her huge mane unlikely to contain any hat! **The Crown** had a few in but didn't have beer so a quick decision was made to carry on round to **the Lamb**, where a DJ was setting up. The bulk of the pack seemed to already have moved on so we took advantage of the space to enjoy a more relaxed pint and set up a road block with the cone hats! **The Lewes Arms** was again extremely crammed as hashers jostled with the lively locals. No chance for a look around even if we were still attempting the Treasure Hunt, but talk was on for heading to the **Shanaz** for a curry, and with the final pub, **the Brewers Arms**, being beyond the curry house it was always going to be a challenge to get there! Mind you, at the hash on the Saturday, incidentally from the Old Oak at Canes Heath where Bob was found wandering around recce'ing for his 1000th r*n, it transpired that Dormouse had apparently finished long before anyone else, then announced it to everybody thus rendering their own attempts redundant! Another great CRAFT hash!



CHRISTMAS FUN!

SPOT THE 8 DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THESE TWO PICTURES



Answers: WORD SCRAMBLE

1. SPINE;
2. LITTER;
3. GINGER;
4. SUBTEXT

You got them all wrong....didn't you? Well, you don't have alzheimers, but you are a pervert!

Alzheimer's Test

How fast can you guess these words?

1. F__K
2. PU_S_

3. S_X

4. P_N_S

5. BOO_S

6. __NDOM

WORD SRCAMBLE!

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| ① PNEIS | ② HTIELR |
| □ □ □ □ □ | □ □ □ □ □ |
| ③ NGGERI | ④ BUTTSXE |
| □ □ □ □ □ | □ □ □ □ □ |

(1) SPINE (2) LITTER (3) GINGER (4) SUBTEXT

Alzheimer's Test

1. FORK
2. PULSE
3. SIX

4. PANTS

5. BOOKS

6. RANDOM

More fun on the back page!

REHASHING...

I was asked to say a few words about the Cardinal's recent trail. Right that's got that out of the way...

Seriously though, I wasn't there so can only go by the fact that Ride It Baby had a lot to say about it, extending to an apology to all and sundry for her oral during and after. Hugh is known for setting OTT routes so should always be approached with caution, but if you want a post-mortem do it yourself!

Going back Ivan recently asked if I could put something in about Wiggy's last hash. As I wasn't there I also threw that one back at him and said I'd print it if he supplied it. Guess what, no review! So it's basically up to you guys out there to get your fingers doing the talking, or at least put pen to paper. I'm happy to include anything you like in the trash! For example:

#1740 Flying Fish, Denton - Mudlarks farewell

Not quite a review but at least Dave Bos sent me a couple of pictures. I guess they speak for themselves!



#1741 Chequers, Steyning - George Baxter

Undeterred by Suzi, Dean and Jasons attempt to run from the Chequers a couple of weeks earlier, George decided that forward planning was the way to go and put out the menu the week before to get a head start. Obviously hare hasn't heard the expression that getting hashers organised is like trying to herd cats! Sadly no-one latched on to the Halloween fancy dress theme as, with the impressive window displays found in the village every year, we were in the best place.

Mustering outside the pub we found ourselves the target of some pretty professional looking cameras and immediately the pack formed order - so that's how you organise hashers, shoot them! More cameras up the street caught us r*nnng, prompting much idle chatter as we wandered through the car park and over to the cricket ground. Heading up the Round Hill I found myself alongside Trev who's been missing for a while, due to "rehearsals for a show". Pantomime I assume! Pack spread far and wide on the climb, in a multitude of directions, with the result that by the time we hit the South Downs Way we were pretty well spread out, and calling thin on the ground. Fortunately the route was well known and obvious, however, finding himself caught with the FRB's was obviously too much for Trev who threw himself bodily to the ground in an attempt to slow them down. KIU ran back up the field for emergency assistance, and finally the pack united to take the piss out of the prone. Apart from the hare (who in true Steyning tradition went back to the pub alone), Ivan and Anybody (just when we needed him!), who took a wrong turn at the top and couldn't be arsed to turn again, we all threw ourselves into the task of rescue in turns supporting Trev and his damaged knee off the top. Special mentions to Spreadsheet for his Pheidippidean run back to fetch the car, Charlie whose expertise and strength had him carrying Trev at times, and the local who came to our aid even if it was too late for the quad bike to be much use. Trev meanwhile and in true hasher style kept asking for a drink, but not so much as an alcohol wipe was found in Profs emergency pack! The local chap supplied water, as Dave turned up with Bob who he'd swept up from the walkers to show him the way to the arse end of nowhere, and Trev was whisked off to hospital switching Pat for Bob. Bouncer swept up the remaining walkers and it was back to the pub to calm our nerves with alcohol. The cameras turned out to be a local photo club just practicing! Another great hash (well mainly!) ...

Talk in the Chequers about Trevors acting role inevitably led to appreciative recollections of this Pete & Dud classic, transcribed here for your amusement. Meanwhile, caps on for a name! My suggestions: Crashpian or Tarzipan.

Peter: Miss Rigby! Stella, my love! Would you please send in the next auditioner, please. Mr. Spigott, I believe it is.

Enter Dudley, hopping energetically on one leg

Peter: Mr. Spigott, I believe?

Dudley: Yes — Spigott by name, Spigott by nature. (keeps hopping)

Peter: Yes... if you'd like to remain motionless for a moment, Mr. Spigott.

Please be stood. Now, Mr. Spigott you are, I believe, auditioning for the part of Tarzan?

Dudley: Right.

Peter: Now, Mr. Spigott, I couldn't help noticing almost at once that you are a one-legged person.

Dudley: You noticed that?

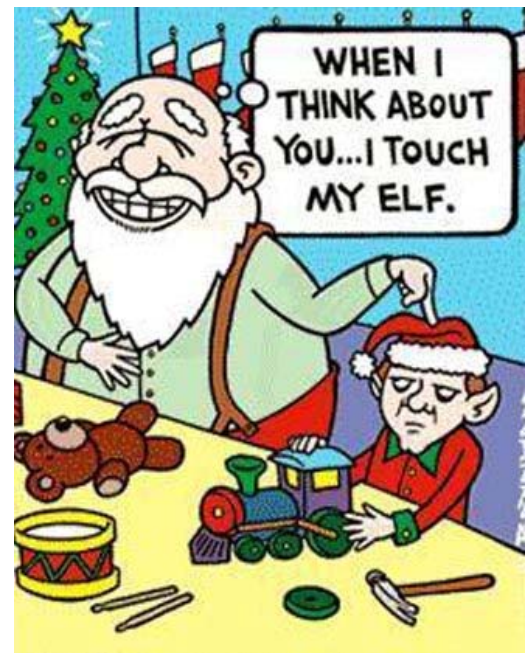
Peter: I noticed that, Mr. Spigott. When you have been in the business as long as I have you come to notice these things almost instinctively. Now, Mr. Spigott, you, a one-legged man, are applying for the role of Tarzan — a role which, traditionally, involves the use of a two-legged actor.

Dudley: Correct.

Peter: And yet you, a unidexter, are applying for the role.

Dudley: Right.

Peter: A role for which two legs would seem to be the minimum requirement.



Dudley: Very true.

Peter: Well, Mr. Spigott, need I point out to you where your deficiency lies as regards landing the role?

Dudley: Yes, I think you ought to.

Peter: Need I say with overmuch emphasis that it is in the leg division that you are deficient.

Dudley: The leg division?

Peter: Yes, the leg division, Mr. Spigott. You are deficient in it — to the tune of one. Your right leg I like. I like your right leg. A lovely leg for the role. That's what I said when I saw you come in. I said 'A lovely leg for the role.' I've got nothing against your right leg. The trouble is — neither have you. You fall down on your left.

Dudley: You mean it's inadequate?

Peter: Yes, it's inadequate, Mr. Spigott. And, to my mind, the British public is not ready for the sight of

a one-legged ape-man swinging through the jungly tendrils.

Dudley: I see.

Peter: However, don't despair. After all, you score over a man with no legs at all. Should a legless man come in here demanding the role, I should have no hesitation in saying 'Get out. Run away'.

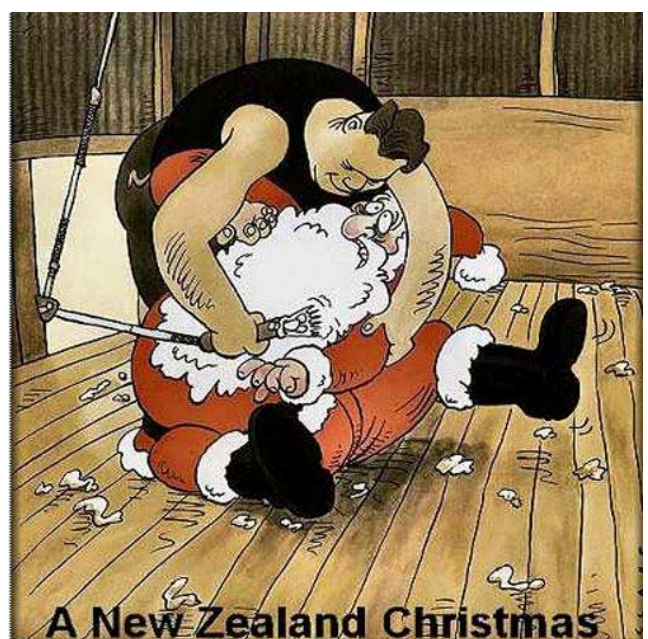
Dudley: So there's still a chance?

Peter: There is still a very good chance. If we get no two-legged actors in here within the next two months, there is still a very good chance that you'll land this vital role. Failing two-legged actors, you, a unidexter, are just the sort of person we shall be attempting to contact telephonically.

Dudley: Well... thank you very much.

Peter: So my advice is, to hop on a bus, go home, and sit by your telephone in the hope that we will be getting in touch with you. *He shows Dudley out*

Peter: I'm sorry I can't be more definite, but as you realise, it's really a two-legged man we're after. Good morning Mr. Spigott.



An untold part of the Christmas story (from Grailblazers by Tom Holt)
The Pitiful History of the Count of Christmas (as told by the Graf von Weinacht)

It was a hell of a story. If it wasn't quite the greatest story ever told, that was because the Graf wasn't quite in the mood to give it the full treatment.

... About how, around two thousand years ago, he packed in his promising career as a weather-god to study astrology at the University of Damascus. About how he and three of his fellow students, looking through the University's electron astrolabe, discovered what at first they took to be a bit of dirt on the lens, and then realised was an entirely new star.

About how they set off to observe it from the University's hi-tech observatory near Jerusalem. About how there was the inevitable cock-up with the hotel bookings, which meant they arrived in Galilee one cold wet night to find that their rooms had been given to a party of insurance salesmen from Tarsus, and they were going to have to doss down in the stables.

And how, just as they were squelching across the courtyard and muttering about suing somebody, young Melchior happened to look-up and notice that the star was slap-bang over their heads; and that the group of shepherds who'd just come out of the stables were looking very worried indeed...

'And another thing,' said the shepherd, grinning insanely. 'I don't know if you're superstitious or anything, but if you are, don't go in there. The place is knee-deep in angels, okay?'

'Angels?'

'I don't want to talk about it.'

The shepherds hurried away, leaving Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar and Klaus standing in the rain.

'Did that man just say the Angels were in there, someone?' Balthazar asked.

'I thought so.'

They groaned. As if they didn't have enough to put up with without sharing their sleeping accommodation with a gang of greasy, leather-clad, foul-mouthed, camel-riding hooligans.

It was dark in the stable. The oil lamp flickered atmospherically in the slight draught; suddenly all four of them felt this very great urge to kneel down.

'Hello,' Balthazar called out. 'Anybody here? Hey, lads, I don't like this, it's kind of spooky in here...'

It grew lighter; there was a soft golden glow coming from the far manger.

'Hush,' said a woman's voice, 'he's asleep.'

It was Melchior who spoke first. Very gently, he crept forward towards the crib, peeped into it, and then rocked back as if he had been stunned. Then he knelt down and covered his head with the hem of his cloak.

'Lady,' he said.

The woman's face was in shadow. 'Welcome,' she said. 'Blessed may you be for ever, for you are the first to look upon the face of the Son of Man.'

Melchior rocked backwards and forwards on his heels. 'Lady,' he said again, 'is it permitted that we might offer gifts to your son?'

The woman smiled, and nodded, whereupon Melchior searched in his satchel and produced a small, shiny box. The woman nodded, as if she had been expecting it.

'Gold,' Melchior explained. 'Gold is a fitting gift for a king.'

The woman took the box without looking at it and laid it down beside the crib. Caspar stepped forward, fell on his knees and offered the woman a little alabaster jar.

'Frankincense, lady,' he said shyly. 'To anoint Him who shall be crowned with thorns.'

The woman nodded, and put the jar down by the box. Balthazar, his knees trembling, now stepped forward, knelt, and held out a silver phial.

'Myrrh, lady,' he whispered. 'To embalm him who shall never die.'

Again, a trace of a smile crossed the woman's lips. She took the phial from Balthazar's hands, looked at it for a moment, and put it with the other gifts.

Why didn't they tell me, Klaus muttered to himself. The bastards. Why didn't they say something?

There was a moment's pause, while the other three looked at him. He decided to improvise. He grabbed something out of his satchel, tore a page out of a book to wrap it in (the book was a treatise on ornithology, and the page he had selected had little pictures of robins on it) and stepped forward.

'Um,' he said, and thrust the parcel into the woman's hands.

She gave him a long look, then slowly unwrapped the parcel.

'Socks,' she said. Just what He always wanted.'

The expression told a different story as she held up two knee-length stockings to the light. Klaus winced.

'They're probably a bit big for him right now,' he said, as lightly as he could, 'but never mind, he'll grow into them.'

The woman gave him another long, hard look; then she rolled the socks up into a ball and dropped them. 'You may go,' she said.

'Thank you,' Klaus mumbled, backing away. 'Oh yes, and a happy ... happy. The compliments of the season, anyway.'

He banged his head on a rafter, reversed out of the door, and ran for his life.

'A fortnight later,' the Graf went on, breathing heavily, 'I got a parcel. It contained a pair of socks, and a letter. It was delivered by an angel.'

He hesitated, closed his eyes, and continued. 'the letter wasn't signed, but then it didn't need to be. I won't bore you with the first three paragraphs, because they were mostly about me. What you might call the business part of the letter came in the last few lines.

'To cut a long story short, I was cursed. For the rest of Time, it said, until the Child comes again to judge the quick and the dead, it would be my job to deliver presents to all the children in the world, every year, on the anniversary of my ... on Christmas Eve. Presents as inappropriate, unwanted and futile as the present I had seen fit to choose for the King of Kings. And, just to drive the point that little bit further home, just in case I hadn't quite grasped it by now, on each ensuing Christmas Eve every child in the world would henceforth see fit to hang at the foot of its bed the longest, woolliest sock it could find, as a perpetual reminder.'

THE END

The backside of the trash



Things You Can Only Say at Christmas!

1. Talk about a huge breast!
2. Tying the legs together keeps the inside moist.
3. It's Cool Whip time!
4. If I don't undo my pants, I'll burst!
5. Whew, that's one terrific spread!
6. I'm in the mood for a little dark meat.
7. Are you ready for seconds yet?
8. It's a little dry; do you still want to eat it?
9. Just wait your turn you'll get some!
10. Don't play with your meat.
11. Just spread the legs open and stuff it in.
12. Do you think you'll be able to handle all these people at once?
13. I didn't expect everyone to come at once!
14. You still have a little bit on your chin.
15. How long will it take after you stick it in?
16. You'll know it's ready when it pops up.
17. Wow, I didn't think I could handle all of that!
18. That's the biggest one I've ever seen!
19. How long do I beat it before it's ready?

A nose went into a pub; barman says 'I'm not serving you, you're off your face already'

- W.K.Kellogg received a letter off his ex saying she needed to speak to him urgently. He went round to her house straight away wonderin what had happened. When he arrived she told him she was pregnant with his baby. Kellogg looked shocked for a few seconds then suddenly pulled her pants down and stared at her lady garden. 'What the hell are you doin?'' his ex screamed. He looked up at her with a big smile on his face and replied 'sorry love, if it doesnt say kelloggs on the box, it isnt kelloggs in the box!'
- Paddy wants 2 become a priest, so he went 2 c the bishop who said 'u must answer 3 questions on the Bible' 1st, who was born in a stable? Red Rum said Paddy, 2nd, what do u think of Damascus? ' It kills 99% of all gems Paddy replied 3rd, what happened when the disciples went to Mount Olive? Paddy said 'Popeye kicked the f*ck out of them'
- When the Mrs left I was sad upset & lonely. Since then I've got a dog, bought a new bike, shagged 2 birds & blown a grand on hard drink & coke.... She'll go fxxg mental when she gets home from work.
- Jimmy Savile's family r naturally devastated by his death, however they have been comforted somewhat by Cash4Gold's kind offer 2 pay 4 his cremation.
- St Peter said to God "Hey Boss, one of the hinges on the Pearly gates has broken off." "Don't worry," says God, "Jim'll fix it"
- My wife just found out that she's adopted. She's devastated & kept asking 'why didn't they want me?' I comforted her and after a while, still crying, she asked me to make love to her, which led to more tears. On reflection, banging her up the axxe and shouting 'Who's your daddy?!' was a little insensitive.
- I reported a dead lady lying in a field 2 cops. They asked me How did u find her body? I said, Her txxs were ok, but the rigormortis had tightened her axxe a bit 2 much for my liking.

