




BOGGY SHOE



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

R-ns/trash #181 June 2012

Find us on  facebook or at <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	REF	HARES
4th June 2012	1772	PEP Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172	Pete Eastwood
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins. 11 AM START FAMILY HASH FOLLOWED BY BBQ ETC. CAMPING AVAILABLE BOTH NIGHTS. NAMES TO PHIL.				
11th June 2012	1773	The Partridge, Partridge Green	189 093	Hugh Martin
Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left on A281. Stay on A281 through Henfield, over river and next left B2116. Pub on right 1.5 miles. Est. 25 mins. <i>Hugh's 100th marathon post marathon hash - bring your own zimmer.</i>				
18th June 2012	1774	Golden Galleon, Seaford	513 993	Prof & Kit
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26 to Newhaven then left on A259 through Seaford. Pub is on right hand-side ½ mile outside Seaford but before crossing Exceat Bridge. Est. 25 mins.				
25th June 2012	1775	Five Bells, Chailey	392 171	Chris & Bob
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. Left on A277 to traffic lights, left on A275 about 5 miles on left. 20 mins. <i>Chris's 100th r*n!</i>				
2nd July 2012	1776	Red Lion, Arundel	019 071	Les Plumb
Directions: A27 west past Worthing to Crossbush traffic lights. Right at lights, bear left, and on to roundabout. Straight ahead, over bridge and immediate left River Road. Park in Crown Yard public car park behind pub. Est. 25 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

1777	09/07/12	Bouncer
1778	16/07/12	Hare required
1779	23/07/12	Ditto
1780	30/07/12	Like the man said
1781	06/08/12	Kings Head, East Hoathly Bob & Chris

CRAFT HASH #49

Probably Friday 22nd June tbc

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

Congratulations Ma'am from your right royally self-appointed longer, harder and shiggier hash!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

Monday June 4th - Jubilee bank holiday - will be at Pete Eastwood's Ditchling with a run at 11am. Followed by festivities/activities. Families are welcome. Tuesday 5th is also a bank holiday and Pete says that anyone wanting to camp is welcome. For those who are already committed during the day, there is a possibility depending on how many turn up of a re-run at the usual time. Barbecue and beer available all day.

[illegible]

CRAFT H3 #50 - 28 July at 12:00 until 29 July - Alfriston Camping Park

Pay your own way event. Book online at <http://www.campingninja.com/alfristoncampingpark?gclid=CNi9-Zjm368CFWwntAodAh2rAQ>. Pitch up about midday for 1pm crawl/ wa*k/ hash or r*n (if you're thirsty, or late) around country pubs in Alfriston area. Back to site for BBQ then village pubs in evening. Hangover trail by Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger of Hastings hash from site Sunday a.m.

[illegible]

Down downs:

The traditional hashes in the Far East were often held away from the public eye in the jungle where a subs-funded beer truck would wait at the end of the hash (incidentally allowing a lot more point-to-point r*ns than we are used to). As the hounds arrived they would slake their thirst, then head back to town for a meal before heading on to the bars and brothels. Hounds would naturally form a circle around the beer for the conviviality, but also to stop locals from wandering in and helping themselves. Inevitably this led to the more gregarious leading the songs and providing other forms of entertainment, popularly who should sit on the ice for sins, eventually evolving into the 'hash circle' common at the vast majority of chapters nowadays.

In the UK down downs are funded in a variety of ways, most frequently through subs, such as East Grinstead H3 who include the first pint in the subs with the surplus going towards down downs.

City H3 hares will always ask the landlord when booking the pub for a few extras by way of commission for bringing the hash to their establishment. 30 to 40 thirsty r*nners, many of whom will be eating too, provides quite a bit of leverage and incentive to a pub. Sometimes brewers want a full account of the beer, however most will work on margins and recognise there will be a certain amount of wastage.

W&NK H3 do the down downs in the car park before heading into the pub. This has a number of advantages in that they can use cheaper pre-bought beers and drivers will know if they can have another beer inside. Obviously a certain amount of discretion is required!

So far BH7 has used a mixture of the subs, donations (particularly when one hound wants to stitch up another!), and the RA funding. As we approach the 20th anniversary of the last subs rise, and considering the increase from 20p to 50p was softened by the arrival of the hash trash, it may be time to review the subs again, this time with a view to offering more entertainment. In the meantime if hares can use their leverage and ask landlords (they can only say no) for a pint or two it will save the subs for tankards, other rewards and to keep the beer price down at barbecues and Christmas parties etc.

on

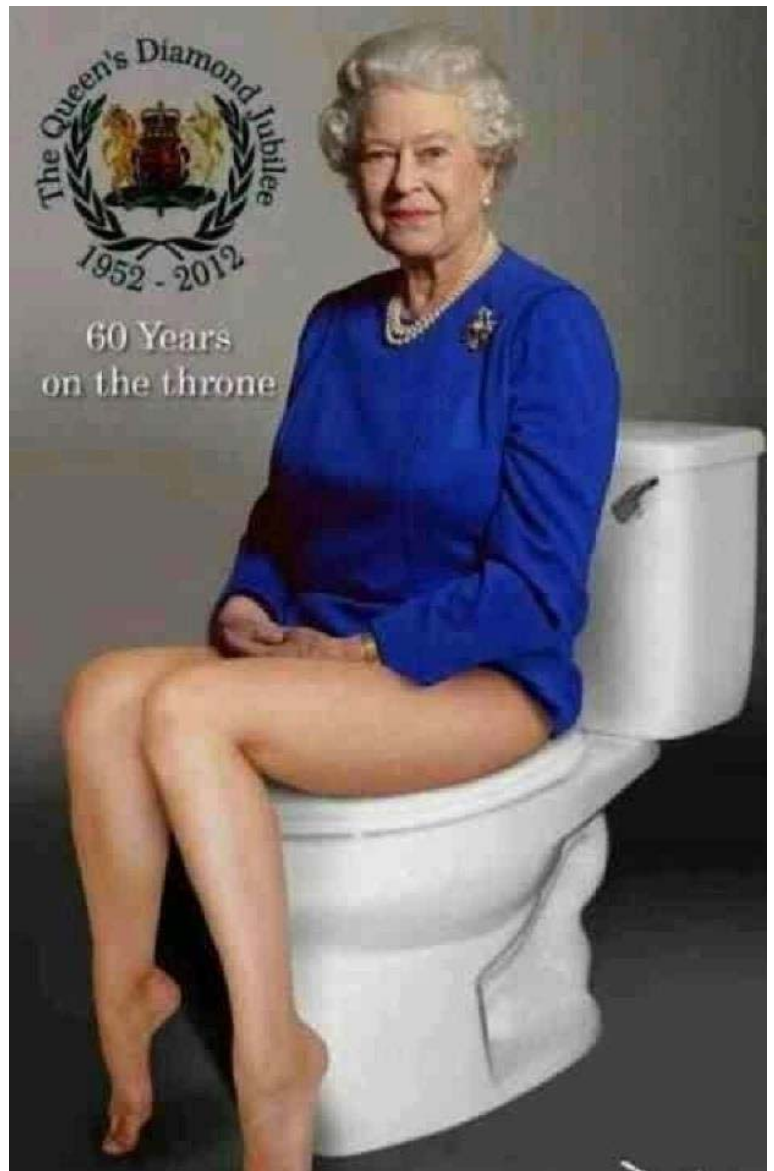
Dear Brighton Hashers,

One hopes you will recall my previous letter to the Boggy Shoe in August 2005 to congratulate you on reaching 100 issues.

On this occasion of Ones Diamond Jubilee One thought you would find this little picture One thought of during a moment of reflection to be of amusement, combining as it does Ones celebration with something appropriate to your magazine.

Keep up the good work!

Your Queer old Dean.



Inside ^{PAGE}3 Today - *It's all about tits!*

Facebook is now worth \$100 billion. Today it was 'friended' by Greece....



Microsoft Corporation, 1978

There's a huge debt crisis in Greece. Apparently they've got bills... they're multiplying.
And they're losing control.
But Germany's "Power is multiplying"
They better shape up, cos they need a loan
And their heart is set on the EU...

Soccer shorts:

- *On Chelseas Euro win:* That was the quickest John Terry got into his kit since Wayne Bridge came home early one day.
- After a trophyless season and a run of disappointing results Man Utd this morning announced the sacking of Howard Webb.
- Kenny Dalglish - worst pool manager since Michael Barrymore.
- Liverpool fans have always thought of Kenny Dalglish as one of their own. A feeling that will increase even more now that he's unemployed....

BRITISH HOSPITALITY

An American tourist in London for the Queens Diamond Jubilee celebrations decides to explore the city on his own. He wanders around, seeing the sights, and occasionally stopping at a quaint pub to soak up the local culture, chat with the lads, and have a pint of proper British bitter. After a while, he finds himself in a very high class neighbourhood....big, stately residences... no pubs, no stores, no restaurants, and worst of all... NO PUBLIC TOILETS.

He really, really has to go, after all those ales. He finds a narrow side street, with high walls surrounding the adjacent buildings and decides to use the wall to solve his problem. As he is unzipping, he is tapped on the shoulder by a London Bobby, who says, "I say, sir, you simply cannot do that here, you know." "I'm very sorry, officer," replies the American, "but I really, really HAVE TO GO, and I just can't find a public toilet."

"Ah, yes," said the bobby..."Just follow me". He leads him to a back "delivery alley", then along a wall to a gate, which he opens.

"In there," points the bobby. "Whiz away sir, anywhere you want."

The fellow enters and finds himself in the most beautiful garden he has ever seen. Manicured grass lawns, statuary, fountains, sculpted hedges, and huge beds of gorgeous flowers, all in perfect bloom. Since he has the cop's blessing, he unburdens himself and is greatly relieved. As he goes back through the gate, he says to the bobby, "That was really decent of you... is that what you call 'English hospitality'?"

"No, sir" replies the bobby, "that is what we call the French Embassy."



Greece has had to cease its exports of taramasalata and hummus to the UK. The double-dip recession is starting to bite!

- Vidal Sassoon's funeral won't be televised; it'll just be the highlights.
- Apparently Vidal Sassoon wanted to be cremated. Coming soon Vidal Sassoon's new range... Dead and Smoulders.
- Vidal Sassoon's lawyers are due to release details of his estate later today, I bet he was worth a bob or two.
- I've just read that Vidal Sassoon's son will receive nothing from his father's will. I can't believe that he's cut off his own Heir.
- Firemen had to build a bridge to get 63 stone teenager out of her house. Unless she's a big fan of structural engineering, surely a burger would've been better to tempt her out.
- HUNGRY PEOPLE if you are famished don't go to KFC as the portions are poultry.

REHASHING THE CRAFT

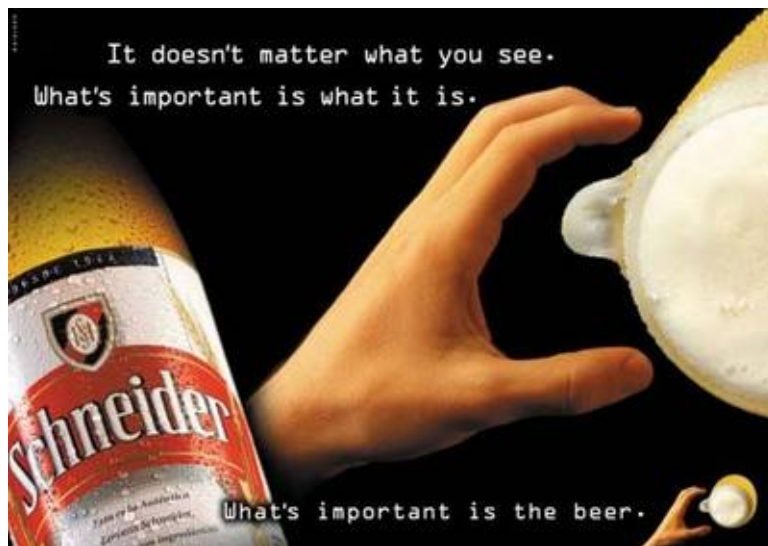
**CRAFT #47.5 - Airman Bob's
Ale by rail trail**

As ever Bob had organised this meticulously, matching train times into pubs. With the **Burrell** at Haywards Heath stipulated as the starting pub I was first there to spot the 4 pint jugs for a tenner deal.

Discovering that this did not include any real ale, I opted just to get myself a pint of Harveys while waiting. Lucky I didn't bother with the jug as the train time arrived for the connection to Wivelsfield and still no other b*gger had turned up so off I went.

There was rather more success at the **Worlds End** where Bob, Big Jim, and one of the other old bikers, Dudley, were tucking in to the ales. Next up was the **Winning Post** at Plumpton after a battle of wits royale between technology and man as those sans tickets tried rectifying with the automated dispenser. Here we were joined by young Boris who'd managed to slip one in on his way home from work. Attempts to derail him into leaving the company flatbed truck complete with expensive machinery failed despite reassurances about it being posh Plumpton. Down to 4 once more typically just as the eye candy arrived to serve, we were moved on quickly by the hare to catch our connection onto the **Dinkum** at Polegate. We actually found ourselves with a bit of a delay at Plumpton station, which gave plenty of time to enjoy the racing from the top of the footbridge!

While CRAFT have been cordially invited for the last 3 years, Bob's rail ale has been going for a few years now, and the Dinkum was a landmark in that it was the furthest east they'd ever reached. This old Harveys town pub didn't disappoint either with several good ales to choose from. As we left I grabbed some chips from next door which we demolished on the way to the **Trevor Arms** at Glynde. News that it was no longer Harvey's estate had us approaching with trepidation but Bob had recce'd with Eddie and pronounced it okay. We must've had a bad day though because when we got there it felt sparse and characterless, and the food was pretty expensive, so lucky we'd had those chips! The plan had been to stay there for an hour and a half but we left sharpish for the next train to Lewes and the safety of the **Gardners Arms** where we were joined not only by a large number of the original rail alers, but also CRAFTies Cyst Pit, Mrs. Ox, Hazel and another bloke wots name I've forgot. Hardly surprising as after a day of Harveys I decided to opt for the Dark Star 6 hop not realising it was also 6.5%! Mrs. Ox showed considerable ability by necking half of it for me though. And then, we all went home. Thanks Bob for another great day!



CRAFT #48 - Southwick beer festival

With so many CRAFTies off in Kenya for the great hash migration (Interhash alternative), and relays taking up other weekends we were struggling to keep the numbers up to ensure the 50th really is the 50th! No interest was shown in Kingston beer festival, Bunter was up for this one though, so we met in the Ship beforehand for a quick warm up pint. After several very hot days and with Steve Bennett of the Stanley Arms as beermaster bemoaning the short rest time, some of the beers ended up flat which was a shame, but suggested they may not have been spiled properly. All beers were the same price at £3.40 (by token) so there seemed little point messing about with 3.5% when you could get a 7% cider for the same price (this is the kind of thinking that will kick on the price per unit

calculator!) so that's the direction we headed in and with the sun in the garden made for a very pleasant evening! The band inside were very good too, but I would recommend caution with this one in future.

Bouncer

[illegible]

I have decided to produce and sell a strong alcoholic drink called "Responsibly". That way everyone in the country can get shit faced drinking responsibly. And all the other drinks makers will be advertising for me on their cans with the slogan "please drink responsibly". Probably will piss off the government as well.

- Halfway between murder and suicide is Merseyside.
- I like toilet humour; get it out of your cistern.
- The missus said 'You've only half finished the bathroom!'; it was a few tile effort.
- I had a dream i weighed a thousandth of a gram. It was like Omg

REHASHING

#1768 Horns Lodge, Chailey - Who's Shout? & Cooperman: Any chance for some more mud next time, Peter & Graeme? Another great Hash. Will affectionately be known as the Aintree Hash. 3 fallers but the majority got round safely! Pondweed

#1769 - Trevor Arms, Glynde Matthew: Despite the trash instructions requiring a U-turn to find the pub, a large pack of canaries gathered in the cold to hear DP's words of wisdom, something about the chalk arrers going in both directions "but you'll work it out". On was called... up the road to a left turn. Matthew was momentarily confused as the pack split, calling them back before realising we were on a check and he'd just given the game away. On the long haul up there was some evidence of running but not a lot. Don taking Bouncer and Chopper off to the right avoided the **circle** round Mount Caburn and was amused by the sliding tracks of the bullocks, but rather delighted to see an explanatory field of cow slips! Various routes to the bottom of the valley had the advance guard wittering on about the SCB's being on the wrong side of the fence. All became clear later, after hare had called them back from their marathon endeavours to regroup at the Bible, at the top of a **triangle**, to take pack straight back down the other side of the same fence. The SCB's were enjoying their moment leading the pack as we headed back uphill yet again to a long **straight** giving the main herd time to catch up. A final left turn on top took us back down to Glynde Opry House for a return along the road (making a pleasingly geometric and Play School themed **square** shaped r*n), which strangely saw sweeper Rich carve his way through the pack, earning abuse from Nerys who'd stopped to admire the hobbit houses. In the pub beers were a long time coming due to the minimalistic staffing, and talk was mostly about the relay despite the crowd heading off to hash Kenya! Eventually circle was called with a well-earned beer for the hare, who prior to the run had been ringing round to establish what the hash policy was on trespassing! Meanwhile on the run he was also heard to bemoan the hashers saying "oh they're so disobedient". Next up was a 'beer for the boy' for Marcus returning after a tour of duty in Helmand province, which he dispatched with impressive speed and efficiency. Bouncer then announced that he'd like to give Rik a beer, but wasn't going to. Allegedly only 3 managed to stick to trail throughout, being hare, Rik (who blew it on the way in), and Pat. After a suggestion that she should nominate her down down to Rich for abuse about us all going too slow, Ride-It-Baby responded "no, no it's mine" before duly despatching it that slowly she must have been breathing through her ears! Another great hash...

#1770 Rising Sun, Nutbourne - Wiggy: Lovely countryside although hare lost points by advising it was a 7 miler causing some hounds to choose a walkers option. Final score was under 5 miles to the r*nners but the walkers under their own steam and off-trail got close to 7 under Don's guidance! Meanwhile, King George & Elaine just managed to get back before last orders!

#1771 Chequers, Steyning - Adrian: Anticipating a reduced pack after previous outings, hare had managed to persuade a good turn out from real runners, Steyning Joggers. Fears were unfounded though as a good pack gathered to hear the hares words of wisdom. Hash hush called he then looked like a rabbit caught in a spotlight before finally blurting out "it's that way". A large pack of walkers followed the pack down Mouse Lane at a courteous distance while Bouncer inappropriately dressed in jeans & t-shirt, tried breaking his calf so he could head back to join Bunter & Mrs. Wiggy on a pub crawl of the town, an aim he singularly failed to achieve, ending up r*nning almost the whole way! The hash was really pleasant despite several threats of high climbs, with several vertical zig-zags, and good use made of the woody paths halfway up the hill. Some were cursing, some were short-cutting, but no-one managed to emulate Prince Crashpians arse-over-tit from our last visit, although the returning Jason had apparently managed to come close on several other occasions. A final drop along the road led to the playing fields for a return over castle hill.

In the pub serious minds were focusing on the 100 mile relay, with Spreadsheet once again loving having a clipboard in hand, after not being able to get it out for the 80! Down downs were awarded to virgins Eliana, Laura, and Kelvin, the rest of them having already scarpered, driver Eliana's concerns being raised when Bouncer decided to ask the W&NK hash question "was it long enough, was it hard enough and would you come again?" she opted to nominate, which saw Scott enthusiastically bath in the beer. Hare should thank his good friend Hernetta (according to the Brighton marathon results page) who insisted he should have a pint down down which Ade managed to neck in 3 just as the tilt was coming. Former serial-hasher Bunter refused even to come round to take his beer, and Wildbush was in hiding so the final DD went to Keeps-It-Up as representative for the half-a dozen BH7 folk who attended Mombasa. Another great hash...



Yet another hash relay...

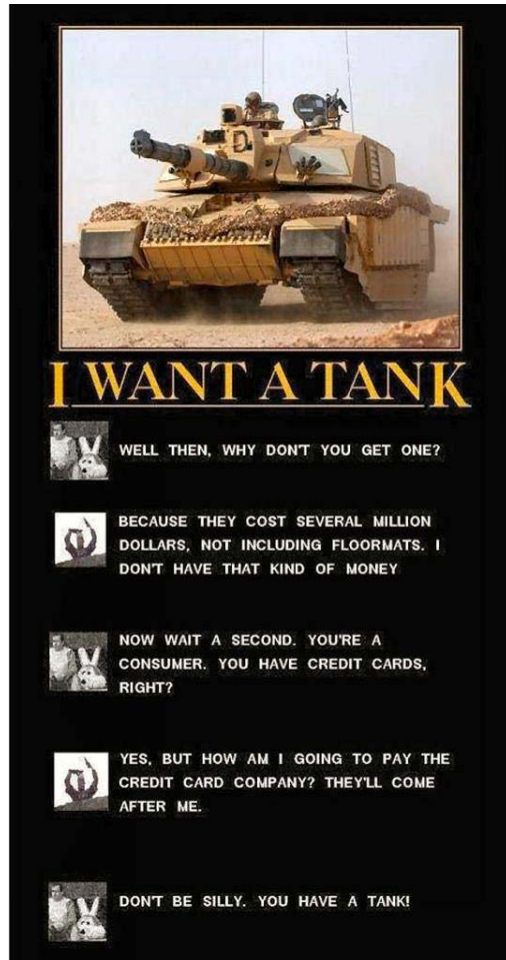
You have to feel for poor old Dave Evans. Never happier than when he has a spreadsheet to work on, especially when he gets to combine that activity with his 2nd choice of r*nnng, it looked like he was going to be disappointed with no team coming together for this years relay. Attempts to remind him that, apart from BH7 being the original 'disorganised' hash, the whole thing really only comes together during the 2 - 3 weeks before the event were not enough to quell his sombre mood. In the end 2 teams did manage to make the start, albeit with the usual delay by (the absent) Wiggy's team, for which Pat took the blame.

There was the usual team photo at the start and as usual no copy has reached your editor, before Spreadsheet (who'd turned up after all) and Pirate disappeared off towards Beachy Head.



After a moments considered hesitation the decision was made to relieve them at Harting Hill. Spreaders in magnificent form headed by a few minutes but Prof & Phil had decided to make up lost ground by sending the outgoing runners off early. This inevitably meant that by the time we reached changeover 3, Anne was hanging around on her own. Cyst Pit and Phil had managed to get there before she arrived to carry the baton forward, but there was no sign of the inaptly named Local Knowledge. Without the encouragement of a waiting crowd Pete had simply put his head down and run a mile or so past the changeover before realising his error, causing us all sorts of concern before he returned, although there was a big distraction in the uncanny echo! At Hill Barn Cyst Pit had been waiting for almost $\frac{1}{4}$ hour by the time the cars reached him but Chopper still had some ground to cover as Slash Gordon set off with Prof. We finally caught up with ourselves at the next changeover where Chris found herself mistaken for a tree by a wren which landed on her leg. Much to her chagrin, Pat had to take over from the wounded Bouncer on the next stage but it was good practice for the more serious 100 coming up.

It had already been a fairly bizarre day, even by hash standards, but Choppers decision to cut out the road section and get himself and Bouncer dropped off at the bottom of the hill for a gentle saunter up, took the biscuit! Still, as both teams did it there was no advantage apart from Phil's sprint finish using both legs. Your scribe is suffering from brain fade at this point about who was running for the other team (who were joined here by Marcus & Tim) but Anne had the downhill for the Sunday squad, once again causing concern that she'd lost her co-runner. Cyst Pit was long gone so we did our best to get to Steyning Bowl before him and again failed causing him to remark that "this is the strangest bloody relay I've ever heard of". Angel and Chris then went on a gentle jaunt together down to the cement works. Pirate & Marcus took off from here and broke the record for the longest time over this stage after deciding against the road route up, chucking in an extra couple of miles down to Golding Barn and back via the radar. At least we had plenty of time for the pint



from the Dyke pub but once again runners beat the cars to the next changeover, and we literally stopped only to let Slash in, and Anne out before moving onwards. Wiggy was waiting for us at the Beacon, along with an ice cream van who did a brisk trade, then on to the A27. Things were getting to be a blur now as Wiggy passed to Pat, then Pat onto Cyst Pit, who passed to Slash who passed it back to Wiggy and finally Pat to take us home. Several hashers were seen wandering off to recce the CRAFT hash in July at Alfriston, checking beer quality etc., but Spreadsheet assured us that there was no need for us to go to the finish and they would bring our runner back to Lewes, on which technicality Chopper seized his moment to claim victory! That despite team Phil recording 6 stage wins to our 7, with 5 draws, and our aggregate time being some 56 minutes quicker. What's more we drank more beer on the way!

At the regroup at the John Harvey Tavern, where more hounds crawled out of the woodwork in the form of Mrs. Ox, Hazel, Stretch and Butler de Bastad, down downs were awarded to Phil as organiser, hare, winner and therefore organiser of next years event; Dave Evans for sporting the most revealing "budgie smugglers" of the day; and Bouncer, for severe non-athleticism by running less than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the 80! From here it was round to Chaulas for another formidable spread, thanks to Spreadsheet who managed to have the last laugh by arranging the curry even if he couldn't get a team! Another great hash relay...



GRAHAMES SILLY PICTURES PAGE



THE



END



A foursome of guys is waiting at the men's tee while a foursome of women is hitting from the ladies' tee. The ladies are taking their time. When the final lady is ready to hit her ball, she duffs it 10 feet. Then she goes over and misses it completely. Then she hacks it another ten feet and finally hacks it another five feet. She looks up at the patiently waiting men and says apologetically, "I guess all those fucking lessons I took over the winter didn't help." One of the men immediately responds, "Well, there you have it. You should have taken golf lessons instead!" He never even had a chance to duck. He was only 43.....

A married man was having an affair with his secretary. One day they went to her place and made love all afternoon. Exhausted, they fell asleep and woke up at 8pm. The man hurriedly dressed and told his lover to take his shoes outside and rub them in the grass and dirt. He put on his shoes and drove home. 'Where have you been?' his wife demanded. 'I can't lie to you,' he replied, 'I'm having an affair with my secretary. We had sex all afternoon.' She looked down at his shoes and said: 'You lying bastard! You've been playing golf!'

An elderly couple were having dinner one evening when the husband reached across the table took his wife's hand in his and said, "Martha, soon we will be married 50 years and there's something I have to know. In all of these 50 years, have you ever been unfaithful to me?"

Martha replied, "Well Henry, I have to be honest with you. Yes, I've been unfaithful to you three times during these 50 years but always for a good reason."

Henry was obviously hurt by his wife's confession, but said, "I never suspected. Can you tell me what you mean by 'good reasons'?"

Martha said, "The first time was shortly after we were married and we were about to lose our little house because we couldn't pay the mortgage. Do you remember that one evening I went to see the banker and the next day he notified you that the loan would be extended?"

Henry recalled the visit to the banker and said, "I can forgive you for that. You saved our home but what about the second time?"

Martha asked, "And do you remember when you were so sick but we didn't have the money to pay for the heart surgery you needed? Well, I went to see your doctor one night and if you recall, he did the surgery at no charge."

"I recall that," said Henry. "And you did it to save my life so of course I can forgive you for that. Now tell me about the third time."

"All right," Martha said. "So do you remember when you ran for president of your golf club and you needed 73 more votes?"

Everyday we have something
to be thankful for.



Today... we are thankful that the
photographer was not standing
on the other side!