




BOGGY SHOE



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

R-ns/trash #184 September 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
3rd September 2012	1785	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	248 114	Kevin & Pondweed Ivan
Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. Est. 10 mins.				
#### NOTE: CHANGE OF VENUE. ####				
10th September 2012	1786	Fox, Small Dole	213 128	Bouncer & Angel
Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take first exit A281 to Steyning. Right at next roundabout and follow up into Small Dole. Pub is on left just in village. Est. 20 mins. <i>Please park at far end of c/p and pay for food with order.</i>				
17th September 2012	1787	Marquis of Granville, Sompting		Pat Ride-it-baby
Directions: A27 west through tunnel. Straight on at traffic lights, across roundabout at North Lancing to next lights. Straight on again and after houses end take next left. Pub on right, parking limited. Est. 15 mins.				
24th September 2012	1788	### Pub TBA ###		Mike 'Anybody' Cockcroft
Directions: . Est. mins.				
1st October 2012	1789	Queens Head, Barns Green	127 270	Cardinal Hugh & MAXCUMHERE
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham; A281 to Washington; A24 north to West Grinstead lights. Turn left then right at Coolham follow signs to village. Keep Right in village for pub. Est. 35 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

08/10/12 Oak, Ardingly - Tim the Tranny & Bentley
 15/10/12 Golden Cross, Golden Cross - Who's Shout?
 Spreadsheet
 22/10/12 The Cock, Wivelsfield - James & Chris F.

CRAFT HASH #52:

Friday 7th September - Poço Redondo, Tomar, Portugal
 Hare: Keeps It Up
 Extracurricular CRAFT:
 Friday 21st September - Ventnor, Isle of Wight
 Hare: P-Rick.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY SPECIAL for all those travelling to Portugal & France this month:

"Doctor, every time I cross into a new country I have to get drunk." Dr: "You're a borderline alcoholic"



29 Aug ~ 9 Sept 2012 London

The Paralympics is also olympics.

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

The Vectis Lunatics FMH3 *present* **The Great North South R#N 21st – 23rd Sep 2012**

A Hash from Egypt Point (northmost point) to the St Catherines Lighthouse (southern tip) on the Isle of Wight. This will be no usual Friday to Sunday Hash weekend! The main factor of difference is that the Saturday trail will be the best part of 18 hilly miles! I am fully aware that a Hash must be fully inclusive, indeed I am one of the great supporters of that ethos, but seriously this is a rigorous challenge for the fitter Hasher. Mind you there are bonuses, like four beer stops at real ale pubs! The Rego price is now £55, for which you get:

- **Friday Night Pub Crawl in Ventnor**
- **On-site Camping with toilet and shower facilities.**
- **Very Cheap Bar at the Campsite (£2 a pint for example).**
- **Plus Hash Goodies**
- **Saturday & Sunday Breakfast & Saturday Big Dinner**
- **Transport to and from the Saturday R#n**
- **Saturday Night Lick Your Wounds And Have A Few Beers**
- **Sunday Hangover Run With Isle of Wight Hash**

More details and registration forms on <http://www.iwhhh.org.uk>

Isle of Wight Hashers always lay on a good event for you, I expect nothing less with this one!
On On – P-rick 07812 038796

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HHHi everybody,

We hope you all had a great bank holiday weekend. For those of you who like to plan ahead, may we make a suggestion for the August 2015 bank holiday weekend? Come to Oxford!!! Why, you ask? It's because you could be hashing with eight hundred of your closest buddies...

That's right - Oxford H3 is bidding to host UK Nash Hash 2015!! As with all hash ideas this was conceived under the influence of several pints of real ale (right after last year's UK Nash Hash), but once we sobered up we realised that this is actually a great place for Nash Hash...



What do we offer?

- a fantastic choice of really good beers
- the glorious Oxfordshire countryside for picturesque trails
- a stunning medieval city steeped in history (where we will hold the red dress run, or just for sightseeing!)
- one of the friendliest hash chapters to host this event
- a committee of enthusiastic and experienced hashers who are committed to putting on a great Nash Hash

We've been working on the bid for a year now - you may have seen some of us hashing in our promotional t-shirts (or maybe you're wearing one at the moment!). Our current focus is on selecting an appropriate venue; this is obviously the most important factor for hosting Nash Hash. Once we have the venue finalised we will provide our complete bid plan. In the meantime we have put some preliminary info on our bid website (see below) which will be frequently updated.

Questions? You can reach us at nashhashinfo@nh2015.ukh3.org or check out the website <http://nh2015.ukh3.org>

On 2015! The Oxford H3 Bid Team

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RA Mudlark (*the one with the ropy beard!*) dispenses the **Down Downs** at the 'Return of the Sun Hash' in Antarctica:



The Independent Tuesday 14 August 2012

Drink up, sisters! Say no to generic lagers and sample the delights of a delicious real ale instead

Many years ago while we were at university, a female friend told me a story about going out for a drink with a man who, when she asked for a pint, brought her back two halves (*Ha! At least she got a pint one way or another. - Angel*). Another woman chimed in: "Well a pint isn't very ladylike, is it?" This was the late 90s - 1990s not 1890s - and I had never before considered that my womanhood was dependent on the size of the drinking vessel I was holding.

While the stereotype of "a pint of your best bitter barman, and a white wine for the lady" has been persistent, it is very much changing. Major brewers have been after the dainty-wristed, lady-pound for a long time, but generally try to target lager at women. Others have suggested that women might favour fruit beers, although they would have to admit that they are unlikely to count as one of your five-a-day. However - incredibly - they are finding that women's tastes tend to vary as much as men's. I'm not a great fan of fruit beers, but they're not in fact a new-fangled wheeze dreamed up for the fruit-salad-craving womenfolk, as using fruit to spice beer predates the use of hops by millennia.

No, what is really stopping many women from drinking beer is culture. And possibly the fact that you need to go to the toilet more often, which means queuing, because there are never enough women's toilets in a pub. Yes, I'm looking at you, every landlord in the country. The mannish reputation of beer-drinking culture is not always helped by beers called Top Totty being sold in the Strangers' Bar of the House of Commons. It's hardly as if the place needs to feel more like an Eton tuck shop. However, I would certainly never be tempted to curtail the naming creativity of the brewing industry. I don't want to live in a world without a Whiter Shade of Pale ale, Malty Towers and Milk Street Funky Monkey. Although the blonde-beer jokes could do with being put of out their misery.

Last week I went to the Great British beer festival at Olympia, it having been kicked out of Earl's Court by the Olympic volleyball. And while those at the Olympic park could only buy Heineken for the equivalent of £7.20 a pint, across the town another diverse crowd gathered to cheer and attempt Herculean tasks: sampling the best ales in the country for an average £3.50. An antidote to uniform, mundane corporate sponsorship but certainly with the same quality of volunteer and far better facial hair. This is where the Campaign for Real Ale (Camra) celebrates the diversity and quality of British brewing industry, which is in rude health. There are now more breweries in Britain than at any time since the second world war - a return to form after dipping to an all-time low in 1970.

When something you love experiences a rise in popularity, it is always a double-edged sword. While it's fantastic that the industry is doing well, this comes with the excruciating realisation that cask ale is becoming "cool", which increases the potential for ironic theme nights with people in rolled-up skinny jeans playing darts and bar billiards and screeching that everything is "random". The Great British beer festival is still immune to this. There you can enjoy the unironic and unutterable joy of skittles and roll the barrel. Witness mountains of pork scratchings and rows upon rows of pies. Buy a T-shirt with "Campaign for Surreal Ale" on it next to a picture of melting pint glasses. No ironic veneration of the late great Sid Waddell here, because it's a place for sincere admiration (nearly everyone in attendance could tell you his and Fred Trueman's contribution to Yorkshire television in the 70s). There are pub quizzes and auctions and I made sure that I went on Hat Day - Ladies' Day at Ascot this ain't. The winner of last year's Hat Day was a woman with a huge papier-mache wasps' nest on her head. She was representing waspwatch.co.uk. Now that was not a marketing idea cooked up by an agency where everyone sits on beanbags. There is an authenticity here that is both knowledgeable and welcoming and you get a real sense of this as a craft industry (*Huh? Ed's interjection to hint that he may have actually read this lot!*). Not one that is stale and outdated but vibrant and innovative. Plus reading out the names of breweries makes you feel like you're in Game of Thrones.

While at times the Great British beer festival can feel like a dad convention, more and more women are going along, they are brewing, they are putting on beer festivals and blogging about beer. People such as Marverine Cole, AKA Beer Beauty, show that you don't need to be white, male and bearded to enjoy the national drink. That said, if you are a fan of the beard, which I am, there is no better place on earth to see so many fuzzy faces, apart from possibly a Seasick Steve concert. Gender inequality leads to economic disadvantage for women, gendered violence, exclusion from the higher echelons of power but also from enjoying a good pint. Arbitrary and anachronistic feminine stereotypes are internalised by women; making them conform and subjecting them unnecessarily to bottled lager. I really do encourage women to take the plunge and try a real ale when next in the pub. Look past the lineup of generic lagers that are your oppressors to the brassy sparkling liberation of the real ale pumps. Marvel as the bartender has to put their biceps into the job of getting your drink and feel your forearm strengthen as you lift it for every sip, while shouting "We can do it!" for the sisterhood.



REHASHING

#1781 Kings Head, East Hoathly No report forthcoming about the r*n but Wiggy RA'd to give Airman a down down for his big birthday.

#1782 KIU & Wildbush's Summer BBQ hash Rain kept off for most of the run and when it did arrive we were hot and sweaty and in need of a shower - and got one. I got lost in woods with Richard, Prof Pete and Les and ended up on the Balcombe Road before doubling back. Plenty of mud on the trail. Harveys on tap. Good company. Good evening. Ivan did a downdown for letting Max sh#t without a doggy bag to hand. Cardinal Hugh is warned that he is line for a downdown too. **Who's Shout**

Angel took up the RA role again with other beers for the hares and Don. Rotten luck for the hares, with the weather which has consistently been miserable every time Brent & Kayleen have hosted us at their house.

#1783 Eight Bells, Bolney On our way back from Norfolk Angel chucked me out as we were passing, so leaving the bag at the bar, and setting off at 8.05, I quickly picked up trail through the churchyard and field to where we'd spotted the walkers disappearing into a hedge on the way in. Check was clearly marked that way so on I charged until the marks went cold at a cross path, but helpful muggles at the rope swing told me they'd all gone south west. I found a mark eventually leading round someone's garden to the road, but after the first mark, there were no more

and nothing at the road so I tried a speculative call getting a response from Young Les closely followed by Guy, as they headed towards me. Apparently I was actually on the walkers route but a quick consultation of Guys map and I set off in reverse, soon passing hare Ed doing likewise. Getting closer to Rout Farm Jo, Phil and Don all came towards me having used initiative and Phil's map to stay on track. Carrying on I met Pat & Prof heading down, but a quick look revealed no more of the pack in sight, so with light fading decided to stay with them through the wood, where Dan soon caught us up. At the check Spreadsheet and I went left following Chopper, Prof went on, and various others now in tow split the pack, only to meet again at Bookers Farm, where it was the usual route home. In the pub we were gifted a pint for the downs, but having missed most of the hash and with new boy Nellie clearing off quickly, my only target was Ed. As assistant hare Grahame opted out of the quick beer, Kit downed an empty glass on his behalf, before accepting the remaining half and dispatching that quicker than he'd managed the empty one! Another great hash...

#1784 Snowdrop, Lindfield In view of the sensitivity of Haywards Heath residents, reviews of this mega street hash, and the subsequent limerick competition have been deliberately withheld.

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More pictures from Antarctica – Return of the Sun hash

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REHASHING THE CRAFT - #51 I'M Lardy H3 Bideford

Well I have to say it's been a really busy summer of hashing for the Bouncer family, but great to see other Brighton hashers at most events! It all started for us way back in June when Milton Keynes held the UK alternative to Interhash. After the vote-rigging in Borneo, of course Kenya didn't actually win but should've so **Milton Kenya** it was. Thanks to the Queen, they actually drifted slightly from the Interhash date which meant that Red Slapper, Black Stockings, and Falling Madonna were able to attend both! Angel went off to **Hardys hash 25th** birthday late June, while I went to the **Stoggy Hag** on the Isle of Man a week later, not actually a hash do, but almost all hashers there. Once the kids broke up it was **Essex Hash** with the Eastbourne contingent as well as KIU & Wildbush. A week later was the **CRAFT 50th** camp out at Alfriston with all the usual suspects. Mid August found us up in Norfolk for the **NH3 1500th** weekend, where we found T-Bar Twin, Plsticide and Lone Ranger, and just a week later again we headed west for the **Lundy Island H3 25th anniversary** (24th weekend and roughly 23rd visit to the island, although we've only been twice before). It really looked like we were going to skip a month with the CRAFT, but on arrival we discovered that, as well as Cyst Pit & Radio Soap, Testi, Gin Gan, and many veterans of the French CRAFT last October were also all present, so armed with tankards the Friday night pub crawl became a CRAFT crash!

Lundy Island H3 was the brainchild of Tablewhine & Fat Controller from Bristol, but the weekend always starts with the I'M Lardy pub crawl, essentially Iron Maiden & Lightning, plus the kids who this time round became the hares! FC had arranged a barrel for us on arrival at **#1 Bideford Rugby Club**, where we were camping, and I managed to get the last decent pint from it, much to Testiculators disappointment as his 2nd came out like treacle. No need to be greedy! Although billed as a 7pm start it wasn't until 7.30 that people in r*nnng gear started mustering for some wise words from Fat Controller. Despite that, a bit of skilful 2nd guessing at the first check had your scribe first to the bar (and away before the crush) at **#2 the Appledore Inn**. The local brews proved popular throughout the weekend and I was soon joined by G3, Testi and a cast of hundreds, as we made our way on to **#3 Laceys Ale & Cider House**. This was so close to #2 that many chose to skip and carry on, although I later heard from Cyst Pit that they'd had to improvise. We enjoyed a beer here, then seeing an absolute deluge decided to enjoy another, by which time the trail was washed away. As the sun came out again we tried various options trying to locate the next establishment, but as some were street signs and another turned out to be an undertakers we were losing until a couple of locals suggested **#4 Kings Arms, Inn on the Quay**. It was a pub so in we went to find a couple of hashers already in situ. Very soon though it became the hash pub for the night so there was lots of catching up conviviality etc. as we attempted to deal with the landlady's strict enforcement of her outside area. No beer was allowed outside the rope (even in tankards!), but no chips were allowed inside which meant many a hasher running round the rope to get his pint, then back to get his chips before the holder scoffed the lot. Highly amusing, but eventually we headed back to the site to enjoy more ales at the RFC bar. Another great CRAFT crash!

Tales from the rank:

In the picture below, we will analyze what it represents to some groups of people. Read the review after the photo...



- For young men, it's a nice ass. The really observant will see the thong.
- For older men, it is a respectable woman with a nice ass crossing the street.
- The perverts will imagine her as a naked woman.
- The wise men will thank the photographer in the face of such beauty and that it was shared with humanity.
- For half of the women, this is an ordinary woman who should not have left home dressed that way.
- The other half is wondering where she bought that blouse.
- The wise women imagine the misery that this will be at 50.
- Children, the curious, and monks will probably notice a dog driving the taxi.

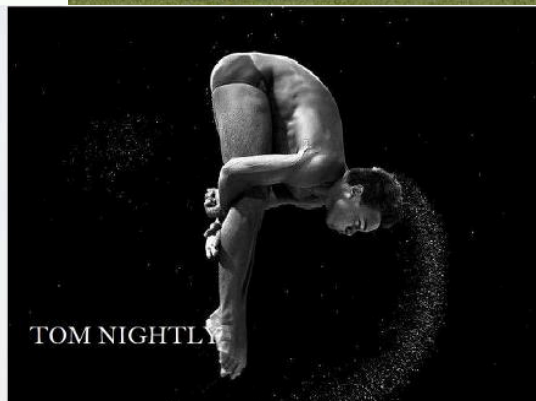
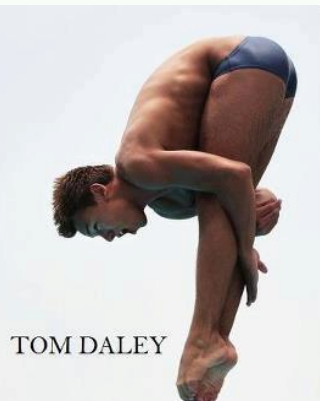
What! you didn't see the dog either?

IN THE OLYMPIC NEWS Part 1 the pictures:

OLYMPICS VS. SOCCER:



IT ALL WENT WRONG FOR TOM DALEY WHEN HIS PARTNER IN THE SYNCHRONISED DIVING WAS REPLACED AT SHORT NOTICE.



THE ONLY GUY WHO CAN BEAT USAIN BOLT:



Only Governments Want War

Piers Morgan on twitter :

"I was very disappointed @bradwiggins didn't sing the anthem either. Show some respect to our Monarch please!"

To which Bradley Wiggins responded:

"@piersmorgan I was disappointed when you didn't go to jail for insider dealing or phone hacking, but you know, each to his own"

THE END

After further investigation police in Essex have announced its not a lion on the loose but a snow leopard with hair extensions and a spray tan.

Found that Essex lion hiding in my wardrobe; asked him what he was up to..he said 'Narnia business'

Reports in the news of a large pussy on the loose in Essex. Police are investigating 22,859 possible leads.

After finding Samsung guilty of copyright infringement of Apple...the cast of Towie are now being sued by Orange.

Prince Harry blamed his antics on: a broken home, family living off taxpayers, growing up on estates & time in institutions

BREAKING NEWS Robin Van Persie's flat caught fire in London..... police suspect Arsene

Robin Van Persie is to release an autobiography about his time at Arsenal. Surprisingly it has no title

Fred came home drunk one night after the hash, slid into bed beside his sleeping wife, and fell into a deep slumber.

He awoke before the Pearly Gates, where St. Peter said, 'You died in your sleep, Fred.'

Fred was stunned. 'I'm dead? No, I can't be! I've got too much to live for. Send me back!'

St. Peter said, 'I'm sorry, but there's only one way you can go back, and that is as a chicken.'

Fred was devastated, but begged St. Peter to send him to a farm near his home. The next thing he knew, he was covered with feathers, clucking and pecking the ground.

A rooster strolled past. 'So, you're the new hen, huh? How's your first day here?'

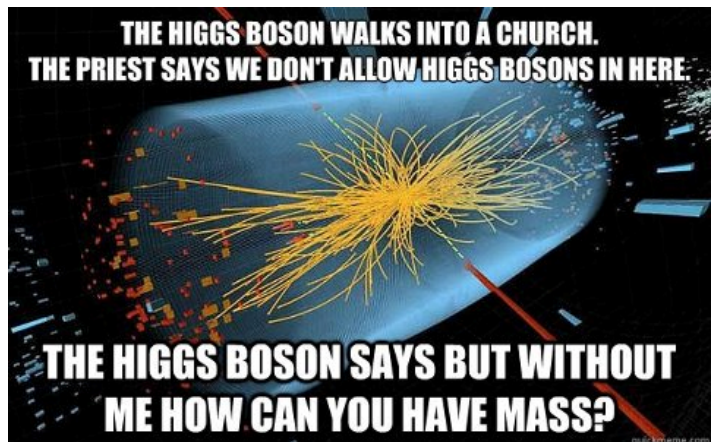
'Not bad,' replied Fred the hen, 'but I have this strange feeling inside. Like I'm gonna explode!'

'You're ovulating,' explained the rooster. 'Don't tell me you've never laid an egg before?'

'Never,' said Fred.

'Well, just relax and let it happen,' says the rooster. 'It's no big deal.' He did, and a few uncomfortable seconds later, out popped an egg! He was overcome with emotion as he experienced motherhood. He soon laid another egg -- his joy was overwhelming. As he was about to lay his third egg, he felt a smack on the back of his head, and heard....

"Fred, wake up! You pooped in the bed!"



50 shades, the final, disgusting word:

I saw a woman reading 50 Shades of Grey on the train today 'At least you don't have to lick your fingers to turn the pages' I said with a smile 'You disgusting wa*ker!' she screamed and stormed off down the carriage. Are all kindle readers that miserable?

I'm thinking of writing my own filthy book like Fifty shades of Gray. So far I've got "I gently ran my hands down her front until I found the smoothness of her pussy; she was wetter than a spastics chin". What do you think?

Next paragraph for your 50 shades book "After what seemed about 10 minutes humping the arse off her I pulled out, pumped the vast contents of my overflowing nut sack and left her with a face looking like a plasterers radio".