



# BOGGY SHOE



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers*

*R-ns/trash #188 January 2013*

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
7th January 2013	1803	Half Moon, Balcombe	310 307	KIU & Wildbush
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to Handcross. Right on B2110 over A23 then left on High Street. Turn right at roundabout then after a mile as B2110 bears left go straight ahead on Handcross Road. Right at the end then left for pub. <b>Est 20 mins.</b>				
14th January 2013	1804	Queen Victoria, Rottingdean	369 023	Prof Pete & Kit
<b>Directions:</b> FROM BRIGHTON PIER. Head along A259 east towards Newhaven. Turn left at 1st set of traffic lights after Rottingdean Windmill. Pub is on right hand side. Limited parking. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>				
21st January 2013	1805	Woolpack, Burgess Hill	301 198	Rik & possibly Louis!
<b>Directions:</b> Head north on A23 to Hickstead turn-off by Little Chef. Turn right over double mini roundabout on to A2300. Go over 1st roundabout then left at next A273. Right at next and pub 500m on left. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
28th January 2013	1806	Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham	309 084	Phil & Graeme
<b>Directions:</b> A23 south into town, first left Carden Avenue. Pub on right $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. <b>Est. 5 mins.</b>				
4th February 2013	1807	White Hart, Henfield	215 162	Prince Trevor Crashpian
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				

#### RECEDING HARELINE:

11/02/13 1808 Greens (fka Cuthbert Arms), Freshfield Road, Kemptown - Pete's long overdue 1000th!

18/02/13 1809 Ivan & Pat - pub tba

25/02/13 1810 Eager hare required

04/11/13 1811 Eager hare required

11/03/13 1812 Bouncovsky - pub tba

#### CRAFT HASH #54:

25/01/13 7.30pm

'P' trail from East Croydon station

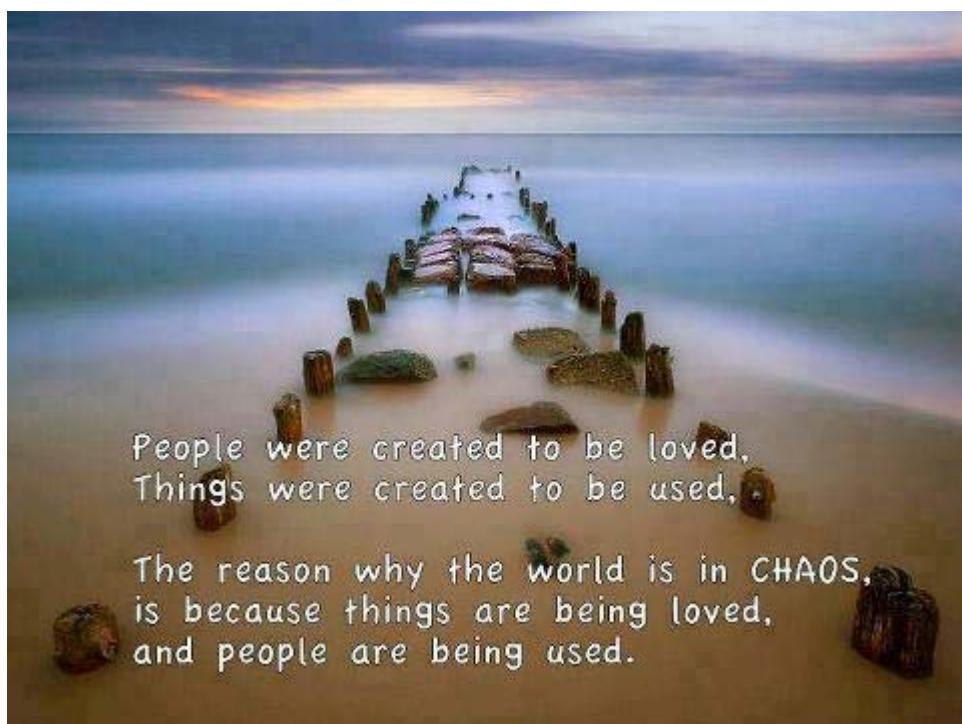
#### W&NK Hash:

20/01/13 11 a.m.

The Ship Inn, Cuckfield

#### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

Whether the weather be cold, or  
whether the weather be hot,  
We'll weather the weather, whatever  
the weather, whether we like it or not!



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

## By all means go dry for January, but it's worth knowing that 'detoxing' does nothing for your health

Peter Osborne has written an entertaining piece about why he's giving up alcohol for January: in essence, because he's worried that he is looking forward to that first drink of the day a bit much, and feeling the effects more than he used to. With the constant nagging background hangover and diffuse feelings of ill health that the end of the year brings, I suspect a lot of us will sympathise. He's doing it as part of Alcohol Concern's "Dry January" campaign; the drink charity is trying to get people to do a sponsored month off the booze, to raise money for (I assume) getting even more people off the booze. You'd be forgiven for being a bit tired of these sponsored months – we've barely seen the back of the damn moustaches – but if people feel it's a good cause, by all means do it. One thing that's probably worth being aware of, though, is that if you do it too, while you'll no doubt raise some cash, and perhaps save a few quid and lose a few pounds, there's very little reason to believe it will make you healthier in the long term.

Every January, hundreds of thousands of people take the month off the booze as a "detox". But your liver will not thank you for it, and in fact the whole concept of "detoxing" is little more than New Age nonsense, a modern penance for the sins of the year, which will do nothing for your long-term health. (Particularly idiotic are the "detox kits" that you can buy from various outlets, which are, as far as I can work out, purest quackery, especially anything which uses the word "quantum".) When the annual January Detox Bandwagon rolled around last year, the British Liver Trust issued a statement pointing out that it was nonsense. They got a consultant hepatologist, Dr Mark Wright, to say: "Detoxing for just a month in January is medically futile. It can lead to a false sense of security and feeds the idea that you can abuse your liver as much as you like and then sort everything else with a quick fix.

"It makes about as much sense as maxing out your credit cards and overdraft all year, then thinking you can fix it by just eating toast in January. The figures just don't stack up."

Essentially, the liver is quite good at repairing itself, but it needs to do it fairly regularly. A few days off the sauce each week, as opposed to a month off every year, is what actual doctors recommend. Feel free, then, to have a booze-free January. You may even find it makes you feel better and saves you some money. But be aware that it does nothing for your long-term health, and to be honest, if you need to take a month off the booze to prove you can do it (and especially if you require a financial incentive, albeit a charity-directed one, to do so), then you might want to think about your relationship with the stuff.

Anyway. Mine's a Talisker, please. Happy new year, everybody!

[illegible]

## Fitness resolution? Introduction to parkrun:

Parkruns are a weekly timed 5k event held every Saturday morning at 9.00am. All parkruns are free but you must do a one-off free advance registration at [www.parkrun.org/uk/register.aspx](http://www.parkrun.org/uk/register.aspx). Once registered there is no commitment to run; it's completely in your hands when and where. Just turn up at any one of the 100's of parkrun events across the country, and even abroad, with your barcode, which is scanned with your finishing tag at the end for your time.

There is a lot of similarity between parkrun and hashing in that first timers and visitors are always recognised, and there are awards (good quality material running shirts) for goal recognition, reaching 50 or 100 runs (and 10 for juniors), as well as the camaraderie. Okay, so most hashers aren't competitive, but if you want to step your running up a gear, parkrun can help bring a new element to your running as well as getting you out the door more than once a week! If you're injured or just don't fancy running, you can still be involved as volunteers are always needed.



Recently two people closely connected with Brighton hash have received special recognition in our closest parkrun at Hove Park. Rosemary's daughter and occasional hasher Sarah Russell won the points competition which runs throughout the year with points being awarded for your age-graded finishing position and volunteer work, and Dave Harvey, who has also done a handful of hashes and has ended up being the Brighton hash rep for parkrun became the first runner in the area to reach 200 runs.

Well done to both of them, but other hashers are also discovering parkrun including Tim Jones (44); Mike 'Anybody' Cockcroft (43); John 'Bouncer' Biggins (27); Scott Chinchin (13); Gabrielle 'Angel' Biggins (11); Adrian 'Peter Pansy' Scott; Ivan 'Pondweed' Lyons; Mike 'Cyst Pit' Pegley; Rosemary Noakes; Louis Taub; Lyn Maccallum Stewart; Sarah Healy; and Rik Taub.

In addition to Brighton & Hove parkrun at Hove Park (2.5 laps on path), other Sussex events are available at Eastbourne – Shinewater park (1 lap, 50/50 grass and path) and Tilgate Park, Crawley (testing figure of 8 round the lakes with tough hill), and more are on the cards.



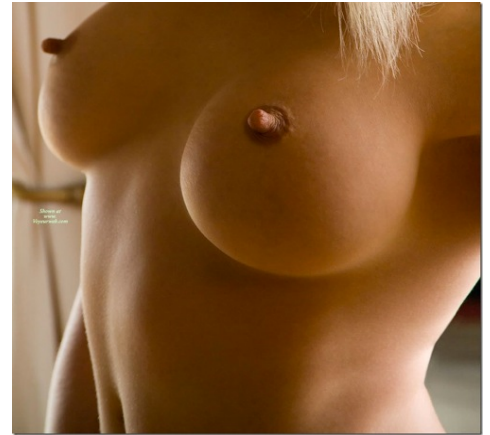
## DON'T PLAY WITH THOSE THINGS, YOU'LL HAVE SOMEBODY'S EYE OUT - part 1:

[illegible]

### Tales from the rank:

*Found this posted on facebook:*

"I would like to share a personal experience with you about drinking and driving. As you may know some of us have been known to have brushes with the law from time to time on the way home after a "social session" out with friends or work colleagues. Well, last week I was out for an evening with friends and had a bit too much to drink including some rather nice red wine. Feeling just a bit drunk I still had the sense to know that I may be slightly over the limit. That's when I did something that I've never done before - ... I took a taxi home. Sure enough on the way there was a police road block, but because I was in a taxi the police waved it past. I arrived home safely without incident. This was a real surprise as I had never driven a taxi before, I don't know where I got it and now that it's in my garage I don't know what to do with it!" *Thankfully I am now reunited with my cab and aim to restart work as soon as possible after the Christmas break! Bouncer*

[illegible]

## The evils of Starbucks don't stop at tax avoidance!

1. Recently, British Royal Marines in Iraq wrote to Starbucks because they wanted to let them know how much they liked their coffees, and to request that they send some of it to the troops there. Starbucks replied, telling the Royal Marines thank you for their support of their business, but that Starbucks does not support the war, nor anyone in it, and that they would not send the troops their brand of coffee.

So as not to offend Starbucks, maybe we should support them by NOT buying any of their products! I feel we should get this out in the open. I know this war might not be very popular with some folks, but that doesn't mean we don't support the boys on the ground, fighting street-to-street and, house-to-house.

If you feel the same as I do then pass this along. Thanks very much for your support. I know you'll all be there again when I deploy once more. Sgt. Howard Wright, 1 Platoon, Recon Company, Royal Marines

2. When the Twin Trade Towers were hit, the fire fighters and rescue workers went to Starbucks because it was close by for water for the survivors and workers, and Starbucks CHARGED THEM!!!



AN ADDED NOTE TO THIS: STARBUCKS HAD STORES ON SEVERAL MILITARY BASES IN THE UNITED STATES. THEY ARE NOW BEING REMOVED BECAUSE OF THIS.

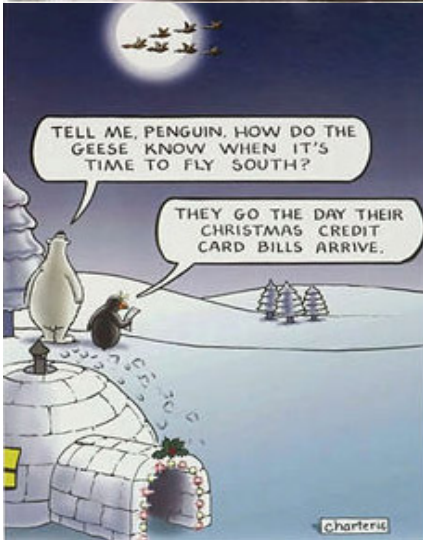
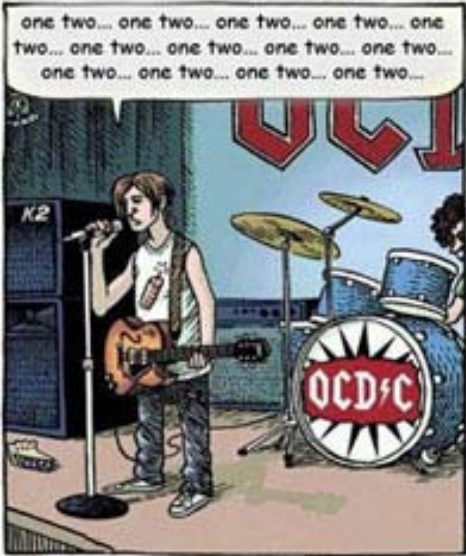
There are 227 Starbucks stores across the UK , and there's no doubt that our soldiers would get the same response from this company, so let us do our bit and boycott Starbucks to show them how despicable their actions are.

3. A Connecticut man has filed a law suit against Starbucks, claiming he was hospitalized after swallowing glass shards in his frappuccino verte. Bernt Ullman says he overheard an employee say the blender "sounded rough." He's suing for 4 million dollars... in a glass? I thought you said extra glass.



*IN THE NEWS...*

12.12.12 - World Microphone Testing Day:



This January, why not start the year with an empty jar and fill it with notes about good things that happen. Then, on New Years Eve, empty it and see what awesome stuff happened that year.



## I STARTED WALKING AROUND WITHOUT ANY SHOES



**AND IT SORT OF BECAME  
A HOBBIT**

Q: How many Hobbits does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: 1 to complain that the lightbulb isn't working, 5 to hold a meeting to decide what to do about it, 20 to form an expedition to the fabled Lightbulb Mines of Mythrill, 30 to throw a going-away party, 1 to ask Gandalf for directions, 1 to sell into slavery when the directions aren't stuck to, and they end up in entirely the wrong part of the country, and ready cash runs low, 5 get lost through natural wastage (bandits, murderers, monsters, etc.) 1 to be thrown to the Dragon that guards the Lightbulb hoarde, 1 to be thrown to the dragon to cover the retreat, 2 to carry the box of lightbulbs, 5 to find a large, sword-wielding barbarian to escort them home with the lightbulbs, another 30 to throw a safe-return party, 5 to get rid of the barbarian, who in typical style, got drunk at the party, 5 to find an Elf in the neighbourhood tall enough to change the lightbulb, one elf, and 5 to compose ballads of derring-do, heroism, sacrifice and lightbulbs. A grand total of 118.



Let's drink Friday because it's the end of the world, Saturday because we survived, Sunday to cure the hangover, Monday to celebrate Christmas Eve and Tuesday for Christmas.



**#1798 Old Boot Inn, Seaford:** Wiggy claimed it only took him 6 hours to set this r\*n, but there was no mention of alleged co-hare, Pirate! So Bouncer found himself drafted in with the simple instruction from hare to just stay with the front-runners. Oh yeah? Parking was difficult enough at this town pub but made more difficult by the attitude of a local rag who insisted on parking in such a way as to prevent any other access to the side turning. Hare introduced the trail as being set with schoolboy chalk and flour. After a silly circuit following Bouncer it was down to the seafront, then left following no marks at all apparently. Up the Head the pack was quite well spread out but the FRB's were eventually found out and co-hare was able to start lobbing the flour around. KIU especially was sent a real dummy for some reason believing that south might be an option even though the nearest land was France! Wiggy called it to the left and we dropped down to a very mucky track which saw a number of falls as we headed up towards the Golden Galleon. The return involved a dog-leg via the Seaford Head car park before a straightforward road route back. Down downs went to hare Wiggy who was made to neck his own Guinness; Matthew for a mid-run comment that "Wiggy had given Bouncer oral"; Pat for walking and complaining of nausea and back pain leading to Prof suggesting that Kate wasn't the only one up the duff (she should've done oral!). Whose Shouts attempts to stitch up Spreads for a birthday beer, in the uncertain hope that he may end up as nominee, failed, with the last two beers ending up with a drink-off between Tim (as fastest present at the previous days inaugural Downland Devil), and Charlie (who ended up as nominee for Chris after she made some comment about red lights on peoples rears). By a happy coincidence the last two were both also offering to set trail on New Years Eve so a vote was cast between a day hash at Belle Tout or usual time leading into a party at the enjoyable but nevertheless remote, Saddlescombe Manor, with the former winning. Aarghh a torn sheet (anag)!

[illegible][illegible]

**#1801 Bouncer & Angels place,**  
**Shoreham:** Our usual change of day meant a Sunday midday r\*n for Bouncers 20th anniversary with Brighton hash which clearly impacted on BH7 availability but loads of visitors especially from Hastings H3 and a joint r\*n with Henfield H3 helped to swell numbers. Finding the snowman marker was easy (it could only be Bouncers!), and co-hare Bollocks led the hash warm-up - a cup of mulled wine! Henfield hashes silly seasonal hat tradition ensured we drew plenty of attention as we set off for an amble round the streets of Shoreham. An early back check had Wiggy heading for the river with Stavros and Cyst Pit in his wake, and more were tempted by the downs across the A27 at Mill Hill, but it looped back in a figure of 8 to cross Buckingham Park, toy with

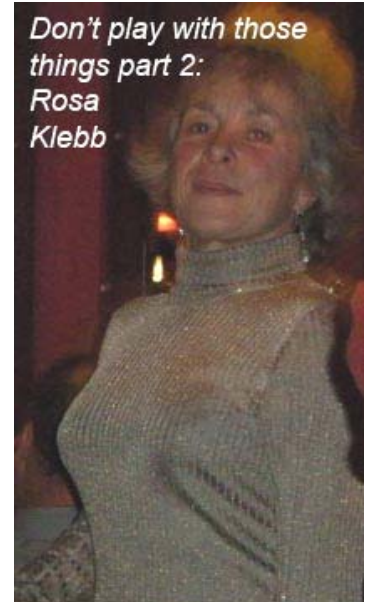
A woman with short brown hair, wearing a dark jacket with light blue accents, is smiling and holding a rectangular white cake. The cake has "20 years on air" written in red icing, along with some green decorations and a small logo. She is standing next to a Christmas tree decorated with lights and ornaments.

At the on inn supercheap Harveys was accompanied by copious amounts of samosas, bhajis and popadoms before the main fare of a massive chicken korma, vegetable curry and dhal followed. There were loads of sweet options available, contributed by hounds, of which the standouts were Bushsquatters chocolate covered brussel sprouts for the wrong reasons and Chris T's amazing cake for the right reasons. RA Tim awarded beers to the hares Bouncer & Bollocks, lost souls Wiggy and Cyst Pit, Bouncer for 20 years, Bouncer & Angel for hosting, and Bouncer because he'd drunk the last down down too slowly. There may have been others but by this point your scribe was three sheets! Grant thee a hoarsh (anaq)... *[Pics by Bushsquatter]*

## #1800 Christmas at the Hassocks

As usual for the Christmas hash, there was a smattering of old faces joining us, and as usual Christmas themed get up was the order of the day. Also as usual Airman Bob stole the show (with his nod to our bottom dwelling hasher, Mudlark still checking off-trail in Antarctica) dressed as a penguin, although old dear Chris's old deer get up was a very close 2nd. Pirate, bless him, was worried about Soggy Cracks late arrival, but Black Stockings and Red Slapper didn't seem at all concerned that Lost Box and the Falling Madonna weren't going to make the r\*n. And they say it's the guys that don't care! Rides It Baby was once again our hare, this time with the assistance of RA Tim. With the early charge along the road towards Ditchling, it looked like we may be spared the endless mud but just past the **Greyhound PH** we took a very mucky track across the fields and back towards the **Thatched Inn PH**. Up towards Oldland Mill, Louis, Rich, and Brent were well ahead despite Charlie's efforts to hold them back and it took a conveniently parked train on the tracks to get the FRB's under control, although it's unlikely that Keeps It Up's red light was entirely responsible for the driver's decision to stop across the footpath. With the pack once again mustered it was off to the **Friars Oak PH** and scene of many past Xmas gatherings at the **Hassocks golf club**. Which also has a bar. Which we also didn't stop at. I mean, what the hell, it was obvious how she dreamt up the route but how could the hare miss out on so much potential! All was finally forgiven as we reached **Ice Box's folks home** for a long overdue and very much appreciated sip stop of mulled wine and mince pies while the BBQ blazed beside us. A rousing chorus of hashy birthday for Sarah's old man and it was back for one last muddy field and the usual underpass finish. For the record Pirate & SC reached the sip after we'd gone, too late for any grog.

A quick spruce up and change into posh gear was followed by a mass gathering at the bar as thirsts were quenched while Charlie wandered around with the booze vouchers, Christmas cards flew backwards and forwards across the room like the paper jets in the House of Lords, and a frantic game of musical chairs without the music eventually led to everyone finding buddies for the night. Pat's efficiency with the food lists meant that no-one had to steal anyone else's grub under the pretext of amnesia as it was all writ large in front of you. As the various courses flew out and the mounds of sprouts and other veg headed up and down the tables, the RA (Tim, replacing Prof who was being held hostage in the Fatherland, must've literally hoovered his own meal to squeeze so much in) cracked on with the annual hash awards.



First up was the **new beard award**, which Tim got assistant Sarah to judge. Bouncers seemed to be the only one specifically grown despite Cyst Pits claim that after winning the Movember competition a few weeks back his was new growth (cheat cheat cheat!), however, ladies were allowed to appear with beards on the night prompting Rides It Baby's Santa beard and Angels soul patch. The judge seemed unaware of that option dismissing them outright as false and awarded **Bouncer** the prize. Also up was a special **Boot award** for **Pirate**, who has shown us the way forward in hash footwear this year appearing in flip flops in the summer, and wellies in winter! The **Mike Morris Memorial Cribbage award** (presented for recording the largest win over or if that hadn't happened the smallest amount of points behind Prof in the strange post-hash pub activities department) went to **Chopper**. And finally in the weird and wonderful section, **Charlie** received a **Short Shorts** award.

In the next batch, the **On On award** was presented to **Cardinal Hugh** who achieved his 100<sup>th</sup> marathon during 2012. There was a consolation **Charity award** to **Pondweed** who got all the publicity after reaching his 50<sup>th</sup>, although your humble scribe feels that Malcolm's treadmill marathon, as well as his 7 marathons in 7 days in March, should have been recognised as bloody silliest things for a hasher to do!

**Keeps It Up** received for **Most Unseasonable** hash which I think was his Boxing Day effort last year, **Psychlepath** for the **Longest** at the Snowdrop in Lindfield and **Prince Crashpian** for **Wettest** at the Friar Soak in April. **Cliffbanger** received a consolation beer at this point after his individual effort again at the Boxing Day hash when he went off trail to record about 11 miles! **Pondweed** then took a double with the **Biggest hill** from the Shepherd & Dog, and **Most Concrete** in Worthing Town Centre, although to be fair that December run was well received after an extremely soggy autumn.

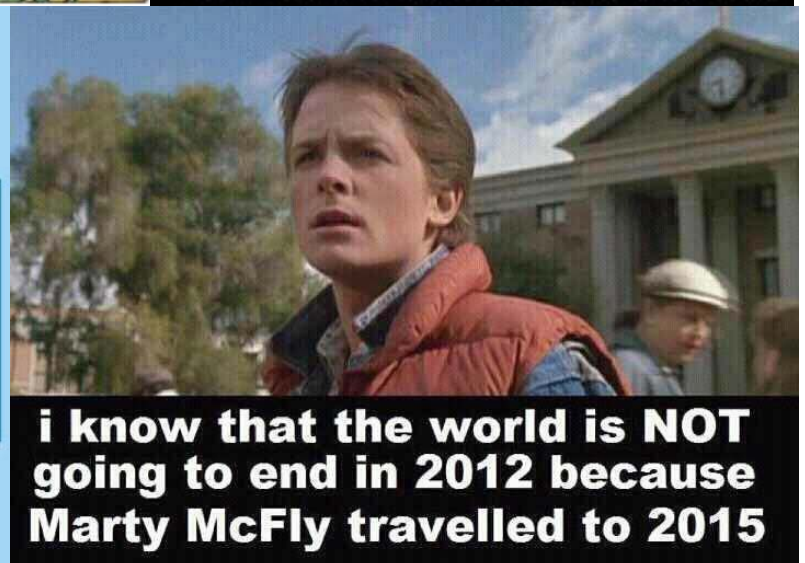








People are making apocalypse jokes like there's no tomorrow.

[illegible]

This has been a tough two or three years. You have taken my favourite actor Patrick Swayze. My favourite musician Michael Jackson. My favourite Blues Singer Amy Winehouse. My favourite actress Elizabeth Taylor. And now my favourite singer Whitney Houston. I just wanted you to know that my favourite politicians are Ed Miliband, Tony Blair, Nick Clegg, Ed Balls, Gordon Brown & John Bercow."





## THE ANT.



Every day a small ant arrives at work very early and starts work immediately. She produces a lot and she was happy.



The Chief, a lion, was surprised to see that the ant was working without supervision.

He thought if the ant can produce so much without supervision, wouldn't she produce more if she had a supervisor!



So he recruited a cockroach who had extensive experience as supervisor and who was famous for writing excellent reports.

The cockroach's first decision was to set up a clocking in attendance system.

He also needed a secretary to help him write and type his reports and so...

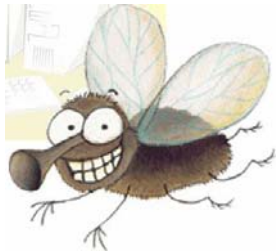
...he recruited a spider, who managed the archives and monitored all phone calls.



The lion was delighted with the cockroach's reports and asked him to produce graphs to describe production rates and to analyse trends, so that he could use them for presentation at Board's meetings.

So the cockroach had to buy a new computer and a laser printer and...

... recruited a fly to manage the IT department.



The ant, who had once been so productive and relaxed, hated this new plethora of paperwork and meetings which used up most of her time...!



The lion came to the conclusion that it was high time to nominate a person in charge of the department where the ant worked.

The position was given to the cicada, whose first decision was to buy a carpet and an ergonomic chair for his office.

The new person in charge, the cicada, also needed a computer and personal assistant, who he brought from his previous department, to help him prepare a Work and Budget Control Strategic Optimisation Plan...

The Department where the ant works is now a sad place, where nobody laughs anymore and everybody has become upset...

It was at that time that the cicada convinced the boss, the lion, of the absolute necessity to start a climactic study of the environment.

Having reviewed the charges for running the ant's department, the lion found out that the production was much less than before.

So he recruited the owl, a prestigious and renowned consultant to carry out an audit and suggest solutions.



The owl spent three months in the department and came up with an enormous report, in several volumes, that concluded: "the department is overstaffed..."

Guess who the lion fires first?

The ant, of course, because she "showed lack of motivation, and had

a negative attitude".



**Reminds me of the NHS, as well as every office I've worked at!**  
**BUREAUCRACY CREATES JOBS BUT KILLS CIVILISATIONS!**



So the Mayan thing was just a joke?  
That's what people think?  
You know, just once, it would be nice to get a thank you!  
Honestly, why do I bother?

The acting was wooden and many of the main protagonists miscast. The story line hard to follow and exaggerated to the point of laughable. The singing was out of key and the songs repetitive, whilst the choreography was nonexistent. The special effects were terrible, making the 3D experience stomach-churning. And finally the director didn't seem to know their arse from a banjo, making the whole thing bitty. In conclusion a very disappointing production and I shall not be going to my son's Nativity play again next year.

