




BOGGY SHOE



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

R-ns/trash #202 March 2014

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 March 2014	1863	Swallows Return, Goring	103 038	Pondweed
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. Take first turn-off after road reverts to dual carriageway (Angmering), then left at roundabout on Titnore Lane. Turning for pub is on right after 1 mile. Park in layby's on slip road. Est. 20 mins.				
10th March 2014	1864	George & Dragon, Dragons Green	139 235	Bob's Crutch & On Don
Directions: A23 north to A272 Haywards Heath turn-off. Right towards Petersfield. At Cowfold go right at 1st roundabout and left at 2nd staying on A272. Straight over at West Grinstead traffic lights and take 3rd right for pub. Est. 25 mins.				
17th March 2014	1865	Duke of Wellington, Shoreham	219 051	Wiggy
Directions: A27 west through tunnel. Leave at A283, left at roundabout. Across next roundabout then left up High Street. Left after yacht club then 2nd right (fork) for car park. Pub on main road just past turn-off.. Est. 15 mins.				
24th March 2014	1866	Chequers, Steyning	176 113	Anybody
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on left 1 mile. Park in village car park just past pub. Est. 20 mins.				
31st March 2014	1867	Jack & Jill, Clayton	299 143	Who's Shout & Cooperman
Directions: North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. Est. 5 mins.				
7th April 2014	1868	Fountain, Ashurst	180 162	Trikerider & Prince Crashpian
Directions: A27 west to A283, 2nd exit off roundabout north on A283 past Steyning, right on B2135. 2 miles on right. 20 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

14/04/14 White Horse, Hurstpierpoint - Pirate & Bouncer

21/04/14 World's End, Wivelsfield - Pondweed

28/04/14 TBA, Hollingbury - Jaws

CRAFT H3 #67 - Hove Beer Festival SATURDAY 8th March

Joint with SLASH H3.

10am - Keeno's for a short r*n from Hove Station. 11am - 3pm - Beer festival, Hove Town Hall - P trail from station.

You are advised to get tickets in advance from venue or various other outlets: <http://www.sussexbeerfestival.co.uk/>

W & NK H3 #** 11.00am 16th March Dragon, Colgate - Bouncer**

Henfield H3 #129 11.30am 23rd March TBA, Henfield - Cardinal Sinner

Thought of the day: I can't believe it's Pancake Tuesday again. Honestly, it just crêped up on me...



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

Sussex CAMRA branches Beer Festival - 6 - 8 March 2014 - Tickets will be on sale from **13th January** for all sessions (Thursday 5 - 11pm £5; Friday 11am - 3pm £4; Friday 5 - 11pm £8; Saturday 11am - 3pm £5; Saturday 5 - 10pm £6) from the following outlets: Evening Star, Brighton; Beer Essentials, Horsham; Bell, Hove; Gardeners Arms, Lewes; Stanley Arms, Portslade; Buckingham Arms, Shoreham; Selden Arms, Worthing. CRAFT H3 are having a joint meet with SLASH H3 so will be going to the Saturday afternoon session following a short hash from Hove Station at 10am.

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Hash Relay - May 2014 - Provisional date is 17th May, and we are looking to do the alternative Round Sussex route as the year ends in 4! Hopefully, we will be clearer by next month, and can start organising teams for what is always a great day out in the hash calendar, but if anyone wants to get things going please feel free!

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South Downs Way 100 mile relay - 7th June

Once again the hash will be submitting 2 teams for this (at a squeeze!). Rich 'Bosom Boy' Sansom will be organising the 'A' team, and Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans the 'Vets'. If you're interested in taking part in this challenging day involving 3 stages of running during the course of the day, please let Dave know as soon as humanly. We can always use reserves, drivers, masseurs and other support!

[illegible]

Friday 20th June Burgess Hill Runners hash Royal Oak, Newick

Burgess Hill Runners organise a Friday pub run every month, and Bogeyman, along with Kim 'Twinkle' Gow of Burgess Hill are planning to make this a hash on 20th June. Naturally all Brighton hashers are invited to take part, and there is a reasonable possibility this will turn into a CRAFT pub crawl later, although details of that are yet to be decided!

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"Ah, Mr Bond, I've been expecting you"

City H3 25th Anniversary Worthing RFC - 27th - 29th June

Although forms are not yet available City H3 will be camping at Worthing RFC to celebrate their 25th anniversary on the weekend of 27th to 29th June. Due to a prior booking, the Rugby Club premises are not available on the Saturday so it looks likely that they will have an on-site function on the Friday, followed by a pub crawl on the Saturday night, and Keeps It Up has offered CRAFT H3 to hare. Further information as soon as forms are available.

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CRAFT CAMPOUT #4 - Arundel

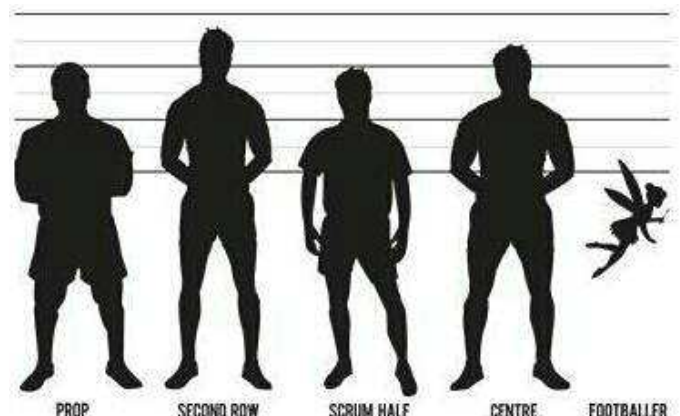
Early stages yet but a number of potential venues have been identified! We're looking at mid to end of July so keep your diaries free, and again, more info next month!

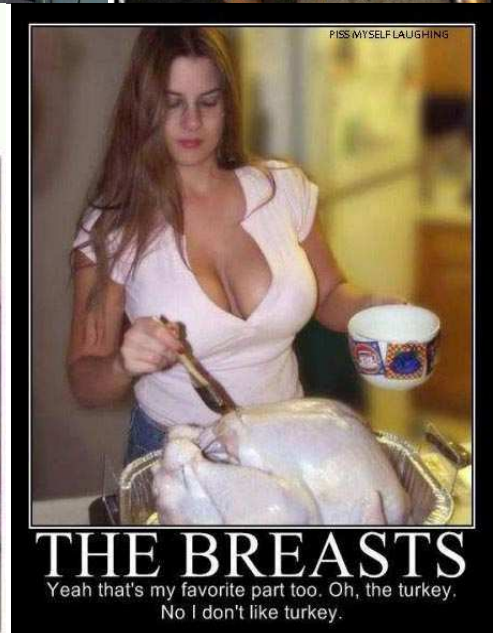
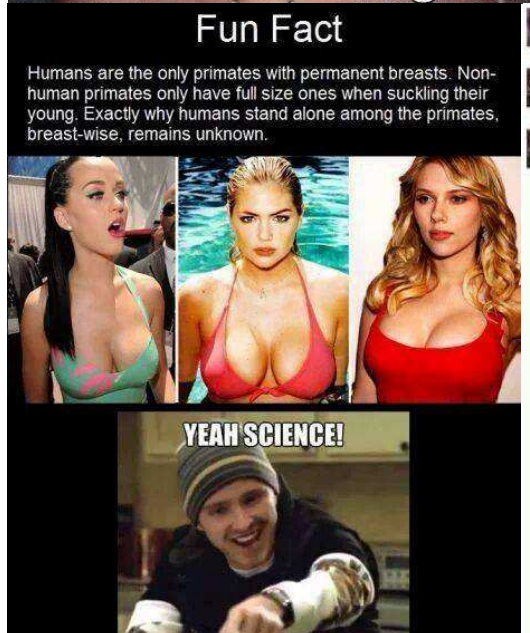
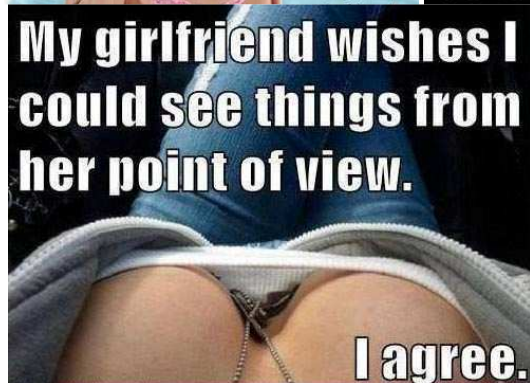
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Eastbourne Walking Festival - 27th September to 5th October

2014 sees the launch of a brand new walking festival, a joint event organised by Eastbourne Borough Council and Wealden District Council, with local groups invited to join in too. Working with walking groups and special interest organisations, the two Councils launch Coast and Country, which starts on 27 September 2014 with two consecutive weekends of activities. The walking festival will encourage residents and visitors to take up walking as a way of staying healthy while at the same time enjoying the stunning beauty of this part of Sussex. Local groups and those from further a field are invited to organise and lead walks which focus on the seafronts, promenades, downs and villages of East Sussex from the coast through to the High Weald.

As if to accentuate the fact that we appear to be rapidly turning from a drinking club with a running problem into an eating club with a walking problem, Brighton hash have been invited to organise a 'hash' to be included in the publicity for the festival. Black Stockings has responded with the caveat that everyone takes part at their own risk as risk assessments and the whole Health & Safety thing are overruled by good old fashioned common-sense with the hash, so although not 'officially' part of the programme we will feature and may have a few extra along for the Monday night!





REHASHING — check out the website for actual r*n routes!

#1859 Fox & Hounds, Haywards Heath Arriving at the pub, I was delighted to see Bogeyman getting stuck into an early beer because it was so cheap, but a look from the wife stopped me from following suit. Angel decided that we would walk together then took off at a speed walk the achilles would not allow me to match, but I managed to keep reasonably in touch with the pack as we headed out the back of the car park on a SSW course, before check took us due west to cross Valebridge Road and on to Bedelands Farm. We kept close to the railway line heading north to cross Rocky Lane but by now I was coming adrift, so Angel gave up on the pack to wait for me, and as a result, struggle together to find trail on to the sip. After a heavy weekend involving a party Saturday followed by 30 mile walk on Sunday, St. Bernard was happy to pass on the walk and meet us at the sip with leftover beer he'd managed to procure from EGH3 hasher Yogi. So it made sense to do the Down Downs in Riks garden, starting with hare fairly obviously. Anybody should have had one for his attention seeking tumbles, twice in quick succession, but as the driver he'd gone off to fetch the car to look for lost soul Jaws. That only left one member of the Hove pack to take the beer so Pondweed was duly downed. Rich seems to have made several attempts lately to gain a name including dressing up in serpent green at a non-hash drinking event, then ending up as nominated driver; and attending a wassail thingy (what hasher needs to ask that question?). As he's got a responsible grown-up job to do with the relay, the time was right, and after various options were bandied around it went to the wire with Bosom boy beating Chinese Tit by Angels casting vote, based on his facebook posting earlier in the day claiming to be an International Ample Bosom Expert. There were others to use up the beer, including yours truly for whinging, but those particular brain cells were later destroyed by the exceedingly cheap (and even cheaper for Camra card holders!) Harveys back at the pub! Another great hash!



#1860 Royal Oak, Newick Rather sensibly after the previous weeks efforts I decided that Angel could do what the bloody hell she wanted but I was sticking with the much more sensible walkers pack. After a short stroll through the housing estate we were once again wallowing in the mud, but some efficient local knowledge from Airman brought us out on to the road only 100 yards from where we should be, which had us in time-honoured fashion twisting the scenery to fit the map. A debate took place at the next junction with the fitter lot opting for the longer route, whilst myself, Airman and Pompette headed back along the road to retrace part of our outward route, reaching pub bang on 9. The Old Ale was particularly wonderful which meant that the driver decision was well-established by the time Angel made it home, but she was appeased by the excellent Green Thai curry. Lewes Corduroy boys Spreadsheet and Dildoped were duly congratulated on a fine r*n, but turning to our new boot Peter Harris I was stunned to see he'd slipped away for the long drive home to Battersea as soon as the circle had started. Having represented us in the relay though, Chopper was nominated on the water and Spreadsheet the beer for finding him in the first place, to the tune of the Grand Old Duke. Next up it was Matts & Patts 250th awards, Dildoped having sourced his own extraordinarily small tankard, and Rides-It bugging things up by changing her r*n date after her cup had been engraved. Ideally they should have swapped mugs but I let it lie, having previously been bollocked by the wife for giving her less than one (pint). Although they'd both had new boot awards previously John & Stuart had kept their hash names secret. A telegram from Interpol revealed the truth though so Jaws and Negative Thrust, were officially welcomed! And finally, the numpty award for last week went to Ivan again for forgetting the numpty of the week award, before he was allowed to pass it on to Bosom Boy who necked the beer but promptly off-loaded it to Pompette as second choice to carry it forward! Another great hash!

#1861 The Neville, Hove Great run tonight Pat. Good mixture of town and country. Smallish Pack kept together (almost). Nice sip stop for Pat's 250th (or was that last week?). Quite a long hash but really OK. Was it 6 or 7 miles? Slight rain, but nothing compared with recent events. In fact, quite dry....so all in all, a bloody good hash....and I didn't fall over! or break anything! We started off on a town hash; jig zagging roads and, of course, Hove park. Some climbed rocks in the park and were shoulder-lifted down them. (Pat on Tim!!) Then to three corner copse (by a roundabout route). Wiggy seemed to get there first but claimed he was still checking the last check and just happened to spot the sous-hare John there. A likely story. Up to Green Ridge tea house (slightly predictable) thence towards the windmill. Over bypass footbridge and down into Waterhall valley. Now a country hash started. Up to waterhall golf club and across the Saddlecome road and Dyke road to Dyke Road Golf Club and to the old Halt. We ran down the defunct Dyke railway from the golf club halt (where I understand there used to be a warning bell in the golf club to give golfers time to down their drinks before the train came past) across the bypass into the back end (arse-hole) of hangleton and the rear of Benfield estate to a brandy/whisky sip stop at Toad Hall valley before slipping back to the Nevill Pub. Here we learnt that the Albion were 1-0 in the lead. (Not for long) The pub had a whole wall devoted to the broadcast which was greeted by mixed opinion by the hashers. Say no more. Pizzas were £10 for two. I didn't partake so can't comment further. Others may wish to. I enjoyed my Harveys (meal).

The down-downs went to hare, Pat and virgin, Steve. Perhaps it was a little constrained as our landlord had already left and locked the key to the beer vaults away so that the sweet bargirl (who I was told by Don resembled a character from Shrek but wasn't green) couldn't offer any FREE down-down refreshment and thus heroic Tim very kindly paid for the down-downs out of his OWN POCKET. (Mention him in dispatches!). A really good evening. **Who's Shout?**

REHASHING (ctd.)

#1862 Downs Hotel, Woodingdean "Dear sir, I wish to complain in the strongest possible terms about the lack of food available at the pub on Monday." Yes, the eating club with a r*nnng problem strikes again as, despite hare maintaining they'd spoken to the pub, chef was knocking off at 8.30pm, causing outraged complaining from the masses. The fact that, much later on after a bevy or twa, no-one seemed to avail themselves of the chippy opposite suggests it was all hot air. A few brief words of wisdom from Kit and pack headed off down the road, only to be called back to the path opposite, then headed down the path opposite only to be called back for the drop down to the houses. Meanwhile the walkers were following Saddleshaft and gradually getting separated as first Local Knowledge headed off to rejoin r*n further along, then Bobs Crutch and On on Don, discussing tactics for their own route soon, missed a turn, finally Pompette, Saddleshaft and Airman, declined the promise of adventure to make the 8.30 cut for grub. Adventure it was as, realising that Anne & Don had probably got it right after all, Bouncer, Wildbush & Comes Again headed into the cemetery. Julie said we wouldn't get out the other side as there would be a high gate, but getting to the other side, it turned out she'd got it on the nail! Fortunately a breach in the fence further down offered freedom and on we trudged to the sip above the old bakery. With rum, whisky and donuts on offer from Marcus and expectant friend time passed quickly, despite the cold wind, until r*nners started appearing. Several old school 'hoorahs' for Trikeriders 65th birthday were called while others were still complaining about the climb out of Ovingdean, so moves to the pub were made. Inside Lily the Pinks persuasive powers secured a few pints for the down downs which were dispensed to Kit & Mudlark for the trail; virgin Tammy and visitors Sno'balls from Cambridge and L!ck the Cl!t from Far Far Away; Sinners Dildoped for attempting to drink from the hash horn, Lily the Pink for being beaten by a woman (Hamstring in Brighton half) and a dog (You Stupid Bastard, who Tim had maintained would be knackered after a long run the day before), and Bogeyman for extreme efforts to make Guernsey H3's M*d'nF*n r*n on the worst possible weekend for travelling, while leaving Roaming P*ssy at home, not even picking up her number and goody bag! Lily the Pink, told how he started hashing on Elaines 60th birthday 5 years ago, then, without giving her age away, had us all singing a traditional song for Elaine while a cake was produced. Pompette produced the Numpty mug which should've gone to Pondweed (again) the previous week but he wasn't there. Nor was he there this week so Prof became the back up for miscalling and turning up in civvies, relying on hares to produce his hash attire. Trouble is he'd already gone so Wiggy was awarded for the way he crashed his car into the car park, then demonstrated his worthiness with a blatant fail at finding the nostrils. Somehow a half was left on the bar, which was supposed to go to Bouncer for not just accepting, but actively encouraging the barman to use dregs for the down down beer. Tim forgot to award that but Bouncer drank it anyway! Another great hash...

on



With Valentines day coming up next week, Oscar Pistorius is considering taking another shot at love!

My girlfriend asked me to take her somewhere expensive for Valentine's Day. Think she'll enjoy our trip to the petrol station? This girl sent me a text which said "your cute", so I corrected her "you're cute", and now she thinks I like her.

Just booked a table for Valentines Day for me and the wife. Bound to end in tears though; she's crap at snooker.

Lovers help each other undress before sex. However after sex, they always dress on their own. Moral of the story: In life, no one helps you once you're screwed.

When a lady is pregnant, all her friends touch the stomach and say, "Congrats". But, none of them come and touch the man's penis and say, "Good job". Moral of the story: "Hard work is never appreciated."

If sex with 3 people is called a threesome and sex with 2 people is a twosome, now I understand why they call you handsome! It's a bad Valentines Day when the Lamppost by the pub got more cards and flowers than I did.

Japanese couple in an argument over ways of performing erotic sex: Husband: Sukitaki. Wife replies: Kowanini! Husband says: Toka a anji rodi rouni yakoo! Wife on her knees literally begging: Mimi nakoundinda tinkouji! Husband replies angrily: Na miaou kina tim kouji!. You just read this as if you understand Japanese proving you'll read anything as long as it is about SEX...

THE SOMALI LOVE OF 'RUDE' NICKNAMES By Justin Marozzi

David Moyes has been offered a role on the bobsleigh coaching team in the Sochi Olympics. Team GB are said to be impressed in his ability to get his team to go downhill at speed!

St. Patrick's day

Baptising an Irishman

A Irish man is stumbling through the woods, totally drunk, when he comes upon a preacher baptising people in the river. He proceeds to walk into the water and subsequently bumps into the preacher. The preacher turns around and is almost overcome by the smell of alcohol, whereupon he asks the drunk, 'Are you ready to find Jesus?'

The drunk shouts, 'Yes, oi am.' So the preacher grabs him and dunks him in the water.

He pulls him up and asks the drunk, 'Brother have you found Jesus?'

The drunk replies, 'No, oi haven't found Jesus.' The preacher, shocked at the answer, dunks him into the water again for a little longer.

He again pulls him out of the water and asks, 'Have you found Jesus my brother?'

The drunk again answers, 'No, oi I haven't found Jesus.'

By this time the preacher is at his wits end and dunks the drunk in the water again - but this time holds him down for about 30 seconds, and when he begins kicking his arms and legs he pulls him up. The preacher again asks the drunk, 'For the love of God have you found Jesus?'

The drunk wipes his eyes and catches his breath and says to the preacher, 'Are you sure this is where he fell in?'

A cop pulls up two Irish drunks, and says to the first, "What's your name and address?" "I'm Paddy O'Day, of no fixed address." The cop turns to the second drunk, and asks the same question.

"I'm Seamus O'Toole, and I live in the flat above Paddy."



On a bitterly cold winter morning a husband and wife in Dublin were listening to the radio during breakfast. They heard the announcer say, "We are going to have 8 to 10 inches of snow today. You must park your car on the even-numbered side of the street, so the Snow ploughs can get through." So the good wife went out and moved her car.

A week later while they are eating breakfast again, the radio announcer said, "We are expecting 10 to 12 inches of snow today.

You must park your car on the odd-numbered side of the street, so the snow ploughs can get through." The good wife went out and moved her car again.

The next week they are again having breakfast, when the radio announcer says, "We are expecting 12 to 14 inches of snow today. You must park...." Then the electric power went out. The good wife was very upset, and with a worried look on her face she said, "I don't know what to do. Which side of the street do I need to park on so the snow ploughs can get through?" Then with the love and understanding in his voice that all men who are married to blondes exhibit, the husband replied, "Why don't you just leave the bloody car in the garage this time."

Two old Irish men were talking about their youth. "You know, Mick" says Paddy, "I can't for the life of me remember the name of that Father who used to abuse the pair of us back in Sunday school." "Oh, really?" Asks Mick. "Ah, sure, that's the fella."

Irish police are being handicapped in a search for a stolen van, because they cannot issue a description. It is a Special Branch vehicle and they don't want the public to know what it looks like. (The Guardian)

My Irish mate is a geologist but he can never stroll too far from his construction days. I asked him, "What's seismic?" He replied, "Size 10 boots and an XL hi-vis vest"

An American tourist asks an Irishman, "Why do Scuba divers always fall backwards off their boats?" The Irishman replies, "They have to go backwards. If they fell forwards, they'd still be in the boat."



Continuing the war on terrorism; the Irish S.A.S have just confirmed that they have stormed Battersea Dogs Home and killed 200 Afghans.

After 100 years lying on the sea bed, Irish divers were amazed to find that the Titanic's swimming pool was still full.

Due to a water shortage in Ireland, Dublin swimming baths have announced they are closing lanes 7 and 8....

Paddy thought his new girlfriend might be the one but after looking through her knickers drawer and finding a nurse's outfit, a French maids outfit, and a police woman's uniform, he finally decided if she can't hold down a job, she's not for him. Paddy is doing some roofing work for Murphy. He nears the top of the ladder and starts shaking and going dizzy. He calls down to Murphy and says "I tink I will ave to go home, I've come all over giddy and feel sick." Murphy asks "Ave yer got vertigo?" Paddy replies "No I only live round the corner."



In the news etc...

If Fred Talbot is found guilty of historic sexual offences, he could face prison. The forecast is for unpleasant showers.

Paul Daniels' house has been flooded during the recent bad weather.

Now that's tragic.

House for sale in Tewkesbury 4 Bed 2 Bath Ample parking for 30 boats

The missus said that she always wanted to see what Venice looked like.

So I'm taking her to Somerset.

The best thing about having floods in the Midlands is that all those people who won a speedboat on Bullseye will finally get to use them.

The residents of Norfolk were worried when they heard about the floods possibly reaching them. That's until they remembered that they each own a pair of webbed feet to help them swim better.

I am quite surprised about the recent floods. British Summer time normally comes in much later!

Since Live Aid in 1985, Britain has gifted millions of pounds worth of aid to Ethiopia. So a few bags of your sand would be nice.

Living on a floodplain and wondering why you've been flooded is like living on a volcano and thinking "What's that red stuff?!"



Flappy Bird creator, Dong Nguyen, has removed the program from the App Store, making him the first game programmer in history to pull a bird.

There were some gorgeous tube staff at the station today; in fact they were striking. Not surprised that DLT has been found not guilty. Anyone with a name that rhymes with a sandwich must be a jolly good egg.

"Kiev protests continue in the Ukraine." I don't blame them one bit. I heard it's not even chicken that they put in them these days.

Sky News: It's still blue with white clouds.

Jehovah's witnesses tell the worst knock, knock jokes.

Say what you will about Columbus, but he did put America on the map.

Going to Seoul for a work sabbatical; a Korea break

You know it's a quality kebab van when it has four Michelins.

I used to work in a Brighton prison in the 1960's. We had all the mod cons.

I had a good morning today! I met Cameron Diaz... And her brother, Buenos.

TIP: Save a lot of money by staying single between December 24th and February 15th

The dispute over where to bury Richard III has become more complex since his skeleton was declared fit to work by Atos...

Breaking news: Steve Jobs was, in fact, murdered. Police are appealing for iWitnesses.

There is a new aftershave that smells like breadcrumbs... the birds love it.

I invited my American mate to the opening of my WW2 themed pub. He was late.

Sad news at the Nestle chocolate factory today, a worker was seriously injured when a pallet of white chocolate fell more than 50 feet and crushed him underneath, he tried in vain to attract attention but every time he shouted "the milky bars are on me" Everyone just cheered!!!

The more of them I see, the more convinced I am that IKEA employees were once shoppers who just got lost.

Can you remember as kids we used to knock on peoples doors and run away? It still happens, it's called Parcellforce.

In the USA, executions are being postponed because of a shortage of drugs that will kill people humanely. According to my doctor, giving them a full English breakfast, four pints of lager and a cigarette should make death instantaneous.

Just been charged with murder for killing a man with sandpaper. Annoying cos I only wanted to rough him up a bit.

I see Boris Johnson's promising to make the London Marathon more fun next year by making non-professional contestants wear fancy dress. Personally I think it would be a whole lot funnier if they just removed all the manhole covers.

Just got back from a gamblers anonymous meeting. I was sat next to a fruit machine addict. It was terrible, he was nudging me all morning....

The girlfriend and myself write all our love letters in pencil. We have a no-pen relationship.

Someone keeps adding soil to my allotment overnight. It's an absolute mystery as to why though. The plot thickens...

Why couldn't the lifeguard save the hippie? He was too far out man

Vending machines are great if you dream of blending the calm professionalism of a doctor with the inflexibility of a newly-divorced doorman.

My son just told me he was watching a film about a man who's wife is brutally murdered by a serial killer, and his son is left physically disabled, then the son gets kidnapped and the dad has to track and chase the kidnapper thousands of miles with the help of a woman with mental health problems... I thought that was a bit heavy for an 8 year old!!! Turns out he was watching Finding Nemo!



No official CRAFT during February, but a few of us made it out to Guernsey (the UK's Hainan!) against the odds for the UK Alternative to Interhash. Mr. X, Junior, My Little Sperm'ead (known as Spunky Chops on the Rock), CD, Horny, and several others all had entertaining trips which involved several aborted attempts to land eventually taking 29 hours. Roaming Pussy was advised not to travel due to illness, and Bogeyman stayed back loyally so also missed the Friday night pub crawl (red dress of course, as it was Valentines day!). Myself and Angel had our midday ferry moved forward due to industrial action and weather to 5.30am which meant leaving Shoreham 1.30am, but at least we got there, and with Testiculator and Gin Gang set off in our frocks. Pub #1 was the Wayside Cheer hotel where we were all staying, and where folk had been gathering throughout the day in defiance of the weather gods. Legover had been mocking my suggestion that it would take us half an hour to get across from the terminal, but it actually took almost an hour as we familiarised ourselves with the Guernsey roads. Lemming and Mother, on the same ferry managed to stretch it out for nearer 2 hours though! Although the trail went out the front door, pub #2 literally backed on to the hotel so most of us short-cut, to the amusement of the locals. When the call for on-on went out I was in the loo, Angel thought I'd gone so went with pack, then I waited back thinking she'd gone to the loo, got chatting to Whyno and Whyaye and promptly ended up back in pub #1! Eventually tearing myself away I then had over a mile walk solo in my red dress to find the pack stuffing their faces in pub #3 (don't ask me the names!). At least I had a full tankard! Much of the pack had eaten here, before we took the long walk to #4 the football club, but I was determined not to get left behind as Angel and G3 headed off. This time Ging Gang was convinced Testi had gone ahead but he soon caught us up! Better than Foghorn and Dragon Lady, who took the same long route back and missed the karaoke which kept us entertained until we were booted out! A great night indeed, and worthy of CRAFT, if only I'd taken notes.



For the record the rest of the weekend was taken up with the GH3 Mud'n'Fun run on the Saturday, which Bogeyman did actually make it out to, loads of beer afterwards, and a silly night in the hotel, followed by a hangover hash, which again ended up at the football club on the Sunday, where yours truly got stuffed for a down-down from a strange skull contraption! There were still quite a few left Sunday evening who were split between the hotel bar and the bar next door where karaoke and the traditional Guernsey bean jar were available. Angel was the only one hardy enough to join GH3 Men's on their Monday run as a 'gentlemen

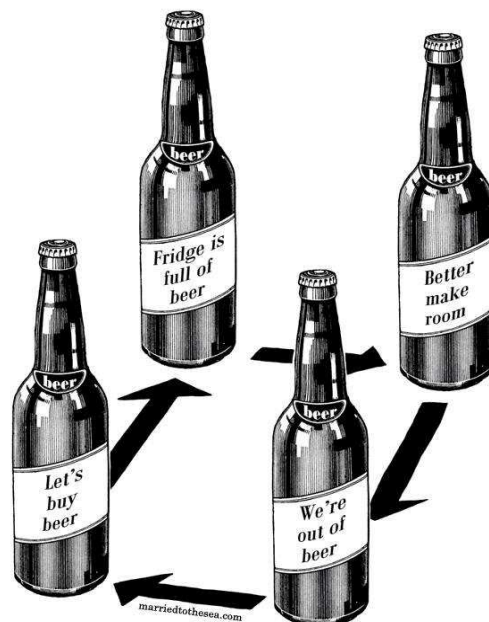
of the opposite sex' (only available to visitors!), while I chewed fat with the greater part of the pack in the bar! Great weekend!



What's Your Real Ale Name ?



Your Mum's First Initial:	Your First Initial:	Your Birth Month:	Your Last Initial:
A Ostler's	A Golden	Jan Badger	A Plucker
B Cobbler's	B Ruby	Feb Cow	B Worrier
C Chandler's	C Dark	Mar Toad	C Botherer
D Clerk's	D Nutty	Apr Rabbit	D Beater
E Groom's	E Sweet	May Pheasant	E Fighter
F Tinker's	F Best	Jun Cock	F Wobbler
G Shepherd's	G Old	Jul Ferret	G Teaser
H Peeler's	H Strong	Aug Donkey	H Dodger
I Farmer's	I Hoppy	Sep Goat	I Muncher
J Fisher's	J Pale	Oct Lobster	J Snapper
K Waggoner's	K Heavy	Nov Rat	K Licker
L Mason's	L Amber	Dec Spaniel	L Slurper
M Weaver's	M Vintage		M Fancier
N Squire's	N Special		N Choker
O Hooper's	O Warm		O Chaser
P Fletcher's	P Zesty		P Biter
Q Carpenter's	Q Rustic		Q Sniffer
R Cooper's	R Fruity		R Tickler
S Turner's	S Smooth		S Lifter
T Founder's	T Bitter		T Shagger
U Bodger's	U Smokey		U Fiddler
V Clogger's	V Velvet		V Hunter
W Slater's	W Oatmeal		W Tosser
X Digger's	X Tangy		X Fixer
Y Drover's	Y Malty		Y Kisser
Z Ghillie's	Z Blonde		Z Puller



What deep thinkers men are... I mowed the lawn today, and after doing so I sat down and had a cold beer. The day was really quite beautiful, and the drink facilitated some deep thinking. My wife walked by and asked me what I was doing and I said 'nothing'. The reason I said that instead of saying 'just thinking' is because she would have said 'about what'. At that point I would have to explain that men are deep thinkers about various topics which would lead to other questions. Finally I thought about an age old question: Is giving birth more painful than getting kicked in the nuts? Women always maintain that giving birth is way more painful than a guy getting kicked in the nuts. Well, after another beer, and some heavy deductive thinking, I have come up with the answer to that question. Getting kicked in the nuts is more painful than having a baby; and here is the reason for my conclusion. A year or so after giving birth, a woman will often say, "It might be nice to have another child." On the other hand, you never hear a guy say, "You know, I think I would like another kick in the nuts." I rest my case. Time for another beer.

Which intellectual wrangling lead us nicely into...

PROFS PAGE for the intellectuals

It's hard to explain puns to kleptomaniacs because they always take things literally.

What do you get when you cross a joke with a rhetorical question?

3 logicians walk into a bar. The bartender asks "Do all of you want a drink?". The first logician says "I don't know". The second logician says "I don't know". The third logician says "yes". Einstein, Newton and Pascall are playing Hide and seek. It's Einstein's turn to count so he closes his eyes and starts counting to ten. Pascall runs off and hides. Newton draws a one meter by one meter square on the ground in front of Einstein, then stands in the middle of it. Einstein reaches ten and uncovers his eyes. He sees Newton immediately and exclaims, "Newton! I found you! You're it!". Newton smiles and says, "You didn't find me. You found a Newton over a square meter. You found Pascall!"

There's a band called 1023mb. They haven't had any gigs yet.



When Oedipus reached Thebes, he encountered a Sphinx. "If you want to pass this point alive, you must answer my riddle: What goes on four legs in the morning, on two legs at noon, and on three legs in the evening?", the Sphinx asked. Oedipus pondered for a moment. "Probably one of those new Pokemon", he finally replied. "There's like 600 of them, I'd be surprised if one of them DOESN'T change its number of legs whilst evolving". "Fair enough, man", spoke the Sphinx. "I can't reasonably expect you to remember all their names. You may pass."



A mathematician and an engineer agreed to take part in an experiment. They were both placed in a room and at the other end was a beautiful naked woman on a bed. The experimenter said every 30 seconds they would be allowed to travel half the distance between themselves and the woman. The mathematician said "this is pointless" and stormed off. The engineer agreed to go ahead with the experiment anyway. The mathematician exclaimed on his way out "don't you see? You'll never actually reach her." To which the engineer replied, "so what? Pretty soon I'll be close enough for all practical purposes!"

A Roman walks into a bar and asks for a martinus. "You mean a martini?" the barman asks. The Roman

replies, "If I wanted a double, I would have asked for it."

Another Roman walks into a bar, holds up two fingers and says, "Five beers please."

A logicians wife is having a baby. The doctor immediately hands the newborn to the dad. His wife asks impatiently: "So is it a boy or a girl?" The logician replies, "Yes."

Jean-Paul Sartre is sitting at a French cafe, revising his draft of Being and Nothingness. He says to the waitress, "I'd like a cup of coffee, please with no cream." The waitress replies, "I'm sorry. Monsieur, but we're out of cream. How about with no milk?"

Helium walks into a bar and orders a beer. The bartender says "sorry, we don't serve noble gases in here." He doesn't react.



March 14, 2015 - 9:26:53

WILL BE EPIC.

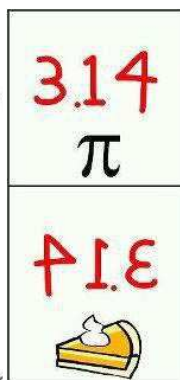
Why?

3.141592653 = π



$$V = \pi z^2 a$$

$$V = Pi(z*z)a$$



WIKARY:PL

The Bathtub Test

During a visit to my doctor, I asked him, "How do you determine whether or not an older person should be put in an old age home."

"Well," he said, "we fill up a bathtub, then we offer a teaspoon, a teacup and a bucket to the person to empty the bathtub."

"Oh, I understand," I said. "A normal person would use the bucket because it is bigger than the spoon or the teacup."

"No," he said. "A normal person would pull the plug. Do you want a bed near the window?"

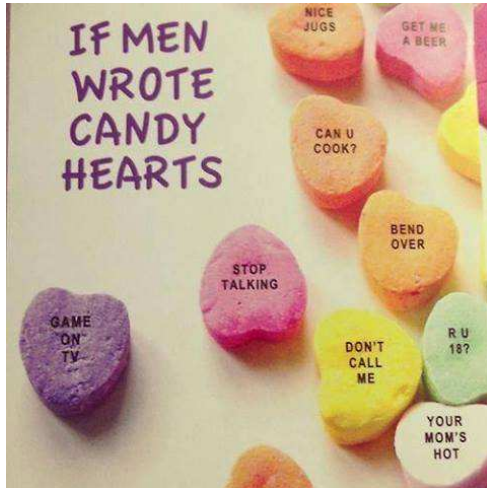
ARE YOU GOING TO PASS THIS ON...OR DO YOU WANT THE BED NEXT TO MINE?

THE



END

This month's round-up from SPOOJ:



I was crying the other day and a guy came up to me. He said, "What's wrong?" I said, "Putting your finger up a horse's ass."

A famous Hollywood director would never shag his own adopted daughter.. Woody?

If the answer is "blue whales" then what was the question? "What did Camilla do the first time she met Prince Charles?"

What the teacher actually said was "Get on the GYM beam". So, long story short, I got shitfaced and tried to have sex with a vaulting horse.

Two Thai girls asked me if I'd like to go bed with them, they said it would be just like winning the lottery! I agreed, and they were right. We all stripped off and to my horror, we had six matching balls!

I got sacked from my job as a bingo caller the other day apparently, 'A meal for two with a terrible view' isn't the best way to announce number 69

I got a letter from Screw Fix Direct thanking me for my interest, but explaining they were not a dating agency...

Apparently 35% of women in the UK are on anti-psychotic medication. That's fucking scary, the other 65% are wandering around untreated.

What's the big deal with Women liking Downtown Abbey? Don't they get enough period Dramas

My mum used to teach us that "'I want' never gets". That came to bite her on the arse when it came to choosing a nursing home.

A work colleague told me that he had sex with a boxer, I asked him "Was it at the local gym?", he replied "No the local kennel".

Meeting a blind date at Starbucks. She said she'll be wearing Uggs, a NorthFace Jacket, and yoga pants. I got her narrowed down to 47 girls.

I'm going on The Jeremy Kyle Show but I've nothing suitable to wear. There's no charity shops in my town.

I tell all the women I'm an engineer which really impresses them. Until they get a look at my train set.

What's the difference between stress, tension and panic? Stress is when wife is pregnant; tension is when girlfriend is pregnant; panic is when both are pregnant

I've set up a webcam next to the urinals at my local pub. Visit my website for live streaming.

It's a strange fact that on a sunny day, the shadows on Westminster Bridge form the shape of penises. Very fitting considering at the end of the bridge, there is a building full of cocks.

My first rectal examination went a lot smoother than I was expecting today. Until I realised I only went to the opticians for an eye test.



I didn't think I believed in God and all that. But after 12 pints and a dodgy curry, hell has just fallen out of my arse.

As I stood swaying from side to side at the British Airways ticket desk last night, the guy looked at me and said, "Can I help?"

"Yes," I slurred, unzipping my superman costume and pulling my wallet out, "One ticket to Amsterdam please." "You're unable to fly, sir," he replied, "You're far too drunk." I said, "I know mate, that's why I'm getting a plane."

This 'Wedding Cluedo' is a bit crap, there are only 3 cards! The bride in the bathroom with the best man.

The latest book from Wales: "101 ways to do lamb" - there's even a few recipes in it.

I just watched Welsh porn. It's a National Geographic documentary.

I went into Superdrug today and asked for some condoms. The woman said, "Have you tried Boots?" I said, "I want to slide in, not march in!"

I've just invented a fly magnet. I bent a dog shit into a U shape.