



R-ns/trash #226 March 2016

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.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
7th March 2016	1968	Eight Bells, Bolney	262 228	Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right then right again for village. Est. 15 mins.				
14th March 2016	1969	Inn on the Green, Scaynes Hill	368 230	Rik Psychlepath & Bouncer
Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.				
21st March 2016	1970	The Anchor, Ringmer	125 448	Chris Pompette & Kit Knightrider
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout then right again onto B2192. Pub is in centre of the village on the right. Est. 15 mins.				
28th March 2016	1971	Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham	309 084	Phil Chopper & Cooperman
Directions: A23 south into town, first left Carden Avenue. Pub on right $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Est 5 mins.				
4th April 2016	1972	The Mile Oak Tavern, Mile Oak	246 073	Pat Ride-it, Baby
Directions: A27 west to Hangleton link. Left at 1st roundabout then right at 2nd (Fox Way). Follow round to the end then turn right. Pub is on left. Est. 10 mins.				

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

11/04/16	Eager hare required!
18/04/16	Eager hare required!
25/04/16	Yacht Clubhouse, Brighton Marina - Cyst Pits 100th
16/05/16	Cricketers, Berwick - David Harris & Nicola BS

CRAFT H3 #88: Friday 19th March 7pm Parkdean campsite, Hayling Island.

HASTINGS H3:

Sunday 13th March - The Wheel, Burwash Common
Hare: Sh*tstirrer with Routemaster

BEACHY HEAD JUMPERS H3:

Sunday 27th March - Helen gardens, Eastbourne
Out of hibernation, animal onesies hash!

Thought for the day - *And here's another good reason to put the smile on your face by hashing:*

Drink because you are happy, never because you are miserable - *Chesterton*.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES - *see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:*

18-21/03/2016 Winchester hash away weekend - Hayling Island incorporating CRAFT #88 Havant. *See below.*

29/4-1/5/2016 UK alternative to Interhash, Edinburgh - Bali-erno. *Event full.*

1-2/5/2016 Ashford Loco Hash House Harriers Weekend - Farriers Arms, Hersham, Ashford Kent TN25 6NQ

21/05/2016 BH7 Hash relay SDW or bust! Date confirmed per Chopper. *"As you've published it"*

1-3/7/2016 IOW Medieval weekend. For full info see #224 or <http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/iwmedreq.pdf>

16-18/9/2016 Really Over The Top (ROTT) Hashing event <http://toedsh3-admin.com/rott2016/>

17/10/2016 Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000th r*n - *Diary date for big celebration at Pete Eastwood's place.*

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2000th R*N

After some hard work chasing up YHA by Wildbush, we finally established costings from YHA central, our two main contacts at the hostel both having time out for paternity and maternity leave. They seem adamant on the price of the beer, itself a dealbreaker, but their figures also appear to be higher than we were told previously making this an uneconomic venue without all the other caveats. A real shame as it has potential, and a massive frustration, but they don't seem to understand basic economics.

Whilst looking at other venues, we have made an initial approach to Brighton Rugby Football Club, which we used previously to host the West London Hash 1000th event, and will be visiting shortly to discuss our requirements. Next meeting 23/3 at John Harvey Tavern, Lewes. 7pm for run, 8pm meeting. All welcome.

[illegible]

3RD WINCHESTER HASH AWAY WEEKEND 18-21 MAR 2016 PARKDEAN HOLIDAY PARK. HAYLING ISLAND

Arrive and register during the afternoon, the weekend kicks off with a CRAFT pub crawl hash on the Friday from 7pm. Saturday am a few are visiting either Queen Elizabeth Park or Havant parkrun 9am start for a 5k sharpener (pre-registration required online for bar code) while others use their entertainment passes to get a cheeky swim in. Main Winchester H3 hash starts 10.30 from site, aiming to get back in time to take in all three final matches in the 6 nations during the afternoon. There may also be a SHAT hash (whatever that is!) or a chance to take advantage of the park facilities. Own expense evening meal followed by park entertainment. Sunday morning hangover hash will be hosted by Chichester hash from the Ship at Langstone. To register contact BIKA -TMPHendy@gmail.com or http://www.worthyh3.co.uk/Social/Hash_Weekend_2016.htm

[illegible]

The Great NorthSouth R#n - the Number 1 Run on the Isle of Wight

A Hash from Egypt Point (the farthest point north) to St Catherines Lighthouse (the farthest point south of the Island).

The main theme to this R#n is to have fun, socialise and still put in some good mileage. There are no Marshals for this event so you are on your own to some extent, however, the ethos of Hashing is for everyone to look out for one another. It is not a race!

The trip has four phases. The first is 7 Miles to the Blacksmiths Arms, The second is to the Chequers which is at the Half Marathon distance, The third is to White Horse at Whitwell and then finally to St Catherines Lighthouse and back up to the Buddle. As it's a Hash please drink at every pub even if its water!

2016's Run Will Be On Sat 17th September 2016 Registration and more info at: <http://www.greatnorthsouthruniow.co.uk/>

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MOTHERHASH 80TH ANNIVERSARY EVENT - KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA - September 2018

Hash House Harriers (1938), Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, is pleased to announce that it will be holding a celebration to observe its 80th Anniversary in September, 2018. Hashers from all corners of the hash diaspora bearing our name, or variations of it, are cordially invited to 'return' to the cradle - and the Eden - of hashdom, for a grand extravaganza in celebration of this momentous milestone. Participants will get to be a part of what is shaping up to be the largest congregation of hashers the world has ever known. Motherhash is ready to welcome you back to the origins; be transported back in time to where our hash forebears first germinated and gave birth to our very realm. Gispert and his band of trailblazing initiates of 1938 will be on hand, metaphorically, to welcome you back to our spiritual home, the HASH HOUSE. Yes, Motherhash's 80th Anniversary will conjunct with the unveiling of the resurrected HASH HOUSE, albeit by necessity in a different locality.

Be the fortunate first 1000 registrants, and pay only RM 350.00 for the hashing experience of your lifetime! Registrations can be done online. Visit our website at: www.motherhash.com, and click on the link to our 80th Anniversary.

Please note that registrations are only accepted via our online registration portal as mentioned above, so please help out your friends who are not so IT savvy. We will not accept any hard copy or direct registrations.

On On to the BIG 80th!!!

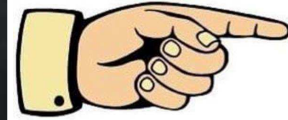
Hardy Boy

The Free the Nipple campaign update (see July 2014 ishoe)

The Free the Nipple movement, started by activist and filmmaker Lina Esco to challenge double standards of toplessness, really picked up steam in 2015. From celebrities such as Naomi Campbell to especially creative designer Michel Hebron, here are the most memorable ways we came face-to-face with Free the Nipple in 2015, a cause we can all get behind.



THIS IS A MALE NIPPLE:



If you are going to post pictures of topless women, please use this acceptable male nipple template to to cover over the unacceptable female nipples.

(Simply Cut, Resize and Paste)

THANK YOU FOR HELPING TO MAKE THE WORLD A SAFER PLACE.

WHAT IS FREE THE NIPPLE? - Free The Nipple is a film, an equality movement, and a mission to empower women across the world. We stand against female oppression and censorship, both in the United States and around the globe. Today, in the USA it is effectively **ILLEGAL** for a woman to be topless, breastfeeding included, in 35 states. In less tolerant places like Louisiana, an exposed nipple can take a woman to jail for up to three years and cost \$2,500 in fines. Even in New York City, which legalized public toplessness in 1992, the NYPD continues to arrest women. We're working to change these inequalities through film, social media, and a grassroots campaign.



Go topless day launched August 23rd 2015



Women everywhere posted their puppies and pushed the campaign.



THE MOVEMENT - Free The Nipple has become a "real life" equality movement that's sparked a national dialogue. Famous graffiti artists, groups of dedicated women, and influencers such as Miley Cyrus, Liv Tyler, and Lena Dunham have shown public support which garnered international press and created a viral #FreeTheNipple campaign. The issues we're addressing are equal rights for men and women, a balanced system of censorship, and legal rights for all women to breastfeed in public.

THE FACTS - Over 75 years ago it was illegal in all 50 states of America for men to be 'Shirtless' on a beach. A small dedicated group fought the puritanical status quo, the police and the courts. After several arrests and protests men finally won their basic human right to be 'TOPLESS' in public in 1936. Today there are 37 states in the USA that still arrest women for this same freedom, in some states that even includes breastfeeding.



They're BOOBS not BOMBS - chill out! Free the Nipple campaigners in Reykjavik.

REHASHING

The Moon, Storrington - We were joined by a larger than life Australian tonight, in Skippy, who seemed delighted to find pictures of kangaroos in the pub's copy of The Sun, although Wiggy's eye was drawn to the bikini clad woman in the article above, "Is it a 'bush' kangaroo?". The walkers numbers were swelled by the presence of a bruised Bogeyman from some skiing mishap, and Penguin Shagger and Peter Pansy both of whom were resting after a 28.5 mile run in serious shiggy on the Dark Star Adur marathon the day before. Other participants Bouncer and Bollocks were putting on brave faces and attempting the r*n, managing the early stages without too much bother until the entire pack went wrong as co-hare Gotlost stood by asking, "Why did they all go that way?". Entering Sullington Warren we were just a few yards from Bollocks' house, so the pair slipped off for a cheeky beer before jogging back to the pub. Meanwhile, the rest of the pack continued across the Warren past one of the two hills with benches (according to

Copy of Form FFSITR

Medical Certificate of fitness to run/non fitness to run

This certifies that

David "Spreadsheet" Evans

Of Lewes in the County of East Sussex is not fit to run.

DoB	Height	Weight	Hair	Eyes	Sex
06/12/1945	Just short of 6 foot	Enough	Still has enough	Blue and good to go	Memories

Limitations

Insufficient space on form.

Examiner

Dr Geraint Iago Hughes

Signature: *Dr G I Hughes*

Wiggy, but St. Bernard knows better!) and out via Woodpecker Lane to head up towards Sullington Church. A few took the proffered short-cut only to lose trail after a short distance but soon enough everyone was back in the pub and enjoying the pizza and ads for pole fitness, allegedly undertaken by the landlady, as well as having a giggle at Spreadsheets sick note! Knightrider did his usual stout duty in blagging down down beers but Auntie Jo was after a cider which she necked bravely, as Gotlost first nodded at Mickey H as a nominee before looking up for St. Bernard, who'd already left, gave up and did it himself! Next up were the remaining three survivors from the Ultra, although getting a story across was tricky with the noise from the rugby table, and interruptions by Angel on the dog. Ride-it-Baby had again forgotten the numpty mug and won't be around for the next couple of weeks so asked Pondweed if she could drop it off with him. These things must be done properly though so he had to take the numpty beer! Another great hash!

Fox, Small Dole – A slightly concerned Peter Pansy was in the pub panicking about the late arrival of back marker Lily the Pink, who was caught in traffic. The explanation was that Penguin Shagger had again been called to the pub for family business, and accordingly Adrian had set solo. We set off up the road towards Henfield but inevitably soon found ourselves wallowing around in mud where shoes started to slip, notably Bouncers who had opted for a plastic bag liner! The checks led us through to Newhall Farm, then down the long track to the river, which led the usually magnanimous (snort!) Wiggy to complain about missed opportunities on the east side of the road. Another long stretch down the river had those who'd recently completed the Dark Star marathon getting flashbacks but hare had sprinted ahead to call a hold check, while Spreadsheet was seen contemplating a watery grave on the bank. After waiting a decent length of time Peter Pansy announced 'on back' to much swearing and contemplation of the options. It was only when we returned to the previous checks and found no marks that the full horror of what the hare had done struck us and we realised he meant all the way back to the pub! Team effort prevailed, as well as a lot of calling of "no no", and between us we managed to work out the home route, although Bogeyman and Bosom Boy were determined to make hard work of it. There was marginal supplication for providing a sip 100 yards shy of the pub, but not enough to prevent some wag writing 'WANKER' on the board. 10 points for originality but -50 for forgetting the hash ethos of trying to keep the pack together, and a punishment of a sherry glass sized beer went to the hare, who actually failed to beat sweeper LTP's half pint down down! Visitor NickO from Kirton H3 in Devon was asked the usual questions "Was it long enough (No), was it hard enough (No), and would you come again (possibly maybe)", then Chinese New Year was marked with the next best thing Gomi whose Japanese connections gave us a non-PC occupation reference, while Psychlepaths Mr Miyagis looks were a better bet than Wiggy as it's year of the monkey. We all then sang a happy song to Mudlark whose birthday it was before Pondweed got up to talk and talk about Numpty's. There were so many nominees that they've gone by the wayside although amongst them were Just Julia for wearing her hat backwards on the return, Pirate forgetting his pantys, and refusing to pay more than 49p having only had half a hash, Bouncer for falling (and incidentally a second proposal from Pirate for spillage last week), St. Bernard for buying a map, Keeps It Up for prophetically calling it a race on the way to hash. Winner was Spreadsheet for about 3 separate reasons, but as he was driving he accepted the award while nominating Bosom Boy! Ano.... Gre.. Ha..!

[illegible]

When I was young, I decided I wanted to be a doctor, so I took the entrance exam to go to Medical School.

One of the first questions asked was to rearrange the letters "PNEIS" into the name of an important human body part which is most useful when erect.

Those who answered spine are doctors today.

The rest of us are writing jokes for the hash trash.



Parkruns in Brighton

As previously mentioned more than a few times, parkruns start at 9am every Saturday morning, offering a free timed 5k to get the stresses of the working week out of the way early so you can enjoy the rest of your weekend! The newest Sussex parkrun and completing the set for the Brighton area plans is Bevendean Down, which launched on 6th February. This latest event finally offers us an off-road route in the town, previous attempts to establish one at Stanmer Park being quashed by the council, and is definitely the most hash-friendly so far, making this an appropriate time to round up what's available.



BEVENDEAN DOWN

Inaugural event: 6th February 2016

Average field: c.50 runners, dogs welcome on leads!

Route: Two clockwise laps, including a decent climb of almost 1 km, with magnificent views! Underfoot is well-drained grassland with few really muddy sections and no tarmac so trail shoes always recommended.

Parking: Street. Care needed to avoid upsetting residents. Spare parkrun barcode must be displayed on the dashboard on event days at the Amex when residents only applies.

Apres/meeting point: The Bevy community pub offers toilet facilities, hot drinks, and post-run brekkies.

And another thing: Funding was in part raised from the Vitality Brighton half-marathon, in exchange for volunteers!

HOVE PROMENADE

Inaugural event: 7th July 2015

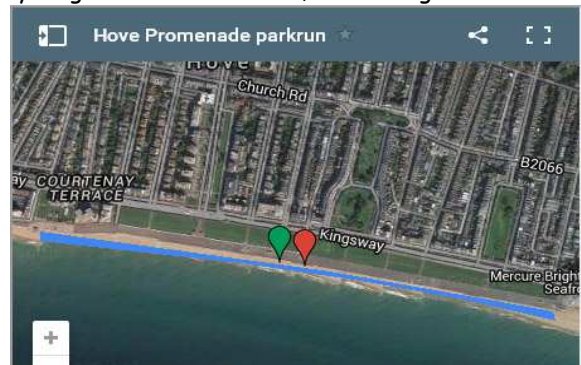
Average field: c.140 runners, dogs welcome on leads!

Route: Two fast flat laps, entirely on tarmac along the prom. Occasional pebbles but otherwise road shoes recommended.

Parking: Notoriously expensive, traffic wardens ever-vigilant so driving actively discouraged.

Apres/meeting point: Toilets are available near the start on the prom. Post-run meeting at the Lawns Cafe nearby.

And another thing: Main sponsors are Al Fresco's, scene of our Christmas party a few years back, and parkrun regulars!



PRESTON PARK (not to be confused with PRESTON!)

Inaugural event: 20th April 2013

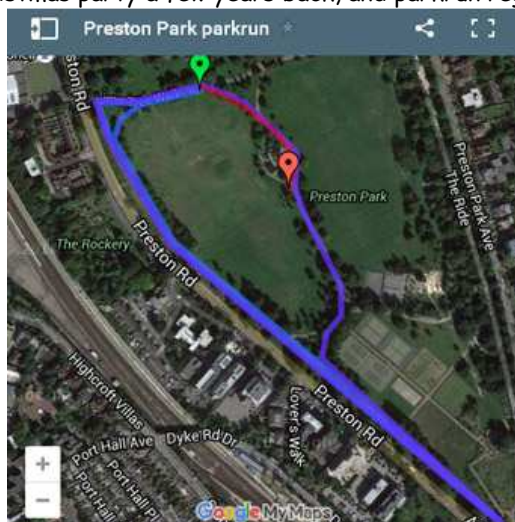
Average field: c.270 runners, dogs welcome on leads!

Route: 2.5 laps around a figure P all on tarmac. One slight hill and a sharp U-turn both met twice. Road shoes recommended.

Parking: Thanks to some kind of amnesty between the council and organisers there is free parking inside the park until 2pm and limited free street parking.

Apres/meeting point: Chalet cafe by the finish line has loos, hot drinks and snacks.

And another thing: Always check before attending as Preston Park, being Brighton's main central park, is very often used for other community events including Pride, Circus's, sports events including the mini mile marathon series etc. so the parkrun does occasionally get cancelled.



BRIGHTON & HOVE (aka Hove Park)

Inaugural event: 3rd November 2007

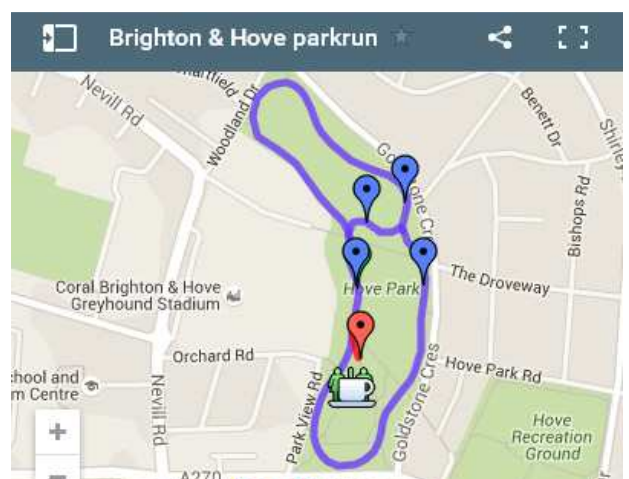
Average field: c.300 runners, dogs welcome on leads!

Route: 1 small lap, then 2 full laps of the park, all on tarmac with grass access beside so you choose! Reasonably testing climb, again partial, then x 2. An excellent course almost as if it was designed for parkrun!

Parking: Plenty of free street parking around, as well as at the Goldstone business park across the road.

Apres/meeting point: All facilities available at the park cafe near the finish.

And another thing: The course is actually marginally faster backwards which happens annually on the nearest date to St. Patrick's day, this year 19th March, so get your green gear on!



REHASHING (ctd.)

Chequers Steyning A small pack this week probably after last weeks strange arrangement, but hare Anybody had a nice hash lined up for us. As we set off with the words sip stop ringing temptingly in our ears Pirate arrived yelling "please backmark"! Early trail consisted of a ramble around the houses, which was a nice change from all the mud recently, leading us to the church and a romp out to cross the bypass before we got bored. Firm ground again on the Downs Link before some real mud by the river where the hare gave the game away a bit for the next part of trail to Bramber. The new path gave way to a last bit of splodge before a return to the DL to take us up to the roundabout, cross over and a brief field trespass to the Bostal road where hare announced that a blocked footpath had forced an on-back and alternative, although St. Bernard was at a loss muttering "I can't picture it, just can't picture it" to anyone who would listen. Sure enough a staircase appeared for a last traverse through the houses, cross the park and voila, le sip! Anybody had made a great effort here with some excellent home made pastry items, and beers before a short jaunt home. In the pub, hare was awarded with assistant Pondweed. RA went off on one about the usefulness of facebook revealing Pirate's hairy biker image hid a softer side with his romantic weekend. Cystpit was awarded after product Louie took off on the previous days hash to leave him standing when Keeps It up revealed the best way to get your shoes dry was to run fast. Down downs finished with St. Bernard (flummoxation), and Gomi for stealing veggie stuff at the sip while Prof's actions in pocketing sausage rolls for later explained why all the food went despite the small pack. Keeps It Up then announced the W&NKs hash on Sunday was in Edinburgh, which on closer inspection turned out to be Edenbridge. That whacky accent, eh? Now where's the numpty mug...? Another great hash!

Sportsman, Withdean Hare Pondweed had spotted that this was the Thai national holiday of Makha Bucha (Buddha day apparently) so issued an edict to all and sundry to wear Thai gear or at least wear a tie for the hash! In the pub the rather severe manageress gave us the good news that there was no need to order food in advance, rapidly followed by the bad news that the carvery would be cleared on the stroke of 9.30! Take up was minimal for the fancy dress theme as hare, dressed as Ting Tong to Bogeyboys Tong Ting, pointed out the sip stop of Thai beers and Thai snacks in the car park after the r*n, begging the question did we really need to go anywhere? However, he did promise his shortest ever trail so, after a brief attempt to get him to r*n in the hash bum, we ambled off to head under the railway bridge, getting called back almost immediately to head along a wooded track and go under the next bridge along. With two arrows in the bag Cyst Pit confidently called "On On", while Errol and Bouncer helped to find nothing more. Giving up we headed back to find the check hadn't been marked but were lucky in guessing Carden Avenue and found pack in the back of Withdean Park which we proceeded to circumnavigate despite hares tenuous grip on left, right and straight on. A quick south on London Road led to a cut up to the line path prompting an early call of "On Inn" but it wasn't to be as we slipped and slid the length of the wooded path behind the stadium. At the top the FRB's became SCB's following the road back down to the pub, while the rest of the pack headed up and over Dyke Road, down Tongdean Road and through to Three-Cornered Copse for a very muddy and slithery climb back up, before a hell for leather sprint down Tongdean Lane to the excellent sip stop before Prof, Spreadsheet, Wiggy and the walkers drank all the beer! In the pub we discovered a well-fed Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger holding up the bar buying softies etc. as the rest of us attempted to get our tokens in time to beat the carvery curfew. Finally, sedated, er.. sated, RA called a circle, at which point St. Bernard came rushing up with a rather special cinnamon whisky liqueur for hare to neck. As Pondweed had his oriental hat on though he still had to put away a half under the no hats in the circle rule. The exceedingly late Pirate had arrived in his horse box just in time for the sip but avoided a down down by getting called away to shift it before lock-in. RA was angling after a beer by pulling in non-drinking Airman looking very dapper in his shirt and tie, but the nomination went to Keeps It Up who downed with Bogeyboy fetchingly dressed in red wig and lippy, but disappointed that Amazon had taken down the Ladyboy costume he'd seen after complaints that the skirt was too short and the penis too long. Bouncer came in just too late with the lady boy song "do your balls hang low"*, which could be just as well as his memory of



the lyrics clashed with St. Bernards. Returning guest Love that Shit deserved a down down for proving that in fact he really didn't by tiptoeing through the shiggy, before previous holder Pondweed was called in to dispense the numpty mug, which holder Spreadsheet had left with Prince Crashpian with no instructions. Once again RA attempted to get the beer after what One Erection thought a particularly hilarious fall, as well as forgetting his torch but Pondweed chose Prof for short-cutting. The sheer weakness of the nomination had Bogeyboy postulating that "nobody has done anything particularly stupid for a while" bang on cue as Wildbush wandered over with Angels purse which she'd managed to leave atop the toilet roll holder in the cubicles of the ladies bog. Prof offered to pass the mug on there and then, but standards must be maintained! RA then discovered that the last of the beer had been used up on the down downs so went home thirsty! Another great hash!

** To the Blue Peter tune: Do your balls hang low, Can you swing 'em to and fro, Can you tie 'em in a knot, Can you tie 'em in a bow, Can you swing 'em over your shoulder, Like a regimental soldier, Do your balls hang low*

Bouncer variation: Do your balls hang low, Can you swing 'em to and fro, Does your cock get hot, when you tie it in a knot, Do you get a funny feeling when you bang it on the ceiling, do you get a funny feeling do your balls hang low.



St. Patrick's day

WHILST DOING A LONG OVERDUE CLEAROUT AT THE OFFICES OF IRELAND'S OLDEST AND MOST RESPECTED SCHOOL OF DANCE, MRS O'HARA MADE A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.....



Murphy applied for a fork lift operator post at a famous Irish firm based in Dublin. A Norwegian applied for the same job and since both applicants had similar qualifications, they were asked to take a test and led to a quiet room with no interruptions by the Manager.

When the results were in, both men had scored 19 out of 20.

The manager went to Murphy and said, "Thank you for coming to the interview, but we've decided to give the Norwegian the job."

Murphy,.... "And why would you be doing that? We both got 19 questions correct. This being Ireland and me being Irish surely I should get the job." Manager, "We have made our decision not on the correct answers, but on the question you got wrong."

"And just how would one incorrect answer be better than another?"

"Simple; on question number 7 the Norwegian wrote down, 'I don't know'."

You put down, "Neither do I"

Sky news report. The Irish have joined in the attacks on Syria. They sent in 3 ships - 2 full of sand and one full of cement..... It was a mortar attack.

Sad news this morning as the Irish attempt at Mount Everest has had to be called off as they've run out of scaffolding.

Murphy drops some buttered toast on the kitchen floor and it lands butter-side-up. He looks down in astonishment, for he knows that it's a universal law of nature that buttered toast always falls butter-down. So he rushes round to the presbytery to fetch Father Flanagan. He tells the priest that a miracle has occurred in his kitchen, but he won't say what it is, so asks Fr. Flanagan to come and see with his own eyes. "Well," says the priest, "it's pretty obvious. Someone has dropped some buttered toast on the floor and then, for some reason, they flipped it over so that the butter was on top."

"No, Father, I dropped it and it landed like that!" exclaimed Murphy

"Oh my Lord," says Fr. Flanagan, "dropped toast never falls with the butter side up. It's a mir. Wait... it's not for me to say it's a miracle. I'll have to report this matter to the Bishop and he'll have to deal with it. He'll send some people round to interview you, take photos, etc."

A thorough investigation was conducted, not only by the archdiocese but by scientists sent over from the Curia in Rome. No expense is spared. There is great excitement in the town as a miracle will bring in much need tourism revenue. Then, after 8 long weeks and with great fanfare, the Bishop announces the final ruling. "It is certain that some kind of an extraordinary event took place in Murphy's kitchen, quite outside the natural laws of the universe. Yet the Holy See must be very cautious before ruling a miracle. All other explanations must be ruled out. Unfortunately, in this case, it has been declared 'No Miracle' because they think that Murphy may have buttered the toast on the wrong side!"

Paddy says to Mick, "I can't remember the name of that historical Greek film Brad Pitt was in". "Troy" says Mick. Paddy, "I feckin' am but I still can't remember."

Paddy has got his 2nd question right and is now on £200. Here is the 3rd question: Who was the great train robber was it a) RONNIE Biggs, b) RONNIE Barker c) RONNIE Parker, or d) RONNIE WOOD? Paddy says "Well Chris, I've had a lovely time but I'm going to take the £200." Chris Tarrant is gobsmacked and says, "Are you f*cking stupid? You have all your lifelines left." Paddy says, "I may be stupid, but I'm not a grass."

An Irishman was suffering from constipation, so his doctor prescribed suppositories. A week later the Irishman complained to the doctor that they didn't produce the desired results.

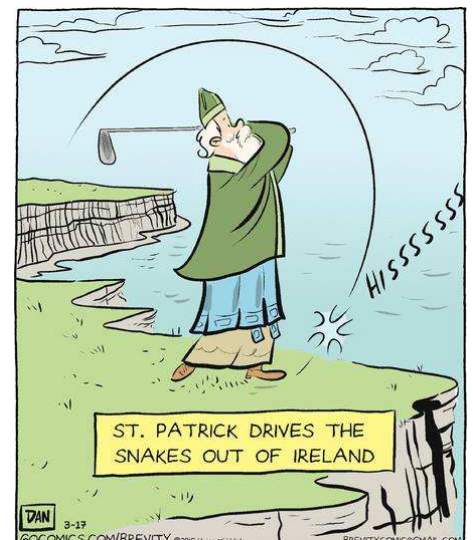
"Have you been taking them regularly?" the doctor asked. "What do you think I've been doing with 'em," the Irishman said, "Shoving them up my arse?"

Three Irishmen, Paddy, Sean and Shamus, having left the pub a wee late one night, found themselves on the road which led past the old graveyard. "Come have a look over here," says Paddy, "it's Michael O'Grady's grave, God bless his soul. He lived to the ripe old age of 87. Good blood, those O'Grady's!"

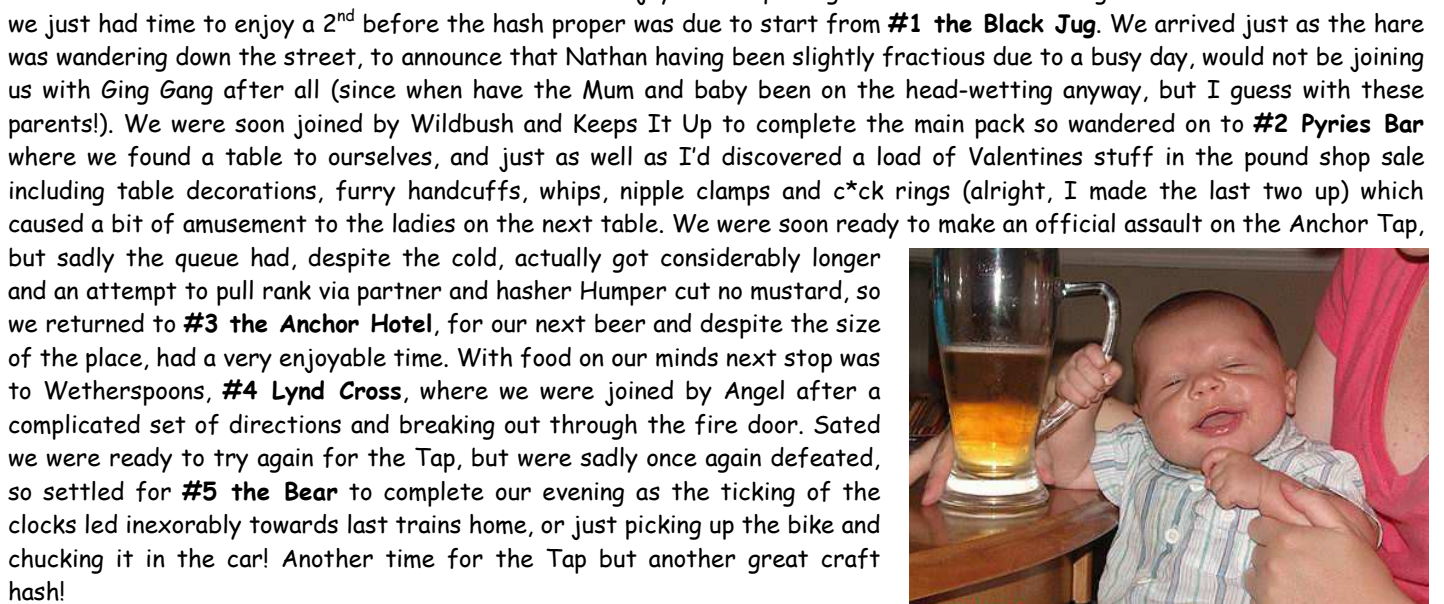
"That's nothing," says Sean. "Here's one named Patrick O'Toole, it says here that he was 95 when he died. Aye, those O'Tooles are a hardy bunch, they are!"

Just then, Shamus yells out, "Forget them, this fella lived to be 145 years old!"

"What was his name?" ask Paddy & Sean. Shamus stumbles a bit, awkwardly lights a match to see what else is written on the stone, then exclaims, "Miles to Dublin!"



#87 Horsham A combination of Testiculators new baby, Nathan, requiring a head-wetting session and Dark Stars new baby, the Anchor Tap, requiring a head-wetting session led us happily heading for Horsham by degrees. With Bogeyman's recent retirement he had threatened to hit the new pub at lunchtime and empty it of beer before anyone else could get there. Meanwhile the slightly complicated logistics of getting to Horsham from Shoreham by rail nowadays, and Angel coming up later, presented me with an unusual solution - to bike up mostly on the old railway line now known as the Downs Link, an activity which took somewhat less time than either the train would have, or I'd anticipated! A quick text revealed that Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy were in town, albeit having only just arrived, so an early meeting was called for at the new pub. Having failed to think this through properly I hadn't checked out its location first so wandered into the Anchor Hotel, thinking this looks a bit plush for Dark Star, only to be informed by the barman that I needed to join the queue round the corner. He was right as the 35 person limit meant a bouncer (no relation) was enforcing a strict 'one out, one in' policy but Dave and Daryl had made it in and gave me a beer to enjoy whilst queuing! It didn't take too long before I was admitted and



"I tried to lick condensation off the walls, but that didn't work. In the end, I had to open a can of Budweiser, pour it all out, fill the empty can with my own piss and drink that. I'm not ashamed: I did what I had to do to survive," he said.



REST IN PEACE FATHER JACK HACKETT! Slightly out of season, but in tribute here is Frank Kelly's most famous piece:

CHRISTMAS COUNTDOWN
performed by Frank Kelly

Day One

Dear Nuala,

Thank you very much for your lovely present of a partridge in a pear-tree. We're getting the hang of feeding the partridge now, although it was difficult at first to win its confidence. It bit the mother rather badly on the hand but they're good friends now and we're keeping the pear-tree indoors in a bucket. Thank you again. Yours affectionately,
Gobnait O'Lúnasa

Day Two

Dear Nuala,

I cannot tell you how surprised we were to hear from you so soon again and to receive your lovely present of two turtle doves. You really are too kind. At first the partridge was very jealous and suspicious of the doves and they had a terrible row the night the doves arrived. We had to send for the vet but the birds are okay again and the stitches are due to come out in a week or two. The vet's bill was £8 but the mother is over her annoyance now and the doves and the partridge are watching the telly from the pear-tree as I write. Yours ever,
Gobnait

Day Three

Dear Nuala,

We must be foremost in your thoughts. I had only posted my letter when the three French hens arrived. There was another sort-out between the hens and the doves, who sided with the partridge, and the vet had to be sent for again. The mother was raging because the bill was £16 this time but she has almost cooled down. However, the fact that the birds' droppings keep falling down on her hair while she's watching the telly, doesn't help matters. Thanking you for your kindness. I remain,
Your Gobnait

Day Four

Dear Nuala,

You mustn't have received my last letter when you were sending us the four calling birds. There was pandemonium in the pear-tree again last night and the vet's bill was £32. The mother is on sedation as I write. I know you meant no harm and remain your close friend. Gobnait

Day Five

Nuala,

Your generosity knows no bounds. Five gold rings ! When the parcel arrived I was scared stiff that it might be more birds, because the smell in the living-room is atrocious. However, I don't want to seem ungrateful for the beautiful rings. Your affectionate friend, Gobnait

Day Six

Nuala,

What are you trying to do to us ? It isn't that we don't appreciate your generosity but the six geese have not alone nearly murdered the calling birds but they laid their eggs on top of the vet's head from the pear-tree and his bill was £68 in cash ! My mother is munching 60 grains of Valium a day and talking to herself in a most alarming way. You must keep your feelings for me in check. Gobnait

Day Seven

Nuala,

We are not amused by your little joke. Seven swans-a-swimming is a most romantic idea but not in the bath of a private house. We cannot use the bathroom now because they've gone completely savage and rush the door every time we try to enter. If things go

on this way, the mother and I will smell as bad as the living-room carpet. Please lay off. It is not fair. Gobnait

Day Eight

Nuala,

Who the hell do you think gave you the right to send eight, hefty maids-a-milking here, to eat us out of house and home ? Their cattle are all over the front lawn and have trampled the hell out of the mother's rose-beds. The swans invaded the living-room in a sneak attack and the ensuing battle between them and the calling birds, turtle doves, French hens and partridge make the Battle of the Somme seem like Wanderly Wagon. The mother is on a bottle of whiskey a day, as well as the sixty grains of Valium. I'm very annoyed with you. Gobnait

Day Nine

Listen you louser !

There's enough pandemonium in this place night and day without nine drummers drumming, while the eight flaming maids-a-milking are beating my poor, old alcoholic mother out of her own kitchen and gobbling everything in sight. I'm warning you, you're making an enemy of me. Gobnait

Day Ten

Listen manure-face,

I hope you'll be haunted by the strains of ten pipers piping which you sent to torment us last night. They were aided in their evil work by those maniac drummers and it wasn't a pleasant sight to look out the window and see eight hefty maids-a-milking pogo-ing around with the ensuing punk-rock uproar. My mother has just finished her third bottle of whiskey, on top of a hundred and twenty four grains of Valium. You'll get yours ! Gobnait O'Lúnasa

Day Eleven

You have scandalised my mother, you dirty Jezebel,

It was bad enough to have eight maids-a-milking dancing to punk music on the front lawn but they've now been joined by your friends ~ the eleven Lords-a-leaping and the antics of the whole lot of them would leave the most decadent days of the Roman Empire looking like "Outlook". I'll get you yet, you ould bag !

Day Twelve

Listen slurry head,

You have ruined our lives. The twelve maidens dancing turned up last night and beat the living daylights out of the eight maids-a-milking, 'cos they found them carrying on with the eleven Lords-a-leaping. Meanwhile, the swans got out of the living-room, where they'd been hiding since the big battle, and savaged hell out of the Lords and all the Maids. There were eight ambulances here last night, and the local Civil Defence as well. The mother is in a home for the bewildered and I'm sitting here, up to my neck in birds' droppings, empty whiskey and Valium bottles, birds' blood and feathers, while the flaming cows eat the leaves off the pear-tree. I'm a broken man.
Gobnait O'Lúnasa



IN THE NEWS...

A house with what has been described as the “rudest address in Britain” has been put up for sale. Potential buyers may need a decent sense of humour if they are to move into the three-bedroom property at 69 Cock Lane in Fetcham, Surrey. The semi-detached house has gone on the market with estate agent Gascoigne Pees, with an asking price of £449,950. News of the property listing prompted a flurry of jokes, with Mike Philpott tweeting: “This has everything. A semi at 69 Cock Lane is for sale. Estate agent? Gascoigne Pees.” Another user wrote “You have no idea how glad I was to find that this is real!” while a prospective buyer simply remarked: “So we're actually looking at a house that's address is 69 cock lane...”

The street in Fetcham previously attracted attention when penis-shaped graffiti was daubed on potholes in an effort to get them fixed by the local council.

[illegible]

Disneys latest offer lacks punch:



It's usually Mars bars or Cadbury Creme Eggs but there's nothing the Scots like more than a good battering, which is why they saw the funny side of Storm Henry:

While the Inland Revenue take self service to new levels:



Meanwhile, how could we at Boggy Shoe Boulevard ignore the man who decided to go for the UK record for someone dressed as a toilet seat in the Brighton half marathon:

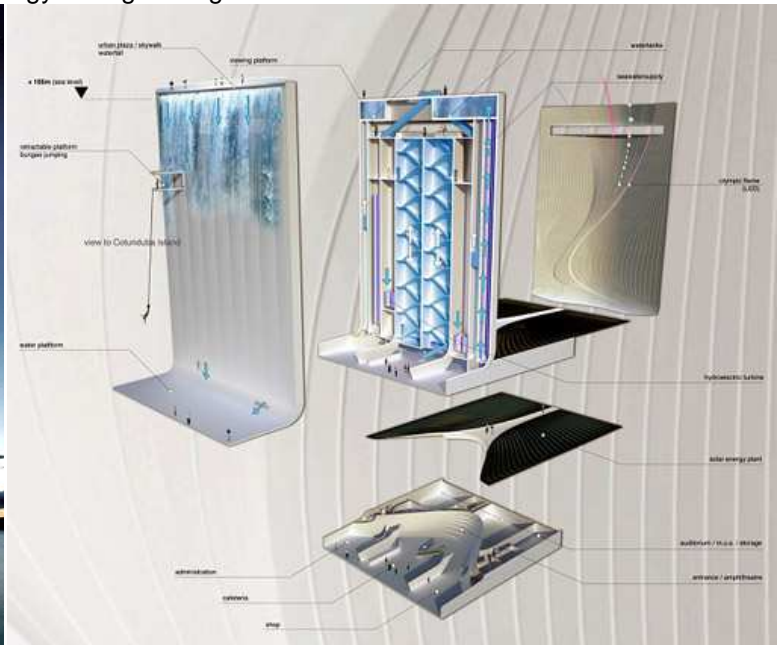


RIO'S WELCOME SIGN FOR THE 2016 OLYMPICS!!!

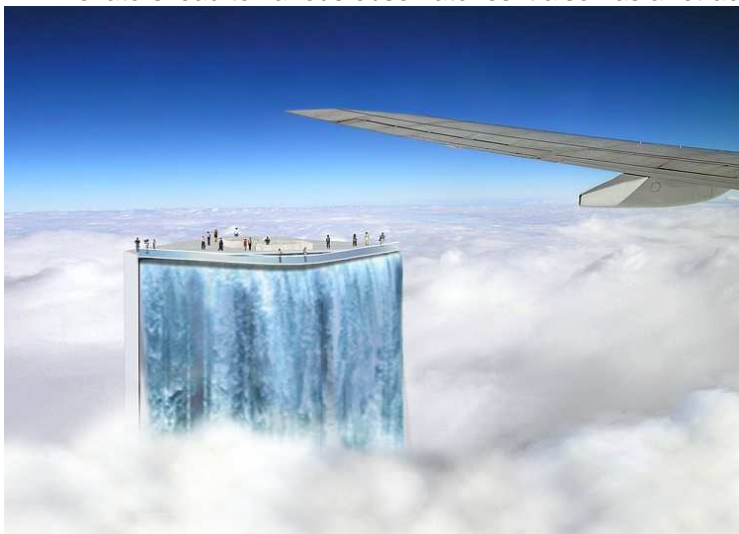
"Solar City Tower" built atop the island of Cotunduba, will be the welcome symbol to the 2016 Olympic Games in Rio de Janeiro. It will be seen by the game visitors and participants as they arrive by air or water. The tower captures solar energy. It will supply energy for all of the Olympic city, as well as also for part of Rio ..



It pumps up water from the ocean to create what appears like a waterfall and this fall stimulates turbines that produce energy during the night.



It will also hold the Olympic flame. The Tower possesses an amphitheatre, an auditorium, a cafeteria and boutiques. Elevators lead to various observatories. It also has a retractable platform for the practice of bungee jumping.

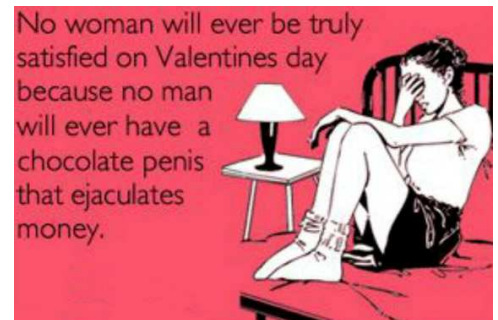


At the summit is an observation point to appreciate the scenery of the land and ocean, as well as the waterfall.

Solar City Tower will be the point of reference for the 2016 Olympic Games – or at least it might if it actually existed, which it doesn't! **Per Snopce:** these pictures are just conceptual images; what they depict hasn't yet been built, may never be built, and hasn't yet been demonstrated to be technically feasible. They are from the web site of RAFAA, a Zurich-based architecture and design studio, which submitted them in 2009 as its proposal for a design competition.

THE END

For many years, almost all of the things I wanted to write or say, have been stymied by a recently coined term referred to as "POLITICAL CORRECTNESS"! Although I consider myself rather fluent in the English language, that term was not in my vocabulary. My curiosity got the best of me and I decided to do a little research and after two weeks of chasing fruitless leads, I found what I'd been looking for at the Truman Library and Museum in Independence Missouri. A unnamed source there sent me copies of four telegrams that were between Harry Truman and Douglas MacArthur on the day before the actual signing of the Surrender Agreement. The contents of those four telegrams below are exactly as received, not a word has been added or deleted!



(1) Tokyo, Japan 0800-September 1, 1945

To: President Harry S Truman From: General D A MacArthur
Tomorrow we meet with those yellow bellied bastards and sign the Surrender Documents, any last minute instructions!

(2) Washington, D C 1300-September 1, 1945

To: D A MacArthur From: H S Truman
Congratulations, job well done, but you must tone down your obvious dislike of the Japanese when discussing the terms of the surrender with the press, because some of your remarks are fundamentally not politically correct!

(3) Tokyo, Japan 1630-September 1, 1945

To: H S Truman From: D A MacArthur and C H Nimitz
Wilco Sir, but both Chester and I are somewhat confused, exactly what does the term politically correct mean?

(4) Washington, D C 2120-September 1, 1945

To: D A MacArthur/C H Nimitz From: H S Truman
Political Correctness is a doctrine, recently fostered by a delusional, illogical minority and promoted by a sick mainstream media, which holds forth the proposition that it is entirely possible to pick up a piece of shit by the clean end!

Now, with special thanks to my friends at the Truman Museum and Harry, you and I finally have a full understanding of what "POLITICAL CORRECTNESS" really means!

Wiki would seem to agree with me!!

Political correctness or political correctitude[1] (adjectivally, politically correct; both forms commonly abbreviated to PC) is an attitude or policy of being careful not to offend or upset any group of people in society who are believed to have a disadvantage. Mainstream usage of the term began in the 1990s by right-wing politicians who used the term as a shorthand way of conveying their concerns about the left in academia and in culture. A 1991 article used the term to refer to U.S. academic policies that sought to increase multiculturalism through affirmative action, prevent hate speech, and change the content of the university curriculum. The term was also used by conservatives to criticize progressive teaching methods and curriculum changes in U.S. secondary schools. These debates about curriculum changes have been referred to as a Culture War. In the 1990s, the term was increasingly commonly used in the United Kingdom.

Which leads nicely into...

I've heard that Apple has scrapped their plans for the new children's iPod after realizing that iTouch Kids is not a good product name.

There's a new Muslim clothing shop opened in our shopping centre, but I've been banned from it after asking to look at some bomber jackets. You can say lots of bad things about paedophiles but at least they drive slowly past schools.

Just put a deposit down on a brand new Porsche and mentioned it on Facebook. I said, "I can't wait for the new 911 to arrive!" Next thing I know 4,000 Muslims have added me as a friend!!

