



# BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

Trash #275 April 2020 - Find us on  facebook or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All local hashes are currently in remission and no runs will be taking place throughout the **COVID19** lockdown.

Please follow the rules on isolating and we will get back to normal quicker. Stay safe and well, but keep in touch with others through the amazing communications network we now have in place, and if you are unable to leave your house for provisions, please don't be shy about calling on your hash friends and we will do all we can to assist.

It's taken fires, floods, war and pestilence but finally,



## THE HASH STOPS







## THE BOOBY TRAP - *Flattening the curve*

They keep talking about flattening the curve. I beg to differ so let's just take one last look at the curves through the power of meme to see what we could be missing:



This is curvy Sally...  
and her flatmate.



HIT "LIKE"  
IF YOU FIND BOOBS RELAXING

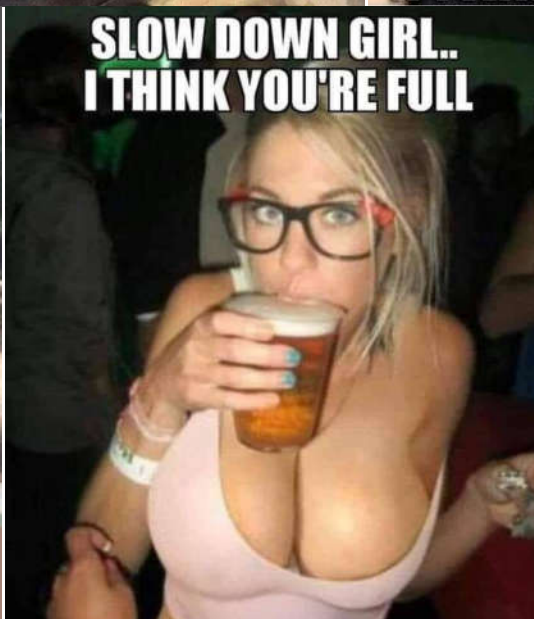


THIS IS WHAT I WOULD DO  
IF I WAS A GIRL FOR ONE DAY



I JUST HIRED  
THIS BABYSITTER

ANYONE HAVE A  
BABY I CAN BORROW?



SLOW DOWN GIRL..  
I THINK YOU'RE FULL



EDUCATION IS IMPORTANT

BUT BIG NICE  
TITS ARE IMPORTANTER



FEEL MY GAINS...

SURE!



OVERSIZED SUNGLASSES  
Someone's overcompensating for a flatter curve!



3000 TIMES SEXIER

THAN TWERKING!



It was worth the try



THE ROADS IN FLORIDA ARE  
WELL MARKED!!!



# REHASHING...

**Red Lion, Lindfield** - Somewhat surprisingly, given the bloody awful weather we've had lately, and that these hares usually mean a guarantee of proper Welsh St. David's precipitation (never rains, no that's pre-sip-it-aye-shun!), it was a lovely night. Truth be told this was a long overdue visit to the Red Lion (not a red dragon but it's close enough) after a couple of cock-ups of late had them expecting us only for us to go to the Stand-Up instead, and the hares ensured we would be thirsty on our return by declining to arrange a sip. Despite that, a good pack including at last a return appearance by Sheepbeeter and Won't He, actually went ahead with the r\*n which set off up Hickmans Lane before turning up Finches, the path deteriorating the whole time. Crossing the Ardingly road, and through the shiggy of Wickham Wood, we continued up to the reservoir with an effective fishhook in the mire. There was a decent respite of tarmac through the college, then east through Avins Farm and a rapid on inn via Grange Farm to escape the wrath of Alison the drunken farmer grumbling about our activity. Meanwhile the walkers, followed trail to Wickhams Wood, then turned right to spend an inordinate amount of time wandering around on the golf course, taking it in turns to be expert map readers before heading south to finally extricate themselves for a road return. Back at base, and scoff despatched, RA opened the circle by relating how there'd been total panic at the Post Office that morning when two guys wearing masks came in. Everyone relaxed when it turned out it was only a hold-up though! Eat My Cucumber and Just Kikkim downed as hares, before the 'incident' was addressed, primarily with Hash Gomi for making things worse with his extra vocal calling, even as Mudlark was chatting Alison up. As the only David in the pub he was always getting a beer for St. David's Day, despite being a Dutchman in England whose primary business interests are in Japan! Nice to have Happy Ending with us again, over for the Leap Year Hash in London on Saturday, a town run for which slicks were entirely appropriate unlike the mud of this evening, but she was quick to nominate Keeps It Up who would have been drinking with Wilds Thing if he hadn't cleared off early. The boy had been disappointed to miss the Leap Year hash so insisted on going to the Feathers for lunch with Wildbush to see what he had missed, as if that would be any sort of yardstick! Being local and muddy, Sheepbeeter had gone straight home but had at least finally returned the Bogyman cup, which went to Nobbychick, whose youth and apologetic manner enabled him to calm Alison considerably more than Mudlark had managed [check the Facebook page for further local reaction!] What a shame RA was unaware of our Bexhill couples new shoes, with Bushsquatter getting away with the pre-r\*n shine, while Cliffbanger had deliberately splashed mud on them on arrival before anyone could spot them. Another great hash!



They say lavender can reduce stress



PROF TRYING TO  
SORT A PUB  
FOR THE HASH:

**Telscombe Tavern** - Originally scheduled for the Flying Fish at Denton, a change at that pub meant no food on a Monday. So Prof then tried the Ram at Firle. They were unable to accommodate us as they'd stopped opening on Mondays or something, so at the Red Lion he announced we would now be going to the Downs Hotel at Woodingdean. Well he must have pssed them off as well as they also changed their mind, begging the question of whether there were hashers scattered across the pubs of Sussex trying to find us, having received the latest information at varying stages! Angel picks up the story with the news that he'd also failed to appease the weather gods as pack were greeted with heavy rain and gale force winds. His organisational skills fared little better with the trail itself and the planned 5 miler got extended to 6.5 due to footpath closures, but on the night he decided to scale it down to 4.5 due to the weather. As the strong winds blew we headed to the edge of the cliff then a short westerly trot until we headed across the A259

and straight up on to the Tye. By the top of the Tye we were soaked through and very keen to get on with the trail, which continued east towards the football pitches. Then picking our way through footpaths and streets we came to a crossroads with its easily identifiable drug-meeting trainers hanging from an overhead wire. Gomi realised we'd lost Mudlark and Prof muttered under his breath we should buddy up when the weather is so foul. More roads, a few on backs, and suddenly Nigel appeared. It was either a big short cut or he just went wrong at the first check and spent the rest of the evening catching up. Eventually we returned to the edge of the cliff where we were informed it was a mile to the On Inn. Very nervous about this as there'd already been a landslide at Seaford, it was unbelievable running along the cliff, sea crashing below, wind whipping round one minute southerly and the next easterly, so we were very glad to get back to the pub! No Bouncer, Lily the Pink or free beer led to the decision to have a down down free night, although I did consider a short circle for Prof, and Mudlark who insisted he'd done the whole trail when we thought he'd SCB'd. Another great hash!

**Angel**

Yes, with a bit of a sniffle after a heavy weekend at the First UK Full Moon Hash 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary weekend in Folkestone (see report on page 8) I was banned by Angel from coming, a decision I took hard after looking out the window to see such a delightful evening! Had I been there a few snippets from the circle would have been that Hares are still needed for April, but after the run on toilet rolls you may need to use other markers. Meanwhile I bet the guy who invented alcohol gel is rubbing his hands together now. And finally, I would probably have got in big trouble for wondering if International Women's Day was over yet, as I'm bloody starving!

**Bouncer**

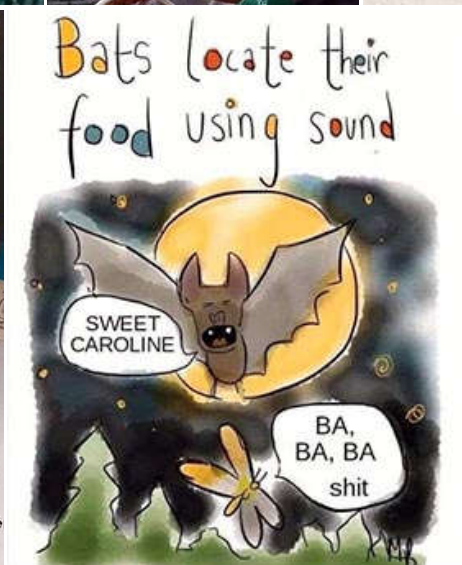


# CORONAVIRUS is an anagram of CARNIVOROUS

All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful, The Chinese eat them all.



Whoever said one person can't change the world has never eaten an undercooked bat.



Neil Diamond has written new lyrics:  
 Where it began, I can't begin to knowing  
 But then I know it's growing strong  
 Was in the spring  
 And spring became the summer  
 Who'd have believed you'd come along  
 Hands, washing hands  
 Reaching out, Don't touch me, I won't touch you  
 Sweet Caroline, Good times never seemed so good  
 I've been inclined, To believe they never would  
 But now I, I look at the night  
 and it don't seem so lonely  
 We filled it up with only two  
 And when I hurt  
 Hurting runs off my shoulders  
 How can I hurt when holding you  
 Hands, washing hands  
 Reaching out, Don't touch me, I won't touch you



World: There's no way we can shut everything down in order to lower emissions, slow climate change and protect the environment. Mother Nature: *Hold my beer!!!*



## REHASHING (ctd) ...

**Royal Oak, Poynings** – It's always great when hashers from other packs join us on a regular basis, and such is the case with EGH3 stalwart Gromit, who spent a number of years following his move to Brighton telling me that he "must get along and hash with you guys". Well in the last few months he finally made it and stayed partly on the basis that he gets more down downs from us than EGH3 (?), but his probation was complete with his first time as a hare for us. With the Government getting more vocal on social distancing we were unsure, despite a very pleasant evening, how many would turn out, and many regulars did indeed decide to stay away. It seemed the right time to have the talk about the hash continuing to meet as the Corona virus epidemic escalates so, while the still reasonably sized pack were all together, the question was put out there. Despite my own trepidation the overwhelming response was that we should carry on as far as we are able i.e. as long as we're not going to get arrested for breaking curfews! If pubs are no longer happy to host us, we could still meet for a r\*n, and possibly even get beer directly from local breweries. The CMO has advised that damage caused by the removal of coping and support mechanisms, such as the hash, may outweigh the increased risk of infection due to participation. So with a rousing "next week's hash is definitely on" from future hare Fukarwe, the view was to carry on, keep our distance and enjoy the open air! The well-marked trail headed to the west end of the village to pick up a path north through the fields and onward to cross Clappers Lane. Here the walkers, briefly lost in the fields before Knight rider found trail, turned towards the hills where we knew the sip stop to be, while the runners carried on to head through Edburton for the climb up to the South Downs Way. On top the hare used access land to good advantage taking less obvious routes off the beaten track. The walkers, reaching Fulking village were split over whether to face the climb for the sip, or take the easy road back, but Local Knowledge was convinced there was a path at the top edge of the fields that would serve so up we went only to hit a barricade just where the path used to turn so he reluctantly agreed to the ascent. We weren't quite on the main path though so it was hard going until we met it and carried on to the top, cursing Gromit and his long legs for putting a sip so far from civilisation. Still it was worth it when we eventually found the right bush, with a good selection of sweet bites and beer, but the pack were nearing so we left the sacks out for them to find and headed down the hill for a short road finish getting overhauled as we reached the On Inn. Circle up and Gromit was thanked and joined by Prof who'd missed out as last weeks hare. Whose Shout had brought along a virgin, his French son-in-law Francois, who'd been on a business trip but with new travel restrictions was unable to return home to the US as he is a non-national, leaving his wife, Pete's daughter, out there alone! Given the behaviour of certain idiot shoppers stockpiling all the toilet paper, quite apart from leaving the more traditional Brighton hares unable to set trail, it was hardly surprising that the Frenchman was asking "Ou Est le Papier?", although comments about casual racism were disregarded by our first timer! Swallow is always nervy when it comes to heights, or more accurately, depths but found the problem compounded this evening coming down at the end when she realised she'd got the wrong glasses on and couldn't see a thing through the bottom half of her varifocals! That tied in nicely with Angel's post Friday 13th hash parkrun cock-up on Saturday. Staying with Crusty Ring and Friction Burns near Bedford, she only realised when we got to the Millennium Country parkrun (appropriate as it was her 200th, which equals 1000km of parkrunning) that she didn't have her sports bra. Drastic measures were called for to avoid abrasion so she wore her regular bra outside her t-shirt, remarking afterwards what a friendly event this was with everybody coming up to talk to her! Although I'd forgotten about the Red Lion, Wilds Thing always warrants a downer for something, and he and the gung-ho Asbestosser who'd had a nasty fall (here, put some beer on your pride) joined the girls to neck the beer. Nobbychick then offered circle a vote for the Bogeyman cup, options being Lily the Pink who'd stepped back as everyone was identifying constellations and managed to find water on top of the Downs to fall into, and Lily the Pink who spectacularly lost control of You Stupid Bastard, screaming "Come back Bentley" to disrupt the evenings peace. Another great hash! **Bouncer**



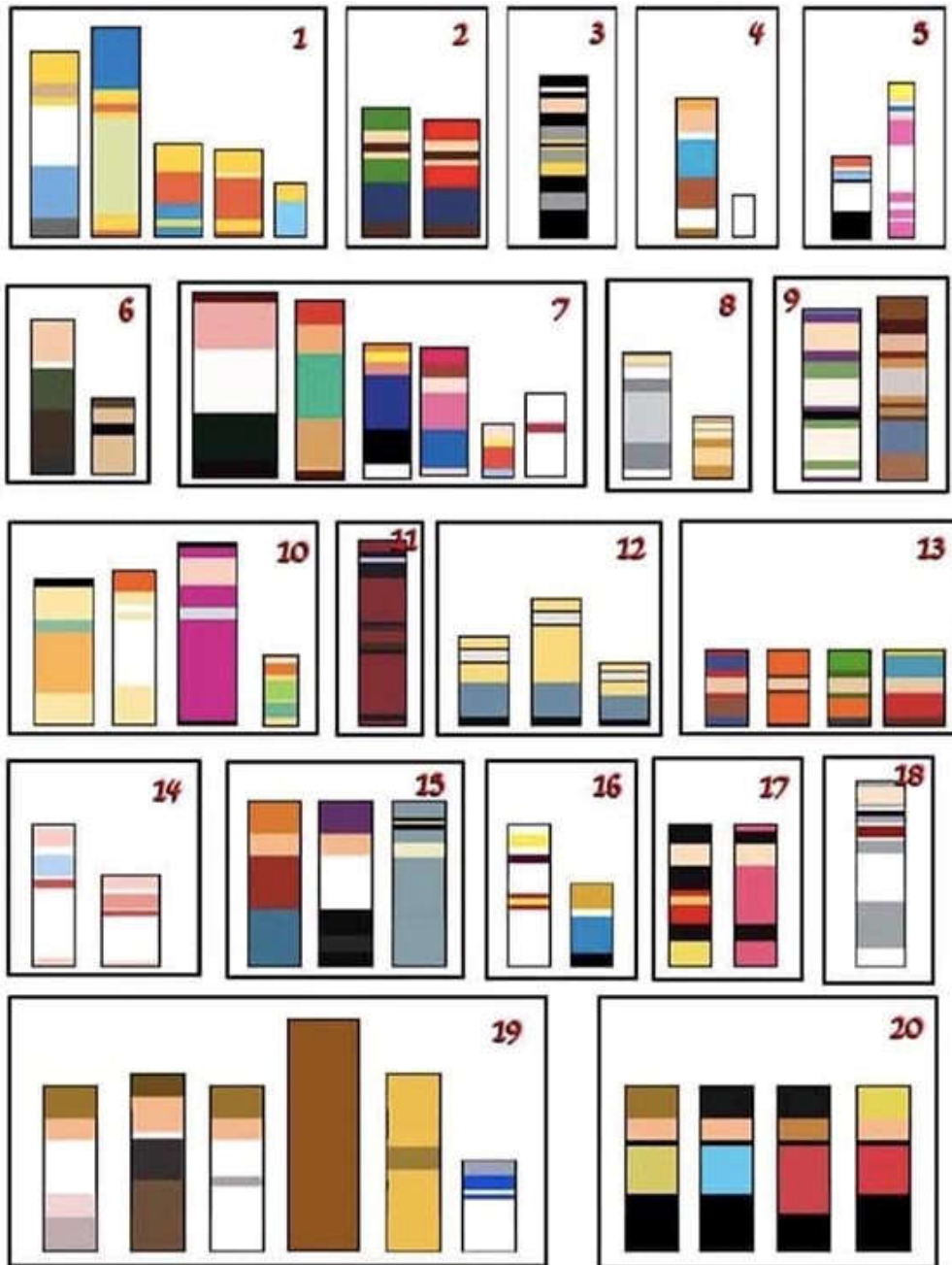
**Long Man of Wilmington** – A week is a long time in politics, especially in these troubling times, and much debate took place by e-mail and on Facebook following the decision at the Royal Oak that the hash should continue as long as possible. Initially feeling was very supportive, with even a contribution from long lost former on-sec Nick Cheyney:

*Let's keep things in a proper perspective, did the fear of catching 'flu ever stop Hashing, or indeed interrupt our daily lives? No! Yet on average it kills 17,000 people every year in the UK alone, and the WHO estimates up to 650,000 a year world-wide. On On I say, even if you can't get toilet roll for its proper use of way-marking :-)*

But on Tuesday England Athletics cancelled their upcoming programme and were strongly advising amateur sporting bodies to avoid meeting; parkrun UK soon followed by cancelling all events; and the Governments advice to the hospitality sector to close doors turned into policy by Friday, prompting the hare to finally cancel. As I said at the time, sad times indeed for the hash, and 42 years is a hard habit to break, but break we must for the moment. On on to better times! **Bouncer**

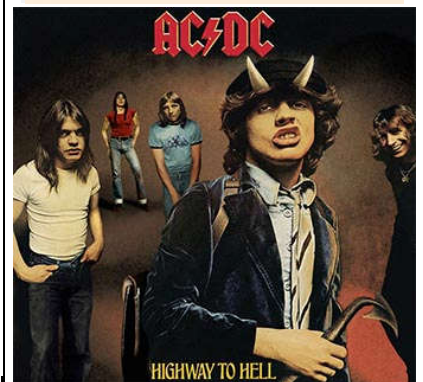
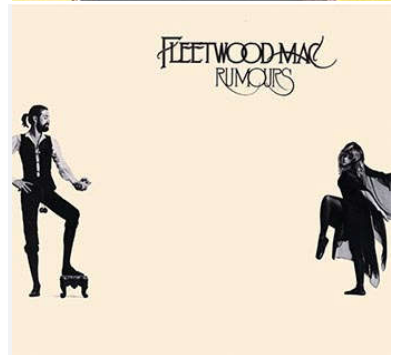


## Guess Who – a bit of lockdown fun:



(answers next issue)

## Social distancing album covers:



- I made a joke about corona virus once. Nobody found it funny at the time, but now everyone is finally getting it
- The Chinese have named the first three to catch the Corona virus: Sum Ting Wong; Ho Lee Fuk; and Yu Dai Soon
- Meanwhile, the Russians have named their first dead person from the corona outbreak. R.I.P. Ivor Chestikov
- I just sent a text to the wife: "Hi darling, I'm down the pub after the hash but unfortunately, someone just coughed so we've all been quarantined. See you in 14 days."



# REHASHING the FUKFMH3 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary

No CRAFT was planned this month as we had a busy schedule with this and Friday 13<sup>th</sup> in Bedford the following week, and no one else stepped forward, although I did establish and suggest on the Monday prior that anyone who wanted to would be welcome to join the Friday night pub crawl in Folkestone for this otherwise invitation-only event. After Essex H3, where I began my hashing career, First UK Full Moon H3 were the 2nd club I hashed with when they were only in their second year as a hash, running/meeting whenever there is a Full Moon. I've enjoyed many an evening or event with them over the years, including an Easter trip



to Stockholm 15 years ago, and knew almost everybody attending so it was good to be included in what has since been marked as their swansong. There may be the odd meet up, and Windsock will probably keep the Easter trips going, but founder Smartarse effectively wound them up here. Apart from that, they, and Kebab (Smartarse's son borne on the day of the first hash!), almost share their birthday with me (one day out)! Friday evening featured a cultural trail around Folkestone predominantly visiting smaller micropubs, which meant the 60 of us were divided into three groups leaving base at intervals to allow each group time for a drink at each venue. With

work/family commitments and the M25 being shut briefly we ended up in the final group and no time for an aperitif in **#1 Southcliff Hotel** bar, so we cracked on to **#2 The Bouverie Tap**. Our hare was Kebab and to our delight we discovered that our first drink in each bar was included, with choices based on light/ session beer or stronger darker beers. This pub had a small upstairs but plenty of room to sit below where we found a rather 'relaxed' Omo (not f\*ing likely) & Tinkerbell leftover from the previous group. An amusing menu featured such delights as the Muthaclucka burger and wings with RAF ranks. On to **#3 Firkin Alehouse** a former estate agents, we were once again provided with excellent beer to go with the enjoyable company and catch up, which was just as well as mobile phones are banned! Outside, Kebab passed round shots of Jamiesons but for once I'd actually remembered my sip stop cup so ended

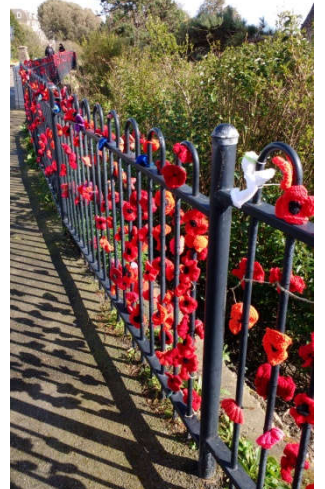
up with a rather bigger splash, hic! **#4 The Chambers** was a fascinating and busy underground venue with at least three bars, live music and of course great ale! We were starting to catch up with the earlier groups here, but it was large enough for that to not be a problem, as was **#5 Samuel Peto**, a Wetherspoons pub and the final official venue for the evening. This is an enormous pub, formerly a Baptist chapel, and is named after the great Victorian railway contractor, whose company also built Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square. We arrived just as Megasaurarse was being asked to leave, for appearing less than sober by singing and struggling in heels on the stairs, which should have given us a clue to how strictly the bouncers were enforcing behaviour. I just managed to get a food order in, despite Trigamist cancelling it for me necessitating a quick re-order, before we were asked to leave. No real reason seemed to be given other than the size of our group, so we fell amongst thieves, which meant Smartarse and more Jamiesons which explains why I have no idea what **#6 the final bar** was! With the sea just to our left, My L'il Sperm'ead seemed to be going the wrong way so a few of us broke away for the coast to make our way back to the hotel. When we appeared to be heading out of town, I fired up Google maps to discover we were directly below the hotel having failed to consider the word 'cliff', and had to double back to find the way up.



With the Folkestone parkrun starting just a hundred yards from the hotel entrance, there was no excuse not to do it after a swift early breakfast, despite the fact I was still somewhat merry, but Megasaurarse kept me going for most of the run. A very warm start to the day had us fooled so Angel and I were both underdressed for the hash set by Mr. X and entailing a bus ride out to Dymchurch before a cold and windy mostly coastal route to New Romney. Today would see us visiting more micropubs as we hopped on and off buses, starting with **#1 the Smugglers** at the end of the hash. We took the bus back to Dymchurch to collect our bags and a 2nd beer in **#2 Hidden Treasures**, but skipped the Ocean option. After another bus, Halfway talked me into trying her local, **#3 the Red Lion**, but with a fish and chip lunch (or veggie spring roll!) promised at **#4 the Three Mariners** I stopped at a half. It was a good walk to the diminutive **#5 the Potting Shed** but lovely along the Royal Military Canal, and interesting, however, that was enough for us so we missed the Inn Doors in Sandgate to head back and get some zzz's. I made it down to the bar for the England - Wales match, what a game, then it was dress in black for the posh hotel dinner. This was followed by a bit of back patting and a worthy attempt to get everyone into the circle at some point. The day had taken its toll on me and I could feel the cold developing so retired leaving Angel and the rest to enjoy the dancing in the club beneath the hotel.



Sunday morning was the birthday trail proper taking a loop around to the harbour via an FA stop, which hare Crystal Balls informed us meant f\*ck all, but Digger soon had us all doing Father Abraham to the amusement of the Sunday strollers. On was down the zigzag for a long stretch on the beach past the funicular railway (closed) and various artworks in tribute to the good folk of Folkestone from days gone by including a rotunda paid for by Jelly beans and candy floss or something! At the harbour was an excellent champagne and birthday cake stop, while Digger played with his ducks, then up the Remembrance Way which had knitted poppies along the entire route. We circled up again at the hotel, to try and use up the last of the beer, before it was time to head home. A great weekend, thanks all!





# KEEPING IT A SHIGGY-FREE ZONE

HEALTH WARNING: Coronavirus is spreading rapidly and is irreversible. The most serious source of contamination is bank notes – whatever you do, don't touch them. Take them from your purses and wallets etc with gloves and put them in an envelope which you must seal and leave by your front door. Tomorrow morning I'll come and collect them and ensure they are properly destroyed. This is a free service, I'm doing it for the good of public health.

How to greet – Hash style:



## LOOK AT IT THIS WAY

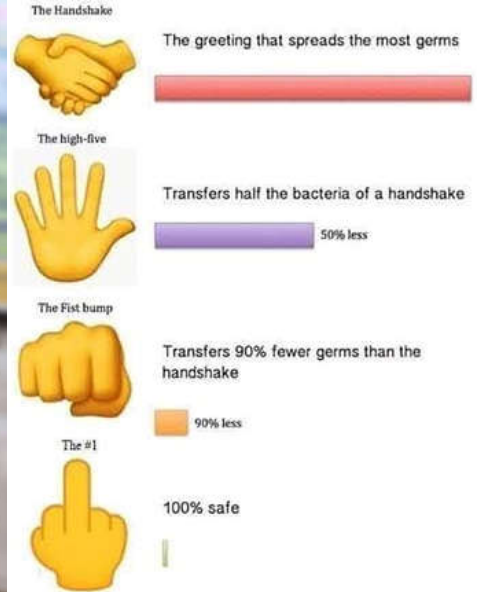
COVID-19 is glitter and it's on a doorknob. You touched that doorknob and now the glitter is on your hand. Then you pay cash for a Diet Coke, grab your phone and high five Carol. Then you wash your hands and wash off the glitter.

BUT CAROL hops in her car, goes home and touches her eyes, ears, nose or mouth on the way. These spots are basically glitter transfer sites. They take the glitter from your outer body and bring it to your immune system. So now Carol is infected with glitter.

Meanwhile, the cashier that took your cash has glitter on his hands- let's call him Kyle. So Kyle goes home, grabs both his baby girls and gives them a biiiig hug and kiss. So now the babies have glitter on them, so naturally as babies do, they put their hands in their mouth. Glitter. Transfer. Sites.

BUT we're not done. You washed your hands and you used soap and you even used paper towel to turn the contaminated taps off. But you did not clean your phone and your phone has glitter on it. So now with your silky clean hands you grab your phone because 'HELLO, Becky texted you!' AND BAM! Glitter hands.

How to greet - everyone else:



Advice to hashers part 1: Singing the Down Down song twice to yourself will make sure you clean your hands properly.

Advice to hashers part 2: Then reward yourself - if you keep a beer in each hand you can't accidentally touch your face. Don't forget to wash your hands



Me after washing my hands for 20 seconds 57 times in one day



- In 1980, we thought that by 2020 we'd have flying cars and cities on other planets. But no, here we are, teaching people how to wash their hands.
- My body has absorbed so much soap and disinfectant lately that when I pee it cleans the toilet.

Did you wash your paws?



PLEASE KEEP YOUR KNOCKERS CLEAN



FOR YOUR POSTMAN.

*Not forgetting your flaps and knobs!*

- "Back in the past we used to have to cough to cover our farts. No we have to fart to cover our coughs." - Jackie Chan
- They said a mask and gloves were enough to go to the grocery store. They lied, everybody else had clothes on.
- Just went into Starbucks and the barista was wearing a face mask. I said, "Why are you wearing a surgical mask?" She said, "I'm not. It's a coughy filter."
- To avoid infection, people must not cough near you. They must cough far away. If someone coughs near you, tell them to Far Cough.
- Tip of the day: If the queue is too long, just cough and say, "This is the worst it's been since I got back from China."



# From our 'it takes two idiots to lose two idiots' department:

## Another Malibog trail .... hared by "The Incredible Flying Malibog Brothers"

BH7 didn't send all that dosh over just for it to be spanked on finding hashers fool enough to go on a Malibog trail! The clinical definition of insanity is repeating the same actions with expectations of a different outcome. Rumours that locals had nicked all the toilet paper are unfounded!

**MISSING RUNNERS FOUND AFTER NIGHT LOST IN SUNSHINE COAST BUSH LAND 12.03.20**



The Sunshine Coast RACQ LifeFlight Rescue helicopter crew has located two missing men, after they became lost, while running in bush land yesterday (Wednesday 12 March). The pair, one aged in his sixties and the other in his seventies, set off with a group on a trail run, south of Kawana Way, in the afternoon. It's believed they became separated from the other runners a short time later and couldn't find their way back to a track. The Sunshine Coast RACQ LifeFlight Rescue helicopter was tasked at first light, this morning, by Queensland Police Service (QPS). RACQ LifeFlight Rescue Pilot, Brent Hall, said the chopper crew had been searching for about 40 minutes, when they spotted the men. "They were well off the track and waving at us." The men told their rescuers they huddled together, to keep warm, overnight. "They were only in running gear and it had been raining all night, so they were very wet, but in really good spirits and had big smiles on their faces when the chopper landed," Mr Hall said. The sound of the helicopter early this morning, gave the men hope help was on the way. "The guys told us they heard us, then saw the yellow and blue helicopter and started waving." A Queensland Ambulance Service (QAS) Flight Paramedic assessed the pair, who were found to be uninjured. They were then flown to a QPS search command post.



Prince Charles is isolating at Balmoral with Covid-19. Prince Andrew is isolating at Windsor with Jennifer 14.





Where BH7 lead all follow, as bog rolls become most popular thing on the planet:

<https://marker.medium.com/what-everyones-getting-wrong-about-the-toilet-paper-shortage-c812e1358fe0?fbclid=IwAR2ef4pJB0oKT3Nopor9qodMHxSqGFOyWwG3VF-s6EowDMGkY7ECpsRH7Yw>



Some people aren't shaking hands because of Coronavirus. I'm not shaking hands because everyone is out of toilet paper.



I used to spin that toilet paper roll like I was on Wheel of Fortune. Now I turn it like I'm cracking a safe.



You know when you're sitting on the loo and suddenly realise that there is no toilet roll so you have to get up and do that 'waddle' to get more? Well... I'm nearly at Tesco.



Got in touch with my 'inner self' today. That's the last time I use single-ply toilet paper.



# THE END

Can we at the Trash just remind you again of the importance of washing your hands:

My drawing isn't the best but please remember to keep washing your hands



No face mask? Adapt & survive:  
Face mask shortage problem solved 🤔

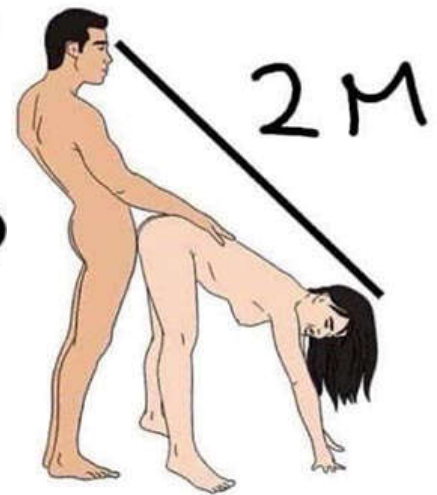


A lot of people asking me what's the best way to wash your hands



The importance of sexual distancing:

## Surviving Coronavirus



Gota Be 2m Apart They Said Lol

Stuck at home, a lot of people have been letting their imaginations go and there was way too much quality humour for just one issue. So the next Boggy Shoe will be an Iso issue, featuring the NHS, stockpiling, quarantine and lots more toilet roll stuff. Until then...

