



BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
TRASH #333 JANUARY 2024

Find us on  facebook or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

Unless indicated, all r*ns are on Mondays at 19.00pm and all directions/ timings are approximate starting from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction. Please adjust journey time accordingly from your location.

DATE	#NO ON ON	Post Code HARES
1st January 2024	2342 Tiger, East Dean	BN20 0DA Peter Pansy & Lily the Pink
Directions: A27 east past Lewes to Drusillas roundabout. Right, 1st left then right over bridge, and right again. Left on A259 at T junction. Take road for Birling Gap and park in car park 1st right. Est. 35 mins. ## Extra special sip! ##		
8th January 2024	2343 Ladies Mile, Patcham	BN1 8RA Tripsy Daisy & Shirker Ninezing
Directions: A23 south into Brighton. Just past Black Lion take half left on to Old London Road then left again Ladies Mile Road. Pub opposite on left at t-junction. Est. 1 minute 37 seconds.		
15th January 2024	2344 Station, Uckfield	TN22 5DL On On Don
Directions: Head NE on A27 for 8.5 miles. Left at Southerham roundabout onto A26 for 7.5 miles. Cross A22, left on Newtown Road, pub on left. Use Waitrose car park (on the other side of the railway line). Est. 25 mins.		
22nd January 2024	2345 White Hart, Henfield	BN5 9HP Prince Crashpian
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins. ### BURNS HAGGIS HASH – Wear Tartan! ###		
29th January 2024	2346 Cricketers, Southwick	BN42 4GF Come Again
Directions: Head 2.5 miles west on A27, take the A293 exit for 1 mile, turn right on the A270 for 1 mile, and left on Southwick Street. Take 5th right, the Twitten, and car park is at the end on the right. Eta 10 mins. ### 100th hash celebration ###		
5th February 2024	2347 TBC, Newick	Hot Fuzz

Receding Hareline:

12/02/2024 2348 Toad-in-the Hole, Worthing.
Bathe-it-Daily (*bring bathers!*)
19/02/2024 2349 Greyhound, Keymer - ZZTopless+1
26/02/2024 2350 TBC - Mudlark
04/03/2024 2351 Eager hare required!

Hashing around Sussex:

EGH3 are back on winter timetable – r*ns at 10.45am:
01/01/24 Kentish Horse, Markbeech – 11am
Hares: Big Yin & Neil the other Scotsman [*Tartan Nee'erday day run*]

14/01/24 Wheatsheaf, Plummers Plain - Rocks On & Gromit

CRAP UK H3 - r*ns start at 11am:

07/01/24 Black Swan, Pease Pudding Pottage hash!
Hares: T-Bone & Chaos

Hastings H3 - r*ns start at 1066 (11.06am):

14/01/24 Founders Day Hash – Crowhurst Rec car park. Hares: Jobsworth & Lord of the Flies

W&NK H3- r*ns start at 11am:

21/01/24 Carpenters Arms, Limpsfield Chart Hare: One in the Eye

Thought for the day:

My phone accidentally took a 10 minute video of my shoes on the hash the other day. It was some pretty good footage.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

08-10/03/2024 Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand - <https://www.interhash2024.com/>
 28/3-01/04/2024 FUK Easter Migration Athens, Greece - *see #330*
 26-28/07/2024 Interscandi Hash Hamburg (full – waiting list) <https://mermaidsh3.wixsite.com/interscandi-2024>

SAVE THE DATE 4th – 8th July 2023 (main event 6-7th)

Mad Mid-summer Kirk birthday hash in France:

6 Le Haut Geray, Desertines 53190, Mayenne, France

Bollocks will be celebrating a big birthday in July and has once again extended an invite to BH7 hashers to join him at his humble French abode for a celebration hash and party. Situated near Gorron, there is plenty of camping space available, and he's looking forward to christening his new garden bar after a couple of hashes in the local area. There will also be opportunity for shopping, sightseeing, canoeing/ rafting, high ropes and chilling in local cafes and bars. Our evenings are usually concluded sat around an open fire with good friends, a beer or whatever, singing and righting the world!

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

GM	Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle
Hare Raiser	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons
Beer Monster	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
RA's	Dave 'Dangleberry' King
	Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle
	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash Cash	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
Hash Trash	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Haberhash	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland
Hash Horn	Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer
SDW relay	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
Hashtorian	David 'Spreadsheet' Evans
Christmas Hash	Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt
Hash awards	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

onononononononononononon

Congratulations to new BH7 regulars Foot Fetish and Samui Poo on their wedding on 26/11/23:



Hasher Councillor Fukarwe & Driver Drambulie fundraising with the Brighton Christmas Charity Santabus:



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Connection in the last issue was the Goodies: The first of their chart hits occurring in December 1974 was FATHER CHRISTMAS, DO NOT TOUCH ME, as highlighted on page 3, and the last almost exactly a year later in December 1975 was MAKE A DAFT NOISE FOR CHRISTMAS, the title of the silly page 11.

PAGE
Inside 3 Today
A Christmassy bodypaint special!



The earliest Carol singers can be found on the Bayeux tapestry...and were soldiers from Western France....they were known as the Brittany Spears



Bouncer

Run 2339 The Plough, Pyecombe – With Nasty Nips haring to mark the fine achievement of

his 100th Brighton hash, and with trail featuring the now-installed memorial gate to Chopper, an ample pack of 29 circled-up at this wood-panelled gastropub. Nips advised fishhooks, or should that be Pyecombe Hooks, in this place of the so-named shepherd's crook. On-out then was NW, along a road paralleling the A23, before trail did loop-the-loop to cross the 23, and join the South Downs Way route. Resuming NW to reach Wayfield Park Farm shop, first hook was encountered enroute. Via footbridge, it was then back over the 23, for first ascent, up Pyecombe St, through the same-named picturesque village. Rising steadily to a multiple path crossroads overlooking Newtimber chalk pit, another hook was scored enroute. True trail was found E, toward the Wolstonbury Hill summit, though our hare marched us only half-way-up. It was here that fish-hooking Jaws, passing St Bernard for the second time, remarked 'you can always tell Charlie by his cough'. To which One Erection queried 'by his c*ck?', earning inevitable DD. And joining him in DD, on similar note, last week saw the walkers send Wildbush ahead to test depth of water, which went over her welly boots, though was misheard as b**bs. WB took the DD in lieu of the mis-hearing personage. Looping halfway-down to join a narrow path E that hugs the hill's steep northern escarpment, expansive views over the weald are apparent in daylight, that might have avoided Hare Gomi twice planting his foot in the same cowpat. The second time on a hook, earning him DD. After two further attempts on the summit, true trail ascent was found, with Keeps It Up uttering the DD-earning remark 'Wolstonbury must be volcanic, it's grown since the last time I climbed'! And joining him in DD, Shirker Ninezing, for attempting to lower the summit by sitting atop the trig point pillar, as is his custom! A minor mutiny ensued at the pillar, as to which mark took precedence, the regroup, or the hook marked below. NN resolved by also marking hook above, though conclusion back at the pub was that hook wins regardless. Descending S then E, pack found the fine gate for Chopper, one of the original five on the very first Brighton hash, in June 1978. Which might have passed this spot, r*n being from the Devil's Dyke Inn. Hinge post featured a discreet plaque of hash feet and chopper, pictured. I knew Chopper only in his later years, not as the accomplished hashlete he was. But for me, he spoke to the inclusivity of hash, by being able to participate even with portable breathing aid. To which Bouncer added his tributes at circle. Reaching Rockrose Farm, trail continued the descent S then E, hugging the Clayton Hill road. Before ascending School Ln SW, then Church Ln S, for the on-inn to the pub. Where, after the usual refreshment-sustenance, circle was opened with DD pint 100th run tankard award to NN, complete with 99 flake for reaching also that many r*ns. As well as the aforementioned DD's, St B was called in his capacity with Devil's Dyke National Trust, for the unfortunate need for NN to reassemble the Chopper memorial gate latch, and one other gate needing attention. Though those charges proved spurious, as St B informed the locations were the responsibility of others within the NT. Discussion about the gates, between St B, NN and SN was reminiscent of TV's The Repair Shop! Charges were raised against NN for mid-hash added hook, for no sipstop at the Chopper gate, and for queuing in the pub. The latter, given the pub's hospitality, was in hindsight best unsaid :-/ Bouncer was cited also for the sin of holding up the pack to tie his shoelace at a stile, which turned into a bit of a medical issue, with back pain delaying departure. And lastly, we had a charge against St B for SCB'ing, then walking straight into a hook. Which St B indicated was spurious, as he was walking. And charge against Shoots Off Early for refusing to do the last hook, that HG punted to your author for again hat wearing in the circle. As for the numpty mug, SN awarded to Bouncer for his 400th parkrun invite, which due to snarf will infact be his 399th, oh well. Following announcement, circle was closed, with the customary toast 'to the hash'. **Dangleberry (if anyone has a picture of Nasty Nips receiving his tankard please forward to editor!)**

REHASHING - A CHRISTMAS CORNUCOPIA:



Run 2340 Hassocks Hotel Christmas party and awards night – The usual outstanding array of Christmas themed fancy dress was on display as we gathered in the pub, many enjoying a pre-hash beer, but a special mention has to go particularly to One Erection for creating a massive wrapped present with himself inside! Ambling out we were promised a shortish trail, lots of lights and a special sip by Anybody who'd organised the trail and laid with Ride-It, Baby. Pack set off enthusiastically through the underpass where One E nearly came a cropper straight off, just saving himself from falling down the stairs. Trail continued along Semley Road and the efforts made by residents was impressive with trees lit up all along which, accompanied by Shirker's music and the fairies of Angel, Rocks On and Ride-It Baby, as well as Bonking Queens lit up gown, made it all quite magical! Or was it the proliferation of flasks with St. Bernard's Spiced Rum, SSS's Sloe Gin and Austrian hooch, as well as a number of other whisky and rum filled flasks doing the rounds? Trail continued under the railway and round Woodland Road, Oak Tree Drive and Grand Avenue to the Thatched Inn via a garden snowman photo opportunity. Heading down

Ockley Lane we found signs to the sip stop at Anybody's place opposite the Greyhound, for mulled wine and mince pies. Zoe suggested we should pop in to the Greyhound, where she has been known to pull a pint, and that soon escalated to a conga round the garden, but she'd forgotten the vicar was conducting carols so our reception was not quite as enthusiastic as it might have been. To assuage our guilt, St. Bernard and myself decided to stop for a quick half, which escalated to pints when we discovered locals were still taking photos of Rob. A new barrel made pouring a slow process but the costume was not drinking friendly so One E knocked his back in one, quickly followed by St. Bernard and Lily the Pink, as SSS looked on. Finally returning from the bar with my full pint I was greeted with four empty glasses, an ecstatic SSS who'd just completed her first pint downer, and a cajoling to



get a move on! Disaster struck as I went to place my empty glass on the bar when SSS moved her glass out and hit mine at force shattering it into hundreds of pieces while hers remained intact. Lily got You Stupid Bastard out of the way sharpish, which was our queue to also leave pronto for the On Inn along the Keymer Road. The whole episode clearly hadn't soaked up much time as we passed walkers Wiggy, Summer Lady, Silver Fox and Blonde Vixen on the way in, but Dani took the lead past the shops only to stop and scream out "Nussknacker!" at the Nutcracker painted window of one shop following up with a burst of Tyrolean we couldn't quite fathom. One E claimed that's a funny hash name in any language and a renaming was proposed as we wound our way on inn!

Following the usual format of the awards being given out between courses, the first business of the day was to bestow a number of hash names, so up came James and Amanda, Zoe, Julia, and for her renaming, Dani/ SSS. James actually completed his 100th run in April 2013, some ten years ago, but took a break from hashing, returning just this year and bringing Amanda along with him. A decision was made that, as it was so overdue, he would receive his tankard at the Christmas do rather than being press-ganged into setting a trail first, however, a name was needed quickly for the engraving, so a spot decision was made that, as he is Merlin's 'Dad', he should be thus known as the legendary Dragonlord who fathered Merlin the Wizard. The fact that Balinor himself spent years as a hermit gives a tenuous connection to James' own isolation from the hash! Amanda, despite her great ability as a runner, has taken to hashing well in her own quiet way, drifting through the pack, seamlessly mastering checking and fishhooks, and even turning up when Balinor doesn't even command it. We saw another side a few weeks ago, though, when the nettles were at their most virulent causing pack to pick their way through, and Amanda to start yelling at those ahead to "get on with it, it's only a little sting". That sting comes from Formic Acid so a proposal of Formic Fury was made, but quickly changed to Formicator! Physio Julia was finally persuaded along to the hash by colleague Ride-It, Baby after some years encouragement, joining the walkers, but she really took to the ale trail this year, not only completing the 20 pubs needed for the t-shirt, but going on to 30, then 40, even getting her son Andy involved to complete another 20 for a 2nd t shirt putting the rest of us 20 pubbers to shame! She'd also enjoyed the flask on the way up so Drinks Like A Fishio seemed appropriate! Dani's renaming has already been touched upon, however, a nod to her old name was suggested, and so she became NuSSSknacker. And finally, how many possibilities are there for Zoe? We could have gone round for hours so, to keep it simple, just two options were put to the floor: Pearly Queen as she used to have a pearl stringing business (and to avoid the crudity our American friends would likely have endorsed), and ZZ Topless (from Z'Zoe, given her weekly habit of stripping back to the bra after ten minutes hashing), the latter receiving a huge swell of support (sic!). Main courses now on the table, there was a short intermission before NN moved things on with an award of a pair of ice grips for Tripsy Daisy to help her



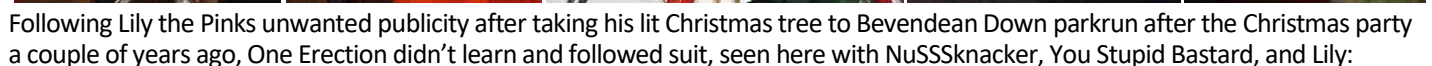
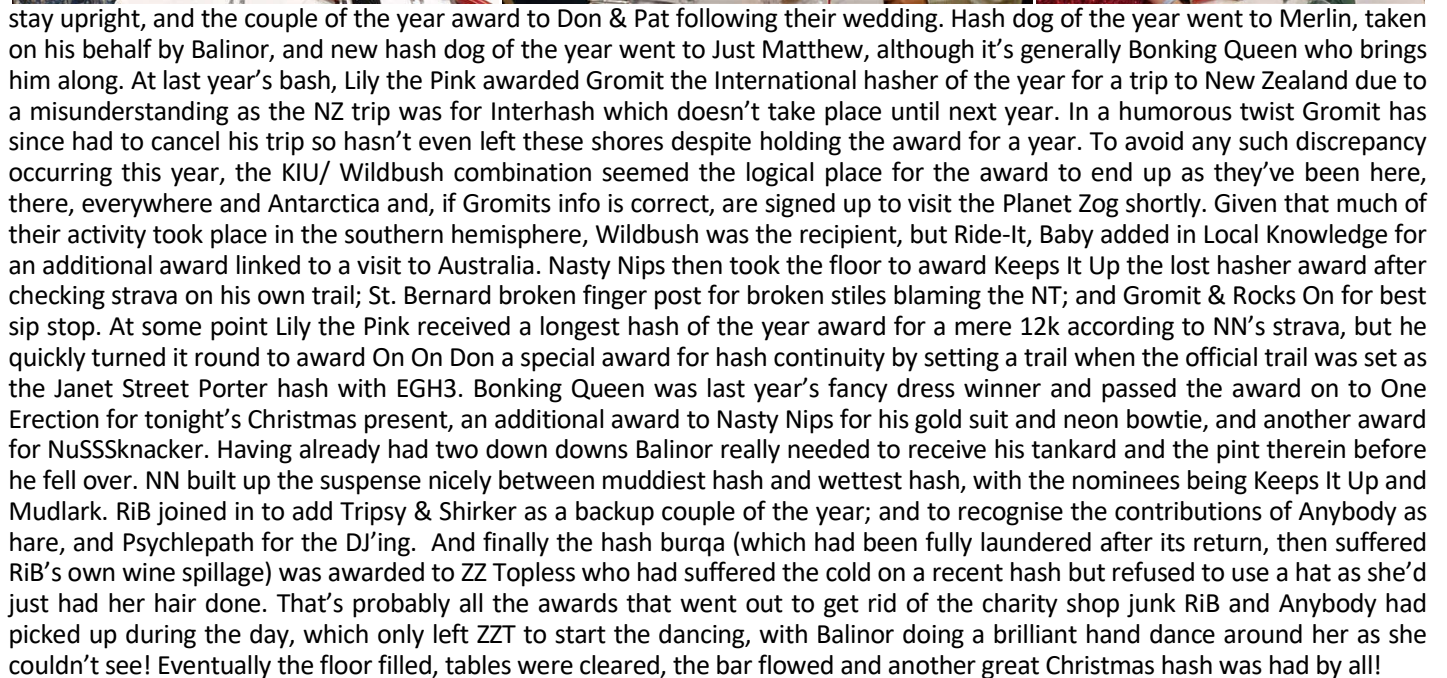
A few namings...



Nasty Nips dishes out a load of junk!



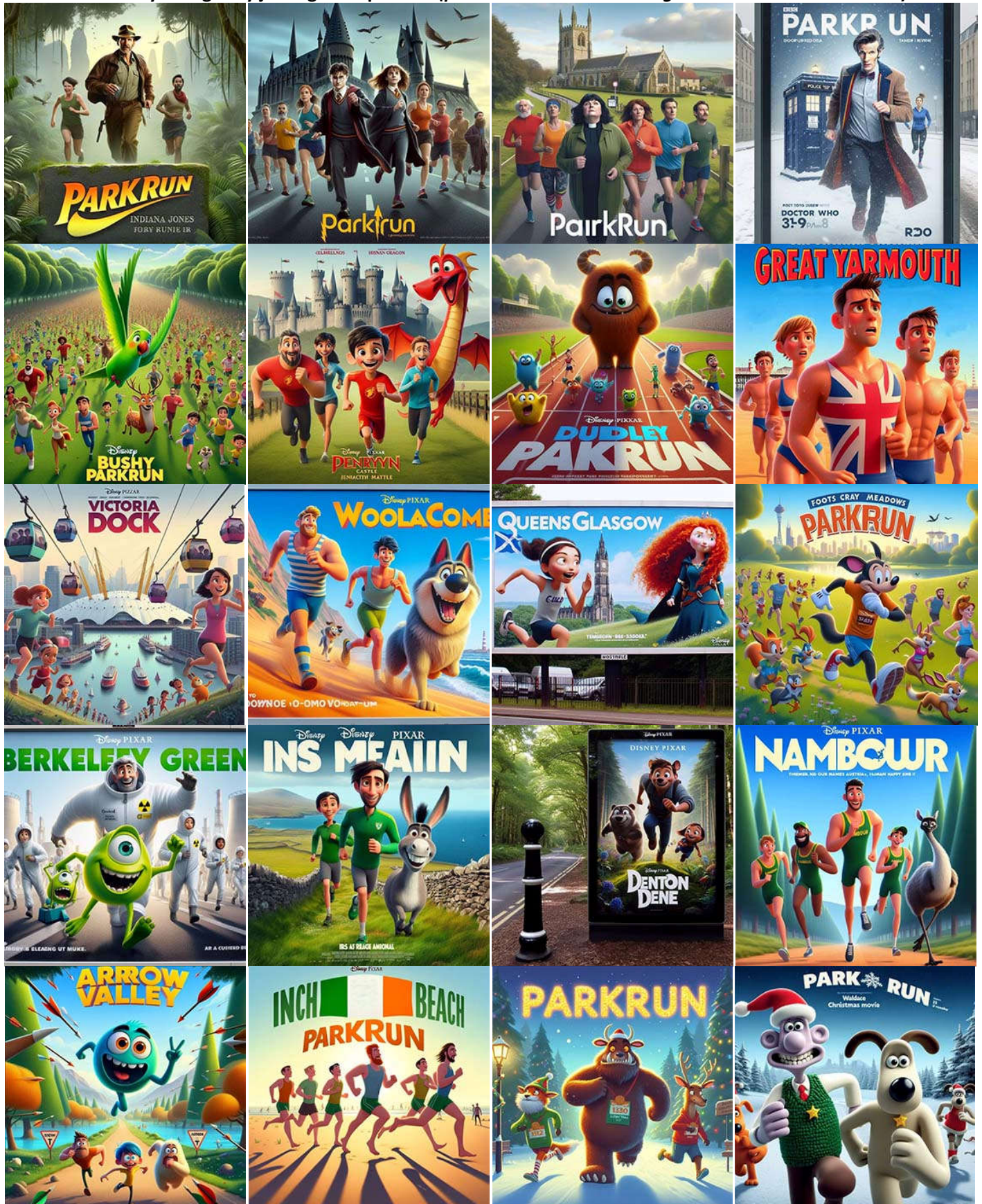
More downers from Ride-It, Baby



A belated Christmas tip: Make Christmas a little more festive by sending cards to your neighbours with messages like: “To the old bastard who parks like a wankpuffin, have an absolutely shite Christmas”, then sign it from another neighbour you don’t like.

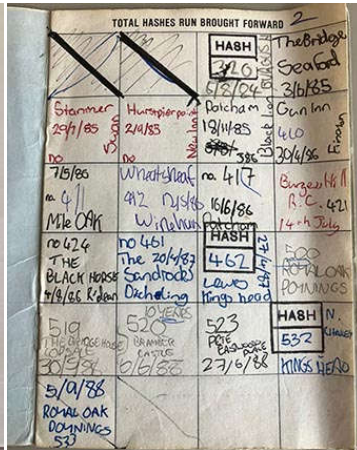
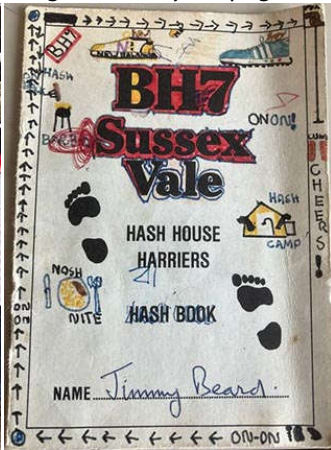
NEW YEAR, NEW RESOLVE

Start the year right by joining us at parkrun (pictures AI simulations to generate added excitement!)




A large, dark blimp is silhouetted against a bright sunset sky. It is towing a small, dark boat or platform with a line. The landscape below is hazy and mountainous.

A group of approximately 20 people are lined up on a dirt path, many wearing Santa hats and winter attire. They appear to be participants in a charity event, with some wearing branded t-shirts. The background shows a wooded area.



I asked my wife what she wanted for Christmas. "Well, nothing would make me happier than a Diamond necklace" she replied. I said "Nothing it is then!" I should be out of hospital by mid-January. On my Christmas visit to Lapland I said to one of the locals, "how come your mouths don't freeze up in these sub zero temperatures?" He replied.... "We grit our teeth!"

bar which, although unfortunately closed at 4pm, was toasted with a can of Hassocks coffee stout gifted by Dips and a photo shoot! That diversion nicely broke up the long trawl to the excellent **#3 Hop Sun** micropub, which I first encountered on this years ale trail. The good choice of beers was predominantly keg based with only a couple of cask beers on tap, but we found ourselves a table upstairs as we were joined by Legolas, Psychlepath and Richard, and soon got involved in all sorts of silliness as the Christmas selfie pack appeared (which we concluded was actually for kids but the stickers made a nice seasonal embellishment by RP for the complimentary tampons!), a toad in the hole contest* got underway, and Daryl got her sticks out. Sadly a limited timescale meant we had to move on, but at least it was only the width of a street to **#4 Heath Tavern**. An empty pool table was soon occupied by Dips and myself, the former hustler playing a blinding early black pot to concede, as we attempted to cue around the heap of about £25 of coins left on the table. Things got a bit nasty when the owners of said coin accused us of helping ourselves to their money, and I was grateful that the landlady remembered us from past hashes and told them to behave, as we hadn't touched a pub, another new venue, **#5 the Tap** opposite Victoria Park, where the landlord was in a s sent us outside to drink. Eventually a table did free up but again we were in trouble a bad job and wandered on to **#6 the Star**. Here a far more convivial atmosphere prevailed, stomachs rumbling somewhat by now, a deviation occurred to the hares plan and we fo



sure how much beer was actually employed to wash down the excellent Thai cuisine! Despite that we continued with the mission, crossing the road to craft beer place **#8 Bar 42**, by which time crowds had thinned down a bit, and we received a warm welcome and a table large enough to accommodate those of us still going. Which meant RP's sticks came out again for another round! Some folks had already gone, with trains to catch etc., and it was becoming a struggle to put away the beer by now, so when KIU suggested we finish up at the Lockhart Tavern, we decided that perhaps enough was enough and opted to call it a night instead. Which is a shame as, on reflection and including the three early pubs visited by members of the squad, that would have been a 12th venue! Although quite honestly, not one hasher was able to say hand on heart that they'd partaken of 12 drinks during the course of the day, which makes sense given the 5 hours less than usual we had available. Another great Christmas CRAFT though, and look out for our next event very soon. **Dangleberry has a toad-in-the-hole CRAFT coming soon!*



Was the month after Christmas and all through the house, nothing would fit me, not even a blouse. The stuffing I'd nibbled, the turkey I'd taste, the yummys I'd eaten gone straight to my waist. The wine and the mince pies, the bread and the cheese..... I should have just said, "no thank you, please." ... So as I dressed myself in my dads old shirt, I couldn't believe my bottom and belly - the... gi.....rth! I said to myself, as only I can, "you can't spend the year disguised as a man!" So away with the last of the sour-cream dip, get rid of the fruitcake, every cracker and chip. Every last bit of food that I like must be banished 'til all the additional ounces have vanished. I won't have a cookie, not even a lick, instead I'll chew on a long celery stick. I won't have Irish coffees, or chocolates, or pie..... I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry: "I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore - but isn't that what January's for?" Unable to giggle, no longer a riot, Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!

The New Years resolution is going well – no chocolate! The word is not even in my vocadbury.

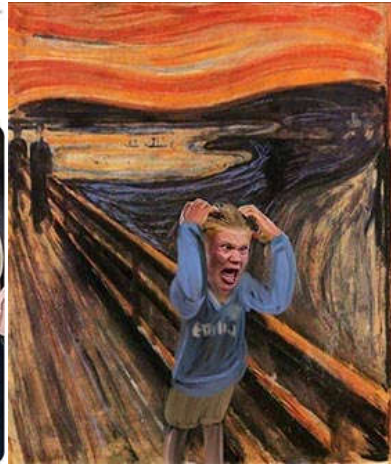
IN THE NEWS

Erling Haaland loses it when ref blows whistle for a foul on his teammate as Man City points row rages on; Rebecca Welch becomes first women to officiate at a Premier League match; and Storm Pia causes Christmas travel problems:

James Black @thevoiceofspurs · 2h

BREAKING NEWS

The FA have called Haaland's behaviour "disgraceful" and have decided to dock Everton 8 points



The Daily Mash 3 hours ago

Woman referee not going to say what players did wrong <http://tinyurl.com/3ru7c4f3>



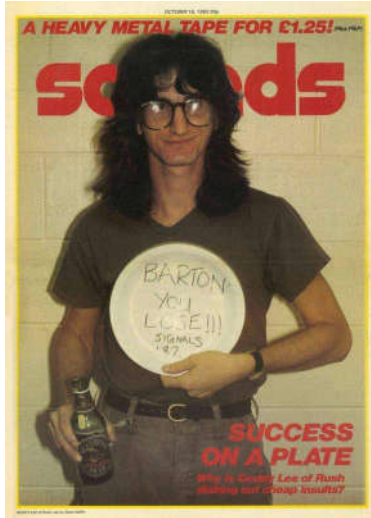
Woman referee not going to say what players did wrong

MATT



'We seem to be following yonder trampoline'

From 1982 Sounds magazine, Rush's Geddy Lee predicts the toxic Joey Barton's undoing as Mary Earps wins SPOTY:



MARY EARPS	
DAYS IN JAIL	0
BEATEN UP TEAMMATES	0
RED CARDS	0
ENGLAND MINUTES	A LOT
ENGLAND CAPS	47
WORLD CUP FINAL APPS	1
MAJOR CLUB HONOURS	2
MAJOR INTL HONOURS	3

JOEY BARTON	
DAYS IN JAIL	74
BEATEN UP TEAMMATES	1
RED CARDS	6
ENGLAND MINUTES	12
ENGLAND CAPS	1
WORLD CUP FINAL APPS	0
MAJOR CLUB HONOURS	0
MAJOR INTL HONOURS	0

Gee Mee (A certain sort of pe... @GemUnicornFan2

BREAKING NEWS

@Joey7Barton has challenged Ciara Mageean to a 5k run and reckons he can beat her while blindfolded and walking backwards.



The Parthenon marbles row rears its head again; and the Israel - Ha'mas conflict continues:



Egg on faces as Blackpool tower fire turns out to be orange netting; while the Post Office breakdown continues over Christmas:

Nothing better post-Christmas than relaxing in front of a open fire

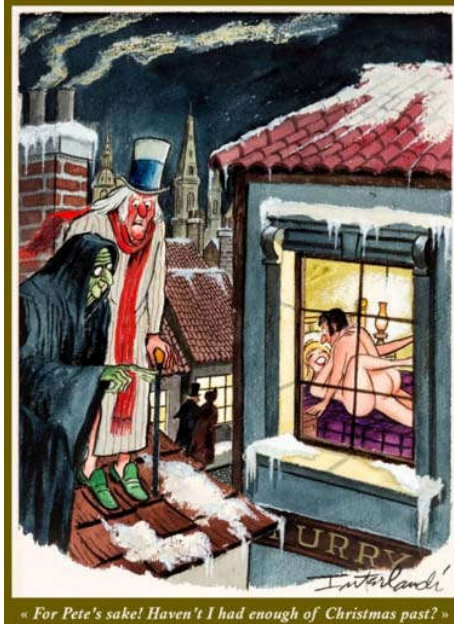


MATT



'On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, only four gold rings, one turtle dove and a partly damaged pear tree'

A few more Playboy seasonal cartoons...



« For Pete's sake! Haven't I had enough of Christmas past? »



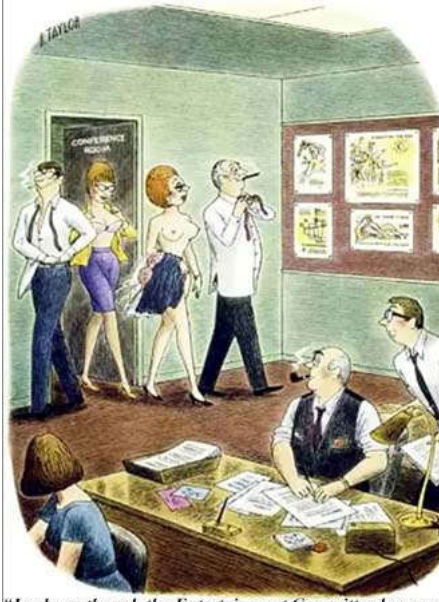
"It wouldn't be Christmas without a kiss for Tiny Tim!"



« Repent, Ebenezer, and I'll be your ghost of Christmas Present! »



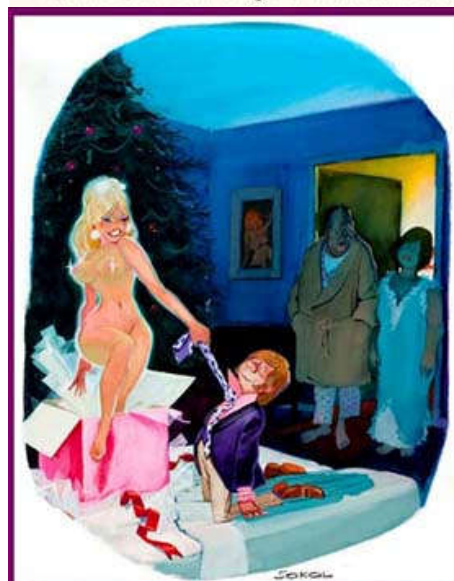
"Nintendo doesn't have a game like that, does it?"



"Looks as though the Entertainment Committee has come up with some fresh ideas for this year's Christmas Party"



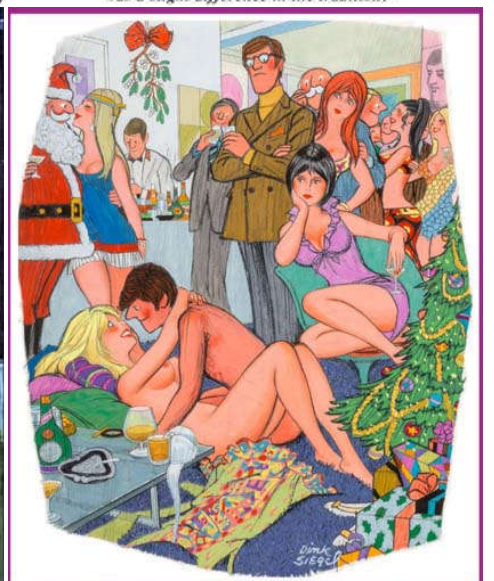
"He said the mistletoe was imported from France, so there was a slight difference in the tradition."



« That telegram he sent to the North Pole... You don't suppose...? »



"Evidently you're not the little boy who wrote that he wasn't getting anything..."



"I hate for this moment to end, but we mustn't monopolise the mistletoe."

My wife shouted, "Don't open that wardrobe!" just as I was just about to. "Your Christmas present is in there." "Too late," I said, pulling open the door and looking in, "but you get me the shittiest presents! Why the hell would I want a half naked milkman?"

THE END

...OF THE OLD (LOOKING AT YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS) AND THE START OF THE NEW!

when you ask Santa for 'a rice cooker' but he heard 'a nice hooker'



No matter what I do with the kids, the wife is always finding fault with me. I bought our two-year old daughter her first jigsaw for Christmas but, typically, the wife was furious... Screaming at me, things like, "...too young for power tools"!



The wisdom of Terry Pratchett from the Hogfather graphic novel, when Death had to stand in for the Discworld Santa!



I asked this young woman at my gym what her New Year's resolution was



She said, "Fuck You." So I'm pretty excited about the upcoming Year ...

The Boarding of Flight 2024 has been announced...

Your luggage should only contain the best souvenirs from 2023...
The bad and sad moments should be left behind
The duration of the flight will be 12 months.
So, tighten your seatbelt
The next stop-overs will be:
Health, Love, Joy, Harmony, Well-Being and Peace
The Captain offers you the following menu which will be served during the flight...
A Cocktail of Friendship
A Supreme of Health
A Gratin of Prosperity
A Bowl of Excellent News
A salad of Success
A Cake of Happiness
All accompanied by bursts of laughter...

Wishing you all an enjoyable trip
on board flight 2024

I'm opening a gym called Resolutions. It'll have exercise equipment for the first two weeks then turns into a bar for the rest of the year.