



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)
Runs/trash #110 July 2006

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

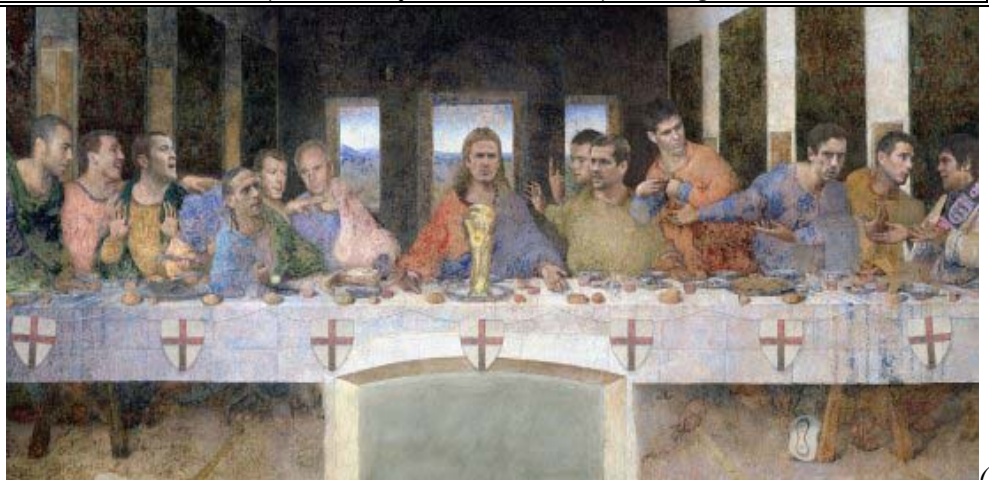
Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
3rd July 2006	1463	Sussex Potters, North Lancing	183 056	Bouncer	01273 441611	Directions: A27 west past Shoreham Airport. Right at next roundabout, pub on left 200 yards. Est. 10 mins.
10th July 2006	1464	Yew Tree, Chalvington	525 099	Don & Theresa	01273 385637	Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Continue beyond Beddingham roundabout to Selmeston. Left opposite Barley Mow pub. Through village and pub on right 1/2mile. Est. 25 mins.
17th July 2006	1465	Piltdown Man, Piltdown	439 222	Bob Luck		Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at first roundabout and left at lights on A275. After 7 miles turn right at X-roads. Through Newick and pub on right c.3 miles. Est. 30 mins.
24th July 2006	1466	Sportsman, Goddards Green	286 202	Dave & Alexis	tba	Directions: Take A23 to A2300 Burgess Hill turn-off. Turn right for Goddards Green at first roundabout. Pub is on left hand side after 1/4 mile. Est. 15 mins.
31st July 2006	1467	Henty Arms, Ferring	096 032	Bouncer again	01273 441611	Directions: A27 west to Hill Barn roundabout after Lyons Farm. Left on A24 and immediately right on A2032. After 3rd roundabout road becomes A259. Take first left and pub on left just before railway crossing. Est. 20 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE:

7th August 2006 - Mudlarks & Gomi
 #1468 - Flying Fish, Denton
 14th August 2006 - Anybody & Ivan
 #1469 - Fox, Patching
 21st August 2006 - Don & Theresa
 #1470 - Foresters Arms, Ferrop
 28th August 2006 - Lewes Arms
 #1471 - Dave Evans
 4th September 2006 - John Harvey
 Tavern, also in Lewes. #1472
 Grahame & Phil

A long way away still:

19/3/07 1500th run. Celebration
 event tba.



L - R) Ashley Cole, John Terry, Paul Robinson, Rio Ferdinand, Steve McLaren, Sven-Goran Eriksson, David Beckham, Wayne Rooney, Michael Owen, Steven Gerrard, Gary Neville, Frank Lampard, Joe Cole

Bouncers blurb:

OOPS Well nobody spotted, or at least nobody pointed out, the errata on the front page of the last issue. It wasn't of course the Cologne stadium but Munich! By the time you read this you will have a better idea than I at the time of writing, had of England chances although so far its been a lucky route and a lucky roll. Ooh.

This issue sees a bit of plundering of trashes from recent events attended by your roving crew of Bouncer Angel and the yobs. You might also like to play the "spot Peter Crouch" game. Probably not much of a challenge though, but time is tight so I've jumped on anything that saves me thinking!



Two from What's Brewing Camra mag:

Bud faces tough taste test in World Cup Germany Tue May 9, 2006 06:17 AM BST By Louis Charbonneau

BERLIN (Reuters) - Budweiser may be the "King of Beers" in the United States, but it's often laughed at in Germany, where it will be one of only two beers available in football stadiums during the World Cup. An official sponsor of the month-long soccer tournament that kicks off on June 9, Budweiser parent Anheuser-Busch originally won the rights to a monopoly on beer sales at the 64 World Cup matches to be held in 12 German cities. But the decision outraged Germany's fiercely proud beer drinkers, many of whom dislike the taste of weaker U.S. beers. The German television station n-tv summed up the country's reaction on its Web site: "A cry went out across the nation." The St. Louis, Missouri-based firm took note of the furore and relented. It agreed to give 30 percent of beer sales rights to the family-run German brewery Bitburger to sell its popular Bitburger Pils, better known as "Bit". "We obviously read the stories and are aware of the media ... the German fan, the German consumer, has great pride in the local beers," Anheuser-Busch Vice-President Tony Ponturo told Reuters in a telephone interview. According to government figures, some 1,200 German breweries produce over 115 million hectolitres of beer every year, much of it for export. Germany is the world's third largest beer market after the United States and China, and Germans down around 140 litres of beer per capita each year, well ahead of Americans. Only the Czechs and Irish drink more. Anheuser-Busch markets its beer in Germany under the clumsy name "Anheuser-Busch Bud". It is banned from using "Budweiser" and "Bud" labels due to legal disputes with the Czech brewer Budweiser Budvar over the former and Bitburger over the latter. But the World Cup deal persuaded Bitburger, which has successfully argued in the past that "Bud" sounds too much like "Bit", to temporarily suspend its legal dispute, allowing the name Bud to appear at World Cup stadiums. "We've been able to work out an arrangement with Bitburger that will allow us to use 'Bud' on the perimeter boards, which we think has certainly value for us," Ponturo said.

"AN INSULT"

The result of this beer diplomacy is that an estimated 2 million German and 1 million foreign fans will be able to choose between a traditional German pilsner and a lighter U.S. lager. But the deal has not silenced all Bud's German critics. Berlin university

I meant to say last time round that the Ale Trail is now well in progress. Passports available at loads of decent outlets, and bound to be a hash near you soon. This year even has a Cider Rider trail!

Right, as Interhash rushes ever nearer, it looks like we could be very short on attendees again in spite of the huge interest being shown in recent pubs. Have a great time, Bob, but just in case anyone is serious about wanting to go, I have had several e-mails offering places at original cost from hound who have had to adjust their schedules.

On On

student Johannes Schnitter is collecting negative epithets about Bud and posting them on his Web site. "An insult to all true beer lovers, taste buds and football fans," Schnitter says about Bud and its World Cup domination. "I don't think it's appropriate for Germany to welcome the world into our country with this pseudo beer," he told Reuters. Anheuser-Busch has been a World Cup sponsor since 1986 and said last week it would also back the tournament in 2010 and 2014. It paid \$40 million (21.5 million pounds) as one of the 2006 tournament's 15 sponsors. The 188-year-old Bitburger, which will get nearly a third of the beer concessions at the World Cup but no advertising rights, was determined to be in the game. "As a partner of the DFB (German Football Association) we did not want to be excluded from a World Cup in Germany," company spokesman Dietmar Henle said. Anheuser-Busch, the largest U.S. brewer and world's third biggest after Inbev and SABMiller, hopes its World Cup presence will improve its image in Germany. "We understand that taste is an important part of the product beer and Europeans, particularly Germans, like a stronger, more bitter kind of product," Ponturo said. Ironically, Anheuser-Busch has German roots. It was incorporated in St. Louis in 1875 by German immigrants Adolphus Busch and Busch's father-in-law Eberhard Anheuser. Anheuser-Busch, which makes less than 7 percent of its revenues outside the United States, wants to expand its share of the lucrative German market and Ponturo hopes beer tastes might one day evolve to its advantage. "As the younger people are travelling and becoming much more of a global society, maybe beer tastes will change," he said. It might take a while. German breweries follow purity rules that date back half a millennium to Duke Wilhelm IV's 1516 edict stating that beer can only be brewed from four things: barley, yeast, hops and water. Budweiser has an extra ingredient -- rice. The company says this creates "its characteristic lightness, crispness and refreshing taste."

WIND OF CHANGE

There is one unexpected side effect to the smoking ban, and it's not pleasant - an outbreak of silent but deadly flatulence. Throughout an Edinburgh weekend we encountered some seriously putrid parping, no doubt a side effect of the Scottish fat intense diet with such delicacies as haggis and deep fried Mars Bars. In addition it increased in direct proportion to the number of pints being sunk. It was always there in the past, of course, but somehow the smoke neutralised its impact. Post smoking-ban, the winds of change takes on a whole new meaning in Scottish pubs but it's a change for the better.



A German family head out one Saturday to do some shopping. While in the sports shop the son picks up an England football shirt and says to his sister, "I've decided to be an England supporter and I would like this for my birthday." This outrages his big sister and promptly whacks him round the head and says, "Go talk to your mother." So off goes the little lad with the white and red football shirt in hand and finds his mother. "Mum?" "Yes son?" "I've decided I'm going to be an England supporter and I would like this shirt for my birthday". The mother is outraged at this, promptly whacks him around the head twice and says, "Go talk to your father." Off he goes with the football shirt in hand and finds his father. "Dad?" "Yes son?" "I've decided I'm going to be an England supporter and I would like this shirt for my birthday." The father is outraged and promptly whacks his son around the head 4 times and says: "No son of mine is ever going to be seen in THAT!" About half an hour later they're all back in the car and heading towards home. The father turns to his son and says, "Son, I hope you've learned something today?" The son says, "Yes dad I have." "Good son, what is it?" The son replies, "I've only been an England supporter for an hour and already I hate you German B*stards"

Seven of clubs

This made me laugh! My brother has a **pack of cards** from the **Manneken Pis** in Brussels. On the number side there are photos of the statue with different clothes on depicting various officials (police, post office etc.) or stars (Elvis, John Malkovich!?, etc.) all of them of course widdling into the fountain. Ewans got hold of them and was tasting them so I took them away from him. Last one I took from him carried the caption Hach House Harriers and was wearing a Brussels H3 shirt! I related this tale to a couple of the guys in the pub the other Monday, talking about the spread of hash, and also mentioned the Spinners thing from last issue (the **We're Harriers** song came from a **Spinners** LP I'd been asked if I could stick on CD). Pete B then says he remembers his kids running through the house singing 'we're hashing we're hashing, following the flour just like hash house harriers' a few years ago. When he asked them where they got it from it turned out to be **Rosie and Jim!** Mr. X from Herts and FUKFMH3 has since verified this saying he's got the video. **WHAT** are we like! If anyone has, or knows of any more amusing Hash references please let me know!!

From the front page picture:

Managers old and new feature alongside England's favoured starting lineup in a new, cryptic piece of artwork, 'Sven's Last Supper'.

The piece - a reworking of Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece 'The Last Supper' - was commissioned by UKTV G2 to mark the launch of its extensive World Cup coverage. Four Photoshop experts spent several "painstaking" days putting together the picture, which also features several hidden messages.

David Beckham assumes his idol-like status as Jesus Christ, presiding over the coveted World Cup trophy itself in the centre of the picture. Beckham appears removed from his team mates - a reflection of the fact that he is one of the few English players who now play abroad.

Wayne Rooney sits to the right of Beckham, pointing a finger - a reference to the argument Beckham and Rooney had during the Northern Ireland game.

Sven Goran-Eriksson is portrayed as Mary Magdalene, seeking advice from his successor, Steve McClaren, who in turn is blowing a raspberry at Sven.

Meanwhile the defenders are far from talking tactics in their corner of the table. Sven has isolated naughty kid Rio so that he can keep an eye on him, despite the attempts of cheeky Ashley Cole to involve him in mischief.

"All of the England stars who appear in Sven's last supper have been voted for by over 3000 football fans," said Steve North, head of UKTV G2. "What better way to mark the start of the world cup than with a witty homage to our England hopefuls."

East Grinstead H3 July runs:

Run 833 10 July 2006	Crow and Gate Poundgate, Nr Crowborough 493289	Joy of Specs Irn Brew
Run 834 17 July 2006	The Sloop Scaynes Hill 385244	Thumper Two Left Feet
Run 835 24 July 2006	Fox and Hounds Brasted Chart 471520	Pat McNulty
Run 836 31 July 2006	Little Brown Jug Chiddingstone Causeway 523466	Chris Neale

A man has tickets for the 2006 World Cup final. After he has been sitting in his seat for a few minutes, the man in the seat behind him taps him on the shoulder and asks if anyone is sitting in the seat next to him. "No," he says. "The seat is empty."

"Absolutely incredible!" said the man. "Who in their right mind would have a seat like this for the World Cup Final, one of the great sporting events, and not use it?"

"Well actually," he says, "the seat belonged to my wife. She was supposed to come with me but she passed away. This is the first World Cup final we haven't been to together since we got married."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," replies the man. "That's terrible. But couldn't you find someone else to take the seat? A friend or relative, or even a neighbour?"

The man shakes his head "No, they're all at the funeral."



STOP PRESS for the trash (a reprint from #53 courtesy of Pete)

Scientists at Europe's annual Human Reproduction Conference (HRC) have suggested the possibility of female hormones in beer and as a result they warn that men should take a serious look at their real ale consumption. The hypothesis is that drinking beer can turn men into women.

As a preliminary study 100 men were each given six pints of Harveys, Sussex over a one-hour period. It was observed that 100% of the men gained weight, talked excessively without making sense, became emotional, couldn't drive, failed to think rationally and argued over nothing. Many had to sit down while urinating. They also refused to apologise when wrong. No conclusions were made and no further testing is planned.

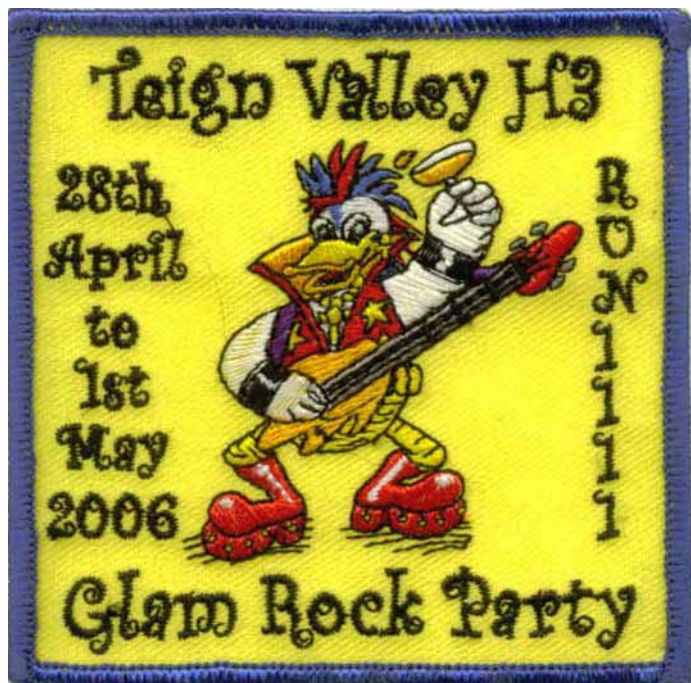
Three for the summer

Okay I know this may not be exciting stuff - yet more of Bouncers hash weekend reviews - but we really do reckon them to be a huge amount of fun, and who knows, eventually our enthusiasm may rub off and one or two more will feel inclined to join us!

This year we've hit three weekend events starting with **Teign Valley H3's 1111** in Devon, in part due to the enthusiasm of former Brighton hasher Cathy (Radio Soap) Archer who was going with her boyfriend Mike (Cyst Pit) from West London H3:

As usual the format was pub crawl Friday so we needed to get down there early to set up before the crawl started. That meant taking a day off to get organized and give the old camper van a chance. Took us several hours but we arrived at Parkers Farm, a campsite just outside Ashburton, without incident. The site had lots of plusses in the set-up and being a working farm, ideal for kids, but a couple of downsides were that we were sharing with the public so had to watch our step a bit, and that it was very much within hearing range of the dual carriageway. A number of huge trampolines scattered around kept the boys happy whilst we set up camp.

With typical hash friendliness our neighbours from Plympton H3 invited us to their pre-run Caribbean cocktail party which included a large quantity of Grenadan Navy Rum (note for Peter E!), Caribbean being the fancy dress theme for the pub crawl. Aileen and Grants naughty drinking straws made their first appearance to enormous mirth here, as well as the juggling breasts. Just before we left home Gabs had realized that she'd forgotten to sort out a card for Mike's birthday so I'd quickly adapted the gnome from the last Christmas trash (*Moneys tight, times are hard, here's your f**king birthday card!*). Trouble is my printer was playing up and I was panicking which meant we ended up with half a dozen versions before I got it right! No matter, they came in useful as Mike suddenly found out we all new his secret as he received several almost identical cards and a rum cocktail down down!



More cocktails were in evidence at the registration so by the time of the start of the run we were ticking!

Fortunately it was a respectable distance into Ashburton for the first pub, although I'm sure it wasn't necessary for Mike to break into a sprint quite so far from the pub, forcing me into a race for the bar! Locals were highly amused by our antics in the pub, but before long it was time to move on to pub number two where I discovered TVH3 calendar girls Wickdipper and Honeydew. After having to accept a late pint at the first pub we were all that was left at pub 2 where word had spread that anyone wishing to eat at the pub would have to get to 3 asap. Eventually we followed after the landlady's patience seemed to wear thin and there we stayed becoming increasingly mellow until the hardened few that were left eventually got kicked out for the long walk back and bed.

After an excellent breakfast, Saturdays run was from Hay Tor on Dartmoor which meant a coach trip out. Quick note here. Although I think I would generally prefer the longer run that Saturday usually offers on

these weekends, its tough on Fridays hangover and Gabs has decided that she prefers to run before drinking. This means that I look after the kids on Saturday while she runs, then when she's hungover on Sunday its my turn to run. On this occasion there were a couple of long/ short splits which meant a possible run of 13 miles if you went long long, or 7 miles on the short/short. After seeing the runners off on the trail, which meant the final climb to Hay Tor to start, the kids had an ice-cream and those of us left behind stayed on the coach to drink and sweet stop number 1. It was hardly a safe place for the coach to park, but the danger was heightened by the rampant pony excited by the mare in heat penned by the side of the road. He took no notice of all the people standing around as he kept running back into the crowd to try and find a way through to her.

Taking the advice of the hares, the boys and I, with a massive amount of help from Cupcake, then set off to do the middle part of the trail. Although generally downhill this was still a struggle for the buggy and the boys but as the long route runners caught us up we were joined by the sweeping hare and his hound who kept their interest levels up so they could keep moving. By the lunch stop Lone Ranger, who was in the area and had decided to join in the Saturday fun, was wasted so joined us on the coach back. Meanwhile the veggie pasties had proved more popular than expected from the rego forms and I was left hot, hassled and hungry.

Fortunately it wasn't too far back to base, where there was the promise of a cream tea and more cocktails right after the circle. Hi-De-Hi won the most impressive sin here for her efforts the night before when she'd lost track of everybody and ended up going back to a non-hashers house on the promise of a lift back to site. As he proudly showed off his collectors car she chucked on it, so he took her into his house and she chucked on his new sofa, after which he managed to get her into his recently refurbished bathroom where.. oh you get the picture! Meanwhile Gabs had taken

the kids off to do the farm trail. I joined just after they'd seen the milking and procured eggs and on we went to see the lambs, rabbits, donkeys, pigs and who knows what else! After that it was shower time, then into the restaurant for dinner before glitzing up for the glam rock theme. My pseudo Durannie costume, complimented by a space blanket wrapped round my middle didn't really work but we all had a tremendous evening anyway, treated to hard rock versions of 70s classics by the band. Bar closed at midnight and they'd just about got us all out by one which was the cue for a few of us to head up to Hoggies caravan to set the world to rights. Organiser Wigwam was frantically waving at us as we went past his caravan to indicate the party was there. With no takers it wasn't long before he joined us though! He later made several attempts to escape which we kept foiling, but by now he had become known to Hoggie, which proved to be costly.

Sundays run was a long long of 7 miles which suited me quite nicely, although the short short turned out to be more testing than the hares had let on for Gabs and Cathy who jointly got the kids to the stop. As well as the two running trails and the walkers route there were also three cycle trails (bashes) for novices, road and off-road bikes. This was a very pleasant run over some very mixed terrain finishing after a nice wooded run by a stream up a lane to a cider farm. Here the cider was on tap, the veggie pasties were absent again, and we were treated to Hoggies showmanship in the circle. Highlights included Busby for new socks, or rather the one that was covering the plaster on his broken leg, (an accident somehow resulting from a previous circle), Wickdipper with an imaginative demolition of the goody bag concept that resulted in us receiving an envelope containing a patch, and the severe battering of about 5 downs he gave the good-humoured Wigwam.

The barrel of cider having been written off we thought it only fair that we took away the substantial amount that against the odds still hadn't been drunk, but no point rushing as the bar at the site was closed for a private function. So 12 of us were left with no hare to put us right and the final couple of miles not too clearly marked, but with the comfort of the cider for the two hours it took us to find our way back to base. We were all very merry and so had a highly humorous stroll back which on at least one occasion had the cider taking a 40 foot roll downhill through the bushes!

The final night was kept simple with a 70s disco, no particular fancy dress, just a good night although we were all feeling the strain by now. Somehow recovered in time for the caravan party at Wickdippers which turned out not to be but Hoggies yet again!

Monday trail was round the site to see the animals we'd seen on the farm trail and included a stop at Dishy Goolies of Truro H3's tent where the last of the cider was finally finished up, a nasty on-back to the top of the hill, and a final stop at a tent where the last of the fruit and sweets were dispensed.

Being in the area we took advantage of the opportunity to visit Mr. Robinson in his Devon residence and as usual received the very warm welcome he and Candy always give, before starting our long journey home, tired but happy.

BOUNCER

If you are ready for the, adventure of a lifetime TRY THIS:

Enter Pakistan or China illegally. Never mind immigration quotas, visas, international law, or any of that nonsense. Once there, demand that the local government provide free medical care for you and your entire family.

Demand bilingual nurses and doctors. Demand free bilingual local government forms, bulletins, etc. Procreate abundantly. Deflect any criticism of this allegedly irresponsible reproductive behaviour with, "It is a cultural English thing. You would not understand, pal."

Keep your English identity strong. Fly the Union Jack from your rooftop, or proudly display it in your front window or on your car bumper. Speak only English at home and in public and insist that your children do likewise. Demand classes on



English culture in their school system. Demand a local driver license. This will afford other legal rights and will go far to legitimise your unauthorized, illegal presence in their country. Drive around with no liability insurance and ignore local traffic laws, such as street racing. Insist that local law enforcement teach English to all its officers. Good luck! You'll be demanding for the rest of time or soon be dead. Because it will never happen. It will not happen in Pakistan, China or any other country in the world except right here in England, Land of the naive and stupid, idiotic politically correct politicians.

If you agree, pass it on.

If you don't, go ahead and try the above in Pakistan, Eastern Europe, China or Iran.

Unusual Hash event – how about a team from Brighton H7 for this...

OK those who know me are saying "oh it's Ram selling something which is competitive". Well OK it is competitive for some but of course it's about taking part & about having a great day out with other hashers & OK yes some more serious types and having hashed with quite a few of you over the years I know there are enough of you who are FRB's. This event however is also great for hashers who just want to take part and of course you could put a Relay team in.

So you as a Hasher are being invited to take part in a fun event along with lots of other Hashers and other serious types on Sunday the 1st October 2006.

All finishers have an option of a free T-shirt or medal to be pre-requested on entry form

Events comprise of a Full Marathon, a Half Marathon and Relay Marathon (mixed teams of 4)

Please read on:-

The Clarendon Marathon starts in Winchester and follows the Clarendon Way footpaths / bridleways and tracks from Winchester to Salisbury (all multi terrain stuff) fee of only £17 unaffill

The Half Marathon starts at Broughton near Stockbridge and follows the same course to the Finish at Five Rivers Leisure Centre in Salisbury fee of only £14 unaffill.

The Relay event comprises of 4 x average of 10k legs and again follows the same course as the Marathon with transition change over points along the way Must be mixed teams £44 per team unaffill.

This route well known to many local Hashers & has got everything loads of drink stations, flour and if it's been raining plenty of shiggy, and you can stop at the occasional pub if you fancy a swift pint ----- just ask Clepto who has done it a few times.

Last year there were over a 1000 entries many of who were hashers so you will be in good company Several relay teams from Hash clubs such as Haunch of Venison, R2D2H3 and Very Worthy H3 are promising to enter along with Berkshire H3.

Record for the Hash Relay last year was the High Wycombe Hash who came down and really enjoyed it impressive time of 3:08:14

Yes there are Hash categories well couldn't leave you out now then could I ??

They are as follows:-

1st 2nd 3rd Male and Female in both the Full and Half Marathon and also 1st and 2nd Hash Relay teams

There will of course be well marshalled with plenty of flour (so hopefully no false trails) as well as standard corex signs to make sure you get from A to B

The event options are:-

Winchester to Salisbury Full Marathon start time 10:30

Broughton (nr Stockbridge) to Salisbury Half Marathon 12:00

You can enter the Relay teams just needs 4 of you (mixed teams only) start time 10:30

Transport is available to get you back from Salisbury to Broughton or Winchester either before or after the event If you are doing the Relay you have to look after your own transport arrangements of picking up and dropping off. Polly who has entered the HOV Relay Hash has kindly agreed to allow us all to pile into his house afterwards the event for an ON INN

So if you can make it it would be great to see you all there Entry forms and more info can be found on www.clarendon-marathon.co.uk

If you need accommodation the night before just reply to this email and let me know. If there are enough to justify it and if you give me enough notice we can for a small fee hire the local hall in Broughton for accommodation food etc Also there are a good couple of pubs in the village

Hope to hear from you soon, thanks a lot

ON! ON! Ram

aka Paul Elderkin 01962 622465
pelderkin@yahoo.co.uk



Donnington hash 30th birthday – Shrewbury in Shropshire

Donnington are one of the handful of hashes older than Brighton and are similarly remote from other chapters so it was with some interest that we went to check out their 30th birthday weekend celebration. They had planned a 1500th last year but lack of interest forced a cancellation, and even this event was downgraded at fairly short notice, but there were quite a few of our friends there so we were in good company even though we've only met one or two of the Donnington people before.

First question was where the hell are they, and it's obviously one that has been asked before, as their standard t-shirt has the legend "where's effin' Donnington? There's no F in Donnington, it's in Telford". Apparently most of them hail from, and despise in equal measure, Telford so it works as a local joke! With the event being held near Shrewsbury this was a huge drive for us in the camper van and it was only at an hours notice that we actually overcame problems with the fuel enabling us to take it, rather than the tent. Leaving at 3 we knew it would be tight to make the 8pm pub crawl start but in the end we were relaxed about missing it as there was free beer at the site. That had to wait for us to manoeuvre the van into the tightest of spaces left by the caravans in the rather small car park, already bursting with cars from hashers who were unable to pitch their tents in the waterlogged field. Just made the beer all the more relaxing!

We passed a pleasant evening with other late arrivals including Mad Dog and Fishfinger, also camper owners, until the rabble returned and the place became increasingly jovial. Too Tuf from Quorn is the current Down Down champion, and we soon reacquainted with a bet about who was older. Chickie, his wife thought he mad and eventually I won by three clear years. Now with the bit between the teeth I offered another bet, similarly based on embracing put downs, (that I had a smaller penis than him if you must know!) but he wasn't confident enough in his 2 metre frame to take the chance of getting his money back!

Had a very pleasant cooked breakfast, and at a civilised hour before the coach took us the long journey round to the start of the hash. Unfortunately the information was hard to come by and as a result myself and kids (as Gabs was running) had to settle with a walk down a country road in the rain. Still, Hashtray kept the boys amused, and indeed made them feel better about the walk as he was struggling considerably more. At the first of the two beer stops, the boys jumped into the landrover for the drive to the lunch stop while the rest of us also hitched a lift to the top of the Long Mynd. This was one of several glacial hills in Shropshire which came as quite a surprise to me as they were all very attractive but seem to sit on their own somewhat!

Back at the site I was asked to say a few words about Tripledick, the London hasher who died unexpectedly at the beginning of the year, and who was down for the weekend. A sombre moment but I was glad to quote Mr. Beards expression from the pubs a few weeks back when he said something along the lines of 'once a hasher, always a hasher, even when they leave the trail their torches can still be seen on a clear night.' The circle felt rather formulaic but nothing can really stop Mad Dog who called Fishfinger for his inability to get a punchline right. Then told half a joke



where he forgot the punchline himself. After that it was fun and games time which mainly consisted of people using the mud to slide in the field before a huge egg fight which the kids loved.

For some reason there was a Brother Cadfael theme for the evening, presumably a local joke, but we settled for religious connections so out came the old cassock again while Gabs donned her new and rather fetchingly sexy 'Angel' outfit. Questions were asked as just about everyone else was wearing grey blankets or nun outfits but I think we got away with it! The excellent meal was followed by a raffle and I came away with an MP3 player which had been overlooked by the early winners who had zoomed in for the alcohol! Once again Mad Dogs fooling about had us in stitches as he went up and claimed first the girl doing the draw and then the dustbin the food scraps had been put in!

At the party, Too Tuf and I developed a little ploy to keep the band on their toes and sat down immediately in front of them if the mood slowed down too much. Very silly but it worked and caused a bit of amusement too.

Sundays run was a pleasant enough saunter down to the local Wolf brewery for a few samples. I've appreciated their beer in the past at various festivals so wasn't going to miss this but it was a close thing as last minute repairs were called for on the buggy board (later found the kids had opted to stay with a new found friend making mud glue so rather a pointless exercise!), and helping vehicles stuck in the mud out. After the brewery stop we were faced with a respectable climb back, and somehow I ended up waiting for Made Marion from OCH3 and walking back until we eventually caught Gabs and Ewan up.

Lunch was again excellent before the farewell circle and we managed to blag the leftovers for evening scoff when we discovered there were just 4 of us left, plus kids, for the extra night offered. It was a cold one too but we were on holiday and finished with a very enjoyable weeks break in North Wales.

Essex 1111 Weekend Billericay Town FC 9-11TH June 2006

I was tickled on checking the directions to this venue on the internet to see there was a huge fan club based in Norway of Billericay Football Club! This was a return to my mother hash and the previous statement is typical of some of the very daft things that occurred throughout the weekend.

Had to call on our inbuilt hash skills when the road name was misquoted but soon got into the bar and registered to receive an excellent goody bag and Ian Dury t-shirt, plus sake. After setting up our kite tent, it was soon time for the first of the runs. This being Friday, Full Moon territory and close enough to the filling of the moon to count, it had to be a black dress pub crawl. Rather than bother with a trail we were handed a route map with all the pubs on and relied on the voice of Windsock to call us to order. A FUKFMH3 tradition is the Sack of sh!t, given to start to the GM Mr. X for the bad example of wearing a black apron, not a black dress.

First pub was The Railway where we took to drinking out in the cool of the patio garden although this was slightly spoiled by TC's conviction that my hastily cobbled together outfit made from that black stuff that stops weeds was highly flammable. He insisted on trying to ignite me to no avail but it had drawn the attention of the RA's who alleged I'd nicked it from Nash Hash and thus I ended up with the SoS. Meanwhile, Windsock was dishing out medicinal shots of Rum & Ribena, very different to what Ian Dury meant in the song "Billericay Dickie", and the Guernsey boys turned up (in pink) with plastic bottles inexplicably strapped to their heads. Fishfinger used glass and bashed his empty Gordons bottle on the pub doorway but no danger. Down-Downs despatched, the Pack were then asked that all important question & off we went, dancing around in circles singing "How would you like my Finger in your ear?"

The Pack moved on to the Chequers, a black & white timbered countryside style pub, and an oasis in the sprawl of the main shopping area rumoured to have very entertaining Ladies toilets. Here I offloaded the sack to Mother from Berkshire as she became Bouncer after I persuaded her to swap name tags with me, sheer berk that she is as I was wearing the sack at the time! And so we went on via the Coach and Horses, to the White Hart, where there was of all things, a trampoline in the back garden. Oh Dear! What a sight as pissed Hashers had goes on this, Pic & Mix were pretty good, the Guernsey guys gave it a decent go as well, but worst of all were the likes of Arseover & Windsock in their small black dresses attempting to bounce up & down - not a pretty sight! Despite some cajoling I refrained from matching my name! The Rising Sun was the last port of call, before we headed back to the Football club for a free Barbeque and disco until the Bar shut at 1 am. when the Pack made its way around to the gazebo on the practice pitch, where Max Boyce & Tops had set off the Cocktail party which inevitably lead to singing and bed.

After Breakfast there were three Trail options: White 10.30, Blue 11.11 (did you see what they did there?) and Yellow, which I took the boys on with much assistance from Tops and Windsock. With precision timing all three trails reached the lunch stop together to tuck into pasties from a local bakers washed down by lots of the excellent Golden Bitter from the Maulden brewery. The boys were in seventh heaven too and with an unending supply of crisps, cakes and lemonade it all seemed worthwhile! Hares then tried to cajole us back to the clubhouse for the England /Paraguay game but as Twonk rightly pointed out, "I think I'll stay here where the beer is free!". So they nicked it and back we went only to have our viewing disrupted by a sudden cacophony of bells, pan pipes, tom-toms & other South American sounding instruments as a load of Paraguayans made their entrance! The Guernsey guys had made a real effort & were all decked out in poncho's, large hats, moustaches & long black hair to look the part, complete with Paraguayan flag. Despite the England win they claimed victory as Paraguay scored the only goal, and finally explained the bottles from Friday was a traditional Paraguayan dance.

Post game the Circle was held out by the gazebo, with Casey Jones as the Essex RA who I managed to upset thoroughly by following Twonks free beer ploy to its natural conclusion, leaping forward at every opportunity to grab a pint including using the tag, which by now was Full Moon GM Mr. X, when he was called! There was a naming ceremony for Pandas other half who received the name of Shoots & leaves from the classic joke, a boat-race between the Guernsey lads, and Essex who won! After the circle we went to play games with the kids but as money was tight I needed to take a stroll into town so used the opportunity to get Ewan to sleep, although quite why Twonk trusted me with his PIN number I'll never know!

The theme for the evening's party was Tarts or Togas, guaranteeing some hilariously dressed Hashers for whom wearing a Black dress on Friday wasn't quiet enough to satisfy their transvestite tendencies! By the end of the night the Band Redwood knew exactly what the Hash was about, as did their girlfriends who witnessed the Midnight nude Run! The gazebo became the rally point once more when the Bar shut, and a not very well hidden barrel 'dug up' by Digger kept the Ale flowing along with port and other contributions. All of which helped loosen the tonsils for the singing of loads of old Hash Songs, before Dr Doolittle went on to do a few excellent solos.

Sunday morning the temperature soared and I ventured out on the horrors trail, which was interrupted for the unnecessary hash warm-up "Lean forwards, Lean Backwards", however, there was respite from the heat as the Hares had set up a cooling water-bomb ambush.

Angel and Crackerjack were amongst those splattered when a well aimed water bomb landed in a cow pat in front of them. Naturally this lead to down-downs in the circle and being a horrors run, all little ones were invited a well. Kieran declined as "I don't like lemonade", also refusing the beer alternative offered but watched on as Callum put his down-down away in style; a proud moment for his old Dad!



As ever a fantastic weekend and great to catch up with so many old friends!

BOUNCER (with additional credits to memory man Mr. X)

CRIBS from Essex H3 trash

A man, dying from thirst, was crawling through the desert. He crawled over a hill and sees a little pub surrounded by cars. He crawls in the front door and up to the bar.

He chokes out the word, "Water!"

The landlord looks at him and says, "Got any money?"

The guy shakes his head no and again says, "Water!"

The landlord says, "No money, no water."

The guy looks around and spots a spittoon. He tells the landlord, "Guess I'll have to drink this."

The landlord replies, "Be my guest, no money, no water."

Customers see the man drinking out of the spittoon, start getting sick and start rushing out the door in droves.

The landlord gets alarmed and tells the guy to stop, saying he was just kidding. The guy keeps on drinking. By now the landlord is in a panic as the place is almost empty. He pleads with the guy to stop drinking. As the last customer leaves the guy puts the spittoon down and wipes his mouth off.

The landlord asks, "Why did you keep on drinking? I told you I was just kidding."

The man responds, "I couldn't stop."

"Why not?" the landlord asks.

The guy replies, "Cos it was all one long string!!!"



When a woman wears too much make-up

A little blind girl goes up to her mum and says, "Mummy, mummy, when will I be able to see?" Her mum replies "I'll tell you what, I'll take you to the chemist and get you some special cream for your eyes and you will be able to see in the morning."

So off they went to the chemist, got the cream, and went home, all the while the little girl was getting more and more excited at the prospect of being able to see again. Once they got home, the mother put the cream on the little girls eyes, wrapped a bandage around her head, and took her to bed.

The following morning the little girl stumbled into her mums bedroom and excitedly shouted "Quick mummy, take off the bandage so that i will be able to see again."

So the mother slowly took of all the bandages, taking her time, and all the while the little girl was getting more and more excited. Once they were off the little

girl said "But mummy, I still can't see."

To which the mother replied, "APRIL FOOL!"

There once was a little boy. His parents always are arguing calling each other bitches and basterds. One day, the little boy asks what this means. The parents answer, "well, it means, uh, ladies and gentlemen". So, the little boy goes upstairs and walks in on his grandparents having sex. He hears, " give me your boobs and give me your balls", from his grandparents. He asks them, "what does that mean?", "uh, hats and coats", they answered. So, the little boy makes his way down the stairs and hears his mum mutter "fuck!". He walks in to the kitchen to find her cutting the turkey. He asks, "what does that mean?". His mom answers, "um, well, preparing the turkey". So, he goes upstairs and hears his dad scream shit!!. So, he asks his dad what that means. He answers, "well, it's shaving cream".

"DING DONG", the little boy runs downstairs to greet the guests for thanksgiving dinner. He answers the door, " Hello bitches and bastards, give me your boobs and balls". The guests are very offended and ask him where his parents are. "My moms in the kitchen fucking the turkey, and my dad is upstairs putting shit on his face", he answers.

A family was travelling on vacation when they came across a petting zoo. The children asked if they could stop, and the parents said okay.

At the zoo, they saw and touched many animals and had a great time. While driving to their next vacation stop the father noticed the kids playing with something. He asked, "What have you kids got back there?"

The children then produced a very cute baby skunk. The father was horrified because he realized that they had taken this skunk from the zoo. To teach his kids a lesson he told them that if they got caught they could go to jail for this. While he was reprimanding his children he hadn't noticed that he was speeding and had just gone through a speed trap. When the police car came after him he thought that they must have found out about the skunk and that was why they were stopping him. He told the kids to keep quiet and give the skunk to their mother. He then told her to hide the skunk.

She said, "Where am I going to hide it?"

The father said to put it under her dress and hold it between her legs until the police left.

She said, "But it stinks!"

The father replied, "Well, can't you just hold his little nose?"



More cribs from Essex and some from the First UK Full Moon trash:

Tony Blair wakes up one morning, showers and puts on his best suit ready for another hard days bullshitting. Catching sight of himself in the mirror he thinks "By god, Tony, you're looking good this morning." He admires the fine cut of his suit and the sparkle of his smile, and takes a deep breath. "Feeling good too" he notes.

Sitting at breakfast Cherie says "You're looking really good this morning Tony"

"I feel good too." responds Tony.

"But you're not smelling too good dear." comments Cherie

Tony takes a sniff. "Hmmm. You're right there." he says worriedly "I am smelling a bit rough." He finishes his breakfast, downs his coffee and heads for his private office.

"Good morning." he grins at his secretary.

"Yes its a beautiful morning" she replies "and you're looking really good."

"Why thank you I feel good too." replies Tony flexing his arms.

"Oh Tony!" cries his secretary "You may look good and feel good but you smell awful!"

Worried, Tony visits his doctor. "Doc I have a problem." he says "I look good and feel good but I smell awful!"

The doctor consults his medical textbook scanning quickly through... "Look good ... yeah ... feel good ... yeah ... smell awful ..."

"Ah .. that's it Tony I have the answer ... You're a CUNT"



NEVER piss off your plastic surgeon

A young man went into a sex shop to buy some condoms and a sales girl approached him.

Sales girl: Can I help you, Sir? Young man: Yes, I want to buy some condoms.

Sales girl: What size do you need, Sir? Young man: I didn't realize they came in different sizes. I don't know what size I would need.

Sales girl: May I hold your penis to tell what size you would need? As she was holding the penis, she called for assistance: "Give me a SMALL one... Wait! Make it MEDIUM ... Wait! Make it LARGE... Shit! Give me a TISSUE !!!"

A guy stops to visit his friend who has a broken leg. His friend says, "My feet are cold. Can you go and get my slippers from upstairs, please?" The guy goes upstairs and there are his friend's twin 18-year-old daughters. "Hi, girls. Your dad sent me up here to fuck you." The first daughter says, "That's not true." He says, "I'll prove it." He yells down the stairs, "Both of them?" His mate yells back, "Of course, both of them."

A young man named Tony bought a donkey from an old farmer for £100.

The farmer agreed to deliver the donkey the next day. When the farmer drove up the next day, he said, "sorry son I have some bad news...the donkey is on my truck, but he is dead".

Tony replied, "Well then, give me my money back".

The farmer said "I can't do that, I have already spent the money".

Tony said "OK just unload the donkey anyway".

A month later he met up with Tony at the local market and asked, "what happened with that dead donkey"?

Tony said "I raffled him off. I sold 500 tickets at £2.00 a piece and made a profit of £698".

Totally amazed the farmer asked "didn't anyone complain that you had stolen their money because you lied about the donkey which was dead"?

Tony replied "the only guy who found out about the donkey being dead was the raffle winner when he came to claim his prize. I gave him back his £2 plus £200 extra, which is double the going value of a donkey, so he thought that I was a great guy".

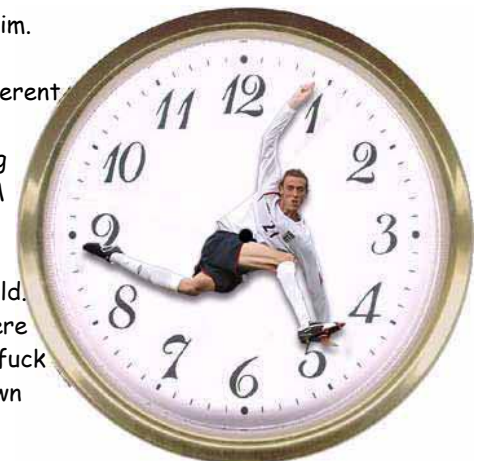
The moral of the story: Tony grew up and eventually became the Prime Minister of Britain, and no matter how many times he lied or how much money he stole from British voters as long as he gave them back some of the stolen money, most of them thought he was a great guy.

Sean Connery gets a call from his agent one day. The agent says "Sean, I've got you a job, starts tomorrow, early. You'll have to be there for 10-ish".

Sean furrows his brow and says "Tennis? but I don't even have a racket."

What is the difference between a genealogist and a gynecologist? A genealogist looks up your family tree. A gynaecologist looks up your family bush!!

A man is in a hotel lobby. He wants to ask the clerk a question. As he turns to go to the front desk, he accidentally bumps into a woman beside him and as he does, his elbow goes into her breast. They are both startled and he says, "Ma'am, if your heart is as soft as your breast, I know you'll forgive me." She replies, "if your penis is as hard as your elbow, I'm in room 1221."



Backside of the trash - scraping the bottom

Women's Ass Size Study

There is a new study just released by the British Psychiatric Association about women and how they feel about their asses. The results are pretty interesting:

1. 85% of women surveyed feel their ass is too big.
2. 10% of women surveyed feel their ass is too small.
3. The remaining 5% say they don't care; they love him, he's a good man and they would have married him anyway.

THE MOST FUNCTIONAL ENGLISH WORD


Shit may just be the most functional word in the English language.

Consider: You can get shit-faced, Be shit-out-of-luck, Or have shit for brains.

With a little effort, you can get your shit together, find a place for your shit, or be asked to shit or get off the pot.

You can smoke shit, buy shit, sell shit, lose shit, find shit, forget shit, and tell others to eat shit. Some people know their shit, while others can't tell the difference between shit and shineola. There are lucky shits, dumb shits, and crazy shits. There is bull shit, horse shit, and chicken shit. You can throw shit, sling shit, catch shit, shoot the shit, or duck when the shit hits the fan. You can give a shit or serve shit on a shingle.

You can find yourself in deep shit or be happier than a pig in shit.

 Some days are colder than shit, some days are hotter than shit, and some days are just plain shitty.

Some music sounds like shit, things can look like shit, and there are times when you feel like shit. You can have too much shit, not enough shit, the right shit, the wrong shit or a lot of weird shit. You can carry shit, have a mountain of shit, or find yourself up shit creek without a paddle. Sometimes everything you touch turns to shit and other times you fall in a bucket of shit and come out smelling like a rose.

When you stop to consider all the facts, it's the basic building block of the English language.

And remember, once you know your shit, you don't need to know anything else!!

You could pass this along, if you give a shit; or not do so if you don't give a shit!

Well, Shit, it's time for me to go. Just wanted you to know that I do give a shit and hope you had a nice day, without a bunch of shit. But, if you happened to catch a load of shit from some shit-head..... Well, Shit Happens!!!



Creation of the Pussy

Seven wise men with knowledge so fine,
Created a pussy to their design.
First was a butcher, with smart wit,
Using a knife, he gave it a slit,
Second was a carpenter, strong and bold,
With a hammer and chisel,
He gave it a hole,
Third was a tailor, tall and thin,
By using red velvet, the lined it within,
Fourth was a hunter, short and stout,
With a piece of fox fur, he lined it without,
Fifth was a fisherman, nasty as hell,
Threw in a fish and gave it a smell,
Sixth was a preacher, whose name was McGee,
Touched it and blessed it, and said it could pee,
Last was a Hasher, dirty little runt,
He sucked it and f*cked it,
And called it a c*nt.