



BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R*ns/trash #123 August 2007*

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

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

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

Date	#No.	On On	Map ref	Hares
6th August 2007	1520	Royal Oak, Newick	420 210	Don
Directions: Take A27 to Lewes, A275 to Chailey. Turn right at junction with A272. Go through village and turn right at the green. Pub is on right hand side. Est. 25 mins.				
13th August 2007	1521	Stanmer Park, Stanmer	337 095	Phil Mutton
Directions: A27 east to Ditchling turn off but stay on Coldean Lane to traffic lights junction. Left then left into park as you go back under A27. Park 100 yards south of Stanmer House. Est. 5 mins. BBQ if nice, otherwise ON ON Swan, Falmer.				
20th August 2007	1522	Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell	417 060	Mudlarks
Directions: A27 east to Kingston roundabout. Right through Kingston then right at t-junction. Pub 2 miles on left. 15 mins.				
27th August 2007	1523	Star, Steyning	174 116	Mike Cockcroft
Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on right 1 mile. 20 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

3rd September 2007 - Eager Hare
Required

10th September 2007 - White Hart,
Stopham Bridge. Theresa

15th October 2007 - The Eagle,
Tarrant Street, Arundel. George

On a promise (thinking caps guys):

Eddie "Wife had other plans that day
but will set soon..." (3/9/07 if you
must know)

Graeme & Pete - procrastinating.

James "to make up for last time"

Bob Wallace "Yeah, I've got an idea
for a hash. Have your people call my
people..."



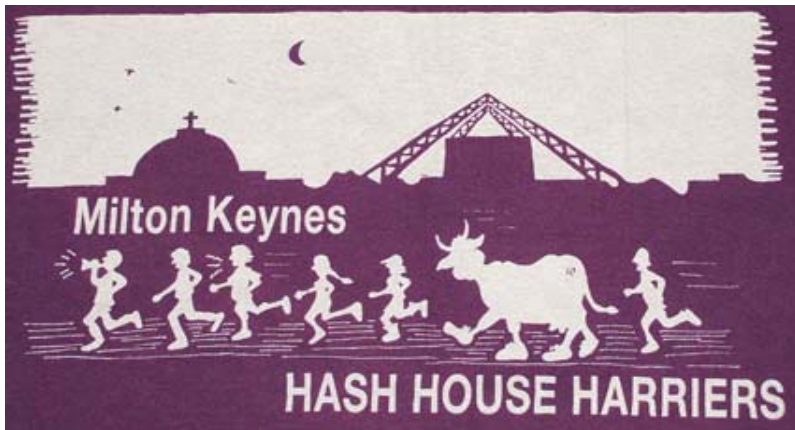
Is this a scene from the latest scandal filled Tour or just the BH7 cycle section clearing the beer in training for this years outing.

Thought for the day: *We're Harriers, Harriers, We run around while people stand and stare, We're Harriers, Harriers, We don't know where we're going and don't care!*

NASH HASH 2007 – MKH3 Towcester Racecourse

The very first National Hash in the UK was held at Ravenswood Manor right here in Sussex. Pulled together loosely by Gurney under the Surrey H3 banner (who for a while laid claim to being the oldest active hash in the UK until London discovered some runs they'd forgotten!) it was attended by representatives from every existing UK chapter (including BH7 under one of its pseudonyms) as well as a few overseas visitors. It was a huge success and since then the Nash Hash has continued every 2 years to be the ultimate hash gathering in this country. With numbers around the 7 to 800 mark it eclipses both the Interscandinavian and Euro hash events both of which have already been held in the UK for the first time this year. One day it would be good to think that Sussex could again host Nash Hash with its mix of Downs and Weald, Town and Country!

Back in the earliest days of my hashing career I was persuaded to sign up for a hash weekend event being organised by Milton Keynes Hash House Harriers. There were several of us from Essex H3 going so we split into 3 cars with myself, wife1 - Alex, and dog1 – Shan (our contribution to the theme for the 101st run celebration) in the Yellow Peril (yes, even my car had a hash name!) whilst others ended up in Thumpers office Merc and Vicky Vomits vehicle of no real note other than the fact that it was a sight healthier than YP. Needless to say this tortoise driver listened to the radio, got off the M1 to bumble



The providence of MKH3 as ideal hosts for Nash Hash has been established many times since and we are looking forward to a fantastic long weekend over the Bank Holiday. The theme this time is almost inevitably 007, as with many other 'occasions' this year (including the current Brighton and South Downs Ale Trail*) and all the runs take the title of a Bond film for their inspiration. I'm hoping Angel will let me do the Thunder ballbreaker half marathon but that's contingent on her doing the Friday Night Goldfinger pub crawl! With such a great crowd behind the organisation this was a not-to-be-missed event so you can look forward to more tedium in the next issue! I leave you now with Jersey Bond →

Linking nicely in, as it is our 30th year next year, it may be time for a re-run of 2003's summer tour to get the free t-shirts again! Let's see what pubs they come up with and if they're any good go for it!

As this is issue 123 here's an Goldie from #Trash 50:

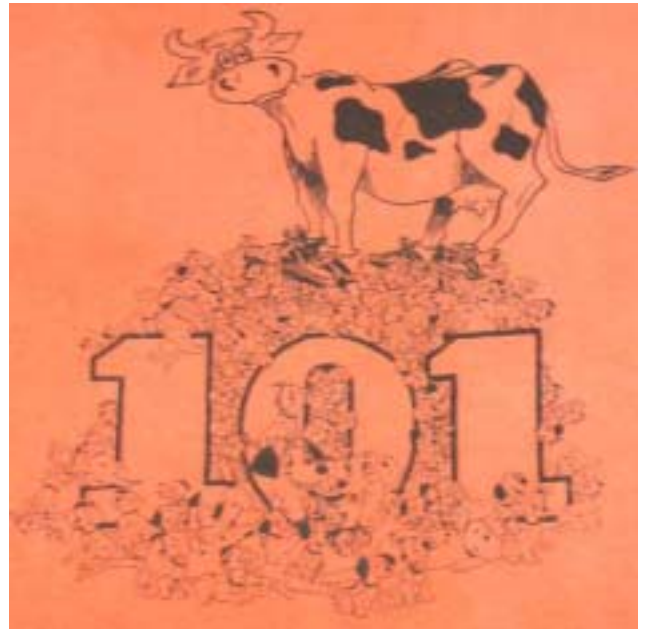
After a few years of married life, a man finds that he is unable to perform. He goes to his doctor and his doctor tries a few things but nothing seems to work. Finally the doctor says to him, "The reason that you can not perform is all in your mind!!!"

So the Doctor refers him to a psychiatrist. After a few visits to the shrink, the psychiatrist confesses, "I am at a loss as to how you could possibly be cured." so he refers him to a witch doctor.

The witch doctor says, "I can cure this." He throws a white powder in a flame and there is a flash with billowing blue smoke. The witch doctor says, "This is powerful healing, but you can only use it once a year! All you have to do is say '123' and it shall rise for as long as you wish!" The guy then asks the witch doctor, "What happens when it's over and I do not want an erection any longer?"

The witch doctor says, "All you or your partner has to say is '1234' and it will go down. But be warned; it will not work again for another year!"

The guy goes home and that night he is ready to surprise his wife. He showers, shaves, and puts on his most exotic shaving lotion. After he gets into bed and he is lying next to her he says, "123" and suddenly he gets an erection just as the witch doctor said. His wife was facing the other way and turns over and says, "What did you say "123" for?"



up the A5 and arrived long before the flasher cars for a superb introduction to the fun to be had from extra hash activity that has me addicted to this day. That first occasion was a learning curve as ended up with a hangover on the Saturday run and missed the Sunday hangover run completely as we travelled on to Leicester for a nephews christening.

My first Nash Hash attendance didn't come until 8 years later in Scotland but I had already renewed my acquaintance with many of the Milton Keynes crowd at a number of hash events including their own 500th celebration in 1998. Yet again a fantastic weekend from which I still relate stories, including the appearance of a Hamersley Hasher from Perth WA (yes scene of next years Interhash) on a barge as we were running along the side of the Grand Union Canal. Took me and old friend, Hernetta, about 10 seconds to talk our way aboard for a beer as we progressed at about the same speed as the hash for the next ten minutes.



ON ON, BOUNCER



As the Simpsons Movie is finally released the Boggy Shoe is proud to present this page of fully authorised material, yeah right!

PHONE CALLS TO MOE'S BAR

Basic scenario:

Homer down the pub; Bart phones up and asks for first name, Moe repeats then Bart without revealing overall effect utters something along the lines of "yeah, last name...". Moe then hilariously shouts to the bar in general followed by a threat to the caller (i.e. Bart).

The names:

- Al Kahalic; (Bar cheers)
- Oliver Clothesoff; (Marge picks up extension to hear the threat)
- Freely, I. P.; (Moe: Hey everybody, I Pea Freely!)
- Jacques, last name Strap; (Moe: Hey guys I'm looking for a Jock Strap.)
- Seymour Butz; (Moe: Hey, everybody, I wanna Seymour Butz!)
- Homer... Sexual. (From Principal Skinner's office: Moe: Hey, come on, come on, one of you guys has got to be Homer Sexual! Homer: Don't look at me! Moe: You rotten liver pot! If I ever get a hold of you, I'll sink my teeth into your cheek and rip your face off! Skinner: You'll do what, young man?)
- Mike Rotch. (Moe: Hey, has anybody seen Mike Rotch lately?)

- Jass. First name Hugh. (Moe: Somebody check the men's room for a Hugh Jass! Man: Uh, I'm Hugh Jass. Moe: Telephone. [hands over the receiver] Hugh: Hello, this is Hugh Jass. Bart: [surprised] Uh, hi. Hugh: Who's this? Bart: Bart Simpson. Hugh: Well, what can I do for you, Bart? Bart: Uh, look, I'll level with you, Mister. This is a crank call that sort of backfired, and I'd like to bail out right now. Hugh: All right. Better luck next time. [hangs up] What a nice young man.
- Mrs. O'Problem? First name, Bea. (Moe: Uh, yeah, just a minute, I'll check. [calls] Uh, Bea O'Problem? Bea O'Problem! Come on guys, do I have a Bea O'Problem here? Barney: You sure do!)
- Amanda Hugginkiss? (Moe: [answers the phone] Yeah, just a sec; I'll check. [calls] Amanda Hugginkiss? Hey, I'm lookin' fer Amanda Hugginkiss. Why can't I find Amanda Hugginkiss? Barney: Maybe your standards are too high!)
- Ms. Tinkle? First name... I vana? (Moe: Hey, everybody, put down your glasses. I vana Tinkle!)
- Bart: with Mrs. Krabappel and one of the Sherri/Terri twins. Moe: [answers the phone] Moe's Tavern. ... I'll check. Uh, hey, everybody! I'm a stupid moron with an ugly face and big butt and my butt smells and I like to kiss my own butt.
- This isn't at Moe's; Moe is taking over as the substitute teacher for Mrs. Krabappel's class during the strike
Moe: OK, when I call your name, uh, you say "present" or "here". Ahem, Anita Bath? [laughter from kids], All right, fine, fine. Maya Buttrees!
- Burns: I'm looking for a Mr. Smithers, first name Wayland. Moe: Oh, so, you're looking for a Mr. Smithers, eh? First name Wayland, is it? Listen to me, you; when I catch you, I'm gonna pull out your eyes and stick 'em down your pants, so you can watch me kick the crap outta you, okay? Then I'm gonna use your tongue to paint my boat!
- Homer: Hello, I'd like to speak with a Mr. Snotball, first name Eura. Moe: Eura Snotball? Homer: What? How dare you! If I find out who this is, I'll staple a flag to your butt and mail you to Iran!
- *Homer is looking after Moe's*: Mr. Tabooger, first name Ollie. Homer: (excited) Ooh! My first prank call! What do I do? Bart: Just ask if anyone knows Ollie Tabooger. Homer: I don't get it. Bart: Yell out "I'll eat a booger" Homer: What's the gag? Bart: Oh, forget it...
- *Bart sends telegram to Moe's*: Telegram for Heywood U. Cuddleme! Big guy in the back, Heywood U. Cuddleme?
Hey Magroin!! Pat Magroin!!
Phone for McCrackin, Phil McCrackin!!
Is anyone here Wayne King
Isabelle Ringing? Hey Isabelle Ringing
Klosoff Wanted? Can I have Oliver Klosoff?
Is Daily Here? Oy!! I.P Daily!!
Say Magroin!! Who's Holden Magroin
Pidass please! A Stu Pidass is wanted on the phone!!



Homer Simpson beer song:

Doh! the stuff that gets me BEER; Ray the man who serves me BEER; Me the one that drinks the BEER; Far a long way to get BEER; So I'll stay here for my BEER; Lah I'll have another BEER; Tea no thanks, I'm drinking BEER, Which brings us back to Doh doh doh doh.

"HE MOVES LIKE A PARODY BETWEEN A MAJORETTE GIRL AND FRED ASTAIRE."

TRUMAN CAPOTE ON MICK JAGGER

So, yeah, right. I'm browsing through an old Rolling Stones discography the other day. Got to the Mick Jagger solo stuff and my eyes are drawn to his last solo album what was called Wandering Spirit, although it wasn't clear whether this was the type of spirit (clear or otherwise) that Sir Mick is renowned for imbibing or a latter day discovery of the hash and the innate sense of discovery that week in and out has us trusting our direction to the lunatic(s) chosen to set trail this time around. Anyway, rambling (yeah that again) aside, one of the songs was titled "Put Me in the Trash" (incidentally featuring the line - **Standing around in the rain, with my hands froze**) so here you go...

Mick Jagger and David Bowie are on the Titanic. It starts sinking, and the captain yells "Women and Children first!" Bowie says, "F*ck the women, I'm getting on a life boat!"

Mick says "Do we have time?"



What's the difference between Bono and Mick Jagger? Bono is trying to throw his arms around the world and Mick Jagger is trying to throw his legs around the world.

What's the difference between an Englishman and a Scotsman? An Englishman says "Hey you, get off of my cloud," while a Scotsman says "Hey McCloud, get off of my ewe."

"Blast from..." corner Trash #50

A frog goes into a bank and approaches the teller. He can see from the teller's nameplate that her name is "Mrs Patricia Wack". Trying not to think about spanking or to chuckle out loud [the poor girl obviously married into the name], he says:

"Hello Mrs. Wack, I'd like to get a loan to buy a boat and go on a long holiday."

Patti looks at the frog in disbelief and asks how much he wants to borrow. The frog says £30,000. The teller asks his name. The frog frowns at this interrogation. He says that his name is Kermit Jagger and that it's OK, he knows the bank manager.

Patti has some doubts about the name "Kermit Jagger", but keen to give good customer service she politely explains that £30,000 is a substantial amount of money and that he will need to secure some collateral against the loan. She asks if he has anything he can use as collateral.

The frog says, "Yes, I have this," and produces a tiny pink porcelain elephant, about half an inch tall. Bright pink and perfectly formed. Very confused, Patti decides to talk to her boss, and she explains to the frog that she'll have to consult with the manager and disappears into a back office. She finds the manager and says:

"You're not going to believe this but there's a frog out there who claims to be called Kermit Jagger, saying that he knows you, and that he wants to borrow £30,000. And he wants to use this as collateral." She holds up the tiny pink elephant saying. "I mean, its ridiculous: what on earth is going on?" So the bank manager holds up the pink elephant and replies:

(look away now if sensitive) "It's a knick knack, Patti Wack. Give the frog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone."

Paul McCartney, Pete Townsend, and Mick Jagger were comparing gifts that they had received over the years. Paul showed the other two a ring made with jewels cut and fitted into the shape of a beetle and said he had received it from the Queen as a thank you for sharing his music. They both agreed it was impressive. Pete Townsend showed the other two a necklace with gold letters an inch high that spelled 'Tommy' and said that he received it as a thank you for composing the rock opera. They both agreed it was impressive.

Mick Jagger then showed the other two a loaf of brown bread and said that he had received it after concerts in Algiers. Paul and Peter said that it was nice but not as impressive as their gifts.

Mick said 'I know, it's only a Moroccan roll but I like it, like it, yes I do.'

And another Bono one...

U2 were performing at a gig in Glasgow when Bono held up his hands for silence. As the fans calmed down he slowly started to clap until he had their full attention. He then announced that every time he claps his hands a child in Africa dies. A cry came from the audience "Will you no stop doing it then, for f*cks sake man!"

RIP OFF CORNER – BEST OF THE REST FROM OTHER TRASHES:

1. Police have now named the men involved in the Glasgow airport attack. They are known as Singed Majeep and Mustafa Skingraft.
2. One of the Glasgow bombers, Singed Majeep, is complaining that all he gets to eat in hospital is haggis, neeps and tatties. What the heck does he expect in the Burns unit?
3. The recent incident at Glasgow airport was NOT a terrorist attack, merely a mistake. Apparently, two Glasgow Muslims, Singed Majeep and Maheed Sanfire, were merely celebrating the festival of Ramavan!
4. Did you know there is a new website for Muslim terrorists to get in touch with their old pals? It's at www.friends-reignited.com
5. McDonalds have announced the introduction of their new "Flamin' McMuslim Burger", but regret that it is only available at the Glasgow drive thru!
6. For sale: Green Cherokee Jeep, 20000 miles, one careful owner, goes like a bomb! **Or** ... For sale: Jeep Cherokee, slight over-heating problem, contact Bashyer Doorin!
7. So much for the cigarette ban! 2 Pakis already caught smoking at Glasgow airport.

Robbie Burns Ode to the Terrorists

'Twas doon by the inch o' Abbots
Oor Johnny walked one day
When he saw a sicht that troubled him
Far more that he could say
A fanatic muslim b*stard
Wiz doin what he'd planned
And intae Glesca's
departure hall
A Cherokee he'd rammed.

A big Glaswegian polis
Came forward tae assist
He thocht "a wumman driver"
Or at least someone half-pissed
But to his shock nae drunken Jock
Emerged to grasp his hand
But a flamin Arab loony
Frae Al Qaeda's band



The mad Islamist nut-case
Had set hisselt' on fire
And swung oot at the polis
GBH was his clear desire
Now that's no richt wur Johnny cried
And sallied tae the fray
A left hook and a heid butt
Wuz enuff tae save the day.

Now listen up Bin Laden
Yir sort's nae wanted here
For imported English radicals
Us Scoatsman huv nae fear
Oor hame grown Glesca Asians
Will have nae bluidy truck
So tak yer worldwide jihad
An get yersel tae F***

A young Scot named Gordon bought a donkey from an old farmer for £100. The farmer agreed to deliver the donkey the next day, but when the farmer drove up he said, "Sorry son, but I have some bad news... the donkey is on my truck, but unfortunately he's dead."

Gordon replied, "Well then, just give me my money back." The farmer said, "I can't do that, because I've already spent it."

Gordon said, "OK then, well just unload the donkey anyway." The farmer asked, "What are you going to do with him?"

Gordon answered, "I'm going to raffle him off." To which the farmer exclaimed, "Surely you can't raffle off a dead donkey!" But Gordon, with a wicked smile on his face said,

"Of course I can, you watch me. I just won't bother to tell anybody that he's dead." A month later the farmer met up with Gordon and asked, "What happened with that dead donkey?"

Gordon said, "I raffled him off, sold 500 tickets at two pounds a piece, and made a huge, fat profit!!"

Totally amazed, the farmer asked, "Didn't anyone complain that you had stolen their money because you lied about the donkey being dead?" To which Gordon replied, "The only guy who found out about the donkey being dead was the raffle winner when he came to claim his prize. So I gave him his £2 raffle ticket money back plus an extra £200, which as you know is double the going rate for a donkey, so he thought I was a great guy!!"

Gordon grew up and eventually became the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and no matter how many times he told stories, or how much money he took from the British voters, as long as he gave them back some of the money he had taken, most of them still thought he was a great guy.

The moral of this story is that, if you think Gordon is about to play fair, think again, because you'll be better off flogging a dead donkey.

Nuns show hops are good for you

MADRID (Reuters) - A study in which teetotal Spanish nuns drank a regular half-litre of beer showed that beer may help reduce cholesterol levels, a group financed by the Spanish Beer Makers' Association said on Thursday.

The study also showed that the beer did not need to contain alcohol or to be drunk in large quantities to be good for you.

The "magic" ingredient is hops.

"Hops, one of the basic components of beer, may provide benefits ... in reducing levels of total cholesterol and triglycerides," the Centre for Information on Beer and Health said in a statement.

The experiment did not appear to have won many new beer fans among the teetotal Cistercian nuns who took part, chosen on the basis of their steady lifestyle and balanced diet.

"To be honest, if I needed it to reduce cholesterol or whatever I'd continue to drink it, but I wouldn't just drink beer (for itself) because I don't like it," Sister Maria Jose told Spanish state television RTVE.

Fifty nuns drank half a litre of beer a day for 45 days, then stopped for six months. Then they took 400 milligrams of hops daily for 40 days.

The result was a six percent reduction in total cholesterol among those with high levels, the Centre said.

"We did it for the good of humanity," Sister Almerinda Alvarez told the newspaper El Pais.



Dutch students develop powdered alcohol

Wed Jun 6, 2007 3:15PM BST AMSTERDAM (Reuters) - Dutch students have developed powdered alcohol which they say can be sold legally to minors. The latest innovation in inebriation, called Booz2Go, is available in 20-gramme packets that cost 1-1.5 euros (70 pence-1 pound).

Top it up with water and you have a bubbly, lime-coloured and -flavoured drink with just 3 percent alcohol content.

"We are aiming for the youth market. They are really more into it because you can compare it with Bacardi-mixed drinks," 20-year-old Harm van Elderen told Reuters.

Van Elderen and four classmates at Helicon Vocational Institute, about an hour's drive from Amsterdam, came up with the idea as part of their final-year project.

"Because the alcohol is not in liquid form, we can sell it to people below 16," said project member Martyn van Nierop.

The legal age for drinking alcohol and smoking is 16 in the Netherlands.

In Germany, alcopops — sweet drinks containing alcohol and in powder form — caused quite a stir when launched on to the market. Alcohol powder, classified as a flavouring, was sold in the United States three years ago. The students said companies interested in making the product commercially could avoid taxes because the alcohol was in powder form. A number of companies are interested, they said.

Swimmer trapped by beach balls

A MAN got a nasty surprise when he tried to get out of his deckchair and found his testicles had become stuck between two slats of wood. Mario Visnjic had been swimming naked off Valalta beach in Croatia and his testicles had shrunk in the cool sea. When he sat down they slipped through the slats and then, as he lay in the sun, expanded back to normal size. He was freed after he called beach maintenance services on his mobile phone and they sent a member of staff to cut the deckchair in half.