



BOGGY SHOE



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

*R*ns/trash #129 February 2008*

<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
4th February 2008	1546	Swan, Falmer	355 090	James & Charlie
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. Est. 5 mins.				
11th February 2008	1547	Hare & Hounds, Worthing	147 137	Ivan Lyons & Pat
Directions: Follow A27 west to Ivan Lyons farm retail park. Left at 2nd set of lights, Sompting road. Right at roundabout, left at lights and over railway bridge. Straight across next three roundabouts and right past the library. Pub in Portland Road, first left. Est. 25 mins.				
18th February 2008	1548	Royal Oak, Wineham	236 206	Trevor & Hugh
Directions: Directions: A23 north to B2117 for Hurstpierpoint. Left at t-junction and immediately right on B2118. Left just past Kings Head on B2116. Take 2nd right and pub on left 1.5miles. Est. 20 mins.				
25th February 2008	1549	The Quadrant, Brighton	307 043	Phil
Directions: From the pier head west. Right at first set of traffic lights and park in Churchill Square car park. Pub behind clock tower at the top of West Street (opposite left corner). Est. 5 mins. NOTES: If West Street closed to traffic from seafront, take next right for car park. If all else fails, use your bus pass! LEAP YEAR SPECIAL.				

RECEDING HARELINE

3rd March Lewes Sasha & Julia
10th March Ann & Theresa
Franklin Arms, Washington
31st March Eddie's 60th
7th April Wiggy
14th April Fernhurst Crescent, Patcham -
Mike Morris
30th anniversary hash sometime in 2008!
24th May Hash SDW relay

Thought for the day:

Marriage is a relationship in which one person is
always right...

... and the other is a hasher.



GO ON GIRLS, PROPOSE!

Yup, it's a leap year and Valentine's Day is rushing up. Some years ago Phil ran with the 292 hash in Sydney, which only runs on 29th February, and said we should have a special here. In usual hash style though, we're doing it on the wrong day and will be running the leap year hash on the nearest Monday if it's the 25th February. Well Valentine's Day is on a Thursday so we'd struggle to get it right anyway. As we went to press there doesn't seem to be any particular theme to the run (although perhaps one suggests itself?) so watch out for further information.

Meanwhile, you may have noticed the comment about bus passes thrown in by Pete Beard on Monday: "Oh, haven't you got one?". Sign of the times I guess as there are a number of hash birthday celebrations coming up!

Great news for footie fans this year as the hash relay will be held a week later than the last few years, this time being on 24th May, meaning it doesn't clash with the FA Cup Final on 17th May! Clear your diaries and don't waste any time getting teams together as there's been last minute panics from just about every team the last couple of years.

And finally... Elaine suggested last Monday that it might be a good idea if we included information about peoples occupations on the website so we can scratch each others backs (or something). I'd be interested in more views on this but perhaps we could put something on the handout address list which is less likely to fall into the wrong hands. Meanwhile advertising space is available in the trash for a modest beer or two!

On on Bouncer

I AM THANKFUL:

FOR THE WIFE WHO SAYS IT'S HOT DOGS TONIGHT, BECAUSE SHE IS HOME WITH ME, AND NOT OUT WITH SOMEONE ELSE.

FOR THE HUSBAND WHO IS ON THE SOFA BEING A COUCH POTATO, BECAUSE HE IS HOME WITH ME AND NOT OUT ON THE HASH.

FOR THE TEENAGER WHO IS COMPLAINING ABOUT DOING DISHES BECAUSE IT MEANS SHE IS AT HOME, NOT ON THE STREETS.

FOR THE TAXES I PAY BECAUSE IT MEANS I AM EMPLOYED.

FOR THE MESS TO CLEAN AFTER A PARTY BECAUSE IT MEANS I HAVE BEEN SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS.

FOR THE CLOTHES THAT FIT A LITTLE TOO SNUG BECAUSE IT MEANS I HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT.

FOR MY SHADOW THAT WATCHES ME WORK BECAUSE IT MEANS I AM OUT IN THE SUNSHINE

FOR A LAWN THAT NEEDS MOWING, WINDOWS THAT NEED CLEANING, AND GUTTERS THAT NEED FIXING BECAUSE IT MEANS I HAVE A HOME

FOR ALL THE COMPLAINING I HEAR ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT BECAUSE IT MEANS WE HAVE FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

FOR THE PARKING SPOT I FIND AT THE FAR END OF THE PARKING LOT BECAUSE IT MEANS I AM CAPABLE OF WALKING AND I HAVE BEEN BLESSED WITH TRANSPORTATION.

FOR MY HUGE HEATING BILL BECAUSE IT MEANS I AM WARM.

FOR THE LADY BEHIND ME IN CHURCH WHO SINGS OFF KEY BECAUSE IT MEANS I CAN HEAR.

FOR THE PILE OF LAUNDRY AND IRONING BECAUSE IT MEANS I HAVE CLOTHES TO WEAR.

FOR WEARINESS AND ACHING MUSCLES AT THE END OF THE DAY BECAUSE IT MEANS I HAVE BEEN CAPABLE OF WORKING HARD.

FOR THE ALARM THAT GOES OFF IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS BECAUSE IT MEANS I AM ALIVE.

FOR TOO MUCH E-MAIL BECAUSE IT MEANS I HAVE FRIENDS WHO ARE THINKING OF ME.

AND FINALLY, FOR CRAP LIKE THIS THAT HELPS ME FILL OUT THE TRASH PAGES WITHOUT TOO MUCH ACTUAL THINKING

Late news: Jeremy Beadle - The family aren't having too big a do after the funeral, just a small finger buffet.



SIR EDMUND HILARY DECIDED NOT TO
RELEASE THIS PARTICULAR
PHOTOGRAPH TO THE WORLD'S PRESS



Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

You may have read recently about the latest in a long line of beers for women being brewed by a 19 year old woman who thinks she's stumbled on something new. Amongst her pledges is to drive the image of sexist big bellied bearded beer drinkers out, and one of her first targets is Camra's own advertising campaign featuring Ninkasi who was the ancient Sumerian Goddess of Beer. So in case it's the last time you see her, here she is! I think I'm in love... Mind you the bird doing the brewing is a bit of alright too!

BERLIN (Reuters) - A German man who had been drinking heavily at Munich's Oktoberfest beer festival got stuck in a chimney for 12 hours while trying to climb into a friend's apartment, police said on Friday.

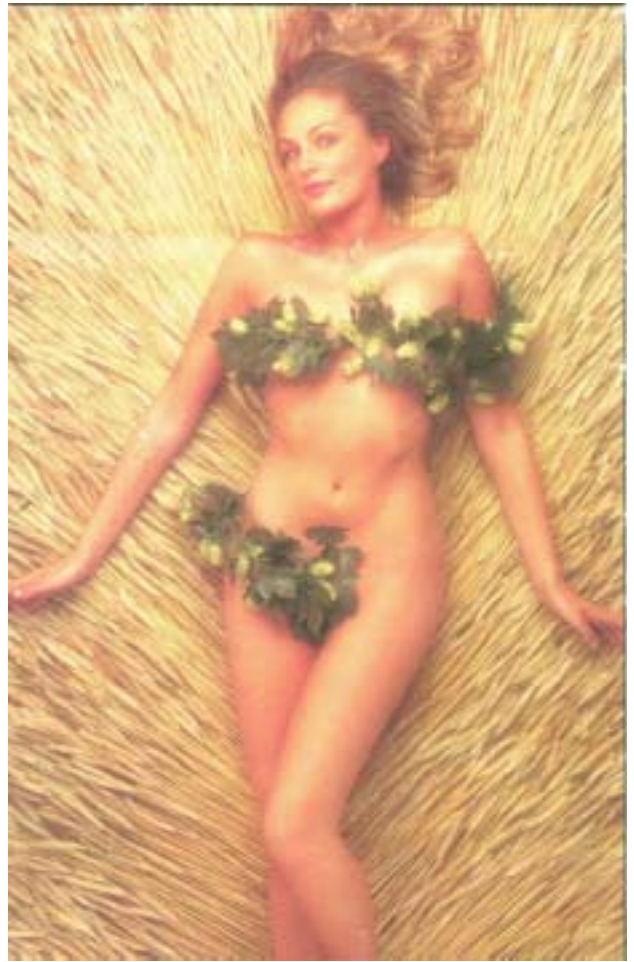
After finding his friend was not at home, the 27-year-old climbed on to the roof of a neighbouring building at about 2 a.m. (1:00 a.m. British time) on Thursday and headed for what he thought was a gap in the wall between the two houses.

He found himself sliding almost 30 metres (98 feet) head first into a chimney, a spokesman for Munich police said.

An 82-year-old janitor from the hotel next door eventually heard the man's calls for help and he was rescued at around 2 p.m. by fire brigade officers who knocked a hole into the side of the chimney to liberate him, the spokesman said.

He had managed to turn around and had removed his clothes to try to help him squeeze back up.

"Miraculously, he was only slightly injured in the fall, sustaining just grazes and bruising," police said. The man was taken by helicopter to the hospital, where he is being treated for hypothermia, they added.



A drunken hasher falls from the veranda of the Brighton Grand and lands head first onto the grass below.

A customer rushes over and yells "Quick, this man has fallen 3 feet and has landed on his head. Someone get him a glass of water". The drunken hasher sits up and says "How far do I have to fall to get a beer?"

Consumers DEMAND a Fair Deal on BEER TAX!



CAMPAIGN
FOR
REAL ALE

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

Currently over 30%
of the price of your pint
goes to the Taxman.

Please urge The Chancellor
to stop taxing
beer drinkers dry!



www.camra.org.uk

Grandmother's ashes sprinkled through countryside to mark the trail for a fun run

Last updated at 15:38pm on 30th January 2008

When grandmother Stevie Wood died her family decided her ashes should be put to use - so they were laid in a five-mile trail for a running group to follow. The Hash House Harriers normally chase after a long line of flour laid out across the countryside as part of a fun run. But this year the joggers ran around a trail marked out with the remains of the 84-year-old. After the countryside enthusiast died her daughter Sandy Kirby and son-in-law Geoff thought it would be a fitting way to use her ashes. They mixed them with flour and sawdust and laid out the five-mile trail through the Dorset countryside for dozens of runners to follow the next day.

After the "Stevie Wood Memorial Hash", the harriers gathered in a pub to remember Stevie, whose real name was Gladys Stevenson Wood.

The group is part of an international network of social runners who jog around a course marked by flour. The Hardy Hash House Harriers in Dorset meet every Sunday and is one of nearly 2,000 groups the world over.

Stevie, who was born in Tynemouth in the north east but lived in Weymouth, enjoyed the company of the harriers even though she wasn't a member. Retired Geoff, 68, from Weymouth, said: "It was a bit emotional laying the trail because Stevie had only been cremated a few days before. "I'd already decided I want my ashes used for a hash trail so she's beaten me to it on that one. It was a fitting end and I think she would have approved of what we did. She was a fun-loving woman who was always last to leave a party and she knew a lot of the harriers. Part of the trail was laid around the old RAF Warmwell site which was fitting because during the war Stevie was a communications clerk in the RAF." Sandy, 58, who works for the local council, added: "Geoff and I had already light-heartedly suggested it because mum loved the Dorset countryside. Mum knew quite a few of our hashing friends and they knew her. She was a Geordie by birth and she was good fun."

The remainder of Stevie's ashes were scattered around a tree planted in Weymouth to commemorate her late husband. Hash House Harriers exist in dozens of countries after being founded in the 1930s by English expats in Malaysia who needed a way to get over weekend hangovers. Described as 'a drinking club with a running problem', the harriers consider themselves a social group first and foremost with running merely a way to build up thirst. Although founded in the 1930s, the harriers only began to spread across the globe from the 1960s.

Dear Chancellor

As a beer drinker I urge you to deliver a fair deal for beer in this year's budget by **CUTTING BEER TAX.**

Yet another increase in beer tax would mean:

- More community pub closures as more people drink at home because higher beer tax makes drinking in the pub less affordable.
- Less consumer choice as higher beer tax means brewery closures as companies seek to drive down the cost of production at the expense of quality, diversity and provenance.
- Large increases in the price of a pint in a pub as a combination of higher beer tax, higher raw material costs and falling beer sales mean licensees are under pressure to put prices up.

Below is my personal message to the Chancellor:

Yours sincerely

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____



Please Cut Beer Tax NOW!



Chancellor of the Exchequer

HM Treasury

1 Horse Guards Road

LONDON

SW1A 2HQ

Star Steyning 14th January – Jo and Bouncer

"After tomorrow, we haven't got a hare" I said as the Sunday runners enjoyed a post-run pint on the 6th. "Okay", says Jo, "We can do it!". Having only set the week before for my 500th and the New Years Eve hash I thought I'd go along for the ride but without any actual input, just so I could show off on the Monday! Come the Sunday we had a severely depleted pack consisting of Lee, who had a longer run in mind; Wiggy, injured but helped out on the town section, and briefly at the top of the bowl; Jo; and myself. So I resigned myself to co-haring for the 2nd time inside a fortnight.

Wiggy's original suggestion of a route out past Bramber towards Tottington Woods would have been a bad idea as, when we got to the top, we could clearly see that the river had broken its banks so no moaning about the run you ended up with. At least it was dry! As the pack accumulated word spread that the chef was clearing off at 9 regardless. Don particularly seemed concerned and started asking about short-cuts but a quiet word with the landlady suggested a communication mix up and it would be fine. Didn't tell Don that though, as his only concern should be whether there was beer or not! Off out the back of the car park both hares with dribble droppers which had me musing on the locals reaction to Henfields flour a few weeks back and if there would be another anthrax scare in the local rag. Marks were scarce after the rain so Jo had done some repair. My brain wasn't in gear though so when the entire pack went up an alley I just couldn't be certain it was wrong. Hope you enjoyed your loop!

Out through the church yard Prof managed to pick up the marks okay and we started to pick-up speed over the bridge and on to Bramber. Except coffin' Charlie ("Happens every year", says Charlie. "As soon as the temperature drops, the asthma kicks in." Nice, but apparently the Spanish for cough is tos, provoking some wag to suggest that a cougher must ergo be a tosser!) who hadn't realised I couldn't be trusted and went on straight "cos there was no arrow". Most made it round the castle except Ivan who spotted me cutting to re-lay trail and justified not playing properly with a wace on Saturday and 15 mile wun on Sunday. Cougher.

The next field was gratefully free of the nervous ridgeback that had sent Jo & Wiggy on an escape route when we set on Sunday. After that we had a stretch on the road before joining the South Downs Way (again except Charlie who made the school-hasher error of checking down) for miles without (meaningful) checks. A cheeky little road bit on my part took me to the front of the pack again so I could exert a bit more control over the grand finale. Apart from Prof and Anybody who chose to carry on with SDW to Washington finally returning to the pub about 9.30. Well, actually the control bit is an exaggeration as well. Ivan was on the right track but didn't call so I called everyone else back and told them right at the check. As I watched the back runners coming in, the new boot (sorry didn't catch her name) pointed out that they'd all gone off piste! Some including an exhausted and hungry Don just kept going while the rest made it back on trail through the sheep dip. Somehow we managed to coax a small pack along the ridge and back down the hill the right way though and into the pub for the beers, and lo! food too! Another great hash.....!?

Royal Oak, Jacobs Post 28th January – Mudlarks all

As Nigel was to observe later on, the first Australia Day celebration on the hash was not received with anywhere near as much enthusiasm as the Burns celebrations, which is rather a shame. Of the respectable pack gathered, few indeed were thematically attired for the run (although Prof was wearing a kilt!), and in the pub, Don was the one who stood above all with his get-up. Mind you, Wiggy couldn't make it! Have to think this through a bit more in 2 years time to make it more interesting.

The run headed out of the back of the car park and into the wilds (and muds!) of the Ditchling Common country park, however, after an earlier beer I was struggling early on and when Theresa suggested I should just walk with her, Elaine & George, an idea occurred. Charlie had left a decent bottle of Scotch behind at New Year so I'd already planned to offer it around as a token toast to the bard (justifiable use of lost property!) post-run, but the previous day Al Bray had celebrated his 70th birthday and passed the leftover Harveys to me for distribution to the hash. So a quick word with Prof and off I went to set-up a sip stop and as Gabs had brought the Camper van up it nicely rounded off my beach gear to complete the Bondi look.

Up at Lunces Hall I parked up and went in search of marks eventually finding a check just by the entrance so returned to the van getting back just before Gomi came up the road and attempted to hide the other side. Soon on the scene was new boot Gray who quickly revealed an Aussie accent, then confessed to being an Ausjock. So out came the whisky for Prof and Gray, for a quick down down, before other eager hounds got interested. As various started warbling Waltzing Matilda I asked Gray for a song but in the panic his mind went blank leaving me to fill in quickly with a hash oldie as the virgin looked bemused and abused.

As we were so close to the pub I thought I might as well run the last ½ mile in, which completed the anti-clockwise route that presumably took the pack through Wivelsfield, Slugwash Lane, past the Alpacas to Lunces and back through the mud. After collecting the vehicles it was on inn where various had got stuck into the special bangers and mash following which Nigel, seemingly unable since his moment at the Xmas party to let a week go by without issuing more awards, gave Don a surfboard plaque for his pub get up with the instructions that he should embellish it and pass it on in two years time at the next Aussie Day run. Meanwhile I ended up with the Aussie rugby shirt Nigel had worn on the run with instructions to make sure it was washed and returned before 9th March so Nigel could take it on his 50th birthday world tour to Australia! Charming! *Another great hash...*

Meanwhile from our Sydney correspondent, Chris Petty...

Glad to see you are celebrating Australia Day. Was back too late to enjoy the Xmas hash but Terry (Pountney) said it was good fun. Spent yesterday with Jet Eastwood at his home. Feel a bit dusty today! Say hi to everyone. There's a place to sleep if anyone ever feels like dropping in. On On. Chris



THE AUSSIE BACKPACKER
THOUGHT SHE'D FOUND THE IDEAL
PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT

MORE VALENTINE STUFF AND NONSENSE...

Surprised Valentine

At the office, where I worked, there was an angel there.
Her hair was long and flowing, and her skin was soft and fair.
I wanted so, to ask her out, but I was way too shy.
I thought she was too beautiful, for me to even try.

A few times I approached her, she just smiled and walked away.
I could not get the courage up, and "Hi" was all I'd say.
Then, I had an idea, I would get her home address,
And send a valentine to her, and with it I'd express,

The way I feel about her, and the way she makes me feel,
And the feelings that I have, are very, very real.
I'll tell her that I dream of her, and how it all would be,
If she would only take the time, to be alone with me.


I poured my heart out in the card, and ask her to be mine,
And then I dropped it in the mail, my special valentine.
In just a few short days, I had a response in the mail,
A card with her return address, I started feeling pale.

I wondered what she said in it, and what she thinks of me,
I guess the only way to know, is open it and see.
With great anticipation, I removed the envelope,
And closed my eyes a moment, as my heart filled up with hope.

I opened up my eyes to see a card shaped like a heart,
And in the center someone drew a bloody piercing dart.
I opened up the card to see, if writing was inside,
And when I started reading it, I damn near almost died.

"I'd love to be your valentine, but I think I will pass,
My husband says he'll be at work, to kick your stupid ass.
I'm glad you like my body, and you think it's really fine,
My husband says this card is going where the sun don't shine.

In your card, you said there's things to me you'd love to do,
I think my husband's going to do, all of those things to you.
So, have a Happy Valentines, I'll see you Mønday morn,
My husband says on Tuesday, you'll wish you were never born."

<p>Jamie Olivers' VALENTINES DAY Recipes Guaranteed to get you in the sack</p>
<p>The Chav™ Ingrdients Cheap White Cider - 6 Litres Local Playground Bench/roundabout - 1 14-Year old slapper in tracky-bottoms - 1 Condom (Optional)</p>
<p>The EmoKid Ingredients Girlfriend who dunped on valentines day - 1 Hawthorne Heights CD - as many as there are MySpace Account to cry on - 1</p>
<p>The "I Love You" Ingredients Posh chocolates - 1 box Candlelit Meal - 1</p>
<p>The "Oh shit, its February 14th TODAY?" Ingredients Exactly the same as "The I Love You", but bought in about 10 minutes down your local Sainsbuys™ store (£15 for both) on the way home from work</p>




How to impress a woman...

1. wine her
2. dine her
3. call her
4. hug her
5. hold her
6. surprise her
7. compliment her
8. smile at her
9. laugh with her
10. cry with her
11. cuddle her
12. shop with her
13. give her jewellery
14. buy her flowers
15. hold her hand
16. write love letters to her
17. write poetry for her
18. go to the ends of the earth and back for her

How to impress a man...

1. show up naked
bring some beers

The Comic Strip presents... Romance



DO IT



LIKE



A EUROPEAN



© COBEL INTER. BRUSSELS

THE



END

(at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH



A guy is walking down the street and he's really horny. So he goes to the first whorehouse he sees. He only has five dollars, so they kick him out. The guy goes to the next brothel. But since he has only five dollars, they kick him out as well. By this time he is super horny, so he goes to the next brothel and says, "Look, I only have five dollars. I'm really horny and I need a blow job!" The manager takes pity on him and says, "OK, for five dollars I can give you a penguin!"

"What's a penguin?" he asks.

The manager grins, "You'll find out!"

He takes the five dollars and leads the horny man into a bedroom. The horny guy unzips his pants and waits for the penguin. Soon a whore comes in and starts giving the guy a really hot blow job. Just as he is about to come, she stops and walks away. The horny guy waddles after her with his pants around his ankles, shouting, "HEY! WHAT THE FUCK IS A PENGUIN?!"

A couple who have been together for a long time decide to spice up their sex life by dressing up.

So, on 'the night' she dresses as a nurse and lays on the bed to await her lover. When he enters the room he is wearing nothing except a glass jar over his penis. Puzzled, she asks: "What are you dressed as?"

To which he replies: "I'm a fire-fighter - break the glass, pull the handle and I'll come as quick as I can."

Why is Orgasm just a six letter word? Cos it's easier to spell than YESOHMYGODYESDEEPEERMOREMOREYESOHYESYESOH HARDERAGGHOOHOOHYEEESSSS

A woman meets a man in a bar. They talk; they connect; they end up leaving together. They get back to his place, and as he shows her around his apartment. She notices that one wall of his bedroom is completely filled with soft, sweet, cuddly teddy bears. There are three shelves in the bedroom, with hundreds and hundreds of cute, cuddly teddy bears carefully placed in rows, covering the entire wall! It was obvious that he had taken quite some time to lovingly arrange them and she was immediately touched by the amount of thought he had put into organizing the display. There were small bears all along the bottom shelf, medium-sized bears covering the length of the middle shelf, and huge, enormous bears running all the way along the top shelf. She found it strange for an obviously masculine guy to have such a large collection of Teddy Bears. She is quite impressed by his sensitive side but doesn't mention this to him. They share a bottle of wine and continue talking and, after awhile, she finds herself thinking, 'Oh my God! Maybe, this guy could be the one! Maybe he could be the future father of my children?'

She turns to him and kisses him lightly on the lips. He responds warmly. They continue to kiss, the passion builds, and he romantically lifts her in his arms and carries her into his bedroom where they rip off each other's clothes and make hot, steamy love. She is so overwhelmed that she responds with more passion, more creativity, more heat than she has ever known. After an intense, explosive night of raw passion with this sensitive guy, they are lying there together in the afterglow. The woman rolls over, gently strokes his chest and asks coyly, 'Well, how was it?'

The guy gently smiles at her, strokes her cheek, looks deeply into her eyes, and says: 'Help yourself to any prize from the middle shelf'

One night a guy takes his girlfriend home. As they are about to kiss each other goodnight, the guy starts feeling a little horny. With an air of confidence, he leans against the wall and, smiling, he says to her:

"Darling, would you give me a blowjob?"

Horrorified, she replies "Are you mad? My parents will see us!"

Him: "Oh come on! Who's gonna see us at this hour?"

Her: "No, please. Can you imagine if we get caught?"

Him: "Oh come on! There's nobody around, they're all sleeping!"

Her: "No way. It's just too risky!"

Him (horny as hell): "Oh please, please, I love you so much?!"

Her: "No, no, and no. I love you too, but I just can't!"

Him: "Oh yes you can. Please?"

Her: "No, no. I just can't!"

Him: "I beg you ..."

Out of the blue, the light on the stairs goes on, and the girl's younger sister shows up in her pyjamas, hair dishevelled, and in a sleepy voice she says: "Mom says to go ahead and give him a blowjob. Otherwise, I can do it. Or if need be, she will come down herself and do it. But, in any case tell him to stop leaning against the f---ing intercom!"