



BOGGY SHOE



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

*R*ns/trash #135 August 2008*

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

Suitable for use as a beer mat, chip wrapper, wonky table leg padding, broken car window wadding, baby food, bog roll for trail setting or the other use, and occasionally, a bloody good read! *see inside.*

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 August 2008	1572	Sloop, Scaynes Hill - <i>Halfway!</i>	385 243	Matthew & Angel
<i>Directions:</i> A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again and stay on A272 through Haywards Heath to Scaynes Hill. Turn left by garage opposite Farmers pub. Sloop is 1.5 miles on right. 20 mins.				
11th August 2008	1573	Stand-Up Inn, Lindfield - 11/20		Ivan & Dave
<i>Directions:</i> Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. First left after pond for village car park. Pub slightly further up. 20 mins.				

16th August 2008 CRAFTY#3 2PM - HAND-IN-HAND, KEMPTOWN - *BIKES ESSENTIAL; PASSPORTS AND TANKARDS RECOMMENDED.*

18th August 2008 1574 Watermill, Burgess Hill - 12/20322 200 Trevor & Malcolm
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common roundabout and left up Janes Lane. Pub just to left at end, parking in recreation ground. Est. 20 mins

25th August 2008 1575 Laughing Fish, Isfield - 13/20 452 173 Grahame Cooper
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.

1st September 2008 1576 Station, Preston Park - 14/20 299 067 Gary and Bob
Directions: Follow A23 into Brighton over mini roundabout and on to traffic lights. Right at 2nd set, under railway and 1st right. Pub opposite on right. Difficult street parking. Est. 5 mins. **CURRY NIGHT!**

RECEDING HARELINE - ALE TRAIL 2008

08/09/08	Eight Bells, Jevington	Ann & Nicola
15/09/08	Alma Arms, Uckfield	Bob Luck
22/09/08	The Cock, Ringmer	Bouncer
29/09/08	Black Horse, Lewes	Dave Evans



Other (non-hash) reasons to drink part 1 through 70.



HASH NOTICEBOARD

After several years on the backburner the CRA^FTY Hash is officially up and r*nnng... And drinking! Yup, a long held ambition of Bouncers has been to form a new hash with the name of the CRA^FT club just because he liked the acronym (Can't Remember A [something, rhyming with something] Thing Yet). After the singular failure of all apart from the hare to remember their tankards on the 2nd pub crawl it seemed an appropriate name, even though it's been banded about for so many years it nearly deceased completely simply on its own merit, for the elite drinking branch of Brighton hash! Mind you as r*n #3 is proposed to be a Bash, any hound who forgets their bike could be in for a very long day.

So Ale trail pub crawl #3 will start either from Evening Star (ra-piddly establishing itself as the hash home pub) or Hand-in Hand in Upper St. James Street if not coming by rail, from 2pm on Saturday 16th August. Crash space at Bouncers upgraded pad post bash.

Okay so the numbers above of pubs attended by the hash may look as if they don't add up to too many t-shirts but the persuasive efforts and alcoholic nature of the CRA^FTY hashers have ensured that as we cross the halfway point in time all passports are on schedule for a t-shirt as minimum reward. These will be awarded on the basis of attendance to both BH7 and CRA^FT events which puts the crafters at a considerable advantage so get yourself along to improve your chances!

It has been proposed that the **Christmas hash** takes place at the Hassocks Hotel after last years success. It may seem early but if anybody knows of a better venue or has any strong objection please make it known as soon as possible, always with the caveat that you may end up organising!

This trash comes to you courtesy of (*has been stolen from...*) the Herts 1234 event, amongst others.

In Cervasio Felicitas (*in beer there is joy*).

On on Bouncer



** After her outbursts on breakfast TV, a psychologist denounced Heather Mills McCartney as clearly unbalanced. Sir Paul phoned in saying, "Normally a couple of beer mats or an old Buggy Shoe under her left foot does the trick."*

Meanwhile, I was watching Carol Vorderman on Countdown the other day when I got aroused. I thought 'That's not bad; a seven letter word!'

Elsewhere I see those new Korean meatballs at LIDL are really popular. Apparently they're the Mutts Nuts!

The price of Petrol versus Printer Ink

Think a gallon of petrol is expensive? These examples do NOT imply that petrol is cheap; it just illustrates how outrageous some prices are, makes one think, and also puts things in perspective....

Compared with Petrol.....

Diet Snapple 16 oz £1.29 .. £10.32 per gallon
Lipton Ice Tea 16 oz £1.19£9.52 per gallon
Ocean Spray 16 oz £1.25 £10.00 per gallon
Brake Fluid 12 oz £3.15 £33.60 per gallon
Vick's Nyquil 6 oz £8.35 ... £178.13 per gallon
Pepto Bismol 4 oz £3.85 .. £123.20 per gallon
Tippex 7 oz £1.39 £5.42 per gallon

And this is the REAL KICKER...

Evian water 9 oz £1.49..£21.19 per gallon! £21.19 for WATER and the buyers don't even know the source. (Evian spelled backwards is Naive.)

You don't even want to compare it with perfume or after shave.

Ever wonder why printers are so cheap?

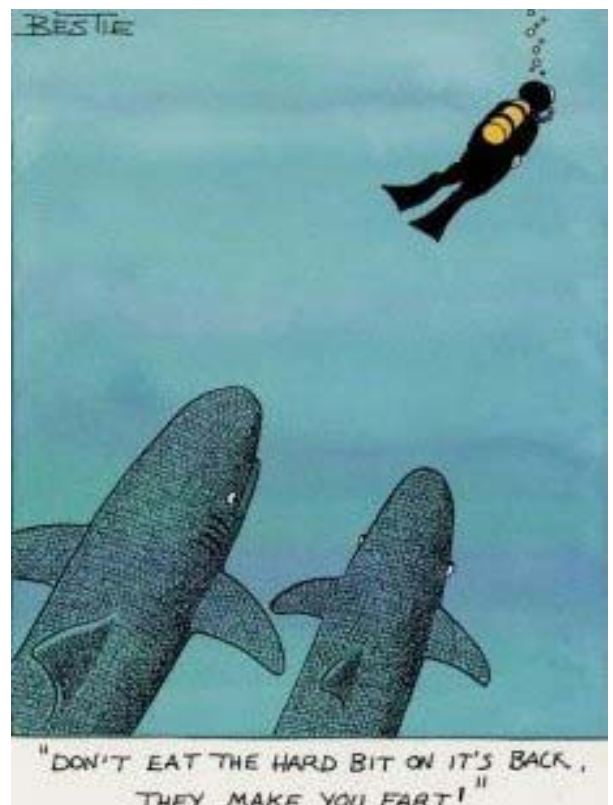
So they have you hooked for the ink.

Someone calculated the cost of the ink at.....(you won't believe it but it is true...) £5,200 a gal.. (five thousand two hundred pounds)

So, the next time you're at the pump, be glad your car doesn't run on water, or Tippex, Pepto Bismol, Nyquil or God forbid, Printer Ink!

Just a little humour to help ease the pain of your next trip to the petrol pump...

nb hashers - beer equates to about £22.40, but that's ok!





WHICH BEER IS COLDER?

Woman forced to remove nipple ring at US airport AFP - Friday, March 28 03:41 am LOS ANGELES (AFP) - A woman who was forced to remove her nipple rings with pliers before boarding a flight in Texas, demanded an apology Thursday and said she wants the government to investigate the incident. "It was just total humiliation in front of people I had no earthly idea who they were," Mandi Hamlin, a 37-year-old graphic artist from Dallas, told reporters at her lawyer's office in Los Angeles. Hamlin's attorney, Gloria Allred, said the woman "was given a pair of pliers in order to remove the rings in her nipples ... The rings had been in her nipples for many years." Hamlin said she wanted a public apology and for the Transportation Security Administration to investigate the incident, which happened in February as she was boarding a flight from Lubbock, Texas, to Dallas. TSA spokesman Dwayne Baird said he was unaware of the nipple ring incident. "I'd be really curious to know what this woman had in her nipples," he said, adding that he had "never heard of any of our

people having anyone remove something that sounds as small as a nipple ring." Allred said the TSA's measure was "cruel and unnecessary." "The last time that I checked, a nipple was not a dangerous weapon."

SYDNEY (Reuters) - An Australian man convicted of his seventh drink-driving charge was spending about A\$1,000 (487 pounds) a week on beer — enough to buy more than 2,500 small bottles a month, a newspaper said on Tuesday. The heartbroken construction worker began drowning his sorrows after breaking up with his partner five years ago, the Northern Territory News said, quoting his defence lawyer as telling a court in Australia's remote, tropical north. The magistrate declined to jail the father of four, Michael Leary, noting he had quit drinking since his latest arrest, but he banned Leary from buying or even holding a beer for 12 months. The magistrate also poked fun at Leary's favourite beer, Melbourne Bitter, in a part of the country where drinkers can be as loyal to beer brands as they are to football teams. "(That is) poor judgement on two counts there — drinking that much and drinking Melbourne Bitter," magistrate Vince Luppino was quoted as saying.

Dorset claims world's hottest chilli By Richard Savill

A chilli pepper grown in a polytunnel in Dorset has been claimed as the world's hottest.

The Dorset Naga is so fiery that when the owners break the skin to remove the seeds to sow for the following year's crop they have to wear gloves and be outside in a strong wind so their eyes don't sting.

The strength of chilli peppers is measured in Scoville heat units "It is something I wouldn't eat but some people must like them," said Joy Michaud, who developed the chilli at the Peppers by Post business she runs with her husband Michael at West Bexington.

An American laboratory found the chilli to be almost 60 per cent hotter than the one listed in the Guinness Book of Records. The Naga registered a Scoville heat unit of 876,000. The record holder is a Red Savina Habanero with a rating of 577,000.

The result was so startling that the Dorset pepper was sent for a second test to a laboratory in New York used by the American Spice Trade Association. It recorded a higher figure of 970,000 heat units. The Naga, which is sold with a health warning, was developed from a variety which originated in Bangladesh.

The Michauds found the chillis, collected the seeds and grew them. It was only when customers told them they were unable to eat curries containing half a small pepper that they realized how hot they were.

Mrs Michaud said: "We bought the Naga Morich chilli from a shop in Bournemouth. It is revered by the Bangladeshis. We have all the certificates and believe it is a world record. We will be in touch with the Guinness Book of Records."

Aktar Miha, of the Indis Bangladeshi restaurant in Bournemouth, said: "Most people don't cook with it; they just have it near to them when they eat. They just touch their food with it. If you don't know what you are doing it could blow your head off."

8 May 2005: This chilli is so hot, you'd have to drink 250,000 gallons of water just to put out the fire

MORE RIP OFFS FROM HERTS HASH 1234 TRASH



A man charges into a bank wearing a balaclava and wielding a handgun. He shouts "this is a raid - everyone get on the floor!!" and proceeds to empty the cash drawers.

As he runs towards the door with the loot, a brave customer yanks off his balaclava. The robber immediately shoots the customer in the head and shouts.. "Did anybody else here see my face?".

The robber notices another customer peering from behind a counter and goes over and shoots him in the head.

"Did anybody else see my face?" he shouts again, waving his gun around.

There is silence for a few seconds before a female voice is heard from a distant corner.

"I think my hubbie caught a glimpse...."

Rabbie 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.	The mad Islamist nut-case Had set hissel' 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 Required tae save the day.
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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	Now listen up Bin Laden Yir sort's nae wanted here For imported English radicals Us Scotsman huv nae fear Oor hame grown Glesca Asians Will have nae bluidy truck So tak yer worldwide jihad An get yersel tae F***
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One of the Glasgow bombers, Singed Majeep, is complaining that all he gets in hospital to eat is haggis, neeps and tatties. What the heck does he expect in the Burns unit?

A blonde was speeding down the road in her little red sports car and was pulled over by a cop who was also a blonde. The cop asked to see the blonde's driver's license. The driver dug through her purse and was getting progressively more agitated. "What does it look like?" she asked.

The cop replied, "I t's square and it has your picture on it."

The driver finally found a square mirror, looked at it and handed it to the cop. "Here it is," she said.

The blonde cop looked at the mirror, then handed it back saying, "Okay, you can go. I didn't realise you were a cop."



"The healthiest part of a donut is the hole. Unfortunately, you have to eat through the rest of the donut to get there!"

New old songs

Oh my old man's a dustman
He wears a dustman's cap
He comes round once a fortnight
Frankly the service's crap

Amy Winehouse bumps into Jeremy Clarkson, they start to chat & she asks him what he does?

"Top Gear!" replies Jeremy.

"I'll have 3 grams!" orders Amy Winehouse!

Mr and Mrs Blobby are lying in bed one night. Mrs Blobby turns to Mr Blobby and says "Blubba lubba lup blub". Mr Blobby says "Shut the f*** up and swallow it".

Northern Rock

Just in case you are not aware of the effect that Northern Rock's problems is having on Japan's banks, I can confirm that Origami Bank has folded, Sumo Bank has gone belly up, Bonsai Bank is cutting its branches and Kamikaze Bank have ceased trading after its shares nose dived. At the Karate Bank 500 employees have been given the chop. Analysts also report that something fishy is happening at the Sushi Bank as customers are getting a raw deal.

RE-HASHING - the ale trail...

I've had a lazy month hashwise! Which means I've been working my tits off on the house and letting the Angel out to play for a few weeks. So I missed pub 7, the **Greyhound**, which according to the board saw the return of barfly Old Les as a hare, thus gazumping Mike Morris in the geezer stakes. I have my doubts! But I did at least manage to get along to the local when Pat and (has anybody seen...) Mikecock Croft cobbled together a trail from the **Red Lion** in Shoreham. As we accumulated at the pub Bunter was seen lurking outside with a hoghead furtively buried under his waistcoat. So far the whole story has yet to come out but all I've managed to glean was that he'd had enough sauce by the time we set-off for him to trundle off to bed. Which explains sweet FA. I was interested to see how the hares coped with the closure of the toll-bridge which is almost always a feature of any run from this regular hash venue. Mike acknowledged this by cancelling the first check and sending us off up the road wiggling around to my own pad getting me wondering why I'd bothered rushing down. Meanwhile, my front running and lack of voice meant that I was signalling marks with a 1,2,3 fingers or a hoop over my head to indicate a check, prompting Anne to say "we're stuffed to YMCA all night then are we?". As if I'd manage to lead the race (see I van) for long!

After crossing the park, which didn't do the obvious but went out the side gate before climbing, we kept straight up to the top. On was called right to a check in the woods by the by-pass. Wiggy muttered "well it's bloody obvious where we're going". I was tempted to recall the first Burns Hash in 1999 when Bunter thought much the same only to find he'd lost the pack. Tonight it was the turn of Airman Luck and Navy Nigel who both went left as the rest of the pack turned right. Andy Elliott, missing in action for several months, and I took advantage of local knowledge to ignore the hick signs and found ourselves leading pack past the stables to the next check, where Sasha bizarrely chose right. We waited until I van was spotted on the horizon before Pat said "time to go", then off past the farmhouse up to the road.

I reckoned it was right and I reckoned right, right? Nigel and Bob had rejoined by now but not I van who once likened hashing to a race! I van does a lot of racing but clearly not enough hashing to understand that the first shall be last and the last shall be first. Meanwhile the rest of us enjoyed a marvellously rural run down to the farm where it became apparent that knowing exactly where you're going is no advantage if you're a slow old bastard, Wiggy. Check was marked three ways even though I knew there was only one but hare arrived asking us to hold as the farmer had warned of the stropo cows in the field. "I'm here now" said Lesley! Dare I say Malcolm held his tongue?

I van was now spotted in the distance causing my buffalo cells to question who smelt so bad that the lad didn't want to play tonight. "He cheated, and went down the road" said Pat. "Oh, the heinous dastard!". Over the bridge it was right round the field, and unusually, down to run back along the river bank. Unless you used your initiative and hoofed it along the road like wot me and Don started and everybody else thought was a cracking idea, to finish almost exactly bang on 3 minutes past 9! This was allegedly version 3, and the shortest by far. That's why you have to recce in advance, but they got it sweet in the end. Of course, another great night was enjoyed in the pub afterwards, although I suspect Bob Luck will give up on pie 7 a pint after failing to get his pie for the 2nd time in succession!

Before all that of course was the 2nd **pub crawl**, this time in Lewes. Advance e-mails suggested that Brighton hashers would be light(weights) on the ground, claiming holidays, trakaphobia, and Lewesite (a liquid chemical weapon producing symptoms of itching, burning, blistering, sneezing, coughing, nausea, vomiting and in extremis death. Whilst BH7 members will recognise some of these symptoms they should be reassured that there is no correlation between drinking Lewes beer and exposure to Lewesite.) etc., however, other e-mails advised that we would be joined by representatives from Henfield and Hastings hashes. In the end I waited in vain at the Evening Star before catching the train to Lewes. As I was alone I abandoned the original trail and set a straight route to the **John Harvey Tavern**, where I was joined by Les Gray, Brent & Kayleen, as well as Bushsquatter, Cliffbanger and Queenfisher from Hastings, all dressed ready to run! Having proposed that everyone should try and bring a tankard with them, and being the only one to remember, discussion took place and it was agreed that we would henceforth be the CRAFT club! Our 2nd pub of the evening was just a few yards away at the **Gardeners Arms**, scene of my very first Brighton hash back in 1992, where we found Mark Halls, Barney and Dave who were on a separate crawl/ mission. As the 9 of us proffered our books the barman threw his hands up and said 'Bring them on, I'll stamp the lot!', so we did, and so did he! Another short trail found us in the **Dorset**, where our antics won over the barmaid who again stamped the pile, to the obvious disapproval of the barman behind. With a slightly different team we re-ran the paper hat competition from the first pub here - pictures on Hastings H3 website if not here:>



It being that time of the evening we opted for grub in new Indian restaurant, Chaulas, which was impressive and reasonable! Particular mention should be made of Brents Dosa, which could have fed all of us! Time was rushing on as we headed off to the **Elephant & Castle** so it was a quick beer for the Hastings crowd before they sprinted off in the wrong direction to catch their train. By now the tankard was really coming into its own as I was able to walk with my beer to the **Brewers Arms** for one last stamp before we headed back home. Another fantastic night!

HERTS HASH 1-2-3-4 -18th to 20th July Letchworth RUFC

Somehow we pitched our journey perfectly to hit the rush hour as we sauntered round the M25 which meant that we only just reached the camp site in time for the usual Full Moon black dress trail/pub crawl. I hung back long enough to help Gabs set-up base (she usually goes for it on the Saturday so doesn't want to run Sunday which unluckily means I have to do Friday pub crawl), and collect goody bags with nice new towels instead of yet another t-shirt, by which time Airhead had arrived so we set off on the hash together. I'd taken the easy option of slipping on a black sarong over my running gear so felt less daft than the other trannies, although the basque shaped handbag was a bit odd. Easy trail led to the first pub, the Boot, although some ASBO potential local lads still insisted on showing us where the hash had gone. Here I was able to catch up with loads of old hash mates both from my old club Essex H3 and further afield including One Loos now residing in New Zealand, Hoggy, Stretch and Mini! To be honest, the list of who's cumming read more like a who's who of hashing so this was definitely the event to be at! The Guernsey Harriettes had already taken over the Karaoke by the time we arrived so I was greeted by the sight of Dynorod from Brighton looking born to the role of cross dresser (thankfully Clare had warned me!). As Leslie had already stuck her lippy in my handbag I then ended up collecting more prizes from other girls including tissues and a mobile phone? The first pint hadn't touched the sides, and half the pack was still around, so we stayed for a second before Leslie joined me in the sarong for a dance!

Eventually we tore ourselves away and strolled on to the Cock, which was much smaller, and most of the hash seemed to have already moved on to the White Lion. In fact we seemed to be playing catch-up all night even though it was a quick hello to UK down-down champion Too Tuf, with Chikki and dog, before we also moved on. At the White Lion I was able to have a chat with Banana Bender (formerly MeJulie). This wasn't just a pub crawl, nor even just a hash, as Julies husband Dave (Max Boyce) had recently died of cancer so there was a serious side to the evenings merriment as a fundraiser for the MacMillan nurses who had cared for Dave at home for the last couple of months. Being very early days Julie was quite emotional but she deserved a big hand for making the brave decision to come out. As I was chatting, Lesley moved on so I eventually found myself trying to find the trail to the Orange Tree with Proxy and Swiss Toni. Convinced they were wrong, I set off in the other direction and promptly found the marks, at last enjoying my first real running of the evening. At the last pub the bar had already closed but our host had no hesitation in giving me a beer anyway (must be my winning smile!) before we headed off to continue the fun back at the site.

Bit of an incident after the disco finished and we made our way out for the traditional Full Moon Cocktail party. As we enjoyed the drinks under the gazebo, Weekend Gardener from Old Coulsdon H3 erupted from his tent to complain about the noise. "...and what the hell do you think you're doing in my gazebo" he challenged the 40 strong crowd! Ooops. Seems that the organisers of the cocktail party had both assumed the other was responsible for the gazebo and took the only one on site to be the venue for the après. After a bit of a contratemp with Windsock, WG was appeased when we headed out to the middle of the pitch for some songs before retiring.

After some post breakfast cocktails courtesy of the Guernsey Harriettes it was time for the main hash on Saturday, which for myself meant a jog with Ewan in the buggy, Callum on his bike and Kieran running, initially with Gabs until the long/short split. Lunch, beers, circle and hash games were all held near a childrens play area so that sorted them out whilst we enjoyed the show. As usual many amusing down-downs were presented, my favourite being by Maddog. Mark-e-Mark was in the communal showers with Maddog and several other alpha males, all determinedly getting on with the business of scrubbing down, when Marky turned to Maddog and asked if he'd "like to join in my sausage eating competition". This turned out to be the hash games which was conducted on the same basis as the old drinking boat race, only with er.. sausages. Fun to watch but not for a veggie! Hoggy took my advice to take small bites and swallow to take an early lead, but the frequent changes in the weather between flash storms and bright sunshine had my attention wandering. Despite Swiss Toni's insistence that we should head to the pub we simply returned to the site for afternoon beers having discovered that I'd not used any of my 8 ale tokens the night before, and with driving on Sunday had to go for it somewhat.

The theme for the fancy dress was Quakers, Corsets and Bra's in tribute to Letchworths claims to fame, a challenge I resolved with a flower pot. Didn't take long before that had taken up residency on the Moose head over the door though! Excellent music as ever from Fliptops band, this week called R&R, before Daffy's usual midnight antics led by Too Tuf with Knead, myself, birthday boy Fergie, Digger and others in tow. No repeat of the cocktail party, probably through fear!

Sundays hangover run combined a tour of Letchworth including the bra factory, with the Herts annual tribute to the late Stan "Grunter" Grice, a Herts hasher who gained fame by always bringing delicacies from his trips to Belgium and Malaysia. The boys enjoyed the sweet laces, and we enjoyed the lumumba stop before our final return to site where hot nibbles were provided for the duration of the circle. One of the down downs was awarded to twins Pic'n'Mix for waking Dad Casey Jones up



with a keyring alarm. All attempts to switch the thing off failed resulting in it being thrown out to the field. Sick Boy retrieved it and dropped it in to Hughie Blaaaargh's pint which Hughie carried on casually drinking before being called in for his reward. Shouts of "No, don't drink it!" revealed that one of the attempts had involved Olymprick sticking it up his arse, cue Hughie fingers down throat! Having maintained a low profile in the RA stakes Mr. X then called me in to do award a couple of down-downs. First was for Too Tuf for child abuse on the trail, having taken Ewan's buggy and pushed it into an old peoples home. Bigger had gone though. Tried again with Proxy for taking Angels advice and having a shower, Then promptly putting back on the smelly shirt that had caused her comment. He'd gone too so Swiss obliged the down down, as I rued the fact that I should have given Tufty's DD to Mr. X, who is allegedly Ewan's (ET) real dad as we suspect he was conceived at an earlier Herts event. As I was sidelined to room 101 (seriously!), I have no idea what Angel got up to!

ON ON HOME...

RE-HASHING - the ale trail...(continued)

Formerly the Fireman's Arms and last visited by the hash during the 25th anniversary ale trail, the **Pig & Butcher** (officially 9/20) has recently become part of the Harvey's estate, hence the name change. Although Don was assured that our booking with the previous tenants would be honoured he found out late on Friday that they wouldn't have food so a frantic plan B was formed to provide bread and cheese with some salad bits at a couple of quid a head.

After a hot week this was a steamy run through some lovely countryside and Maresfield. At the pub we were again joined by Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger from Hastings, but the start was delayed by Anne waiting for the slightly stressed Don to arrive. At the first check I was convinced it would be quickly into the Forest which meant I had to play catch up for a while! After some lovely meadow and farm stuff, frequently led by the visitors, we found ourselves on the road for a while. Having caught up I soon dropped off again only to find Brett appearing behind me. We'd seen Brett and Jo heading out early as we pulled up, but clearly he's still keen to live up to his name. How else does a 15 minute head start turn into a 5 minute deficit unless you Gotlost!

Back at the pub the storm clouds were gathering so it was a quick change before the beer. Inside the pub I started to wonder where everyone had got to and found them hiding from the rain under the gazebo in the garden, scoffing Dons marvellous feast. Great effort by Don under difficult circumstances and typical that the rain chose then to break, but mention has to go to Jenny also, who chose this as her preferred method of celebrating her birthday. She may not run, but definitely a hasher!

Yae ken yer Scottish when.....

1. Ye can properly pronounce McConnochie, Ecclefechan, Milngavie, Sauchiehall St , St Enoch, Auchtermuchty and Aufurfuksake.
2. Ye actually like deep fried battered pizza fae the chippie.
3. Yer used tae four seasons in wan day.
4. Ye canna pass a chip/kebab shop wihoout sleverin when yer blootert.
5. Ye kin fall about pished wihoout spilling yer drink.
6. Ye see people wearin shell suits with burberry accessories - pure class!
7. Ye measure distance in minutes.
8. Ye kin understaun Rab C Nesbitt and know characters just like him, in yer ain family.
9. Ye go tae Saltcoats cos ye think it is like gaun tae the ocean.
10. Ye kin make hael sentences jist wae sweer wurd.
11. Ye know whit haggis is made ae and stull like eating it.
12. Somye ye know his used a fitba schedule tae plan thur wedding day date.
13. You've been at a wedding and fitba scores are announced in the Church/Chapel.
14. Ye urny surprised tae find curries, pizzas, kebabs, fish n chips,irn-bru, fags and nappies all in the wan shop.
15. Yer holiday home at the seaside has calor gas under it.
16. Ye know irn-bru is a hangover cure.
17. Ye learnt tae sweer afore ye learnt tae dae sums.
18. Ye actually understand this and yurr gonnae send it tae yer pals
19. Finally, you are 100% Scot if you have ever said/heard these words;
clatty; boggin; cludgie; pished; get it up ye wee beasties; erse; bandit; amurny; away an bile yer heid; peely-wally; humphey backit;Ba'-heid; baw bag; dubble nugget

And finally.....

A wee Glesga wumman goes intae a butchershop, where the butcher has just came oot the freezer, and is standing haunds ahint his back, with his erse aimed at an electric fire.

The wee wumman checks oot the display case then asks, 'Is that yer Ayrshire bacon?'
'Naw,' replies the butcher. 'I t's jist ma haun's ah'm heatin'.



How to design a logo:



Detective Chen Lee

A man suspected his wife was seeing another man, so he hired the famous Chinese detective, Chen Lee, to watch and report any activities while he was gone. A few days later, he received this report:

MOST HONORABLE SIR:

YOU LEAVE HOUSE

I WATCH HOUSE

HE COME TO HOUSE. I WATCH.

HE AND SHE LEAVE HOUSE. I FOLLOW.

HE AND SHE GO IN HOTEL. I CLIMB TREE.

I LOOK IN WINDOW.

HE KISS SHE. SHE KISS HE.

HE STRIP SHE. SHE STRIP HE.

HE PLAY WITH SHE. SHE PLAY WITH HE.

I PLAY WITH ME. I FALL OUT OF TREE. I NOT SEE.

NO FEE, CHEN LEE.