



BOGGY SHOE



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

All runs 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 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------|---------|-----------------------|
| 2nd February 2009 | 1598 | Royal Oak, Wineham | 236 206 | Malcolm & Trevor |
| 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. | | | | |
| 9th February 2009 | 1599 | Shepherd & Dog, Fulking | 248 114 | Peter B and Grahame |
| Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. Est. 10 mins. | | | | |
| 16th February 2009 | 1600 | Old Boot, High St., Seaford | 484 989 | Mudlarks Nigel & Pete |
| Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Right onto A26 at Beddingham roundabout. Next left and left again for A259 into Seaford. Turn right on Church St. at Station. Right at end and right again for car park. Pub back in South Street. Est. 30 mins. | | | | |
| 23rd February 2009 | 1601 | White Horse, Hurstpierpoint | 271 666 | Aunty Jo |
| Directions: A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint, right at T junction, left at next roundabout and pub is on the right. Est. 15 mins. | | | | |
| 2nd March 2009 | 1602 | The Chequers, Steyning | 176 113 | Mike Anybody |
| Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on left 1 mile. Park in village car park just past pub. 20 mins. | | | | |

RECEDING HARELINE

- 09/03/09 The Cat & Canary, Henfield
- Elaine's bus pass run!
- 16/03/09 Plumpton - Phil M.
- 06/04/09 Badgers Watch, Telscombe - Pat
- 11/05/09 Foresters Arms, Fairwarp - Brent & Kayleen
- 23/05/09 **ANNUAL HASH RELAY**

CRAFT #8 pub crawl:

Friday 20th February. Leaving the Porter and Sorter at East Croydon station at 7pm. Hare: Daffy. Joint with SORTED H3.

CRAFT #9:

Friday March 13th Brighton and Hove Beer festival
Advance tickets essential – advise Bouncer if you wish to go or get your own tickets!

W&NK H3:

Sunday 15th March Dorset Arms Wythiam - Bouncer

Thought for the day [*and more than likely the Brighton Hash slogan!*]:

Life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.



HASH NOTICEBOARD

CRAFT#9 - Friday 20th February

CRAFT H3 and SORTED H3 joint pub crawl in Croydon. P-trail from East Croydon station - main line trains direct from Brighton, London Bridge and Victoria. First pub for early arrivals : the Porter and Sorter. Setting off at 7pm (or shortly thereafter) for the Spredaeagle. Hare : Daffy (07979 511423). **nb: advance warning that CRAFT #10 will hopefully be Hove beerfest Friday 13th March. It is essential to get tickets in advance for this busy session.**

From Elaine:

My hash on March 9th at Cat and Canary, Henfield - can be advertised as Elaine's Bus Pass Hash. Meet at pub, park in Down's Link car park next to pub, and my place after for Grub n Grog. Bring your own beer mugs. Lawfield House, West End Lane, Henfield, BN5 9UH. Turn Right outside pub, 200m down the lane, last house on the Left. Elaine x

Dear All on the Hash

It was lovely to meet many of you on Monday night. You seem like a very nice group of people (even though my mummies tell me you are a bit mad) and I look forward to many more Monday nights in your company. I just wanted to write to you all to say a very big thank you firstly for the flowers that you sent me when I was first born... and secondly for the lovely baby grow outfit, clothes, and helpful magazine, leaflets and catalogues that you presented to me on Monday. I am a very lucky girl and have been thoroughly spoilt... and I'm only four weeks old!!!! See you soon. Sending you a big sloppy kiss, Rubyroo

Dear MacBouncer

Many thanks John for organising yet another excellent Burns Night Hash last night. The Run, Sip and Grub were all excellent as usual. As was the company, of course. Well done. *Some have meat, and cannot eat, And some cannot eat that want it; But we have meat, and we can eat - And let MacBouncer be thanked for it.* Pete the feet. *Aaaw, thanks Pete!*

Reminder

I still have quite a few t shirts unclaimed. Some winners have already been in touch to make arrangements but there are several hounds I haven't heard from. Just to remind you these are **free** as an award for support of the ale trail 30th anniversary. As we had over 100 hashers during the trails life and only 30 shirts, please confirm if you want yours or I shall have to start passing these down to the next in line. Thanks, Bouncer

A new colour magazine for hashers has been launched in the US - see www.ononmagazine.com

Tumbling Bill Panton who many of you will know is on the cover of the first edition. On On, Prof (**UK on-sec - not ours!**)

Bones here, To let you know there are 35 places left for our Magna Carta weekend to celebrate our 1215 run. If we sell all 35 places, we get the castle to ourselves for the weekend. So, if you are reading this, we'd appreciate it if you would pass the details on to your hash. North Wilts always provide a good craic. The landlord has promised to run with us, and the local pub is run by a hasher. What could be better? Check out our website for details and reggo forms: www.nwh3.co.uk, for a medieval weekend in a real castle previously owned by King John, deceased. OnOn Bones

W&NK H3 - RECEDING HARELINE

Sun 15th February 2009 - Scud and Fetherlite

Sun 15th March 2009 - Bouncer, Dorset Arms, Wythiam

Sun 19th April 2009 - Daffy

Sun 17th May 2009 - Ralph Ralph

Closing time for village pub in Rodmell

Shocked villagers are mourning the loss of their local pub. Landlady Sue Wood called time at The Abergavenny Arms in Rodmell, near Lewes, on New Year's Day, blaming spiralling costs. The pub is the only one for miles around and is the latest to close in recent months as landlords across Sussex struggle to cope with rising beer prices and falling numbers of drinkers. Villagers feel the closure of The Abergavenny Arms could have a huge impact on the community.

*These are indeed 'Interesting Times' and we should perhaps learn from the hare's experience recently with the **Woolpack** which had closed for 'refurbishment'. It is always important to check the pub as far as possible in advance of the run date but pubs are closing at an alarming rate at the moment and in the last few weeks several hash pubs are among those closed for good or shut temporarily: **Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell; Grapes, Pease Pottage; Bridge House, Copsale; Sompting.***



ECONOMIC RELIEF



Woollen breasts designed to help new mothers

The Argus: 10:00am Thursday 15th January 2009

WHEN it comes to knitting most people would settle for a pair of gloves, socks or possibly a jumper. But Audrey Horncastle prefers to spend her time on something a little more exotic. For more than three years the industrious 84-year-old has churned out more than 100 knitted breasts. The woolly boobs are then squeezed into shape by daughter Rhona Emery and handed out to midwives and community nurses to help teach mothers to breast feed.

Mrs Horncastle, 84, from Woodingdean, said: "My daughter told me they were looking for these and so I decided to give them a go." "I made a few and they seemed to like them. They keep on asking for more and so I keep making them. It only takes a few days to do one and then I pass it on to my daughter. It's a bit of fun. I enjoy the knitting and they are being put to good use. People give me a strange look when I tell them what I am knitting and it is unusual but they are fun to do."

Rhona, who works as a community nursery nurse for South Downs Health, said: "I went to a breast feeding training course and was told about how these things are useful but that they were difficult to get because the pattern is hard to do. My mum is good at knitting so I gave her the pattern and she was able to do it. It has just built up from there."



Mrs Horncastle, who usually produces one breast a day, said she even gets occasional requests for multi-coloured mammaries made up from turquoise, pink, blue and yellow wool. She added: "I try to keep the basic fleshy tone but sometimes people ask if I can put in a bit of colour as well just to make things a bit different. I tend to use what ever bits of wool I have at the time." The 84-year-old, who is only paid for the cost of materials, said as long as there's demand she will carry on knitting.

Angela Barnett, who is responsible for providing breastfeeding support to mothers in Brighton and Hove, said: "When you want to show a woman how to breastfeed you don't really want to go poking and prodding them. You can take these with you when you

are visiting people's homes or at clinics or on a ward and they make it much easier to demonstrate what we are talking about. We are delighted that Mrs Horncastle and Rhona are able to do this for us and they make such a difference."

The knitted breasts are used by Brighton and Hove Children's and Young People's Trust as part of its drive to highlight the benefits of breastfeeding and encourage more mothers to try it.

At last - something for the knitting circle!

Knitted Breasts - Lactation Consultants of Great Britain www.lcgb.org

Double knitting wool – flesh coloured – 1 ball (choose your flesh colour!) similar but darker colour - 1 ball

Pair of 3 ¼ mm needles/UK size 10

Cast on 71 stitches

*Work st st for 20 rows

21st row: K1, *K2 tog, K5, rep from * to end

22nd and alternate rows: Purl

23rd row: K1, *K2 tog, K4, rep from * to end

Continue to decrease in this way and after 3rd decrease change to darker wool to make the areola.

Continue decreasing until the K1, *K2 tog, from * to end has been worked.

Nipple: st st 4 rows (see below for amendments).

Break yarn, thread through rem stitches, draw up and fasten off.

Sew sides together.

In darker wool on the wrong side of work, make a draw-string stitch around the base of the nipple, draw up and fasten off. If this stitch is drawn tightly it makes a "Page 3" nipple. Drawing up less tightly makes a less prominent nipple.

Experiment to get the type you want. (Wish it were this easy in real life!) NB It is good to have a variety of shapes and sizes, just as women do (very flat, very small/large, inverted etc), so they can see that all can work!

To complete: crochet a wool circle in matching wool to fit the

base of the breast, or cut some matching fabric. Stitch half the base in place, stuff the breast with foam or something squishy (old tights or shoulder pads work well), and stitch remaining part of base. Different sizes of breast can be made by amending the pattern, and different firmness achieved by amount of stuffing.

NB colours are not important but flesh colour is more realistic. I find the crochet base easier to do, as the knitting in the base is tight with the rapid increasing necessary.

However for those who cannot crochet and would like to knit the base too:

Cast on 6 stitches.

1st row. Knit

2nd row K1 (m1 k1) to end. 11 st

3rd and every alt row to 15th row Purl

4th row K1 (m1 k1) to end. (21 st)

6th row K1 (m1 k2) to end. (31 st)

8th row k1 (m1 k3) to end. (41 st)

10th row K1 (m1 k4) to end. (51 st)

12th row K1 (m1 K5) to end. (61 st)

14th row K1 (m1 K6) to end (71 st

15th row Knit; 16th row Knit

For the top continue as previous pattern from *.

Happy knitting!





The 'Middle Wife' by an Anonymous 2nd grade teacher

I've been teaching now for about fifteen years. I have two kids myself, but the best birth story I know is the one I saw in my own second grade classroom a few years back. When I was a kid, I loved show-and-tell. So I always have a few sessions with my students. It helps them get over shyness and usually, show-and-tell is pretty tame. Kids bring in pet turtles, model airplanes, pictures of fish they catch, stuff like that. And I never, ever place any boundaries or limitations on them. If they want to lug it in to school and talk about it, they're welcome.

Well, one day this little girl, Erica, a very bright, very outgoing kid, takes her turn and waddles up to the front of the class with a pillow stuffed under her sweater. She holds up a snapshot of an infant. 'This is Luke, my baby brother, and I'm going to tell you about his birthday. First, Mom and Dad made him as a symbol of their love, and then Dad put a seed in my Mom's stomach, and Luke grew in there. He ate for nine months through an umbrella cord.' She's standing there with her hands on the pillow, and I'm trying not to laugh and wishing I had my camcorder with me. The kids are watching her in amazement.

'Then, about two Saturdays ago, my Mom starts saying and going, 'Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!' Erica puts a hand behind her back and groans. 'She walked around the house for, like an hour, 'Oh, oh, oh!' (Now this kid is doing a hysterical duck walk and groaning.) My Dad called the middle wife. She delivers babies, but she doesn't have a sign on the car like the Domino's man. They got my Mom to lie down in bed like this.' (Then Erica lies down with her back against the wall.)

'And then, pop! My Mom had this bag of water she kept in there in case he got thirsty, and it just blew up and spilled all over the bed, like psshheew!' (This kid has her legs spread with her little hands miming water flowing away. It was too much!)

'Then the middle wife starts saying 'push, push,' and 'breathe, breathe. They started counting, but never even got past ten. Then, all of a sudden, out comes my brother. He was covered in yucky stuff that they all said it was from Mom's play-center, (placenta) so there must be a lot of toys inside there. When he got out, the middle wife spanked him for crawling up in there.'

Then Erica stood up, took a big theatrical bow and returned to her seat. I'm sure I applauded the loudest. Ever since then, when it's show-and-tell day, I bring my camcorder, just in case another 'Middle Wife' comes along.

"New Brother or Sister"

For weeks a five-year-old child kept telling his kindergarten teacher about the baby sister or brother that was expected at his house. One day the mother allowed the child to feel the movements of the unborn baby. The five-year-old was obviously impressed, but made no comment. Moreover, he stopped telling the teacher about the awaiting event. Finally the teacher sat the child on her lap and said, "Lucas, whatever has become of that baby brother or sister you were expecting at home?"

Lucas burst into tears and confessed, "I think Mommy ate it!"

Due to a power outage, only one paramedic responded to the call. The house was very dark so the paramedic asked Kathleen, a 3-yr old girl to hold a flashlight high over her mommy so he could see while he helped deliver the baby.

Very diligently, Kathleen did as she was asked. Heidi pushed and pushed and after a little while, Connor was born. The paramedic lifted him by his little feet and spanked him on his bottom. Connor began to cry.

The paramedic then thanked Kathleen for her help and asked the wide-eyed 3-yr old what she thought about what she had just witnessed. Kathleen quickly responded, 'He shouldn't have crawled in there in the first place.....smack him again!'

Bfxxccxmnppccclllmmnprxvclmncqbb11116, pronounced /'albin/ is the name of a Swedish child, born in 1991. The parents gave him this name as a protest against a Swedish law that says:

"First names shall not be approved if they can cause offense or can be supposed to cause discomfort for the one using it, or names which for some obvious reason are not suitable as a first name."

They initially refused to name their kid so they were fined 5,000 kronor (\$680). As a response to the fine, they gave their child this 43 character name, saying that it is a "pregnant expressionistic development that we see as an artistic creation."

Poor kid...



Woolpack Top House Burgess Hill, Rik & Louis

I was almost out the door when I had a call from Kayleen in a panic as she'd arranged to meet a new boot at the Woolpack but the website now said Top House! Wiggy driving took a bit of persuading that the webmaster should know where his own run was but a call to LGC confirmed that the Woolpack was in darkness. At the Top House the many who read their e-mails were gathered as Phil had done a sterling job of forwarding the change after also spotting it online. As there was no grub or hare at the pub, the Airman popped down to the Railway. Then Gomi chucked in a spanner saying that a curry had been arranged over the road, which was confirmed by the only person the hare had actually spoken to - Matthew. Don was going "don't tell them I don't want a curry" but I thought that seemed harsh and spread the word (even though my driver wanted an early getaway so I couldn't have one).

With no hare and time getting on, I van and Prof between them called on, one on trail and one on Cloud 9 going by the word in the pub later! I'd arranged an annual catch-up with one of my ex-wives so strolled down to the Kings Head with Kayleen and Adam (via warning the Railway to stand-down who, despite the e-mail from Louis did actually do food), who then returned to the Top House too early, stuck another lupin and got back at 8.50pm to find the hash in full imbibing mode. I made it back about 9.10pm to hear the story of 2 hashes and Prof moaning about "worst hash ever", then holding his hands up to having led the bulk of the pack astray (there see, you thought it woz I van!). Next up was a call from Old Les - "where are you?". Oh dear Rik.

Well we had a good laugh in the pub, much of it at Bouncers expense when a very handsome policechap appeared on the telly and a case of mistaken ID occurred. Revenge came later when Wiggy having bought YT a pint demanded the barman top it up as it was ½ inch short. Silly bastard (coincidentally the witty rejoinder he and Brett had called the barman) hadn't realised I'd already had some! As the masses made their way away (some to the Asian Rose, some probably to the Railway and others .. er) Matthew asked if I was still going to put **Another Great Hash** on the review. Hell yeah - I had fun!

Bax Castle, Burns hash, Southwater, Bouncer

I cannae believe it is 10 years since the very furst Burns Hash frae yon Lazy Toad in Shoreham! We've seen some braw ceilidhs every other year since, after Young Fruity Les Plumb kept it going with, to date, our only formal celebration frae the White Horse in Lindfield. Angus McGoose came on board to kickstart the 3rd frae the George & Dragon at Dragons Green, then Pete & Grahame frae the "soon to be tearooms" Bridge at Copsale, and in 2007 Wiggy frae the Crown at Cootham. Angus was going to come this year, to reprise his always memorable delivery of the address to the haggis, but something came up at short notice so Bouncer had to attempt the vernacular!

As usual it was good to see so much effort on the fancy dress notably Pat's see you Jimmy hat and Matthews legs, of which more later! Circle up and Bouncer delivered a short oratory about the evening:

Was Rabbie a hasher? a) Sweaty therefore drinker; b) Enjoyed the ladies with 15 bairns from 5 lovers c) Frugality of combining Australia Day with Burns night, Chinese New Year and India something or other per Daffy who seemed keen on us noting some offensive tits, no it was the Tet Offensive. Yup reckon he was!

Haggis would arrive to the recitation of To a Penis to be read with great enthusiasm and on the line 'For then ye stuck oot firm and prood', the RA would lift his kilt. The Pack should customarily applaud the RA (if there is good cause to do so). This was later deleted on the grounds of bad taste, but hey, it was plagiarised from FC anyway!

However, we did have a r*n to do and with the first check at the gate onto the Downs Link, I van immediately informed everyone it would be the same as last year and headed up the bank and right along the road with the pack in pursuit. He was wrong of course and the call was left. The mud beckoned at the next check until a call was heard down the road and in typical Benny Hill fashion the pack turned almost as one to retrace and try the next left. The walkers were keeping up well and new better as they headed along to the next check eventually being passed by the pack on yet another double-back. Despite Charlies insistence of dust along the road it was left into the muck here and at last the hare lost the advantage of knowing the trail and succumbed to a dodgy cartilage (and a CRAFT moment without a torch!) to fall back with the walkers who had hashlights. I van (again) had failed to locate the marks (later ratified by Prof) at the next check so there were now rumblings of whisky stop. After wandering the woods Prof went off-piste but luckily didn't find a trail.

Matthew seemed to be having some difficulty with his kilt here, apparently an old skirt of Jenny's that he'd slipped into. Most of the fellas had opted for a kilt over their tracksters but not Dildoped! He was relying on his bum bag to keep the thing in place, which of course broke, and the back-up pin, bought in a special trip to the ironmongers proved inept! At the next check Elaine asked if it was too late to turn back now. With the sip just 200 yards away hare gave directions which the walkers promptly misinterpreted to head into a cul-de-sac despite the bloody great arrer on the checkmark, with the result that they missed the sip! A cunning loop to give hare time to set up the whisky was only useful to the FRB's when Hash Gomi spotted and followed hare to his car. Angel then took dispensing roles as the pipes played a medley of Chariots of Fire; Scotland the Brave; The Wild Rover; and er... Kumbayah. Although well-intentioned the watered whisky was spotted by the hardened at which point hare reached for the back-up hip flask of hard stuff only to realise CRAFT moment 2 had occurred, doh! No choice but to scarper then, so complete with dribble dropper off he went followed by a (by now) merry band of hashers, for a frolic in the park. Questions were asked about the check when everyone could see where he was going - up the muck to the top of the slide where Gomi got stuck. After a bit of flour was added Malcolm shot down like a bullet from a gun. Once out of the play area everyone went left giving hare the chance to lay trail to the right and back to the check. More confusion ensued until the new marks were spotted for a jaunt around the lake and out on to the Downs link. Next check was called left on the railway and Angel took over the dribble dropper as hare dribble-dropped away to take the car back to the pub. As George was found wandering the streets Bouncer remembered that a late change of plan for the run had meant marks hadn't been laid. Charlie and Navy Nigel knew where they were though and led the pack back for a nicely timed finish.



The bill of fare for the evening had previously been broadcast as Leaky-cocky soup (basically fill your boots with beer until it starts to come out!); Haggis, tatties, neeps and a selection of other veg; wash the lot down with a dram or twa to finish. The gathering wasted no time in availing themselves of the first course and taking their seats. With a call of 'Freedom and Whisky gang the gither!' from the authors Earnest Cry and Prayer, Bouncer shut them up for the Selkirk Grace and the haggis was brought out to the sound of the pipes as the CD resurfaced. Hare then attempted to read the Scottish address in an Australian accent it being Australia Day but after the excitement of spilling the entrails everywhere reverted to the accent and was graciously applauded. Soon enough the veg were out and the bundle was on to get some food before Dave Bos eat the lot. After first feeding the veg were gradually moved out to the tables followed by the haggis which did the rounds only to have Gomi singing "Bring back, oh bring back, oh bring back my haggis to me to me...". Soon after a cheer went round when the bottomless pit of Bos confessed to being sated!

The complete works of Rabbie Burns had been left out by the pub but the various tasteful recitations that then took place appeared to all have been written by Bruce Burns, Rabbies long lost Australian cousin including "Tae A Fert", "To A Penis" and "Tams Muckle Turd". Only the first has not previously seen the light of day in the trash but if you want to see the words for the others either dig out the archive or google it. Or you could ask Bouncer I guess.



| TAE A FERT | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Oh whit a sleekit horrible beastie Lurks in yer belly efter a feastie Just as ye sit doon among yer kin There sterts tae stir an enormous wind | Haud yer bum tight tae yer chair Tae try an stop the reekin air Shift yersel fae cheek tae cheek Pray tae god it doesnae reek | A'body roon about me chokin Wan or twa are nearly bokin I'll feel better for a while Cannae help but raise a smile |
| The neeps an tatties an mushy peas Stert workin like a gentle breeze But soon the puddin wi the sauncie face Will have ye blowin all ower the place | But aw yer efforts go asunder Oot it comes like a clap o thunder Ricochets aroon the room Michty me a sonic boom | Wis it him I shout wi accusin glower Alas too late, he's just keeled ower Ye dirty bugger they shout an stare A dinnae feel welcome any mair |
| Nae matter whit the hell ye dae A'body's gonna have tae pay Even if ye try tae stifle I t's like a bullet oot a rifle | God almighty it fairly reeks Hope a huvnae shit ma breeks Tae the bog I better scurry Aw whit the hell it's no ma worry | Where e're ye go let wind gang free Sounds like jist the job fer me Whit a fuss at Rabbies perty Ower the sake o' wan wee ferty |

At some point Les Plumb said Anthony wanted to go but he wasn't allowed without doing something and eventually made a start on Terry Jones' Horace, the sad tale of a lad who ate himself leaving his parents with nowt but a stomach which "none the less since it was his, they ate it that's what haggis is". Good effort Ant! Bouncer was having a job raising folk to assist with the entertainment, although the only blue blood there, new boot Jo did offer to conduct an 8 person reel or something. After an examination of the CD all went quiet again though and it took a slow handclap from all gathered to persuade Pat to the podium where she bravely tackled "To a Penis" without trace of an accent. If you try it with the above you'll realise just how tricky that is! So that left Bouncer back in the chair and with Scotland the Brave playing, and a wee footstool as his pipes he then reeled off "I know a lassie with a wee hairy assie" as the crowd joined in on the chorus of na na na na na's. After three verses it was getting boring so cut straight to the final verse and finished almost exactly as the CD finished that tune and moved on to Auld Lang Syne to appropriately wrap up proceedings, even if everybody should have actually danced to that!

[To the tune of **Scotland the Brave** with a chair held upside down to simulate bagpipes; make a droning sound and tap throat to form notes on chorus]

I know a lassie with a wee hairy assie
who was liftin' up her kiltie at the BH7 hashie,
Singing nananananana nananananana nananananana na-na-nana
Now the moral o' this ditty is when in the shitty City,
And you're with your favourite girlie chasin' hairs all short and curly,
Just remember to take her hashin' and to give her a good bashin',
And keep her away from the wenchy doing down-downs on the benchie,
For the pleasure o' the HASHER who was posin' as a flasher,
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin' money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie,
At the sight o' Wee Willy Wanky who was wankin' in his hankie,
At the thought o' Jockey Locky with the upstandin' cocky,
Who was shaggin' sassie lassie with the wee hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the BH7 hashie.
Singing: Na na na na na na na na na na,
Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na . . . Awae tae feck off wi' ya all!





WINTER Poem

It's winter in Canada
And the gentle breezes blow
Seventy miles an hour
At thirty-five below.

Oh, how I love Canada
When the snow's up to your butt
You take a breath of winter
And your nose gets frozen shut.

Yes, the weather here is wonderful
So I guess I'll hang around
I could never leave Canada
I'm frozen to the friggin' ground!

*So that's how he **Keeps It Up!***

Perks of reaching 60:

01. Kidnappers are not very interested in you.
02. In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first.
03. No one expects you to run—anywhere.
04. People call at 9 pm and ask, did I wake you?
05. People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.
06. There is nothing left to learn the hard way.
07. Things you buy now won't wear out.
08. You can eat supper at 4 pm.
09. You can live without sex but not your glasses.
10. You get into heated arguments about pension plans.
11. You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.
12. You quit trying to hold your stomach in no matter who walks into the room.
13. You sing along with elevator music.

14. Your eyes won't get much worse.
15. Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.
16. Your joints are more accurate meteorologists than the national weather service.
17. Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.
18. Your supply of brain cells is finally down to manageable size.
19. You can't remember where you first saw this list.

And you notice these are all in Big Print for your convenience.

Forward this to every one you can remember right now!
And never, under any circumstances, take a sleeping pill and a laxative on the same night.

Tetanus Shot

An old man in his mid-eighties struggles to get up from the couch then starts putting on his coat. His wife, seeing the unexpected behaviour, asks, 'Where are you going?'

He replies, 'I'm going to the doctor.'

She says, 'Why, are you sick?'

He says, 'Nope, I'm going to get me some of that Viagra stuff.'

Immediately the wife starts working and positioning herself to get out of her rocker and begins to put on her coat.

He says, 'Where the heck are you going?'

She answers, 'I'm going to the doctor, too.'

He says, 'Why, what do you need?'

She says, 'If you're going to start using that rusty old thing, I'm getting a Tetanus shot.'

Advertising

I'm sure that you have seen pharmaceutical advertising in doctor's offices on everything from tissues to exam table cover paper. Well, in my book, this one should get the prize....

One of the recipients e-mailed back, if you don't get a response in 4 hours call your electrician!

Fabulous I hope to God common sense prevails and they only chase him to award him an MBE for initiative!

Blag of a lifetime

TRUE STORY: Outside Bristol Zoo there is a car park where cars and coaches can park. There was also a nice bloke with a hat and ticket machine charging cars £1 and coaches £5. This parking attendant worked there for about 25 years, then one day didn't turn up for work...Ho hum say Bristol Zoo management - Better phone up Bristol City Council and get them to send a new parking attendant.....Err no say the Council. That car park is your responsibility. ..Err no say Bristol Zoo the attendant was employed by you wasn't he....Err NO!!!!
Sitting in his villa in Spain is a bloke who had been taking the car park takings for Bristol Zoo for the last 25 years...



CRAFT#8 Review - Matthew 'Monoped' Spencer Friday 16th January 2009

Matthews Magical Mystery Meander

Cast: Monoped; Jenny; Roy; Bouncer; Daffy; Lost Gray Cells; Keeps It Up; Wildbush; Gin Gan Goolie %.

Although flagged as the starting point for the first CRAFT in 2009, the **Evening Star** in Brighton wasn't intended to be one of the evenings establishments. Trouble is the beer is too good so when Matthew was unable to suggest an alternative to start, this was proposed. Well, convenience for the station is another useful feature! When Bouncer arrived Roy was already looking good and Sam with him getting quite frisky. Matt (another one) offered a breezy hello and soon after Daffy also appeared to accept his new trail shirt. Conversation turned to Roy's demise as landlord of Shoreham's Welly, with the amusing anecdote that Roy owned all but one of the CD's this so-called music pub possessed. As he finished there on 31st December, the one CD they had come 1st January was "Now That's What I Call Christmas"! As the crowd swelled with several whose names are now lost, since your scribe failed to make notes at the appropriate time, as well as regulars Les "LGC" Gray, Matthew and Jenny, KI U and Wildbush it became clear that we were going to struggle to get out of the door by 7pm. Wendy had as usual sent her apologies as she was making fairy cakes for the City Hash or something, but at least managed to send someone else along in her absence, another Jenny! After a bit of a debate LGC made a call to find out when she was expecting to join us and arrange to meet at a later pub, and if other half Testiculator would also be putting in appearance (again after apologies on previous nights!): he wouldn't!

And so, sans I van who had also assured us of his presence, on we went to the **Basketmakers Arms**. Unable to get to the bar Bouncer signalled to the barman from a distance beating off several other interested parties to the beer, and having dispensed said beers to the round was promptly accosted by a fella who was impressed by his "positive attitude" and promptly set about matchmaking him with Kayleen much to the observing Brents amusement! Eventually we calmed him down but Bouncer wasn't let off that easily and couldn't shake the gatecrasher off even after demo-ing the tins with notes in mounted on the walls - "I like that, that's esoteric". Making his excuses after a couple of awful jokes (e.g. Why did the scarecrow win the Nobel prize? Because he was outstanding in his field.), it was time to charge the tankards and stroll on to the **Bulldog** in St. James Street.

Matthews original idea was to have a pink theme for the night and visit a number of gay pubs(% another idea was to write the review mentioning dozens of names who hadn't actually been there as well as a few amusing fabricated incidents. The opening paragraph started like that but all those people were actually in the first pub!). Ideas are dangerous and general acceptance of this thought is why Matthew ended up being here, and why it had been 6 weeks since the previous CRAFT. Although pink was quickly dropped, it was worth popping into this gay pub in particular, as Brent found out when the round came to just £7.30! The quality of the Harveys was little compensation for the loud music and bright flashing lights, so when the time bell rang for end of happy hour we decided instead to mooch on to the chippie. At a guess, openly gay folk in Canada are few and far between, which may explain one of our party coming out with one of the alltime top 5 lines not to use in a gay bar. As Bouncer tipped his remaining beer into the tankard for the journey onwards some fell to the floor prompting KI U's suggestion that "you could always get down there and lick it", and not quietly either!

As we scoffed our chips LGC went in search of Gin Gan Goolie planning to meet us at the next pub. Here it got interesting as first Bouncer (initially responding to the call of nature, diplomatically resisted in the Bulldog, then coming to the aid of some foreign bird who couldn't get it up*), then Daffy (got lost trying to find Bouncer), and finally Jenny (the first one) fell away from the pack. Eventually the latter sorted the lads out and we were reunited in the **Hop Poles**, although Les did then disappear for far too long to get the beer in. Bouncer then produced a pack of drinking games cards, which had briefly made an appearance in the Bulldog looking at the forfeits and a small amount of fun was to be had from these. Matthew advised that in actual fact he had been named by Mudlark at the BH7 Christmas party receiving the name "Monoped" having twice turned up on hash occasions with only one shoe. As the last occasion had seen him borrow a shoe (but only one) from Daffy, he was renamed Dildoped. Later on, we came to the conclusion that a girl could not be called Gin Gan Goolie since she didn't have any so Jenny² was also awarded a CRAFT name of Gin Gan.

It must've been the 6% Ruby Mild at the start of the evening but once again Daffy and Bouncer got lost this time with Lost, and fell through the door of the **Regency Tavern**. Beer here was again excellent so we bided until a phone call and text from others arrived simultaneously to say that the beer was off and the barmans attitude at the **Queensbury Arms** was crap so the rest of the pack were aborting to head back to the Evening Star. Full circle, we returned to find the bulk of the pack enjoying an ale outside in the cold as Roy hugged the table inside with his forehead. And so we wrapped up on a high before folk grudgingly made their way to their respective trains or whatever at the end of another great hash #! Sadly the pack weren't captured on camera due to their inability to all stay in the same pub at the same time but here's a caption competition picture of Les >>>

Footnotes:

* *Said lady was struggling with the bonnet of her car as she could not see. I attempted to stop her driving at all until it became clear that she was talking about the windscreen as her washer bottle was empty. Having shown her where to put it she then said "you want some?". 'Hmmm... grateful these foreigners' I thought, before I realised she was offering water.*

BOUNCER

That old CRAFT effect kicked in when both Daffy and Bouncer (yup those two again) fell asleep and missed their respective stations, the former incurring a large taxi bill home in consequence!





A blonde heard that milk baths would make her beautiful so she left a note for her milkman to leave 25 gallons of milk.

When the milkman read the note he felt there must be a mistake. He thought she probably meant 2.5 gallons. So he knocked on the door to clarify the point. The blonde came to the door and the milkman said 'I found your note asking me to leave 25 gallons of milk. Did you mean 2.5 gallons?' The blonde said 'No I want 25 gallons. I'm going to fill my bathtub up with milk and take a milk bath so I can look young and beautiful again.' The milkman asked 'Do you want it pasteurized?' The blonde said 'No just up to my tits. I can splash it on my eyes.'

They were both 85 years old and had been married

for sixty years. Though they were far from rich, they managed to get by because they watched their pennies. Though not young, they were both in very good health, largely due to the wife's insistence on healthy foods and exercise for the last decade. One day, their good health didn't help when they went on a rare vacation and their plane crashed, sending them off to Heaven. They reached the pearly gates, and St. Peter escorted them inside. He took them to a beautiful mansion, furnished in gold and fine silks, with a fully stocked kitchen and a waterfall in the master bath. A maid could be seen hanging their favourite clothes in the closet. They gasped in astonishment when he said, 'Welcome to Heaven. This will be your home now.'

The old man asked Peter how much all this was going to cost.

'Why, nothing,' Peter replied, 'remember, this is your reward in Heaven.'

The old man looked out the window and right there he saw a championship golf course, finer and more beautiful than any ever built on Earth. 'What are the greens fees?,' grumbled the old man.

'This is heaven,' St. Peter replied. 'You can play for free, every day.'

Next they went to the clubhouse and saw the lavish buffet lunch, with every imaginable cuisine laid out before them, from seafood to steaks to exotic deserts, free flowing beverages.

'Don't even ask,' said St. Peter to the man. 'This is Heaven, it is all free for you to enjoy.'

The old man looked around and glanced nervously at his wife. 'Well, where are the low fat and low cholesterol foods and the decaffeinated tea?,' he asked.

'That's the best part,' St. Peter replied. 'You can eat and drink as much as you like of whatever you like and you will never get fat or sick. This is Heaven!'

The old man pushed, 'No gym to work out at?'

'Not unless you want to,' was the answer.

'No testing my sugar or blood pressure or...'

'Never again. All you do here is enjoy yourself.'

The old man glared at his wife and said, 'You and your f...ing bran Flakes. We could have been here ten years ago!'

I CAN HEAR JUST FINE!

Three old hashers, each with hearing difficulties, were on trail one fine

February day. One remarked to the other, 'Windy, isn't it?'

'No,' the second man replied, 'it's Thursday.'

And the third man chimed in, 'So am I. Let's go get a beer.'

60 Years of the NHS - what them too?

Lady rings her local hospital and this conversation follows:

Lady - Hello I'd like some information on a patient, Mrs Tiptree. She was admitted last week with chest pains and I just want to know if her condition has deteriorated, stabilised or improved?

Hospital - Do you know which ward she is in?

Lady - Yes, ward P, room 2B

Hospital - I'll just put you through to the nurse station

Nurse - Hello ward P, how can I help?

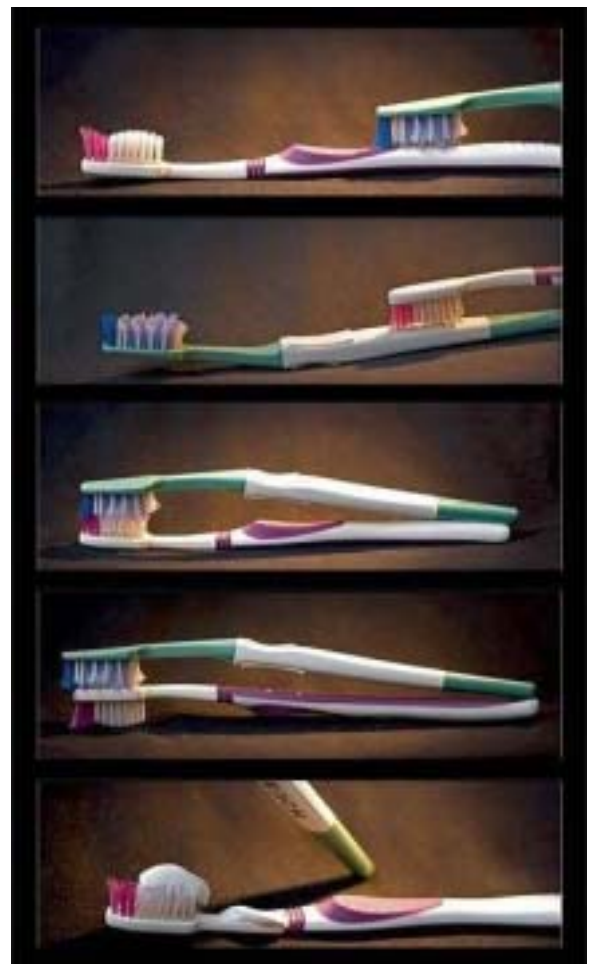
Lady - I would just like some information on a patient, Mrs Tiptree, I was wondering if her condition had deteriorated, stabilised or improved?

Nurse - I'll just check her notes. I'm pleased to say that Mrs Tiptree's conditioned has improved. She has regained her appetite, her temperature has steadied and after some routine checks tonight, she should be well enough to go home tomorrow.

Lady - Oh that's wonderful news, I'm so happy, thank you ever so much!

Nurse - You seem very relieved, are you a close friend or relative?

Lady - No, I'm Mrs Tiptree in room 2b. Nobody tells you f k all in here.



THE



END

ABOUT THE WRITER Dave Barry is a Pulitzer Prize-winning humor columnist for the Miami Herald
This is Dave's colonoscopy journal:

I called my friend Andy Sable, a gastroenterologist, to make an appointment for a colonoscopy. A few days later, in his office, Andy showed me a colour diagram of the colon, a lengthy organ that appears to go all over the place, at one point passing briefly through Minneapolis. Then Andy explained the colonoscopy procedure to me in a thorough, reassuring and patient manner. I nodded thoughtfully, but I didn't really hear anything he said, because my brain was shrieking, quote, "HE'S GOING TO STICK A TUBE 17,000 FEET UP YOUR BEHIND!"

I left Andy's office with some written instructions, and a prescription for a product called "MoviPrep," which comes in a box large enough to hold a microwave oven. I will discuss MoviPrep in detail later; for now suffice it to say that we must never allow it to fall into the hands of America's enemies. I spent the next several days productively sitting around being nervous.

Then, on the day before my colonoscopy, I began my preparation. In accordance with my instructions, I didn't eat any solid food that day; all I had was chicken broth, which is basically water, only with less flavour. Then, in the evening, I took the MoviPrep. You mix two packets of powder together in a one-litre plastic jug, then you fill it with lukewarm water. (For those unfamiliar with the metric system, a litre is about 32 gallons.) Then you have to drink the whole jug. This takes about an hour, because MoviPrep tastes - and here I am being kind - like a mixture of goat spit and urinal cleanser, with just a hint of lemon.

The instructions for MoviPrep, clearly written by somebody with a great sense of humour, state that after you drink it, "a loose, watery bowel movement may result." This is kind of like saying that after you jump off your roof, you may experience contact with the ground.

MoviPrep is a nuclear laxative. I don't want to be too graphic, here, but:

Have you ever seen a space-shuttle launch? This is pretty much the MoviPrep experience, with you as the shuttle. There are times when you wish the commode had a seat belt. You spend several hours pretty much confined to the bathroom, spurting violently. You eliminate everything. And then, when you figure you must be totally empty, you have to drink another litre of MoviPrep, at which point, as far as I can tell, your bowels travel into the future and start eliminating food that you have not even eaten yet.

After an action-packed evening, I finally got to sleep.

The next morning my wife drove me to the clinic. I was very nervous. Not only was I worried about the procedure, but I had been experiencing occasional return bouts of MoviPrep spurtage. I was thinking, "What if I spurt on Andy?" How do you apologize to a friend for something like that? Flowers would not be enough.

At the clinic I had to sign many forms acknowledging that I understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led me to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where I went inside a little curtained space and took off my clothes and put on one of those hospital garments designed by sadist perverts, the kind that, when you put it on, makes you feel even more naked than when you are actually naked.

Then a nurse named Eddie put a little needle in a vein in my left hand.

Ordinarily I would have fainted, but Eddie was very good, and I was already lying down. Eddie also told me that some people put vodka in their MoviPrep. At first I was ticked off that I hadn't thought of this, but then I pondered what would happen if you got yourself too tipsy to make it to the bathroom, so you were staggering around in full Fire Hose Mode. You would have no choice but to burn your house.

When everything was ready, Eddie wheeled me in to the procedure room, where Andy was waiting with a nurse and an anaesthesiologist. I did not see the 17,000-foot tube, but I knew Andy had it hidden around there somewhere. I was seriously nervous at this point.

Andy had me roll over on my left side, and the anaesthesiologist began hooking something up to the needle in my hand. There was music playing in the room, and I realized that the song was "Dancing Queen" by ABBA. I remarked to Andy that, of all the songs that could be playing during this particular procedure, "Dancing Queen" had to be the least appropriate. "You want me to turn it up?" said Andy, from somewhere behind me. "Ha ha," I said. And then it was time, the moment I had been dreading for more than a decade. If you are squeamish, prepare yourself, because I am going to tell you, in explicit detail, exactly what it was like.

I have no idea. Really. I slept through it. One moment, ABBA was yelling "Dancing Queen, feel the beat of the tambourine," and the next moment, I was back in the other room, waking up in a very mellow mood. Andy was looking down at me and asking me how I felt. I felt excellent. I felt even more excellent when Andy told me that it was all over, and that my colon had passed with flying colours. I have never been prouder of an internal organ.

BYE

