



BOGGY SHOE



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

R-ns/trash #146 July 2009

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

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

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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	MAP REF	HARES
6th July 2009	1620	Cricketers, Berwick	519 053	Chris & Julia Wheeler
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Stay on A27 through Beddingham for 4 mile. Turn right just before Alfriston roundabout for pub. Est. 30 mins.				
13th July 2009	1621	Franklin Arms, Washington	123 128	Ivan Lyons
Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning. Left into Village and pub is on left. Est. 25 mins.				
20th July 2009	1622	Hangleton Manor, Hangleton	265 070	Rosemary
Directions: A27 west and take second exit; left at next two roundabouts then right at t-junction. Pub on left. Est. 10 mins. <i>Congratulations to Rosemary on reaching 500 runs and 25 years of hashing!</i>				
27th July 2009	1623	St. Mary's Gate, Arundel	014 073	Bouncer
Directions: A27 west past Worthing to Crossbush traffic lights. Right at lights, bear left, and on to roundabout. Straight ahead, over bridge and follow one-way system round to left and up hill. Straight on at top and pub on left just past Cathedral - road parking recommended. Est. 30 mins. <i>Return of the 'Bogs run!</i>				

RECEDING HARELINE

26/07/09 W&NK H3 & Morris Dancing
at White Horse, Maplehurst
10/08/09 Brent's Barbie, Kayleen's
Kew!

HENFIELD H4 #78:

19/07/09 12.30pm Mark "Ratstail"
Darby's Bolney estate. £5 for food/
beer – take cossies!

CRAFT #14:

10/07/09 7pm Railway Arms, Burgess
Hill. Hare Scottish Phil & Bouncer

Thought for the day:

A man shouldn't fool with booze
and hashing until he's 50. Then
he's a fool if he doesn't!

Caption competition part 1>



HASH NOTICEBOARD & DIARY

Sunday 19th July Henfield H3 Hare:- Mark "Ratstail" Darby

12:30 start - Bolney just off A23 Start point and On On at Ratstail's house.

Directions: From A272, turn north up 'The Street' into village of Bolney. Continue north for approx 1/2 mile, passing the '8 Bells' pub, then Batchelors Field recreation ground. At the War Memorial, turn right into Ryecroft Road. House ("Butchers") is 2nd house, 50 yards on Right.

Address: Butchers, Ryecroft Road, Bolney, RH17 5PS. Any problems call 01444 881503

There will be a fee of £5 to cover food and beer and bring your swimming trunks for the pool if weather is nice or not!

Sunday 26th July 2009 W&NK H3 - White Horse, Maplehurst, West Sussex Hares: Scud and Fetherlite Your chance to learn Morris Dancing!! In exchange we'll teach them how to hash. The only thing neither side needs to learn is how to drink beer!! Important: bring your own MUGS.

Friday 7th – Sunday 9th August 2009 20th UK Ex-Qatar H3 Reunion at Seaford. Open to all ex-Qatar hashers, however, there is a possibility CRAFT H3 will be setting a pub crawl in Seaford for the Friday night to which all will be welcome. Further details next issue but if interested in either the weekend or the pub crawl contact Bouncer for a Rego form as we will be joining the UK QHHH at the bar after the crawl. Also does anyone have 50 items of any kind that could be used for the goody bags?

On

OTHER FEATURED WEEKENDS (various BH7 folk already booked):

17th to 19th July – HURSLEY H3 1000th + R2D2 H3 500th Weekend www.r2d2h3.com

Winchester Rugby Club. Just £30 for the weekend. See website for full details and registration form.

28th to 31st August – 15th UK NASH HASH – Perth Racecourse - www.users.zetnet.co.uk/festivalhash/

The essential hash event for all UK hounds and visitors alike!

On

Subject: Your mobile phone

You may or may not be aware that from early next week all UK mobiles will be on a directory which means that anyone will be able to access your number for the payment of a small fee. This means that you and all your friends and family who have UK mobiles could be swamped by unsolicited messages and calls. If you do not wish to be on this list you must unsubscribe - as a company we strongly recommend that you do so.

It is easy to unsubscribe but it must be done before the beginning of next week to make sure that you are ex directory. Removal is recommended by the BBC: http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/programmes/working_lunch/8091621.stm

To remove your number go to the following link: <http://www.118800.co.uk/>

Select ex directory. You need your mobile phone with you as they will immediately text you a code which you must then re-input to become ex-directory"

Caption competition part 2: Spot the puppies!



**Not content with just hash,
Charlie moves into opiates!**

Red hot: National Trust warden Charlie Cain wipes his brow as he inspects poppies at Saddlescombe Farm, West Sussex, yesterday

Team apologises for topless haka

An English women's rugby team caused upset in New Zealand's Maori community when their fund-raising calendar included a picture of a topless haka. "Women traditionally did do the haka, and if they really wanted to vent their spleen they might have been prompted to expose their private parts. But that's the ultimate expression of soul feeling. If Maori aren't doing it now then I think other people who the culture doesn't belong to should be a bit cautious." said Dr Poia Rewi, senior lecturer in the School of Maori Studies at Otago University. Maori cultural leader Dr. Pita Sharples said he had "no problem" with the Kent team's fund-raising effort in the UK. But he said the haka was "a serious thing" in New Zealand where the calendar has had a mixed reaction. "Some Maoris were upset by it, not terribly upset, but they thought it was in bad taste," the Maori Party MP added. "When the club comes to New Zealand, I would expect them to respect the haka. But over there, as a fundraising effort, I wish them well. I would feel differently if it was a New Zealand women's team - it would be bastardising it in a way." Broadcaster Willie Jackson added: "Can you imagine if Maori women did it in this country? There'd be uproar. Why didn't they take their tops off and do the Highland Fling?" Alexa Kent, who took the photos for the calendar, came up with the idea. "I just wanted a muddy shot with a rugby tie-in and the haka seemed the obvious choice," said the professional photographer, who plays lock for the team.



"It was just lots of jumping up and down and lots of screaming" **Rebecca Willis**

Canterbury Women's Rugby Club spokeswoman Rebecca Willis said 500 copies of the calendar were produced to raise money for the kit, for the team and for Breast Cancer Care. Ms Willis said: "It was based on the haka but it wasn't necessarily the New Zealand haka. It was just lots of jumping up and down and lots of screaming. We didn't know we would be treading on toes and we didn't think it would get as far as New Zealand. We do know that it's sacred." When former All Black legend Jonah Lomu was told about the topless version of the war dance his eyebrows shot up in astonishment. "I wouldn't like to comment on that," he said. The team said the image was based on the ceremonial war dance but they did not mean to offend, and apologised.



Continuing our sporting theme, congratulations to the English women's cricket side who this week added the World 20/20 cup to their current tally of World Cup holders (won in March) and the Ashes. It would be nice to think that this is them!, but if not, who cares, they're all winners in my

Michael Jackson dies *Ed's note: This is silly. It's obviously the wrong man, all that stuff about beer in a self-respecting hash magazine. I want this sorted before we go to press.*

Michael Jackson, whose writing about beer literally changed what is in the glasses of beer drinkers around the world, has died. He was 65.

Jackson, universally known as [The Beer Hunter](#), recently revealed that he suffered from Parkinson's disease and was battling other health problems. He remained active, speaking at beer and whisky events around the world and most recently addressing British beer writers before the Great British Beer Festival. He wrote about the past year in his last column for [All About Beer Magazine](#), now available online.

Jackson began working for a local Yorkshire newspaper in 1958, when he was 16, having even earlier submitted news stories and jazz reviews. Working as both a writer and editor during the next 20 years he contributed to dozens of publications and also made documentary films. In his frequent travels he became deeply interested not only in drinking a wider range of beers, but how they were made and their origins.

Shortly after the Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA) rekindled interest in traditional beers in Great Britain in the 1970s, Jackson began to write more about beer. He recalled in a 1996 interview:

"I had nothing to do with the starting of CAMRA, but I joined early on. I'd already traveled quite a bit as a journalist, and I'd tasted interesting beers in other countries. Particularly, I was very aware of the Belgian traditions and to some extent the German tradition. I thought, it's very good that CAMRA is fighting for British tradition, but what about the tradition of these other countries? I think the motivation was almost like the motivation of some of those musicologists like Alan Lomax who went down to the Mississippi Delta in the '50s and recorded old blues men before they died. I wanted to kind of record Belgian beer before those breweries didn't exist anymore. I certainly didn't see it as a career possibility, but I think all, or many, journalists have in them a sort of element of being an advocate."

He published his first book about beer, *The English Pub*, in 1976, but it was his second, *The World Guide to Beer* (1977) that dovetailed with a quite young beer and brewing revolution in the United States. The book became a bible for both brewers and drinkers reconnecting with traditional beer. In the 30 years since his books about beer and spirits - he was an as authoritative writer about Scotch as he was beer, but this is a beer publication - sold millions of copies. His television documentary called *The Beer Hunter* remains a cult classic almost 20 years after it was compiled.

He considered himself a journalist first, but also took equal pride in the words he put to paper. They are only part of what he left behind and that list is endless. Expect the flow of words to continue. They won't be enough.

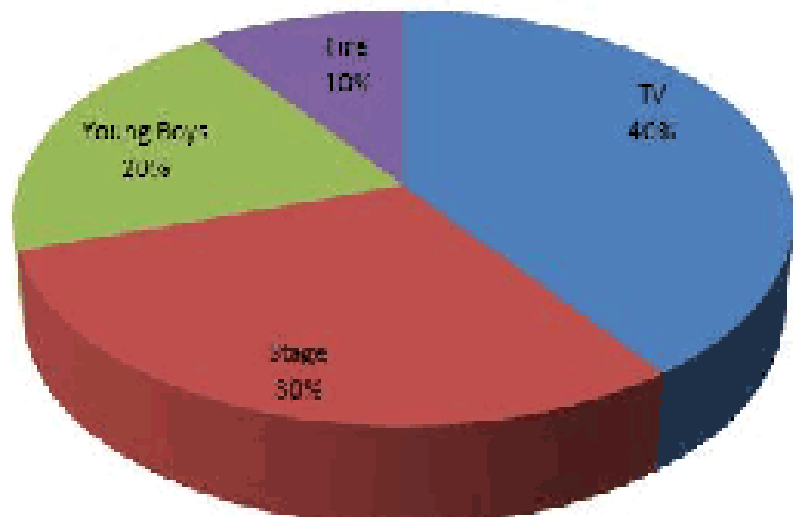
It has been announced that Michael Jackson's body is to be totally rebuilt using state of the art bionic parts imported from the world renowned Tackazagi Bionics Plant in Japan. Mr Jackson, who passed away on 30th August 2007, was thrust into the international limelight in 1977 when his book, 'The World Guide To Beer' became an overnight success amongst beer drinkers throughout his home town of Wetherby, West Yorkshire.

It is rumoured to be planned to attempt to replace every single bone that Mr Jackson (deceased) had in his body with an artificial enhanced copy, made from a blend of teflon, cocoa powder and sake fused with electronic pulses, such as live lentils. In addition, whatever muscle and flesh remains on 'The Beer Hunters' body, as Mr Jackson (65 at time of death) was known, will be stripped off and replaced with man made tissue developed by NASA for use in the staff canteen. Furthermore, all necessary organs will be taken from hospitals that have illegally removed them from dead people who were once their patients. The eventual outcome will hopefully be a bionic Beer and Whiskey reviewer and Journalist capable of drinking vats of alcohol in one sitting without any affects.

Janet, of 'Janet and John' fame from Sir Terry of Wogan's Radio 2 show, said she was very excited about the whole thing. A spokesman for

Yo Sushi said something but we didn't understand as he had a mouthful of live fish in his chopsticks at the time.

Things Michael Jackson has been on



REHASHING

1/6/09

Nicola and Ann Red Lion Willingdon Village

A first for this run was that there were actually more walkers than runners! I know that cos they were all gathered outside the pub as I pulled up. Somehow I'd persuaded Gabs to let me go out of turn but I had an ulterior motive as I wanted to go to the Dinkum in Polegate. I'd taken the running gear but having not read my own directions didn't find the pub in time to change so decided to just do my pub then come back for a social. Seems that everyone enjoyed themselves though, although there were a couple of comments about the length which had already been cut by the hares, but that's what happens when you let the Beachy Head marathon organiser loose! Anyway I missed a good run and a good walk but enjoyed the pub as ever so there. Hare photos still hadn't arrived by publishing date so yah boo. Another Great Hash (I'm told by the hares!)

15/6/09 **Mudlarks at Badgers Tennis Club** (not Badger though who hasn't been seen since the sprogl!)

As we arrived, some psycho was arsing around in the street, so I told hare that he'd failed because of the lack of parking at this in-town location. There were other reasons but I forget what they are! Anyway run took us off to East Brighton park through Pikehawk and up on to the racecourse where Charlie galloped off into the sunset. Chopper Mutton was seen shortcutting as Who's Shout and I declined to follow only to find he was right. Caught up at the bottom of the valley to be given an SCB possibility but declined in favour of terrifying the wits out of Ann who "doesn't like going down" (number 3 in list of hash double entendres RIP Mollie Sugden!). Back up the track we then headed down past Roedean showers and dropped down to the Marina. Ed decided to check the harbour arm for some odd reason but could be forgiven in light of the stunning new physiotherapists he's introduced. We can always use more physios! Somehow Nicola and I fell back rapidly through the Marina with the result that we missed the pack slipping past Sussex Square and with Ratstail convinced ourselves that the hares weren't bastards and there must be an alley. We were wrong... In the bar things continued to go wrong as I managed to tip my beer over myself and others! Another Great Hash opportunity wasted...

29/6/09 **Pete and Sarah's fundraiser from Balfour Road, Brighton**

What an interesting summer this is turning out as, stuck with alternate runs with Angel, I end up back in Brighton again! Still, it's for a good cause and the sun is shining as we park up amidst all the old Brighton faces that seem to have absented themselves from the regular runs now. I inevitably there was some street running as we worked our way up to the edge of Hollingbury Park following the teeny arrows from Pete's dribble dropper bucket (I have previously used this to set trail with BH7 marks but it was a long time ago so I think this must be a legacy of Whose Shouts Australian hashing). Pete was obviously in silly mood as he made us all go for a loop up and back to the check for another go. This time it was up on to Hollingbury golf course. A combination of local knowledge and seeing the hare cheating had me using my initiative to follow him, although the wife ignored my calls, as usual. At the top pack headed down towards Moulsecoomb but I knew better and went wrong. Fortunately I was able to correct my error and find trail as we headed towards Wild Park. Once again at the front I then went wrong yet again and headed downhill confident of finding a beer stop. Back at the dew pond news of Anns newly bestowed hash name (see Friends of the Mole review elsewhere) came out "Oi Slapper" I called. "What colour?" "Red". "Use my full name please!". It was fairly straightforward from here round the castle over to the clubhouse, then back through the trees and past the tennis courts home. Tankards at the ready I was halfway through the first beer when Gabs got back and in we went for Chilli or Veg Rat plus salads and spuds, all washed down nicely. The raffle was well received although Spread-sheets attempts to prise the Old Spice away from Caroline were fruitless so we can only guess what she's going to do with it!

Another (at last) Great Hash...!

Message from Pete and Sarah:

Sarah and I would like to say a big THANK YOU to the Hash for the magnificent support we received last night at Sarah's fundraising Hash Bash. Special thanks to the donors of raffle prizes (they know who they are) and of course to my wife Jenny and the kitchen support staff. I budgeted for about 40 and we had 44 signatures on the so it worked perfectly, and weather being fantastically hot it only seemed fitting to have warming chilli and baked potatoes. Hopefully all enjoyed it ..and the run!

Lost property - my tankard has gone walkabout, but as Les Plumb has left his I assume he might have mine!

Also someone's left a dubious looking set of fluffy ear muff thingies (leftovers from the 1001 Dalmatians [don't ask!] run at the Friends of the Mole weekend. We were given black noses, ears on elastic, tales and t-shirts which we decorated ourselves with poster paint spots).

Finally just to wish Caroline well with her Old Spice (no that's not her name for Spreadsheet David....its her raffle prize!)

Many thanks.

Whose Shout (Peter)



CRAFT #13 - Canterbury Hares: Hot Pants (W&NK and CRAFT name: Sara Pipalini) and Oranjeboom.

A little bit about CRAFT from the FOTM magazine much featured around this issue:

The name came from Bunter and Cif one night in the Lazy Toad when deja vu hit them that they were repeating a conversation from the night before. "The CRAFT Club presents..." then took up residence on the chalkboard in the pub. Bouncer saw it in about 1995 and asked who was in the CRAFT club only to be told "Can't Remember A Fucking Thing" and recognised the quality of the name for a hash.

As Brighton hashers refused to rush their Harveys Ale with down downs the circle has just never taken off but Bouncer reckoned there was enough potential to set up a new hash with that in mind and considered CRAFT as the name. Apart from Bunter and Bouncer, with Wiggy and Belcher using the name at KL98 Interhash, it went no further until the 2008 CAMRA Brighton area ale trail. As part of the Brighton H7 30th anniversary celebrations the club were doing the trail en masse but decided on a few pub crawls to visit pubs that the Monday hash were unlikely to get to. It was on the second of these that the name was proposed and approved and so the monthly Brighton area social club came into existence.

Our first year has seen us crawling around pubs in Brighton, Lewes, Lindfield, Croydon and Shoreham, visit the Weltons brewery for the launch of the Old Ale party and the Hove beer festival, and play on the Bluebell Railway Real Ale Train. We've even done a joint pub crawl (with SORTED) and a pub Bash! Hares have come from as far away as Bangalore (alright stretching a point with that as Daffy wasn't there at the time!) and Kalgoorlie, WA. What we haven't done before now is gatecrashed another hash so as it's near as dammit our first birthday as an active hash, we expect you all to buy us a beer!

How to set a CRAFT trail

Nothing much required, 5 - 6 pubs including somewhere to eat either mid-trail or at the subject to trains. Either mark the trail in advance so folk can progress at their own speed or just wing it and mark as you go. Usually a P-trail from the station to the start pub is best then #1 on the pub wall (depending on number!). Usual chalk arrers otherwise!



Since I started as a taxi driver Friday nights have become more precious being 'a bit of an earner', but as I don't want to miss out CRAFT gatecrashed the Friends of the Mole H3 1000th run celebrations Canterbury pub crawl, as that night had already been written off. First beers were courtesy of Fat Controller as armed with tankards, and dressed as Cops and Robbers we set off for pub 1 **Two Doves** where some silliness involving single white rubber gloves was instigated by Bouncer. Originally intended for W&NK interhash trail these have languished in the garage for 5 years but as a mark of respect to famous glove wearer Mr. Jackson they came out. Rather less respectful was the treatment they then received being blown-up, ripped, pinged and even filled with beer by one prat who'd forgotten his tankard. With 80 odd people taking part, the regular CRAFTies soon found themselves split asunder but I found myself in a round with Scud and Proxy. We breezed past FOTM pub 2, the Old City Bar, after some mirth at the presentation opposite, for the **Two Sawyers**, and enjoyed a beer in the back garden before moving on past the unattractive Wetherspoons to the **Bell & Crown**. An attempt to ring FC was made here but I was distracted by the appearance of Foggy. 10 minutes later I discovered that I was still trying to call FC who still hadn't answered! There was a move to go for a bite at this point but as I'd lost track of Proxy, who'd nicked the whip at the Bell, I

didn't join Heavy Pants. I decided to grab some chips though and found I had exactly the right amount of money. There should have been at least £20 more so a panic ensued, until Angel rang to say she was on her way into town on the bike. We arranged to meet at pub 8 the **Jolly Sailor** which I arrived at, at the same time as Testiculator, Keeps It Up and Wildbush who solved the beer shortage. Proxy reappeared at the **New Inn** and announced that the kitty still had £70 in it, rather more than the stake, thus explaining my shortfall! CRAFT club again made its presence known with the appearance of loads of sparklers which caused a great deal of mirth, but eventually we were persuaded to head back to the campsite. Stormin' Norman and I declined to join the hare, which turned out to be wise as she got lost. Except we got lost too! Eventually staggered back for bhajis or burgers by BJ before beating a retreat in the silly hours.

So that was the 999th FOTMH3 as well as CRAFT #13, and they'd got a treat in store for the 1000th, which was celebrated with a Bash (cycle hash) hared by T-Bar Twin and Pisticide; a Ballbreaker (which Keeps It Up opted for); and a magical mystery bus tour with the rest of the Brighton folk. The bus tour itself actually featured 3 separate runs so Angel and I were able to both get involved at different points. The first stop was in Dover for about a 3-miler. Gabs headed off on that as I took the boys with the walkers who were churned out just below the castle where Scud had everyone involved in re-writing YMCA to MRSA, although the moves became a bit complicated! When the pack reached us we were all walked up and through the castle grounds by special arrangement, which was nice! From here it was back on the bus (eventually) for a trip to Samphire Hoe, the spit of land created from the Chunnel debris for ice creams. There was a bit of scrounging going on as neither Nicola nor Stormin' Norman had remembered to collect their packed lunches. Nicola was a problem especially, as she'd messed up her diary and had to get away early to do some oral back in Eastbourne. Back on the bus we headed to the outskirts of Folkestone for a short run (my turn, joined by Kieran), which culminated in a hill climb for a view of the Eurostar terminus.

Somewhere along the way we lost Heavy Pants who'd turned her ankle at the beginning but Mr. X had gamely assisted her to the finish and then regaled us all with tales of heroics as a first aider saving hashers from all sorts of down-downs .. er... damage. As Boggy Shoe is a (rather adult) family magazine I'll spare you the gory details and move on to something rather jolly and nice! Ann has apparently had a couple of strange dreams in which, due to an international incident forcing the cancellation of Interhash at its original location, she was forced at four days notice to organise the whole thing on the site of the Crumbles in Eastbourne (now Sovereign Harbour and environs), along with Nicola and myself! Looks like we'd better get ourselves ready for this, just in case. Next stop was FC's run which was set in blue flour and runners set-off accompanied by a sudden storm. Dragon Lady kindly offered to mind the kids so I could run again but only after the main pack had gone so I set off with the walkers then ran with Auntie and Basil from OCH3. Finish was at the very beautiful village of Chilham, where many refreshed themselves with Harveys at the pub. Radio Soap took advantage of the sun to enjoy a cream tea outside causing a deal of embarrassment to the rest of the hash! Soon enough we were back on the bus and heading home to the campsite to find the Ballbreakers and Bashers had returned almost 2 hours earlier, had a brief circle in the rain and showered.



Oh dear. Although FC had plans for us to circle up after the individual runs there really wasn't time and anyway, Mr. X, Testiculator and myself, who had been in the wrong place at the wrong time and thus been charged with RA duties, decided that we would be better bouncing (sic!) off each other rather than trying to RA a whole run each. So a circle up was called outside the club house and many amusing moments ensued including the naming of Nina as Neenaar Neenaar as she had just qualified as a special constable or something, and unfortunately for them, a W&NK gunging for

James and Sally. The story went that in our efforts to get the Haka girls from page three back for an encore for the weekend in aid of charidee Sally had expressed distaste at the prospect. Anyone who was at their wedding will recall that she didn't have the same concerns to stripping off for a skinny dip in the pool later in the evening, nor will anyone who saw her streaking through the Millennium Stadium or at several other hash events in the last few years. However, the cruncher was the rumour that both her and Pissticide had, in full view of the locals, stripped off on the village green at the previous Mondays FOTM run! Discretion got the better part and they both got out of their Sunday best down to their undies for the special recipe of lentils and God alone (apart from Scud) knows what else being tipped on them. Sally later reported on Sunday that she needed to get home as she was out of smalls! That'll learn ya.

Whilst all that was going on we were suffering the fantastic smells of curry being cooked in the open air and eventually it became too much so there was a sprint for the pan! That was followed by a hugely enjoyable evening of entertainment from Proxy's Band, Main Vein, with occasional incidental renditions from Pat McGroin pole dancing; The Scuds with a hilarious redneck Mole song; Bouncer, FC and Spingo doing a bastardised version of the Shadows Lonesome Mole to suit the weekend; and finally FC in full on blues mode with Railroad from an early Status Quo album. As per there was supposed to be a naked midnight run but since the band had been delayed and the bar staff were willing they stayed on until almost 1am. As a result only FB took part, and that with his undies and bicycle. No-one noticed for about 20 minutes which says something, but Daffy's lack of insistence must surely be down to the support bandage he's had to wear since Bangalore where he managed to get DVT rendering him unable to go nekked anyway. Once again proceedings were wrapped up with BJ's late barbecue as well as the remainder of the barrel of beer. Entertainment once again from the band as they discussed sexual techniques!

Sunday morning we were woken to the dulcet tones (not!) of Fat Controller yelling "come on you scurvy dogs, get ready for the run!". Getting ready consisted of FC with a tub of shoe polish blacking our noses while we put on ears and tail a la 101 Dalmations, surely a miscount! We were also given white t shirts and a big tub of black poster paint to 'spot' them with ahead of the run. In a later report from Dragon Lady it seems that Foghorn had opted to skip the shirt in view of the heat, FB had spotted him anyway and as a result research has shown that poster paint is a quality sunblock! Poor old Basil, the only genuine hound on trail was waaay too hot in the t-shirt so shook it off in a puddle. Auntie promptly put it in a wheelie at the next check from where it was rapidly retrieved by Bushtrimmer for later use! Despite best efforts to run the trail, I kept finding myself at the back in conversation, but a last minute sprint wrapped it up nicely. In the circle concern was expressed when the police dog unit turned up, but apparently it was only for the village fete with which we had to share the pitch. I was victimised here as Mr. X and FC decided a bricking was called for to prevent more kids, oblivious to the fact it's been done! Meanwhile, FC himself deserved all he got as the man in the gunge machine for all his efforts to "herd cats" I think the description of being a hash GM went. He has now retired and thus is no longer a Controller and with recent membership to Weight Watchers is optimistic of not being Fat for much longer! Of course we had to find another excuse and son Tom, who had enjoyed so much intimate attention from Neenar (who clearly had paid no attention to the old maxim - if you want to see what your fella will look like in 30 years time take a look at his dad) over the weekend was put on the ice. Great fun was had by all and our sole mission now was to try and coax the old camper van home, which we achieved thanks to Dynorod as escort.



THE



END



A pretty young lady named Vogel,
Once sat herself down on a molehill.
A curious mole,
Nosed into her hole -
Ms. Vogel's okay, but the mole's ill.

A singular lady called Grace
Had eyes in a very strange place.
She could sit on the hole
Of a mouse or a mole
And stare the beast straight in the face.



Good News Indeed

Could this be the light at the End of the Tunnel
Shares of Tupperware increased by 46% this morning,
after the announcement that Michael Jackson had willed
his mortal remains to the company.

Mrs Slocombe's pussy has been found dead in the garden. It appears that the pussy died of natural causes. The news suggests that the curse of Grace Bros Department Store is far from over. Miss Brahms recently passed away after years of suffering in the east end of London. And Mr Humphries is no longer 'free'. Mrs Slocombe's pussy was once the talk of London. Her pussy was visited by many international stars and she was often seen stroking her pussy in public. Jeremy Smut, a 1970s comedy writer for the BBC, said "This is tragic. We built an entire series around one joke. That pussy joke bought me a house in the country and put the kids through school. I'm devastated that I am no longer able to dine out on Mrs Slocombe's pussy". TV critic Charlie Patel said "Thank God. I hated the series. It was just so bad. Full of pussy jokes and stereotyping gays and women."

Mrs Slocombe's pussy will be laid to rest in St Molly's, in the parish of Sugden.

Murray out of Wimbledon; Jackson sends his condolences

Story written: 04 July 2009

Andy Murray, the first Briton for 80 years with any real chance of winning the men's singles championship at Wimbledon, has lost in the semi-finals. And, in a heart-warming gesture, Michael Jackson, the dead King of Pop, has sent a message to the preternaturally miserable Scot. 'Don't worry,' said Jacko, 'you may have lost your tennis match. But I died amidst a firestorm of controversy, misplaced hero-worship and personal attacks, at the age of 50. So cheer up. Please'.

Murray speaking at his press conference after the game explained 'I played better than him [Anita Roddick]. I won more points. Everyone else is unacceptable. I am your new god.' Referring to Jackson's comments, Murray remarked 'The guy just doesn't do it on the court. His comments are irrelevant, they are unacceptable. The Moonwalk is a foot-fault waiting to happen.' Murray, who has a unipolar disorder (bipolar but without the happy bits), droned on and on for some minutes. Many journalists turned to drugs in an effort to survive Murray's trademark laconic drawl. Afterwards, the room was cleared of syringes and crack pipes, and several dead bodies were found.

Meanwhile, punters who bought tickets for Jackson's 5000 night residency at the O2 arena have been reassured that the gigs will go ahead as planned. Everything will be exactly the same, except there will be no music.

