

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (tinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R-ns/trash #163 December 2010

<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 December 2010	1694	Lewes Arms, Lewes	413 103	Dave Evans

Directions: A27 east to Lewes roundabout. Up hill and straight on at traffic lights. Left after castle, left at end and again. Up hill after pub for parking at the top. Est. 15 mins.

13th December 2010	1695	Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell	417 060	Pete Beard
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Directions: A27 east to Kingston roundabout. Right through Kingston then right at t-junction. Pub 2 miles on left. 15 mins.



20th December 2010	1696	Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks	304 156	XMAS HASH PARTY!
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Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. Est. 10 mins. Don't forget to give Pat Cash! Who's Pat Cash?



27th December 2010	1697	*** Telscombe Tavern, Telscombe ***	395 014	Prof Pete
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Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est. 10 mins.

IMPORTANT NOTE: * MIDDAY START for 27th December and 3rd January hashes! *****

3rd January 2010	1698	*** Snowdrop, Lindfield ***	354 239	Rik
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Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 through Ditchling, past Wivelsfield. Turn right up Hurstwood Lane opposite the Fox pub. Right again at end, then left onto Snowdrop Lane. Pub 200yards on left. Est 25 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE:

10/01/11	Storrington, George
17/01/11	TBA, Don
24/01/11	TBA, Graham
31/01/11	The Star, Steyning - Malcolm & Trevor
07/02/11	Griffin, Fletching - Nigel
14/02/11	Stanley Arms, Portslade - Phil M
21/02/11	Lewes Arms, Lewes - Dave & Julia
28/02/11	Dyke Hotel, Devils Dyke - Charlie

CRAFT HASH #31

10/12/10 7pm Holly in Hastings

HENFIELD HASH #94

19/12/10 11.30am Gardners Arms, Henfield

Thought for the day:

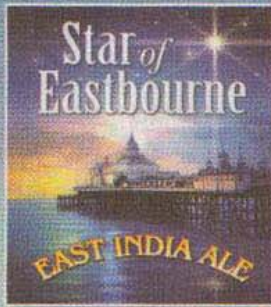
Came home to find all the doors and windows open and everything gone. Bloody kids couldn't wait for their advent calendars.



HARVEYS

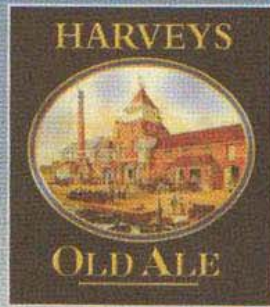
FOURTH QUARTER SEASONALS

OCTOBER



**STAR OF
EASTBOURNE**
5.5% Vol

OCT- MARCH



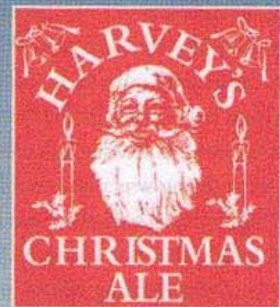
OLD ALE
4.3% Vol

NOVEMBER



BONFIRE BOY
5.8% Vol

DECEMBER



CHRISTMAS ALE
8.1% Vol

*Merry Christmas
and every good wish for 2011
to all at the Brighton Hash*



HARVEYS of LEWES
SUSSEX BREWERS SINCE 1790

8th November - Stanley Arms, Portslade

This local CAMRA champion pub has been championed by the likes of Charlie and Bouncer for a very long time but it was clear we were getting very close to running from here when it was first choice for Nigel's Trafalgar Day hash 2 weeks earlier. The change was made as Ed had already grabbed the pub, which pleased your scribe as we were away for the earlier run, and anyway the pub had one of its famous "cellar nights" on the earlier date. Beer at £2/ pint and a tour of the cellar with free buffet chucked in.

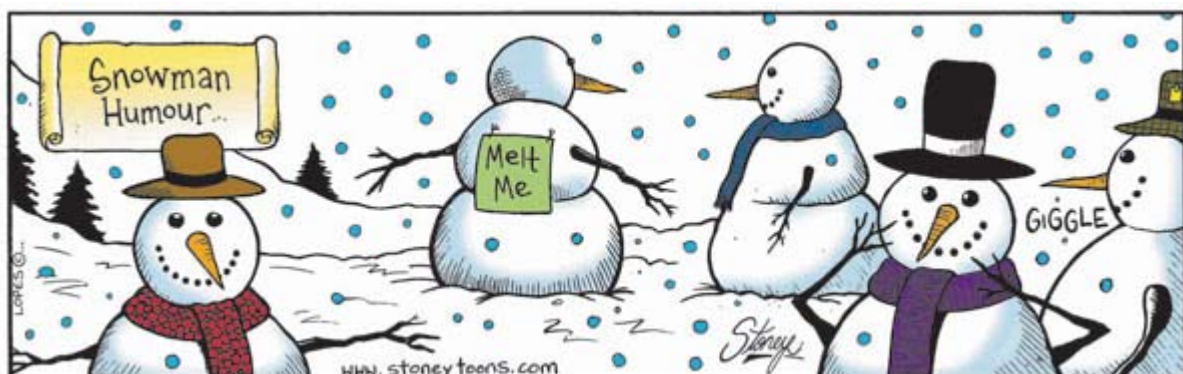
Street parking was much less of a problem than expected, and we received a warm welcome from the regulars as we hid from the weather before the off. No food to order as they were laying on a buffet for us tonight also. With a couple of streets to negotiate at the beginning we soon found ourselves outside the Gardners Arms where Pat with bike appeared looking sorry for herself. Charlie said "Stanley Arms in Stanley Road not Gardners Arms in Gardner Road you daft bint!" I offered Pat my car key for her to stick her bag and Ed proffered a map, but it all seemed a bit too much for her so gallantly I took her back and reviewed map while she changed, to find Ed had given us a blank. So an SCB attempt to head them off was made running round to Victoria Park, where trail was found, then promptly lost again at the bottom of Foredown Drive. Convinced trail would go up the Benfield Valley we headed up the park behind Sainsbury's, then picked up the underpass to head through the Twittens with Foredown tower in mind, until trail was found coming the other way. This headed round to the golf course from where we just made out a torch in the distance. Our off-piste running was not good though and we soon lost the marker so returned to the Foredown Tower plan. When that produced no more trail we took a back alley route through to the Old Village then up to the Mile Oak Road to pick up the Twitten all the way back to the pubs back entrance, amazingly back on trail for the last part! I was generously subbed a beer by our host but we literally only had a few moments to wait before the first of the pack appeared with Adrian opting to shorten the run for once. Pete Eastwood had cut short also but it seemed trail had gone across and alongside A27, returning over Southwick Hill. Pack had taken about 10 different routes so we weren't alone but Ed was all protest about the map producing several with trail marked on, before conceding that he'd managed to give us the only one without! Lovely buffet for which a beer mug went round, excellent beer, and a fine evening by all accounts! **AGH!**

22nd November - New Moon Storrington

As usual Wiggy had opted to set this live, and as usual he had grabbed me to help with sweeping on the run itself. Now those who know Wiggy will be well aware that he's never lost, having an in-built GPS system which can carve through the countryside like a Centurion on a steeplechase, and extensive knowledge of every path ever in Sussex. This accounts for the often 'interesting' routes we take when he is here. This run, which almost had more guests than home runners with a healthy Henfield and Malibog boosted pack, was likely to be one by which BH7 runs would be gauged, so it was not entirely expected when Wiggy turned to me at the start and, instead of offering sweeper map, said "Bouncer, I've made the most almighty fuck-up. I ran around Sullington Common for an hour and ended up where I started!" Don't expect much help from me mate! Malibog came over early afternoon and we've been in the pub!

Oh well, off we went round the front of the pub then back through the car park and on to the path round the back. Quick check then off again. Hang on. Hare doesn't recognise this bit. Back we go down another path and some calling ahead. Bollocks and Split Pin know where they are as we swing past their house, but don't go the expected route on the Common. Looping left, looping right, up the hill, several head off west, others south, hare goes east, pack reunites, down to another car park, where's hare?, oh we did that bit backwards never mind, down the road, everyone heads right, hare calls left and suddenly we're back where we started with the walkers heading directly towards us. Shit! Up the hill again, across the common this time, jolly japes, hashlights in the distance, and finally we're free! Some opted to head straight back to the pub while others took the proper route, and sweeper picked up the in-trail trying to encourage, despite Ivans efforts otherwise, pack to follow round by the stream for the lovely on-inn. The best worst planned hash ever!

Back at the car park, someone produced some leftover Harveys from the weekend which was duly consumed with great vigour before we headed in to the pub for more. Brighton hashers hid downstairs and played silly buggers with the makeshift board resulting in a lack of names from the home crowd when the sheet went missing, probably at the hands of Local Knowledge (*and you wonder why the address list hasn't been updated for years!*), while visitors Malibog (from Stockholm), Derek and Liz, with Henfield regulars Snotty. Bollocks, Split Pin, plus 2 friends and Forest Gump over from France, all indulged in social intercourse by the bar. **Another great hash...**



THE



END

ADULT RIDDLES ~

- What is the difference between a Drug Dealer and a Hooker? A Hooker can wash her crack and sell it again.
- What's a mixed feeling? When you see your Mother-In-Law backing off a cliff in your new car.
- What's the height of conceit? Having an orgasm and calling out your own name.
- What's the definition of 'Macho'? Jogging home from your vasectomy.
- What's the difference between a G-Spot and a golf ball? A guy will actually search for a golf ball
- Do you know how New Zealanders practice safe sex? Spray paint X's on the back of the sheep that kick!
- Why is divorce so expensive? Because it's worth it!
- What is a Yankee? The same as a quickie, but a Guy can do it alone.
- What do Tupperware and a Walrus have in common? They both like a tight seal.
- What do a Christmas tree and a Priest have in common? Their balls are just for decoration.
- What is the difference between 'oooh' and 'aaaaah'? About three inches.
- What's the difference between purple and pink? Grip
- How do you find a Blind Man in a nudist colony? It's not hard.
- What's the difference between a Girlfriend and a Wife? 45 pounds.
- What's the difference between a Boyfriend and a Husband? 45 minutes.
- Why do men find it difficult to make eye contact? Breasts don't have eyes.
- What is the difference between medium and rare? Six inches is medium, eight inches is rare.
- Why do women rub their eyes when they get up in the morning? They don't have balls to scratch!

Dear Santa,

You must be surprised that I'm writing to you today, the 26th of December. Well, I would very much like to clear up certain things that have occurred since the beginning of the month, when, filled with illusion, I wrote you my letter. I asked for a bicycle, an electric train set, a pair of roller blades, and a football uniform. I destroyed my brain studying the whole year. Not only was I the first in my class, but I had the best grades in the whole school. I'm not going to lie to you, there was no one in my entire neighborhood that behaved better than me, with my parents, my brothers, my friends, and with my neighbors. I would go on errands, and even help the elderly cross the street. There was virtually nothing within reach that I would not do for humanity. What balls you have leaving me a fucking yoyo, a lame whistle and a pair of ugly socks. What the fuck were you thinking, you fat prick, that you've taken me for a sucker the whole fucking year to come out with some shit like this under the tree. As if you hadn't fucked me enough, you gave that little quiff across the street so many toys that he can't even walk into his house. Don't let me see you trying to fit your big fat ass down my chimney next year. I'll fuck you up. I'll throw rocks at those stupid reindeer and scare them away so you'll have to walk back to the fucking North Pole, just like what I have to do now since you didn't get me that fucking bike. **FUCK YOU SANTA.** Next year you'll find out how bad I can be, you **FAT COCKSUCKER.**

Sincerely,

Little Johnny



Little Johnny was 9 years old and was staying with his grandmother for a few days over Christmas. He'd been playing outside with the other kids for a while when he came into the house and asked her, 'Grandma, what's that called when two people sleep in the same room and one is on top of the other?' She was a little taken aback, but she decided to tell him the truth. 'It's called *sexual intercourse*, darling.' Little Johnny said, 'Oh, OK,' and went back outside to play with the other kids. A few minutes later he came back in and said angrily, 'Grandma, it isn't called sexual intercourse.. It's called **Bunk Beds.** And Jimmy's mum wants to talk to you.'