



BOGGY SHOE



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)
R-ns/trash #166 March 2011*

<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
7th March 2011	1707	The Rising Sun, Upper Beeding	197 104	Bouncer & Wiggy
<i>Directions:</i> A27 west past Southwick tunnel. Next left, then 2nd left at roundabout. Right at next and pub is on left at next roundabout. Est. 15 mins. BOUNCERS 50th special.				
14th March 2011	1708	The Crown, Dial Post	155 194	Cardinal Hugh
<i>Directions:</i> A27 west to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning to Washington roundabout. Turn right on A24. Dial Post approx 4 miles on left. Pub 500m on right. Est. 30 mins.				
21st March 2011	1709	The Plough, Plumpton Green	364 182	Who's Shout Pete & Graeme
<i>Directions:</i> A23 north. Filter off at Pyecombe over Clayton Hill on A273. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Right at Ditchling Common. Pub on right at t-junction. Est. 20 mins.				
28th March 2011	1710	The Cock, Ringmer	440 137	Airman Bob & Chris
<i>Directions:</i> A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx. 2 miles. Est. 15 mins.				
4th April 2011	1711	The Cleveland, nr. 5 Ways, Brighton	313 064	Eddie
<i>Directions:</i> From Patcham head south into Brighton along A23, over mini roundabout at Carden Avenue on London Road. At Preston Park traffic lights turn left (right if coming from south) into Preston Drove. Cleveland Road is 6th right by park. Est. 5 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE*:

- 11/04/11 TBA - Matthew
 - 18/04/11 Eager hare required
 - 25/04/11 The Ship, Cuckfield - KIU/ Wildbush
 - 02/05/11 The Fox, ?????? - Ivan't to know where?
 - 09/05/11 Fountain, Ashurst - Trevor & Malc
- * aka "the lies that hares tell". Guaranteed to change.

CRAFT HASH #34 - 11th March 2011

BOUNCERS 50th birthday - Mustering from 2pm then Hove Town Hall 'P' trail from the station. See e-mail for full info.

Or contact Bouncer for tickets!

Thought for the day (slightly later than planned):

Dear God: For 2011, all I ask for is a big fat bank account and a slim body. Please do not mix up the two like you did last year. Amen





FINAL POST! CRAFT AT HOVE BEER FESTIVAL - BOUNCERS 50th BIRTHDAY - 11th MARCH 2011 -

Absolutely, definitely, positively the last chance to grab your tickets to the Hove Beer Festival Friday night session, where CRAFT will be out in force to help me taste 50 beers on my 50th birthday. Unless you can make it to Wetherspoons in George Street aka the Cliftonville where early birds and anyone who can't make the evening will be meeting from 2pm, as there is an outside chance that I may still have a couple of tickets left then. **On on Bouncer**

BRENT SPONSORSHIP - LONDON MARATHON 17th APRIL 2011

Hi All,

After almost 10 years trying I have finally secured a place in the London 2011 Marathon. As most London marathoners raise money for charity I have decided to raise funds for the Prostate Cancer Charity. It would be great if you could sponsor me. My page can be found here: <http://www.justgiving.com/Brent-Crowle>

Cheers and on on

Keeps It Up (Brent)

HENFIELD HASH 100th RUN CELEBRATION - Last call for H4 regulars before increment.

The latest celebration weekend in Sussex will be taking place on 17th to 19th June 2011. Friday night will be a red dress pub crawl around Henfield, Saturday runs followed by skits and partying in the evening with a London alternative Olympics theme, and Sunday a hangover run. Price includes some beer, all food, camping and entertainment.

Full info and registration form at <http://henfieldh3.co.uk/100applicationform.pdf>

1st UK NASH HASH - Ravenswood Manor, Sharpthorne SUSSEX

This year is the 30th anniversary of the first UK nash hash in Surrey. How many who attended that event are still hashing. Bicester has three, me, Prof and Monkey Glands, but how many others are there, still hashing, who went to that first one?

OnOn - Amnesia

I've got a feeling Phil and possibly Pete were on this but anyone else out there? Bouncer

SOUTH DOWNS RELAY 2011 - PART 1 THE HASH ORIGINAL RELAY

8am Saturday 21st May at Buriton Church. Text Phil Mutton on 07802302686 or e-mail phil.mutton@btopenworld.com for more.

SOUTH DOWNS RELAY 2011 - PART 2 THE HARDCORE 100

Saturday 4th June 2011. Would all who wish to being considered for the Vet's Team contact:

Either: - Peter Thomas - at p.a.thomas@sussex.ac.uk Or:- David Evans davidbarclayevans@btinternet.com

MESSAGE FROM PAT:

I am having a party to celebrate my #0th birthday at **Brighton Sailing Club** on **Saturday 12th March at 8 pm**. The club is on the lower prom opposite the Hilton Metropole Hotel, next to the Grand Hotel, near the West Peer.

The dress theme is 1960's, so I guess most of you will have something suitable at the back of your wardrobe or in the loft. Rik is providing the music. No gifts please, but there will be a collection for the International Red Cross.

RSVP if you would like to come to : Pat patmorfitt@talktalk.net

HOVE CYCLE LANES from Graeme (please follow links):

Dear Fellow Hasher

Have a look at the info. and petition below - Please sign it if you can. I use this bike-lane every week to get between home and my volunteering job in Hove. The Council want to spend a £million ripping it up. Madness!

Grahame (being knocked off once is enough)

Save the Hove cycle lanes!

CTC and local campaign group Bricycles [are campaigning](#) to retain and improve threatened segregated cycle lanes in Hove, East Sussex. Originally installed three years ago as part of the Cycling Towns initiative in the city, the Conservative administration is now proposing to spend £1.1 million to remove them. Instead of [ripping them out](#), campaigners Becky Reynolds and Tony Green want the scheme to be upgraded and the junction at the north end of the scheme completed. A [petition](#) has been lodged.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME BUT YOU CAN PLEASE SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME (PART ONE):

Although generally a bit blokey, nicknames occur in all areas of society particularly where 3 or more chaps find themselves in close company for any length of time. There is a certain beauty in having hash handles, and let us not forget that most of the early hashes were male only chapters, some remaining so today, but nowadays birds also end up with hash handles. They are usually unique (there are a few that crop up time and again, but never in the same hash), avoiding confusion between the Peets for example. But perhaps the greatest reason is the anonymity they provide to the 'muggle' world (er.. and even to hashers who find a social network invite from Doris Anybody, then find out years down the line that it's the hash cashes real name).



All that twaddle came about as a result of a complaint. Sort of. The borderline pornography (hey I only publish what Ivan sends me!) on page three a couple of issues back apparently trod dangerous ground with those in public professions who don't yet benefit from the anonymity of a hash name, and whose picture appeared elsewhere in the mag.

So here's a picture for Sar... er.. Doris (names have been changed to protect whatever):

Can you stop reading now Ms. Ham.. er.. Anybody. There are no more pictures of you in this issue, lovely as you are.

Here goes with a picture for everybody else in the hash (Oh alright, all the blokes, but especially the Cardinal), of the lady I employed to cook my birthday cake. She said she could cook like Delia. Not sure I believed her but why take the chance on being wrong?
Love and kisses, BOUNCER



REHASHING

Rose & Crown, Fletching

50 pints. For once I'm not lost in beer talk but it had been a goal to donate 50 pints of blood before my 50th birthday. All was going swimmingly until I had a few medical problems around Christmas



so I was especially glad to hit the target with pint number 50 earlier in the day, and consequently opted to walk with Kayleen. Through the Churchyard we turned left and cut across the fields to reach a mucky lane, keeping well in touch with the pack by cutting the corners via which hares Kit and Nigel had obligingly taken the pack. Wildbush was telling me that Keeps It Up needed a down down just so we could make some noise as his boss lived next door to the Griffin a few yards down the road and was always complaining about the rabble. Bear in mind that the Mudlarks had rejected Griffin as too quiet! Suddenly it all went tits up as Mike Cyst Pit called to say he was lost in the cemetery, having arrived late after getting lost by Sat Nav. Kayleens amazing recall coupled with 10 minutes patiently talking the lost soul round every bend and past every tree, using the distant TV/phone aerial as a landmark, and he finally caught up to us. Of course by then we'd blown any chance of finding the pack so finished the next couple of fields, over some water and on to the road for a stroll back to the pub. This was accompanied by an awful lot of calling from the main pack, not so very far away after all, who were apparently taking any number of different routes through the woods. We were determined though, having clocked the comfy chairs pre-hash, to get back sharpish.

Pub talk consisted of Ivan waxing lyrical about the Suffolk Boggle Run he'd been on at the weekend, which was of course very boggy. "That's why we keep chucking you in ponds Ivan, for training", one wag observed to shut his moaning.

As we discussed the last time we'd been in Fletching I had an epiphany. There had long been a hash mystery over the choice of the Doctor Love memorial run in 2004 which had been in Cuckfield so we could visit the Dark Star brewery near Tim's final home. It was written in Don's hand on the sheet that we were going from the Rose & Crown, which Spreadsheet happily obliged, but the pub had not previously held high favour with the hash. No-one knew why it had been chosen nor who had selected it. My off beat mind suddenly realised that the only other Rose and Crown we'd run from was this one, and the only time had been for the Ray Noakes memorial run set by Rosemary back in 2001. Was it ordained that we were always hashing from a Rose and Crown after losing a luminary? Or had the suggestion of the Rose & Crown survived the years between and with the connecting phrase memorial run, triggered a memory of which pub we should run from?

Whatever, it was good to see Neil Morris out yet again, carrying on his Dad's legacy of appearing on the hash. Especially as Trevor had discovered that he was a very long-standing mate of his brothers, and was after an introduction.

Elsewhere, Spreadsheet was selling on Williams number for the Hastings half marathon and had keen interest from Prof and myself. In his absence we opted to decide it by Cribbage, but after I'd taken an early lead the Prof pounded down the back straight to snatch it. Perhaps his enthusiasm wasn't so high after all as I still ended up with the work to do!

Another great hash...

Dyke Hotel, Devils Dyke

When Charlie stands up and announces a short, flat, dry run you just know we're in deep shirt. At least he had the decency to refrain from suggesting it was going to be warm, because it wasn't. It was bloody freezing. Hare then confessed that we would be running on hare for part of the evening as it was too long for even him to squeeze in time to set it all so the middle section was tba. Or something like that. Having coaxed the pack back out of the pub for a 2nd time we finally set off for 3 straight checks due west before the rollercoaster that was the rest of the run started with a drop half way down the hill. I was still feeling slightly stiff from a skiing trip ending the day before so was quite unimpressed by whoever it was moaning about learners on her hills. We all had to start somewhere, so I refrained from moaning about novice hashers on my hills. Now heading back east check was found back up again. No sooner had we got to the top than we went back down for another check which, you've guessed it, went up again. And down again. As some of us struggled to keep our balance, running as we were on the edge of the precipice (another similarity with the rollercoaster), someone announced that we needed to get into the groove. Spreads remarked that you didn't all need to know my personal problems when I said I couldn't get into the groove which then had me musing on whether there was a more sinister meaning to the old Madonna song. Boy you gotta move and groove and prove.

As we slipped literally over the edge there really was no choice but to tack down the gradient until reaching solid ground again. And the first of the mud. It started to get very hard going indeed for a while, you know 2 forward one back, until the next climb, by now deep in the trees, where Wiggy obligingly lay down in the mud so we could all clamber over to the steps just left of where he'd been attempting the ascent. Finally out of the woods trail continued across the field to come out in Fulking opposite the Royal Oak. Smokers pointed us the obvious route but Prof and I missed the left hander to continue up the road. A quick look at the return route tempted others in our party but we stuck with it to find we'd got ahead of the pack. Unbelievably crossing the Saddlescombe road at this late hour the slog continued back to Charlies place, over the road and home on the side path up the Quim to end, feeling no warmer than when we'd set out.

In the pub we drank beer, memories faded, and it became another great hash...!



9 Months Later...

John decided to go skiing with his buddy, Keith. So they loaded up John's car and headed north. After driving for a few hours, they got caught in a terrible blizzard. So they pulled into a nearby farm and asked the attractive lady who answered the door if they could spend the night. 'I realize it's terrible weather out there and I have this huge house all to myself, but I'm recently widowed,' she explained. 'I'm afraid the neighbours will talk if I let you stay in my house.' 'Don't worry,' John said. 'We'll be happy to sleep in the barn. And if the weather breaks, we'll be gone at first light.' The lady agreed, and the two men found their way to the barn and settled in for the night. Come morning, the weather had cleared, and they got on their way. They enjoyed a great weekend of skiing. But about nine months later, John got an unexpected letter from an attorney. It took him a few minutes to figure it out, but he finally determined that it was from the attorney of that attractive widow he had met on the ski weekend.

He dropped in on his friend Keith and asked, 'Keith, do you remember that good-looking widow from the farm we stayed at on our ski holiday up north about 9 months ago?'

'Yes, I do,' said Keith.

'Did you, er, happen to get up in the middle of the night, go up to the house and pay her a visit?'

'Well, um, yes!,' Keith said, a little embarrassed about being found out, 'I have to admit that I did.'

'And did you happen to give her my name instead of telling her your name?'

Keith's face turned beet red and he said, 'Yeah, look, I'm sorry, buddy. I'm afraid I did.' 'Why do you ask?'

'She just died and left me everything.'



There were three men on a camping holiday, all in a tent in a farmers field. In the morning the three men told each other what they had dreamt the night before. The one on the left said "I dreamt that someone was pulling my knob all night!" The one on the right said "I also dreamt someone was pulling my knob all night." The one in the middle said "I dreamt I was skiing."

NOT ALL MICKS ARE DIM:

A man walks into a bank in Dublin and asks for the loan officer. He tells the loan officer that he is going to Australia on business for two weeks and needs to borrow € 5,000.

The bank officer tells him that the bank will need some form of security for the loan, so the Dublin lad hands over the keys and documents of a new Ferrari parked on the street in front of the bank. He produces the Log Book and everything checks out.

The loan officer agrees to accept the car as collateral for the loan. The bank's Manager and its officers all enjoy a good laugh at the rough looking Dubliner for using a € 120,000 Ferrari as collateral against a £5000 loan. An employee of the bank then drives the Ferrari into the bank's underground garage and parks it there.

Two weeks later, the Dublin man returns, repays the € 5,000 and the interest, which comes to € 15.41.

The loan officer says, Sir, we are very happy to have had your business, and this transaction has worked out very nicely, but we are a little puzzled. While you were away, we checked you out and found that you are a multi millionaire. What puzzles us is, why would you bother to borrow "€ 5,000" ?

The Dublin man replies: "Where else in Dublin can I park my car for two weeks for only € 15.41 and expect it to be there when I return"



VERY IMPORTANT TO READ FOR THOSE WHO TAKE MEDICATIONS, ESPECIALLY AS WE HASHERS AGE!!

Most people know not to mix certain medicines without consulting their doctors.

Some medicines cannot be mixed with certain foods... and certainly most of us know not to mix certain medicines with alcohol... although, some people think that mixing alcohol and medicine is harmless.

As a public service the NHS have recently published a new warning being distributed via pamphlets in pharmacies across the United Kingdom. Below is the cover jacket of one such pamphlet:



MEN IN HEAVEN

When everybody on earth was dead and waiting to enter the Pearly Gate, God appeared and said, "I want the men to make two lines. One line for the men who were true heads of their household, and the other line for the men who were dominated by their women. I want all the women to report to St. Peter. Soon, the women were gone and there were two lines of men. The line of the men who were dominated by their wives was 100 miles long, and in the line of men who truly were heads of their household, there was only one man. God said, "You men should be ashamed of yourselves. I created you to be the head of your household! You have been disobedient and not fulfilled your purpose! Of all of you, only one obeyed. Learn from him." God turned to the one man, "How did you manage to be the only one in this line?"

The man replied, "I don't know. My wife told me to stand here."

Beer and Viagra Don't Mix!

I just got off the phone with a friend living in North Dakota near the Canadian border. He said that since early this morning the snow has been nearly waist high and is still falling. The temperature is dropping way below zero and the north wind is increasing to near gale force. His wife has done nothing but look through the kitchen window and just stare. He says that if it gets much worse, he may have to let her in.

Woman is a man's best friend.

She will reassure him when he feels insecure and comfort him after a bad day.

She will inspire him to do things he never thought he could do; to live without fear and forget regret.

She will enable him to express his deepest emotions and give in to his most intimate desires.

She will make sure he always feels that he's the most handsome man in the room and will enable him to be confident, assured, seductive and strong.

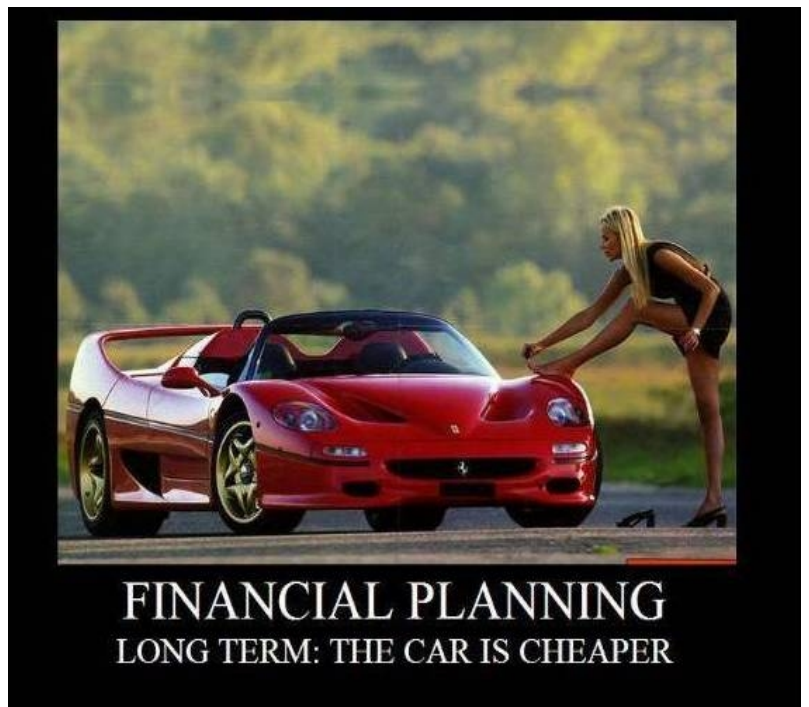
No wait..... sorry..... I'm thinking of beer. It's beer that does all that. Sorry.

Dan was a single guy living at home with his father and working in the family business. When he found out he was going to inherit a fortune when his sickly father died, he decided he needed to find a wife with whom to share his fortune.

One evening, at an investment meeting, he spotted the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her natural beauty took his breath away. "I may look like just an ordinary guy," he said to her, "but in just a few years, my father will die and I will inherit \$200 million."

Impressed, the woman asked for his business card and three days later, she became his stepmother.

Women are so much better at financial planning than men.



**FINANCIAL PLANNING
LONG TERM: THE CAR IS CHEAPER**

THE



END

Bad taste jokes doing the text rounds:

A guy goes to the council for a job. The interviewer asks "Are you allergic to anything?"

"Yes, Caffeine", he says.

"Are you disabled in any way?"

"Yes", he replies. "I was in the Army and a bomb exploded near me and blew my testicles off"

Interviewer: "Ok, you're hired. Hours are 8 til 5 but you can start at 10 every day."

Guy asks "Why 10?"

"This is a council job and the first two hours we just stand around drinking cffe and scratching our bollocks so there's no point you coming in at 8"

Me and my mate saw this bird in the pub the other night. I said "Excuse me love, me and my mate wanna give you ONE"

She said "How dare you! I wouldn't go anywhere near you."

I said "I wouldn't go anywhere near you either. I was giving you a mark out of ten you fat cow."

Paddy and Murphy are camping in the jungle beside a lake when they see a mans head sticking out of a crocodiles mouth. Paddy turns to Murphy and says "Look at that flash fucker in his LaCoste sleeping bag."

Friend just paid £300 for a penis skin handbag. Fucking expensive I thought until she told me that when you stroke it, it turns into a suitcase.

Two Catholic Priests enter a bucking bronco competition. The first priest climbs on and only manages to last 10 seconds. The second priest tries next and holds on for an amazing 10 minutes.

"How did you manage to stay on for so long?"

Second priest replies, "One of my altar boys used to have epilepsy."

What have a g spot, a birthday, an anniversary and a toilet got in common? Most men miss the lot!

Received by Bouncer on his last birthday:

Hi Brian, Just a quick message to wish you and Joan a Happy Easter and all the best for 1982 from all of us at the Alzheimer's Society.

Last night some Manchester United fans started playing football with a hedgehog outside our house. I was disgusted by this and was about phone the RSPCA. Then I stopped. The hedgehog had gone one up!

I'm sick to death of people knocking on my door asking for donations. Just had one woman from the sperm bank. Fuck me did I give her a mouthful.

Just got a tip for the Cheltenham Gold Cup. 33/1 for a horse called Creosote. It's fucking brilliant over fences!

TOP TIP OF THE YEAR:

If you receive a letter summoning you for jury service, and you don't want to do it, simply write a reply that says, "I'd be delighted to attend. What's the black c*nt done?"

A girl is standing at the gates of Heaven when she hears horrible screams of pain coming from inside. She asks St. Peter what it is.

He says, "That's the sound of Angels getting holes drilled in their backs for wings and their heads for halos."

She says "I think I'd rather go to hell!"

St. Peter replies, "In hell you will be raped and buggeded."

She replies, "Yeah but at least I've already got the fucking holes for that!"

