



BOGGY SHOE



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinning with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)
R-ns/trash #173 October 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
3rd October 2011	1737	Swan, Falmer	355 090	Grahame & Who's Shout
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. Est. 5 mins.				
10th October 2011	1738	Rising Sun, Upper Beeding	197 104	Suzy, Dean & Jason
Directions: 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.				
17th October 2011	1739	White Horse, Mapleshurst	189 246	Cardinal Hugh
Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T and 2nd right on A272 after Cowfold. After a mile turn right for pub. c.25 mins.				
24th October 2011	1740	Flying Fish, Denton	457 024	Snowlark
Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. B2109 into Denton then 2nd left Denton Road. Est 20 mins. <i>NIGEL's ANTARCTICA DEPARTCHA R*N</i>				
31st October 2011	1741	TBA - Happy Hallowe'en!		George Baxter
Directions: Instead of his usual last minute pub change, George has this time opted for silence on the location!				
7th November 2011	1742	Plough & Harrow, Litlington	523 017	Professor Pete
Directions: A27 east past Lewes and Beddingham. Take 2nd right after Alfriston roundabout past the Giants Rest pub. Pub approx. 2.5 miles on right. Est. 25 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

- 14/11/11 TBA - Pat
- 21/11/11 PeP nursery, Ditchling - Pete E
- 28/11/11 Snowdrop, Lindfield - Rik
- 05/12/11 TBA - Bouncer
- 12/12/11 The Oak, Cranes Heath, Arlington - Airman Bob & Chris
Bob's 1000th r*n!

CRAFT HASH #41

- 07/10/11 Tokyo - Yorkyo Porkyo

Thought for the day:

God is great, Beer is good, Hashers are crazy.
I mean, WTF Mudlark!



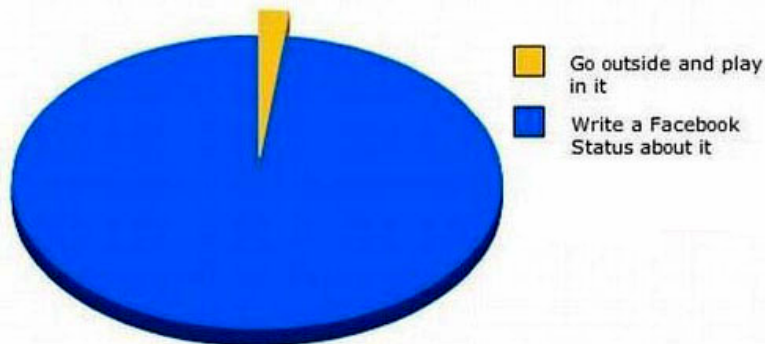
Dear all,

As you may.. or may not.. know, **Nigel** is leaving to join the British Antarctic Survey team on 26th November and will be gone until March 2013!

For those of you wanting to say "Hi and Bye" we are holding an Open house @ 8 Coombe Rise, Saltdean, BN2 8QN from 2pm on the **19th November**.....come along whenever it suits you. Drinks and nibbles!"

Regards, Sara Wilce

What people do when it snows



HASHING IN ANTARCTICA

Antarctic H3 came into being at the Davis Antarctic Base on October 18th 1982, according to Eskimo Nell who'd previously run with Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. Temperatures outside (without factoring in wind-chill) were -26 degrees Celsius, with winds often gusting to 60 knots. Paper for the trail was blown to kingdom come, so it was decided to use flour. That was invisible on the snow and ice, so they ingeniously decided to tag seals which stand out a bit more - a great idea until they moved! Twenty kilograms of protective clothing were piled onto each Hasher, and as a blizzard threatened to close in, blizzard lines were

attached, dashing any thoughts of someone short-cutting the pack! Still, the cold beer went down excellently thereafter, and a hash golf day was even held around the same time.

Casey H3 was founded by Ian 'Wheelbarrow' Potrzeba in January 1990 but only met occasionally and are no longer listed. The same is true for the **ANARE H3** (Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition) that used to run during the summer.

Nowadays, both the '**Deep Freeze Hash House Harriers**' [founded by Aeon 'Rock Hard' Jones in September 1999 - runs monthly and on special occasions] and the '**Brass Monkey Hash House Harriers**' [founded: 6/6/98 by Paul 'Muthatucka' Cousens, previously of Cambridge H3] run in the Antarctic. The latter runs from the British Antarctic Survey Base and run a couple of times a year (midwinter and summer solstice - can anyone tell the difference!). They have a 'not-quite-naked' dress code, meaning you wear boots, gloves and a head band to stop the top of the ears freezing, but nothing else. Runs are between 150 to 300 metres long. How cold is it? Beers are kept above the BBQ to stop them freezing!

The **South Pole H3** has occasionally hashed the South Pole itself. Runs usually take place in the extensive network of tunnels that have been dug beneath the pole. The Calgary Hash website lists coldest and hottest runs around the world and claim -71c temperature for a run at the Antarctica/Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station in December 2006. That actually became -99C taking in wind-chill factor.

The **HUSHHH** is a Solar Eclipse hash which runs on the day of a total solar eclipse and can appear anywhere in the world. Although once again this hash appears to have gone cold (sic!), it was the intention of founder Spoons to somehow get to Antarctica for the total eclipse that took part across wide swathes of the continent on 23rd November 2003 (at least it was summer!). Presumably his silence since means that he went the way of Scott in the attempt!

Keep it warm
this winter!



Bearded men can obtain the appearance of an upper class Antarctic explorer by simply applying Tippex to their beards, painting their noses blue, and cutting off a couple of toes. It never fails to impress the girls.

Penguins

Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica - where do they go? Wonder no more!! It is a known fact that the penguin is a very ritualistic bird which lives an extremely ordered and complex life. The penguin is very committed to its family and will mate for life, as well as maintaining a form of compassionate contact with its offspring throughout its life. If a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and social circle have been known to dig holes in the ice, using their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough for the dead bird to be rolled into and buried. The male penguins then gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing: "Freeze a jolly good fellow, Freeze a jolly good fellow." Then they kick him in the ice hole. You didn't really think I knew anything about penguins now did you?

REHASHING...

#1734 - The Bridge, Shoreham

Angel's rather belated 250th run and Bouncer's 20th anniversary of hashing run found us parking at various places all over Shoreham with just a handful making it across Norfolk Bridge to the recommended car park. However, as hare announced before the run, amongst those were Anne who had driven the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from home, and Wiggy who lives just $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away! Trail started along the riverside before cutting across the High Street to the bemusement of the locals. 1st check at the Church was quickly found down the new East Street precinct heading back to take the footbridge across and down to the Shieldsman, North Shields ferry now in residence amongst the houseboats. In theory the 2nd check here could only go back but the FRB's had other ideas and found an alley the hare hadn't spotted. Much frantic calling and pack was back on trail past the houseboats and on through the woods on the rec. Ignoring the teaser under the railway line to the airport, and the playground, trail led past the outdoor centre with several rejecting the low tide SCB, although Kit almost had 2nd thoughts. Next check was found just behind the hare who led pack over Norfolk Bridge, apart from Mudlark who pushed ahead only to be called back by Gomi when hare slipped down the steps past Ropetackle. We passed the walkers for a second time up the riverside where trail was literally on the shoreline. Angel then led the lame and lazy on a proper short-cut while Bouncer called pack back to the check they'd missed, carving ahead obliviously on the single mark. Across the horse field locals Wiggy and Anne both missed the style, and even the hare nearly missed the trail through the woods in the dark. Up the steps and round the field there was another tease, with the Downs, but On was called quickly down the hill and round to sip at chez Bouncer. The selection of beers, donuts, crisps, etc. despatched it was a quick jaunt straight back to the pub.

In the pub, Bunter was found appreciating the ales with son Ben, and Mudlark duly issued Angel with her 250th tankard, although comments were that it wasn't a big enough reward for putting up with Bouncer! Despite the most cohesive singing BH7 have yet managed, she was unable to finish the beer and tipped the remainder on her head, complaining to Nigel that he didn't have to put a whole pint in there. That was rich after all her grumbling when she only got a $\frac{1}{2}$ pint tankard for her 100th! Airman Bob was reflecting on the early days of BH7 when the likes of Ray Philips, Nick Cheyney and Bunter used to stand chatting in the car park stark bollock naked while he felt like Michelangelo's David with his less prominent tackle! Must've been the cold affecting you more mate! Another great hash...



DAVID IS TO BE RETURNED TO ITALY (THANKS Don)... A bit of cultural news for a welcome change.

After a two year loan to the United States, Michelangelo's David is being returned to Italy:

His Proud Sponsors:



#1736 - Ram, Firle

Apparently Spreads had tried to change venue but was foiled by loss of the sheet. R*n headed due west for a while before the long climb, then due east eventually to drop back down to the pub via a little wander around Firle place. A cunning lack of marks kept the FRB's under control as they managed to get the wrong route fairly frequently, and it took the hare to get us back down from the top when the path literally disappeared! Some SCB'ing FRB's did make it back early somehow which is why Wiggy got back to find his car had gone. Hare to the rescue and it was found elsewhere in the car park. His moaning that Bouncer had breached the trust cut no mustard when he later recounted stories of his drinking days with Oliver Reed in the pub, when someone's car ended up in a lake. Another great hash!

DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!

After being married for 40 years, I took a careful look at my wife one day and said "Forty years ago we had a cheap house, a junk car, slept on a sofa bed and watched a 10-inch black and white TV, but I got to sleep every night with a hot 23-year-old girl. Now I have a £500,000 home, a £35,000 car, a nice big bed and a large screen TV, and I'm sleeping with a 62-year-old woman. It seems to me that you're not holding up your side of things."

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a hot 23-year-old girl and she would make sure that I would once again be living in a cheap house, driving a junk car, sleeping on a sofa bed and watching a 10-inch black & white TV.

Sometimes you can reach a bit too far!



So when you find yourself over-extended and stuck in a situation that you can't get out of, there's something you should always remember.....



Not everyone who turns up..... Is there to help you!!!!

Tales from the rank...

A BOY and his date were parked on a back road some distance from town, doing what boys and girls do on back roads some distance from town, when the girl stopped the boy. "I really should have mentioned this earlier, but I'm actually a hooker and I charge £20 for sex." The boy reluctantly paid her, and they did the thing. After post coital cigarette, the boy sat in the driver's seat looking out the window.

"Why aren't we going anywhere?" asked the girl.

"Well, I should have mentioned this before, but I'm actually a taxi driver, and the fare back to town is £25."

Dear Sir,

I would like to report an incident which occurred to my new bar cellar man, Mr Jack Dawson.

As you well know, owing to the refurbishment of the Queens Head Public House after the recent fire, a great new deal of equipment has been installed. The tragic accident to Mr Dawson occurred during the tapping of the new type of barrel for the first time.

A brief description of the incident is as follows:-

The first thing he had to do was to see that the bung-hole was clear so that there would be no trouble in setting the cork hole and bung-hole on the same level. To achieve this, he bored an eye-hole near the cork-hole on about the same level as the bung-hole.

Unfortunately, there was a pot-hole near the manhole in the cellar floor, and in trying to drill the eyehole, he slipped and, instead of inserting the bung in the bung-hole, he drove the bung-hole up his arsehole. He was bending at the time, and the bung-hole went clean through his arsehole, and out through his ear-hole.

You will gather, as I am sure, that the poor chap was in something of a dilemma.

He could either put his arm in the cork-hole and draw the barrel through the bung-hole, or put his foot through his arm-hole, and pull the barrel through his arsehole.

He decided to do neither, but to cut a new hole near the cork-hole, which was blocking up his arsehole. The eye-hole, which you might term, the peep-hole, enabled him to see his ear-hole through his arsehole, but preventing him from tapping the barrel, because in putting his foot through his armhole, he caught his bollocks in the bung-hole. So, in desperation, he stuck a pipe in the cork-hole near the bung-hole, laid the barrel on the man-hole near the pothole, drove a wedge between his bollocks and the bung-hole, and pulled the barrel backwards through his arsehole.

Yours sincerely,

Sue Chandler (Landlady)

P.S. He was then able to tap the barrel with little or no inconvenience whatsoever.

THE



END

Your monthly round-up of the bad taste jokes on the text rounds:

- I woke up this morning at 8 and could smell something was wrong. I got downstairs and found the wife face down on the kitchen floor, not breathing! I panicked. I didn't know what to do. Then I remembered Wetherspoons serve breakfast until 11.30.
- An Englishman, a Scotsman, a Norwegian, a Latvian, a Turk, an Aussie, a Yank, an Egyptian, a Jap, a Mexican, a Spaniard, a Greek, a Russian, an Estonian, a German, an Italian, a Pole, a Lithuanian, a Swede, a Finn, an Israeli, a Romanian, a Bulgarian, a Serb, a Czech, a Brazilian, a Canadian, an Argentinian, a Korean and a Swiss man walked into a pub. The bouncer says "Sorry.. I can't let you in without a Thai".
- Man shagging 30 stone woman. He says "Can we have the light switched off?" She said "Why? Do you find me repulsive?" He said " No....it's burning my bum".
- News just in....There's female ref for the United v City match. Kick off has been put back an hour so she can park her car.
- I was going to tell the wife the latest rape joke but she said no, so I went ahead and told her anyway.
- Husband says to his wife "Do you fancy playing a rape game?". Wife says "No". Husband replies "That's the spirit!"
- Man: ily. Woman: Awww write the words in full they mean more when they're written properly. Man: Im leaving you
- I walked past a black kid sitting at a bus stop as I went into the bank. When I came out, he looked at me and said 'Any Change?' I said 'Nope, you're still black'
- I hate all this terrorist business. I used to love the days when you could look at an unattended bag on a train or bus and think to yourself I'm going to take that.
- Man in a hot air balloon is lost over Ireland . He looks down and sees a farmer in the fields and shouts to him Where am I? The Irish farmer looks back up and shouts back. "You're in that feckin basket."
- I had a Trivia competition won until the last question which I got wrong. The question was Where do women have the curliest hair?? The answer I should have given was Fiji.
- A German tourist jumped in and saved my dog. Upon getting back up on the bridge he checked the dog out and told me, "Zer dog is ok, and vill be fine" I asked if he was a vet?He replied, "Vet,..... I'm fucking soaked!"
- Japanese scientists have made a camera with a shutter speed so fast, they can photograph a woman with her mouth shut.
- A boy asks his granny, 'Have you seen my pills, they were labelled LSD?' Granny replies, f**k the pills, have you seen the dragons in the kitchen?!
- While in jail recently, George Michael was forced to give hand-jobs to his fellow inmates before making them hot chocolate. A single about his experience will be out shortly entitled "W*nk me off before your cocoa".
- I went to the doctors the other day. He told me I was paranoid. Well he didn't actually say that, but that's what the f*cker was thinking.
- A young Arab asks his father "What is this strange hat we are wearing?" "Why it's a 'chechia' because in the desert it protects our heads from the sun." "And what is this type of clothing we are wearing?" "It's a 'djbellah' because in eth desert it's very hot and it protects your body." "And what are these ugly shoes we have on our feet?" "These are 'babouches' which keep us from burning our feet when in the desert. Why do you ask?" "Why are we living in Wolverhampton?"
- I'm doing a charity gig tonight for people unable to achieve orgasm. Don't worry if you can't come.
- The wife asked me if she pleased me in bed. I said "yes, I especially like that trick you do with your mouth" "what trick?" she said. "The one where you shut the f*ck up and go to sleep."
- I hear Gadaffi has slipped in to Jordan. That dirty bitch will have anyone.
- I bumped in to an old mate today. He said "What are you up to these days?" I said "I prepare meals for the homeless, druggies, piss heads and down'n'outs." He said, "So you work in a charity drop-in centre?" I said, "No, I'm a chef at a Wetherspoons pub."



Lie to me, ladies