



# BOGGY SHOE



**The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers  
Trash #347 March 2025**

Find us on  facebook or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

Unless indicated, all r\*ns are on Mondays at 19.00pm and all directions/ timings are approximate starting from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction. Please adjust journey time accordingly from your location.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARE(S)
3rd March 2025	2403	George Payne, Hove	BN3 5HB	KnuSSSknacker [40 <sup>th</sup> birthday hash!]
<b>Directions:</b> West on A27 to next exit, then 3rd at roundabout King George VI Avenue. Down the hill and 2nd left, Nevill Road. Follow right round over mini roundabout to major traffic light junction. For pub - go straight across and under railway bridge, then 3rd right Montgomery Street. Take 6th right after 1/4 mile onto Kendal Avenue and pub on corner at the top. For parking - turn right at traffic lights, 3rd left, park and walk through foot tunnel at the bottom. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>				
10th March 2025	2404	Ladies Mile, Patcham	BN1 8RA	Tripsy Daisy & Ride-It, Baby
<b>Directions:</b> A23 south into Brighton. Just past Black Lion take half left on to Old London Road then left again Ladies Mile Road. Pub opposite on left at t-junction. <b>Est. 1 minute 37 seconds. Tripsy's 100<sup>th</sup> hash!</b>				
17th March 2025	2405	Fox on the Downs, Brighton	BN2 3EA	Bobble Chopper & Bonking Queen
<b>Directions:</b> South on A23 past Preston Park and round one-way system. Left at traffic lights Preston Circus, bear right but stay in left hand lane, then turn left over the top of the Level. At next set turn left but in right hand lane, then right up Elm Grove. Pub is on left at the top of the hill opposite Freshfield Road. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>				
24th March 2025	2406	Coaching Halt, Crawley	RH10 7NN	Little Swinger
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to Handcross. Right on B2110 and right again towards Turners Hill. After 3.5 miles turn left on B2036. Cross M23 and take 3rd exit at roundabout for pub. <b>Est. 25 mins.</b>				
31st March 2025	2407	Selden Arms, Worthing	BN11 2DB	Bathe-It, Daily
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west to Lancing. Left at roundabout on A2025 Grinstead Lane. Right at seafront on A259. After Brooklands park turn right on Brougham Road. Pub 1.5 miles on right. Street parking. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
<i>It's a super low tide special AND Bonking Queen's 100th hash.</i>				
7th April 2025	2408	White Hart, Henfield	BN5 9HP	Prince Crashpian
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				

#### **Receding Hareline:**

14/04/25 Green Man, Horsted Keynes – Keeps It Up & Wildbush  
21/04/25 Cock Inn, Wivelsfield – Shoots Off Early & Hot Fuzz  
28/04/25 Saddlescombe Farm – St. Bernard  
05/05/25 The Ruby, Coldean - Angel

#### **Upcoming CRAFT hashes:**

WORTHING TAP TAKEOVER 2025 - SAVE THE DATE: 25-27 APRIL

#### **Hashing around Sussex:**

CRAP UK H3 - r\*ns start at 11am – supporting OCH3:

02/03/25 Marquis of Granby, Hooley Lane, Redhill RH1 6ET - Shortplank

Hastings H3 - r\*ns start at 1066 (11.06am):

02/03/25 The Cinque Ports, 32 Cinque Ports Street, Rye TN31 7AN - 69 Virgins

EGH3 – r\*ns start at 10.45am:

09/03/25 Red Lion, Rusthall - Honky Tonk Woman and Rudolph the Reindeer

23/03/25 The Windmill, Littleworth - Chunderwoman and Chris

W&NK H3- r\*ns start at 11am:

16/03/25 Carpenters Arms, Tally Rd, Limpsfield Chart, Oxted RH8 0TG - Proxy

**Thought for the day:** I'm useless in the kitchen give me a tin of corned beef and a few spuds and I'd make a hash of it!

when you come home from  
the hash 4 hours late and  
she gives you this look





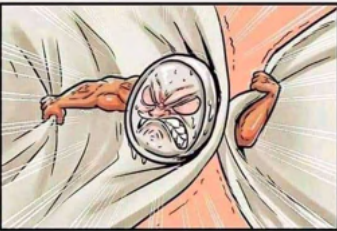


# Inside <sup>PAGE 3</sup> Today - Bouncer sees spots...



**Congratulations to my Nephew on his graduation. that's him on the left.**

Believe in yourself as much as this woman believes in her blouse buttons



**HERE'S A PICTURE OF MY WIFE IN HER NEW SUNGLASSES**

Wife: Are you still at Home Depot?  
Me: Yeah, just looking at things I want but can't afford.

**NEW TEST FOR SENIORS DRIV LICENSE RENEWAL...**



**How long did it take you to see her monkey**

**HER WHAT ?????  
Sorry, you failed.**

## WHAT DO YOU CALL YOUR BOOBS

1ST LETTER OF YOUR FIRST NAME

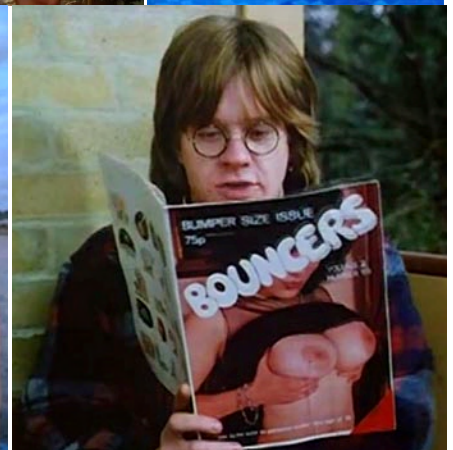
- A - SAGGY
- B - TINY
- C - BIG
- D - MASSIVE
- E - FLAT
- F - COLOSSAL
- G - JUICY
- H - LITTLE
- I - JUBBLY
- J - BOUNCY
- K - PERFECT
- L - BIG
- M - MODEST
- N - AMPLE
- O - SUPER
- P - MEGA
- Q - JOYFUL
- R - HEAVY
- S - MONSTER
- T - WHOPPING
- U - TREMENDOUS
- V - MINI
- W - CRAZY
- X - FAT
- Y - HUMBLE
- Z - BEAUTIFUL

1ST LETTER OF YOUR SURNAME

- A - EGGS
- B - BAPS
- C - PEARS
- D - BAD BOYS
- E - CHEST
- F - BREASTS
- G - UDDERS
- H - TREATS
- I - TWINS
- J - PUPPIES
- K - JUGS
- L - HOOTERS
- M - KNOCKERS
- N - MELONS
- O - MILKERS
- P - CANS
- Q - LADIES
- R - BUST
- S - BAZUKAS
- T - HAND FULL
- U - FUN BAGS
- V - COCONUTS
- W - BEE STINGS
- X - TATS
- Y - GIRLS
- Z - GRAPEFRUITS



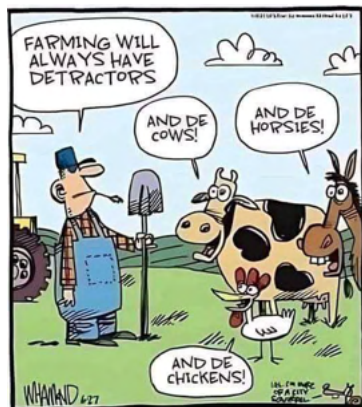
**Anyone else sick of this fucking rain?**





# REHASHING with Nasty Nips

**2399 - The Farmers, Scaynes Hill** - Well, no-one can say that On On Don hadn't pre-warned us that the hash would be shiggy-filled! A few recent spells of wetter weather meant that the mud was refreshed and even the walkers were not to be spared. The hash set off W down the path by the pub, over to and along Ham Ln turning S, turning back W at the check at Hooters Country Garage via the footpath adjacent to the road (which Ride It Baby had missed and instead ran off down the clearly marked Private Road). Trail followed through the woods, crossing Paul Ln and W to Slugwash Ln. A check here would see true trail S for 100m before another check taking trail around Dobsons Wood and N to Colwell Farm / A272. Check here would see the pack splitting three ways and eventually called on straight over when the back of the pack caught up. Footpath / trail followed N all the way to Lyoth Ln and another check, turning R (E) to Cowdrop Ln. With both left and right options offering about the same distance back to the pub, pack again split to check, with trail being L (NE) along to and over the B2111, taking the signposted footpath back off-road. Shiggy-galore in the final stretch as trail turned SE between Henfield Wood and Costells Wood and all the way to Church Rd and On Inn (S). Back at the pub, the hash would find themselves in a separate room, all the tables pushed together, and BQ standing in as RA. Commenting firstly on how it felt like 'speeches time at the wedding', BQ then went into detail about the mud and how it had differed today, offering 'lovely mud', 'splashy mud', 'waning mud', 'mud that takes your shoes off' (a reference to Tony The Albanian and losing a shoe on the walkers' route), and 'support your friend in need mud'. And so the hares would first be called up: On On Don, Pompette and Beat The Barman, with DDs to the "Grand Ol' Duke of York". Next up, also haring on-trail Nasty Nips and Little Swinger, with a note that they and Keeps It Up (now joining them) had also taken part in the Four Piers Marathon between Bognor Regis and Brighton on Sunday; charged with racism DD (of course) to "Get a life". Then, Ride It Baby for once again stripping before a fishhook; DD to "Little Flat Jessie". And finally, Tony The Albanian for his last regular hash with BH7 before heading off to Saudi Arabia, and for losing that shoe tonight (complete with a sock filled with mud), and also for not haring a single hash since joining us (earning some well-deserved boos); DD to "Seagulls". Details for next week's hash (The Old Boot, Seaford) were given, and the circle closed out. And so ended another fabulous hash.



your shoes off' (a reference to Tony The Albanian and losing a shoe on the walkers' route), and 'support your friend in need mud'. And so the hares would first be called up: On On Don, Pompette and Beat The Barman, with DDs to the "Grand Ol' Duke of York". Next up, also haring on-trail Nasty Nips and Little Swinger, with a note that they and Keeps It Up (now joining them) had also taken part in the Four Piers Marathon between Bognor Regis and Brighton on Sunday; charged with racism DD (of course) to "Get a life". Then, Ride It Baby for once again stripping before a fishhook; DD to "Little Flat Jessie". And finally, Tony The Albanian for his last regular hash with BH7 before heading off to Saudi Arabia, and for losing that shoe tonight (complete with a sock filled with mud), and also for not haring a single hash since joining us (earning some well-deserved boos); DD to "Seagulls". Details for next week's hash (The Old Boot, Seaford) were given, and the circle closed out. And so ended another fabulous hash.

*The Run from The Farmers was set today, with Simon "Beat the barman" joining me "On On Don" and "Pompette" to place plenty of marks, plus some Fish-hooks! Be warned ... there is plenty of wet ground, mud, and high quality shiggy to be discovered. Bring at least a change of footwear, possibly a complete outfit ... See you on Monday! On On, Don.*

**2400 - The Old Boot, Seaford** - Well, what a slippery and slidy hash that turned out to be! Delayed as ZZ Topless arrived late (still putting her shoes on as the hare finished up), Mudlark called On On out of the pub right (N) up Church St and through the church (when don't we run through church grounds if they're available?), taking the right hand path through the grounds, except for Keeps It Up who went left even after Ride It Baby and myself called 'On Right' several times. Trail continued (with KIU eventually) over to Broad St, Croft Ln and then S on East St and through the Bowling Club grounds all the way to Bainbridge Cl, S down Heathfield Rd then SE on Bramber Rd / Chyngton Rd and through the golf course and up to Seaford Head (along with two fishhooks, the first for 7 and the second for 67!). A check at the road from the Nature Reserve would find Oral Hooker checking right, Ride It Baby and myself checking down the trail opposite, and Keeps It Up going over the stile into the field. With RIB and myself calling On On, KIU looked for a place to cross the barbed wire but none would be available, and confusion reigned as no-one was following us... Eventually turning around and meeting Knightrider on the way back it transpired that we had found a pre-marked short cut the hare had mentioned he may use; we could either wait or retrace our steps, and so chose the latter and played catch up for the next mile or so; true trail had been left up towards the Nature Reserve. With KIU just in



front, RIB and myself watched as he once more made a bad choice of trail and proceeded through the building and around to the other side of the field he had earlier been stuck in, missing a marked stile back into that field. Trail continued all the way to the cliff edge path and W along the coastline. What would follow would be akin to a skating rink (where another final fishhook would find FRBs having quite a lengthy run to the back of the pack), claiming a number of hashers - how more didn't fall over is a surprise to many - and the downhill stretch proved particularly difficult to navigate down. Eventually, the pack would descent to the beach huts and sip stop manned by (Hash Gomi's) Naomi, complete with sausage rolls, stick bread and cheese spread, rum, and soft drinks (plus some rather salty Dutch Liquorice that several tried but none liked!). On Inn along the coast back up into Seaford Town Centre.

Back at the pub, it was noted that today was National Umbrella Day, and although it had not rained on the hash (although it had DEFINITELY rained before it) there was a smattering snow spotted on the hills, and (borrowing from BQ's comments the week before) tonight's mud had definitely been of the 'slippery' kind. Tonight's hash had definitely lived up to MUDlark's name... And so the hares (ML and Not So Fast) were called up with DD to "Here's To The Hares". Next up, the fallen tonight: (1) Bobble Chopper, for falling first and being covered all up his back and sending a picture to BQ on trail, (2) Oral Hooker, for saying she was surprised no-one had fallen over and then falling over mere minutes later, (3) Knightrider, for also being covered when he should have known better as co-hare, and (4) Psyyclepath for also succumbing to the mud. Joining them would be KIU for his not 1, not 2, but 3 navigational errors / poor choices on trail tonight; DDs for all to "You're Stupid". And finally, new boot Dylan, who hopefully had been watching. When asked the questions, it was deemed to be long enough, it was (hesitantly) hard enough, Peter Pansy had made him come, and he would come again; DD to "Meet The Hashers", but actual downing of the beer was a series of sips (and even a "What's this, it's rather nice?") leading to a few choice remarks from the crowd! And so, next week's hash details were relayed by me the hare - from The Cleveland Arms, Brighton. And so closed out the evening with a toast to the hash. Guess I'd better get planning that trail now...





# **Chipmonk's celebration of life party -**

## **The Red Lion, Betchworth - Tues 18th March from 2.00pm onwards**

Hello all,

Following Chipmonk's sudden death last Saturday, his son and daughter (Warren/Woz and Debs) and I have now fixed the date for a celebration of his life which we hope will be a fitting tribute to him and what he would have wanted.

To this end, we are not having a funeral, but instead a celebration of his life which will be loud, colourful, beery and full of bad jokes and happy memories!

It will take place on Tuesday 18th March from 2.00pm until people choose to leave the pub (so probably a long day!) at his favourite pub:-

**The Red Lion, Old Road, Betchworth RH3 7DS**

Here's other info:-

Please wear something bright & loud - the brighter the better! To paraphrase Henry T. Ford - you can have any colour you like, as long as it's NOT black!

There will be hot food provided (e.g. something like chilli or curry with rice & salad) - if you have any dietary requirements, please let me know.

There will be a tab on the bar until we've got to the limit of that, then its buy your own drinks

Parking - Marc (aka Spliff) the landlord feels there should be enough parking in the car park and local roads (and if it's dry underfoot) on the cricket pitch parking area. Please double up in cars if at all possible

If you have a tune you associate with Chipmonk, please let me know and we'll try and play it during the afternoon

If you would like to stay overnight, there are a limited number of bedrooms which cost £79 a room - please contact the pub to book. There is also Hartsfield Manor less than half a mile's staggering distance from the pub. Here's a link to hotels if the pub's rooms are all fully booked:- [Betchworth hotels](#)

If you'd like to give a donation in Chipmonk's memory, I have set up donation pages for:-

Dementia UK -please note you can untick the platform fee section if you wish to <https://www.justgiving.com/page/philippa-mack-1>

Alzheimer's Society <https://ronchipmonktozer.muchloved.com/>

Epsom Canine Rescue (where Eric and Leo came from) <https://www.justgiving.com/page/philippa-mack-2>

If you are able to do so, please gift aid your donation, so it makes more for the charity concerned.

Alternatively you can donation to any of these on the day of the celebration by cash or cheque

Most importantly, please let me know if you plan on coming, so we can make sure we have enough food!

P.S. Cliffbanger has put together a beautiful collection of Chipmonk photos which are on the Hastings website, so click on one of the links below to see them:

<http://www.hastingshhh.co.uk/> or [https://photos.google.com/share/AF1QipPhZv3dnv-hH2zdwkxxkPSSI6l-sv-zC\\_n-R-Zdi354xAaBXQA3z1aBTRQhEUuuhQ?pli=1&key=SVdtb0hZZ0w4cV9iWDJ0SGRSV1BVNW1GcU10VUx3](https://photos.google.com/share/AF1QipPhZv3dnv-hH2zdwkxxkPSSI6l-sv-zC_n-R-Zdi354xAaBXQA3z1aBTRQhEUuuhQ?pli=1&key=SVdtb0hZZ0w4cV9iWDJ0SGRSV1BVNW1GcU10VUx3)

Thank you Cliffbanger!

On on Layby xx [layby1@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:layby1@hotmail.co.uk)



**Ron 'Chipmonk' Tozer - 21 March 1942 to 22 February 2025**

# REHASHING with Nasty Nips

**#2401 - The Cleveland Arms, Brighton -** A Nasty Nips and Little Swinger team-up would find a complete contrast to the week before, with it noted that if anyone encountered mud they were most likely off trail! A pavement-heavy urban hash would find the BH7 crew headed out of the pub and straight through Blaker's Park before turning R (S) down Southdown Rd, over Standford Ave and onto Southdown Ave. First check would find trail continuing straight on to London Rd station and over the footbridge to Shaftesbury Rd, but not before FH#1 for 6. The check at the junction of Clyde Rd would then see Whose Shout nearly taken out by a Deliveroo moped driver as NN called On On down to the end of Shaftesbury, left over Ditchling Rd and down Rose Hill. Running around the top of the Level, trail would then turn up the hill at Southover St, with FH#2 (also for 6) encountered halfway up, and a giant check circle on the road around the roundabout. Two giant arrows later, trail would follow the road up the remainder of Southover St, then left on Queen's Park Rd before turning into Queen's Park at the Pepper Pot and down Tower Rd, straight over onto the footpath and anticlockwise around the paths in the northern half of the park, out via the 'No Dogs' area (clearly ignored for Nincompooch, and where Gomi would run into the overhanging branches of a tree); out at Evelyn Terrace. Turning S on Freshfield Rd, trail would continue all the way down to the A259. R (W) along the A259 would then find the pack crossing at the next lights, and down to the seafront via the ramps of Madeira Terrace; an offered SCB, down the steps, would not be taken up by anyone (although contemplated by Bobble Chopper). FH#3 (again for 6) would greet FRB's before the front of Palace Pier, then over around by The Royal Albion and to The Old Steine. A check at the bottom of North St (Castle Sq) would find Jaws exclaiming 'we have to go through Pavilion Gardens' and an assembly of hashers gathered the other sides of the crossing; eventually, On On was called by the hares straight over, passing the bus stops of Old Steine, following the road around N of Pavilion Gardens with another check at the bottom of Church St. Again thrown for six and hashers gathered on the other side of Church St, hares called On On back over the road into Valley Gardens and N all the way to St Peters Church where FH#4 would again welcome the first 6 FRBs. Straight up and onto Ditchling Rd, another FH (for 6) would be



added in front of FRB's Peter Pansy and Oral Hooker by the Open Market before turning down Baker St / Kingsbury Rd / Rose Hill Terrace. A final check at Preston Circus would find Whose Shout following false trail up Preston Rd when true trail lay up Beaconsfield Rd with a final FH (this time for 8) before On Inn up Beaconsfield Villas / Lucerne Rd.

At the pub, Bonking Queen (and Nincompooh) would RA, calling up first the hares with DD's to "Here's to the Hares". The evening would then be a 'Persecution of the Pensioners', or perhaps just those that required more assistance. And on that note, Gomi would be called up for running into the tree and Whose Shout for nearly being taken out by that moped; DDs to "Why were they born so beautiful?". Next up, BQ's own hero / Cornish Pirate (aka Mudlark) for taking a FH for her; as the driver tonight, Gomi was nominated with swift DD to "10,9,8". And lastly (owing to one last DD remaining) Shirker Ninezing was nominated for not doing anything wrong at all; DD to "He's Alright". Next week's hash details were relayed - The Horse, Hurstspeirpoint - where it was noted by Gomi that that was the pub with the pennies on the tables and we should all bring a screwdriver! And so, before any additional crimes could be suggested, the evening was closed out with a toast to the hash.

**Me: Please bring me a screwdriver. Wife: Flat head, Phillips or Vodka? *And that was when I knew she was the one...***

**ononononononononononononononononon**

**2402 - The Horse Inn Hurst, Hurtstpierpoint** - With a left out of the pub and then straight down Policeman's Lane, the first check would greet the pack within moments of setting off; true trail was through the gate onto the left fork and following the footpath S all the way to Bullfinch Ln, complete with fishhook and another check. Trail continued S to a junction of footpaths, trail turning E, over the B2117 and an impromptu regroup before trail continued E, turning SE just before and then onto New Way Ln. Check here would see Blue Bell End stating "it can't be right as that's a 6-mile detour" and find myself, Little Swinger and Lily The Pink checking N, with On On called not by us FRBs but rather by Blue Bell End a short way behind us. However, confusion would reign at Randiddle Cl as none of the FRBs were convinced the call was correct but all the pack and even hare Psyyclepath were coming up the road... A quick cons



even here Psyche path were coming up the road... A quick consult to the map (provided to me by Beat The Barman) revealed that true trail had in fact been S, and so the oncoming hashers were all turned around and led back down New Way Ln (with BBE pointing out some dubious tissue on the floor that he had decided to call 'On On' based on). Trail was picked up turning E just after Bearstake, with a check on the gate and complete with fishhook-returning Mudlark and Private Dancer (who had obviously checked S on New Way Ln to begin with) coming back down the hill. Trail continued N around the wood and up to over the B2116 (Wickham Hill / Hurst Rd) and straight up Belmont Ln, turning back W at the end through the footpath to College Ln. No visible check here caused more confusion as marks had been found S but trail was actually N along the road before turning W again following the footpath over St Georges Ln and to Trinity Rd. A missed turn here found the whole pack running along Trinity Rd, S on Cuckfield Rd and W on High St and On Inn, but true trail had in fact been intended to take the footpath and steps between Trinity Rd and High St. Oh well, close enough!

Back at the pub, hares Beat The Barman, Psyclepath and On On Don were all called up. A number of comments were given about the hash, including inconsistent marks, no marks and too much mud... You just can't win sometimes! DDs to "Here's to the Hare". Next up, BBE and Psyclepath (nominating OOD) for the error at New Way Ln, and Beat The Barman again for the missing check at College Ln; DDs for all to "You're Stupid". And finally, Knighttrider for having dirt all up his jacket where he had clearly fallen over; rather confused, he admitted that it was from two weeks ago and he just hadn't cleaned his jacket! DD to "10,9,8". Detail for next week's hash - The George Payne, Hove - were given by Lily, with a note to all that Hove and Aldrington stations are walkable, or free parking is available the other side of the railway line on Amherst Crescent. And so, with that done, the evening was closed with a toast to the hash.



## In celebration of St. David's Day...

I was in Wales today and passed a farm stall selling fresh fruit and veg. I stopped and, on closer inspection, noticed they were also selling paracetamol, cough mixture and plasters. I asked the guy why he was selling those as well. He replied "I'm a farmer see.."



'Ow Dai, what 'ou doin'. Shreiked Mrs Jones.  
'Sitting here by the fire, warming my bones'.  
'Come help with the dishes', I'll wash and you dry.  
'I'll do it now, in a minute'. Came back the reply.  
Dai and his wife are from beautiful Wales.  
Where people eat cockles. (They're a bit like sea snails).  
If there's something they don't like, they'll say 'ych a fi'.  
What that really means is 'it's not quite for me'.  
Where chopsys means cheeky, and 'tidy' means great.  
Lush means it's lovely as tamping's irate  
Who's coat is that jacket? Over by there.  
These sayings are endless. They are to be fair.  
Dai puts his daps on, to run down the shop.  
He buys laverbread, leeks and a bottle of pop.  
Welsh cakes, Welsh rarebit and lamb cawl are all eaten.  
And Mamgu's bara brith recipe cannot be beaten.  
Above all in Wales, whether feminine or butch.  
There's one thing we all love and that is a cwtch.

Either a sheep minding its own business by a lake or a MASSIVE sheep in South Wales



I choked on a gobstopper once, and came up with a name for a Welsh village.

In Wales, at the entrance of each town, they give you the WIFI password.



An English politician was giving a speech in Wales. "I was born an Englishman, I have been an Englishman all my life, and I will die an Englishman!" he declared. "What's wrong, man," exclaimed a voice from the crowd, "Have you no ambition?"

**OWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOW**

## Agony Aunt Letter

Dear Claire

I am a sailor in the merchant navy. My parents live in Manchester and one of my sisters, she lives in Glasgow, is married to a Rangers supporter. My Father and Mother have recently been arrested for growing and selling Marijuana and are currently dependent on my two sisters, who are prostitutes. I have two brothers, one who is currently serving a non-parole life sentence in Wormwood Scrubs for the rape & murder of a teenage boy in 1994, the other currently being held in Maidstone on remand centre on charges of incest with his three children. I have recently become engaged to marry a former Thai prostitute who indeed is still a part time working girl" in a brothel, however, her time there is limited as she has recently been infected with an STD. We intend to marry as soon as possible and are currently looking into the possibility of opening our own brothel with fiancée utilizing her knowledge of the industry working as the manager. I am hoping my two sisters would be interested in joining our team. Although I would prefer them not to prostitute themselves, it would at least get them off the streets and hopefully the heroin. My problem is this: I love my fiancée and look forward to bringing her into the family and of course I want to be totally honest with her. Should I tell her about my other brother-in-law being Welsh?

Gavin, London

Why coloring things the right color is important 🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪



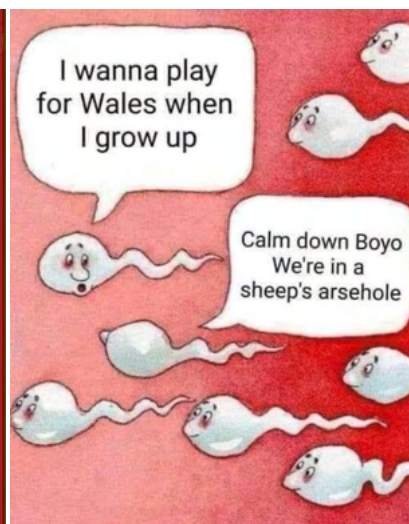
## WHAT'S YOUR WELSH NAME?

**WHAT MONTH WERE YOU BORN IN?**

Jan - Sheep	May - Sheep	Sep - Sheep
Feb - Sheep	Jun - Sheep	Oct - Sheep
Mar - Sheep	Jul - Sheep	Nov - Sheep
Apr - Sheep	Aug - Sheep	Dec - Sheep

**WHAT DAY WERE YOU BORN IN?**

01	-	Shagger	11	-	Shagger	21	-	Shagger
02	-	Shagger	12	-	Shagger	22	-	Shagger
03	-	Shagger	13	-	Shagger	23	-	Shagger
04	-	Shagger	14	-	Shagger	24	-	Shagger
05	-	Shagger	15	-	Shagger	25	-	Shagger
06	-	Shagger	16	-	Shagger	26	-	Shagger
07	-	Shagger	17	-	Shagger	27	-	Shagger
08	-	Shagger	18	-	Shagger	28	-	Shagger
09	-	Shagger	19	-	Shagger	29	-	Shagger
10	-	Shagger	20	-	Shagger	30	-	Shagger
						31	-	Shagger



What do you call a Welsh farmer with a sheep under each arm? A Pimp.



## Bouncer & Angel's Antipodean hashing odyssey...

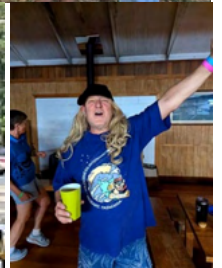
Before you were getting muddy on Monday at the Farmers hash, we were running Rotorua hash 13 hours ahead, celebrating the Maori Waitangi day with Maori grub from a sheep shed!



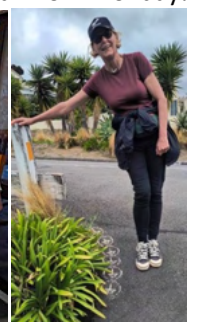
Our long trip is effectively bookended by New Zealand Nash hash at the beginning of February, concluding at the end of March with Australian Nash Hash, with visits to whatever other chapters we can manage on the way. The former started for us with the Fat Catz pre-lube in Paeroa, a small town on the Hauraki rail trail famous for its spring water and New Zealand's national drink L&P. The Fat Catz is centred around pies, beer, and reacquainting with old friends and making new ones, and consists of a very short walk to the nearest pub, usually without even a trail! Xerox was supposedly hare but delegated to Pine Cone who broke all the rules by marking and even adding a check! Myself, Angel, Stiffy and Sweat Monster decided 300 metres was too short and one pub not enough so doubled it by incorporating the Ohinemuri club.



Moving on to Y Camp Adair on Friday, after catching up with old friends from Milton Keynes H3 (One Loos Le Trek, Taxi 69 and Carpet Burns), Recycled Virgin had us doing a Wellington Thirsty Thursday hash round the assault course. The Saturday medium trail was a short coach trip to the stunning Hunua falls and a hilly A2B 10km back to base through woods and via a dam. The final descent over 400 steps led to a blow up pub followed by a water slide. Brilliant fun, followed by drinking boat races, in which the UK team did well making the semis (obviously without my plodding contribution!), and the inevitable down down competitions.



Sunday was voting day for the next NZ chairman and NH venue, and the evening a survivors bonus night with music from the hash pop-up band featuring several folk on guitars, augmented by a percussion section hitting anything they could, wonderful stuff. Moving on we stayed with One Loos and Blitzen, who have lived in NZ for years, stumbling upon the Napier H3 trail from Monday!





## Bouncer & Angel's Antipodean hashing odyssey...

Moving on to South Island, we spent a couple of non-hash nights in Christchurch before heading to Oamaru. After a look at the Victorian old town and the steampunk HQ, we were in the Happy Bay park with its quirky penny farthing where disaster struck as I put my feet down to try and stop a bucket swing. My left foot buckled and got trapped underneath bending the wrong way. A visit to Dunedin hospital confirmed a spiral fracture of the fibula, meriting a plaster cast, and the end of my hash running on this trip. At least Angel managed to join the Monday Dunedin hash for a gentle jog finishing with a pot luck meal at the hares house, and RV had arranged for us to stay with lovely American hashers Tastes Like Sh!t and Cums on the Ceiling, whose unquestionable generosity had us turving them out of their own bedroom for two nights as we stayed on to join the Ōtepoti Hash on Tuesday. A small but enthusiastic pack set off on a nice country trail while the hare Muff Diver took me to the sip stop, then on to the circle up on the stunning Ross Creek Reservoir, the evening concluding with beer and snacks in a local bar.



After a bit of touring, and the sad news about Chipmonk, we returned to Christchurch the following Monday arriving in time for Angel to co-hare the hash in the Port Hills. Once again, the hare, Daggy, whizzed me around a couple of sips, before an excellent home-grown al fresco nosh where one of 3 visiting hashers from Newcastle H3 knew Shoreham well and her aunt used to entertain our boys at a tots and tunes session! Unfortunately, after a night at Daggy's, our schedule meant we couldn't join Garden City hash on Tuesday so, after changing to a fibre glass cast at Christchurch Orthopaedic, it was on on to Nelson.



Our hosts for the next few nights were Mini Ha Ha (who some may remember from her great contribution to the EastbourneO weekend in 2010) and Mudguard, and on our first evening we joined Nelson hashes 1800<sup>th</sup> from Mimi's house, which led to a merry evening. Angel was a little disappointed as the hash was a short run to a local pub and back, but there was cake!



*With Masterbaker, Sierra Hornie, Mimi, Mini-Ha-Ha & Mudguard*

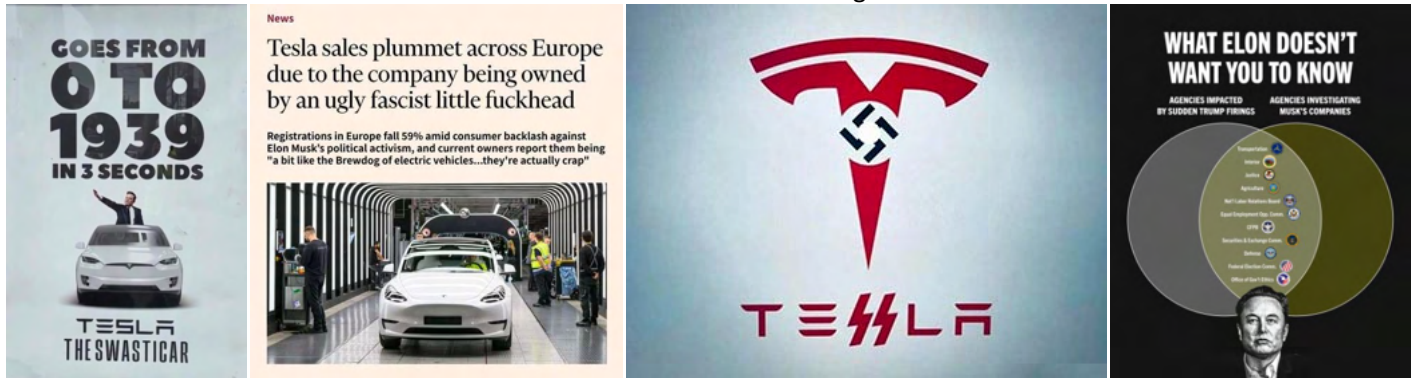
We had originally planned to move to Wellington on Friday, then on to Tasmania. We'd been registered for Interhash there in 2000 but sold our rego's when Angel became pregnant, so were looking forward to staying with Beat the Barman's brother Tim, hashing with Hobart, Devonport and Launceston chapters, as well as lots of walking, but had to make the difficult decision to cancel that trip and remain under NZ healthcare, and Mini & Muds kindly offered to host us for a few extra days and show us around.

Another big part of our trip involved parkruns, and we'd already completed East Coast Park Singapore on the 1<sup>st</sup>; Southern Path during NZNH; Hagley Park, Christchurch; and Queenstown (Angel running while they plonked me at a turnaround close to our hotel). In addition to the official events, we visited several more as Freedom runs - Puarenga in Rotorua (amazing hot springs on the course) and Lake Taupo (nice out and back lakeside), while Angel went solo at Dunedin; Alexandra; Wanaka; and Halswell Quarry.

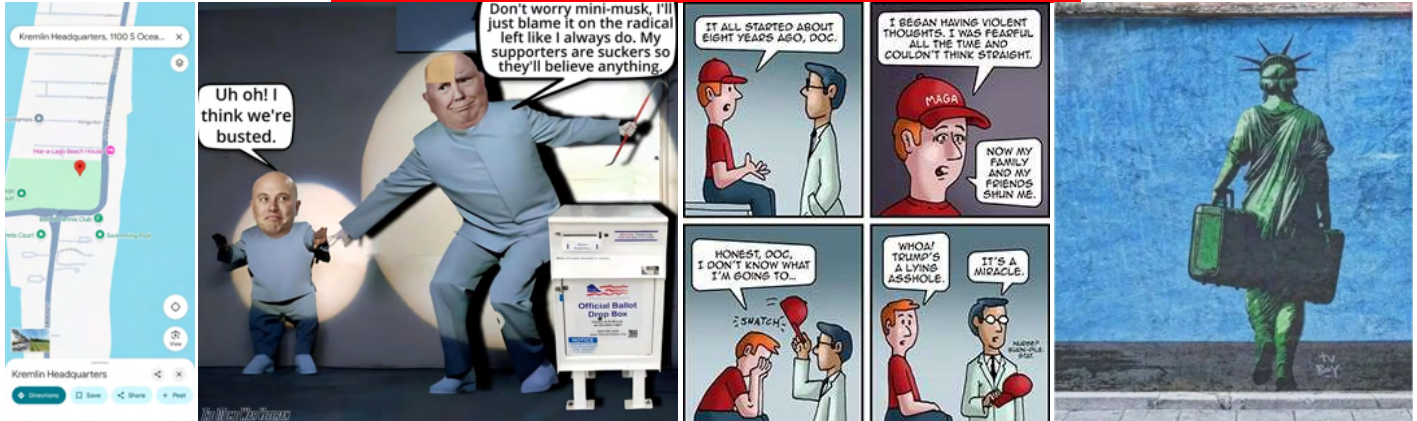


# IN THE NEWS

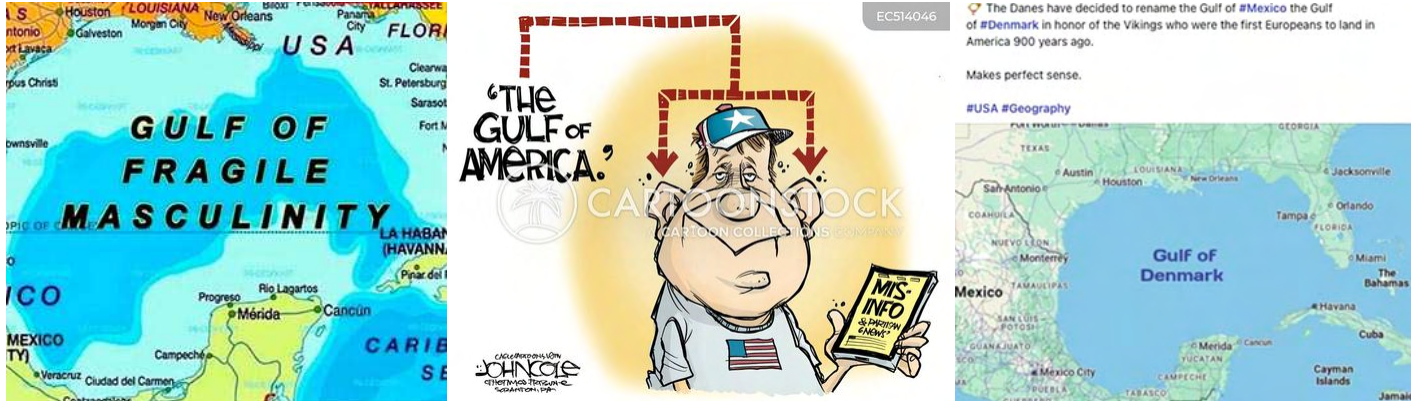
Musk fallout accelerates after his self-serving DOGE disaster:



**You can't fix stupid, but you can sell it a MAGA hat.**



Suppose you were an idiot . . . And suppose you were a member of Congress . . . But I repeat myself. Mark Twain



For the first time in history you can simply post, "He's an idiot", and 90% of the World will know whom you're talking about.

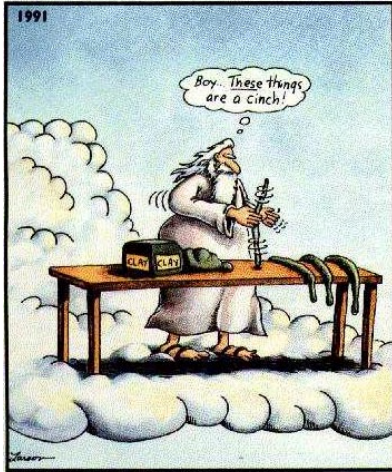


A British doctor says: "In Britain, medicine is so advanced that we cut off a man's liver, put it in another man, and in 6 weeks, he is looking for a job." The German doctor says: "That's nothing. In Germany, we took part of a brain, put it in another man, and in 4 weeks he is looking for a job." The Russian doctor says: "Gentlemen, we took half a heart from a man, put it in another man, and in 2 weeks he is looking for a job." The American doctor laughs: "You are all behind us. A few years ago we took a man with no brain, no heart, and no liver and made him President. Now, the whole country is looking for a job!"

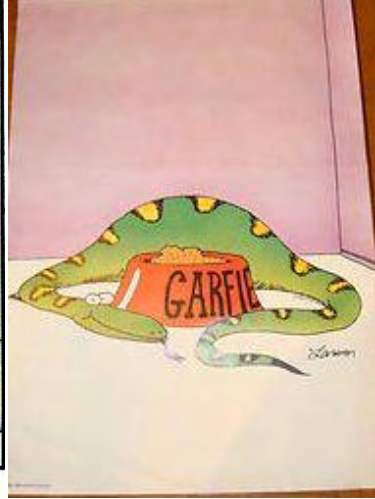


# Chinese New Year 2025 – Year of the Snake:

A snake slithers into a bar and the bartender says, "I'm sorry but I can't serve you." "Why not?" asks the snake. The bartender says, "Because you can't hold your liquor..."



God makes the snake



- What do you call a snake that works for the government? A civil serpent
- This girl sometimes swaps out her bra for her huge pet snake to cover her breasts. It's a cobra.
- What's a snake's favourite subject in class? A: Hissssstory.
- What kind of snakes are found on cars? Windscreen vipers

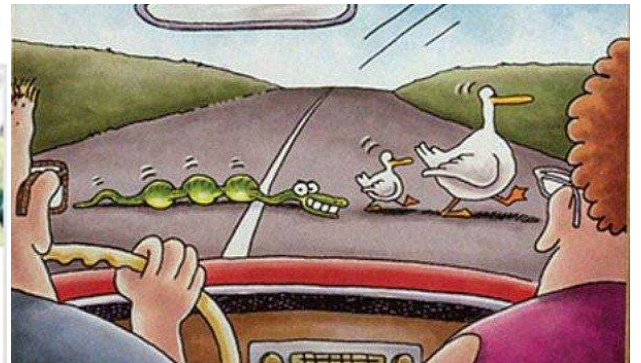


I don't understand how a snake even begins to organise a trip like that.

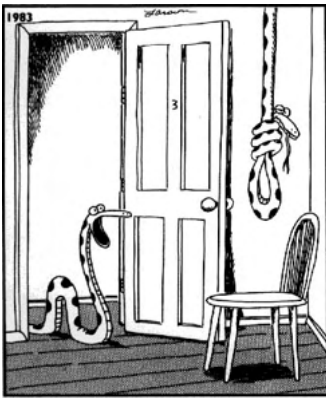


Entertainment

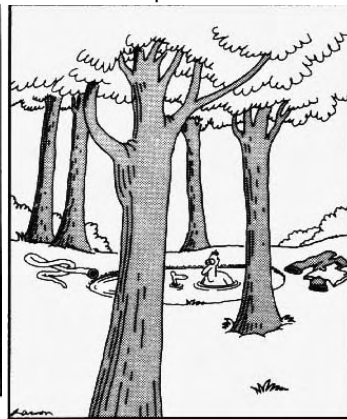
Lindsay Lohan bitten by snake on holiday in Thailand



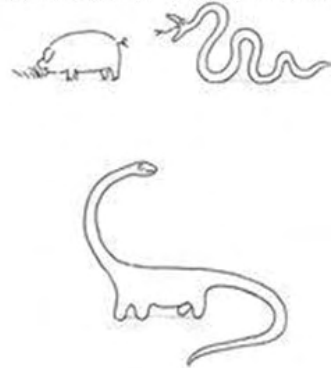
**Did you know?** During a sea battle in the third century BC, the Carthaginians defeated the Romans by catapulting earthenware pots full of poisonous snakes onto the decks of their ships.



"Oh no, Elliott! Why? ... Why? ..."



Evolution of the dinosaur



When my Doctor asked me if I led an active life I told him about my day: "Well, yesterday afternoon, I waded across the edge of a deep lake; Barely escaped from a wild feral 'Razor-Back' Pig in the thick bush; Marched along a treacherous track up and down a mountain with false crests; Stood in a patch of itchy, poison bush; Crawled out of a pit of quicksand; And then barely escaped jumping away from an aggressive King-Brown snake." Inspired by my story, the Doctor said: "You must be an awesome outdoorsman!" "No," I replied: "I'm just a shit golfer."





# THE END

