



# BOGGY SHOE



**The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers  
Trash #358 February 2026**

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	HARES
2nd February 2026	2451	Stand Up Inn, Lindfield	RH16 2HN	On On Don & Beat the Barman
<b>Directions:</b> Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. First left after pond for village car park. Pub slightly further up. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
9th February 2026	2452	The Black Swan, Pease Pottage	RH11 9AJ	Little Swinger
<b>Directions:</b> North on A23. Leave just as road becomes M23 and take last exit of roundabout. Follow round into Pease Pottage and pub is opposite just over bridge. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
16th February 2026	2453	The Long Man, Wilmington	BN26 5SQ	Mudlark
<b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 east and take 2nd right past Alfriston roundabout. <b>Est. 25 minutes..</b>				
23rd February 2026	2454	The Cleveland, Brighton	BN1 6FF	Nasty Nips
<b>Directions:</b> From Patcham head south 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 Drive. Cleveland Road is 6th right by Blakers park. <b>Est. 5 mins. Nearest parking is on Surrendon Road or Preston Drive below Harrington Villas. Allow an extra 10 minutes to walk up.</b>				
2nd March 2026	2455	The Plough, Pyecombe	BN45 7FN	Tripsy Daisy & Shirker Ninezing
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north. Off at first exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. <b>Est. 5 mins.</b>				

### Receding Hareline:

- 09/03/26 2456 Half Moon, Plumpton – Private Dancer & Oral Hooker
- 16/03/26 2457 The Sportsman, Withdean - Fukarwe
- 23/03/26 2458 The Railway, Burgess Hill – Shoots Off Early & Hot Fuzz
- 30/03/26 2459 The Anchor, Storrington – Bouncer, Angel & Malibog
- 06/04/26 2460 Beech Hurst Harvester, Haywards Heath - Psychlepath

### Upcoming CRAFT hashes:

WORTHING TAP TAKEOVER 2026 - SAVE THE DATE: 10 – 12 April

### Hashing around Sussex (Sunday unless stated):

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

01/02/26 Off Breezehurst Drive, Bewbush RH11 6EN – Sticky Balls

On Inn: The Black Swan, Pease Pottage RH11 9AJ

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

01/02/26 Grand Burstin Hotel, Folkestone - 69 Virgins to Paradise

Joint Barnes H3. 11 am start.

East Grinstead H3 – r-ns start at 10.45am:

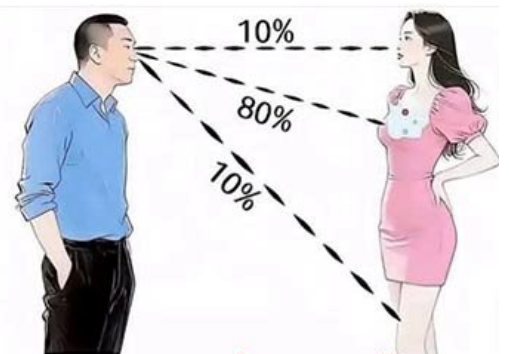
08/02/26 Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield RH17 5DW – Fiddler on the Hash & OITE

22/02/26 New Inn, Hadlow Down TN22 4HY – Lampy & Stefan

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

15/02/26 Carpenters Arms, Limpsfield Chart RH8 0TG– Pheel the Greek

**Thought for the day:** At breakfast this morning, my other half said she's leaving me because of my obsession with Twitter. I nearly choked on my #Brown!!



**HAPPY HASHY  
VALENTINES DAY!**



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

**DIARY DATES – see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:**

- 13/03/2026 Friday 13<sup>th</sup> LVIII hash – The Victoria, Bermondsey SE1 4HL
- 08-10/05/2026 Interhash Yogyakarta, Indonesia  
<https://interhash2026.com/>
- 12-14/06/2026 Interscandi Hash, Oslo, Norway
- 04-06/09/2026 German Nash Hash – Sembach H3
- 05-07/02/2027 New Zealand Nash Hash Wellington
- 13-15/08/2027 Eurohash, Romania
- 27-30/08/2027 UK Nash Hash, Tiverton, Devon
- 19-22/05/2028 Interhash Kenya bid

It's a busy time for hashing with several great events coming up. The 2<sup>nd</sup> of three Friday 13<sup>th</sup> meets this year will be in Bermondsey. Then London H3 are having an Easter Parade as part of their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebrations. More events will be popping up later in the year. And last but by no means least, in July Cock Burns is organising a camping weekend in our backyard at Washington, under the Chichester hash banner but full invite to BH7.

*Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:*

GM	Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle
	Andy 'Shirker Ninezing' Pumphrey
Hare Raiser	Nigel 'Mudlark' Wilce
Subs /Beer	Gabrielle 'Angel' Biggins
RA's	Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle
	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash Cash	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
Hash Trash	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Haberhash	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland
	Jasmine 'Little Swinger' Anderson
Hash Horn	Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer
SDW relay	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
Hashtorian	David 'Spreadsheet' Evans
Christmas Hash	Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt
Hash awards	Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle



## ARCTIC CONDITIONS CAUSE SEVERE SHRINKAGE AT THE BAW LOCHS

Following several nights of brutally cold temperatures, officials have confirmed that The Baw Lochs have experienced significant shrinkage. Once broad, full and proudly on display, the lochs have noticeably tightened up, drawing inwards and sitting much closer to the surrounding land than usual. Experts insist this is a completely normal reaction to the cold and have urged the public not to stare, point, or make comments.

Recent aerial images show the lochs appearing firmer, smoother, and far less relaxed than earlier in the season. Locals have reassured visitors that "they're normally much bigger than this" and that cold conditions can make even the grandest lochs retreat a wee bit.

A spokesperson for Scottish Waters explained:

"This isn't permanent. The Baw Lochs are simply protecting themselves. Once temperatures rise, they'll drop back down and fill out again."

Due to the lochs now being fully frozen, authorities have issued a clear warning:

- Do not go out onto the ice
- Do not poke, prod, test, tap, jiggle or otherwise fiddle with the Baw Lochs in any way.

Drivers using the scenic route have reported increased tension, describing the drive as "uncomfortably tight" in places, with very little room for error. Authorities advise steady handling, no sudden jerks, and taking your time around the curves.

Despite the ice forming across the surface, officials have warned against stepping onto the lochs, stating that "just because it looks hard doesn't mean it can support your weight."

Residents are also asked to refrain from jokes about size during this period, as history shows that when conditions improve, The Baw Lochs tend to rebound impressively, often larger, looser, and more confident than before.

Until then, Scotland is reminded:

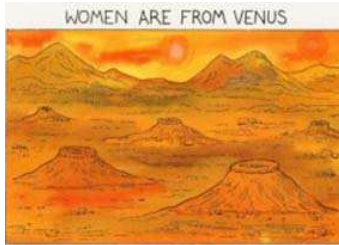
Cold weather affects everyone,  
Some parts just take it harder.

The photo clearly shows the difference between the Baw Lochs in the summer months versus winter, proving once and for all that temperature makes a bigger difference than people care to admit.





# BESTIE ON ROMANCE



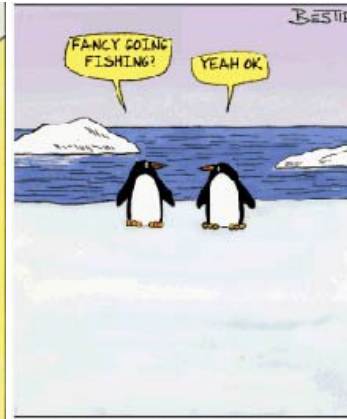
WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS



MEN ARE FROM MARS!



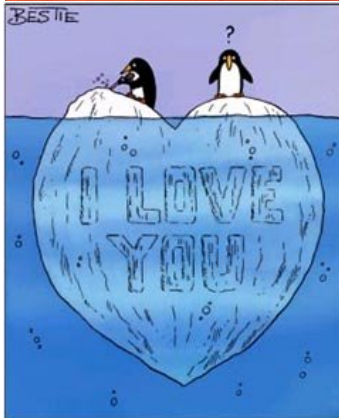
HE KNEW WHAT TO SAY TO TURN HER ON AND SHE KNEW WHICH BUTTONS TO PRESS



JAKE'S 'HOW TO ASK SOMEONE OUT' BOOK PROVED TO BE A GOOD INVESTMENT.



HE WASN'T SURE WHETHER TO SHOW HER HOW MUCH HE WANTED HER, OR KEEP IT UNDER HIS HAT.



SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO LOOK BELOW THE SURFACE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT SOMEONE'S TRYING TO SAY.



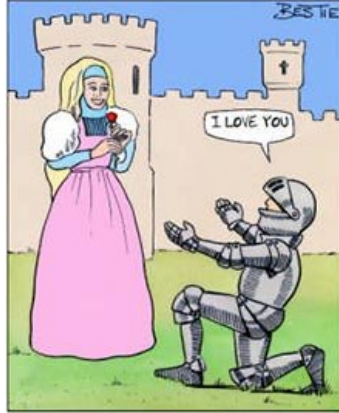
WHAT HE LOVED MOST ABOUT HER WAS HER SENSE OF HUMOUR.



CLOUDS ARE NEVER LONELY IN THE LAKE DISTRICT MATE



THE DAY MIKE & SUE SPENT IN THE COUNTRYSIDE LEFT A DEEP LOVING IMPRESSION



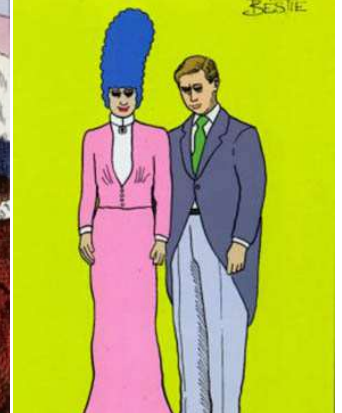
LANCELOT HAD TO BE 'WELL OILED' BEFORE HE COULD PROPERLY EXPRESS HIS EMOTIONS



PETE HOPED IT WOULD BE FRENCH!



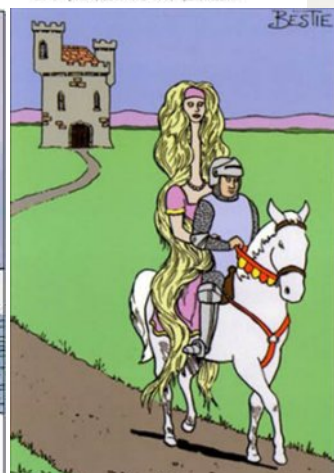
CYRANO DE BERGERAC COULDN'T DISGUISE HIS LOVE FOR ROXANNE ANY LONGER



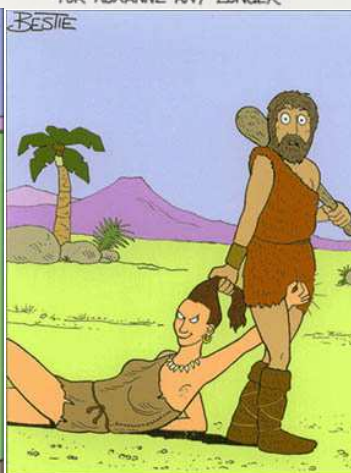
EDWARD AND MRS SIMPSON



PETE WAS A ROMANTIC FOOL BUT HE WASN'T STUPID



RAPUNZEL'S ESCAPE PLAN HAD ONE MINOR DRAWBACK



YEARS BEFORE MAN INVENTED THE WHEEL, A WOMAN HAD INVENTED THE HANDBRAKE



GONE WITH THE WINDFALL

• Why didn't Cupid shoot his arrow at the lawyer's heart? Because even Cupid can't hit a target that small!



# How to pamper a president:

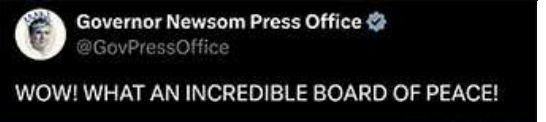
FIFA president Gianni Infantino started it by presenting Trump (smarting from not receiving the Nobel Peace Prize he so lusted after) with the new FIFA Peace prize (described as a prop from "Night of the Living Dead", and a bauble to keep him happy in light of the upcoming World Cup in the USA), is akin to the world's most historically corrupt sports body giving a trophy to one of the world's most corrupt leaders. But then real Noble winner, Venezuela's María Corina Machado, goes and presents her medal to him! The address for those surplus hash & running medals is 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW, Washington, DC USA.



Send your used unwanted awards to the White House...



Moses gives Trump the Ten Commandments



# REHASHING III – Everyone becomes a wee bit Scottish



**#2450 White Hart, Henfield – Burns hash:** On nights like this the hash itself is almost incidental to what comes after but arriving at the pub, we learned that Scottie Pat had experienced a trying week so On On Don hadn't prepared her or himself for the addresses. Ride-It, Baby quickly stepped up to do the lassies response, as Prince Crashpian led us outside for a number of awful Scottish jokes before sending us off to the first check on Furners Lane. Trail was north on London Road and through a couple more checks to a footpath on the left for PC's sales pitch for the forthcoming new builds and the first mud of the evening. Fiddling round the Deer Park estate, real mud was then encountered after the sports field as we crossed the Downs Link heading west then south towards Stonepit Lane. PC's sweeper co-hare Slash Gordon had been keeping me company at the rear until now but, realising RiB needed something to respond to, I persuaded Bathe-It, Daily to take on the Address to the Lassies, and he set about the task with gusto and Google mid-run! A 2<sup>nd</sup> FH was met here, but not much action taking place with age and infirmity drop outs, leaving myself to drag Fukarwe back to SG. And on we went, West End Lane (some debate about station or Upper Station Road!), Lawyers Lane (I missed the joke with Rebels query here!),

Hollands Lane and even shiggier shiggy, before we hit solid ground again on Lower Station Road. Gromit was very excited about Grommets, actually late hasher Sid Wells business now being run by his daughter Jo. The inevitable twittens led us to the inevitable and excellent whisky (or Harveys) stop with some very nice flapjacks and shortbread before the on inn along Church Street.



Chalk talk



The sip



BiD's Killifter



Racial appropriation with See You Jimmy hats

As we settled with brimming cups, PC continued the bad jokes revealing that they'd been pinched from his panto\*, and Rebel WHK recited a hash/ Scottish effort he'd squeezed out of ChatGPT after a lot of prompting, encouragement and rejecting of 30 or so rubbish efforts:

*Here's tae the Hash — ill-bred an' loud, Aff trail, aff pace, but alwa' proud;  
We sweat, we swear, we drink too fast, An' still crawl hame — no' first, but last.  
The hills are bare, the glens are wide, The heather parts with gentle pride;  
What enters there needs nae debate — For Scotland seldom shuts the gate.*

PC then introduced Scottie Pat who gave us the Selkirk Grace, following which I informed the room that (as of St. Andrews Day 30<sup>th</sup> November 2025) the Scottish dialect has now been officially recognised as a language in its own right, and so a book of translations was available for anyone struggling to comprehend the broader accents present this evening. Slash Gordon on the accordion played in the haggis to "Highland Laddie" before toasting chef Lorna who gamely necked a dram. This was followed with the traditional address by SG slashing as only he knows how, assisted by Beat the Barman and Local Knowledge in cameo roles (check out Whose Shout's videos on Facebook!). As the food was brought out PC then gave a Trump twist on the old Burns Unit joke from #58\* and: "There was a man whose name was Lang/ And he had a neon sign/ Now Mr. Lang was pretty old/ So they called it Old Lang's Sign"



\* so sad to learn that my Scottish pal Gavin passed away from heartburn after eating too much haggis. I can't believe Gavisgon.  
Donald Trump is being shown around a hospital. Towards the end of his visit, he is shown into a ward with a number of people with no obvious signs of injury. He goes to greet the first and the chap replies: "FAIR fa' your honest sonsie face, Great chieftain e' the puddin' race! Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairm: Weel are ye wordy o' a grace, As lang's my arm."  
Somewhat confused, he moves on to the next patient and greets him. He replies: "Some hae meat and canna eat, And some wad eat that want it, But we hae meat and we can eat, And sae the Lord be thankit."  
The third starts rattling off as follows: "Wee sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie, O, what a panic's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa sae hasty, Wi bickering brattle!, I wad be laith to rin an chase thee, Wi murdering pattle!"  
A fourth gabbles on about: "Green grow the rashes O, Green grow the rashes O; The sweetest hours that I spend, Are spent among the lasses O."  
And yet another creeps up behind him and whispers: "Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine. I wad wear thee in my bosom, Lest my jewel it should tine."  
Donald turns to the doctor accompanying him and asks, "What sort of ward is this? Is it a mental ward?"  
"No", replies the doctor, "it's the Burns unit."

Proceedings were interrupted for the circle up with thanks to the hares PC & SG, followed by shaming of those who hadn't entered into the spirit by not wearing tartan: Gromit, Wilds Thing, Spreadsheet and Whose Shout. On On Don had redeemed himself for the après but came up anyway to neck his drivers water while WT sank his own whisky to All Australians as they'd gone south on the dress code! The inevitable FH downers went to Fukarwe for cheating by running back 10 feet and puffing his way back (as well as turning up with his trackies inside out!), while Angel and Rebel had both pleaded injury. SG was back up to join them, downing to Donald where's yer Troosers, for being baffled on his own trail, and denying that haggis were real (there was even an allusion to the similarly confused Meerkat being a relation of the haggis!) Penultimately, thanks went to Bathe-it Daily and Ride-It, Baby for stepping in at the last minute, but also the former for demonstrating with his mechanical sporrán lifter that, indeed, nothing was worn under HIS kilt (all in perfect working order), while the latter had moaned about marks on the left forgetting that, had she not been returning from going wrong, the same marks were actually on the right. And finally, one last beer went to PC in gratitude for pulling the evening together.



Getting back on track, BID gave a good account of his appreciation of the lasses centred around Burns' My Love is Like A Red Red Rose, and RIB responded well, with reasons why it's great to be a woman, and a very apt take down of red red rose among several other verses. This was followed by a reprisal of To A Penis\* (allegedly Burns but probably not!), followed by an extract from QI on Scotland\* by YT. SG was back in the chair again to recite Wee Cock Sparrer\* as song sheets were passed around for us all to join in Mull of Kintyre (the hash version Irian Jaya being summarily dismissed!); Wild Mountain Thyme; and a rousing Tatties and Herring. That prompted myself to recall the Jeely Piece Song\* to the tune of You Cannae Throw Your Granny Aff the Bus (cos she is yer Mammy's mammy), and another great Burns hash evening was rounded off with us all joining up for Auld Lang Syne. \*see next page.

## A RED, RED ROSE

O my Luve is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns 1794



Ladies and Gentlemen, it falls to me, your allocated Lassie for this evening, to take up the challenge of replying to Bathe it Daily's toast. And what a great toast it was, so I'd personally like to thank him very much for being so lovely about us Lassies gathered here this evening. Now, Gentlemen, you may not realize just how wonderful it is to be woman, but I have compiled a list of the top 10 reasons why it is just bloody dandy to be a lassie.

10. We get off the Titanic first.
  9. We can be groupies. Male groupies are stalkers.
  8. We can cry and bat our pretty lashes and be excused speeding fines.
  7. We never look like a frog in a blender when dancing.
  6. We never have to reach down every so often to make sure certain bits are still there.
  5. We have the ability to dress ourselves.
  4. We know that there are times in life when chocolate really can solve all our problems.
  3. We will never ever regret piercing our ears.
  2. We have the magical ability to fully assess a person just by looking at their shoes.
- And the number 1 reason why it is great to be a lassie ... We can scare every lad with mysterious gynaecological excuses!  
Unfortunately, however, it also falls to me to lower the tone of the evening and talk about men. And what better way to pay homage to the lads on this day of birth of Scotland's favourite son, than with a bit of poetic verse:

Ah, how my female heart yearns, For those yesteryear times of Rabbi Burns,  
When men were men, and women fair of face, Objects of desire, if firmly in their place  
How would we modern women feel do you suppose, If our men were to liken us to a red, red, rose?  
Would our hardened hearts not beat and flutter so, If they called us their Highland Lassie, O?  
Could Cupid's arrow possibly score a miss? If on our lips our man planted Ae Fond Kiss?  
With pleasure would we not nearly die, If his body met ours coming thro' the rye?  
We'd surely be delighted, truth to tell, If affectionately, he called us, handsome Nell  
Toward him, how could we vent our spleen, If he held us tight and called us bonnie Jean?  
Oh the romantic poet, handsome and so wise, Was no saint and he liked to womanise  
But he did it with panache and with charm, And his flattering words kept him out of harm  
Sure Rabbi Burns lived way back in the 18th century, And this, now of course is 2026,  
So much has changed since Rabbi ploughed the land, If he saw us now would he possibly understand?  
In his day he was quite a heavy hitter, But what would he make of Facebook or of Twitter?  
Of YouTube, TiVo or the mobile phone, Of never being out of touch, or ever alone?  
Yet many things have really changed so little, Are 21st century hearts all that more brittle?  
We women now expect equality, But we'd surely still go weak at the knee  
If our men were just a little less pedantic, Less 'modern' and a little more romantic  
I know that we have heard them all wax lyrical, Express their love without being satirical  
For their sweet beloved lassie right enough, Yes, sometimes our men are made of softer stuff  
There's one of them who's proven he can care, For the lovely looks of his lassie fair  
Yes you're all full of bonhomie and banter, But could one of you pen for us a Tam O'Shanter?  
Most of you could spin us a line, But what could you create for Auld Lang's Syne?  
Ach you may not all be poets, just mere men, And for us lassies you come in useful now and then  
You may not all be like dear Rabbi Burns, But a woman loves a man who quickly learns.



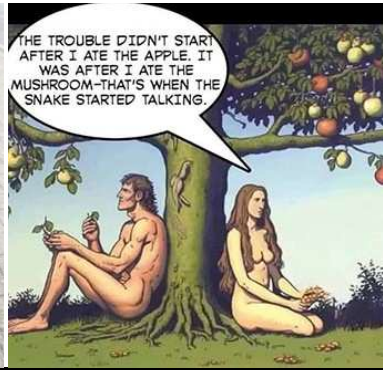
Recite-it, Baby!

[ctd. over]





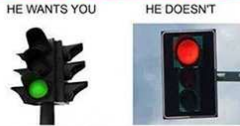
# Vive la difference - A Valentines look at the sexes:



Irrefutable proof that a good woman can bring balance and stability to your life.

My mate set me up on a blind date. He said, "She's a lovely lass, but there's something you should know... She's expecting a baby." I felt like a right prat waiting in the pub wearing nothing but a nappy!

## a man's emotions



When she asks you to come up to her place for coffee, has sex with you, and sleeps on you naked, while you wonder if you are ever going to get any coffee.

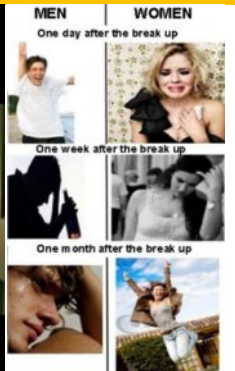
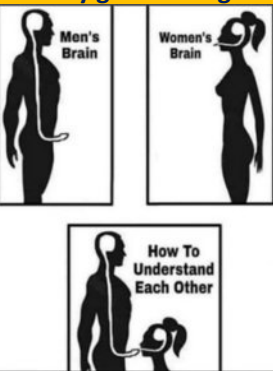
When both of you are ugly!



## a woman's emotions



My new girlfriend and I were travelling to meet my parents, when she got a flat tyre. So I called my parents and said, "Sorry mum, we're going to be late. My girlfriends got a puncture!" "Oh", she sighed, "I thought you had a real one this time!"



My girlfriend has been working as a magicians assistant for a few years now & she's picked up a few tricks. I came home from work early the other day to find her dressed in her magicians assistant little sexy outfit. She said, "Abracadabra!" and my mate Dave came out of the wardrobe stark bollock naked. Poor Dave must've wondered what the f\*ck was going on!



I was looking at my wife: no teeth in, tits on her belly, hair a mess and smoking a roll up. Then she cocked her leg and let out a massive fart. "You are a mess and I'm disgusted with you", I said. "I'm still the woman you love and married", she said. "Sometimes we all let ourselves go a bit." "We're on our f\*ckin honeymoon", I replied.



