

BUMPER ISSUE CONTAINING 6 PAGES OF:



# TRASH<sup>4</sup>

STARRING:

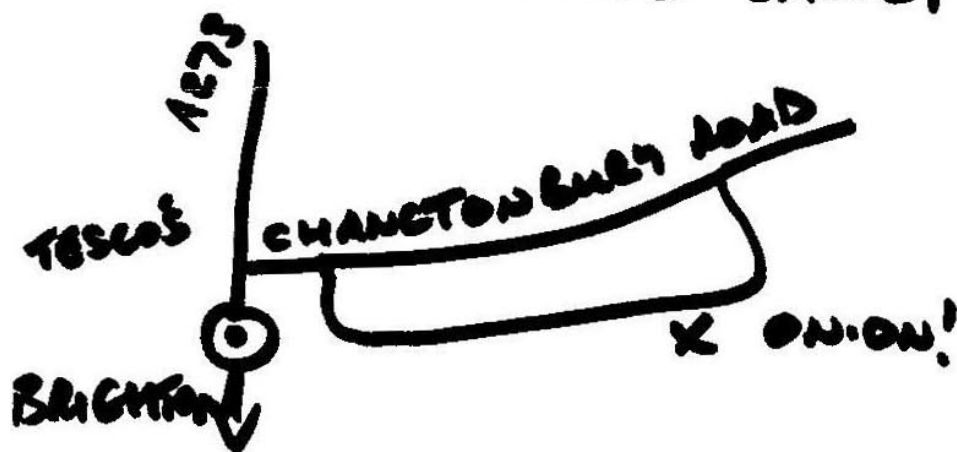
ON-SEC DON ELNICK  
HASH CASH PHIL HUTTON  
HABERHASH MAX ?  
HASH TRASH JOHN BIGGINS

#1 F.R.B. IVAN LUCK #1 S.C.B. DAVE MILYARD

UP-AND-COMING EXTRA CURRICULAR:  
SPRING BASH AND

HANGOVER HASH!

8TH & 9TH MAY 1993 AT BOUNCER'S CAFF  
66 NIGHTINGALE LANE, BURGESS HILL



SATURDAY: 8PM ON - JOHN'S HOUSEWARMING PARTY

SUNDAY: 11AM ON - JOINT RUN WITH EH3

© BOUNCER - THE ORIGINAL & BEST.



**Harvey & Son (Lewes) Ltd., The Bridge Wharf Brewery, 6 Cliffe High Street, Lewes, E. Sussex, BN7 2AH. Tel. (0273) 480209**

Established in the late 18th century by John Harvey, on the banks of the River Ouse, this Georgian brewery was partly rebuilt in 1880 and the Victorian Gothic tower and brewhouse remain a very attractive feature in the town centre. Still a family-run company, offering real ale in all 33 tied pubs and about 350 free trade outlets in Sussex and Kent. A new summer beer was launched in 1991 to celebrate the bicentenary of the publication of *The Rights of Man*, by Tom Paine, who once lived in Lewes. Frequently produces commemorative beers - occasionally on draught.

- XX Mild Ale** (OG 1030, ABV 3%) A pleasant, dark brew which is continuing to hold on in a few tied houses. The aroma and taste are malty, with a roast flavour, and the palate is fruity and sweetish. The aftertaste is similar, with lingering malt. Well worth finding.
- Sussex Pale Ale** (OG 1033, ABV 3.5%) A very well-hopped, refreshing brew. Hops are in the aroma and palate, with some fruit and sweetness. Hops in the finish, too, with some bitterness. A very good session beer.
- Sussex Best Bitter** (OG 1040, ABV 4%) A fine example of a full-bodied southern bitter. Its hoppy aroma gives way to a fruity, sweetish palate. The complex aftertaste features hops, with some bitterness, yet with a lingering sweetness.
- XXXX or Old Ale** (OG 1043, ABV 4.3%) Brewed October-May: rich and dark, with lively fruitiness and a caramelly flavour. Mellow and smooth, when on form.
- Armada Ale** (OG 1046, ABV 4.5%) A well-hopped, strong bitter with a powerful finish.
- Tom Paine\*** (OG 1055, ABV 5.5%) A summer offering, brewed only for the 4th July.
- Elizabethan\*** (OG 1090, ABV 8.3%) December only, or occasional brews; a silky-smooth barley wine.

## Founder Hoppers

Here's Health to the 'Hop' from those members of CAMRA who devised it. Why not follow in their footsteps?

The 'Harvey Hop' is an excursion through Sussex and Kent discovering our brewing heritage. From backstreet local to gin palace, from cottage pub to coaching inn.

Visit all thirty-three of our tied houses and purchase a pint of our traditional draught

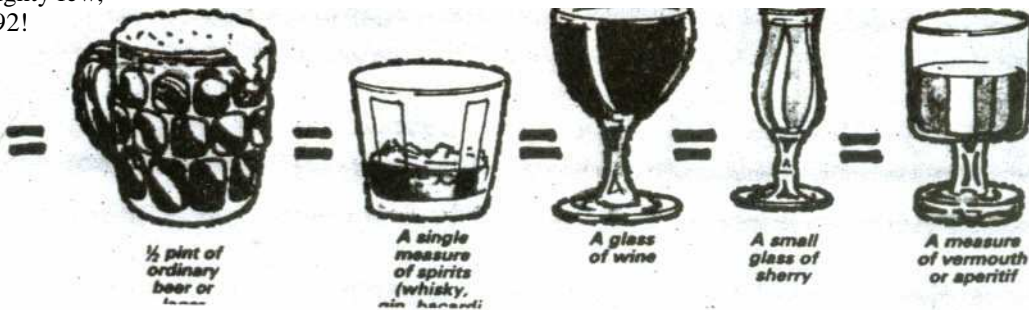
Sussex beers in each. Then call at the brewery shop and claim your 'Harvey Hopper' award. There is no time limit. Savour it rather than rush it.

To start your journey send £1.00 for your copy of our brewery handbook and pub guide to the address below.

**Harveys Brewery Shop**  
6 Cliffe High Street,  
Lewes BN7 2AH



**1 Standard drink**



## EDITORIAL BLURB

Congratulations to everyone who successfully completed the London Marathon yesterday and special thanks to Rosemary and Ray for organizing the coach and conducting the guided tour. I'll want to hear all about it, so let me have your stories of the agony, the ecstasy, sponsorship details, time, funny stories, the Bob Wilson interview and what you thought of the London Hash beer stop in time for the next issue - deadline 17<sup>th</sup> May.

As everyone by now knows Bob Wallace has had to resign his commission as secretary due to his imminent fatherhood. Thanks Bob for all the hard work you've put in during your sentence and we'd like to wish you and Corinne all the best with the forthcoming birth of a new hasher! Don Elwick has taken over as our new on-sec in a hastily organized press-ganging at which he accepted the job eagerly with the words "me secretary, no way!".

Shortly to be winging it's way on to the scene is the Hash Hack so make sure you see a copy for all the news that's fit to print (and let's face it, a lot that no other publication would dare touch with the possible exception of the Sport) on the National and International Hash scene.

I'd like to once again thank the contributors, especially all those who provided run reviews wherever you are, who fill out these pages. If you do have anything you'd like to put in the trash please let me have it cause it won't get printed otherwise. As you can see from the front cover even the trash is in recession. I hope everyone can make it to the housewarming party and hash, (either or both) and if you want more details just ask on Mondays.

TTFN



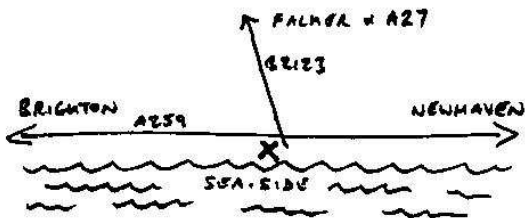
# HARELINE RECESSION.

(COULDN'T AFFORD A HARE THIS MONTH!)

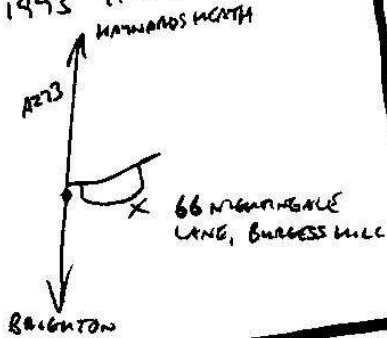
Run #775 - 26TH APRIL 1993

WHITEHORSE HOTEL, ROTTINGDEAN

MIKE & NIGEL

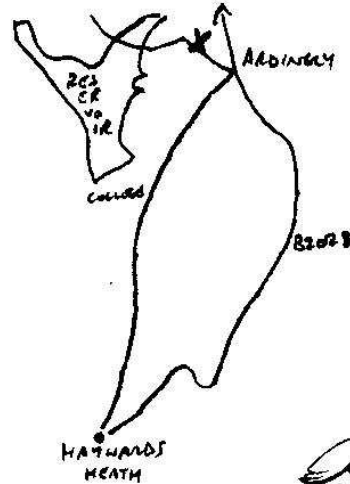


EXTRACURRICULAR HASH  
9TH MAY 1993 11 AM. START



Run #776 - 3RD MAY 1993

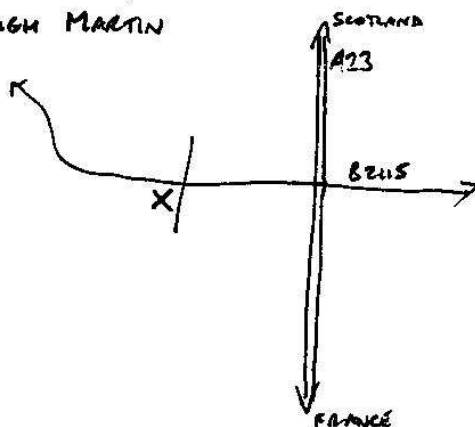
OAK INN, ARDINGLY - DON



Run #777 - 10TH MAY 1993

ALF MOON, WARRINGLID

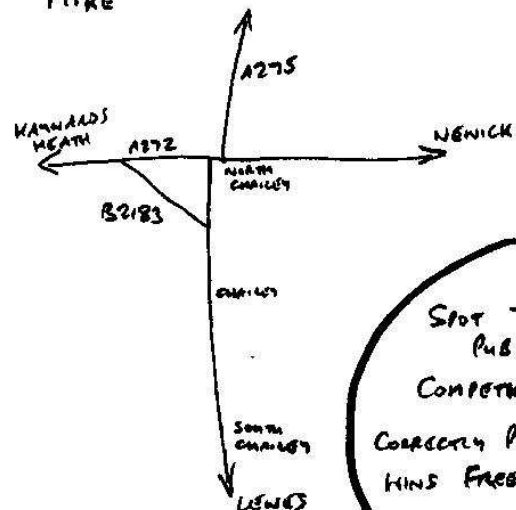
HUGH MARTIN



Run #778 - 17TH MAY 1993

KINGS HEAD, CHAILLY

MIKE



SPOT THE  
PUB  
CONFESSION  
CORRECTLY PLACES 'X'  
HINS FREE TRASH!

UP-N-COMING:-

Run #781 - 7TH JUNE 1993 NEWICK FOOTBALL CLUB, BRIAN'S FAREWELL HASH

# Thatch Lodge Hotel

*The Street, Charmouth, Dorset DT6 6PQ*

*Tel/Fax: 0297 60407*



## **DOWN DOWN TO DORSET WITH THE FLATLANDERS**

Claire and John Phillips, proprietors of the Thatch Lodge Hotel in Charmouth, were host to the Essex hash away weekend at the end of March. Claire once ran with Cambridge H3 and on moving to Bournemouth was an early member of Wessex H3 where she met John, co-founder of the Haunch of Venison Mountain Rescue Hash. John has found hash fame as 3 times winner of the Cambridge Hash King Street Run (8 pints in 8 pubs) and is still the record holder with a time around the 15 minute mark. They hit on the idea of hash weekends to fill their rooms during the cold winter months between January and March and the idea seems to have been a great success with every weekend being booked and even a 'new' hash being formed in the veterans who were pulled together by Sharky from people he has known and hashed with for over 12 years. At a mere £29.50 for two nights B & B plus hash grub in the evening, beer and wine at a £1.00 a time, and two runs thrown in this was an opportunity not to be missed.

We arrived shortly after 4.30 on Friday to find the bar already being propped up by the early arrivals and after a short session decide to make a go for the beach. On finding a map which suggested we weren't yet half-way we bottled out and joined the rest of the pack trying to find some chips for Slaphead who's not allowed them at home, poor thing. Sadly Charmouth was shut but we persuaded a place called Piggies to cater for us despite that, and the owner took great delight in providing chips, tea and several demonstrations of his Piggy phone whose eyes lit up whenever it rang, or honked. Necrophiliac turned up around this time and proceeded to check out every pub in the locality giving us a commentary when he popped in between pubs. Back at the hotel, John, Jan, Peter and Emma had arrived and were dishing out the very impressive t-shirts knocked up for the occasion.

The hash grub for Friday evening was curry complete with poppadoms and some devastating chutneys, with a bean and rice dish for us veggies. Not sure how much this choice was cautionary as the plumbing in our room couldn't cope with anything outside the sphere of normal human waste due to a preservation order on the bog. There was no need to leave the Hotel as we had a bloody good laugh just sitting in the bar but I would have liked a shot at the skittle alley in the pub over the road. Another pub was rejected on account of the fact that Anne Boleyn and Charles 1<sup>st</sup> had both slept there and they're now dead. Strange logic but it does kinda put you off the beer! This first evening passed rapidly as did most of the beer and we were quickly singing along to Emma and Jan's bloody awful tape of hash songs. Someone got hold of the master keys and there followed a rampage round the bedrooms to wake up the early retrials though somehow Mooner and Sue escaped. Could be to do with the ferocious puppy dog they had with them. Vicky Vomit was by now fast asleep but it didn't prevent him getting up the stairs to bounce for the wardrobe party (this is probably a fair exchange as I expect I threw up on him – if not I will, for nicking my handle!), throughout which he remained comatose whilst managing to prevent many from entering.

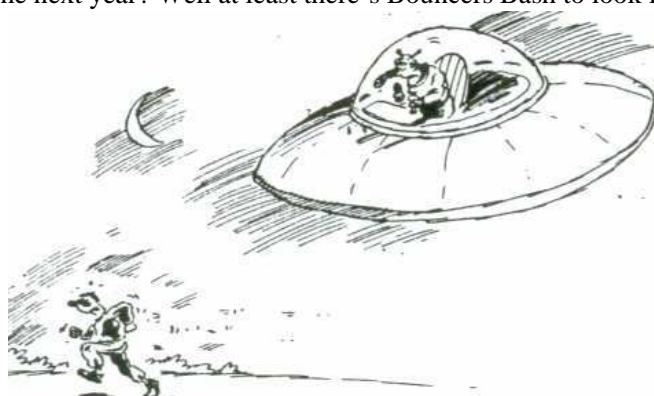
After a subdued breakfast the following day Windsock went paddling. Then he went climbing. Then he carried on being silly in whatever way he could think of purely, it seems, to entertain us during the first of the excellent hashes. John advised that where there was a bar this was a false trail mark and we were not to go past them. Jan and Emma took this literally and failed to get past the first pub. Windsock set the pace which was interesting as he was the only one running. Sean whilst shortcutting got a face full of flour for his trouble and swallowed the lot. This was the only time he was calling for a drink that wasn't Port! Hairpiece had a severe problem with water and wouldn't step in anything more than an inch deep. This whilst wearing a tough guy shirt for which you qualify by being dunked about a thousand times. After Vicky tried to leap off the cliff the run was abandoned as everyone found another pub.

The afternoon saw a mass evacuation to Lyme Regis 4 miles away and someone said don't make jokes about canoes. They shouldn't have said that because everything now became a canoe joke. This is one part of the weekend best forgotten. Unfortunately I missed Emma acting out the French Lieutenants Women in a black plastic bin-liner but they became very useful later on for the games in the bar. Down downs followed at 6p.m. for the visitors (despite Vicky saying I couldn't claim a visitor pint more than one a month I didn't get one!), Lager Lout who possibly claims the title of first Essex virgin to be named, Necrophiliac for having a little willy (??) and other reprobates. The evening meal was pasta and very filling which was followed by a somewhat subdued evening in the bar. John and Jan presented an excellent quiz won by SPERM, and it was down to some pretty stupid games most of which seemed to involve hitting on Sean (7 spots has now got a severe case of leprosy and his dicks just fallen off), more singing and Sean the pissed became cabaret man.

Perhaps it was because the Sunday run started so early (11 a.m.) or perhaps it was just hashers hashing but there was some weird stuff happening. After a mad hurtle down the beach we started the climb up the cliff heading dangerously close to the highest point on the South Coast at Golden Cap. This sorted out those with enough sense to give up whilst the giving up was good and so once again said farewell to Emma and Jan this time accompanied by Sean who left us with one of his mind-blowing comments, “who cuts the grass up here?”. Philosophy or what! On the other hand, Sheep or what! By the time I reached the top the front runners had persuaded some kindly old lady to help find the trail from the check which she did on grandhasher style. Brian was busy checking for false trail marks in the most unlikely of locations. Nobody seemed to notice that Peter Ashenden had by this point disappeared, mainly because a lot of unbelievers took a bit of persuasion to get down the hill and went haring off in the wrong direction. Nobody seemed to worry too much about this until the beer stop when it took nearly two minutes to down the lot – roughly one and a half minutes longer than usual. Thumper, Necrophiliac and a couple of others could be seen wandering in and out of the sheep in a distant meadow so we drank their health, waved at them a bit, then assuming them to be on the trail started the walk up to meet them. At this point an even more distant body appeared in the opposite direction yelling at us. Without any idea who it was we set off to meet Peter who apparently ran through the false trail mark to find the backwards trail, which he had followed round in hope of hogging the beer!

The fact that Peter had already found the trail completely went over Playaway’s head as he boldly checked out non-existent trails in every direction as we jogged along, eventually on to a long downhill on the road where we met up with the SCB’s and even Jan, Emma and Sean by this time in the car. From there it was on inn to the hotel for the last of the Down Downs, a snack lunch and the homeward trail, after a run of about 1.5 hours. This time Thumper failed to forget me and I got a down down on the basis that they hadn’t given me one the day before (at least that’s a better excuse than the real one!), a bloody bitter shandy of all things! Naturally Donkey Bollocks and Playaway were also sinners, and John and Claire received a cocktail called a River Thames which bore a startling resemblance to a Full Moon Cocktail right down to the raw egg. Capo had by now drunk all the port except one glass which was somehow procured for his renaming so welcome to Porto. As I said before the beer had by now run out so there was nothing left but to go home. Alex and I stopped off in Weymouth for a walk and straightaway stumbled on to a trail which I followed for a short way in case there was a pub at the end of it, but gave up at the check by this time pretty full of hashing anyway. In spite of Playaways warning about the M27 traffic problems we went that way and I was able to catch up on nearly 2 hours kip as we sat in the queue outside Ringwood.

All in all a brilliant weekend and thanks to Thumper for organising (?) it and to John and Claire for the hospitality and trails. Same time next year? Well at least there’s Bouncers Bash to look forward to in May (plug, plug).



“Scoutship to base ... scoutship to base ... it’s some sort of religious ceremony. They put special clothes on, rush about und and round, fall down and mutter ‘Oh God! Oh God!’”



“Then he volunteered the sum of his knowledge after 15 years senior club cross country runner.”

## MONDAY 22ND MARCH – BLACK LION, PATCHAM

WAHAAY! A RUN REVIEW - THANKS MIKE.

Once again Ray stepped into the breach to prevent that ultimate catastrophe – a Hash-less Monday!

Having offered to help lay the trail, I was somewhat apprehensive to learn that Ray planned a basically ‘up and down the by-pass’ route. However, having laid the trail and breakfasted with Ray, I felt more optimistic.

30+ hashers set out only to find the first check almost invisible after morning rain (I thought that was an excuse and ray was making this one up as he went along! – Ed.). after waiting for on-backs, it was a mile on at the third check before we caught up. Climbing the ridge the pack reassembled. Again backmarking, I arrived at Old Boot Corner just as the on-on was called. Good timing!

The pack the seemed to take off towards Ditchling Beacon. After some confusion everyone was directed to the unconsidered on – downhill! The mile following provided a good opportunity for the runners. As the route neared the pub a few hashers took the short route back (I can’t print this! – SB’ing Ed) but the stalwarts set out for the delights of the RSPCA kennels and Waterhall.

Crossing the footbridge over the A23, it was good to see, not for the first time that evening, a black hillside dotted with the faint glow of torches – all going the wrong way! On into Waterhall valley and more intrepid checkers looking for that elusive Downland run. Then the final assault on Mill Hill. At least it was all downhill from there!

Well done Ray, not so bad after all.

Mike.

Didn't recognise  
yourself in the last  
lot? Don't think you  
got away with it!!!

# FAT PUFF

## RETURNS

### LIBRA

Your umshakeable and  
decisive views on  
every subject mean  
that no-one wants to  
talk to you. You are  
utterly boring and  
probably a politician.  
Most Librans have  
beards.

### SCORPIO

You have a real sting  
in your tail! Others  
find your constant  
flatulence very  
wearing. Haven't you  
noticed how you're  
left at one end of the  
room alone? Health  
tip - don't smoke.

### SAGITTARIUS

Although too clever  
by half, you're also  
too stupid to realise  
that no-one likes a  
clever-dick. Your shy  
retiring exterior hides  
a complete  
megalomaniac. Attila  
the Hun was a  
Sagittarian.

### CAPRICORN

The eternal  
pragmatist, your  
morals are those of  
the marketplace. No-  
one trusts you, and  
with good reason.  
You are probably a  
Sun reporter, or write  
the Hash Trash.

### AQUARIUS

You like to see both  
sides of an argument,  
you wishy-washy  
little short - arsed git.  
You are probably a  
Liberal Democrat or  
something like that.  
You more than likely  
read the Guardian.  
Are you sure this is  
your star-sign?

### PISCES

Quick - moving and  
slippery, your ability  
to get out of trouble is  
matched only by the  
ease with which you  
land in it. You are  
probably an  
unsuccessful crook  
who sponges off  
those around him.

# FAT PUFF'S

## HORRORSCOPES

### ARIES

You are extremely  
tenacious, pig-  
headed, stupid and  
easily offended. You  
never know when to  
give up. Like to play  
such interesting  
games as 'Spot The  
Iron'. Evel Knievel  
was a famous Arian.

### TAURUS

Although strong, you  
have a tiny brain,  
which you do not tend  
to use. Your capacity  
for rational thought is  
nil. Most dinosaurs  
were Taureans. Most  
dinosaur trackuits,  
too.

### GEMINI

The two sides to your  
nature indicate an  
unwholesome  
ambiguity. You like  
brandy and lager -  
together! Geminians  
tend to be sexual  
perverts or  
schizophrenics. You  
happen to be both!

### LEO

Proud, self-confident,  
you're the kind of  
smug, self-opinionated  
arrogant git everyone  
dreads meeting, and  
hate when they do.  
You could find  
success forming a  
hash. Traffic wardens  
are always Leo.

### CANCER

Your obnoxious  
personality is more  
than matched by your  
physical  
repulsiveness. People  
cross continents to  
avoid you. Cancerians  
have big mouths and  
small dicks. Suicide is  
your only option.

### VIRGO

Your shyness means  
that others don't need  
to avoid you,  
although they would  
do. Save them the  
bother and become a  
hermit. Alternately,  
you could go back to  
Mini hash again.  
They'll probably be  
pleased to see you.

Don't forget to ring for your own weakly forecast. Your call will cost 36p per minute  
at the cheap rate, 48p at all other times. Also try FAT PUFF AROT LINE.

For a deeper insight into what is happening in your life, ring FAT PUFF now.  
All calls treated with sensitivity and confidentiality - if you're lucky.