

GET YOUR ROCKET'S OFF TO
THE FIREWORK ISSUE BROUGHT
TO YOU AT NO EXPENSE!

CONTENTS: YES

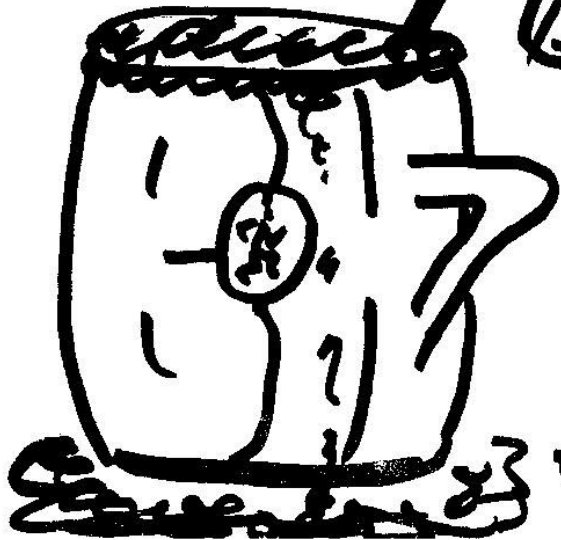
- 1 CRAPPY FRONT COVER
- 2 CRAPPY ED'S WAFFLE x BEER GOKES
- 3 REEDING CRAPLINE
TOUGH GUY PREVIEW x
FAT-ASS 54 INFO
- 5 RUNS REVIEWED
- 6 DITTO

PLUS LOADS OF CRAP
JOKES 'N' STUFF
JUST TO FILL
OUT PAGES

E.G.,

Signed up
IGN dot

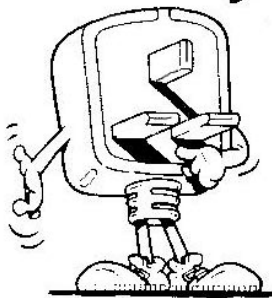
Up
IGN outside a Lon-
don pub: "Customers
wanted — no experi-
ence necessary."



HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

1554 ✓ 8

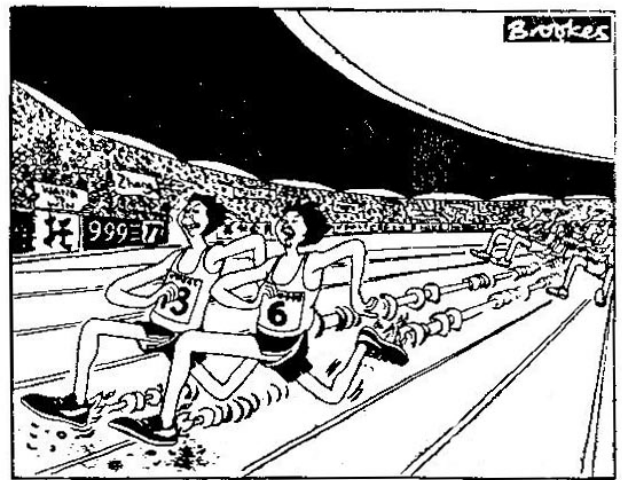
SAVING MONEY TURNS ME ON



A PLUG FOR YOUR
FREE TRASH

THE ED'S GRATUITOUS ABUSE OF HIS COLUMN POSITION (Hmm don't remember that one in my copy of the Artus Amak.)

Anyway as you can see this issue I'm going to keep it short (oo-er!). Shut up and don't interrupt you perv. The reasons for this are because I've managed to fill the space with bad jokes so I don't have to tax my overworked (oo-e.. I told you once!) brain for ideas on what rubbish to put here. Secondly despite a lack of runs last issue only Big Nige came (oo - that's it you're barred) forward to produce anything this time and no-one else has submitted anything at all. There is a serious danger that the trash could die if I don't get assistance, as there is no-one to take it on if I lose my job as became a distinct possibility last month.
HELP!!!!



"... the trouble with Chinese caterpillar fungus is that 24 hours after you've broken one Olympic record you feel like another!"

GOLDEN OLDIE



Brewers behind major pub chains

Pub chain (no of pubs)	Major supply agreements	Comments
Boddington Pub Company (486)	Whitbread, (also Mansfield, Cains)	Sold brewery to Whitbread, now owner of pubs and nursing homes
Cafe Inns (118)	S & N	Shareholders Bass 14.9%, S & N 13.5%
Centric Pub Company (150)	Bass	
Century Inns (283)	Bass, Courage and S & N	
J A Devenish (539)	Whitbread	Sold brewery to management buy-out
Discovery Inns (223)	Whitbread	
Enterprise Inns (370)	Bass	21 year assignable leases
Greenalls (1400)	Allied	
Inn Business (96)	Whitbread	Courage 'mezzanine' lender
Maple Leaf Taverns (68)	Allied	Jointly owned by Brent Walker and Labatts
Marr Taverns (196)	Whitbread and Bass	
Paramount (200)	Burtonwood	Joint deal with Labatts to run Real Inns, Company share- holders Bass 10% Greenalls 25%, Burtonwood 8%
Pubmaster (1983)	Allied	Pub owning arm of Brent Walker
Ryan Elizabeth Holdings (60)	Bass Charrington & Adnams	
Scorpio (80)	Whitbread	Eastate made up largely of ex-Whitbread pubs
Sycamore Taverns (300)	Allied	Shareholders 14.9%
Trent Taverns (67)	Whitbread	Pubs acquired from Whitbread

WOOLWICH — BUILDING SOCIETY —

Your reference

When replying please quote FR/DC

March 13, 1992

Mr John R Biggins
Mrs Alexandra I Biggins
35 Partridge Green
Fitsea
Fitzsea SS13 3EP

BOUNCER'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE

Basilidon Branch
46 Southernhay
Basilidon
Essex SS14 1ET

Dear Mrs Biggins & Mr Biggins

Account Number: [REDACTED]

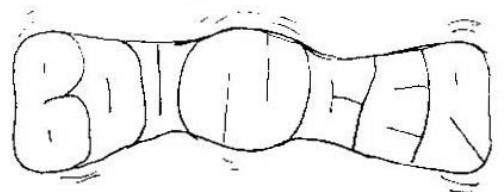
I write to advise that the following item presented for payment against your account has been returned unpaid for the reasons stated.

ITEM: Cheque PAYEE/SERIAL NO: 000130Essex hash house harriers
AMOUNT: £10.00 REASON FOR RETURN: cheque reported lost

Should you have any queries with regard to the above, please contact the Manager, Customer Services at the above address.

Yours sincerely

Pay and Returns Section
Banking Services

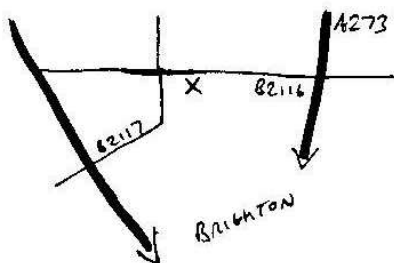


WHAT???? Who leaked that out? Oh well I can no longer deny that my name derives not from any talent for blocking peoples entrances, or even from a fearsome presence on the hash ensuring that anyone who gets in the way is likely to get 'bounced' (although I must admit it's been a whole lot of fun) but from an inability to keep my eye on my cheque book for more than five minutes whilst on holiday in Tenerife last March. This coincided with the presentation of the Essex Hash cheque for their 321 run and after a show of Thumper bouncing round the car park I was finally baptised (I do mean baptised cos most of the beer went over my head!)

Bouncer.



TONY & CHRIS



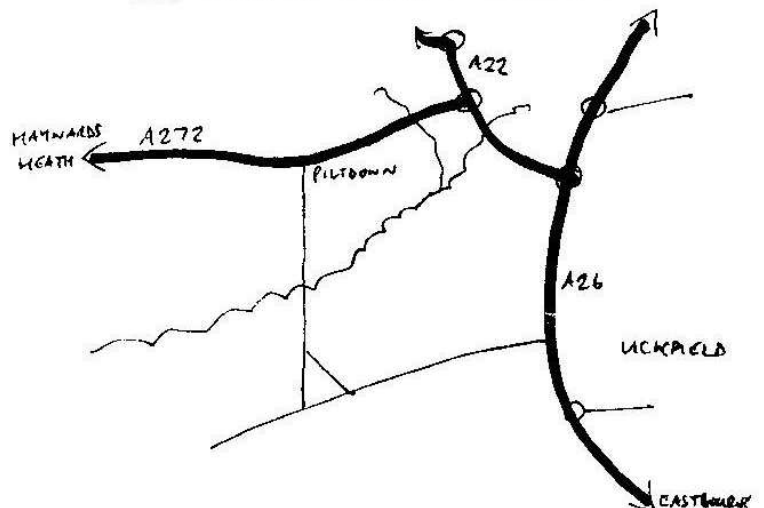
۱۔ فاضلہ (۱۰۰) ۲۔ ۱۰۰ ۳۔ ۱۰۰ ۴۔ ۱۰۰ ۵۔ ۱۰۰ ۶۔ ۱۰۰ ۷۔ ۱۰۰ ۸۔ ۱۰۰ ۹۔ ۱۰۰ ۱۰۔ ۱۰۰



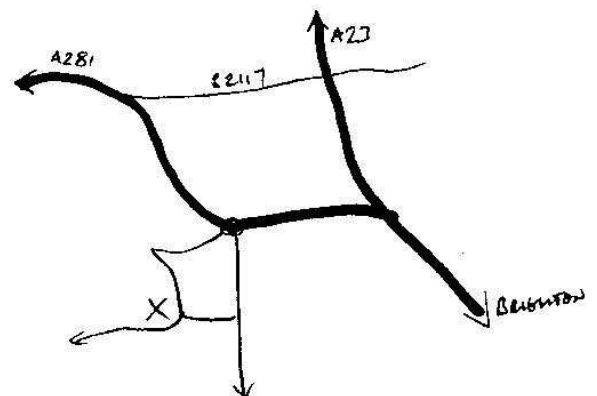
WHICH CLASSIC ALBUM DO THE PICTURES ON THIS PAGE COME FROM (TITLE AND GROUP FOR A POINT ON BOUNCER!)?

*** HAVE ROOMS ***

DON ELWICK'S 250TH CELEBRATION.



RAY NOAKES 500TH CELEBRATION



LILIANAS LEAVING RUN.



RE-HASHING FROM WAY BACK

As the end of the year ends and the possibility of a poll looms it's about time that the hatchet was buried (along with worst hare of the year) and instead of whinging about a lack of run reports I just got on with it! So in brief here is a précis of some recent runs not previously covered.

RUN 784 – Ivan at Ardingly: would someone please tell me what the hell the lad was playing at? After a mad dash down towards the lakes with a tractor check we promptly came straight back up to the pub. The run then looped out through the kiddies playground before returning to the pub. So far we'd been going for about 10 minutes so we had to go and do it again a couple more times to make up the time!

Don snaffled Liliana's camera again to catch some more British-at-play shots for her scrapbook; Chris walked the route with his wife somewhat quicker than we hashed it despite his 80 mile effort the day before; Lin among others were congratulated on sending East Grinstead a dummy who were hashing from the Red Loin, (well it is Ivan's local!) Haywards Heath and on hearing a call of ON-ON from a passing car promptly bolted off in all directions; and Marathon Man from Essex went away bemused by all that had gone on whilst the rest of Brighton Hash were bemused by him!

RUN 785 – John Garvey in Ditchling: I got grabbed to help John lay this one which was a lot of fun on Mountain bikes. Callous bastard though he had to set an on-back to the top of the downs some 600 feet above the road we were to return to, and he made me sweep it! A few shortcutters managed to abbreviate possibly the shortest run of the summer and were already hogging the barmaids when the rest of us got back.

RUN 786 – Tony and Chris at Shoreham: This was a live run and despite the slight handicap of Niel going along (and turning up late) the hares were safe enough to get home with a couple of minutes to spare – well Bouncer wasn't there!

RUN 787 – Les and Pete at Bramber: For my money this must rate as one of the best hashes of the year, especially as I went off with the girls at what appeared to be a check at the start, and saved a bit of shiggy in the process. Loads more was to come though including a deceptively deeeep bath in amongst the reeds. Three fields of cows failed to deter us and then Nigel and Bouncer implemented their party trick of emptying the puddles over each other. We needed a little assistance towards the end whilst coming off the Downs Link and were directed homewards by a kindly dog walker to enjoy the bath in the garden, and the sight of twenty hashers whizzing around the outside of the pool. Lin disappeared in the Vortex and didn't reappear until...

RUN 788 – Big niGEL and Lin at Seaford: The second of many runs that I missed over the summer as Elaine's soothing touch rejuvenated my Patella (I can use that – it's legal), but I still went to the pub, and why not. Rumour has it that the run had to be altered drastically at the last minute as the tide had come in and the rough weather made the river uncrossable. Those who didn't shortcut (Bunter etc.) went up over Seaford head golf course, splashed about a bit and performed pretty well as normal going by pub talk later.

RUN 789 – Bouncer and Simon at Shermanbury: This time Bunter tried hashing on his Mountain bike and got his just deserts when the pedal snapped. As usual for these hares shiggy was not just prevalent but excessive. Many tried to pre-empt the run to end up at the back, but the beer stop was unbelievable as Big nigeL'S unerring nose led him straight to the stash and the sun chose that time to get sexy on us! What an international night with Brazilians, Croatians and a crowd from Henfield out to play.

RUN 790 – Various at Shoreham: This was in fact Bunter's run but after his misbehaviour of the last two weeks he'd buggered off to Spain leaving the run in the capable hand of Ken, John and Wiggy, if not more! I undid all Elaines good work on my leg as we went up and down the Downs and ups and ended up walking back with Liliana and Ken (who kept goading us to run), in spite of a much appreciated short-cut. Liliana wants to do something typically Brazilian for her leaving do in December but a Lambada night didn't go down too well sadly. She's still looking for ideas so back to the drawing board.

RUN 791 – Mike Cockcroft at Nutley: Great run this with loads of woods'n'trees'n'grass'n'stuff. Welcome back to the fields was Les (look at my arse) Courtney who seems to have been barbound recently (usually people are barred from the INSIDE of a pub Les). Great excuse for me to shortcut again, though strangely Les Plumb wasn't with us? Good pub with plenty of horny looking local talent, er.. so BIG NigEl told me, and a bar billiards table.

RUN 792 – Tim & Chris at Rodmell: I didn't hear a word about this one as I was in Morocco investigating a different type of hash. Apparently this pub is prohibitively expensive.

RUN 793 – Eddie and Pete at Hassocks: Pete's 50th birthday run but again no report. Curry after attended by a few and that's about it.

RUN 794 – Pete Beard and Dave Taylor at Alciston: Arrived Twenty minutes late and dumped some vaseline covered car keys on Rosemary who pointed vaguely East. Eventually caught up as Pete and Dave sent everybody on a rather pointless loop then took us back the way I'd just come. Climbed the hill and farted around on top for a while before a long run in along the road. What a moody bastard that barman is and tight too. There must be better pubs in this area where at least they make a pretence at being glad to see us.

TRAINED SOLDIER 1994

In 1955 conscription to the Forces was a must for every boy who reached the age of 18. The Grenadier Guards were the top regiment of Foot Soldiers and to become a trained soldier a period of six months training as a squaddy was required. A whole batch of ruthless N.C.O.'S - lance Corporals, lance Sergeants, and Drill 'pigs' kept up an eternal barrage of fear filled exercise movements and Assault Course tasks. Every day you were mostly carrying a full kit of 40 pounds. But, the most feared adversary to test your courage was **The TRAINED SOLDIER**.

During 1993 Instructional Information will be posted to each entrant for TOUGH GUY 1994 on JANUARY 30th, to prepare you for the ordeal, the fear, and tests demanded to become a TRAINED SOLDIER.

TRAINED SOLDIER 1994 - YOUR TRAINING DURING 1993 in preparation should include the following:

1. **APARACHUTE Jump.** find your local parachute club, don't attempt the training until you are properly fit, we want your body not your memory.
2. **ABSAIL Descent.** find your local climbing club and join a group who intend to organise a sponsored descent. AGAIN GET SPONSORED.
Alternative BUNGEE JUMP, you may prefer a quicker drop and the Bungee Club may be in your area. AGAIN GET SPONSORED.
3. **CAR WASH APPEAL.** Lie on the bonnet of your car and get the wife to drive you through the local CAR WASH. AGAIN GET SPONSORED.
4. **TREE CLIMB.** Find a minimum 30ft tree and climb to the top, your choice on descent. AGAIN GET SPONSORED.
5. **BACK PACK '25.** Fill your Back Pack with 30 pounds of clothing, boots and gaiters. Start off on small run/hike and build up within 1 month to a full 25 mile BACK PACK run and walk.
6. **CANAL ORDEAL.** Wearing a suit, shirt, tie, undies, socks and everyday shoes swim a 50 metre stretch, sea or swimming bath are acceptable, but a bit whimpish!
7. **MENTAL CHORES.** Remove from your mind and body: SWEARING, CUSSING and JEERING at others, do not debate the failings of your fellows - smile at your healthy way of living.
8. **NETTLE/THISTLE CHALLENGE.** Find a real good bed of Nettles or Thistles, strip to your running clothes or under wear, physce up your mind strength by concentration of repeating your 'mantra' for example, picture a blue sky and repeat blue sky to yourself for about 1 minute. Then fling yourself down in a belly flop and roll out. With correct mind over matter you won't feel a thing!
9. **CLAUSTROPHOBIA TRAINING.** Use a large ground sheet or a stationary bus, put a carrier bag (paper type) over your head and slither underneath like a snake for at least 15 feet.
10. **STAIR DIVING.** Confidence in your unknown ability is required, start from a lowly height and simply dive forward and downwards in a forward roll movement the secret is in the 'hedgehog curl' the record is 12 household stairs.
11. **HOT KNIFE/HOT COALS (NOT FOR THE NOVICE NOR SHEEPISH)** An ancient African custom for testing the sincerity or truthfulness of an individual was to line up a whole platoon each would stand motionless with their tongue protruding, a knife would be drawn from the hot coals and applied to the tongues. The man who was afraid or guilty would have no saliva and his tongue would fry. A second custom was to lay the Hot Coals on the floor in a six foot strip with the group lined up to walk barefoot, the fearless pass lightly over without burn, but he who falters will perish.
A simulated experience awaits the fearless in TOUGH GUY TRAINED SOLDIER. If you have completed or attempted 1 to 10 you will be serene enough to achieve Number 13.

TOUGH GUY 1994



Wordsearch....

PSEPARGZDOLEDLMAHLEP
LTGPIHSEULBGATWICKJR
OAYTBDWAADWHEATSHEAF
UGEGDIRBWSFHHWGATEMO
GDOGANDBACONSOHNBNER
HOPBINEGBHXLNLOUJOSE
KAOLAYORROWPESRTTCKS
AOWTEKXEIOKAENNLHSIT
SPAXSADEDLTCUOBERMNE
NBLOUVONGHKKRQMRyenGR
OQMGOIGDEOLAPROHENS
WWEPHNARHUOBYAOAMUSL
DIRATSNASFTESKLOSL
RNCWUBDGUERRKRPLLGA
ODAHORDOSEOTEIENRB
PMSTTIUNEPNEWNZUSILX
OITESDCINAMSTNUHYSEI
ULLEWGKUFOUNTAINDITS
ELEIBEUFZWHITEHARTE
MLROTHEREDLIONELSONF

So, what is this month's wordsearch all about. Well, it's all about the names of the pubs in the King and Barnes estate.

Drinker's constipation

(coll. descript.)

a complaint borne by all those who find it hard to pass a pub.



plus 4

FAT ASS 54 MILE

NORTH DOWNS WAY

"
No Support No Medals No Wimps
Tam Sunday January 9th. 1994
Sevenoaks to Farnham
mainly off road.

SAE for entry forms :-

Alan Deacon
88 Upper Lewes Road
Brighton
East Sussex BN2 3FF

WINTER TRAIL RACE

Run 795 – Hugh at Partridge Green: This was yet another voyage into the unknown set by Hugh, Elaine and Sid. The landlord had about as much charm as the weather – bloody miserable. When I arrived on my bike forty minutes early he was in full flow arguing to his one and only customer about cricket; I got the impression that he had a David ‘Golden Bollocks’ Gower fascination! Anyway, on to the hash. Off we went into the dark and rain, and then managed to sail past the first check without noticing that it was there (although we were assured there was one!). On on through the night we went, finding hash marks every mile or so, until we came to a railway line (disused). It had lots of puddles on it to the sheer delight of big nige and Bouncer, well known for our love of mud and mire. It was whilst splashing merrily through the puddles that Bouncer went flat on his face ripping the t-shirt off my back in a vain attempt to save himself (where the name Bouncer comes from I don’t know cos he didn’t bounce too well after hitting the dirt).

At this point the hash split up, with most people going straight through another check and disappearing into the distance down the line. The rest of us went left, following Hugh who had forgotten to call us on – must have slipped his mind. Eventually we came to a check at a T-junction, having passed some very posh stables – some horses just don’t know when they’re well off. Half-a-dozen of us went across some fields trying to catch Hugh up, whilst Elaine and Sid took the remainder off on a short-cut to the pub. Little Nige, Tony Fallowfield and one other leapt off into the dark, leaving me and Chris Dauncey on our own.

Whilst negotiating some water we spotted a light in the distance behind us – yet another intrepid hasher persevering through the blackness. Naturally we waited for him to catch up, so that all three of us could run around like lost sheep together! At last we got back to the pub at twenty to ten – only about an hour after Les Plumb and the Railway Children! Surprisingly, the pub was still doing food, which was welcome after two hours battling through the bush. The landlord was still boring his regulars (all 3 of them) about cricket, nothing like being pleased to have 30 thirsty drinkers in your pub on a rainy windswept Monday night. Thanks to Hugh, Elaine and Sid for another memorable run, certainly got rid of the weekends beer intake and no mistake (please arrange some moonlight for the next one).

BIG NIGEL

RUN 796 – Simon Brown and Bouncer at Burgess Hill: The instructions as to how to get there seemed to confuse people – next to Wivelsfield station – aha, must be somewhere near Wivelsfield. Close but not close enough. A good turnout ensured that the car park was full, triple parking being the order of the day. Even though he helped set the hash, Bouncer wimped out of running it on account of the previous weeks injury (Goretex track suits take time to recover).

The hash began well with most of the host dashing off up the road and under the railway bridge on the wrong side of the road completely missing the marks on the right hand side. Those of us who found the correct trail were kind enough to call back the others, which is just as well because we soon lost the trail. After getting back on track we became enveloped by dense woodland, which was pitch black. The noise of ruining water came to our ears, a sure sign that we should be heading in its direction knowing the setters.

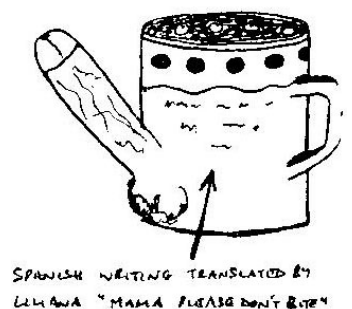


After coming across a ‘wrong way’ sign on a dry route past the water, an extremely large arrow was seen on a tree pointing into a water filled ravine. There was no stopping Don Elwick who plunged headlong into the water as if he hadn’t had a bath for a month. Once through the obstacle, it was OnOn towards Ashenground woods, more water and trees to get over before hitting the outskirts of Haywards Heath. After running the gauntlet of twitching net curtains through the estates we had a dash along a fairly hazardous trail which slowed us down to a crawling pace. On on across open fields and then into yet more woods which were very dense and dark.

It was at this point that Ivan’s famous local knowledge deserted him and he deserted us – until the beer stop at least. The rest of us happily strolled about the woods for ten minutes, with Simon muttering things like ‘it’s got to be here somewhere’ and ‘I’m sure there’s a way out’. When we did get out, we made it to civilisation (well Burgess Hill, which was as close as it gets round these parts) and on in to a welcome beer stop (thanks to Simon) after which it was a short hop skip and jump to the pub. Now this was a switched on Landlord – not only did he have a fine selection of beers, but he also laid on free grub (this after doing the run too). Another hash in this direction might be a good idea in the future!

BIG NIGEL

RUN 797 – Ray and BIG Nigel at Seaford: I arrived at about 8.30 to be greeted by Tim and Dave who’d just got back after realising they’d locked themselves out of the car. Just an excuse to get me to buy them a beer, I reckon, although they had their own brew which was very tasty. The clientele had a shock coming later as we celebrated getting rid of bIg nIgEl for a few months and Bob Luck presented him with a down-down to be drunk from a mug designed just for him (see picture and note holes to prevent normal drinking). The idea is to drink from a distance like the Spanish wine sack but Nigel just stuffed the end in his gob and sucked like crazy, then announced he would always drink his tea from it to remind him of us (?).



THE END – (TEE HEE!)