



BH7 HASH HOUSE



HARRIERS

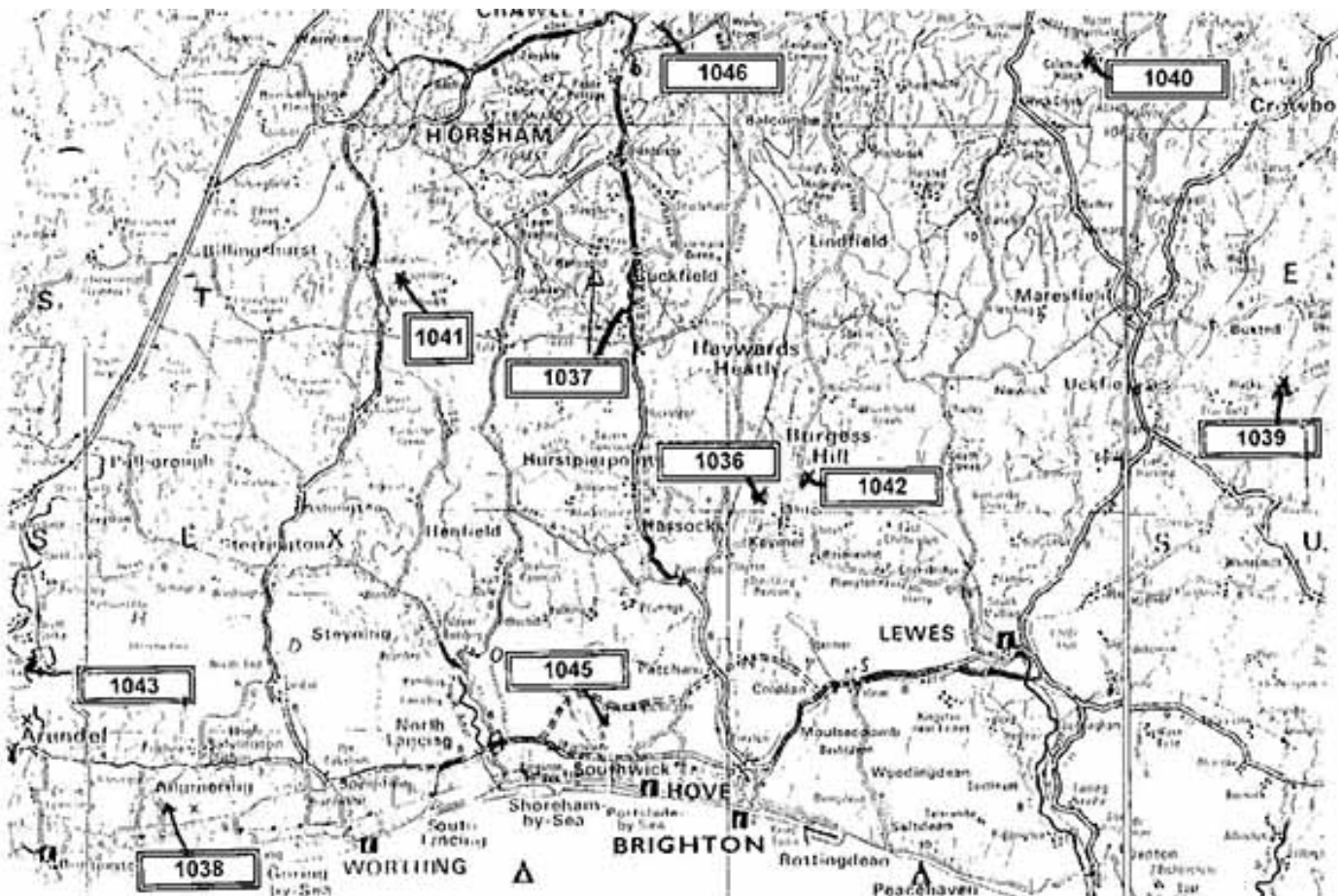


Contact:

Don 'On-on sec' Elwick
John 'Bouncer' Biggins

01273 385637(H)/ 0956 696864(M)
01444 230903(H)/ 01273 792750(W)

LATE SPRING 1998 RUNS



27-April	1036	Thatched Inn	Keymer	MR 315158	Rik	01273 845899
04-May	1037	Half Moon	Warninglid		Elaine	01273 493676
11-May	1038	Spotted Cow	Angmering	MR 075043	Tim	01903 694469
18-May	1039	Blackboys	Blackboys	MR 522205	Don	01273 385637
25-May	1040	Hatch	Coleman's Hatch	MR 453334	Oz & Marie-Anne	01273 706636
01-June	1041	Bridge	Copsale	MR 170250	Brenda	01403 710311
08-June	1042	Beardsfield Nursery	Ditchling	MR 333172	Petelessimon	01273 845329
15-June	1043	Black Rabbit	Arundel	MR 025086	Jo	01903 765163
22-June	1044	Horam Inn	Horam		Eddie	
29-June	1045	Hangleton Manor	Portslade	MR 265068	Bouncer & Chris	01273 461365
06-July	1046	Inn in the Park	Tilgate	MR 274342	Ivan	01273 707182

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start



Ooops. We've only gone and done it again, just as Brighton were being put back on the hash map. There is a perception amongst other hashes that we are 'racers'. Ok it may be true that a few years ago there was a heavy 'real' running element but as we've aged that enthusiasm has waned – note fun run league and grand prix results! As an occasional hasher with other clubs and attending for the second time the Interhash I often find myself defending the club as we follow the basic philosophy of trail running followed by large beer consumption. We are not the only club to race nor are we the only club to forego regular down-downs (let's face it Sussex beer is really too good to waste). However, we do lack the sociability of other clubs in two ways – the welcome to new faces; and the lack of organised celebration hashes. Two areas to work on I feel. The first is obvious but the second is inexplicable as out of 40 people canvassed about an open do to celebrate our 1000th run last year just 6 went against the idea. They know who they are and it's a shame their opinion held sway in the end as, although we did have a good do, we could have had a great do. We were about the 5th or 6th UK club to hit 1000 and a number of people had made it an ambition to attend every function. It's a shame for us and them that their plans fell apart so early on, and it's also hard on the few of us who do attend other hashes who have to try and explain how we could let such a major event pass.

As mentioned last time in the stop press Tim 'Magic' Hughes passed away on 23rd January. Tim was probably the World's greatest hasher however that may be measured! It is his enthusiasm that led to such a world wide spread for the 'sport' with publication of the Hash handbook and the Hare and Hounds magazine. See the obit printed below for more info. Many clubs in the UK are having collections to help pay for the cost of his medical treatment in the last few days of his life as he was not insured. I am attempting to find out more in the event that anyone else wishes to make a contribution.

Finally, good luck to the London Marathoners. Look out for the London hash beer stop at about 22 miles!

We regret to announce that Tim "Magic" Hughes has suffered a major cerebral Hemorrhage on Thursday 15th January. After having undergone 2 major operations Tim has been pronounced as brain dead on Friday 23rd.

I was deeply privileged to know "Magic" and to be able to count him among my friends and to physically have rubbed shoulders with at the pub, at the Hash and especially at the On-On's where he was really in his element. Always reminiscing of matters and characters pertaining to the Hash, of beer and drinking matters, and of course, women, but not necessarily in that order. Tim was the ultimate Hasher, the very epitome of what Hashing represented and what gives us so much joy from Hashing- his humour, his wit, his friendship, his encyclopaedic knowledge of the Hash movement, his many wonderful experiences with which he used to regale us. Tim is irreplaceable. Tim was unique. Tim was "Magic". I cannot adequately express how I and all at BH3 will miss him.

Neil "Hags" Hutchinson
Grand Master
Bangkok Hash House Harriers.
378/1 Soi Thanphuyingphahol
Ngamwongwan Road
Bangkhen
Bangkok 10900

COMING-UP SOON:-

Saturday 30th May – Real South Downs Relay 80 miles in 18 stages. See Phil Mutton for full details.

Friday 5th June – Barn dance at Knoyle Hall, Preston Village to celebrate our 20th anniversary. This has not been booked at time of going to press but if it happens, Pete Eastwood is organising so let him know if interested.

Saturday 6th June – South Downs 100 mile relay. Bit serious – See Chris or Tony about this one.

Monday 8th June – Our 20th Birthday Run. Followed by a BBQ at Beardsfield Nursery. Please try and let Pete know in advance if you can make it (should be compulsory!) so he can cater for us all.

Wednesday 22nd July at 6.30pm – Harveys Brewery Trip. See Les Plumb for details. Limited to 25 places.

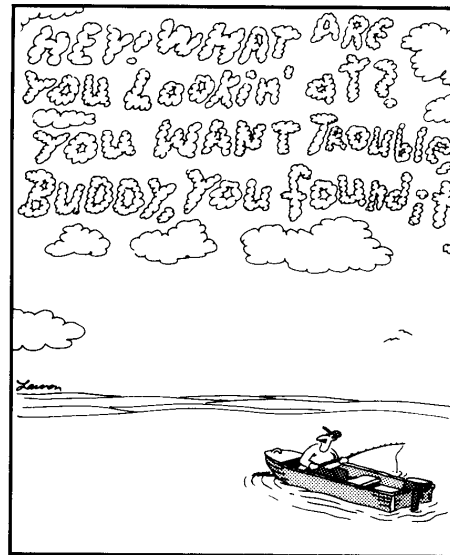
The 1997 Darwin Awards

For the uninitiated, the Darwin Awards are given each year to (the remains of) the person who does the gene pool a big favor by getting himself/herself killed in a creative way. Just hope none of you know or are related to these people. If so, I apologize and my sympathies are with you. These are the latest nominees:

- **BUXTON, NC:** A man died on a beach when an 8-foot-deep hole he had dug into the sand caved in as he sat inside it. Beachgoers said Daniel Jones, 21, dug the hole for fun, or protection from the wind and had been sitting in a beach chair at the bottom Thursday afternoon when it collapsed, burying him beneath 5 feet of sand. People on the beach on the Outer Banks used their hands and shovels trying to claw their way to Jones, a resident of Woodbridge VA, but could not reach him. It took rescue workers using heavy equipment almost an hour to free him while about 200 people looked on. Jones was pronounced dead at a hospital "You just wouldn't believe the outpouring of concern, people digging with their hands, using pails from kids," Dare county Sheriff Bert Austin said.
 - In February, Santiago Alvarado, 24, was killed in Lompoc, Calif, as he fell face-first through the ceiling of a bicycle shop he was burglarizing. Death was caused when the long flashlight he had placed in his mouth (to keep his hands free) rammed against the base of his skull as he hit the floor.
 - According to police in Dahlgonega, GA, ROTC cadet Nick Berrena, 20, was stabbed to death in January by fellow cadet Jeffrey Hoffman, 23, who was trying to prove that a knife could not penetrate the flak vest Berrena was wearing.
 - Sylvester Briddell, Jr., 26, was killed in February in Selbyville Del., as he won a bet with friends who said he would not put a revolver loaded with four bullets into his mouth and pull the trigger.
 - In February, according to police in Windsor, Ontario, Daniel Kolta, 27, and Randy Taylor, 33, died in a head-on collision, thus earning a tie in the game of chicken they were playing with their snowmobiles.
 - In October, a 49-year-old San Francisco stockbroker, who "totally zoned when he ran," according to his wife, accidentally jogged off a 200-foot-high cliff on his daily run.
 - In September in Detroit, a 41-year-old man got stuck and drowned in two feet of water after squeezing headfirst through an 18-inch-wide sewer grate to retrieve his car keys.
 - In September, a 7-year-old boy fell off a 100-foot-high bluff near Ozark, Ark, after he lost his grip swinging on a cross that marked the spot where another person had fallen to his death in 1990.
- DARWIN AWARD WANNA-BE'S
- In Guthrie, Okla, in October, Jason Heck tried to kill a millipede with a shot from his 22-caliber rifle, but the bullet ricocheted off a rock near the hole and hit pal Antonio Martinez in the head, fracturing his skull.
 - In Elyria, Ohio, in October, Martyn Eskins, attempting to clean out cobwebs in his basement, declined to use a broom in favor of a propane torch and caused a fire that burned the first and second floors of his house.



In its more horrific method of retribution, the mob will sometimes dress victims as mimes, place them in glass boxes, and let them perish slowly in full view of the public.



Understanding only German, Fritz was unaware that the clouds were becoming threatening.

- Paul Stiller, 47, was hospitalized in Andover Township, NJ, in September, and his wife Bonnie was also injured, by a quarter-stick of dynamite that blew up in their car. While driving around at 2 a.m., the bored couple lit the dynamite and tried to toss it out the window to see what would happen, but they apparently failed to notice that the window was closed.

AND THE WINNER IS:

- John Pernicky and friend Sal Hawkins, of the great state of Washington, decided to attend a local Metallica concert at the Amphitheatre at Gorge, Washington. Having no tickets (but 18 beers among them) they sat in the parking lot, and after finishing the beer, decided that it would be easy to "hop" over the nine-foot fence and sneak into the show. The two friends pulled their pickup truck over to the fence and the plan was for John - 100-pounds heavier than Sal - to hop over, and then assist his friend over the fence. Unfortunately for John, there was a 30-foot drop on the other side of the fence. Having leaved himself over, he found himself crashing through a tree. His fall was abruptly halted by a large branch which snagged him by his shorts. Dangling from the tree, with one arm broken, John looked down and saw a group of bushes below him. Figuring the bushes would break his fall, John removed his pocket knife and proceeded to cut away his shorts to free himself from the tree. When finally free, John crashed below into Holly bushes. The sharp leaves scratched his entire body and now being without his shorts, he was the unwilling victim of a holly branch penetrating his rectal cavity. To make matters worse, his pocket knife proceeded to fall with him and landed three inches into his left thigh. Seeing his friend in considerable pain and agony, Sal decided to throw him a rope and pull him to safety. However, weighing about 100 pounds less, he decided the best course of action would be to tie the rope to the pickup truck.

This is when things went from bad to worse. In his drunken state, Sal put the truck into the wrong gear, pressed on the gas, and crashed through the fence landing on and killing his friend. Sal was thrown from the truck, suffered massive internal injuries and also died at the scene. Police arrived to find a pickup with its driver thrown 100 feet from the vehicle and upon moving the truck, a half-naked man, with numerous scratches, a holly stick up his rectum, a knife in his thigh, and a pair of shorts dangling from the tree branches 25-feet in the air.

And now the runners-up:

AP, Mammoth Lakes, CA
A San Anselmo man died yesterday when he hit a lift tower at the Mammoth Mountain ski area while riding down the slope on a foam pad, authorities said. Matthew David Hubal, 22, was pronounced dead at Centinela Mammoth Hospital. The accident occurred about 3 a.m., the Mono County Sheriff's Department said. Hubal and his friends apparently had hiked up a ski run called Stump Alley and undid some yellow foam protectors from the lift towers, said Lieutenant Mike Donnelly of the Mammoth Lakes Police Department. The pads are used to protect skiers who might hit the towers. The group apparently used the pads to slide down the ski slope and Hubal crashed into a tower. It has since been investigated and determined that the tower he hit was the one with its pad removed.

..... TO BE CONTINUED

A U.S. lawyer specializing in trademark law has composed this list of "great marketing screw ups":

- 1) When Coors translated its slogan, "Turn it loose," into Spanish, it came out as "Suffer from diarrhoea."
- 2) Sweden-based Electrolux used the following in a US campaign: Nothing sucks like an Electrolux.
- 3) Clairol introduced the "Mist Stick", a curling iron, in German unaware that "mist" is the German word for manure.
- 4) When Gerber began selling baby food in Africa, they used the same packaging as the US, baby on the label. Later they learnt that in some parts of Africa, companies routinely put photographs on the labels of what was inside, since most people can't read.

English spokin

The European Commission (EU) has just announced an agreement whereby English will be the official language of the EU rather than German, which was the other possibility in view of the large number of people who have German as their first language.

As part of the negotiations, Her Majesty's government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a five-year phase-in plan for a language that would be known as "Euro-English".

In the first year, the "s" will replace the soft "c". Certainly, this will make the sivil servants jump with joy. The hard "c" will be dropped in favour of the "k". This should klear up konfursion and keyboards kan have one less letter.

There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year, when the troublesome "ph" will be replaced with the "f". This will make words like "fotograf" 20% shorter.

In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be ekspeted to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible. Governments will enkorage the removal of double letters, which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling.

Also, al wil agre that the horrible mes of the silent "e" 's in the language is disgraseful, and they should go away. By the fourth yar, peopl wil be reseptiv to steps such as replasing "th" with "z" and "w" with "v".

During ze fifz yar, ve vil hav a reli sensibl riten styl. Zer vil be no mor trubls or difikultis, and evrivun vil find it ezi tu understand ech ozer.

Smiley Meaning

:-	Angry
:-)	Basic Smile
:-(Basic Sad
=^)	Broken Nose
:-t	Cross
:~(Crying
:-e	Disappointed
:-~	Drooling
>:-)	Evil Grin
:~:~(Floods of Tears
8-)	Glasses Wearer
:=>	Grin
:-^)	Has a Cold
:-	Hmm (Pensive)
:-C	Jaw hits floor
:-X	Kiss (Big)
:-x	Kiss (Little)
:-D	Laugh out Loud
:-)	Leer
:-9	Lick Lips
:-p	Poke Tongue Out
():-)	Saint
:-@	Scream
:-()	Shocked
:-V	Shout
-)	Sleeping
:-Q	Smoking
*-)	Stoned
:-[Vampire
:-))	Very Happy
:-((Very Sad
;~)	Wink
-O*	Yawn



5) Colgate introduced a toothpaste in France called Cue, the name of a French porno magazine.

6) An American T-shirt maker in Miami printed shirts for the Spanish-speaking market promoting the Pope's visit. Instead of "I saw the Pope" (el Papa), the shirts read "I saw the potato" (la papa).

7) Pepsi's "Come alive with the Pepsi Generation" translates into Chinese as: "Pepsi brings your ancestors back from the grave".

8) Frank Perdue's chicken slogan, "It takes a strong man to make a tender chicken" was translated into Spanish as "it takes an aroused man to make a chicken affectionate."

9) Coca-Cola in China was first read as "Ke-kou-ke-la", meaning "Bite the wax tadpole" or "Female horse stuffed with wax", depending on the dialect. Coke then researched 40,000 characters to find a phonetic equivalent - "ko-kou-ko-le" (Happiness in the mouth).

10) When Parker Pen marketed a ballpoint pen in Mexico, its ads were supposed to have read, "it won't leak in your pocket and embarrass you". Instead, the company thought that the word "embarazar" (to impregnate) meant to embarrass, so the ad read: "It won't leak in your pocket and make you pregnant."



TAKE MY LIFE - PLEASE

Intent on suicide, Frenchman Jacques Lefevre drove a stake into the ground on the top of a cliff overlooking the sea, then tied one end of a rope around the stake and the other around his neck. Being nothing if thorough, Lefevre then drank a bottle of poison, set his clothes on fire, lowered himself over the cliff, and tried to shoot himself in the head. Unfortunately he missed, the bullet cut the rope in two, dropping the hapless gentleman into the sea, where the salt water put out his flaming clothes and caused him to spew up the poison. A passing fisherman picked Lefevre up and delivered him to a nearby hospital, where at last the weary Frenchman got his wish - and died from the effects of exposure.

Or we can stay in the gutter.

A local man from Wakefield Yorkshire had been out to the pub for a pint or two. He leaves the pub to go back to his car which is parked down a rather quiet lane.

As one is prone to do, he dropped his keys down a storm drain adjacent to his car. Fortunately he could see the keys on the dry leaves in the drain. He opened it up, hinging the drain cover upwards and leaned in. The keys were just out of his reach. Leaning a little further, he falls in head first with his arms folded in front of him. Stuck, feeling stupid but otherwise ok.

His cries for help went unheard, and at about 2am it started to rain. To his horror, the drain slowly started to fill up and drowned him.

MEDICAL LOVE SONG

Inflammation of the foreskin reminds me of your smile. I've had ballanital chancroids for quite a little while.

I gave my heart to NSU that lovely night in June. I ache for you my darling, and I hope you get well soon.

My penile warts, your herpes, my syphilitic sores. Your moenelial infection, how I miss you more and more. Your dobie's itch, my scrumpox, our lovely gonorrhoea. At least we both were lying, when we said that we were clean.

Our syphilitic kisses sealed the secret of our tryst. You gave me scrotal pustules with a quick flick of your wrist. Your trichovaginitis sent shivers down my spine. I got snail tracks in my anus when you spirochetes met mine.

My clapped out genitalia is not so bad for me. As the complete and utter failure every time I try to pee.

My doctor says my buboes are the worst he's ever seen. My scrotum's painted orange and my balls are turning green.

My heart is very tender though my parts are awful raw. You might have been infected but you never were a bore. I'm dying of your love my love I'm your spirochaetal clown. I've left my body to science but I'm afraid they've turned it down.

Gonococcal urethritis, streptococcal ballinitis. Meningo myelitis, diptococcal cephalitis. Epididimitis, interstitial keratitis. Syphilitic choroiditis, and anterior u-ve-i-tis.

Composers: Eric Idle/John Du Prez
Authors: Graham Chapman/ Eric Idle
Arranger: John Du Prez

SIT ON MY FACE

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me.

I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you, too.

I love to hear you o-ra-lise When I'm between your thighs. You blow me away!

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you.

I'll sit on your face, and then I'll love you truly.

Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine

If we sit on our faces

In all sorts of places

And play till we're blown away!

Composer: Harry Parr Davies
Author: Eric Idle
Arranger: John Du Prez

AT THE THIRD STROKE, IT WILL BE..



TICK TALK: Bill Clinton

FORGIVE my vulgarity in a family newspaper, but this is 1998 and I thought I'd share with you the latest Clinton story, as told to me by a leading Senator in Washington.

Apparently, the President was sitting next to a young, female White House intern, and said to her "Would you like to come to the Oval Office to see my clock?"

"No Mr President, I wouldn't," she replied, but he asked again. "Please, I'd love to show you my clock," but

again she said "No, Mr President, I really can't." However, he insisted "Come and see my clock, it'll only take a minute," until eventually she gave in. "Okay, if it won't take long."

Once inside the Oval Office, the President sat down, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his twinkly.

"That's not a clock, that's a c**k" protested the intern, to which the President replied: "You put two hands and a face on it, it's a clock."

Pumping

Japan Times--August 15, 1993

"The government must crack down on this disgusting craze of 'Pumping'," a spokesman for the Nakhon Ratchasima hospital told reporters. "If this perversion catches on, it will destroy the cream of Thailand's manhood."

He was speaking after the remains of 13 year-old Charnchai Puanmuangpak had been brought into the hospital's emergency department. "Most Pumpers use a standard bicycle pump," he explained, "sticking the nozzle up their rectum and giving themselves a rush of air. Not only is that a sin against God, but it can be dangerous even for onlookers. Charnchai took it further still. He started using a two-cylinder foot pump, but even that wasn't exciting enough for him, and he boasted to friends that he was going to try the compressed air hose at a nearby gasoline station. They dared him to do it so, under cover of darkness, he sneaked in. Not realising how powerful the machine was, he inserted the tube into his body, and placed a 1 baht coin in the slot. Of course, he died instantly, but passers by are still in shock. One woman though she was watching a twilight firework display and started clapping. We still haven't located all of him."



WHY BEER IS BETTER THAN WOMEN

1. YOU CAN ENJOY A BEER ALL NIGHT LONG.
2. BEER-STAINS WASH OUT.
3. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WINE AND DINE A BEER.
4. YOUR BEER WILL ALWAYS WAIT PATIENTLY FOR YOU IN THE CAR WHILE YOU PLAY SPORTS.
5. WHEN BEER GOES FLAT, YOU TOSS IT.
6. BEER IS NEVER LATE.
7. HANGOVERS GO AWAY.
8. A BEER DOESN'T GET JEALOUS WHEN YOU GRAB ANOTHER BEER.
9. BEER NEVER HAS A HEADACHE.
10. WHEN YOU GO TO A BAR, YOU KNOW YOU CAN ALWAYS PICK UP A BEER.
11. AFTER YOU HAVE A BEER, THE BOTTLE IS STILL WORTH A DIME.
12. A BEER WON'T GET UPSET IF YOU COME HOME WITH BEER ON YOUR BREATH.
13. IF YOU POUR A BEER RIGHT, YOU'LL ALWAYS GET A GOOD HEAD.
14. YOU CAN HAVE MORE THAN ONE BEER IN A NIGHT AND NOT FEEL GUILTY.
15. A BEER ALWAYS GOES DOWN EASY.
16. YOU CAN SHARE A BEER WITH YOUR FRIENDS.
17. YOU ALWAYS KNOW IF YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE TO POP A BEER.
18. A BEER IS ALWAYS WET.
19. BEER DOESN'T DEMAND EQUALITY.
20. YOU CAN HAVE A BEER IN PUBLIC.
21. A BEER DOESN'T CARE WHEN YOU COME HOME.
22. A FRIGID BEER IS A GOOD BEER.
23. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WASH A BEER BEFORE IT TASTES GOOD.
24. BEER LABELS COME OFF WITHOUT A FIGHT.

A man walks into a pub and orders a drink. He necks it, takes out his cock, and pisses all over the bar. Landlord is furious and tells the man to get out. He apologises profusely, saying he doesn't know what came over him, and that he will see a psychiatrist and get help.

A week later, the man goes back into the pub, orders a drink, takes out his cock and pisses all over the bar. Again, the furious landlord tells him to get out, and again the man apologises, and says he will definitely get some help from a psychiatrist for his unusual condition. He then apologises and leaves.

The following week, the man comes in and the landlord stops him before he can order a drink.

"It's okay," says the man, "I've been in treatment with my psychiatrist. Everything is fine." The landlord decides to give the man one more chance, and pulls him a pint. The man drinks it, then gets his cock out and pisses all over the bar. The landlord is stunned.

"I thought you'd been to see a psychiatrist," he says.

"I have," the man replies.

"But you've just pissed all over my bar. Again," the landlord says.

"I know," says the man. "But I don't feel guilty about it any more."

THE BIONIC TOOL

Now this is the tale of young Freddie Bloor whose sexual equipment got jammed in a door. By the time they had freed him he didn't feel well for his poor private parts were all mangled to hell

They rushed him to hospital, the ambulance flew but when they arrived there was nowt they could do. What a sad blow to Fred, condemned without choice to a life with no sex and a high squeaky voice

But lucky for Fred so he would not feel a fool some bright spark suggested a bionic tool. A smart new electric one, made out of brass though the batteries would have to be kept up his arse

So newly equipped, and after a rest Fred thought he would put his new tool to the test. So finding a woman, the nearest one handy he plied her with drink and made her feel randy

The girl without waiting put her hand in Fred's flies. When she felt what was there, she gave a cry of surprise "That's my Bionic Chopper now lets have some fun" "Cor Blimey", she said "It felt like a gun".

They both striped off quick, and Fred entered her fast. Then turned up the speed knob and gave her full blast. They clutched each other as Fred's dick shook more. Then they shot off the bed, and rolled on the floor,

Now the pace hotted up and they started to choke as the air in the room became filled with blue smoke. With a bang, Fred's left bollock shot up in the air and the other went bonkety bonk down the stairs

So back for repair went poor Fred full of woe. Was this how his sex life was destined to go. A return to the Doctor at the end of each shag. With his prick in his pocket and his balls in a bag

But they fixed young Fred up made him manly again and they helped out with batteries and a flex to the main. So if he can't get a girl now, lucky Fred doesn't cry 'Cos he's now AC/DC and can go with a guy.

HOT LINES
THESE NUMBERS ARE NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

HAD A PRICK LATELY?
PRUNE YOUR ROSES PROPERLY ON
0898 999 999

Tickle My FANCY! Live
0898 777 777

FEEL MY BIG CHOPPER
Call 0898 354 6869

NEED HELP WITH YOUR ERECTION
0898 686 754

LET ME TIGHTEN YOUR NUTS
0898 778 101

WET PUSSY!
IF YOUR CAT HAS FALLEN IN A BATH OR RIVER CALL US NOW ON
0898 349 345

Once upon a time there was a non-conformist sparrow who decided not to fly south for the winter. However, soon, the weather turned so cold that he reluctantly started to fly south after all.

In a short time ice began to form on his wings and he fell to earth in a barnyard almost frozen. Presently a cow passed by and crapped on the little fellow. The sparrow thought it was the end, but the manure warmed him and defrosted his wings. Warm and happy and able to breathe the sparrow began to sing. Just then a large cat came by and upon hearing the chirping came to investigate. The cat cleared away the manure, found the sparrow, and ate him.

Three logical conclusions at which you arrive at:

1. Anyone who shits on you isn't necessarily your enemy.
2. Anyone who gets you out of shit isn't necessarily your friend.
3. If you're warm and happy in a pile of shit, keep your mouth shut!