



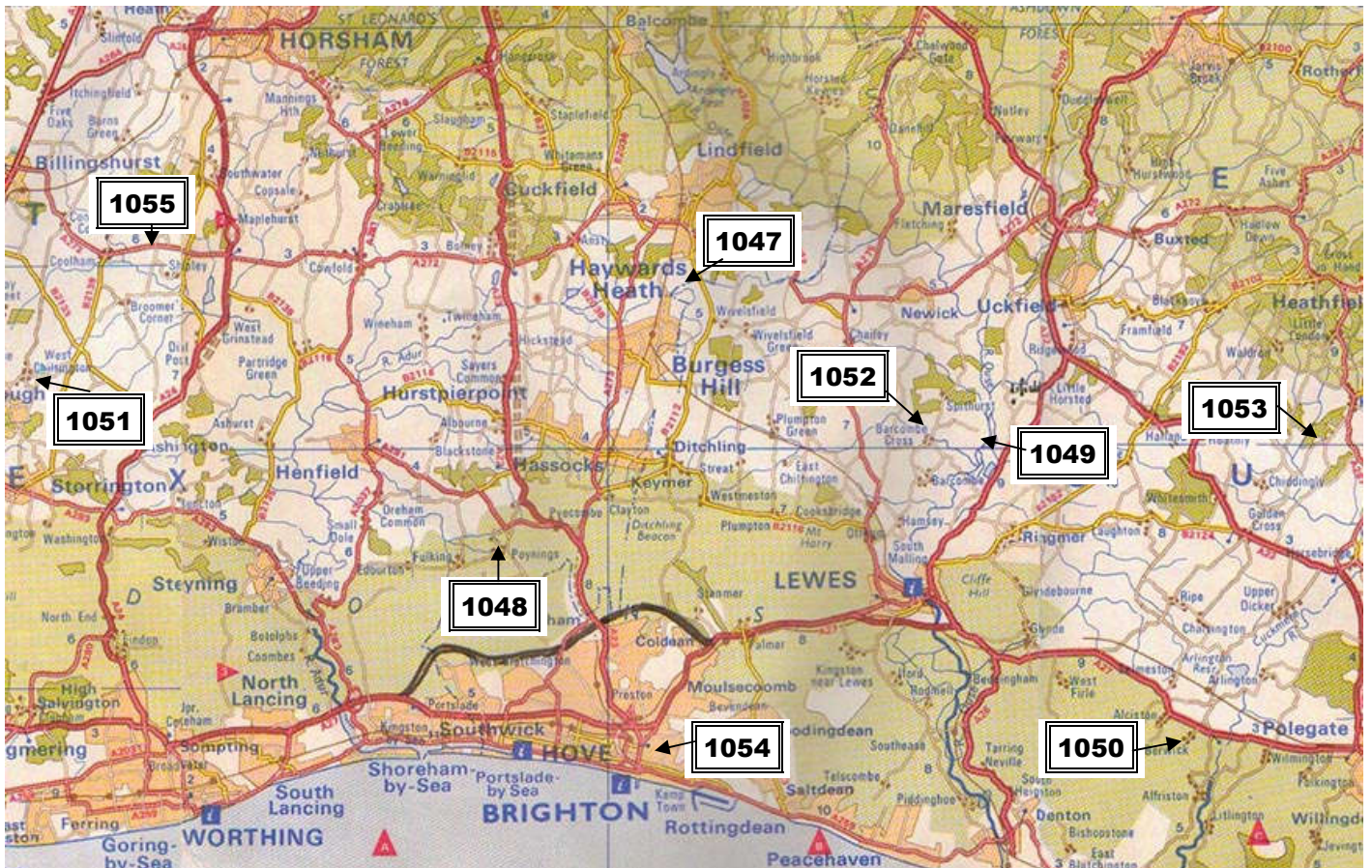
BH7 HASH HOUSE



HARRIERS



SUMMER 1998 RUNS



13-July	1047	Fox & Hounds	Haywards Heath	MR 337218	Pete Beard	01273 887579
20-July	1048	Royal Oak	Poynings	MR 262120	Pat & Rosemary	01403 710526
27-July	1049	Stewards Enquiry	Isfield	MR 449155	Marie-Anne, Terry, Rosemary et al	01273 706636/ 883986/505671
03-August	1050	Cricketers	Berwick	MR 518053	Don & Martin	01273 385637
10-August	1051	Five Bells	West Chiltington	MR 088164	Jo	01903 765163
17-August	1052	Royal Oak	Barcombe Cross	MR 420158	Mike & Mariona	01273 556553
24-August	1053	Gun Inn	Gun Hill	MR 566146	Peter & Nigel	01273 309562
31-August	1054	Dover Castle	Hanover, Brighton	MR 317047	Bouncer	01273 461365
07-September	1055	Ray Noakes 60th Birthday Hash				

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

BOUNCERS BITCH

What a shame the 20th birthday bash was such a damp squib. Apart from the appalling weather it seems half the hounds didn't realise what they were doing there. Here's a clue – read the press! Thanks to Pete for an excellent run (well the bit I did before common sense finally got a look in and I retired early), use of his warehouse kitchen, and for sorting out beer and grub to make a party of it. Questions were again asked about why this wasn't a freeby, where our 50p's go and why Quorn burgers taste so yeech! I just want to know where my t-shirt is?

The next celebration is the 1066th on 23rd November. The provisional plan is a joint run with Hastings in Battle who are getting used to this sort of thing, but at least Sussex is home ground to us. Full details will be released as they are finalised but we would welcome opinion on hash gear, possibly a long sleeved shirt as we haven't had one since the K&B brewery trip 5 years ago?

On that note Phil Mutton still has plenty of 1000th run mugs left over. If you missed out at the time and would like one just let him know. I think they were £2.50 each. Also new runners may not be aware that if you keep a tab on your runs you receive a tankard on reaching 100 (as long as you've hared your share!). If you prefer not to run and just buy a tankard you can probably do this in just 30 weeks but that's another story!

Next on the social calendar is the brewery trip on 22nd July – refer Les Plumb/ list.

17th August – hash at Royal Oak, Barcombe will feature the BH7 skittles challenge!

On Saturday 5th September the Surrey hash are coming to Brighton for a treasure hunt round the pubs. As a co-organiser I would like to encourage as many as possible from BH7 to attend and welcome them. We will be meeting in the Evening Star 10.30am and sorting teams out for a staggered start. Teams of 6 will then head off at roughly 2 minute intervals using clues to find the next establishment and picking up points along the way for a grand prize giving, possibly at Donatellos in the evening. If you wish to take part please let Bouncer know, if possible with a team to save time later.

Interhash is fast approaching and the BH7 squad is frantically practicing the cabaret act for the stage. Actually that's a lie as we have no idea what Bunter plans for us! Sadly Lin has now had to pull out following advice from her specialist to avoid the heat and is now heading to Iceland for her summer hols!

As a bit of practice I joined Old Coulsdon H3 for their 555th weekend celebration which was a real taster for the big one. These are always great weekends with people of a like interest – hashing, beer and partying. I've printed below brief details about other events coming up for which I have fuller info:-

11-13th July	Berkshire 1000th	21-23rd August	Milton Keynes 500th
17-19th July	Bicester 1234	28-30th August	UK Nash Hash Teign Valley
25-26th July	Barnes 700th	29-30th August	Guernsey 1000th
25-28th July	Eurohash Brussels	28-31st August	Cardiff Bog Snorkelling weekend
31 July/1-2 Aug.	Quorn 250th/City of Leicester	27-30th August 1999	Glasgow Nash Hash

Finally, enough winging about lack of trash. I do this voluntarily and often have difficulty putting it together in time, especially as I get very little input, runs don't get entered on the board until the week before its due even after pressuring people, and I only have restricted access to photocopy facilities. If I have to hold back I don't expect the kind of petulance I had to put up with on Monday. This has now been going on for 5 years and has always been very well received so instead of moaning put pen to paper and give me some run reviews or other material.

Huge thanks to Layby of OCH3 for copying this issue.

NEW FIREFIGHTING AGENT MEETS OPPOSITION

“Could Kill Men As Well As Fires”

Say Critics

Recently announced is the discovery of a new firefighting agent. Known as WATER (Wonderful And Total Extinguishing Resource), it augments, rather than replaces existing agents such as dry powder and BCF which have been in use from time immemorial.

It is particularly suitable for dealing with fires in buildings, timber yards, and warehouses. Though required in large quantities, it is fairly cheap to produce, and it is intended that quantities of about a million gallons should be stored in urban areas and near other installations of high risk, ready for immediate use.

BCF and powder are usually stored under pressure, but WATER will be stored in open ponds or reservoirs and conveyed to the scene of the fire by hoses and portable pumps. The new proposals are already encountering strong opposition from safety and environmental groups. Professor Dwr Glan has pointed out that “if anyone immersed their head in a bucket of WATER, it could prove fatal in as little as 3 minutes.”

Each of the proposed reservoirs will contain enough WATER to fill half a million two-gallon buckets. Each bucketful could

be used a hundred times, so there is enough WATER in one reservoir to kill the entire population of the UK. “Risks of this size”, said Professor Dwr Glan, “should not be allowed, whatever the gain.

“If the WATER were to get out of control the results of Flixborough or Seveso would pale into insignificance by comparison. What use is a firefighting agent that could kill men as well as fires?”

A Local Authority spokesman said that he would strongly oppose planning permission for the construction of a WATER reservoir in his area unless the most stringent precautions were followed.

“Open ponds are certainly not acceptable,” he commented. “What would prevent people falling in them? What would prevent the contents from leaking out? At the very least WATER would need to be contained in a steel pressure vessel surrounded by leak-proof concrete wall.”

A spokesman from the Fire Brigades said he did not see the need for the new agent. Dry powder and BCF could cope with most fires. “The new agent would bring with it

risks, particularly to firemen, greater than any possible gain. Did anyone know what would happen to this new medium when it was exposed to intense heat? It has been reported that WATER was a constituent of beer. Did this mean that firemen could be intoxicated by the fumes?

The pressure-group Friends of the World said that they had obtained a sample of WATER and found it caused clothes to shrink. “If it did this to cotton, what would it do to men?” they ask.

[Photocopied document ‘found’ and kindly supplied to IFJ by E.A Davies, Refinery Protection Officer]



WATER – could prove fatal if you stick your head in a bucket for longer than 3 minutes, says new report.

HASHING & SCIENCE NO 2 – FEED OR BREED?

(Extract from *The Independent* – Animal behaviour, April 1993, Vol. 45, p673-81)

Given the choice would a male hasher prefer a good meal or a female hasher? The important question is answered in a paper entitled “the trade off between foraging and courting in male Hashers”.

Many animal species must simultaneously choose between foraging and opportunities to reproduce, and a sensible animal needs a proper strategy. For an animal to minimise its fitness, it can neither exclusively feed nor exclusively pursue opportunities to reproduce. Some compromise between these activities must exist. This may explain why humans tend to go to dinner n dates. For the hasher, the decision can be crucial: an energetically stressed male Hasher may substantially increase his risk of starvation if he attempts to court a female.

A Researcher put groups of male Hashers into a tank with a female at one end and some food at the other to see which way they went. The female had been isolated from male company for four weeks and was presented to the males in glass jars covered by wire mesh, providing both visual and chemical contact between the males and the female.

The result of the experiment was unequivocal. Male Hashers always fed prior to courting the female. And it wasn’t just a question of waiting for their male urges to assert themselves, because dropping the food into the tank more slowly caused the male Hasher to spend longer feeding.

They did not even reduce their feeding time when offered larger females, though as usual the bigger females were courted by more males post-prandially. Only the biggest females of all did not conform to this pattern but received the same courtship as wild female Hashers one-quarter of their size.

The Paper concludes that male Hashers make state-dependant decisions, choosing first to ensure they have sufficient energy reserves before investing time and energy in courtship. It also points out that Hashers are highly promiscuous, that males do not provide parental care and that very large females within the population may be senile.

So what are we to conclude from all this. Does it explain why you will not find a Hasher on the dance floor when the chilli is being dished out in the next room, even if there is only one person serving? Does it give credence to the excuse “Not now darling, I’m starving.” Probably not, because a printing error in this article had caused the word “Hasher” to appear where it should have been “Guppy”.

Sorry.

PENIS SONG
A.K.A. THE NOT NOËL
COWARD SONG

*GOOD EVENING LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN HERE'S A LITTLE
NUMBER I TOSSED OFF
RECENTLY IN THE CARIBBEAN*

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis?
Isn't it frightfully good to have a
dong?
It's swell to have a stiffy.
It's divine to own a dick,
From the tiniest little tadger
To the world's biggest prick.

So, three cheers for your Willy
or John Thomas.
Hooray for your one-eyed
trouser snake,
Your piece of pork, your wife's
best friend,
Your Percy, or your cock.
You can wrap it up in ribbons.
You can slip it in your sock,
But don't take it out in public,
Or they will stick you in the dock,
And you won't come back.

Composer: Eric Idle

Author: Eric Idle

----- THE SPOON -----

It seems that a man entered a restaurant and sat at the only open table. As he sat down he knocked his spoon off the table with his elbow.

A nearby waiter reached into his shirt pocket, pulled out a clean spoon and set it on the table. The diner was impressed. "Do all the waiters carry spoons in their pockets?" The waiter replied, "Yes. Ever since we had that efficiency expert out, he determined that 17.8% of our diners knock the spoon off the table. By carrying clean spoons with us, we save trips to the kitchen."

The diner ate his meal. As he was paying the waiter, he commented, "Forgive the intrusion, but do you know that you have a string hanging from your fly?" The waiter replied, "Yes, we all do. Seems that the same efficiency expert determined that we spend too much time washing our hands after using the men's room. So the other end of that string is tied to my penis. When I need to go, I simply pull the string to get my penis out, go and return to work. Since I don't actually touch myself, there's no need to wash my hands. Saves a lot of time."

"Wait a minute," said the diner. "How do you get your penis back in your pants?"

"Well I don't know about the other guys, but I use the spoon."

A baby polar bear is sitting on an iceberg with his mum. Suddenly he asks, "Mummy, am I really a polar bear?" His mother replies, "Why, of course, dear." A minute later, he asks again, "Mummy, am I really a polar bear?" His mum says, "I'm a polar bear, your daddy is a polar bear, you are a polar bear. Now carry on eating your penguin!" A minute later, the baby asks the question again. Annoyed the mother shouts "Yes! Why do you keep asking?" To which the baby shrieks, "Because I'm fucking freezing"

Two nuns are sitting in a car waiting for the traffic lights to change when suddenly a vampire appears in front of them. "Oh sister, what shall we do?" stammers the younger nun. "Do not worry," came the reply, "Show him your cross." The younger nun winds down the windscreen and yells, "Fuck off, you little twat!"

There is a beautiful deserted island in the middle of nowhere where the following people are stranded:

- * 2 Italian men and 1 Italian woman
- * 2 French men and 1 French woman
- * 2 German men and 1 German woman
- * 2 Greek men and 1 Greek woman
- * 2 English men and 1 English woman
- * 2 Bulgarian men and 1 Bulgarian woman
- * 2 Swedish men and 1 Swedish woman
- * 2 Irish men and 1 Irish woman

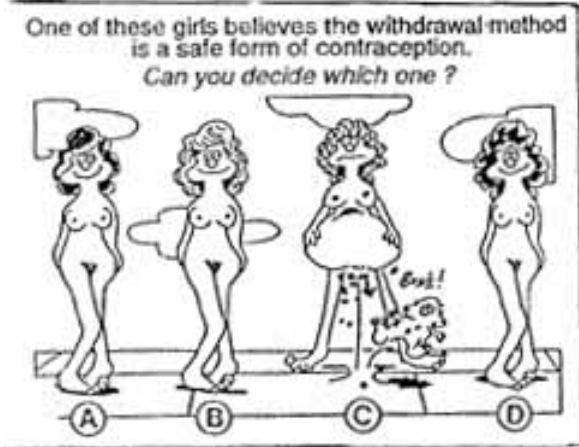
One month later on this a beautiful deserted island in the middle of nowhere....

- * The 1 Italian man killed the other for the Italian woman
- * The 2 French men and the French woman are living happily together in a "ménage a trois"
- * The 2 German men have a strict weekly schedule of when they alternate with the German woman
- * The 2 Greek men are sleeping with each other and the Greek woman is cleaning and cooking for them
- * The 2 English men are waiting for some1 to introduce them to the English woman
- * The Bulgarian men took one look at the endless ocean, one look at the woman and started swimming
- * The two Swedish men are contemplating the virtues of suicide, while the woman keeps bitching about her body being her own and the true nature of feminism. But at least it's not snowing and the taxes are low
- * The Irish began by dividing their island Northside-Southside and setting up a distillery. They don't remember if sex is in the picture, cause it gets sort of foggy after the first few litres of coconut-whiskey, but at least they know the English aren't getting any.



Can Anyone Help Me?

I'm currently running the latest version of *GirlFriend* & I've been having some problems lately. I've been running the same version of *DrinkingBuddies 1.0* forever as my primary application, & all the *GirlFriend* releases I've tried have always conflicted with it. I hear that *DrinkingBuddies* won't crash if *GirlFriend* is run in background mode and the sound is turned off. But I'm embarrassed to say I can't find the switch to turn the sound off. I just run them separately & it works okay. *GirlFriend* also seems to have a problem co-existing with my *Hashing* program, often trying to abort *Hashing* with some sort of timing incompatibility.



I probably should have stayed with *GirlFriend 1.0*, but I thought I might see better performance from *GirlFriend 2.0*. After months of conflicts and other problems, I consulted a friend who has had experience with *GirlFriend 2.0*. He said I probably didn't have enough cache to run *GirlFriend 2.0*, & eventually it would require a Token Ring to run properly. He was right – as soon as I purged my cache, it un-installed itself.

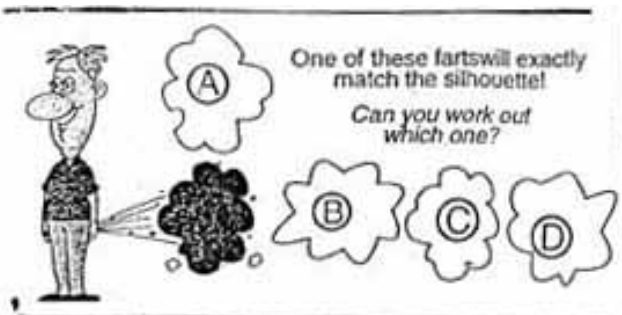
Shortly after that, I installed *GirlFriend 3.0* beta. All the bugs were supposed to be gone, but the first time I used it, it gave me a virus anyway. I had to clean out my whole system & shut down for a while. I very cautiously upgraded to *GirlFriend 4.0*. This

time I used a SCSI probe first & also installed a virus protection program. It worked okay for a while until I discovered that *Girlfriend 1.0* was still in my system. I tried running *GirlFriend 1.0* again with *GirlFriend 4.0* still installed, but *GirlFriend 4.0* has a feature I didn't know about that communicates with it in some way, which results in immediate removal of both versions.

The version I have now works pretty well, but there are still some problems. Like all versions of *GirlFriend*, it is written in some obscure language I can't understand, much less reprogram. Frankly, I think there is too much attention paid to the look and feel rather than the desired functionality. Also, to get the best connections with your hardware, you usually have to use gold-plated contacts. And I've never liked how *GirlFriend* is totally "object-oriented."

A year ago, a friend of mine upgraded his version of *GirlFriend* to *GirlFriendPlus 1.0*, which is a Terminate and Stay Resident version of *GirlFriend*. He discovered that *GirlFriendPlus 1.0* expires within a year if you don't upgrade to *Wife 1.0*, which he describes as a huge resource hog. It has taken up all his space so he can't load anything else. One of the primary reasons he decided to go with *Wife 1.0* was because it came bundled with *FreeSexPlus*. Well, it turns out the resource allocation module of *Wife 1.0* sometimes prohibits access to *FreeSexPlus*, particularly the new Plug-Ins he wanted to try. On top of that, *Wife 1.0* must be running on a well warmed-up system before he can do anything. Although he did not ask for it, *Wife 1.0* came with *Mother-In-Law* which has an automatic pop-up feature he can't turn off.

I told him to try installing *Mistress 1.0*, but he said he heard if you try to run it without first uninstalling *Wife 1.0*, *Wife 1.0* will delete *MSMoney* files before doing the uninstall itself. Then *Mistress 1.0* won't install because of insufficient resources.



A dog owner phones the vet – 'Please come & help. My pet dog's swallowed a condom.'

The vet replies 'I'll be there as soon as possible. In the meantime, try to keep him still.'

The dog owner says 'Ok, but please hurry.'

Ten minutes later, the dog owner calls the vet again. 'Don't worry' he says to the vet this time. 'The panic's over - we found another condom in the drawer!'

More Darwin Awards & Urban Myths

Who needs a bridge.

NEW!! Unconfirmed In the early-1980s, the bridge on the Connecticut Turnpike over the Mianus River in Greenwich, 2 miles or so east of the NY border, experienced a catastrophic failure. A large section of the eastbound lanes of the three-lane highway bridge broke free and dropped onto the mud flats below. This highway is extremely heavily trafficked, but fortunately, this mishap occurred in the middle of the night when traffic was lightest.

Several cars and a tractor trailer rig went off the edge and their drivers and passengers injured or killed before the traffic was stopped, but the last pair to meet this fate deserve your Darwin Award. A man in a car reportedly saw the danger at the last moment and was able to stop before his car went over. He frantically tried to stop the next car, a BMW carrying two African American men. As they sped by, one of the men yelled out the window, "Fuck you, honkey!" They then sailed into space onto the river bank 75 to 100 feet below.

This year's runner-up. An insurance company asked for more information regarding a work-related accident claim. This was the response.

I put 'poor planning' as the cause of my accident. I am an amateur radio operator, and was working on the top section of my new 80 foot tower. When I had completed my work, I discovered that I had brought up about 300 pounds of tools and spare hardware. Rather than carry the materials down by hand, I decided to lower the items using a pulley. Securing the rope at ground level, I went to the top of the tower and loaded the tools into a small barrel. Then I went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to ensure a slow descent of the 300 pounds of tools. You will note in block 11 of the accident report that I weigh 155 pounds. Due to my surprise of being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. I proceeded at a rather rapid rate of speed up the side of the tower. In the vicinity of the 40 foot level, I met the barrel coming down. This explains my fractured skull and broken collarbone. Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley.

"I regained my presence of mind, and was able to hold onto the rope in spite of my pain. At the same time, however, the barrel of tools hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the tools, the barrel now weighed approximately 20 pounds. I refer you again to my weight in block number 11. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the tower. In the vicinity of the 40 foot level, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, and the lacerations on my legs and lower body. The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of tools so only three vertebrae were cracked. I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay on the tools, in pain, unable to stand and watching the empty barrel 80 feet above me, I again lost my presence of mind and let go of the rope..."

It's raining cats and dogs and...

Earlier this year, the dazed crew of a Japanese trawler was plucked out of the Sea of Japan, clinging to the wreckage of their sunken ship. Their rescue, however, was followed by immediate imprisonment once authorities questioned the sailors on their ship's loss. To a man they claimed that a cow, falling out of a clear blue sky, had struck the trawler amidships, shattering its hull and sinking the vessel within minutes.

They remained in prison for several weeks, until the Russian Air Force reluctantly informed Japanese authorities that the crew of one of its cargo planes had apparently stolen a cow wandering at the edge of a Siberian airfield, forced the cow into the plane's hold and hastily taken off for home.

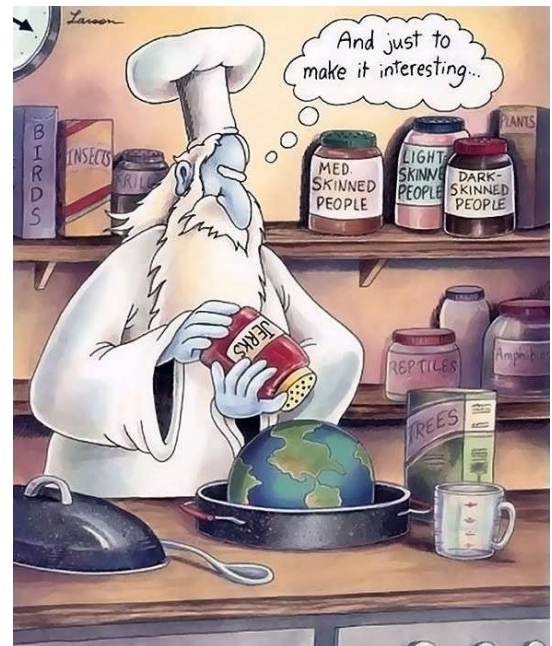
Unprepared for live cargo, the Russian crew was ill-equipped to manage a now rampaging cow within its hold. To save the aircraft and themselves, they shoved the animal out of the cargo hold as they crossed the Sea of Japan at an altitude of 30,000 feet.

Reason to not party anymore

This guy went out last Saturday night to a party. He was having a good time, had a couple of beers and some girl seemed to like him and invited him to go to another party. He quickly agreed and decided to go along with her. She took him to a party in some apartment and they continued to drink, and even got involved with some other drugs (unknown which). The next thing he knew, he woke up completely naked in a bathtub filled with ice. He was still feeling the effects of the drugs, but looked around to see he was alone. He looked down at his chest, which had: "CALL 911 OR YOU WILL DIE" written on it in lipstick.

He saw a phone was on a stand next to the tub, so he picked it up and dialed. He explained to the EMS operator what the situation was and that he didn't know where he was, what he took, or why he was really calling. She advised him to get out of the tub. He did, and she asked him to look himself over in the mirror. He did, and appeared normal, so she told him to check his back. He did, only to find two 9 inch slits on his lower back. She told him to get back in the tub immediately, and they sent a rescue team over. Apparently, after being examined, he found out more of what had happened. His kidneys were stolen.

They are worth 10,000 dollars each on the black market (I was unaware this even existed). Several guesses are in order. The second party was a sham, the people involved had to be at least medical students, and it was not just recreational drugs he was given.



HUNTING CAN BE A BLAST

August 1997: Michigan Game & Fisheries authorities have issued warnings to those planning to take part in traditional duck hunting activities in the forthcoming winter season - NEVER use industrial explosives to blow



holes in lake ice. Widely quoted is the story of a couple who purchased a brand-new, top-of-the-line Jeep Cherokee for the 1996 Christmas season and drove up to visit relatives in Michigan, USA. On his first hunting trip the man apparently drove his Cherokee loaded with decoys, food, beer, guns and warm clothes, up to a well-known lake which had frozen over. He drove the truck out onto the ice after carefully checking it was thick enough to bear the extra weight. The driver had brought with him sticks of commercial dynamite - normally used in North America to level old farm buildings, shift tree stumps and blast out pathways in rocky hillsides - with the intention of breaking out a hole in the ice for his duck decoys to float in. The brand of commercial explosive he had with him comprised sticks of dynamite, each with a short fuse estimated at 20 seconds or so. Normally, one would place dynamite on the ice, light the fuse, and run away. But with only a 20 second-fuse neither of the people in the Cherokee wanted to do that, in case they might slip while running back to safety. So the hunter lit the fuse and threw the stick of dynamite out onto the ice. Unfortunately, the couple's well-trained Labrador Retriever dashed out onto the ice and, imagining it was some sort of game, picked up the stick of dynamite and began running back to his owners. The couple started yelling at the dog but, as he'd played 'Fetch' so many times before, he ignored their wild gesticulations and just kept on bringing the 'stick' back to his master. The driver made a split-second decision - he had to stop the dog at all costs - he shot at the dog. As his cartridges were loaded with birdshot the dog wasn't hurt much, but was very, very confused. The driver shot at the dog once again. The dog, hurt, scared and completely bewildered, took refuge in the only shelter he could find, under the chassis of the Cherokee. Both the driver and his wife escaped alive in the subsequent explosion, but their precious Cherokee remains at the bottom of the lake. The insurance company refused to pay up because it was destroyed due to an 'illegal use of industrial explosives in a foolhardy escapade'. So far during 1997 the couple have paid out US\$2,800 in monthly payments for a wrecked vehicle.

Only 59 more payments to go...

□