



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #77 September 2003

www.brightonhash.co.uk

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

All directions/ timings start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction (unless stated).

Date	#No. On On	Area	Map ref Hares	Tel. No.
1st September 2003	1315	Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172 Peter Eastwood	01273 845329
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins. Pete's big birthday bonfire etc.				
8th September 2003	1316	Ship Inn, Cuckfield 17/20	304 257 Bouncer	01273 441611
Directions: A23 north to A272. Loop back under A23 and carry on to Ansty. Left at next 2 roundabouts onto B2036. Go right up High Street and pub is on left just at junction with B2114 to Staplefield. Est. 20 mins.				
15th September 03	1317	Crown, Newick 18/20	418 213 Don & Theresa	01273 385637
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout then left at lights up A275. Right on A272 at Chailey junction into Newick. Right past village green and pub just up on right. Est. 25 mins. Possible Curry night!				
22nd September 03	1318	Ram, Firle 19/20	469 074 Mike Cockcroft	01273 556553
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. 2nd right past Beddingham roundabout, then 2nd left. Est. 15 mins.				
29th September 03	1319	Royal Oak, Jacobs Post 20/20	339 198 Chris & Terry	01444 230398
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common roundabout and pub car park is on right just past next bend. Est. 20 mins				
6th October 03	1320	Fountain, Ashurst	180 162 Pete Beard	01273 887579
Directions: A27 west to A283, 2nd exit off roundabout north on A283 past Steyning, right on B2135. 2 miles on right. 20 mins.				

Receding hareline:

- Date tba for our first visit to the newly revamped bar at Henfield Leisure Centre - Trevor & Malcolm.

4th-5th October 2003 - BH7 Annual trip to Montreuil in France. Further info inside or from Dave Evans or Niel Robinson. Book your places now as we need definite numbers for the meal!

25th October 2003 - Beachy Head marathon - volunteers wanted to help marshall. Several pub points available!

CHECK OUT THE BRIGHTON HASH website. Suggestions for content and links to Louis Taub please.

THE PUNNIEST TRASH EVER

I've always felt that every hash night has the potential to be a party. Everyone has the chance to be a host as they take their turn at having a run and there is always a guaranteed crowd for the après in the pub. Just lately there have been some terrific occasions and excuses to party and one that surely must top the bill for many of us was Pete's 60th last Monday. An excellent run, great beer stop, bonfire, curry, Harveys - what else do you need! Thanks for a great night Pete and I wish I'd been there to see you blow all the night lights out!

Enjoy the return of Pete Beard to hashing with an issue virtually totally made up from his contributions or inspirations. Pete has recently joined Camra and gave me the current leaflet to incorporate. Also included is an article on hashing in the current London Marathon magazine (which also includes an entry form for next year (hahaha)) written by Kathy Godfrey of London Hash.

Kathy is part of the team that has brought the Interhash to Cardiff for 2004, so the form for that is also included along with lots of extra information. Interhash coming to the UK is on a par with Brighton winning an Olympic bid and this really is the best chance you will ever have to meet hashers from all around the globe and save the minimum £500 airfare you are likely to get hit with for virtually any other Interhash. So far we have just three registered and I know many more of you are thinking about registering. All I would say is do it. You WILL have a blast, but watch the sting as the price is rising rapidly.

Most of the rest of this issue is crammed with those bloody awful pun jokes of which I have far too many. Sorry.

Time now to start thinking seriously about the annual French hash. This year's event takes place on the weekend of 4th and 5th October, slightly later than usual as Belle Vue, our usual hotel, has now ferme'd their portes. The choice this year is the spanking Hermitage (see picture), which represents a step up in class. At the moment the price is €50 (euros) pp B&B but depending on numbers we may be able to bring this down. Dinner will be at Taverne L'Ecu, where further accommodation can be found.



For newcomers the format of the weekend is roughly:

- Arrive by 12-1pm local time Saturday and congregate at chez Robinson for some funny French lagers, breads, cheeses, cold meats, and salad type buffet (small contribution to cost).
- Amble off on hash about 4ish, usually involving a stroll round the ramparts suitable for the knitting circle, plus a lovely country loop for anyone who didn't hit the beer too hard too soon.
- Return to Niels for fluid replenishment, uh, beer again.
- Head off to tart ourselves up for the evening meal at a Taverne L'Ecu
- Sunday morning may consist of a bit of petanque, shopping, or for the particularly keen, even a pre-breakfast run, and if your driver is up for it, Le Touquet is only about 10 miles away.
- Depending on ferry/shuttle times a chance for one more beer plus a spot of lunch before heading off home and there's a high chance many will be found supping from a Giraffe. Now you'll have to come to find out!

At last the 25th anniversary summer tour is drawing to a close with the final runs announced on the run sheet attached, and we can now return to normal. This was a one-off as far as the hash was concerned but a few of us will be doing it again next year. I will advertise the trail when it is announced and obtain passports for anyone interested. T-shirts will be available soon.

BETWEEN REAL BEER AND KEG BEER?

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Real ale, a term devised solely by CAMRA, is defined as a 'name for draught (or bottled) beer brewed from traditional ingredients, matured by secondary fermentation in the container from which it is dispensed and served without the use of extraneous gas'
.....

Real ale continues to ferment and mature in the cask when it leaves the brewery. This is known as secondary fermentation. Either in the conditioning tanks or in the cask, finings, made with the swim bladders of certain tropical fish or organically (these are not consumed in the glass) are added to drag the yeast slowly to the bottom of the beer to leave it clear. Extra priming sugar is often added to encourage a strong secondary fermentation. Some brewers add dry hops to the cask to improve the aroma of the beer.

When the casks are delivered to pubs they are usually run down into cool cellars, though some small rural pubs still put their casks on the bar. The beer should be kept at a constant temperature of 13 degrees C (55 degrees F) and is left to stand for around 48 hours before it is ready to serve.

A cask has two holes: A hole for serving the beer, into which a tap fits and a larger shive hole on the top. Soft spile made from porous bamboo is firmly inserted in the shive hole; as the beer continues to work in the cask, with the remaining yeast converting the last sugars, the natural carbon dioxide escapes through the soft spile. This is a vital period for the beer as its taste matures and develops.

When conditioning is complete, the soft spile is replaced with a hard one, which regulates the escape of gas, thus helping to keep the beer in good condition. As the beer is served, air enters through the spile hole, and oxidation begins.

within 2-3 days.

.....
Real ale is a living product, it has a limited life
.....

Processed keg or bright 'brewery conditioned' beer does not undergo a secondary fermentation. The yeast is killed off in the brewery at the end of the first period of fermentation.

.....
Processed beer is dead, stable and inert
.....

One form of processed beer is called 'bright beer'. This is chilled and filtered in the brewery to remove yeast and other solids. It is usually sold by large pubs and clubs that keep their beer in big cellar tanks. The beer is taken by road tankers and pumped into tanks, where it is kept under a blanket of carbon dioxide. It is often served by electric pumps.

Keg beer is also chilled and filtered in the brewery and is usually pasteurised as well to make sure that every last form of living matter is killed off. The beer is then run into containers called kegs, which have just one opening, for serving the beer and the remaining space in the keg is filled with carbon dioxide. When the keg is connected to the gas cylinder and the tap in the pub is opened, the gas pushes the beer to the bar.

While it is true that cask-conditioned beer gives off natural carbon dioxide gas, most of this escapes through the spile hole of the cask. The excessive gas pressure used to keep and serve keg and bright beers cannot escape from sealed containers. It is absorbed into the beer and gives it a gassy flavour with a carbonic bite. Heavy gas pressure and chilling also help mask the fact the processed beer lacks the mature palate of traditional draught beer.

NITROKEG BEER

Some keg beers now use a mixture of nitrogen gas and carbon dioxide. This is the technology used to serve Draught Guinness! Such nitrokeg beers are creamy rather than fizzy. They are cold, consistently

They cannot be confused with real ale in flavour or distinctiveness. They are sometimes known as "smooth flow" or "cream flow"

Several national brewers produce famous brands in both real and nitrokeg form. Don't be fooled, demand the real thing!

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF BUYING REAL ALE?

Handpumps, electric pumps or beer from the cask are the best bets - but there are snags. Beers on top and blanket pressure can be served by a traditional hand-pump; a real beer can be served by an electric pump that is indistinguishable from a keg dispenser. If the bar person pulls the handle and leaves it back while the beer continues to run into the glass, it is a fake hand-pump, used by some unscrupulous breweries and publicans to give the impression they are serving real beer when it is in fact on some type of gas pressure. Thankfully, these contraptions are quite rare and in most cases, a hand-pump is a good sign of a pint of real ale.

You are bound to make mistakes and be caught out, but before you taste the beer there are some useful guidelines:

Gravity dispense: The simplest way of dispensing beer, straight from the cask. The publican inserts a wooden or metal tap into the bung hole of the cask and lets the beer flow into the glass.

Beer Engine: The traditional way of serving draught beer in England and Wales. A beer engine is recognised by the familiar hand-pump on the bar. When the handle is pulled back, a suction pump below the bar draws the beer through a pipe from the cask in the cellar. One complete pull usually delivers a half-pint.

Electric Pump: In some areas, the Midlands and Northern England in particular, electric pumps are sometimes used in preference to beer engines. The pump is mounted on the wall of the cellar, and when

the switch on the bar is operated, the pump draws beer from the cask. The simplest form of pump is the free flow type. When the tap is opened, the beer runs into the glass. With a diaphragm dispenser, a diaphragm inside the dispenser on the bar moves to or fro when the switch is operated, serving exactly half-pints. Electric pump dispensers can look similar to keg dispensers but the latter are usually more elaborate and advertise well-known, often nationally promoted keg beers and so are easily identified - you normally have a clear warning.

Tall Founts: Scotland has its own distinct traditions in beer dispense. Though hand-pumps are now in common use, some of Scotland's real ale is dispensed through the traditional Tall Fount - a pillar tap mounted on the bar. The term Fount is a derivative of fountain.

Air pressure was the means by which beer was driven to the founts in earlier times. This involved compressed air being applied onto the beer and forcing the beer out of the cask.

A Water Engine, a hydraulic compressor that converted mains water pressure into air pressure, was once widely used in conjunction with the Tall Founts. Today, very few water engines are in use and pubs prefer to operate modern electric compressors. Air pressure does not involve the use of extraneous carbon dioxide. The sight of Founts at the bar does not necessarily mean that air pressure is used, for an increasing amount of pubs are using electric pumps to drive the beer to the founts.

There is little air pressure used south of the border.

WHAT ARE 'TOP PRESSURE' AND 'BLANKET PRESSURE'?

Some breweries encourage publicans to connect cylinders of gas to casks of ale to stop the beer going off so quickly. The cylinders are connected to the spile hole so that the beer cannot breathe and mature. When the gas is a light covering on the top of the beer it is called blanket pressure. When the pressure is increased so that it forces the beer to the bar it is called top pressure. As with processed beer, the gas is absorbed into the beer and worst forms of pressurised cask beer taste fizzy like keg versions.

HOW IS THE STRENGTH DETERMINED?

The traditional measure of beer strength is the 'original gravity' (OG) - the measure of the amount of fermentable material in the wort prior to fermentation. Water has an OG of 1000, a typical bitter might have an OG of 1037. The percentage alcohol by volume (ABV) is now also used, which simply tells you how much of any drink is alcohol. A typical bitter might have an ABV of roughly 3.5%. Strengths of beers by both systems are listed in CAMRA's *Good Beer Guide*.

ARE BOTTLE OR CANNED BEERS REAL?

Most bottled beer is keg-filtered, pasteurised and heavily impregnated with carbon dioxide. However, some beers are bottle conditioned. They contain live yeast, and continue to mature in the bottle. They must be poured with care to avoid getting the sediment in the glass.

Real ale in a bottle is now widely available in supermarkets and off licences. Examples include Worthington's White Shield and Gale's Prize Old Ale. Many new ales in a bottle have been launched recently including supermarket 'own label' versions. Look for the phrase "bottle-conditioned" and also refer to the *Good Bottled Beer Guide* by Jeff Evans, published by CAMRA books.

Many real ale off licences also offer polypins of real ale to take home. They are 36 pint containers of real ale, that keep for up to ten days.

Recently brewers have begun to promote 'draught' beer in cans. All canned beers are keg, and CAMRA believes the use of the term draught to refer to a canned beer is misleading. There is currently one exception: Charles Wells, Bombardier Bitter which comes in an 8pint can and is cask-conditioned.

IS STANDARD BRITISH LAGER REAL ALE?

DEFINITELY NOT!

British lager is weak in flavour and usually overpriced. Most lagers available in the UK are brewed here, despite the names and advertising which imply that they are imported. There are one or two notable exceptions from independent brewers which are cask conditioned, such as Harviestoun Schiehallion.

The lager style of beer has an honourable history abroad, in countries like Germany and Czech Republic. There are many wonderful traditional foreign lagers available in bottle form, for example Budweiser Budvar. A different type of yeast ferments at a colder temperature, at the bottom of the vessel. Lager is then conditioned for a lengthy period, perhaps months, again at a lower temperature than ale. Different malts and hops are used.

However, British lagers are often weaker in strength than their foreign counterparts. British lagers are not given the lengthy conditioning necessary to bring out the flavour of the lager style, because it would cost the brewers money.

These higher profit margins mean that brewers have poured money into advertising lager, rather than ales. Brewers spend twice as much per pint advertising lager, which is one of the major reasons why lager sales have grown in the last two decades.

Expensive, bland, sold purely on image: the standard drinking lagers are the marketing triumph of modern brewing. As one cynical advertiser put it, 'In the absence of any difference between brands, people just drink advertising.'

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF CAMRA MEMBERSHIP

- Be active - attend your branch meetings as often as possible and take part in branch and regional activities.

The following article has been stolen from Stockholm Hash. Only the names have been changed to mark the guilty.

THE NOBLE ART OF SHORT-CUTTING PART 1... by Young Les

Short-cutting is the darker side, the shadowy, sinister side of hashing. It is seldom spoken of in tones above a whisper. Many prefer to pretend it isn't there while others denounce it openly. There are, of course, those who take a more pragmatic view of it. 'Legalize it!' cry the liberals. 'Stamp it out, root and branch!' Shriek the idealists. But the shrewd realizes that short-cutting is as much part of Hashing as snow and rain. As long as there is Hashing, there will always be short-cutting.

Just as Hashing has its negative side, so short-cutting has its positive aspects. Think how many potential hashers are turned away by mere fear. They hear tales of mountains to be scaled, rivers to be leaped, dogs to be beaten off, snakes to be eluded and, above all, immense distances to be traversed, especially when Julia and Sasha are the hares. How their fears would be relieved, how their lives would be brightened if they were only aware of the feasibility, the convenience, the grace, the charm, the delight, the fashionability of cutting a long trail short. Of straightening out the crooked, of eliminating the cumbrous middle stretches. It is for them that this article is written. That their fears may be overcome and that they may be ushered into an almost magic art where distances melt away, miles are transformed into yards and the tedious and difficult is made simple and easy.

The most elementary method is so simple and logical that it would seem to be obvious, yet how few are aware of it. Since the runs generally start and finish in the same place, all that is necessary for the rank beginner, the incapacitated or the profoundly reluctant runner is to run out a few hundred yards, slowly, until the pack is out of sight and then return to the starting point. Now I hope I haven't given the likes of **Chopper**, **Ed** and **Local Knowledge** ideas.

Running Through Backtracks: Here practice must be blended with some basic Hashing theory. The theory is this: when a hare sets a backtrack, he does not, himself, go back over the false trail he has just set but goes forward to join up with the real trail at some further point. Theoretically, the short-cutter should be able to follow him and save himself some trouble by doing so. But where theory is relatively simple, fact can be very complicated. Unfortunately, there is more than one direction in which the hare might have gone.

Short-cutting is an art, not a science. The short-cutter must use his wit, his imagination, his creativity, his intuition. His skill must be developed through practice. The short-cutter must both try to penetrate the mentality and the intentions of the hare and must also do a bit of haring himself, for his own modified version of the hare's run. Although he cannot prepare his run as the hare does, checking everything out, going over the trail repeatedly, and changing his mind. No, his work must be done on the spot, spontaneously, intuitively. There is no second chance. And peril and ignominy are the penalty of failure. And it is rather embarrassing to arrive back an hour after the rest of the pack.

So good luck with your future short-cutting. With a bit of practice you will get back before the front-runners and see the looks of pain and disbelief on their faces. If you need any advice, I'm sure that **Gotlost** will be all but willing to help you out.

UK NASH HASH 2003 - Severn Valley H3, Westonbirt Girls School

Two years in the preparation and with over 800 hashers in attendance this was quite literally the biggest hash party outside of Interhash. Angel and Bouncer were there for Brighton Hash along with occasional runners Sludge and Lone Ranger.

We arrived just after 6pm Friday and quickly located some friends from other hashes to pitch by before registering, a quick burger meal and a pint. In the goody bag we found the usual hash trash and programme (inevitably in the form of an exercise book), a t-shirt, fishnet stockings (obviously!) and a rather wonderful mug with built in beer mat, wide base and cap to prevent spillage. Beer provided by Bath Ales turned out to be universally excellent. Bouncer favoured the Spa, which although only knocking in at 3.7% was a superb quaffing ale. Angel stuck with lager and it has to be said that this year non-beer drinkers were better served probably than any other time in the past with copious amounts of cider, wine and softies also available. Throughout the weekend the bar was attended by various hash clubs with a large presence and Bouncer found himself serving alongside the London hash on a couple of occasions. By the early hours of the morning and during the runs it was help yourself.

After a quick clean-up it was off to the party and the chance to meet up with old friends from previous weekend events again. Friday nights advertised fancy dress was black tie for the upper body and stockings lower, but since publishing of the notes this had been changed to Seventies, which meant a macabre mix of clothing! With an afro wig blagged from Deadloss of Guildford Hash and a tank top borrowed from One Loos le Trek of Milton Keynes, Bouncer ensured no-one recognised him for a short while. The opening ceremony was excellent and culminated in about 50 beach balls being chucked out into the crowd. Attempts to grab one for the kids failed mainly due to being left too late in the evening by which time they'd already all been nicked - shame!

After breakfast in the school canteen coaches arrived to take runners off to the start of the various runs, mostly a to b's. Bouncer took on the ballbreaker at Bisley which involved a near-on 4 hour run in the heat over about 11 (country) miles through the Cotswolds. As with the bars, visiting hashes took on the task of setting the trails, the ballbreaker being organized by Milton Keynes. Crackerjacks Uncle Sheila (another Callum in real life) was main hare and made an excellent job of getting the 80 plus runners round and laid on three water stops on the way including a stream run and play time at a kiddies playground.

Runs are usually followed at the coach pick-up by a packed lunch and a down down session where the hares are rewarded and sinners punished, and on Saturday Bouncer found himself in the fray for an attempted stitch up on One Loos le Trek. Lost property usually attracts a bit of attention so having hung onto One Loos' tank top the night before it seemed only right to make sure it was returned to its rightful owner. Didn't think that through too well!

On the coach there was time for a bit of a sing song and there is no doubt Bouncer and One Loos' double act will go down in hashtory. I've still got the cries of 'sit down' ringing in my ears! Back at the campsite our little enclave had become THE place to be as the Barnes/ W&NK hash exclusive cocktail party continued it's impressive growth. Rambo of Darwin Road H3 (suspect he's the only member actually?) produced his home made chilli vodka challenge. Not to be taken lightly. On the day of yet another defeat of Wales by England Leeky Willie swapped his national rugby shirt with Bouncer by soaking him in beer. Hmm.

After dinner and a clean-up it was time to don our St Trinians fancy dress for the Saturday evening party. The live band played some competent blues numbers but not a great deal of good dance stuff. The run had taken a lot out of Bouncer and so we retired before the entertainment of the traditional midnight naked run occurred.

On Sunday after much deliberation Angel opted for the London hash run over the now world famous East Grinstead mudbath whilst Bouncer took his turn minding the kids. As he took his seat next to Angel on the coach before the run Bodyshop of Guildford H3 announced he was ready for his drink but on diving into the packed lunch bag found to his surprise that he'd picked up the previous days remains. Instead of lunch there was a complete set of sweaty mud splattered kit from the East Grinstead run! On the run just to keep her happy as she'd missed out Angel got a good pelting as well. After a stroll round the Westonbirt wood fair Bouncer and Birthing Blanket (Mrs. Bodyshop) turned up at the monument where the down downs were taking place. Kieran received a down down for not wearing hash attire and nominated Mummy to do the honours!

Once more at the site Bouncer headed off to represent BH7 at the GM's meeting where a presentation was made by Chang Mai for Interhash 2006. Also bidding are Perth, Australia and Edmonton among others. For the second nash hash in succession there were no bidders for 2005 but after a bit of persuasion Twonk of the Norfolk Full Moon hash volunteered on the basis they have a venue but need to tie up some loose ends. Leeky Willie then took the stage to propose a scaling down of nash hash - only real ale, no women, no veggies, etc. etc. After managing to offend just about everyone this left about 50 people who could be admitted. Twonk went for this in a big way! The Guernsey cocktail party was a pale comparison of W&NK so didn't stay long.

On Sunday evening the down down competition took place to establish the fastest drinker in the UK. This was amazing to watch with a number of preliminary rounds to decide the finalists. The deliberate segregation of women and men's competitions was in no way intended to be sexist as the girls were certainly just as capable as the guys, however, due to numbers there was only one round thus giving the finalists of the men's competition a chance to recover. Too Tuf of Quorn won for at least the second if not third time downing the 2 pints in probably about 20 seconds - not bad considering this was his second of the evening!

Next up was the cabaret which at Winchester 2 years ago was a bit so-so with only 3 or 4 acts. This time there were 15 acts including Bouncer in a Monty Python skit uniting the dead hasher sketch with 'I'm a hasher and I'm okay'. Tough audience as several acts ended up being booed off but we survived, just! Best acts were the London hash version of Zorba the Greek (wooden spoon hung between knees, wok over privates, bend knees - spoon bangs wok. Brilliant but you had to be there), the two lads version of Summer Nights (Severn Valley's shi-ite) and the cardboard box on legs that kept appearing throughout. Monty Python were featured a 2nd time with a strange version of 'I like traffic lights'. Booed off but watch this space!

The rest of the evening was school disco time. For some reason a large quantity of dresses were thrown onto the dance floor at one stage and Scud of Barnes swiftly stuffed Bouncer inside one before Bouncer and One Loos took to the stage to strut their stuff. The evening ended after a foam machine started pumping out in the early hours of the morning and the temptation to get involved was great for half an hour before reality kicked and we realised how bloody wet and cold we all were.

On kicking out day it's traditional to have a hangover run so we both went on that with the kids for a 2 hour stroll through the National Arboretum. Overnight something strange had occurred and somehow 'I like traffic lights' had become hash song of the weekend and we were treated to sporadic outbursts every few minutes, particularly if there was a camcorder nearby. Sometime on this run Crackerjack discovered his dad was Bouncer and went for this in a big way, checking regularly on my health from atop either mine or Angels shoulders. (*'Alright Bouncer', 'hiya Bouncer' etc.*). Blush.

Back at site we reversed our arrival with a burger lunch, decamp and then went to view the final down downs where the owner of the legs on the cardboard box was revealed (12 year old lad from some hash or other) and thanks to a clever combination of t-shirts by the RA, yet one more chanting of Traffic Lights. A great weekend - roll on Interhash!

BOUNCER & ANGEL

THE FARMER SUTRA



GRIMLY FIENDISH - the first page was the worst.

A bunch of cows and bulls are standing in a field. A huge gust of wind comes along and all the cows fall over, but the bulls just stand there, bracing themselves against the gale. So all the cows stand up and go back to their chewing. Pretty soon, a tornado blows through and all of the cows are knocked to the ground, but the bulls just munch on the grass.

Next, a hurricane comes through and all the cows are knocked into the next pasture.

The bulls just say "moo."

Finally, one of the cows walks up to one of the bulls and says, "Moo? What's the mooing deal? How come the wind always knocks us for a loop and you just stand there unharmed?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the bull replies.

"We bulls wobble, but we don't fall down."



A mama mole, a papa mole, and a baby mole all live in a little mole hole. One day the papa mole sticks his head out of the hole, sniffs the air and says, "Yum! I smell maple syrup!"

The mama mole sticks her head out of the hole, sniffs the air and says "Yum! I smell honey!"

The baby mole tries to stick his head out of the hole to sniff the air, but can't because the bigger moles are in the way so he says, "Geez, all I can smell is....

MOLASSES!

A middle-aged woman seemed sheepish as she visited her Doctor "Come now," coaxed the doctor, "you've been seeing me for years! There's nothing you can't tell me."

"This one's kind of strange..."

"Let me be the judge of that," the doctor replied.

"Well," she said, "yesterday I went to the bathroom in the morning and heard a plink-plink-plink in the toilet and when I looked down, the water was full of pennies." "I see."

"That afternoon I went again and there were tuppenny bits in the bowl." "Uh-huh"

"That night," she went on, "there were fivepences and this morning there were fifty P pieces! You've got to tell me what's wrong with me!" she implored, "I'm scared out of my wits!"

The Doctor put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "There, there, it's nothing to be scared about.

You're simply going through the change."

A sailor was caught AWOL as he tried to sneak on board his ship at about 3 am.

The chief petty officer spied him and ordered the sailor to stop. Upon hearing the sailor's lame explanation for his tardiness, the officer ordered the sailor, "Take this broom and sweep every link on this anchor chain by morning or it's the brig for you!"

The sailor began to pick up the broom and commence performing his charge. As he began to sweep, a tern landed on the broom handle. The sailor yelled at the bird to leave, but it didn't. The lad picked the tern off the broom handle, giving the bird a toss. The bird left, only to return and light once again on the broom handle. The sailor went through the same routine all over again, with the same result. He couldn't get any cleaning done because he can only sweep at the chain once or twice before the blasted bird returns.

When morning came, so did the chief petty officer, to check up on his wayward sailor.

"What in the heck have you been doing all night? This chain is no cleaner than when you started! What have you to say for yourself, sailor?" barked the chief.

"Honest, chief," came the reply, *"I tossed a tern all night and couldn't sweep a link!"*

Paddy was walking through a town one day when he saw a shop with a notice in the window. The notice said "We sell everything". Paddy could not believe this so he went inside. He walked to the counter and asked the salesperson, "Do you really sell everything?"

The salesperson said "Yes, everything".

Thinking this was too good to be true Paddy said "OK then could I have a jumper for a chicken?"

The salesperson said "A jumper for a chicken?, hold on I will have to check the stock out the back". Five minutes later, the salesperson returned with a brown paper bag. "Here you go, one jumper for a chicken"

"How much?" asked Paddy.

"Three quid." replied the salesperson.

"Three quid for a jumper for a chicken - excellent." said Paddy.

So away he went as happy as Larry. When he got outside he thought to himself that maybe he was done, so he looked inside the bag. At the bottom of the bag was a condom. He was mad and stormed back into the shop. He screamed at the salesperson "Hey, I asked you for a jumper for a chicken and you have given me a condom - what's going on?"

The salesperson replied, "Sorry mate, I checked in the back and we seem to be all out of jumpers for chickens, all we had was a pullover for a cock."

Roger had set a double date for he and his friend Tony. Roger said, "Tony, I'll give you first choice. Let me tell you what they're like."

"Okay," said his buddy. "Sandra has kind of a dumpy figure. She's short on looks, but she gives an incredible blowjob. Lori is pretty and has a perfect pair of legs, which she shows off by wearing shoes with very high heels."

"Say no more," interrupted Tony. "I'll go for head over heels anytime."

Jelly Baby goes to the Docs and says "I've got an itchy willy" Doc examines him and says "You've got a dose of the clap"

Jelly Baby says "I'm not surprised.....

I've been sleeping with Allsorts."

NO NO, I can't take anymore! The second page was the worst too

Brewster the Rooster

Zebediah was in the fertilised egg business. He had several hundred young layers, called pullets, and eight or ten roosters, whose job was to fertilise the eggs.

Zeb kept records, and any rooster that didn't perform well went into the soup pot and was replaced. That took an awful lot of Zeb's time; so, Zeb got a set of tiny bells and attached them to his roosters.

Each bell had a different tone so that Zeb could tell, from a distance, which rooster was performing. Now he could sit on the porch and fill out an efficiency report simply by listening to the bells.

Zeb's favourite rooster was old Brewster. A very fine specimen he was, too. But on this particular morning, Zeb noticed that Brewster's bell had not rung at all!!

Zeb went to investigate.

The other roosters were chasing pullets, bells a-ringing! The pullets, hearing the roosters coming, would run for cover.

BUT, to Zeb's amazement, Brewster had his bell in his beak, so it couldn't ring. He'd sneak up on a pullet, do his job and walk on to the next one.

Zeb was so proud of Brewster that he entered him in the county fair. Brewster was an overnight sensation!

The judges not only awarded him the No Bell Piece Prize but also the Pulletsurprise.

Following marked success with monkeys and dogs, scientists have been attempting to educate cats.

Early results have been encouraging and they soon learned to count as far as 9. Problems have arisen with the alphabet however and so far none have mastered the spelling of even such a simple word as C A T.

Following analysis of the ABC recitals scientists discovered the reason cats couldn't get past the letter P was because...

Q R S T killed the cat!



An intrepid photographer went to a haunted castle determined to get a picture of a ghost which was said to appear only once in a hundred years. Not wanting to frighten off the ghost, the photographer sat in the dark until midnight when the apparition became visible.

The ghost turned out to be friendly and consented to pose for one snapshot. The happy photographer popped a bulb into his camera and took the picture. After dashing into his studio, the photographer developed the negative and groaned. It was underexposed and completely blank.

Moral: The spirit was willing, but the flash was weak.

The famous general died and his ashes were to be taken to Arlington National Cemetery. All the air lines were booked and there were no other planes available. So, they sent the general's remains by helicopter, arriving at 5 a.m.

The newspapers reported the incident with the headline: *"The Whirly Bird Gets The Urn."*

There are two guys who have been lost in the desert for weeks, and they're at death's door. As they stumble on, hoping for salvation in the form of an oasis or something similar, they suddenly spy, through the heat haze, a tree off in the distance. As they get closer, they can see that the tree is draped with rasher upon rasher of bacon. There's smoked bacon, crispy bacon, life-giving juicy nearly-raw bacon, all sorts. "My God, Pepe" says the first bloke. "It's a bacon tree !!! We're saved!!!!" "You're right" says Pepe, "Praise the Lord !" So Pepe goes on ahead and runs up to the tree salivating at the prospect of food. But as he gets to within five feet of the tree, there's the sound of machine gun fire, and he is shot down in a hail of bullets. His friend quickly drops down on the sand, and calls across to the dying Pepe. "Pepe, Pepe - what the hell happened?".... With his dying breath Pepe calls outUgh, run , run ! ... it wasn't a Bacon TreeIt was a Ham Bush!!

I keep getting this weirdo who phones me at work singing, "Stand and Deliver" and "Prince Charming".

I keep telling him he's got the wrong number, but he's adamant.

Apparently Jeremy Beadle has gone on a secretarial course. He thinks it will improve his short hand..!

A guy was down on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco when he saw a seafood restaurant and a sign on the Specials Board which read, "Big Lobster Tales, \$5 each." Amazed at the great value, he said to the waitress, "\$5 each for lobster tails ... is that correct?"

"Yes", she said, "It's our special just for today."

"Well", he said, "they must be little lobster tails."

"No," she replied, "It's the really big lobster."

"Are you sure they aren't green lobster tails - and a little bit tough?"

"No", she said, "it's the really big red lobster."

"Big red lobster tails, \$5 each?", he said, amazed. "They must be old lobster tails!"

"No, they're definitely today's."

"Today's big red lobster tails - \$5 each?", he repeated, astounded.

"Yes", she insisted.

"Well, here's my five dollars," he said, "I'll take one."

She took the money and led him to a table where she invited him to sit down. She then sat down next to him, put her hand on his shoulder, leaned over close to him and said,

"Once upon a time there was a really big red lobster ..."

Aaarrrgh!!! After that things went downhill...

A rabbit goes into a bar, and asks the Landlord for a pint of bitter and a cheese toasty. The repast arrives and the rabbit puts it away in a matter of minutes. He returns to the bar and orders a pint and a ham toasty. The food and drink comes and he wolfs it in seconds. On his third visit to the bar he orders a pint and a beef and tomato toasty. After he rapidly consumes it he heads for the Gents toilet. He doesn't return for half an hour. The Landlord, worried that something may have happened, enters the loo. He finds the rabbit lying on the floor rolling around, moaning and holding his stomach. "What's wrong rabbit?" asks the landlord, genuinely worried. The rabbit rolls over and over in agony and then finally replies...

"Mixed ma toasties.....!!!"

Two pieces of string were on a pub crawl along Edinburgh's Rose Street. They had nearly made it from one end to the other, there was just one pub to go. The pieces of string were noisy rowdy drunks and immediately annoyed the barman when they came crashing through the door to the tavern. Ignoring their call for a pint he told them in no uncertain terms - "We dinna serve pieces of string here, get oot!" Regrouping outside, one of the stringy duo ruffled his longish hair into a rightful mess and marched back inside - "Two beers please," he politely asked the barman eyed him suspiciously - "you look like that piece of string I just chucked out!" Shaking his new hairdo the other replied

"No, I'm a frayed knot"

Far away in the tropical waters of the Caribbean, two prawns were swimming around in the sea - one called Justin and the other called Christian. The prawns were constantly being harassed and threatened by sharks that patrolled the area. Finally one day Justin said to Christian, "I'm bored and frustrated at being a prawn, I wish I was a shark, then I wouldn't have any worries about being eaten..."

As Justin had his mind firmly on becoming a predator, a mysterious cod appears and says, "Your wish is granted", and lo and behold, Justin turned into a shark. Horrified, Christian immediately swam away, afraid of being eaten by his old mate.

Time went on (as it invariably does...) and Justin found himself becoming bored and lonely as a shark. All his old mates simply swam away whenever he came close to them. Justin didn't realise that his new menacing appearance was the cause of his sad plight. While out swimming alone one day he sees the mysterious cod again and can't believe his luck. Justin figured that the fish could change him back into a prawn.

He begs the cod to change him back so, lo and behold, he is turned back into a prawn.

With tears of joy in his tiny little eyes, Justin swam back to his friends and bought them all a cocktail. (The punch line does not involve a prawn cocktail - it's much worse). Looking around the gathering at the reef, he searched for his old pal. "Where's Christian?" he asked. "He's at home, distraught that his best friend changed sides to the enemy and became a shark", came the reply.

Eager to put things right again and end the mutual pain and torture, he set off to Christian's house. As he opened the coral gate the memories came flooding back. He banged on the door and shouted, "It's me, Justin, your old friend, come out and see me again.

"Christian replied "No way man, you'll eat me. You're a shark, the enemy and I'll not be tricked." Justin cried back "No, I'm not. That was the old me. I've changed."

"I've found Cod. I'm a prawn again Christian".



As a young boy, Joe was completely obsessed with tractors. He had pictures of tractors all over his bedroom walls; he had tractor toys, tractor T-shirts, a tractor carpet, and duvet cover, the whole works. He basically ate, drank and slept tractors.

On his 17th birthday he was thrilled to get an invitation to go to a tractor factory nearby and test-drive a brand new top of the range tractor. His excitement was incredible as he told his family and friends. The great day came and he went to the factory for the test-drive. Unfortunately something went terribly wrong with the tractor when little Joe was driving it causing it to flip over, trap him and breaking poor Joe's legs and fracturing his skull.

He was so upset and tried to sue the tractor company for negligence. But the company would have none of it and told there was no liability and he could get lost! You can imagine he was very annoyed with tractors after this and vowed to shed them from his life completely and forever. All the posters came down, the toys were given away - tractors were GONE.

Many years later, Joe went into a bar for a drink. Inside, the cigarette and cigar smoke was terrible but through it he saw a beautiful girl seated at the bar on her own. Tears were streaming down her face. Joe asked her what was wrong and she said that the smoke was making her eyes sting and stream with tears. With that, Joe looked around and then took a huge breath, sucking in all the smoke. He then walked outside into the car park and blew all the smoke out again. He goes back into the bar where the air is now clear and sweet and sits down next to the girl.

"That was amazing!" she said, "How did you do that?"

"No problem", said Joe, *"I'm an ex-tractor fan"*

Two brooms were hanging in the closet and after a while they got to know each other so well, they decided to get married. One broom was, of course, the bride broom. The other the groom broom. The bride broom looked very beautiful in her white dress. The groom broom was handsome and suave in his tuxedo. The wedding was lovely. After the wedding, at the wedding dinner, the bride broom leaned over and said to the groom broom I think I am going to have a little whisk broom!!! IMPOSSIBLE !! said the groom broom,.....

WE HAVEN'T EVEN SWEEPED TOGETHER!!!

One line puns:

- | | |
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| <ul style="list-style-type: none">- A backward poet writes inverse.- A bicycle can't stand on its own because it is two-tired.- A boiled egg in the morning is hard to beat.- A chicken crossing the road is poultry in motion.- A Freudian slip is when you say one thing but mean your mother.- A good pun is its own reword.- A gossip is someone with a great sense of rumor.- A grenade thrown into a kitchen in France would result in Linoleum Blownapart.- A hangover is the wrath of grapes.- A lot of money is tainted. It taint yours and it taint mine.- A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.- A man's home is his castle, in a manor of speaking.- A pessimist's blood type is always b-negative.- A plateau is a high form of flattery.- A successful diet is the triumph of mind over platter.- Acupuncture is a jab well done.- Alabaster: Albert's parents never married- Antecedent: My mother's sister noticed I had damaged her car.- Aromatic: Rapid firing weapon for archers- Astrosphere: George Jetson's dog's ball- Astute: Have you been eating beans again?- Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead to know basis.- Banning the bra was a big flop.- Biplane: The advice I got from my mother on purchasing underwear.- Catalogue: A record of your cows and bulls- Condoms should be used on every conceivable occasion.- Corduroy pillows are making headlines.- Crowbar: A pub for birds- Dancing cheek-to-cheek is really a form of floor play.- Dandruff: Chips off the whole block- Dark Ages: Knight time- Detention: What causes de stress.- Dijon vu - mustard seen it all before.- Dioxin: What you say before you kill a herd of buffalo-like cattle.- Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?- Dreadlocks : The fear of opening the dead-bolt.- Energizer Bunny arrested - charged with battery.- Every calendar's days are numbered.- Extinct: A dead skunk- Flatulent: Your apartment where you let your friend stay while you were away.- Foreplay: In favour of recreation.- He had a photographic memory that was never developed.- He often broke into song because he couldn't find the key.- I fired my masseuse today. She just rubbed me the wrong way.- I used to be a lumberjack, but I just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the axe.- I used to work in a blanket factory, but it folded.- If electricity comes from electrons... does that mean that morality comes from morons? | <ul style="list-style-type: none">- If you don't pay your exorcist you get repossessed.- In democracy your vote counts. In feudalism your count votes.- Is a book on voyeurism a peeping tome?- Local Area Network in Australia: the LAN down under.- Marathon runners with bad footwear suffer the agony of defeat.- Marriage is the mourning after the knot before.- Mistletoe: A kiss miss plant- Munchkin: What cannibals do to relatives- My wife really likes to make pottery, but to me it's just kiln time.- Once you've seen one shopping centre you've seen a mall.- Parking: Top golfer at the country club- Pentagon: My pen is missing!- Plateau: a high form of flattery- Practice safe eating - always use condiments.- Puppy: Young dog's wee wee- Rampage; Section of an encyclopaedia about male sheep. But ewe knew that- Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.- Reducing Salon: A good place to shoo the fat- Santa's helpers are subordinate clauses.- Sea captains don't like crew cuts.- She had a boyfriend with a wooden leg, but broke it off.- Shotgun wedding: A case of wife or death.- Show me a piano falling down a mine shaft and I'll show you A-flat minor.- Spokesman: A person who repairs bicycle wheels- Superficial: Landing a 30lb trout with a 10lb line- The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered.- The short fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.- Those who get too big for their britches will be exposed in the end.- Those who jump off a Paris bridge are in Seine.- Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.- Wedding Ring: A small tourniquet. It cuts off circulation- What's the definition of a will? (It's a dead give-away).- When a clock is hungry, it goes back four seconds.- When an actress saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.- When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.- When you dream in colour, it's a pigment of your imagination.- With her marriage she got a new name and a dress.- Without geometry, life is pointless.- Yeast: The direction you look in the morning if you want to watch the bun rise.- Yellow: What you do when you bang your thumb with the hammer.- You feel stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.- Zebra - Ze piece of cloth worn around ze breasts.- Zinc: A common metal in which you wash dishes. |
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MAKING A HASH OF IT

IH 2004 committee member & co-organiser Kathy 'Ryde' Godfrey with 'TC' of Herts Hash and 'Fergie' from Essex H3

Most of us have been there at sometime. You have tried running on your own but it gets lonely. You run with the local running club, which is better, but after the run most members disappear and those that are left are talking about PBs and their position in the club championship. You quietly say to yourself that you will do the marathon but that is it, no more running for me!

But what if there was a group who ran at a level to suit you, made every run different and fun and stayed behind after to have a laugh and maybe even a beer or two. If this sounds like you, then its time to look up your local group of the Hash House Harriers.

Hashing is a form of non-competitive running with the main objective of working up a decent thirst. It's a mixture of athleticism and sociability, a refreshing break from the nine-to-five routine. Great emphasis is placed on the social aspects - particularly the post run debrief in the pub. Men and women of all ages enjoy hashing - it can take them bounding over trails through forests, along (and often into) ponds and rivers or around the streets of your local town.

To find the origins of the hash one should go back to Kuala Lumpur in 1938, now Malaysia, where a group of ex-pats associated with the rubber plantations started a 'hare & hounds' club (sometimes called a 'paper chase'). After the runs they retired to the Selangor Club for a well earned drink. The restaurant was known locally as the "Hash House" so naturally the name was adopted by the harriers. Most of the original hashers had nick names,

'G' Gispert was the main founder along with 'Horse' Thompson & 'Torch' Bennet. The tradition of hash names continues today.

The 1938 charter of the Kuala Lumpur Hash House Harriers said the clubs aims were:

- To promote physical fitness among our members
- To get rid of weekend hangovers
- To acquire a good thirst and to satisfy it in beer
- To persuade the older members that they are not as old as they feel

These days we just say we are 'a drinking club with a running problem'.

After the Second World War British and

Equally at home home on a 'hare and hounds' or in The Coach and Horses, who the devil are the Hash House Harriers?

As they now have their own 'beer station' at the Flora London Marathon (in no way officially endorsed)

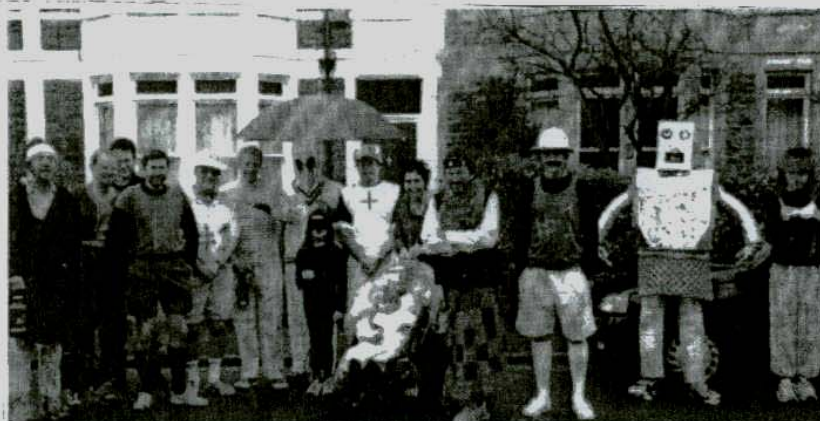
Kathy 'Ryde' Godfrey enlightens the uninitiated into a highly secretive, international network of unhinged er, athletes and invites you to join their ranks. Cheers.

Australian troops stationed in Kuala Lumpur joined in the fun and when posted elsewhere began new chapters (hash groups) and the Hash House Harriers spread throughout the world. Currently there are around 1800 clubs in approximately 160 countries (200 in the UK). Believe it or not you can now hash every day of the week in London!

Nowadays in the UK Hashes generally meet at a pub chosen by the 'Hares' who are responsible for laying the trail. The hares mark their devious way with chalk, flour or sawdust soon to be pursued by a shouting pack of "hounds." Only the hares know where they are going; the hounds follow their marks to stay on trail.

The frontrunners call "ON! ON!" for the benefit of the slower runners and latecomers catching up.

Every 500 metres or so the trail will have a check mark, usually a circle. The frontrunners on reaching the check start searching for the next part of the trail. This can start up to 50 metres from the check and anywhere in a 360° circle. The time taken by the frontrunners to find the new trail allows the runners at the



If you see any of these people in the street, do not approach them. Lock all doors and windows and contact the relevant authorities.

back to catch up thus increasing the chances of everyone reaching the pub at roughly the same time. The frontrunners will usually find that the cunning hares have laid some false trails in addition to the real trail. This ensures that the really fit types will have the opportunity to run further should they wish.

Hash runs are usually about 4 miles long (plus false trails and check-backs) and are designed to last around 1 hour (though each club is different - some groups runs can be a couple of hours but often they offer short cuts for those that require them). The way that most trails are designed means they can be used for serious marathon training or just maintaining a level of fitness.

Some runs are based around a fancy dress theme such as Easter Bonnet trails and White Beard trails (at Christmas time). Other runs only happen on full moons or Friday the 13th where checks on the run are used to re-enact

ghoulish stories and provide a bit of local history. Others still are for children only. Some have a live hare setting the trail where the fun comes in trying to catch the hare. The Mulled Wine trail is a popular winter run for the London hash and the Boat Race provides an excuse to cheer on your shade of 'Blue' after a run around Barnes.

Hashers enjoy getting together for non-running social events, too. Periodically, hashers will gather for a trip to the theatre, trip to the seaside, quiz nights, Christmas parties or maybe just meeting together for happy hour at a local pub and celebrate someone's birthday. Many members travel the world and just turn up at the local hash for a run - one hasher regularly runs with the Cambridge hash and also on Antarctica where he works 6 months a year at a research station.

For some it's not always parties and beer. Each year sees several hashers running the

London Marathon supported by The London Hash who provide a refreshing beer table near the 22-mile mark. Hopefully some of the potential hashers who also enjoyed our beer will feel inspired to join us on a hash for their post-marathon training?

A phenomenon almost unique to the hash, is the total, unquestioning acceptance that hashers have for each other - anyone is welcome at the hash. All you need is the run fee (usually £1), enough money to buy yourself a drink, a nickname and a sense of fun.

Now all you need is to know where your nearest hash is located - this website will help you find one. www.hhh.org.uk or www.londonhash.org