



BOGGY SHOE



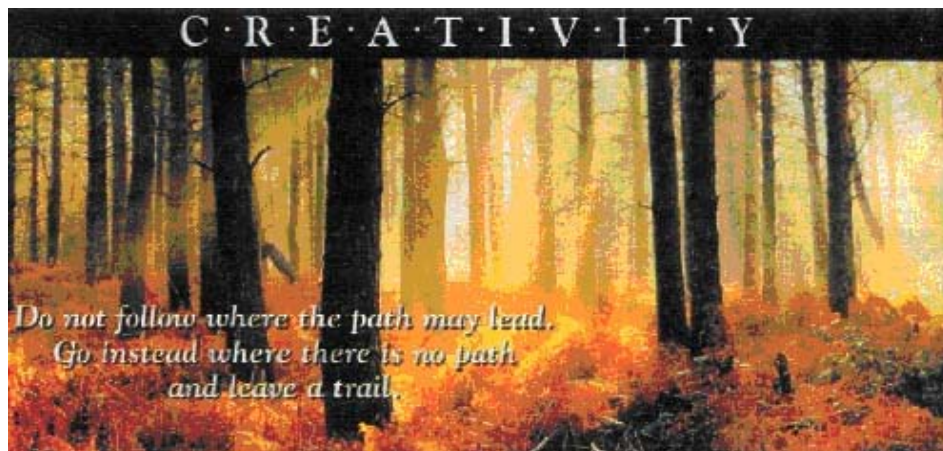
The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #88 August 2004

<http://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. (hare)
2 nd August 04	1363	Greyhound, Keymer		317 153 Steve Hanna	01273 842778
Directions: A23 to A273, then right at Stone Pound traffic lights. Pub on right about 1.25 miles. Est 10 mins.					
9 th August 04	1364	Hangleton Manor, Hangleton		265 070 Ivan & Martin	01273 707182
Directions: A27 west and take second exit signposted Shoreham Harbour/ Portslade; left at next two roundabouts then right at t-junction. Pub on left. Est. 10 mins.					
16 th August 04	1365	Farmers, Scaynes Hill		368 230 Wiggy	01273 440578
Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right in village. Est. 20 mins.					
23 rd August 04	1366	Laughing Fish, Isfield		452 173 Sasha & Julia	01273 479200
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Through Cuilfail tunnel, right on A26, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. Est. 25 mins.					
30 th August 04	1367	Six Bells, Chiddingly		544 143 Eddie Griffiths	01273 884283
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. A26 then B2132 through Ringmer. B2124 to Golden Cross. Turn right on A22 then next left. Keep left and pub is approx. 1.5 miles. Est 30 mins.					



Receding hareline:

6/9	1368	Dark Star brewery run, Ansty. To be confirmed.	
13/9	1369	Theresa's birthday run.	TBA
18/9		W&NK Hash Fact Hunt of Brighton - see flyer.	Sludge & Bouncer
19/9		Post treasure hunt run.	Lunchbox
2/10	XC	Montreuil-sur-Mer #12 12th year, 10th anniversary! - see Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans for details.	The Greyhounds

Once again we're rushing across the wet to France for the Montreuil hash. Following a conversation last year which suggested we must be close to the 10th anniversary of our annual trip, it came to light that this years was going to be the 12th r*nnng of it! So this years trip will slightly belatedly celebrate the 10th anniversary. This is a great trip as anyone who's been in the past will tell you and as an anniversary r*n should be attended at least by anyone who has ever been before, if not the whole hash!

In the hash genealogy any run is eligible for inclusion once it has achieved 3 runs. As the Montreuil r*ns aren't numbered as part of the Brighton Hash it's about time it was recognised as Brighton offspring. Despite our age we are only parent to one other club (Cheshire since you asked) and it would be good for the club to produce more young. Accordingly I was going to send details off to the hashtorians but I'm looking for ideas for the name of the French hash: i.e. GIT (Greyhounds Indulgence Training) H3; BARMYH3 (Brighton Annual Ramparts de Montreuil Yomp) etc. Ideas anyone?

We are also planning a new bit of kit to coincide, probably long sleeve running shirt. Again any ideas?

Congratulations to Louis and Caroline on their impending nuptials. Just remember marriage changes passion - suddenly your in bed with a relative!

This is a self-made trash with the accounts from Julia, French hash details from Dave, various flyers including the Brighton treasure hunt, ski hash, nash hash 2005 etc. Good job really as the Bouncers hash touring has continued apace leaving very little time for putting this together! Thanks for all the contributions and keep them coming. Still no sign of the relay press release though? Don?



For the best rendering of this artwork,

1 Right Click

select « Format Picture «

Set brightness to 13%

Set Contrast to 94%

Advice for Louis from some of the Brighton hash guys:

- My wife and I have the secret to making a marriage last:
Two times a week, we go out to a nice restaurant, have a little wine, some good food and companionship. She goes Tuesdays, I go Fridays.
- We also sleep in separate beds. Hers is in London and mine is in Brighton.
- I take my wife everywhere, but she keeps finding her way back.
- I asked my wife where she wanted to go for our anniversary. "Somewhere I haven't been in a long time!" she said. So I suggested the kitchen.
We always hold hands. If I let go she shops.
She has an electric blender, electric toaster and an electric bread maker, and doesn't use any of them. Then she said, "There are too many gadgets and no place to sit down!"
- So I bought her an electric chair, but she won't use that either.
- Remember .. Marriage is the number one cause of divorce. Statistically, 100% of all divorces start with marriage.
- I married Miss Right. I just didn't know her first name was Always.
- I haven't spoken to my wife for 18 months. I don't like to interrupt her.
- The last fight was my fault. My wife asked, "What's on the TV?" ..I said, "Dust!"
- Why do men die before their wives? Because they want to.
- In the beginning God created the Earth and then rested. Then God created man and rested. Then God created woman. Since then, neither God nor man has rested.

Page 3 - SUMMER FUN - ICE CREAMS AND BEACH STUFF

(drinking Sun stolen from Fat Controllers Moleskin Trash who stole it from the Interhash magazine)

There was a guy sunbathing on the nudist beach. He saw a little girl coming toward him, so he covered himself with the newspaper he was reading. The girl came up to him and asked, "Hey, what do you have under the newspaper?" Thinking quickly, the guy replied, "A bird." The girl walked away, and the guy fell asleep. When he woke up, he was in a hospital in tremendous pain. The police asked him what happened. The guy says, "I don't know. I was lying on the beach, this little girl asked me a question, I guess I dozed off, and the next thing I know is I'm here." The police went to the beach, found the girl, and asked her, "What did you do to that naked fellow?" After a pause, the girl replied, "To him? Nothing. I was playing with his bird and it spit on me, so I broke its neck, cracked its eggs, and set its nest on fire!" Moral of the story.....never lie to kids.



Brad, a guy on the local beach just couldn't make it with any of the girls, so he heads over to the lifeguard tower to see if the lifeguard has any advice for him.

"Dude, it's obvious," says the lifeguard, "you're wearing them baggy old swimming trunks that make you look like an old geezer. They're years outta style. Your best bet is to grab yourself a pair of Spandex Speedos - about two sizes too small and drop a fist-sized potato down inside 'em. I'm tellin you man...you'll have all the babes you want!"

The following weekend, Brad hits the beach with his spanking new tight Speedos, and his fist-sized potato and for cryin' out loud! - it's worse than before! Everybody on the beach acts disgusted as he walks by, covering their faces, turning away, laughing, looking sick! So Brad goes back to the lifeguard again and asks him,

"What's wrong now?"

"Jeezz!" says the lifeguard....."The potato goes in front!"

As a drunk guy staggers out of the bar one Friday evening, a fire engine races past, siren wailing and lights flashing.

Immediately, the drunk starts chasing the engine, running as fast as he can until eventually he collapses, gasping for breath.

In a last act of desperation he shouts after the fire engine,

"If that's the way you want it, you can keep your bloody ice creams!"

HASHER ON THE BEACH

A Hasher fell asleep on the beach one day and the wind came up and blew sand all over him until he was covered with only his big toe sticking out. A nympho was walking down the beach, saw the toe sticking up, she pulled down her bikini bottom and squatted over the toe. She humped away till she was satisfied, pulled up her drawers and left. The guy woke up, brushed the sand away and left, not knowing what happened. The next day his foot itched like hell, and had a sore on it. He went to the Doctor and after an exam the doc told him he had syphilis of the big toe.

"Syphilis of the big toe?", he inquired, "isn't that rare."

The doc said "Yes, but if you think that's rare, I had a woman in here this morning with athlete's Twat."

NUDIST BEACH Two parents take their son on a vacation and go to a nude beach. The father goes for a walk on the beach and the son goes and plays in the water. The son comes running up to his mum and says, 'Mummy, I saw ladies with boobies a lot bigger than yours!' The mum says, 'The bigger they are, the dumber they are.'

So he goes back to play. Several minutes later he comes running back and says, 'Mummy, I saw men with dingers a lot bigger than Daddy's!'

The mum says, 'The bigger they are, the dumber they are.'

So he goes back to play. Several minutes later he comes running back and says, 'Mummy, I just saw Daddy talking to the dumbest lady I ever saw and the more and more he talked, the dumber and dumber he got!'

Following a tragic shipwreck in the Mediterranean, the body of an attractive young woman was washed up on the beach near St. Tropez. The gendarme who came across it during his rounds went off to contact the coroner's office, and when he came back he was horrified to find his best friend on top of the corpse, going at it as hard as he could.

"Pierre, Pierre!" shouted the gendarme. "That woman...she is dead!"

"Dead!" howled Pierre jumping up. "Sacre bleu - I took her for an American!"

THE BOUNCERS HASHING TOUR CONTINUES ...



Back at the start of May we headed over to the Isle of Wight (whose GM is currently my old mate Bouncer) to join them on their 1000th run. We arrived Friday night at Ventnor Rugby club, parked the camper, quick change into the red dress and off I went on a pub crawl! Much easier than faffing around with putting up tents I can tell you. Actually to tell the truth I caught the minibus into town as they'd had a bit of a head start. Got dropped at pub two for a quick beer, headed round the corner to pub 4 where we caught up with loads so after a 2nd pint we jumped on to pub 6 getting

well ahead. It was great to catch up with old friends again. So many people offered their condolences following the tragic accident that had taken Tim from us earlier in the week. Amongst those present were occasional Brighton runners Coolbox and Madonna, and I was able to get a lift back to the site with them. Quite an amusing trip as Paul enthused about his in car navigation and Diana had to be pretty firm with him to actually get the thing working enough to get us home.

Saturdays run was a coached jobby and Gabs turn to run so we loaded the pram and kids aboard then sat waiting for about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour until it extricated itself from the embankment it had so solidly got stuck on! The boys and I managed to get a lift on a minibus and got the driver to drop us off at the pub where the sip stop was to be. By now I'd been joined by quite a large crowd of non-runners who were great at looking after the kids whilst I got stuck into the beer! After the pack had breezed in had a pint and breezed out again we wandered up the road about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to where the coaches were waiting with lunches etc. Callum really got into the football here being amused by several more hashers. There are times when it's just so easy! Back at the Rugby Club the circle was a very relaxed and actually quite long but enjoyable affair. I had a small input as Bob 'the slob' Fever from Old Coulsdon H3 had lost his dogs lead the night before. Bob is famous for his aggressive cry of "Brindle, come here" at the poor hound at least 100 times a run so it gave a lot of pleasure to hold the lead (which I seemed to have acquired) and see Brindle come bounding up, very closely followed by Bob! Callum spent most of the weekend getting to grips with cycling without stabilisers! Having announced Gabs was expecting, Ryde from London H3 decided that it must be a baby X as the dates meant conception very close to the Herts hash 1000th (organised by Mr. X) reviewed in March. The evening theme was flour power, which gave people enough free rein on the fancy dress to choose variations on hippy style to the McDougalls flour men.

Sundays hangover run brought back memories of my last visit to IOWH3 in 1996 as we again headed straight up the hill. Very hard work with the buggy. Gabs found company in Creamy and Ponce Charming from Bristol, Creamy also being pregnant and due the day before Angel! As they walked back up the road I got a good stretch of running in with old mate Stretch who organised Nash Hash 2003. Back at the site again for lunch and another circle. This time Sludge and myself made a bit of a show of celebrating the 5th anniversary of the passing of the greatest hasher that never was - Sludge wearing his Ollie Reed t-shirt with pride. Quite a few packed up and headed off but there was a surprising amount left on Sunday evening. They took off to town for food and beer whilst we stayed with the kids until their return later. With a severe lack of taxis one American hasher used a cunning ruse to get back to the site by ordering a pizza to be delivered and blagging a lift on the delivery vehicle! Great weekend and it was good to catch up with the other Bouncer.

CAVEAT EMPTOR

When Angel and I had only been married for two weeks, although we were very much in love, I couldn't wait to go out on the town and party with the hash. So, I said to my new wife, "Honey, I'm popping out for a while, I'll be back soon..."

"Where are you going, coochy cooh?" asked Gabs.

"I'm going to the bar, pretty face. I'm going to have a beer."

She said, "You want a beer, my love?" and opened the door to the refrigerator and showed me 25 different kinds of beer, brands from 12 different countries: Germany, Holland, Japan, India, etc.

I didn't know what to do and the only thing that I could think of saying was, "Yes, loolie loolie... but at the bar... you know... they have frozen glasses..."

I didn't get to finish the sentence, because she interrupted me saying, "You want a frozen glass, puppy face?" She took a huge beer mug out of the freezer, so frozen that she was getting chills just holding it.

By now I'm feeling a bit pale, so I said, "Yes, tootsie roll, but at the bar they have those hors d'oeuvres that are really delicious... I won't be long. I'll be right back. I promise. OK?"

"You want hors d'oeuvres, poochi pooh?" She opened the oven and took out 15 dishes of different hors d'oeuvres: chilli fries, vol-au-vents, mushroom caps, bhaji's, etc.

"But sweet honey... at the bar... you know... there's swearing, dirty words and all that..."

"You want dirty words, cutie pie? LISTEN UP, DICKHEAD! DRINK YOUR F*CKING BEER IN YOUR GOD-DAMN FROZEN MUG AND EAT YOUR MOTHER F*CKINGSNACKS, BECAUSE YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE! GOT IT??"

And since then we've lived happily ever after...



Our next trip saw a hash sandwich, starting with Essex 1000th before heading up country via my family in Canewdon, Sudbury and Leicester, to join Quorn in celebrating their 4(0)77th! Despite being an old Essex man and the setting being the Thurrock RFC beer festival, I have to say the weekend was a great disappointment. We missed the Friday night pub crawl as I was down the pub with Ian Hunter [Mott the Hoople], Mick Ralphs [Bad Company], Joe Elliot [Def Leppard] and Brian May (but that's another story). We arrived in time for breakfast to find we were stuck out in a car park with the van. As Callum wanted to cycle we took the bike with us on the hash but it just wasn't designed to cope with Essex's ploughed fields. He spent more time on my shoulders than on the bike but we got round with a short cut to a

lunch stop on the edge of one of Thurrock's dodgier looking estates. Back at the Rugby club alarm bells rang as we discovered chicken pox spots on Callum. Gabs managed to get a doctors number from one of the local hashers, as she had not had chicken pox herself we were concerned that it might be transferrable to the baby if she should catch it.

Unable to do anything about it until the morning we relaxed into the evening which was very good fun with a 1001 Arabian nights theme (Sunday was run 1001), and the hash 20th birthday celebrations. The downside was that the bar closed at midnight. Time to wander out and sample the wide range of cocktails that had been left outside under the gazebo. This was a bad mistake! The main crowd having dissipated I took on the role of barman, but Tom Cruise I ain't! There followed a pretty lengthy 'one for you one for me' session as I mixed up all sorts of lethal combinations for the few of us still standing it took me almost two days before I was back with my mentis compos. A very unpopular state when we had to spend the greater part of Sunday hanging around Basildon hospital. Oh well, missed the run, but at least we made the circle to see the Guernsey boys up to some high jinks. As Confucius once said "they can't all be gems"!

MORE ALE SHOULD HELP - Quorn Hash (home of the World Down Down champion Too Tuf!) 4o77th r*n.

The Quorn event at Market Bosworth was a totally different kettle of fish. Again just dumping the van and putting the kids down, Angel took the opportunity to partake in the traditional Friday night dress crawl for which Klinger from M*SH provided the theme. Before they set-off I'd been wandering around saying hi to old pals as they arrived when who should turn up but Daffidildo, a Welsh hasher I'd met most recently at the end of February when we were recceing our Interhash trail. She'd popped in on her way home from Yorkshire and at last I was able to introduce her to West London Daffy Dildo who has joined us a few times recently. I spent the rest of the evening designing dog tags in the bar with the few who'd either arrived late or didn't go on the crawl. The party really kicked off when everyone got back from the pub although much later Hiughie Blaaarrgghs snoring ensured that pretty well everybody stayed awake.

Saturdays run saw the start of some quite outrageous behaviour from the likes of Dogbolter and Bouncer. Waiting at stiles to help hashers into the nettles the other side, lots of especially nasty mud slinging and then serenading a crowd of bridesmaids as a happy couple left the church to be confronted by the hash. Great fun, continued in the circle when he covered me with dandelion and burdock and battle commenced! I awarded him a down down from a pair of false breasts in which Angel helped by rubbing udder cream on (harking back a couple of years to when Howie very generously held Gabs breasts whilst dancing to stop them rubbing, when she was expecting Kieran). The circle was excellent with an interesting theme. The hares would wander around the assembly distributing bandages then, during a quiet moment the RA would go all Radar on us, appear to look for choppers and yell "incoming" at which those with the bandages would grab a pre-picked victim, wrap in the bandages and tomato sauce and attempt to repair them. Had to be there to fully appreciate this! Also very much appreciated was the Nash Hash committees Pimms party.

As Quorn was back to the usual weekend method of overcoming the licensing laws (pre-paid) there were none of the issues faced with getting a beer in Essex and it flowed freely. Pretty well half the night as I recall and I was steering well clear of any other nasties (despite Too Tuf's insistence). Still it was a pretty easy going event by all accounts and the hangover run posed no problems. In the circle I awarded Wimpy an incoming down down for his startling resemblance to Ronald Reagan. Not the dead bit as he had indeed passed on the evening before, but as he looked about 30 years earlier.

Generally these weekends are always brilliant and as they are small crowds can often be better than Interhash! With the beer covered from Friday through to Sunday (or lager, wine, cider, softies - whatever your tipples), food from Saturday breakfast through, camping, a couple of good runs and a pub crawl they always represent great value too. Many include t-shirts (as if you need anymore!) and there is always band or disco entertainment on the Saturday. If you're thinking of Nash Hash or Interhash, give it a go and try a small event first.

ON ON Bouncer Angel Crackerjack and Gooley

Dear friends,

I just thought you might like to note this activity. The beer is being brewed at a National Trust farm in Kent and in a former double cowshed dating back to about the 1950/60's, which has not been in use for that activity since the 1980's. In the interim we had let it as a workshop to a local agricultural engineer but this new diversified activity fits well with initiatives to reuse farm buildings and gives us a better return.

I am afraid that my role in the NT has not included the need to approve the terms of the lease into which I would have of course included a "batch pre-deliver sampling clause".

Look out for the new brew and sample. Best wishes David



Westerham Brewery Company's first 10 barrels of their flagship real ale "British Bulldog" sold out in seven days. The response to the new brewery has been tremendous with several beer festivals, steam rallies and country fares taking the beers over the last four weeks. Pubs and clubs in Kent, Surrey and Sussex have ordered the beers with one local pub re-ordering 5 times in two weeks. Demand for the Black Eagle Special Pale Ale has also outstripped supply such that the second batch had to be brewed on Saturday 25 June, just two weeks after the first casks started rolling out. Seven new brewing vessels arrived last week from Canada and have now been installed in the purpose built fermentation room and cold conditioning room to increase capacity. A recent visit by CAMRA (Campaign for Real Ale) members to one free house resulted in the cask of Black Eagle Special Pale Ale being consumed in less than 2 hours.

For further information on the Westerham Brewery Company please contact Robert Wicks.

Robert Wicks established the Westerham Brewery Company earlier this year when he left the City after 16 years with a leading City institution. He has traded a career, which involved stints in Tokyo and New York, for a pair of Wellington boots and the aroma of hops in the beautiful Kent countryside.

Brewing takes place at the National Trust's Grange Farm in Crockham Hill, a village just outside Westerham. The brewery will help to boost the farm's income whilst bringing new life to a former dairy. The building has been refurbished with state of the art hygienic wall cladding, stainless steel drainage and a dedicated beer conditioning cold store. Copper and stainless steel brewing vessels were imported from the USA and Canada.

The Westerham Brewery Company is committed to the use of locally produced ingredients, wherever possible, and to the reduction of 'food miles' through the supply of locally produced products to local consumers. Many 'national brands' are transported long distances with a negative impact on product quality and limiting customer choice.

The brewery will initially brew four regular ales: Black Eagle Special Pale Ale, British Bulldog, Sevenoaks Bitter "7X" and Westerham Special Bitter Ale "1965". The last of these ales, "1965", is brewed to a similar recipe used by Bill Wickett, the head brewer of Westerham's Black Eagle Brewery, for his departing brew when the original brewery closed in 1965.

With the permission of the National Collection of Yeast Cultures, Westerham Brewery Company has recultured two of the yeast strains from the Black Eagle Brewery. The old brewery deposited it's yeast back in 1959 when it was taken over by Ind Coope. Enjoying the same water supply as the original brewery, the Westerham Brewery Company hopes to regenerate many of the flavours enjoyed by real ale connoisseurs in the Kent, Surrey and East Sussex area.

Historically, Westerham Ales were enjoyed by Sir Winston Churchill at Chartwell, his home near Westerham and in the brewery's 125-pub estate. The beers were also popular with the airmen of nearby RAF Biggin Hill during the Second World War. Following the D-Day landings on June 6, 1944, Westerham Pale Ale was racked into the auxiliary fuel tanks of RAF Spitfires and the beer delivered to troops in Normandy!

The Westerham Brewery Company: info@westerhambrewery.co.uk

Brewery Address:

Grange Farm, Pootings Road,
Crockham Hill
EDENBRIDGE
Kent, TN8 6SA

Head Office:

Little Redwood
Brasted Chart
WESTERHAM
Kent, TN16 1LX
Tel:01959 565837

At the moment the nearest would be The Cat and the Intrepid Fox at West Hoathly!

More from Dave:

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY – 21 YEARS OF THE SNOWDONIA MARATHON 2003

Elfyn Jones, Property Manager, Carneddau and Glyderau, Wales

It's 5am on a Sunday morning in October in Snowdonia and a National Trust property manager is loading his car with 2,000 Mars bars, 20kg of Vaseline and 3,000 foil blankets. Why?

It's the day of the Snowdonia Marathon – and this time it's a special one – the 21st National Trust Snowdonia Marathon. Established in 1982, the marathon is a full 26-mile athletic event circumnavigating the Snowdon Massif. It's regarded by runners as the toughest marathon in Europe with around 1,000 runners attracted to this gruelling event every year.

Why National Trust?

The race was the brainchild of Ian Shaw and Simon Lapington, two members of the Trust's countryside staff in Snowdonia in the 1980s. They thought it a novel way of raising funds and the Trust's profile in Wales among a younger and more active audience than that traditionally associated with it. In addition, at that time there were other challenge events environmentally unacceptable due to the numbers involved and the consequent damage and disturbance to wild areas. So the Trust went ahead and organised the Snowdonia Marathon to show how local communities could be involved and in order to minimise environmental damage the race was held on hard-surface tracks and roads.

The race course

The race starts in the village of Nant Peris at the foot of the Llanberis Pass and ascends steeply to the 1,200ft high Pen-y-Pass at five miles, before descending Nant Gwynant to the village of Beddgelert at the twelve mile stage. A slow but steady climb leads to the village of Waunfawr before a final 'killer' hill over the pass of Bwlch y Groes, at 1,300ft, leads to the steep off-road descent to the finish at Llanberis. The course is measured every year by an official of the Athletics Association so the race can be awarded a certificate as an athletics event.

The logistics

So just what is involved in organising a race with more than 1,000 runners on some of Snowdonia's busiest roads over a weekend in October? As most of the race took place on public roads it was essential from the outset to involve the highway authorities, the police and other emergency services. In recent years legislation and the need to protect the safety of all road users has led to huge and time-consuming bureaucracy. This would be impossible to navigate without the assistance of local authority staff.

It was felt that for the first five miles runners and traffic should not mix and so the council imposed a formal road closure notice on that section. To avoid a public relations disaster we contacted every householder on the route and had meetings with local communities to explain what was happening. Overall, the reaction was very positive, especially when it was explained that the event generated more than £255,000 revenue for the local economy over the race weekend.

To police the event 25 officers were required, including four motorcycles and three cars as well as fourteen Special Constables. Unfortunately last year, for the first time, the police decided to charge for their support, which cost over £600, despite pleas that we are a charity. Five St John ambulances provided medical support while a doctor and a paramedic, in a fast response vehicle, were based at the control centre at the finish.

Due to much of the course being out of range for most mobile phones, a specialist radio firm was employed to provide communications from most of the course. This was achieved by the placing of a temporary radio repeater station, powered by a car battery, on the summit of Snowdon. Unfortunately, the railway had stopped running three days previously so every thing had to be carried up on foot!

A back-up system using the Raynet emergency radio communication network was also used, which proved useful where our radio system would not reach. Race escort vehicles were provided by Edison Mission Energy, the main sponsors who also provided the facilities at the finish, including changing facilities, control room, recovery room and car parking.

Mars bars on my credit card

Twelve feed and drinks stations for the runners were provided on the route, manned by four marshals per feed station. Before the race, 500 gallons of hypotonic drinks, 600 gallons of water and the 'infamous' 2,000 Mars bars were prepared to provide energy for the runners. The Mars bars almost proved to be our undoing as, at the very last minute, our suppliers failed to deliver and a trip to the local supermarket ensued resulting in the purchase of every Mars bar in Caernarfon using my credit card. This is probably the strangest expense claim ever made by a Trust employee!

In addition to this, approximately 50 volunteer marshals and co-opted staff were needed to assist with the traffic management and other duties, including storage of baggage, preparing press statements, briefing and escorting main sponsors, etc.

The race itself

For once the weather was kind with clear skies and no winds. The previous year we had had hurricane-force winds which forced the first-ever cancellation of the event and created havoc as communication was impossible due to phone and power lines being cut. However, last October nearly 1,000 runners and several hundred spectators were gathered at the starting line when the Director for Wales, Iwan Huws (with pistol in hand) started the race.

The race went well with only a few minor incidents – although at the time they seemed pretty serious – involving two runners needing medical treatment for dehydration and 50 runners retiring from the race and having to be taken to the finish by our support vehicles. There was good and comprehensive press coverage, giving publicity to the Trust's work in Snowdonia, thanks to the local and regional press, TV and radio.

The event itself raised £12,000 for the Snowdonia Appeal and was a great, if tiring, event with which to be involved. It was tremendous testimony to the dedication of Trust staff and volunteers who gave up the weekend to help make the marathon a success. The pint of beer at 10pm that night never tasted so good!

Oh! The race was won by Martin Cox in 2hrs 38mins and 44 seconds and I'm sure he also enjoyed his beer that night.

NT are running the event again in 2004. The date is October 31st and entry forms can be downloaded from the website www.snowdonia-marathon.org.uk

H3 Ski-pedition January 2005



Ski News:

We've now an option with Ski Miquel on **Chalet Hotel Bel Alpe** in **Alpe d'Huez, France** leaving Gatwick on **Saturday 22nd January 2005**. It is a return trip for some of us but the hotel has been refurbished since then and features baths in all rooms, as well as doorstep ski-ing!

Alpe d'Huez offers 220 km of pistes, with enough variety for all abilities, and at 1860m rising to 3330m, a good snow record. The resort is famous for having the longest black run in Europe, a challenge at the top, but a great long track home later. Après ski opportunities include two swimming pools, an ice rink and plenty of lively bars.

The hotel accommodates 32 in some style with little extras such as heated boot racks.

I only have a preliminary costing at present of approx. **£ 530.00** per person; a lift pass works out at about £122.00 for the week. The group discount should bring the final amount down.

As always, I would like to ask for your support in making the administration as easy as possible: please help by sending me confirmation of your attendance with a deposit cheque of £ 100.00 per person made out to Ski Miquel Holidays.

The balance will be payable early November.

On-On ski

Coolbox

Diana Lumsdaine

10 Haversham Close, Three Bridges, CRAWLEY, West Sussex, RH10 1LB

Tel.No. Work: 0870 400 8300
 Home: 01276 682838 weekdays 01293 515332 weekends
 Mobile: 07968 596417

14 July 2004

Dear Volunteer

BEACHY HEAD MARATHON – 23 October 2004

Thanks very much once again to everyone who assisted us so excellently last year – and also to those of you have kindly offered to help this year for the first time. We couldn't put on an event of this nature without your valuable help.

For those of you who are new to the event, the main duties for volunteers are:

Staffing checkpoints – this is the responsibility of Beachy Head Ramblers, Eastbourne Sea Cadets and the Rotary Club of Hailsham;

Marshalling around the course – this is normally done in pairs to cover road crossings (with Police Specials on main roads where possible) and points on the route which may be difficult for participants to follow. Marshals may be assigned to one point initially and then asked to move to another further along the course;

At the start/finish (St Bede's School, Dukes, Drive, Eastbourne) – handling baggage security, recording finishing times, giving out medals, handing out water, helping with refreshments, etc.

We will be putting together a schedule of these duties over the next few weeks. If you helped last year and wish to do the same again or would like to do something different we will gladly listen to your request. If you have only a limited time available to assist and/or a particular task/area which would be best for you then, once again, we will gladly listen. Alternatively, if you cannot help at all we would also like to know! **It would help immensely with our schedule planning if you could let us know your availability, etc as soon as possible.** Also, if you know anyone else who might like to help please ask them to get in touch with immediately.

There will be a meeting for all volunteers at 6pm on Tuesday 5 October in the International Lawn Tennis Centre at Devonshire Park. It is very important that as many volunteers as possible attend. We will present our schedule of duties, discuss any queries, hand out marshalling bibs, etc.

Looking forward to hearing from you all, and seeing you on 5 October!

Yours sincerely

Hugh Graham, Event Manager
01323 646600
hgyc@mistral.co.uk

Nicola Williams, Event Co-ordinator
01323 502907
nicola@williams2001.ndo.co.uk

There are two entries for the Sussex Grand Prix Road Racing subs for the year 2003. This is due to the fact that Don paid out £35.00 in cash, and I also paid out a cheque for £35.00 at Ivan's request. Both payments were made to Ivan. Don has informed me that he had paid this cash to Ivan and it was in fact written on the sheet he handed in with the money. However Ivan has stated he did not receive the money! So the Hash is left £ 35.00 out of pocket! For more details of the whole truth and nothing but the truth ask God or Julia. You could ask Don or Ivan but be assured they both get upset and spout their ingenuousness or was it disingenuousness? I just feel as treasurer that the full facts as far as I could ascertain them are put before the Hash, hence the long delay in the printing of the Hash accounts.

BURPHAM

Back in April when I visited Stockholm Malibog advised that he would be having a run from Washington whilst visiting his folks in Littlehampton the week before IH2004. As a Sunday run I felt the interest from BH7 would be pretty limited, the club not being known for showing much interest outside of Monday nights. However, I was keen for Malibog to run with us again as he had been absent since the Britney Spears incident and the dust had settled somewhat.

For those in the dark, the Angeles hash have a somewhat more robust sense of humour, and the sight of Britney flashing her femininity at a time when she was protesting her youthful innocence was intact made for amusing viewing. A simple key slip and Malibog mails the next addressee in error, the BH7 group, many of whom like myself only possessed office e-mails at the time. Apologies abounded, and the Angeles group eventually got the e-mail, but such was the embarrassment of our occasional visitor that he curtailed his annual visits to the club.

So having grabbed the 12th July I wanted to make sure that the run was in an area accessible to all and as it had been a few years since we were in Burpham it seemed an ideal location. Next up I receive an e-mail from Treefeller of Chichester H3 to say that he would hopefully be bringing a few along! Great news but recalling the last time Michael had joined us when he and I cut out a respectable chunk of trail I thought it time to consider an SCB/FRB split.

Then the news comes through that I was to have an operation to remove a chunk of torn cartilage from my right knee that had been giving me trouble all year, on the 1st July! Not received brilliantly as we were going on holiday on the 2nd meaning Angel had to drive, at 5 months pregnant, to Dartmoor. Omigod I thought but buggerall did I do about it. So we get back late on Friday 9th by which time I've all but abandoned the crutches and walking sticks but I've now only got two days to come up with something.

A look at the map and a figure 8 looked possible, providing the early return for the SCB's (and me) and a longer route for the more serious half-minds #1. This also gave me the chance to split setting the run over Saturday and Sunday with a small amount of trail repair just before the run which is wot I dun.

On reflection, as I wasn't setting live and given the unreliability of the British summer perhaps I should have reconsidered flour as a medium. Naturally, having not thought about it, from shortly after I'd finished setting Saturday, it hissed down until Sunday am. A quick check on Sunday suggested it wasn't too bad so off I went on the second loop, and shortly after I'd finished setting, it hissed down again. Bloody typical so I set off for the run extremely early reckoning on about ¾ hour for touching up and putting the beer in place on Monday.

The old leg was feeling the strain of two days unfamiliar exercise so the touch-ups were restricted to where the car could go then off to move the beer down. Pulling into the car park I was extremely surprised to see a huge pack waiting. Having left home in such a hurry that I'd left the watch behind I was harbouring under the illusion it was about 7pm. A fact that was quickly dispelled as a belligerent Navy Nigel pointed out it was now 7.40 so why the hell did I put on the board last week to arrive early? Actually I hadn't been at the hash the week before so weren't me mate! Having left the churchyard marks on Sunday for obvious reasons you now know why there was no early trail down to the buffalo #2, and indeed why the beer didn't get to the split.

So a quick introduction of our visitors from Stockholm and Chichester. Oh, and he my brother Malibog from Papua New Guinea and his family from Sidney sayeth Malibog. And Banker from Qatar. And some bloke from Aarhus and eventually we got from going on to going on on. Immediately the pack ran down to look at the buffalo anyway, before being called back to the churchyard for the style hop. Down the field I quickly assumed the role of backmarker. Then with Treefeller, sweeper. Pack was barely held at the next check with just a couple of stray hounds appearing briefly as I attempted to play catch up. Same again at the next but by now Professor Stargazer was playing the gent and strolling with me. Good job as the next check in the middle of a one-way path left everyone thinking it must be forward (little clue there, it's actually highly likely to be a back check under those circumstances!) so off Pete went to call back the wonderful sight of an entire pack heading the wrong way.

This gave me my chance to get ahead down the staircase and ensure marks were good for the next couple of checks at least. Don was leading when he caught back up to me so I asked him to hold the check until the regroup was complete. Typical hash impatience had several runners heading off the wrong way and running down the railway line when they heard the call! Along the river people started to rejoin us and on to the haunted house although very few followed the painstakingly laid trail in to find the check. Had the beer been there I think it would have been a different matter. A couple of guys headed up the hill back to the pub at this point whilst the rest of us carried on to the split where SCB's could go up Jacob's Ladder, through the rec and on inn, whilst the FRB's continued along the river.

I was extremely surprised by the news that Rosemary and Ruth had both elected to go for the longer route especially after Ruth's concerns of the previous week but Philip, Bob and myself found a number of SCB'ers already back at the pub when we got there. From setting the trail my memory is of cows menacingly hovering by styles along the river, the hash amended road signs, the tree down in the woods, yet more frisky calves, the loop up the farm track and the final finish down the steps and up the road back to the pub. Although I was unable to do the trail properly I was pleased with it, so was rather surprised at the length of time it took with some not finishing until 9.20. This after Anybody Seen arrived bang on 9 and my moment of self-congratulation dissipating under the realisation he'd short cut the long trail.

The major downside of haring when you need to lay live or, in this case, tidy up trail, on the day of the hash is that you can't drink and this was especially painful when the atmosphere in the pub became very convivial. At least once Rosemary and Julia had vented their spleen, although I will always accept the down-down as a punishment, Ms. Hash Cash!

#1 - If you've got half a mind to try hashing ... (a) that's all you need, (b) you're overqualified or (c) as one of the Stockholm unmentionables pointed out recently, you must be female. Logic works like this: all men only have half-a-mind anyway. Hashers also have half-a-brain, therefore all male hashers are quarter brainers.

#2 - A nice touch I thought as I was supporting Edmonton's interhash bid for 2006 catchphrased Buck with the Fuffalo.



Lundy Island Hash House Harriers

Run No.18.

21st August 2004

Price: £45 Until 1st July £50.00 Until 1st August, Then £55.

Price Includes; Limited edition collectors T-shirt,
I'M LARDY Hash (Iron Maiden & Lightning's Annual Run Debauch, Why? (Friday Evening Pub Crawl Run),
Camping in Bideford on Friday & Saturday nights,
Ferry crossings,
Hash on Lundy Island,
(Bring Your Own) Picnic (Pub Grub may be available at pub prices),
Saturday night Disco,
Sunday Breakfast,
Sunday Run with the **North East Rural Devon H3**.

For more info contact;

Paul "**Fat Controller**" Mountford, Tel: 0117 9352 372

Mark "**Tablewhine**" Young, Tel: 020 8567 5712

E-mail: tablewhine@hotmail.com

Fill in the form below and send (with your cheque*) to:

Mark 'Tablewhine' Young, 18 Balfour Road, Ealing, London, W13 9TN.

Name; _____ Hash Name; _____

Home Hash; _____

Address; _____

_____ Post Code; _____

Tel; _____

Email; _____

I would like to come and I enclose a cheque* for £ _____

T-shirt ___ Vest ___ | Size: S___ M___ L___ XL___ XXL___

I'm a Veggi _____ I'll eat anything _____

*Make Cheques Payable to '**Lundy Island Hash House Harriers**'



*Guildford hash
proudly presents*



**THE 999 WEEKENDER
3/4/5 SEPTEMBER 2004**

SAYERS CROFT, EWHURST, SURREY

**FRIDAY NIGHT - SCHOOL DISCO AND BEER
SATURDAY - CHOICE OF RUNS, DISCO, LIVE
BAND, CABARET AND BEER
SUNDAY - HANGOVER RUN AND MORE BEER**

**LUXURY ACCOMMODATION (NO TENTS) WITH HOT SHOWERS, GOODY
BAG, T-SHIRT, ALL FOOD AND ALL DRINK INCLUDED FROM A PALTRY
£85 FOR WHOLE WEEKENDER, £70 SAT/SUN ONLY OR £25 WITHOUT
ACCOMMODATION. YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE!!**

DON'T DELAY - SEND IN YOUR DOSH TODAY

**Registration Form - 999 Weekender
3/4/5 September**



All entry forms to Deadloss
30 Elder Close, Guildford GU4 7YW
deadloss@ntlworld.com
01473 578554

NAME					
HASH NAME					
HOME HASH					
ADDRESS					
TOWN					
COUNTY				POSTCODE	
PHONE					
E-MAIL					
T-SHIRT SIZE	SMALL	MEDIUM	LARGE	X-LARGE	OTHER
DRINK PREFERENCE	BEER	LAGER	RED WINE	WHITE WINE	SOFTIES
I AM A VEGETARIAN / WILL EAT ANYTHING GIVEN TO ME					
RUN PREFERENCE	BALL BREAKER	NORMAL	SHORT	WALK	

COSTS

Friday/Saturday/Sunday - £85 up to 31st May
£90 1st June to 31st July
£95 1st August to 2nd September

Saturday/Sunday £70 up to 31st May
£75 1st June to 31st July
£80 1st August to 2nd September

Weekend without accommodation £25 up to 31st May
£30 1st June to 31st July
£35 1st August to 2nd September

All persons attend this event entirely at their own risk. You are old enough to know what you're doing and any losses you sustain or injuries you incur will be down to you, and are likely to be alcohol induced anyway. Guildford Hash will not accept any liability for any claim you even try and make.

I attach a cheque for _____ made payable to GH3

Signed _____
Dated _____