



# BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers - Runs #89 September 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)
6 <sup>th</sup> September 04	1368	White Horse, Steyning	178 110	Mike 'Anybody' Cockroft	01273 556553	
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on left 3/4 mile. 20 mins.						
13 <sup>th</sup> September 04	1369	Blackboys Inn, Blackboys	523 204	Don & Theresa	01273 385637	
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout then right again onto B2192. Straight across at A22 and pub is c. 3.5 miles on left. Est. 25 mins. <i>Theresa's birthday!</i>						
18 <sup>th</sup> September 04	XC	3 <sup>rd</sup> Brighton Treasure Hunt	11am	Evening Star near station	- all day pub crawl finishing at Café de Paris for food and live music. See flyer. For evening £15 but please register for the day if you wish to come. Sunday 19th Sept 2004. Car park, Barcombe Mills Road, Barcombe Mills - 434 147. Post-Hash pub - The Royal Oak, High Street, Barcombe Cross. Take the A27 east towards Lewes, 2 <sup>nd</sup> roundabout through tunnel & pick-up the A26 towards Uckfield. At Upper Wellingham, turn left towards Barcombe Cross. Car park is $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on the right. N.B. beer festival at The Royal Oak, Sunday lunchtime the Knots of May morris dancers will be performing. £3.50 per session. Hare: Birthday boy Lunchbox. Post-Quadra-penia treasure hunt hash - open to anyone!	
20 <sup>th</sup> September 04	1370	Jack & Jill, Clayton	299 143	Bob Patton	01273 tba	
Directions: A23 north to North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. Est. 5 mins.						
27 <sup>th</sup> September 04	1371	Eight Bells, Bolney	262 228	Phil & Pete B	01273 509958	
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right then right again for village. Est. 15 mins						

#### Receding Hareline:

2nd-3rd October

BARMY H3 - Robo's Annual French Hash

Organiser: Dave Evans/ Hare: Greyhounds

4th October

Tim Carter memorial run - Cuckfield

Dave Evans

Full details TBA

11th October

Bramber Castle

Malcolm & Trevor

May there always be work for your hands to do  
May your purse always hold a coin or two  
May the sun always shine on your window pane  
May a rainbow be certain to follow each rain  
May the hand of a friend always be near you  
and may the HASH fill your heart with gladness to cheer you

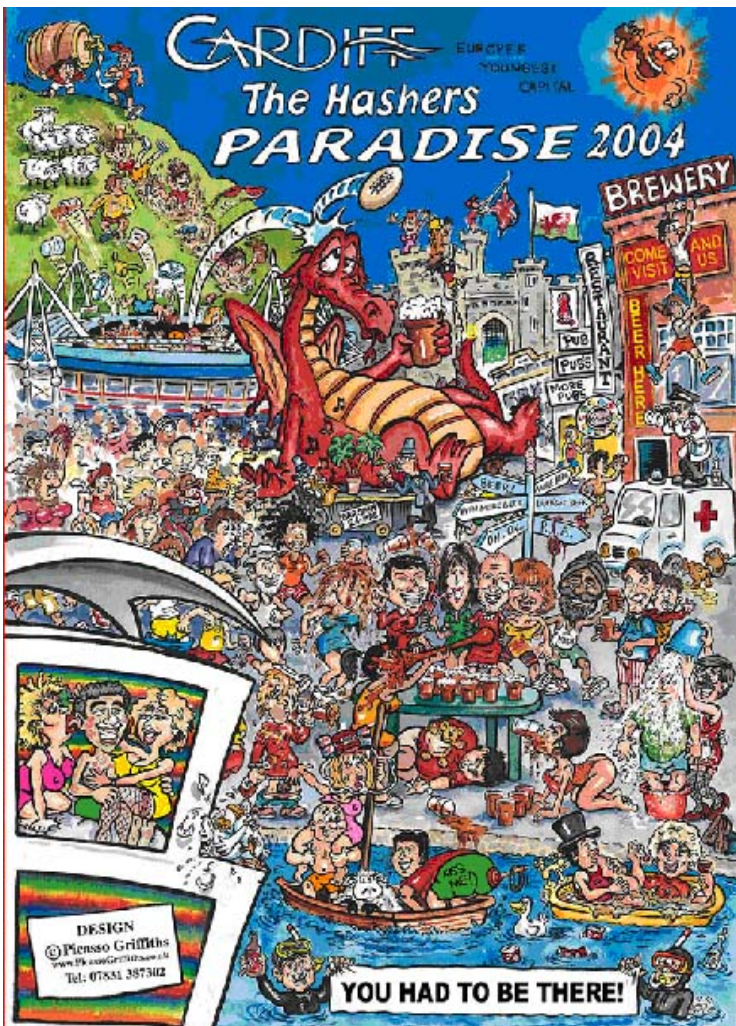
Now it's done! Louis and Caroline have been officially joined together!

Everyone from the Brighton Hash was very pleased to hear that Louis, the perennial teenager, was taking a step towards the world of the grown-ups. Many of us remember him starting as a 13 year-old lad, lolling past us like an eager Labrador puppy out chasing rabbits, without seeming to make any excessive effort - hardly raising a sweat. As the years passed for the rest of us, Louis always seemed to stay the same age (more or less), still sailing past, still with those dashing boyish good looks!

We had a shufti at the wedding list, and reckoned that it would be nice to give them a wedding gift that would always be useful, always remind them of us Brighton Hashers whenever they used it - so we got them a wooden spoon! Actually, we also got them a rather lovely "Jane Asher" carvery set of designer carving knife and fork, and one of those special dishes with the running spikes in the middle that stop things slipping off. Many of the hash contributed towards this, and we all hope it will remain as a token of our appreciation of Louis's happy presence and support for the Hash over the years, and remind Caroline that she will have to share him with us!

**Don**

What a great night Steve organised for Louis' stag hash at the Greyhound. A glug of whiskey at every check for the lad and three sip stops with a beer down at all apart from the Jack & Jill. It was just too early in the run for the alcohol to slow him down enough to get caught! Back at the pub there were down-downs for Steve (aka Queen Bea) for his 100th r\*n and almost like a true hasher, Louis finished several of the nasties he'd been bought in one hit. Earlier on Louis had bought Steve a spirit which he'd asked me to offer Steve in the traditional fashion so the pair of them must have been ticking nicely by kicking out time.



As they weren't off on honeymoon for a couple of days Louis was able to put in an appearance the following week at Hangleton Manor and with Rik provided enough Harvey's for a sip stop up at the golf club. Rik gave me his car keys two checks in as I suggested a beer stop during, rather than just knocking it all back after the run. Ivan told us the best place to go and off I went to be greeted by Auntie who'd decided against the street start. When everyone reached the sip, Psychlepath asked for his car keys back. Had to confess that rather than swap the beer into my car (which I had in any case left at home as Wiggy drove) I'd driven his car up there. There was enough left over to do a second sip at the end with a down-down for Nicola to bestow her new handle, Black Stockings, thus making official Bouncer's typo. Another great night and good curry afterwards!

Congratulations Louis and Caroline from all of us! At last someone to take over the production of the next generation of Brighton hashers!

This issue is mostly stolen from or features anecdotes from Interhash and the IH trash. So blame them!

**Bouncer**

How a hasher should be welcomed home by his harriet:



... and she's got the dog well-trained, too!



Just in case Athens isn't ready, look who the back-up is:

East Grinstead Hash House Harriers  
West Sussex  
England  
10 08 1992

Juan Antonio Samaranch  
International Olympic Committee  
Switzerland

Dear Juan

**Re: 28th Olympiad 2004**

Following the recent limited success of the 25th Olympiad in Barcelona, we, the organising committee from East Grinstead Hash House Harriers, a highly respected sporting body, wish to put forward our claim to hold the 28th Olympiad in the year 2004 at our hi-tech facilities at Ardingly Showground, West Sussex.

Obviously at this early stage all of the venues have yet to be finalised, but the majority of event co-ordinators have been appointed, in particular in the important sphere of policing and immigration, who will ensure that the wrong sort of people do not get in. I refer particularly here to members of teams such as USA and China who may well otherwise deprive British competitors of the chance to earn medals.

Accommodation (and a number of events) will be centred on the Olympic Village at Ardingly, where cooking and showering facilities are available.

In view of the delightfully rural nature of the venue (despite the unfortunate proximity of one of the world's busiest international airports) we have already decided that the medals should reflect both this fact and be ecologically sound. Therefore we propose that they shall be carved from sustainable hardwood resources by the esteemed local firm of Cordrey.

Furthermore, in your honour, we plan to give the best overall athlete the Juan Antonio Samarancher of the Games Award.

As the Games of the year 2000 will have had events geared to distances like 100 metres and 1500 metres etc., we will celebrate the year 2004 by increasing all races by 4 metres e.g. 104 metres, 1504 metres and the marathon to 26 miles 389 yards. In order to save expense rebuilding facilities such as swimming pools, some distances will be converted back to yards thus allowing races to be completed within the current building.

On a slightly delicate note, all visiting members of the IOC will of course receive customary 'gifts' and be entertained by the organising committee. Provisional plans include the gift of an EGH3 10th anniversary T-shirt and a pint at the Dunnings.

Finally, an important point. We will be passing all responsibility for drug testing to the local constabulary with their sophisticated Intoximeter and to the Gatwick Airport Customs sniffer dogs.

Our budget predictions are: Outlay £356 18s 6d with an Income of £459,000,000 2s 4d.

Yours in Sport

Please reply to:  
EGH3 Olympics  
North Park Farm  
Hunton  
Maidstone ME15

OSL

EGH3 Olympic Organising Committee

## UK INTERHASH SPECIAL

Six years in preparation the culmination of all the hard work in putting a UK bid together and a UK interhash was finally underway. The original concept for an interhash on UK soil came from Yorkshire H3 but after a bit of thought the realisation dawned that no single UK hash was big enough and it had to be a united bid. Cardiff was considered an ideal location with its stadiums, accommodation infrastructure and above all easy access to some of the best run-sites in the UK. The bid was prepared and launched after KL 98 and in 2000 at Tasmania just lost out to Goa. The reception to the idea was strong enough that they bid again at Goa and with a bit more experience everything fell into place. GBH and his team had finally brought Interhash to the spiritual home of hash born as it was of the madness of Brits abroad.

There were a load of pre-lubes for the visitors to sample, as well as the chance to run with UK hashes whilst on tour and it was particularly gratifying to see the enormous pack at Burpham when we were joined by hashers from as far afield as Australia, Papua New Guinea, Qatar, Stockholm and Denmark, as well as a big pack from Chichester. Just over a week later I attended the joint Surrey and Orange County H3 run at Dorking. A great run included a visit to a vineyard as well as a beer stop, and a good circle afterwards at which the Californians made great show of Dorks in Dorking for down-downs. Whilst Cardiff were preparing for the onslaught of 5000 hashers from around the world, this has also been a landmark year for British hashing in other respects with an enormous amount of clubs clocking 1000 runs for the first time. Very much a party year which we've enjoyed to the full.

On to Cardiff the day after the West Humble run we arrived only just in time to drop Angel off for the Red Dress run. Although a comparatively recent feature of hashiversaries this is now a well established part of any big occasion and the pressure was on to match the phenomenal 700+ runners that took to the streets of Tasmania 4 years ago (I didn't hear how many made the run in Goa, but that was yellow dress anyway!). Incredibly over 2000 officially entered raising an enormous sum for the charities to benefit. We were well represented with Nicola and Sally also taking part in their sexy modified cassocks but the run itself was marred by the only real shower of the weekend. After sorting out the kids and making sure Gabby's mum was okay to look after them I ambled round to the Malibogs hotel and successfully dragged them out for a beer, only to have a rather worn out Angel call me the moment it was poured to go and collect her. Still she came back to the pub for a while whilst I made some attempt to catch up with everybody else.

Friday morning had a final hares meeting and collection of bits before we set off to set trail for W&NK H3. This involved a visit to the campsite to collect cars to get us all up there (18 hares in all, 9 per day, including 1st aiders, RA's, and trailmasters). Plssticide gave us all a good laugh as we attempted to break in to his bike padlock (chained to his car) only for it to fall open in my hands. He claimed to have left the key in his wallet which he'd managed to lose on the red dress trail, however, pointed out Angel later he'd cycled down and back to the run so how did he unlock his bike previously? By the time we'd sorted out the lift logistics and cycle problems we were an hour later than planned setting off but there were no problems with the trail. It seemed better even than our previous visits at the end of February and on Good Friday with all the growth. Although we had secured use of an outdoor centre in the woods for the post run we made reasonable use of the pub although Max was probably disappointed that it was only the hares who made it in the end and the mooted hordes we'd warned him about never made it. C'est la Vie. A couple of quick pints and a bite and off we went to prepare for the evenings entertainment.

The poor weather of Thursday had disappeared and Friday had been a very nice day. Disappointing then to see the roof of the Millennium stadium was over but I guess that's why we were there. What a set-up! The stadium was divided in two with half set out with round dining tables and chairs with multi serving points for the buffet grub to keep the queues moving. The divide took the form, of an enormous bar at which staff kept a constant supply of beers, lagers, wines and softies poured out so you just had to wander up and help yourself (all pre-paid in the ticket). For those whose palate knows a decent wine there was a separate wine bar selling the quality stuff. The rest was taken up with a dancing / general milling area in front of the stage where the On Inn band had replaced the international down-down competition after it was concluded that Too Tuf from Quorn and Twin Peaks (NZ) of West London couldn't be matched. The first people we bumped into were Coolbox and Madonna who promptly said 23 to me. Cheeky sod I thought then it turned out I was the 23rd person who he'd met through the hash that he'd seen at IH. That cast the die for the evening and many found themselves alarmed at being counted as we caught up with old friends.

*Down down competition in full swing.*



I was up early Saturday refusing to get caught up in the club scene that the midnight closure of the stadium pushed the hash into. All responsible about the run I guess. Down at the coach stop just after 9am I quickly set about grabbing bins and provisions for our coaches. With 200 people to cater for each day we had to make sure of this as allocations were tight. We were run #18 way down the list, which was in order of distance and that meant our coaches arrived when bedlam was firmly established. Problem was that our run was too popular, (little things like an 'adults only' tag seemed to ensure success) the result of which was that the hashers found our buses, and filled them, before we did. So onboard we discovered we'd got well over the 49 runners we should have had on board each coach. Hey ho!

At the run site up in St. Gwynno's forest Scud called the circle of runners together for photo's and safety advice (our risk assessment was simple - look out, there are pricks in the woods), while I started getting the lunch and beer for the post run down to Darwanno, the outdoor centre. By the time I returned the hash had started but early trickery had prevented the pack getting too far away. Suddenly things went tits up as a runner fell whilst jumping a ditch. Her conviction that she'd broken her ankle was quickly dispelled when we got her to bear a bit of weight but we could take no chances. Poor old Sludge ended up being taken out of the equation to take her up to hospital after Fetherlite and local boy Tim, who'd seen us in the pub the day before and decided to give hash a go, organised the paramedics. The run went well after that with the story of local running legend Gwynedd Morgan in the woods going down well. Challenged to a run by an Englishman called Prince, Guto Nyth Bran as he was known won the 12 miles cross country easily in 54 minutes only to die of a displaced heart when his girlfriend gave him a congratulatory slap on the back. As a sweeper I ended up only getting a sandwich because Angel had thought to grab one for me, our overspill causing problems on the food front. Plenty of beer though and soon we were required to entertain the mostly fed masses. The W&NK circle has a certain renown so we decided to raise the stakes. Once the circle had gathered we came out from Darwanno wearing the cassocks provided by Nicola accompanied by a number of blow up sheep and chanting a gentle melody which gradually reached a crescendo of what-a-w\*nk, what-a-w\*nk, what-a-w\*nk w\*nk w\*nk etc. Scud and FYOS then weaved their magic to keep everyone laughing whilst the hares went round daubing 'victims' with shaving foam, before the W&nk gunge tank was introduced. It's important to know your audience and only pick on those who can take the hit in the spirit intended so the victim was Flip-flip from Orange County who Scud knew well. My favourite moment had to be when Callum picked up FYOS's water gun and nearly knocked his specks off with it, with absolutely no assistance whatsoever from Dad.

*A very early picture of W&NK hare, Bouncer:*



As we'd taken the car up to help move bits about it was a case of clear up and head off but by all accounts the return journey was great fun with loads of singing on the buses. Only in the evening back in the stadium did we find out that the headbands for Sunday had been chucked out as rubbish by the coach driver, probably £60 worth down the drain, but at least the faller was confirmed as okay. I struggled somewhat with Saturday night as an emergency meeting had been called to sort out the bus loading problems. I'd had some ideas ready to discuss with the Sunday hares but needed to know what the organisers were up to so seemed to spend my entire evening chasing my tail. Little wonder I didn't feel up to celebrating Steve's birthday, so sorry mate, but at least I did the stadium streak with about 100 others!

Sunday morning and we positioned ourselves rather better for the coach. Word had got round though and we found ourselves with enough people to fill the coaches by 9.15. Trouble was they didn't arrive for another half hour and

the amount of people who wanted our run far exceeded the capacity, which meant we had to keep turning them away. The new lunch distribution meant we had to wait until near the end before we could go so on a hot day we had nearly 200 hashers sitting with nothing to do for an hour. Expectations were high then but I found the perfect weapon in the pre-run circle as some people had heard ours was a nude run! So in front of everybody they came into the circle and removed their clothes (actually being joined by one of the hares who seemed to have missed the introduction, nice one Layby!). A quick decision was reached that they were too bloody ugly to be allowed to run like that so they dressed and off we went. Still they were able to cool down in the reservoir later, which gave them their chance to strip again.

Back at Darwanno again our system seemed to fail and again there were those without lunches. Talking to other more experienced groups hopefully we're now able to deal with this next year at Nash Hash. Overnight the blow-up sheep had disappeared, my sack with the cassocks had been mislaid, and even the story of the W&NK hash numbering system died a death. [Some years ago Surrey H3 celebrated their 1000th run. Then London H3 celebrated their 1000th run. Then to the surprise of SH3, LH3 celebrated their 1250th run. Fish'n'Chips had turned up at the London 1000th with a London 200th shirt that had the founding date as some years earlier than they thought. Surrey didn't know this and concluded LH3 had counted every time the GM went to the toilet. The W&NK GM is a dog and liked the idea hence we are now run 6969]. To add to this Vulcan, one of day 2's RA's had lost his voice. Lady Chat started off with a joke and with Vulcan's help soon had them eating out of the palm of his

hand to again give us a very different but absolutely brilliant circle. The shaving foam was still around resulting in everyone being thanked for 'cumming' (this is the w&nk hash after all). James was finally rewarded for his brain fade Friday with a gunging (mixture of lentils and porridge oats), which he thoroughly enjoyed and all too soon our moment was over. There was plenty of singing on the coaches but no alcohol and it was back to the stadium again for the final party.

From the 23 runs available ranging from 13.6 miles for the ballbreakers down to just 2.5 miles for the city walk, there were many highlights and amusing stories but I think ours and the three Gower runs were the only ones to fill each day. Without having taken part it's hard to judge but the Welsh Exiles sounded brilliant, East Grinstead are usually reliable and the UK Full moon run had some wonderful views. My favourite stories were from the Isle of Wight and Swansea Jack runs. Before our first recce I'd logged on to the Mountain Sheep website and read a run review where they'd run into the IOW boys on a recce. They'd then berated them for even considering a stop at the tiny Goose and Cuckoo pub with 200 runners. When setting the run on Friday the IOW guys had popped into the Goose and spotted a marquee in the garden complete with several barrels of beer. Turns out there was a blues night on Saturday evening but at least their concerns were dispelled. Come Saturday they got to the pub to find the landlord had paid the group extra to do a lunchtime session, so the 20 minutes planned turned into 1.5 hours!

With the three runs on Gower, Leeky had come up with the brilliant plan of having them all finish at the same place, the stunning Three Cliffs Bay. 600 hashers were then treated to the sight of their beer and lunch being brought in by the local lifeboats and crew who then put in an appearance at the stadium on Sunday. Amazing! (*see explanation below*)

I enjoyed Sunday far more and ended up leaving with Ponce who's other half Creamy is due the day before Gabs. As the motley crew of hashers were swept out into the street from the stadium we gathered together happily following anyone who thought they knew a bar that was open. After a sing song on several street corners as the latest options (I know a gay bar, the law doesn't apply to them, etc.) were checked out, invariably hashers would drift off leaving a hardcore of about 30 odd. Time for grub and so the kebab shops were raided for chips and I found myself with Audrey (Oral Sex) of Edinburgh TNT wondering where the last few had gone. Still she knew where there was beer - Dogbolters place, and she had a key so off we went. We'd only been there a couple of minutes when Ponce who'd had the same idea appeared and the party was in swing again. Dogs had crashed the Chiang Mai celebrations for winning the bid to host 2006 and eventually appeared with a look of total bemusement on his face at this onslaught on his premises. Eventually left probably about 3 ish with Ponce who insisted Cardiff wasn't safe to walk, resulting in a considerably longer walk than I needed to get back to the apartment. I eventually left Ponce to fall asleep on a roundabout from which he apparently got woken by the police about 5 minutes later!

We declined the options to join the Cardiff H3 Monday or Mountain Sheep H3 Tuesday runs and will also have to decline Chiang Mai sadly. Still no doubt Showman will organise a UK alternative after looking rather lost this time round (how do you cope as GM of IH UK alternative when IH is in the UK?).

### Bouncer



### Simple as ABC.

Many hashers have asked for an explanation of Swansea Jack H3's plans for Interhash runs.

Well it is quite simple – SJH3 in conjunction with some help from other hashes are setting 3 runs. Two runs are A to B and the third is a circular route ie A to A, unless A = B which means all runs are A to B.

Although for all runs the B is the same, unless it is an A as in the third run, all A's are different, unless of course B = A.

Are you with me so far?

In summary there are 3 or 4 As all different apart from the As which are the same. Also there are 2 or 3 Bs which are all the same, even when B = A. However two of the three runs meet at a point, in order to simplify matters we will call C. Therefore the A to Bs are really A to C to B's even though the As will be different the C and B will be the same. It really is as simple as that.

A problem that could arise is that a pack leaves A arrives at C and then heads toward s a different A not a B, this could result in an A to C pack getting mixed up with a C to A pack.

It will of course be the hares responsibility to ensure that both packs are properly headed towards B, or A if A = B.

*Any questions? Ask Leeky Willie!*

# Our Roots

## Where it all began!

### The Hash House

The 'Hash House' was the mildly derogatory nickname given (for its unimaginative, monotonous food) to the Selangor Club Chambers, by the British Civil Servants and businessman who lived and dined there. Originally, the ground floor housed the main Selangor Club dining room, and between the two World Wars it became a social center of the times, used regularly for lunch time meals by the members who worked in the immediate vicinity.

Situated close to and behind the present Selangor Club, it's function changed after independence in 1965 and it became a key office for the local Water Board, the place where all Kuala Lumpur (K.L.) residents came to pay their water bills. Sadly, it gave way to the relentless march of time around 1974, being bulldozed to the ground under the north-bound lane of Jalan Kuching. The buildings housing the original stables and servants quarters are still in existence.

### Ancient Harriers

The idea of Harriers chasing paper was not new to Malaya in 1938, as there had been such 'Hare and Hounds' clubs before in Kuala Lumpur and Johore Bahru, and there were clubs in existence in Malacca and Ipoh (the Kinta Harriers) at the time. "Horse" Thomson (one of the KLH3 founding fathers) recalled being invited on a run, shortly after his arrival in Johore Bahru in 1932, which chased a paper trail and followed basic Hash rules every week but the club was so magically organized that it had no name. The club flourished in the early 1930's but is believed to have died out around 1935.

The other branch of our ancestry comes from Malacca, where A. S. ('G') Gispert was posted in 1937 and joined a club called the Springgit Harriers, who also operated weekly under Hash rules and are believed to have been formed in 1935. Some months later, 'Torch' Bennett visited him and came as a guest on a few runs.

### Hash House Harriers

By 1938, Thomson, Lee, Bennett and Gispert had all moved to K.L. and founded their own club, following the rules they had learnt elsewhere. It was 'G' Gispert who was apparently the moving spirit behind the club, though he never acted as On-Sec or a Joint Master. There were probably only about a dozen members of the original HHH, including A. S. ('G') Gispert, Cecil Lee, 'Horse' Thomson, 'Torch' Bennett, Morris Edgar, Eric Galvin, H. M. Doig, John Barrett and M.C.Hay.



*The original 'Hash House', Circa 1938*

They were soon joined by a few others, including Frank Woodward, Philip Wickens, Lew Davidson, John Wyatt-Smith, and E.A.Ross.

It is not clear that the club actually had a name at the very beginning, but Gispert is credited with proposing the 'Hash House Harriers' when the Registrar of Societies required the gathering to be legally registered.

'Torch' Bennett technically missed being a founder member, because he was then on leave, but on his return he introduced the first necessary organization - a bank account, a balance sheet and some system. More importantly, he seems, with Philip Wickens who joined later in 1939, to have helped to keep things going immediately after the war.

Sadly, Gispert had only a short time with his extraordinary creation, being killed in the fighting on Singapore Island on February 11th, 1942, whilst serving with the Argylls. Of the original founding fathers of the HHH, Cecil Lee and 'Horse' Thompson are still alive, though sadly no longer hashing. The founding members were all British, although Gispert's origins were Spanish, his parents having migrated to London some time before he was born. Extraordinarily both he and Bennett were accountants, as were Paul Barnard and Jack Bridewell who made a significant contribution to our activities of later years. Some Hash psychiatrist should investigate whether this type of work leads to extreme forms of escapism.

The HHH duly celebrated its 100th run on 15 August 1941, but only 17 runs later was forced into temporary hibernation by the arrival of the Japanese.

### Postwar Rebirth

Post World War II, it was nearly 12 months before the survivors reassembled. 'Torch' Bennett put in a claim for the lost hash mugs, a tin bath and two old bags, on the fund set up with the proceeds from confiscated Japanese property and run No. 1 was a trot around the race-course in August, 1946. Subsequent to the 1,000th post war run the celebrations surrounding it were considered to be such a success that the 117 official pre-war runs were added to the total so that we could celebrate the 2,000th run as soon as possible.

With the advent of the Emergency in 1948, the Hash was automatically in bad official odour, as their activities were generally illegal in terms of the curfew imposed on most of the areas surround Kuala Lumpur and in the years 1948/51, they maintained a precarious existence at best. The turn round came with the famous bandit incident at Cheras.

This has been widely misreported, but what actually happened was that below where the Lady Templer Hospital is now, in an area that was then rubber and belukar, the Hares on a darkening and rainy evening came across some men wrapped in ground sheets sleeping on the ground. The following pack found the bandits on their feet but

somehow, in the general confusion nobody got hurt. One member ran to Cheras Police Station and raised the alarm; the army laid ambushes on tracks leading out of the area and first thing the following morning bagged three bandits trying to break out. One of them was found to have a substantial price on his head and the bounty was shared among the non-government employees on the run (government servants were not allowed to participate in such rewards).

Other colourful incidents related by Cecil Lee, include how 'Torch' Bennett once nearly drowned in quicksand, and how on one memorable occasion the erstwhile unathletic 'G' was actually leading the pack: sadly his moment of glory was short lived as the paper trail turned to be false. Swimming would seem to be an unofficial prerequisite to all Hashmen too, for Cecil remembers having had to swim across a mining pool in order to get home after being lost on one occasion, and on another it is reported that several Hashmen ran into a stream where bathed some unsuspecting Malay maidens. The girls screamed; their menfolk came hurtling to the rescue with the unsheathed parangs flashing, and the errant Hashmen broke land speed records in the eagerness to clear the scene.

## The Hash Spreads Out

The second Hash Chapter was founded in Singapore in 1962, followed by Kuching in 1963, Brunei, Kota Kinabalu and Ipoh in 1964, Penang in 1965, and Perth was the first outside Malaysia and Singapore in 1967. Even by the time of K.L. 1500th run in 1974 the total was only 35, so the subsequent explosion has been spectacular indeed. The 1992 international list will total around 1,100 clubs in over 135 countries and all continents (including Antarctica) where the hash format is often adapted to environments very different from the near rows of Malaysian rubber trees amongst which it was conceived. Kabul HHH understandably foundered, but what can it be like to hash in Sinai, Peking, Addis Ababa or the Falkland Islands?

## (World) Interhash

The first attempt at an Interhash get-together was the K.L. 1000th post-war run in 1966, and the spectacular 1500th run in 1974 when attendance was something over 300. In 1976, Barry Griffin-Kowloon HHH instructed scribes to write to every Hash in the world to form an international assembly of Hashers outside Malaysia. Attendance reached 800. The first genuine INTERHASH, was in 1978 in Hong Kong which broke new ground with an attendance of 988 Hashers. Subsequent INTERHASHES were in 1980 - Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia - 1242 Hashers; 1982 - Jakarta, Indonesia - 1190 Hashers; 1984 - Sydney, Australia - 1562 Hashers; 1986 - Pattaya, Thailand - 2143 Hashers; 1988 - Bali, Indonesia - 2247 Hashers; 1990 - Manila, Philippines - 1610 Hashers (affected by the then current state of emergency in the country); 1992 - Phuket, Thailand - 2500 Hashers; 1994 - Rotorua, New Zealand - 4103 Hashers; 1996 - Limassol, Cyprus - 3261 Hashers; 1998 - Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia - 5580 Hashers; 2000 - Hobart, Australia - 3800 Hashers; 2002 - Goa, India - 3600 Hashers.

All of which brings us in 2004 to Cardiff, Wales where we may possibly top 5,000!

*Written in 1992 and updated in 1996 by Mike Lyons (On-Sec, 'Mother' Hash), from copious research material provided by John Duncan.*

*This updated history is mostly as per IH2004 magazine.*

## The Hash House Harriers' Founder



Alberto Esteban Ignacio Gispert, hash name "G", (his surname is pronounced with a Ja as in juice), was born on the 31st July 1903 to Arturo and Remedios Gispert y de Puiguriguer. He was born at 80 Breakspear Road, Brockley, Kent (actually on the corner of Harefield Road!) which is now part of the London Borough of Lewisham but previously the Metropolitan Borough of Deptford. The family were Catalan Spanish and maintained the house in Breakspear Road and at least one other in Barcelona. They moved to Brockley sometime in late 1891 or 1892. Alberto was the youngest of seven children, the third to be born in the UK.

The young Alberto, although described in later life by Cecil Lee (one of the other original members of the first hash) as the 'perfect English Gentleman' was brought up in a household that spoke little English. His mother, Remedios, spoke no English at all so the household language was Spanish. Alberto was sent to the local Roman Catholic school, St Joseph's Academy in Blackheath. Here Alberto learnt the basics of non-competitive running following paper trails which was a common sport in English schools at that time. This may be where the idea of hashing was first formulated to reappear many years later in Malaya, as it was then called.

Following his schooling Gispert joined H S Baker & Co and became a Chartered Accountant in 1928 and applied for an overseas posting with Evatt & Co (later to become Price Waterhouse) who sent him to Kuala Lumpur. He married Eve in 1937 and his son, Simon, was born in the same year.

Along with "Torch" Bennett, Cecil Lee and a few others, "G" founded the Hash House Harriers at the Selangor Club in late 1938, the name being taken from the local nickname for the Selangor Club.

Also in 1938 he had joined the part-time militia, the Federated Malay States Volunteer Reservists, reaching the rank of Captain. He was on leave in Australia when the Japanese invaded in December 1941. Although his wife and son had safely returned to England by then "G" rushed back to Malaya and was seconded to the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders regiment as a Second Lieutenant. He was killed in action in the Battle of Singapore on 11th February, 1942. The family memorial shown here is in Brockley Cemetery, South London. Take a beer for him if you visit.



*The above details are taken from research undertaken by Iain "Amnesia" Belton and the late Tim "Magic" Hughes.*

### True Story from Florida

A man was working on his motorcycle on his patio and his wife was in the kitchen. The man was racing the engine on the motorcycle when it accidentally slipped into gear. The man, still holding on to the handlebars, was dragged through the glass patio doors and along with the motorcycle dumped onto the floor inside the house. The wife, hearing the crash, ran into the dining room and found her husband laying on the floor, cut and bleeding, the motorcycle laying next to him and the shattered patio door. The wife ran to the phone and summoned an ambulance. Because they lived on a fairly large hill, the wife went down the several flights of stairs to the street to escort the paramedics to her husband. After the ambulance arrived and transported the man to the hospital, the wife up-righted the motorcycle and pushed it outside. Seeing that gas was spilled on the floor, the wife got some paper towels, blotted up the gasoline, and threw the towels in the toilet. The husband was treated and released to come home. Upon arriving at home, he looked at the shattered patio door and the damage done to his motorcycle. He became despondent, went to the bathroom, sat down on the toilet and smoked a cigarette. After finishing the cigarette, he flipped it between his legs into the toilet bowl while still seated. The wife, who was in the kitchen, heard the loud explosion and her husband screaming. She ran into the bathroom and found her husband lying on the floor. His trousers had been blown away and he was suffering burns on the buttocks, the back of his legs and his groin. The wife again ran to the phone to call the ambulance. The very same paramedic crew was dispatched and the wife met them at the street. The paramedics loaded the husband on the stretcher and began carrying him to the street. While they were going down the stairs to the street accompanied by the wife, one of the paramedics asked the wife how the husband had burned himself. She told them and the paramedics started laughing so hard, one of them slipped and tipped the stretcher, dumping the husband out. He fell down the remaining stairs and broke his arm. (Taken from a Florida Newspaper). Now that is a bad day. Don't you complain about yours!

### ONE-LINERS

- When I was a kid I used to pray every night for a new bike. Then I realised that The Lord doesn't work that way, so I stole one and asked him to forgive me.
- I was doing some decorating, so I got out my step-ladder. I don't get on with my real ladder.
- Sex is like bridge: If you don't have a good partner, you better have a good hand.
- I think animal testing is a terrible idea; they get all nervous and give the wrong answers.
- You know that look women get when they want sex? Me neither.
- Right now I'm having amnesia and deja vu at the same time. I think I've forgotten this before.
- If quizzes are quizzical, what are tests?
- Why doesn't Mexico have an Olympic team? Because everybody who can run, jump and swim are already in the U.S.



WELSH HOOKER

### HASH CAR PARK

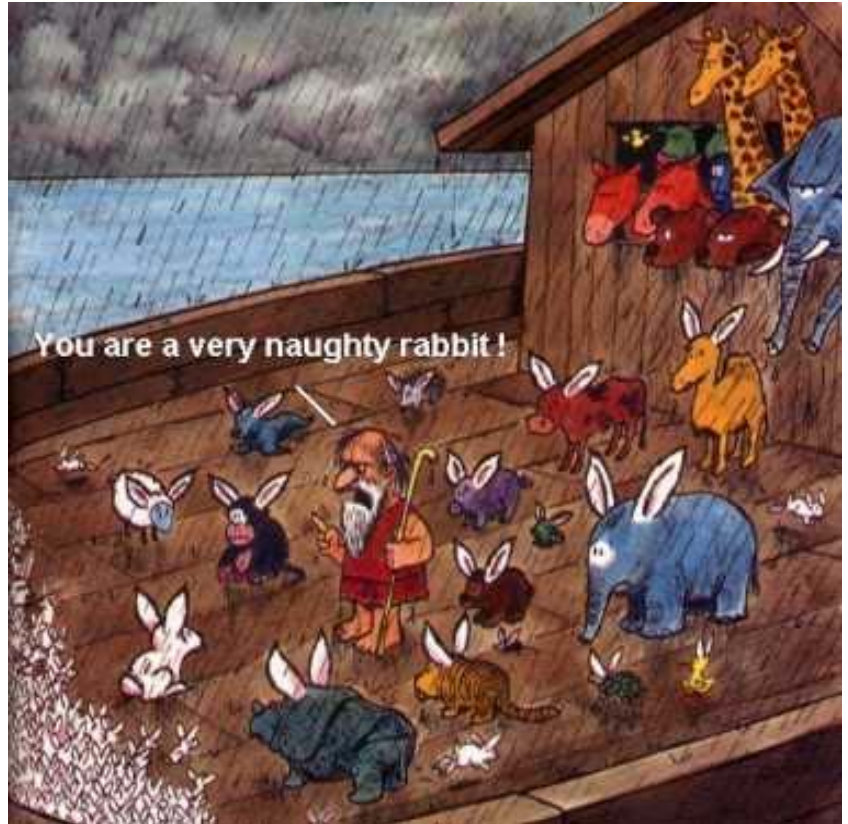
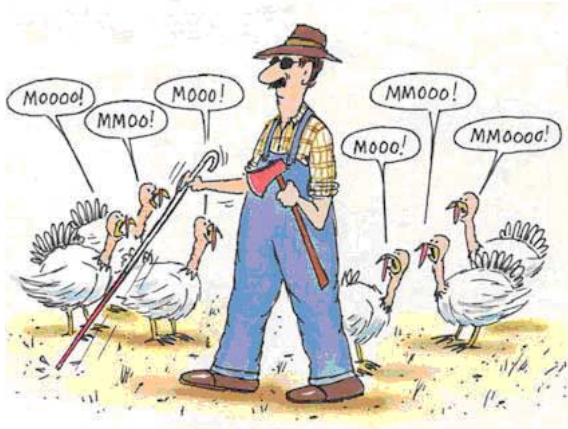


Jake was dying. His wife, Becky, was maintaining candlelight vigil by his side. She held his fragile hand, tears running down her face. Her praying roused him from his move slightly. "My darling Becky," he whispered. "Hush, my love," she said. "Rest. Shhh, don't talk." He was insistent. "Becky," he said in his tired voice "I have something I must confess to you." "There's nothing to confess," replied the weeping Becky. "Everything's all right, go to sleep." "No, no. I must die in peace, Becky. I ... I slept with your sister, your best friend, her best friend, and your mother!" "I know" Becky whispered softly. "That's why I poisoned you"

At a marriage seminar on communication Bouncer and Angel listened to the instructor, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other.

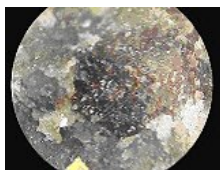
He addressed Bouncer, "Can you describe your wife's favourite flower?"

John leaned over, touched Gabrielles arm gently and whispered, "It's Tesco's isn't it?"



### Welshite

This wonderfully named mineral is called after the US amateur mineralogist Wilfred R. Welsh. Its formula is  $Ca_2SbMg_4FeBe_2Si_4O_{20}$ . Some people think it's quite a nice mineral, but others think it's 'well-shite'.



### A Cork in Cardiff

A Cardiff University medical student walked into the mortuary where a body was lying on the table. Confident that he knew enough now to begin the procedure without his Professor, he began to examine the body. When he rolled it over, he was shocked to see a cork in the man's butt.

Mystified, he pulled it out and immediately heard "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" song come out of the guy's backside. Shaken by what had happened, he quickly shoved the cork back into its original resting place. He then ran to get his Professor, nervously shouting, "Sir, you must come, you won't believe what I discovered!!"

Annoyed by the interruption, the Professor said, "Let's take a look at this astounding discovery."

When they entered the mortuary, the Professor was also surprised to see the cork, so he approached the table and promptly removed the cork.

Upon hearing Swing Low Sweet Chariot, he quickly replaced the cork and said, "What's so surprising about that? I've heard thousands of arseholes sing that song!"



And she yells at me for sucking my thumb!!

### GONNA BE A BEAR

In this life I'm a woman. In my next life I'd like to come back as a bear. When you're a bear you get to hibernate. You do nothing but sleep for six months. I could deal with that.

Before you hibernate you're supposed to eat yourself stupid. I could deal with that too.

When you're a girl bear, you birth your children (who are the size of walnuts) while you're sleeping and wake to partially grown, cute, cuddly cubs. I could definitely deal with that.

If you're a mama bear everyone knows you mean business. You swat anyone who bothers your cubs. If your cubs get out of line, you swat them too. I could deal with that.

If you're a bear your mate EXPECTS you to wake up growling. He EXPECTS that you will have hairy legs and excess body fat.

Yup - gonna be a bear.



### They share everything.....

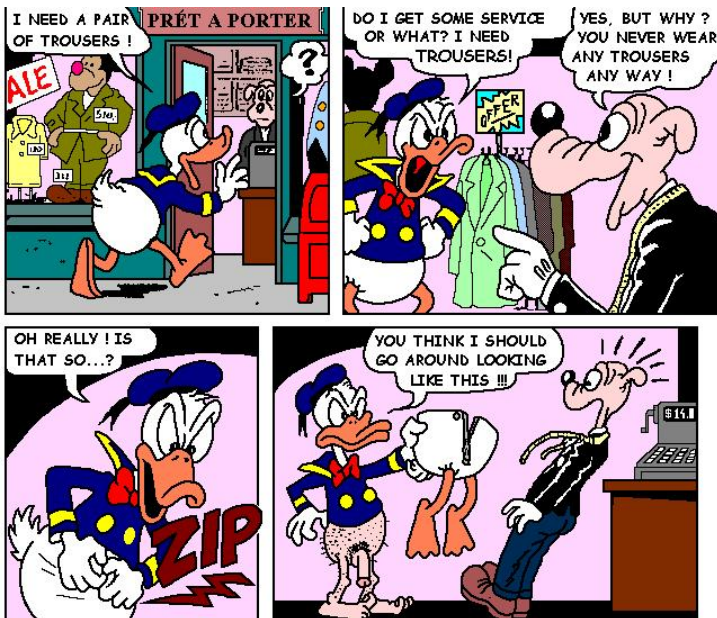
A little old couple walked slowly into a McDonalds one cold winter Evening. They looked out of place amid the young families and young couples eating there that night. Some of the customers looked admiringly at them. You could tell what the admirers were thinking. "Look, there is a couple who has been through a lot together, probably for 60 years or more!" The little old man walked up to the cash register, placed his order with no hesitation and then paid for their meal. The couple took a table near the back wall and started taking food off the tray. There was one hamburger, one order of French fries and one drink. The little old man unwrapped the plain hamburger and carefully cut it in half. He placed one half in front of the little old lady. Then he carefully counted out the French fries, divided them in two piles and neatly placed one pile in front of her. He took a sip of the drink, and then she took a sip as The man began to eat his few bites.

Again, you could tell what people around the old couple were thinking. "That poor old couple." As the old man began to eat his French fries, one young man stood and came over to the old couples' table. He politely offered to buy another meal. The old man replied that they were just fine. They were used to sharing everything. Then the crowd noticed that the little old lady hadn't eaten a thing... She just sat there watching him eat and occasionally sipped some of the drink. Again, the young man came over and begged them to let him buy them something to eat. This time, the lady explained that no, they were used to sharing. As the little old man finished eating and was wiping his face neatly with a napkin, the young man could stand it no longer and asked again. After being politely refused again, he finally asked the Little old lady, "Ma'am, why aren't you eating. You said that you share everything. What is it that you are waiting for?" She answered, ... "The teeth."

The wife looks in the mirror and says to her husband, Look at me I am horrible, fat and ugly, pay me a compliment to make me feel better. The husband, says your eyesight is perfect.

### ONE-LINERS (part 2)

- My mum was a ventriloquist and she always was throwing her voice. For ten years I thought the dog was telling me to kill my father.  
I've often wanted to drown my troubles, but I can't get my wife to go swimming.
  - I went to a restaurant that serves 'breakfast at any time'. So I ordered French Toast during the Renaissance.
  - A cement mixer collided with a prison van on the M4. Motorists are asked to be on the lookout for 16 hardened criminals.
  - Well I was bullied at school, called all kinds of different names. But one day I turned to my bullies and said - 'Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me', and it worked! From there on it was sticks and stones all the way.
- My Dad used to say 'always fight fire with fire', which is probably why he got thrown out of the fire brigade.



## Copycat pie perv burnt

A TEENAGER who tried to copy a scene from the hit film *American Pie* by shagging an apple pie was rushed to hospital with serious burns to his penis.

Dwight Emburger, 17, couldn't wait for the tasty pastry to cool down and after he slid in his pecker he was badly scalded by the hot filling.

A hospital spokesman in Boise, Idaho, said: "This demonstrates that producers should consider the effects their films have on young and impressionable people."

Wiggy and his wife live in Lancing. One winter morning while listening to the radio, they hear the announcer say, "We are going to have 8 to 10 centimetres of snow today. You must park your car on the even numbered side of the street, so the snow plough can get through." Sue goes out and moves her car. A week later while they are eating breakfast, the radio announcer says, "We are expecting 10 to 12 centimetres of snow today. You must park your car on the odd numbered side of the street, so the snow plough can get through."

Sue goes out and moves her car again.

The next week they are having breakfast again, when the radio announcer says "We are expecting 12 to 14 centimetres of snow today. You must park..." and then the electric power goes out. Sue is very upset, and with a worried look on her face she says, "Wiggy, I don't know what to do. Which side of the street do I need to park on so the plough can get through?" With the love and understanding in his voice like all men who are married to Blondes exhibit, Wiggy says, "Why don't you just leave it in the garage this time?"

Please take care when parking on Cardiff waterfront ...



### A Harriet's Prayer

Dear Lord, I pray for:

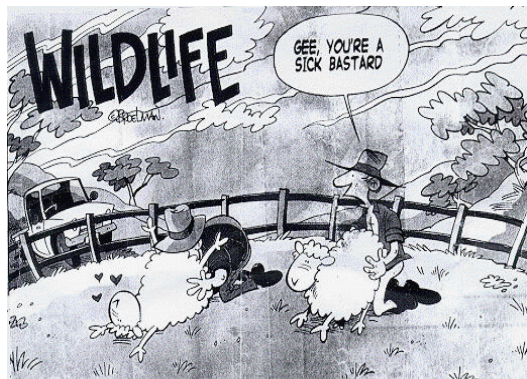
**Wisdom**, to understand my hash partner,

**Love**, to forgive him (when he's late home from the hash)

**Patience**, for his moods (when he can't go hashing)

Because, Lord, if I pray for  
**Strength**.....

..... I'll just beat him to death!



"Hey boyo, that ain't candy floss you know!"

### MORE ONE LINERS!

- I saw six men kicking and punching the mother-in-law. My neighbour said 'Are you going to help?' I said 'No, Six should be enough.'
- If we aren't supposed to eat animals, then why are they made out of meat?
- Politicians are wonderful people as long as they stay away from things they don't understand, such as working for a living.
- I was the kid next door's imaginary friend.
- I'd kill for a Nobel Peace Prize
- 'Jeyes' R Sole agents for BH7 toilet tissue!
- "Vote early and vote often" - Al Capone (1899-1947)

### Really useful facts (?!)

If you yelled for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee. (Hardly seems worth it.)

*If you farted consistently for 6 years and 9 months, enough gas is produced to create the energy of an atomic bomb. (Now that's more like it!)*

The human heart creates enough pressure when it pumps out to the body to squirt blood 30 feet. (O.M.G.!)

*A pig's orgasm lasts 30 minutes. (In my next life, I want to be a pig.)*

A cockroach will live nine days without its head before it starves to death. (Creepy.) (I'm still not over the pig.)

*Banging your head against a wall uses 150 calories an hour. (Do not try this at home..... maybe at work.)*

The male preying mantis cannot copulate while its head is attached to its body. The female initiates sex by ripping the male's head off. ("Honey, I'm home. What the....?!")

*The flea can jump 350 times its body length. It's like a human jumping the length of a football field. (30 minutes... lucky pig... can you imagine??)*

The catfish has over 27,000 taste buds. (What could be so tasty on the bottom of a pond?)

*Some lions mate over 50 times a day. (I still want to be a pig in my next life...quality over quantity)*

Butterflies taste with their feet. (Something I always wanted to know.)

*The strongest muscle in the body is the tongue. (HmMMM.....)*

Right-handed people live, on average, nine years longer than left-handed people. (If you're ambidextrous, do you split the difference?)

*Elephants are the only animals that cannot jump. (OK, so that would be a good thing....)*

A cat's urine glows under a black light. (I wonder who was paid to figure that out?)

*An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain. (I know some people like that.)*

Starfish have no brains. (I know some people like that too.)

*Polar bears are left-handed. (If they switch, they'll live a lot longer.)*

Humans and dolphins are the only species that have sex for pleasure. (What about that pig??)

