



BOGGY SHOE



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS (twinned with the Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

*R*ns/trash #131 April 2008*

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

Date	#No	On On	Map ref	Hares
7th April 2008	1555	Red Lion, Shoreham	208 059	Wiggy
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. Est. 10 mins.				
14th April 2008	1556	Dog & Bacon, Horsham	172 320	Don
Directions: A23 north to Pease Pottage. Follow A264 west and take left at 6th roundabout B2237 Warnham Road. Pub on right approx. 1/2 mile. Est. 30 mins.				
21st April 2008	1557	Windmill, Littleworth	194 205	Pete & Phil
Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T junction, west through Cowfold. Right at first roundabout, left at 2nd and either first or second left. Pub on right approx 1.5 miles. Est. 20 mins				
Est. 20 mins.				
28th April 2008	1558	Flying Fish, Denton	457 024	Mudlarks
Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. B2109 into Denton then 2nd left Denton Road. 20 mins.				
5th May 2008	1559	White Lion, Thakeham	107 173	George
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. At Storrington turn right on B2139 and right again after 2 miles - the Street. Pub on right. Est 30 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE

12th May 1560 Chequers Slaugham,
Brett & Jo

24th May Hash SDW relay

3rd June 30th anniversary hash and launch
of the return of the ale trail!

Thought for the day:

It's Eddy & Wiggy's big birthdays!
Funny how nobody looks their age these
days? For sale - 2 x 70th birthday
cards, unused. Will exchange for 2 x 60th
birthday cards.





HASH NOTICEBOARD

"No doubt you have been told by thousands of hashers that you have listed two runs (10 and 17 March) as 1551!! Nicola." Shock as BH7 celebrate run 1551 twice! Apologies for the error but to make up for it and put the calendar back to normal we will be postponing run 1554 until Sunday 3rd June for our 30th birthday celebrations and the launch of the BH7 30th birthday ale trail tour. Make sure you don't miss it. The surplus run 1551 has been notified to the hash authorities who are making arrangements for its removal with a time-machine and a condom.

Big birthdays this month for Eddie and Wiggy. There is one other but it is being quietly put on hold until later in the year. Congratulations to all, and thanks to Cyst Pit at WLH3 for the cop-out on the cards!

Our Brazilian correspondent (that's the nation not the mirkin), Liliانا, advises that her daughter, Luiza, will be studying Eengleesh in Brighton, staying with Terry, and will be looking forward to a big welcome on the hash.

What else? Ah yeah. Hash relay 24th May – teams and stuff to last years winner (Phil) to organise the après please.

Just to let you know that my episode of MIDSOMER MURDERS, entitled 'THEY SEEK HIM HERE' will be broadcast on SUNDAY, APRIL 20TH at 8.15 on ITV. See if you can guess whodunnit. Barry.

The earthquake last month really makes you think. With all the news on TV lately about the hurricanes that America is experiencing, the typhoons in China, flooding in Switzerland and recent mud slides in South America, we shouldn't forget that the UK has its share of devastating natural disasters too. Below is a photo illustrating the damage caused to my home from the earthquake. It really makes you cherish what you have, and reminds us not to take things for granted. Do take care of yourself and be safe.



Beer after sport 'is good for the body' By Nic Fleming, Science Correspondent
Last Updated: 5:01pm GMT 01/11/2007

A beer after playing a game of football, a hash run, or a strenuous round of golf can be good for the body, scientists say. In a rare piece of good news for those who like a pint, Spanish researchers say beer can help someone who is dehydrated retain liquid better than water. Prof Manuel Garzon, of Granada University, also claimed the bubbles in beer help to quench the thirst and that its carbohydrate content can help to replace lost calories. Prof Garzon asked a group of students to do strenuous exercise in temperatures of around 40°C (104°F). Half were given a pint of beer, while the others received the same volume of water. Prof Garzon, who announced the results at a press conference in Granada beneath a banner declaring "Beer, Sport, Health", said the hydration effect in those who drank beer was "slightly better".

Juan Antonio Corbalan, a cardiologist who worked formerly with Real Madrid football players and Spain's national basketball team, said beer had the perfect profile for re-hydration after sport. He added that he had long recommended barley drinks to professional sportsmen after exercise. Previous studies have shown most alcoholic drinks have a diuretic effect meaning they increase the amount of liquid lost by the body through urination.

Dr James Betts, an expert on nutrition and metabolism at Bath University, said a moderate amount of beer might be just as good as water at helping the body retain liquid, but that he doubted it could be any better. Dr Betts said: "If you are dehydrated to start with following exercise, a beer, as opposed to a spirit, probably does not have a high enough concentration of alcohol to induce a diuretic effect."

PARIS (AFP) - It may be the longest hangover in the history of binge beer drinking. When a 37-year old man walked into a hospital emergency room in Glasgow, Scotland last October complaining of "wavy" vision and a non-stop headache that had lasted four weeks, doctors were at first stumped, the British journal The Lancet reported Friday.

The unnamed patient "had no history of head injury or loss of consciousness; his past medical record was unremarkable, and he was taking no medications," Zia Carrim and two other physicians from Southern General Hospital said in a case report. Body temperature and blood pressure were both normal, and a neurological exam scanned negative. But when an eye specialist was called in, the fog began to clear, at least for the doctors. The patient, said the ophthalmologist, had swollen optical discs, greatly enlarged blind spots and what eye doctors call "flame haemorrhages," or bleeding nerve fibres. "We sought a more detailed history" from the patient, noted Zia drly. That is when the man revealed he had consumed some 60 pints — roughly 35 litres — of beer over a four day period, following a domestic crisis. Severe dehydration caused the alcohol, the doctors guessed, had led to a rare condition called cerebral venous sinus thrombosis (CVST). A scan of the brain's blood vessels confirmed the diagnosis. CVST — which can cause seizures, impaired consciousness, loss of vision and neurological damage — strikes three or four people per million, mainly children, every year in Britain. The cause is generally unknown. It took more than six months of long-term blood-thinning treatment to restore the man's normal vision — and to get rid of the headache, the doctors reported.

What's the difference between Heather Mills and Northern Rock? One screws old people out of their savings and the other is a beleaguered building society.



Women and Shopping:

A woman was in town on a shopping trip. She started the day by finding the perfect shoes in the first shop, then a beautiful dress for sale in the second shop. The third, everything had just been reduced to a fiver. Then her mobile phone rang and it was a lady doctor notifying her that her husband had just been involved in a terrible car accident and was in a critical condition in intensive care. The woman asked the doctor to tell her husband that she would be there as soon as possible. She then thought that it had been shaping up to be the best day ever around the shops so she might get a couple more shops in before heading to the hospital. She went around some more shops and then finished the trip with a cup of coffee and she was jubilant, and then she remembered her husband and feeling guilty she dashed to the hospital, where she met the lady doctor in the corridor and asked about her husband's condition. The lady doctor glared at her and said, "You went ahead and finished your shopping trip didn't you? I hope you are proud of yourself. Whilst you were out enjoying yourself for the past four hours your

husband was languishing in the intensive care unit! Just as well you finished as it will be more than likely the last ever shopping trip you will take, for the rest of his life he will need round the clock care and you will be his carer." The woman feeling guilty broke down and sobbed.

Then the lady doctor laughed and said "I'm just pulling your leg, he's dead, what did you buy?"

DON'T MESS WITH GRANDMA!

This is a true story... An elderly Florida lady did her shopping and, upon returning to her car, found four males in the act of leaving with her vehicle. She dropped her shopping bags and drew her handgun, proceeding to scream at the top of her voice, "I have a gun, and I know how to use it! Get out of the car!"

The four men didn't wait for a second invitation. They got out and ran like mad. The lady, somewhat shaken, then proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and got into driver's seat. She was so shaken that she could not get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried, and then it dawned on her why. A few minutes later, she found her own car parked four or five spaces farther down. She loaded her bags into the car and drove to the police station.

The sergeant to whom she told the story couldn't stop laughing. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale men were reporting a car jacking by a mad, elderly woman described as white, less than five feet tall, glasses, curly white hair, and carrying a large handgun. No charges were filed.

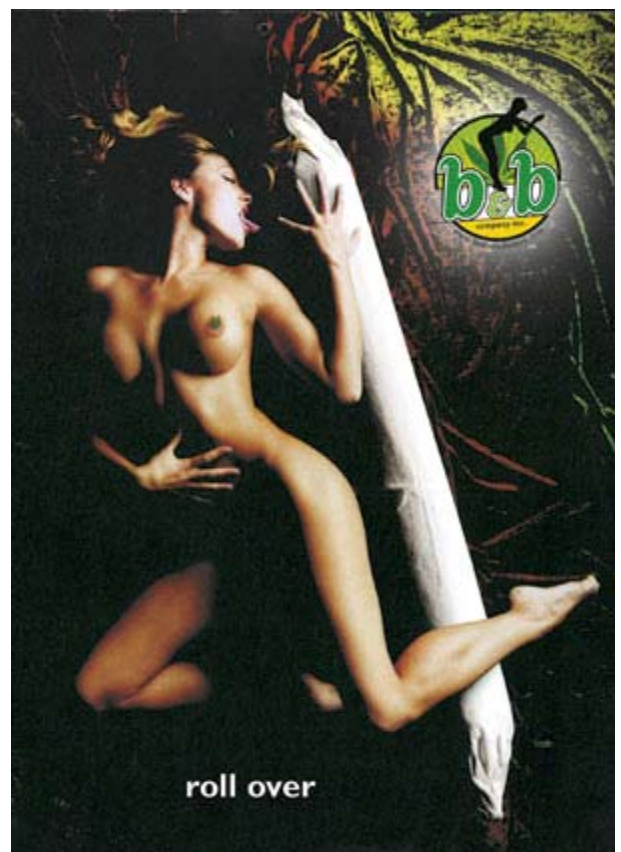
If you're going to have a Senior Moment, make it a memorable one!

No hash matzos?

Wednesday March 28, 10:40 AM

JERUSALEM (Reuters) - Marijuana is not kosher for Passover, a pro-cannabis advocacy group says, advising Jews who observe the week-long holiday's special dietary laws to take a break from smoking the weed. The Green Leaf Party announced on Wednesday that products of the cannabis plant have been grouped by rabbis within a family of foods such as peas, beans and lentils that is off-limits to Jews of European descent during Passover. The Green Leaf Party, which has made several unsuccessful attempts to win election to parliament on a platform urging marijuana's legalisation, said it was issuing its advisory as a service to Jews who don't want to break ritual law.

But it said the rabbinical ban for the holiday beginning at sunset on Monday, during which many Jews eat matzos, or unleavened bread, could be a blessing in disguise. "Logic dictates that if the rabbis say cannabis is non-kosher for Passover, it is apparently kosher during the rest of the year," Michelle Levin, a spokeswoman for the party, told the YNet news web site.



RE-HASHING

Run 1550 - John Harvey Tavern, Lewes. Sasha Julia and Spreadsheet

There were a number of returners for this top pub, which is always good to see, although Sasha and Julia take no prisoners and don't provide a route for the lame and lazy, to my consternation as I was still suffering the effects of donating. Hares were pressing for a worryingly prompt start which took us through the car park up past Tesco's and along the river to the first check. Hash Gomi (which interestingly(?) translates near enough as Hash Trash), who divides his time between the UK and Japan, here found himself surrounded by groupies from the land of the rising sun. Amusing sight, as his 2 metres to their 1 metre height, prompted calls for a camera phone! Prof had set-off with a vengeance and despite the rationing of the marks, tried out every direction from each check, eventually leading round the houses to the Ringmer road. Here Don was seen in deep discussion with the hare beside a local map and I sensed an SCB so joined him as pack headed off towards the Cock. Our route was to take us on a loop round the water meadows re-joining the main road further down with an option of returning to the pub or heading up the downs to intercept pack. Although it may have been obvious in daylight we soon found ourselves lost, so retraced, took the path up just on the Ringmer road, round what Don described as the Fat Ladies Belly ("from Tesco's garage you can clearly see this leg we're on, that leg there, and her ... belly"), climbing further skirting the golf course past the monument and back down, all without marks, to arrive at the cars bang on 9pm. Another great hash...

But wait, where the hell was everyone else? After the Cock, the pack, with the late addition of a 3rd hare, Mr. Evans, who as Pete Beard put it, must have repaired the damage of the weekends devastating weather (hmmm.. dry, sunny and unseasonably warm?) judging by the improvement in the marking, went on into the village and past the Anchor. From there it was up and up to the top of Mount Caburn, down and up to the golf course, dropping in for the first to finish about 9.15. Reports were fairly positive given the length (6.5 miles, but it moved along well) and time out, although there were some clear signs of exhaustion requiring refreshment. Amusing to see Chris going to the bar of this Harveys flagship and ask for a pint of Harveys to be presented with the full range - Armada, Porter, Hadlow, Mild, Old or Best? I'll show her I thought as I offered Nigel a last pint before he headed to Inter, and ordered a Mother-in-Law. Barmaid was only momentarily perplexed though as the other one, in not the only telepathic moment of the evening, advised her "I t's Old and Bitter".



Run 1551 (the 2nd) Gardners Arms, Sompting. Les Plumb

Although they'd moved St. Patricks Day many still turned up in green (although I forgot to tell Gabs!) for this run on 17th March. Mr. Plumb had arranged a post-run curry in the converted railway carriage restaurant out back so no need to pre-book, which was a relief as I'd sprinted straight from the Evening Star and needed a quick change pre-run. Previous runs from this area had taken the dangerous option of crossing the A27 to head up the Downs but I for one was not unhappy at staying south and meandering through the parks and houses of Lancing. Wiggy on the other hand was quick to curse the hare, which was odd seeing as a few of us often run a similar route from his house. Wit Beard (**insert famous beer**), commented at the first check after a stretch to get there "oh, no. not another check." Across the park then into the houses, trail somehow crossed the railway to the back end of Brooklands. Narrowly avoiding the sewage works we circuted the lake as Jo found herself drawn to the go-karts. A short stretch of pebbles followed then back over the road, round the Drive and somehow (again) back to the railway line where only this one idiot found the right route over the footbridge. At another park a few chose the swift return whilst the rest of us went up back drives and crossed at the lights returning over the brand new footbridge to find the on inn. I'd like to say the last bit was horrible, but to be honest it was only after a slow start that my own run last year had the exact same section severed as it was too long. In the pub locals morosely wore St. Patricks Day hats and looked uncertainly at the hash drinkers. Quick word with the landlady and we showed them how they should be worn, with a smile (or at least a fixed grimace!). Out in the railway carriage tables were set with poppadoms and chutney which boded well.

Unfortunately logistics meant the buffet idea was a non-starter and we were then treated to rather sporadic food. Bread had all gone before the curry arrived, then curry had all gone by the time we got any rice. By the time we had curry and rice on the table together we were full up! Eventually our stomachs had a meal but much of it was cold, and disappointing.

Run 1553 The Ship, Cuckfield. Bouncer.

I shouldn't have been around for this run. I should have been in Perth WA for the Interhash for starters, I was ill for 2nd, it was #1 son's birthday, and don't mention the grouting to Angel!. Young Les was unable to set trail for 24th so swapped 17th with me then appeared, along with Guy, and grandson-in-law Wayne who promptly got chucked out of the pub "no children"! Leaving the trail until last possible moment I found myself setting off at 5.20 with a hastily drafted plan. At 1 hour 40 to set I warned Vicky the landlady accordingly. After earlier snow, and with just the hardcore that Easter Monday brings out it was an elite group that set off down the footpath opposite. Off down the long drive Wiggy offered a spare torch while Wayne enthused about his boxing career. After the check on Borde Hill Road we tackled the hazardous middle section before heading under the Ouse viaduct, marking a lifetimes ambition for Charlie! Pete and Phil opted for the SCB route back along the road while the remainder carried on up to Sydnye's farm (keeping that Aussie connection!). Pack held together well and both regroupings worked so we headed down the hill across the field to the muddiest bit yet as Grahame minced through the gate. "Can you pop the bridge back as you're last" I yelled to Prof! I'd missed the turn across the golf course, adding an extra ¼ mile for a substantial on inn up to the road and back in past Whitemans Green. The hash formed the entire custom round the fire, even the other locals from earlier turned out to be EGH3 recceing for their run on 28th April!

"The first of April is the day we remember what we are the other 364 days of the year." ~ Mark Twain

NEW YORK (AFP) - From television revealing that spaghetti grows on trees to advertisements for the left-handed burger, the tradition of April Fool's Day stories in the media has a weird and wonderful history. Here are 10 of the top April Fool's Day pranks ever pulled off, as judged by the San Diego-based Museum of Hoaxes for their notoriety, absurdity, and number of people duped.

— In 1957, a BBC television show announced that thanks to a mild winter and the virtual elimination of the spaghetti weevil, Swiss farmers were enjoying a bumper spaghetti crop. Footage of Swiss farmers pulling strands of spaghetti from trees prompted a barrage of calls from people wanting to know how to grow their own spaghetti at home.

— In 1985, Sports Illustrated magazine published a story that a rookie base ball pitcher who could reportedly throw a ball at 270 kilometres per hour (168 mph) was set to join the New York Mets. Finch was said to have mastered his skill — pitching significantly faster than anyone else has ever managed - in a Tibetan monastery. Mets fans' celebrations were short-lived.

— Sweden in 1962 had only one television channel, which broadcast in black and white. The station's technical expert appeared on the news to announce that thanks to a newly developed technology, viewers could convert their existing sets to receive color pictures by pulling a nylon stocking over the screen. In fact, they had to wait until 1970.

— In 1996, American fast-food chain Taco Bell announced that it had bought Philadelphia's Liberty Bell, a historic symbol of American independence, from the federal government and was renaming it the Taco Liberty Bell. Outraged citizens called to express their anger before Taco Bell revealed the hoax. Then-White House press secretary Mike McCurry was asked about the sale and said the Lincoln Memorial in Washington had also been sold and was to be renamed the Ford Lincoln Mercury Memorial after the automotive giant.

— In 1977, British newspaper The Guardian published a seven-page supplement for the 10th anniversary of San Serriffe, a small republic located in the Indian Ocean consisting of several semicolon-shaped islands. A series of articles described the geography and culture of the two main islands, named Upper Caisse and Lower Caisse.

— In 1992, US National Public Radio announced that Richard Nixon was running for president again. His new campaign slogan was, "I didn't do anything wrong, and I won't do it again." They even had clips of Nixon announcing his candidacy. Listeners flooded the show with calls expressing their outrage. Nixon's voice actually turned out to be that of impersonator Rich Little.

— In 1998, a newsletter titled New Mexicans for Science and Reason carried an article that the state of Alabama had voted to change the value of pi from 3.14159 to the "Biblical value" of 3.0.

— Burger King, another American fast-food chain, published a full-page advertisement in USA Today in 1998 announcing the introduction of the "Left-Handed Whopper," specially designed for the 32 million left-handed Americans. According to the advertisement, the new burger included the same ingredients as the original, but the condiments were rotated 180 degrees. The chain said it received thousands of requests for the new burger, as well as orders for the original "right-handed" version.

— Discover Magazine announced in 1995 that a highly respected biologist, Aprile Pazzo (Italian for April Fool), had discovered a new species in Antarctica: the hotheaded naked ice borer. The creatures were described as having bony plates on their heads that became burning hot, allowing the animals to bore through ice at high speed - a technique used to hunt penguins.

— Noted British astronomer Patrick Moore announced on the radio in 1976 that at 9:47 am, a once-in-a-lifetime astronomical event, in which Pluto would pass behind Jupiter, would cause a gravitational alignment that would reduce the Earth's gravity. Moore told listeners that if they jumped in the air at the exact moment of the planetary alignment, they would experience a floating sensation. Hundreds of people called in to report feeling the sensation.

Defense Attorney: What is your age?

Little old Woman: I am 86 years old.

Defense Attorney: Will you tell us, in your own words, what happened to you?

Little old Woman: There I was, sitting there in my swing on my front porch on a warm spring evening, when a young man comes creeping up on the porch and sat down beside me.

Defense Attorney: Did you know him?

Little old Woman: No, but he sure was friendly.

Defense Attorney: What happened after he sat down?

Little old Woman: He started to rub my thigh.

Defense Attorney: Did you stop him?

Little old Woman: No, I didn't stop him.

Defense Attorney: Why not?

Little old Woman: It felt good. Nobody had done that since my Abner passed away some 30 years ago.

Defense Attorney: What happened next?

Little old Woman: He began to rub my breasts.

Defense Attorney: Did you stop him then?

Little old Woman: No, I did not stop him.

Defense Attorney: Why not?

Little old Woman: Why, Your Honor, his rubbing made me feel all alive and excited. I haven't felt that good in years!

Defense Attorney: What happened next?

Little old Woman: Well, I was feeling so spicy that I just laid down and said to him..."Take me ...young man...Take me!"

Defense Attorney: Did he take you?

Little old Woman: Hell, no. He just yelled, "April Fool!"And that's when I shot the little bastard



'SHE'S NOT KEEN ON THAT SORT OF THING.'

So on we go with this month's story, which is a rather unusual one just for Wiggy, about a Jewish antiques dealer. I actually came across this story a few days ago in an old gossip magazine, underneath a rather alarming report about the recent accident in which Pamela Anderson was knocked down by George Clooney's car. An accident that wouldn't have been so serious if he hadn't gone back to run over the main points again.

And on the opposite page there were some of those fascinating problems from readers, like the headmaster who had a bit of a passion for his maths mistress and gave her a ruler as a measure of his affections.

By the way I must point out that I hadn't actually bought this magazine, I was just leafing through it in the waiting room of my doctor and got talking to an old fellow who after two visits and exhaustive lab tests, was told by the doctor he was doing "fairly well" for his age. A little concerned about that

comment, he told me he couldn't resist asking the doctor, "Do you think I'll live to be 80?" Whereas the doctor asked him, "Do you smoke tobacco, or drink beer or wine?"

"Oh no," the old fella replied. "I'm not doing drugs, either."

Then he asked, "Do you eat rib-eye steaks and barbecued ribs?" He said, "No, my former doctor said that all red meat is very unhealthy!" "Do you spend a lot of time in the sun, like playing golf, sailing, hiking, bicycling or belong to a Hash Club?" "No, I don't," he said. The doctor asked,

"Do you gamble, drive fast cars, or have a lot of sex?" "No," he said. "I don't do any of those things." Then the doctor looked at him and said, "Then, why do you give a shit?"

Which incidentally reminds me of Morris, an 82 year-old man, who went to the doctor to get a physical. A few days later, the doctor saw Morris walking down the street with a gorgeous young woman on his arm. A couple of days later, the doctor spoke to Morris and said, "You're really doing great, aren't you?" Morris replied, "Just doing what you said, Doc: 'Get a hot mamma and be cheerful.'" The doctor said, "I didn't say that. I said, 'You've got a heart murmur; be careful.'"

All of which has very little to do with this antique dealer chap I set out to tell you about.

Well one day he is laying in bed nursing an old war wound. I forgot to mention he was in Israel during the 6-day war.

Well to cut a long story just a bit shorter when he was serving there he came upon this fleeing Arab who, desperate for water, was plodding through the desert when he saw something far off in the distance. Hoping to find

Arab asked, "Do you have water?" The Jewish antiques dealer replied, "I have no water. Would you like to buy a tie? Only \$50.00." The Arab shouted, "Idiot Stinking Jew! Israel should not exist! I do not need an overpriced tie. I need water! I should kill you, but I must find water first." "OK," said the our chap, "it does not matter that you do not want to buy a tie and that you hate me. I will show you that I am bigger than that. If you continue over that hill to the east for about two miles, you will find a lovely restaurant. It has all the water you need. Shalom." Muttering, the Arab man staggered away over the hill. Several hours later he staggered back. "They won't let me in without a tie."

Another amusing incident happened during WW2 in Italy when a war correspondent interviewed the Mother Superior of a convent outside Pisa in the spring of 1945. He asked her about the horrors of war. 'The Fascists were beasts,' she told him. 'They broke into the convent here

and raped every nun, except Sister Angelina. The Germans were horrible. They came and raped every nun, except Sister Angelina. And I am sorry to tell you, the Americans were no better. They came too and raped every nun - except Sister Angelina. 'What's wrong with Sister Angelina?' asked the reporter. 'Ah,' replied the Mother Superior serenely. 'She's not keen on that sort of thing.'

Anyway, there he is in bed, browsing thro' the trade magazines when he comes across this competition, which looks rather easy so he decides to have a go. It's a sort of quiz to test your knowledge of

priceless antiques. 'Name three funny jokes from the Hash Trash' it says. Well this chap goes one better and names all four. And before you know it he'd won this fantastic prize of a weekend in Paris. Well on the first night there he meets this stunning French lady, who unfortunately doesn't speak a word of English, so he hits on the idea of communicating with her by doing little drawings on a note pad. So he starts by doing a little drawing of a cocktail glass. Immediately she seems to understand, and nods her head, and off they go to this little bar for a drink. Then he draws a picture of a restaurant, again she nods her head and they repair to this Parisian bistro, where he draws a carafe of wine, and they have wine, and then he draws various French dishes, and they tuck into some wonderful French nosh. And in short they have a terrific evening together. Then finally the girl leans seductively across the table, takes his note pad and proceeds to a drawing of a sumptuous looking Louis XIV four-poster bed. Talk about lucky! But what I still can't understand is, how on earth did she know he was in the antiques business.....*OnOnBouncer*



4 THINGS YOU PROBABLY NEVER KNEW YOUR MOBILE PHONE COULD DO

There are a few things that can be done in times of grave emergencies. Your mobile phone can actually be a life saver or an emergency tool for survival. Check out the things that you can do with it:

FIRST Emergency The Emergency Number worldwide for Mobile is 112. If you find yourself out of the coverage area of your mobile; network and there is an emergency, dial 112 and the mobile will search any existing network to establish the emergency number for you, and interestingly this number 112 can be dialled even if the keypad is locked. Try it out.

SECOND Have you locked your keys in the car? Does your car have remote keyless entry? This may come in handy someday. Good reason to own a cell phone: If you lock your keys in the car and the spare keys are at home, call someone at home on their mobile phone from your cell phone. Hold your cell phone about a foot from your car door and have the person at your home press the unlock button, holding it near the mobile phone on their end. Your car will unlock. Saves someone from having to drive your keys to you. Distance is no object. You could be hundreds of miles away, and if you can reach someone who has the other 'remote' for your car, you can unlock the doors (or the trunk).

THIRD Hidden Battery Power I imagine your mobile battery is very low. To activate, press the keys *3370# Your mobile will restart with this reserve and the instrument will show a 50% increase in battery. This reserve will get charged when you charge your mobile next time.

FOURTH How to disable a STOLEN mobile phone? To check your Mobile phone's serial number, key in the following digits on your phone: * # 0 6 # A 15 digit code will appear on the screen. This number is unique to your handset. Write it down and keep it somewhere safe. When your phone get stolen, you can phone your service provider and give them this code. They will then be able to block your handset so even if the thief changes the SIM card, your phone will be totally useless. You probably won't get your phone back, but at least you know that whoever stole it can't use/sell it either. If everybody does this, there would be no point in people stealing mobile phones.

From Don..

Cat Lover or Not, this is hysterical!

We've all had trouble with our animals, but I don't think anyone can top this one:

Calling in sick to work makes me uncomfortable. No matter how legitimate my excuse, I always get the feeling that my boss thinks I'm lying. On one recent occasion, I had a valid reason but lied anyway, because the truth was just too darned humiliating. I simply mentioned that I had sustained a head injury, and I hoped I would feel up to coming in the next day. By then, I reasoned, I could think up a doozy to explain the bandage on the top of my head. The accident occurred mainly because I had given in to my wife's wishes to adopt a cute little kitty. Initially, the new acquisition was no problem. Then one morning, I was taking my shower after breakfast when I heard my wife, Deb, call out to me from the kitchen. "Honey! The garbage disposal is dead again. Please come reset it." "You know where the button is," I protested through the shower pitter-patter and steam. "Reset it yourself!"

"But I'm scared!" she persisted. "What if it starts going and sucks me in?" There was a meaningful pause and then, "C'mon, it'll only take you a second." So out I came, dripping wet and butt naked, hoping that my silent outraged nudity would make a statement about how I perceived her behaviour as extremely cowardly. Sighing loudly, I squatted down and stuck my head under the sink to find the button. It is the last action I remember performing. It struck without warning, and without any respect to my circumstances. No, it wasn't the hexed disposal, drawing me into its gnashing metal teeth.

It was our new kitty, who discovered the fascinating dangling objects she spied hanging between my legs. She had been poised around the corner and stalked me as I reached under the sink. And, at the precise moment when I was most vulnerable, she leapt at the toys I unwittingly offered and snagged them with her needle-like claws. I lost all rational thought to control orderly bodily movements, blindly rising at a violent rate of speed, with the full weight of a kitten hanging from my masculine region. Wild animals are sometimes faced with a "fight or flight" syndrome. Men, in this predicament, choose only the "flight" option. I know this from experience. I was fleeing straight up into the air when the sink and cabinet bluntly and forcefully impeded my ascent. The impact knocked me out cold. When I awoke, my wife and the paramedics stood over me.

Now there are not many things in this life worse than finding oneself, lying on the kitchen floor butt naked in front of a group of "been-there, done-that" paramedics. Even worse, having been fully briefed by my wife, the paramedics were all snorting loudly as they tried to conduct their work, all the while trying to suppress their hysterical laughter.....and not succeeding.

Somehow I lived through it all. A few days later I finally made it back in to the office, where colleagues tried to coax an explanation out of me about my head injury. I kept silent, claiming it was too painful to talk about, which it was.

"What's the matter?" They all asked, "Cat got your tongue?" If they only knew!



THE



END

(at last) OF THE BRIGHTON TRASH

From your roving reporter....

Never one to stand still for too long I have been visiting various other runs of which I shall now bore you with the details.

First up was the Old Coulsdon 1066th run in Battle on 17th February. I was indecisive about this due to the calf injury but in the end took just 45 minutes to get there (and another 15 to park the car, fortuitously discovering the pack in a reserved part of the town car park). With a group of organisers Hastings H3 greeting the visitors in battle dress, several from Friends of the Mole, East Grinstead and a very select group from Brighton (Nicola, Anne and myself, plus Sally now running with FOTM) the pack was a substantial size. We were divvied into walkers and non-walkers for the start and as Nicola was also walking we pretty well did the whole trail together on the separate walkers route although I found a bit of running when I smelled the sip stop, arriving just as the main pack were leaving. That was after a regroup to view the battle site through the pylons, but did have me wondering if there would be a quick enactment between rival factions as happened when Cambridge visited and were ambushed en route. On the route in Nicola tried calling Anne to test the recent e-mail on how to unlock your car without a key. After an excellent trail in lovely conditions we were rewarded a fine circle with Daffy as ringmaster for OCH3 amusingly thanking the organiser for making them Hashtray and Ice Maiden drive out to a layby for the coach to pick them up, then proceeding to drive past the bottom of their road. In the pub a substantial curry had been prepared for £6/head (take note Don!), which I tucked into with Airhead before having to leave at high speed to make our next appointments (in Lesleys case she had misread watch and was an hour late, doh!).

Cathy came to stay the other week on a return from Harlesden where she now lives, and persuaded us to join East Grinstead H3 for their run from the George and Dragon, at Dragons Green. Angel did the actual run but we, being myself and rugrats, followed a shortened trail with a lady whose name temporarily escapes me and her dog. Kieran was fired up and shot off with Gabs whilst Callum decided that nearly 8 was the right time to become a surly 13 year old and dropped back as fast as Kieren went forward leaving myself and Ewan in the buggy stuck in the middle not quite knowing which way to go. After a few fields we saw George Fry the hare frantically signalling the short cut so I decided I needed to catch Kieran and grumpy could catch up when he was ready. This was a good move as Mum had by now left him behind so after a bit of TLC which was just long enough for Callum to join us we reached the SCB and headed right. We were joined very soon after by Doug Barr convinced he was on the long trail having sent Blue Suit off to the right in pursuit of the reduced trail. Having put him right we headed through the magic gate to the road and cogitated on whether the beer stop was up or down. Decided correctly that up was the way we were soon helping Bumper destroy the Harveys donated by the absent QC and Lone Ranger, whilst the horrors did a similar job on the sweetsies. We were all a bit astonished to see Teddy Bear heading the rush to the beer, but not very surprised that Blue Suit was spitting by the time he reached us. After refreshment the pack went off to the woods again while the knitters took the road back to the pub where we found ourselves banished to the garden by a christening celebration. Lots of talk about Interhash as well as a shirt sale in the middle of the DD's and orf we jolly well went home, me without the hopping hare glass that had so taken my fancy but had been left at Gabs insistence.

Finally I was in Edinburgh for the 6 nations England/ Scotland match and of course a visit to the EH3 run was compulsory, this time from Dalmney station at South Queensferry. Locating platform 12 at Waverley had been fun but apparently you just grab a luggage cart and run like hell at a pillar. UK hashing stalwart Charlie 'the Brewer' Tuck was just getting on the train so we caught up on the journey. A quick change in the car park, lots of introductions and a discussion about my new shoes preceded the lovely run between the Forth rail and road bridges. Didn't take me long to make a nuisance of myself as the hares were marking trail through with flour from a milk carton when I found another full of milk so joined in with their

marking! Halfway round I spotted Hoggie (hairy Scottish hasher and co-organiser of several UK Nash hashes - Glasgow; Winchester; and next years Perth) clambering up the hill behind, and soon after I spotted old friend Audrey 'Oral Sex' Docherty so had various conversations about hashspace as well as loads of other catch-ups. The rain came as we returned to the car park so beer was duly lifted to the shelter of the railway bridge as Hughieeee Blaaaarghh, Mimi and Oink all arrived. As a visitor a down-down was inevitable but I also received a sin for calling the Dome pub in Edinburgh (where my party had drowned their sorrows after the match), the Do-Me, but thankfully no beer from the new shoes! On inn to the Hawes hotel we were joined by Olymprick and his other half for more jollity. Check out the hotline if you're ever in Edinburgh for a thoroughly enjoyable run with a very welcoming hash crowd, and Hoggie mate, thanks for the lift back and the t-shirt (see flyer for Nash hash 2009)!

On On (yet again!) BOUNCER

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

DO NOT SWALLOW YOUR CHEWING-GUM

