



BOGGY SHOE



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)
R-ns/trash #194 July 2013*

Find us on  **facebook** or at <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	REF	HARES
1st July 2013	1828	Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172	Peter Eastwood
<i>Directions:</i> A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.				
8th July 2013	1829	Black Horse, Findon	120 083	Les Plumb
<i>Directions:</i> Take A27 to Worthing. Right at Hill Barn roundabout, and again on to A24. Turn right for Findon village and pub immediately on left. Est. 25 mins.				
15th July 2013	1830	Royal Oak, Barcombe	420 158	Pete Beard
<i>Directions:</i> A27 east past Lewes to 2nd roundabout. Through tunnel then right at roundabout on A26. Turn left just past Cock Inn and pub is approx. 2 miles. Est. 25 mins.				
22nd July 2013	1831	Red Lion, Shoreham	208 059	Trevor
<i>Directions:</i> Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. Est. 10 mins.				
29th July 2013	1832	White Horse, Hurstpierpoint	271 666	Pirate & Wiggy
<i>Directions:</i> A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint, right at T junction, left at next roundabout and pub is on the right. Est. 15 mins. <i>nb bring passports for a swift visit to the Poacher, which doesn't do food.</i>				
5th August 2013	1833	Laughing Fish, Isfield	452 173	Dave & Matt
<i>Directions:</i> Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

- 12/08/13 Stanley Arms, Portslade - Ivan & Pat
- 19/08/13 Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell - Kit/Mudlarks
- 26/08/13 Sloop, Scaynes Hill - Rik
- 02/09/13 Beardsfield Nursery - Pete's big birthday
- 09/09/13 Ship, Cuckfield - Brent & Kayleen
- 16/09/13 Cock Inn, Wivelsfield - Charlie
- 23/09/13 Neptune, Hove - Pat
- 30/09/13 Rights of Man, Lewes - Bouncer

CRAFT H3:

Lewes ale trail pub crawl coming soon!

Thought for the day: **DON'T FORGET YOUR ALE-TRAIL PASSPORTS!**



Get hashing: join a club that takes drinking as seriously as running

Posted by Tom Cleeland Tuesday 18 June 2013 12.32 BST guardian.co.uk

Whether you're training for your first 10k or your 36th marathon, minutes per mile and nutrition are probably on your mind. But what if there were a running club that cared less about what you ate and more about how much you could drink? Are you ready to swap your PB for a pint? Join a local hashing club, and that's exactly what you'll do.

Hashing – the name is derived from the original sport of hare chasing – is an international phenomenon that originated in Kuala Lumpur in 1938, when a group of British colonial officers and expats began meeting on a Monday evening to run. A hash blends running with orienteering as groups of "hounds" chase a chalk "hare" across city and country, treading the previous weekend's excesses into the pavement.

Infamously known as the Hash House Harriers, the original club members set out to:

- Promote physical fitness among members
- Get rid of weekend hangovers
- Acquire a good thirst and to satisfy it in beer
- Persuade the older members that they are not as old as they feel.

First emblazoned on a club membership card way back in 1950, this call to arms is still honoured by hashers around the world today, ever since clubs (or chapters) started to spring up across the UK, US and Europe.

Most chapters meet on a weekly or monthly basis, often changing the location of the start and finish points, to offer a new route for members to follow. These are either predetermined or marked on the fly by the lead runners (hares), while the rest of the group (hounds) follow. A hash welcomes all abilities, so routes often contain checkpoints, false starts, dead ends and loops to allow slower members to catch up with the elite cheetahs.

Every hashing run ends at a designated pub, where the group gathers to observe the traditions of individual chapters. Forming a "circle", group leaders will recognise individuals for misdemeanours real or imagined, where the lucky (or unlucky) few are asked to "consume the contents of his or her drinking vessel or risk pouring the remaining contents on his or her cranium".

The popularity of the hash is on the rise, with some annual events now attracting more than 2,000 pavement pushers. Probably the best example is the annual Red Dress Run. According to hashing folklore, a newcomer once arrived at a chapter in San Diego wearing a red dress, unaware she was attending a running event. To honour the occasion, other runners began wearing red dresses to chapters, and it soon became an annual event, now held in the UK, US and elsewhere.

With socialising such an important part of the culture, hashing clubs have often been described as "a drinking club with a running problem". It is a fantastic opportunity for even the most serious runner to let off steam while hanging out with friends, and still fit in a little training. It's worth noting that the bias towards drinking and running vary from club to club, so you're sure to find one that suits you.

Better yet, why not start your own chapter? I've done just that, spotting a gap in the market at my office for a bimonthly hash. It's a great excuse to spend a sunny evening with your colleagues. We'll be honouring many of the traditions hashers began all those years ago, while throwing in a few of our own.

Generally, clubs are open to the public, and most don't charge to join – although some may ask for a small housekeeping fee. If you don't want to start your own club just yet but feel intrigued enough to trade hill sprints for hashing, then why not explore what clubs exist near you? You can visit the UK Hash House Harriers' website to browse the directory of chapters and events.

Maybe you've tried hashing before and have a funny story to share? Or if you were to start your own hashing chapter, what would you call it? This is a no-vowels-barred name off, so feel free to get creative.



REHASHING — check out the website or facebook for the actual r*n routes!

#1824 Horns Lodge, South Chailey

With the ale trail kicking off the recently renamed Saddleshaft and Who's Shout were hares for the first trail pub on the Monday night schedule. Obviously feeling the responsibility Phil discovered that the pub only had 6 passports left, not nearly enough to keep the whole hash going, so headed off to Lewes to raid the John Harvey Tavern supplies. Any excuse! With minimal fuss hares set the pack off, rapidly heading into the fields and woods. There was a fair smattering of road at various points and the reason soon became clear as Phil resurrected his bike to chase us through the stingers and mud while he reappeared at various points.

Prof went missing early doors, apparently lost in the woods;

Bouncer got a ticking off from erstwhile co-hare Coops for trying to nick the bike; and Angel had a funny 5 after a particularly brilliant splattering of Kit, which also earned a ticking off from Local Knowledge ("we're supposed to be a grown-up hash"). The hash carried on despite the strange cackling in the woods, and Charlie leading many astray at the last check so some missed out on the tour of the brickworks, to a pleasantly early finish.

The pub was heaving with a darts team as well as healthy local contingent, but there was plenty of room for the hash eating contingent in a back room, where down downs were awarded to Who's Shout and Saddleshaft as hares (Grahame hastily rushing off to get his round in), and Kit and Angel had a drink off to defuse the likelihood of all-out war. Inevitably there was plenty of ammunition for sinners from the South Downs Way 100 mile relay, primarily Ride It Baby, who famously gave Rik a right royal rollicking for getting lost last year then went astray at exactly the same place this year. Spreadsheet for some reason was wearing his team number from Saturday throughout the r*n, on his back in the time honoured tradition of ballroom dancers everywhere, but seemed to know that a beer was coming his way after forgetting his trousers and having to ponce ale all night by threatening people with his knobbly knees. Lily the Pink then nominated Trikerider to sink the rest of the beer for qualifying to represent Britain in something athletic, as well as representing the absent Peter Pansy for his impressive lost cause, er, trail during the relay. She made a meal of the down down eventually slyly tipping it down Keeps It Ups throat, while Bouncer and Wildbush sang a frankly quite disgusting and inappropriate song. What about St. Bernard then? Turns out his birthday isn't for another month so he'll have to wait. Passports were then distributed to all and sundry, and Bouncer looked longingly at the darts team curry so Chris had a word with the landlord to get the lad fed. Another great hash!



#1825 Shepherd & Dog, Fulking

This is a story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. A hash needed setting and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that . Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

With hills bound to be part of the equation, hare Anybody, who decided he'd do it after all spoiling that joke, wasted no time taking us straight up the back of the pub. Mass confusion ensued quickly when Everybody assumed it would be all the way up so Nobody checked down but Anybody had been cunning so Somebody had to call us back. Somebody here turned out to be hare helper Rides it Baby who guided us on a weird 'staple' shaped r*n east along the edge of the hill, over the road, north then west through the fields to Edburton, back over the road south and up a bit, finishing by skirting the edge of the hill again east, before dropping back into the pub on the outward path. On the way we encountered St. Bernard's extra-curricular birthday trail; ran through Sally Gunnels old back garden; lost visitor Polly from Dublin, Cyst Pit, and the Brownlie-Scott twins; and found several people wandering round the car park unable to get into their cars because Pat had taken a small group to the top of the hill post hash Hillary style, 'because it was there' and they wanted to see a view we've seen 1000's of times before.



Lovely clever hash, and perfick weather!

Attempts to stamp ale-trail passports were made harder because there was no pad, just a highlight pen, which got Bob all flustered ("that's not good enough, give it here!"), as well as the difficulty moving in the bijou interior. Then the pub ran out of the Ruskins Ram (the closest equivalent to Harveys), the Porter and another barrel, meaning that when it came to the down-downs we were left with Stowford Press cider which came as a shock to Charlie (b*ggerring up hares plans with pre-set trail). Other DD's went to Mike and Pat (hare and lost hare), Polly (visitor), Lily the Pink and just Sarah - Tim for coming too soon, then necking his down down too soon, and playing the 'driving' card to avoid a 2nd. so Sarah (about who the story had been in the first place, dragging Tim out of bed for a Sunday race on Saturday) had to stand-in. Cyst Pit was last-man standing to go up the hill, along with Wiggy, who was supposed to drink his beer whilst jogging on the spot for filling his car with the engine running on the way to the hash. A great opportunity missed as well as the chance to sing the Grand Old Duke, but otherwise ... another great hash! *nb. A warning - the last two both had to drink their own beer. That's what happens if you try and avoid a down down as a 'driver' whilst you've got a full pint!*

Where to follow the global ale trail Lucy Corne 13 May, 2013

You don't have to travel far to realise that pale lagers are the beer of choice for the majority of the world. In fact, beers like Foster's, Carling, Coors and Budweiser account for over 90% of all beer consumed worldwide, but that doesn't mean there aren't alternatives out there. The UK and Belgium have long been known for shunning lager in favour of ale and the USA's craft beer culture is well-documented, with more than 2000 small breweries churning out original ales across the country. Happily, craft beer is refusing to stay niche and this gastronomic trend is gradually making its way across the globe.

Australia

Although two mega-breweries rule in [Australia](#), the micro guys are hitting back. Their 2% market share might sound minute, but it's gradually growing despite a decrease in overall beer consumption. Small breweries and brewpubs abound in major centres like [Melbourne](#), [Perth](#), [Adelaide](#) and [Sydney](#), but perhaps the best regions for ale-loving gastronomes are the country's wine regions, most notably Margaret River and the Yarra Valley. Expect to find hoppy American-style beers, delicate Belgian *witbiers* perfect for dousing the scorching summer heat, and plenty of experimentation, with speciality brews featuring everything from juniper berries or coffee to piping hot rocks.

New Zealand

Like Australians, Kiwis are drinking less beer than they used to, but they're also being pickier about what they drink. Craft beer sales are up and the number of breweries has more than doubled since 2007. Both hops and barley – two of the main ingredients in beer – are grown locally and brewers worldwide are scrambling to get their hands on [New Zealand's](#) home-grown hops. Perhaps the top place to taste local beers is in the Nelson Tasman region on the northern tip of South Island – this is the country's hop-farming area and home to a growing brew route. Beer can be found around New Zealand, of course, with a decent dose of breweries in



[Christchurch](#) and some excellent

Japan

In 1994 there was a sole microbrewery in [Japan](#). Today, thanks to legislation changes and a new-found thirst for beer, there are well over 200 scattered around the country. There's a definite preference towards brewpubs – bars where the beer is brewed on site – many of which are clustered in the prefectures of central Honshū, particularly in and around [Tokyo](#), [Kyoto](#) and [Osaka](#). The beers are largely subtle affairs, designed to match Japan's delicate cuisine, but some brewers are experimenting with singularly Japanese ingredients. Look out for ales featuring sweet potatoes, *yuzu* (an Asian citrus plant) or red rice, and beers matured in shōchū casks.

South Korea

While Japan's microbrewing scene is now well established, its neighbour across the sea is just getting started at the brew kettles. A handful of brewpubs have been churning out solid German-style beers in [Seoul's Gangnam district](#) for a decade or so, but the repertoire has been limited to a familiar trio – Pilsner, Weissbier and Dunkel feature on virtually every menu. Things are changing though, thanks to an army of expat homebrewers whose thirst for hops first saw an increase in imports and later some diversity in locally brewed ales. Hoppy pale ales are drawing beer lovers into Itaewon tap houses while German beers continue to dominate the menus of Gangnam's brewpubs. The odd brewery can be found

in other traveller-friendly cities, including Busan, Suwon and Jeju.

South Africa

[South Africa](#) has long been a beer-drinking nation, but until recently the beers in question were limited to pale lagers. The country's first microbrewery opened in 1983, but it took over two decades for the trend to catch on. There are now close to 50 breweries scattered around the Rainbow Nation, with over half sitting in the Western Cape – the province surrounding [Cape Town](#). Lagers and light ales abound, but bolder beers can also be found, with a range of sweet stouts and a few highly hopped ales emerging. Local ingredients also make an appearance, with brews featuring buchu (a local medicinal plant) and naartjie peel (a mandarin-like fruit). Away from the Cape, you'll find brew routes in [Johannesburg's](#) Cradle of Humankind region and in the hills west of [Durban](#), while cute brewpubs sit in quaint dorps (small towns) dotted around the country.

Italy

'It takes a lot of beer to make a good wine,' goes the old vintner's saying, but it's becoming increasingly clear that the opposite can also be true. Brew routes have popped up among wineries in the USA, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, but it seems that no one is better embracing both grape and grain than [Italy](#). Not only are its breweries – largely concentrated in the north – nestled in regions better known for wine, brewers are even injecting a touch of wine into their beer. Some are ageing their brews in wine barrels, others are even combining grape must with the wort (the pre-fermented liquid that will later become beer). Italian craft breweries, which number over 400, are among the world's most innovative, experimenting with wild yeast, millet, carob, green tea, chestnuts and even tobacco in their brews. Taste them at the breweries or in one of [Rome's](#) superb beercentric bars.



