



BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers – Runs/trash #95 March 2005

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

All runs are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start

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

Date	#No.	On On	Area	Map ref	Hares	Tel. No. (hare)
7 th March 2005	1394		Royal Oak, Handcross	259 297	Theresa & Don	01273 705846
Directions: North on A23 to Handcross. Left at junction and pub is virtually opposite. Est. 20 mins.						
14 th March 2005	1395		The Fox, Small Dole	213 128	'Cardinal' Hugh & Brenda	01273 494200
Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take first exit A281 to Steyning. Right at next roundabout and follow up into Small Dole. Pub is on left just in village. Est. 20 mins.						
21 st March 2005	1396		Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield	305 255	Michael & Richard	n/k
Directions: A23 north to A272. Return under A23 to Ansty. Left at roundabout, then left again through Cuckfield. Over first roundabout pub on opposite right hand corner at next roundabout. Est 20 mins.						
28 th March 2005	1397		The Coach House, Cowfold	214 227	Wiggy & Bouncer	01273 440578
Directions: A23 north to A272. Turn right and park in village green car park 3 miles on the right. Est 20 mins.						
4 th April 2005	1398		Snowdrop, Lewes	425 100	Julia Sasha & Dave	01273 479200
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. The Snowdrop is at the end of this road on left. Est. 20 mins. Parking difficult.						

Receding Hareline:

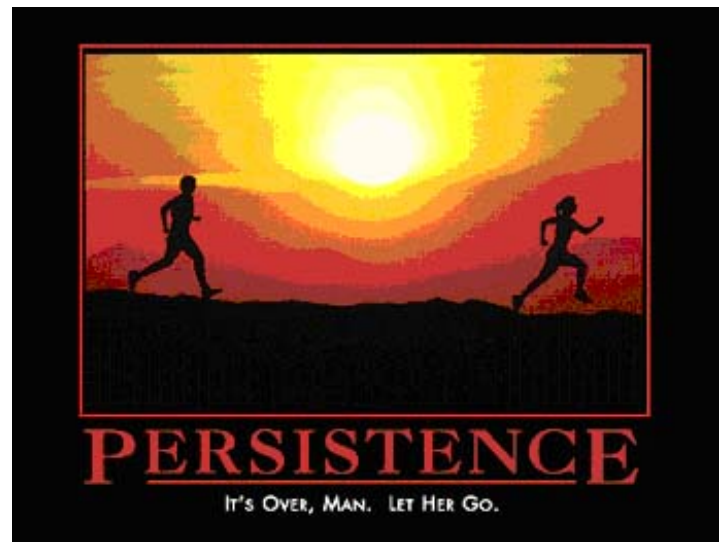
11th April 2005 1399 Fountain, Ashurst [for the 2nd time of asking!] Malcolm & Trevor

18th April 2005 - Run 1400 The Peteriarchs - Phil & Pete

Advance notice May 13th - 15th :

Friday 13th H3 visit Brighton in May as part of the West London H3 1000th run celebrations - full details inside but diary for an evening Hash around the sites of Brighton's gruesome past never to be forgotten, then join in the rest of the WLH3 anniversary celebrations over the weekend!

26th June 2005 (note change but still a provisional date to be confirmed) Annual family hash and barbecue for the 27th birthday - Ditchling Village Green. DIARY NOW!



So who forgot the flowers then?

BOUNCER BIGGINS' BORING BEGINNING [no relation] BIT

How the hell did I manage to miss that one? I'm talking about Chinese New Year being the year of the Rooster and the opportunity to finally explain why Mike C should have recently become known as Anybody. Well basically it all stems from the W&NK Hash at Interhash, who were ably helped out on their trail by many Brighton hashers. Amongst the treasures awarded to attendees to the best trail of the weekend was a song sheet, which somehow expanded along the way to become a full trash. Much of it has previously appeared in these pages but for your delectation page three has a couple of related snippets, as well as at last, something for the ladies. Sort of.

Elsewhere in this issue you might find articles on some of the other events during March, St. David's day on the 1st, Mothers Day on the 5th, Comic Relief and Bouncer's birthday on the 11th (waddy mean no coincidence there then?), St. Patricks Day on the 17th, the list goes on!

Also featured are a couple more pages worth from the Sussex Drunkyard (see pages 4 and 10) the slightly beer related plsstake of Sussex Drinker, the magazine of the local CAMRA branches who host the Brighton and Hove Beer and Cider festival from 10th to 12th at Hove Town Hall. Naturally your editor will be attending on the 11th (see above), the Friday evening session. If you want tickets let me know and I'll see what I can do, but be warned they do sell out early.

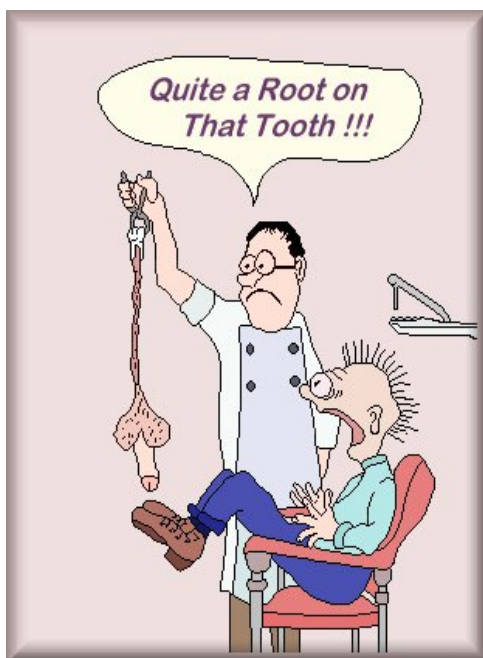
The inquest into Tim's death has now been held. No surprise in the verdict of accidental death due to a momentary lapse of attention. A little surprise in the report in a couple of papers that our call is here, here. David Bos was a witness and our representative at the hearing. Well done David, thinking of you mate. If anyone would like to see any of the newspaper reports please let me know. Rest easy Tim.



Finally huge thanks to the contributors to this issue including Hugh, Nicola, and Don as well as usual suspect Ivan.

BOUNCER

Whilst I would not normally see fit to share with you the fact that I have to have an operation later this month to sort out a root canal infection, it is reasonably common knowledge that Angel and I feel our family is now complete and hence I shall shortly also be undergoing an operation of a somewhat different nature. Unless of course this happens...



BOUNCER KILLS TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

Comic Relief 2005 Big Hair Day

The ambitious coach of a girls track team gives the squad steroids. The team's performance soars. They win the county and state championship until one day they are favoured to win nationals easily. Penelope, a sixteen-year-old hurdler visits her coach and says, "Coach, I have a problem. Hair is starting to grow on my chest."

"What!" the coach says in a panic, "How far down does it go?" She replies, "Down to my balls. That's something else I want to talk to you about."

A priest walked into a barber shop in London. After he got his haircut, he asked how much it would be. The barber said, "No charge. I consider it a service to the Lord." The next morning, the barber came to work and there were 12 prayer books and a thank you note from the priest in front of the door.

Later that day, a police officer came in and got his hair cut. He then asked how much it was. The barber said, "No charge. I consider it a service to the community." The next morning, he came to work and there were a dozen doughnuts and a thank you note from the police officer.

Then, an MP came in and got a haircut. When he was done he asked how much it was. The barber said, "No charge. I consider it a service to the country." The next morning, the barber came to work and there were 12 MP's at the door.

A middle aged woman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. While on the operating table, she had a near death experience. Seeing God, she asked Him if this was "it." God said, "No. I am sending you back. You have another 40 years, 2 months and 8 days to live." Upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in the hospital and have a face lift, liposuction, breast augmentation, a tummy tuck, etc. She even had her hairdresser come to the hospital to change her hair colour before she was released from the hospital. She figured that, since she had such a long life ahead of her, she had better make the most of it. She left the hospital after all the operations, and while crossing the street she was hit by an ambulance and was immediately killed. Arriving in front of God, the woman demanded, "I thought you said I had another forty years left to live. What happened?"

God replied, "I didn't recognize you."

At last, page 3 has something for the girls!



Man with huge cock

The priest of a small Welsh village was very fond of the ten chickens (plus one cock rooster) he kept in a hen house behind the parish manse. One Saturday night, the cock rooster was missing, and as that was the time the priest suspected cock fights occurred in the village, he decided to say something about it at church the next morning. At Mass, he asked the congregation, "Has anyone got a cock?" All the men stood up. "No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant. Has anybody seen a cock?" All the women stood up. "No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant, either. Has anyone seen a cock that doesn't belong to them?" Half the women stood up. "No, no," he said. "Perhaps I should rephrase the question: Has anybody here seen my cock?" All the choir boys stood up, [and started singing...(?)]:

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MIKE COCKROFT (with apologies to Ivor Biggun, no relation)

Some folks like a pussy, a budgie or a tit,
Some take up with a spaniel but that fills the house with (ruff, ruff)
Myself now I keep chickens and I've a favourite one,
He's Dick my little cockerel and I don't know where he's gone

Chorus: Has anybody seen my cock, my big Rhode Island Red,
He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue and purple on his head
He stands straight up in the morning and he gives my wife a shock,
Has anybody seen, anybody seen, anybody, anybody seen my cock

He's a stiff-necked little upstart and I've known him all my life
He's my pride and pleasure and a torment to my wife
Sometimes he's magnificent, sometimes small and thin,
But he pops up like a pigeon when you tickle him under his chin

Chorus: Has anybody seen my cock, my big Rhode Island Red,
He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue and purple on his head
He stands straight up in the morning and he gives my wife a shock,
Has anybody seen, anybody seen, anybody, anybody seen my cock

His two enormous wattles hanging down, are the best you'll ever find,
Madam you may stroke him if you like, if you feel that way inclined,
But if he's feeling frisky and wanting to let fly,
Be careful he doesn't jump right up and spit right in your eye

Repeat chorus, to fade interjecting silly cockerel noises.

Letter to B&Q

Dear Sir/Madam,

My congratulations to you on getting a yacht to leave the UK on 28th November 2004, sail 27,354 miles around the world and arrive back 72 days later.

Could you please let me know when the kitchen I ordered 96 days ago will be arriving from your warehouse 13 miles away?

Yours Sincerely

John Roberts

I understand that speed cameras are now to be set-up in the UK's shipping & leisure yacht lanes.

The Ultimate Choice for World Interhash 2006!

The first ever bid organised by 6 countries featuring the best of Northern Thailand and the Mekong region For the first time - a six country Interhash in one!

Hash in 6 countries, featuring many diverse and different cultures and 5 World Heritage Sites in one unique World Interhash... the Ultimate hashing experience awaited by all. A chance of a life time offered to you by hash clubs in Thailand, Myanmar, Laos, Vietnam, Cambodia and South West China... plan your dream trip with hashing all over the beautiful Mekong region climaxing with 3 days of action packed Interhashing in Chiang Mai on 27-29 October 2006!

REGO form attached.

As promised, ooh, yonks ago, here's more from the Sussex Drunkyard, the magazine that sends up the Sussex Drinker, the magazine of the local Campaign for Real Ale branches, in the send-up magazine of Brighton and Hove, Haywards Heath and Horsham Hash House Harriers, the club that sends up real r*nners, sent up here and elsewhere for your enjoyment. Err...

FOR PEOPLE IN SUSSEX THAT DRINKS BEERS
A NEW REAL ALE MAGAZINE MOSTLY FULL OF LIES

AUTUMN/WINTER 2004
ISSUE No 17

Sussex Drunkyard

DONATION TO
50p
CHARITY BOX



Route Master Brewer

IT'S well known that everyone who likes beer also likes trains, morris dancing and karate. But did you know some drinkers like buses as well? It's true, and to show their dedication to their twin interests, the members of Yapton Area Beer And Bus Enthusiasts (YA BABE) recently filled a Routemaster bus with beer. The task took over a month and began with the sealing up of the entry points and welding shut of all windows and vents to ensure the bus was liquid-tight. It's a project the group have been talking about for over a decade. "It was a disagreement that held us up for so long," says YA BABE chairman Fred Dogbal.

**SUSSEX
 BRANCH**

"Half of us wanted to fill a Routemaster with IPA, the other half wanted to immerse a Leyland National in a vat of Ruby Mild. Fortunately, the leader of the Leyland faction died recently, so we were able to progress with the Routemaster project." Dogbal is uncertain what the group will do with the bus now they have filled it with beer. "We might give it to some orphans or something," he

**CAM
 PUB**
 CAMPAIGN FOR
 THE PROPER
 USE OF BEER

INSIDE

A DIFFERENT MAGAZINE

- 3... NEWS** Mid-Sussex Council Issues Injunction Against Malt Shovel Regulars' Nude Calendar
- 6... FINANCE** Turpentine Wins In Alcohol Units v Cost Comparison
- 8... POLITICS** Bottle of Duvel elected to Belgian Parliament
- 11... PERFORMANCE** Man in pants dancing in street wins sponsorship from Merrydown
- 14... ASTROLOGY** Drunken mystic Nina Biscuits selects the best barley wine for your star sign
- 16... SPORT** British Olympic bar billiards team deported after pub brawl with Nana Mouskouri

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For St. Patrick's Day...

A drunk stumbled upon a baptismal service down by the river one Sunday afternoon. He proceeded to walk down into the water and stood next to the preacher. The preacher noticed the old drunk was standing next to him, and he said, "Mister, are you ready to find Jesus?"

The drunk looked back and said, "Yes, Preacher..I sure am." The preacher then dunked the fellow under the water and pulled him right back up. "Have you found Jesus?" the preacher asked.

"Nooo, I didn't!" said the drunk.

The preacher dunked him under for quite a bit longer, brought him up and said, "Now, brother, have you found Jesus?"

"Noooo, I did not Reverend."

The preacher, in disgust, held the man under for at least 30 seconds this time, brought him out of the water and said, in a harsh tone, "My good man, have you found Jesus yet?"

The ole drunk wiped his eyes and said to the preacher..."Are you sure this is where he fell in?"

McQuillan walked into a bar and ordered martini after martini, each time removing the olives and placing them in a jar. When the jar was filled with olives and all the drinks consumed, the Irishman started to leave.

"Excuse me," said a customer, who was puzzled over what McQuillan had done. "What was that all about?"

"Nothing," said the Irishman, "my wife just sent me out for a jar of olives!"

Then, there's the Irishman on the construction site who is asked if he knows the difference between a joist and a girder.

"Sure I do," he replies. "Joist wrote Ulysses and Girder wrote Faust."

Should one of the Queen's offspring emerge from the closet after she dies, someone in Ireland will inevitably remark: "If she was alive today she would turn in her grave."

An Irish "rescue"

Moichael we've got a car to pull out.



Ai Seamus we'll pull her up directly

The CIA loses track of one of its operatives, and so calls in one of their top spy hunters.

The CIA boss says, "All I can tell you is that his name is Murphy and that he's somewhere in Ireland. If you think you've located him, tell him the code words, 'The weather forecast calls for mist in the morning.' If it's really him, he'll answer, 'Yes, and for mist at noon as well.'"

So the spy hunter goes to Ireland and stops in a bar in one of the small towns. He says to the bartender, "Maybe you can help me. I'm looking for a guy named Murphy."

The bartender replies, "You're going to have to be more specific because, around here, there are lots of guys named Murphy. There's Murphy the Baker, who runs the pastry shop on the next block. There's Murphy the Banker, who's president of our local savings bank. There's Murphy the Blacksmith, who works at the stables. And, as a matter of fact, my name is Murphy, too."

Hearing this, the spy hunter figures he might as well try the code words on the bartender, so he says, "The weather forecast calls for mist in the morning."

The bartender replies, "Oh, you're looking for Murphy the Spy. He lives right down the street."

An Irish priest is driving down to New York and gets stopped for speeding in Connecticut. The state trooper smells alcohol on the priest's breath and then sees an empty wine bottle on the floor of the car. He says, "Sir, have you been drinking?" "Just water," says the priest. The trooper says, "Then why do I smell wine?" The priest looks at the bottle and says, "Good Lord! He's done it again!"

Two Irishmen, Mick and Pat, are walking towards Dublin when they spot a stranger.

"How many miles is it to Dublin?" Mick asks the stranger.

"Twelve miles," the stranger replies.

Mick turns to Pat. "Ah, sure that's not so bad. That's only six miles each," says Mick.

Moichael can your crane hold her?
Don't be worryin' Seamus me lad



Oh shoite (continued over..)

Moichael get out the water and get a bigger crane now



Foine work Michael, nearly done

Now for the crane, Moichael



Yet more shorts from the Emerald Isle:

An Irishman was in a 4 engine jumbo jet heading over the Irish Sea, Suddenly, a Message is announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen Engine #2 has Died, We will be 30 mins late" "Damn!" Said the Irishman, 10 mins later, "I`m sorry people Engine #3 has died, We`ll be 1 hour late" 20 mins later, "Every one, engine # 4 has died,sorry, We`ll be 2 hours late" Suddenly the Irish man speaks out, "Bloody hell, If the last engine goes we`ll be stuck up here all day!!"

Two Irishmen are sitting in a bar. Mick's looking particularly sad and Patrick asks him what the matter is. Mick says, "well, I knew that my grandfather had died in the war, but I've just found out that he actually died in the auschwitz concentration camp." Patrick says, "that's terrible, did he go to the gas chamber?". Mick replies, "no, he fell out of the machine gun tower."

Two Irish guys went away on their annual hunting expedition, and by accident one was shot by the other. His worried companion got him out of the deep woods, into the car, and off to the nearest hospital.

"Well, Doc," he inquired anxiously, "is he going to make it?" "It's tough," said the doctor. "He'd have had a better chance if you hadn't gutted him first."

In America the late night news used to broadcast this message: "It's 11 o'clock do you know where your children are?"

In England they say "Its 11 o'clock do you know where your wife is?"

In France they say "It's 11o'clock do you know where your husband is?"

In Ireland they say Its 11 o'clock do you know what time it is?"

Two Irish guys are discussing one's upcoming wedding... "I'm not sure if my future bride is a virgin or not." His buddy replies, "Oh, there's an easy test for that. All you need is some red paint, some blue paint and a shovel. You paint one ball red and one ball blue. On your honeymoon, if she laughs and says 'Those are the funniest balls I've ever seen!' you hit her with the shovel!"

An Englishman, an Irishman, a Scotsman, an Aussie, an Abo, a Yank, an African, an elephant, a refrigerator, two blondes, a homosexual, three social workers, a Jew, a crocodile and a kiwi all walked into a bar. The bartender turned around and said, "Is this some kind of a joke?"

A Irishman walked up to the counter and asked for a potato sandwich. The man at the counter said, "What a Paddy." The Irish man said, "I resent that. If a Jew came to your counter and asked for a kosher salami on rye, would you call him a stupid Jew." "Probably," replied the clerk. "And if an Italian came in here and asked for spaghetti and meatballs, would you also insult him?" "Probably," the clerk again replied. "Why you're nothing but a bigot. Why do you have to insult everybody not like you?" At this, the clerk replied, "Because this is a HARDWARE store, moron."

Did you hear about the Irishman who tried to kill himself by ...swallowing 100 pain killers? After two he began to feel better.



Oh feck it Moichael!

PORTLAND, Ore.--Shoes have long been sensible. Now some are getting smart.

Smart enough, that is, to sense their environment electronically, calculate how best to perform in it, and then instantly alter their physical properties to adapt to that environment. In short, the designers say, shoes that can do whatever is needed to deliver improved athletic performance or just a better experience in the ancient poetry of feet striking the earth.

"The whole concept of an intelligent shoe would be great," said Christian DiBenedetto, a scientist here at the North American headquarters of Adidas. "Something that would change to your different needs during a marathon, or whatever you were doing, was always the fantasy."

Adidas, the 83-year-old German sporting-goods maker, is about to turn that fantasy into biomechanical reality in the form of a running shoe for men and women. Sleek and lightweight despite its battery-powered sensor, microprocessor and electric motor, the shoe, named 1, is expected to be in stores by December and will cost \$250 a pair.

Adidas executives say the shoe is no gadget-dependent gimmick. Instead, its designers say it represents a leap forward in wearable technology. Each second, a sensor in the heel can take up to 20,000 readings and the embedded electronic brain can make 10,000 calculations, directing a tiny electric motor to change the shoe. The goal is to make the shoe adjust to changing conditions and the runner's particular style while in use.

"What we have, basically, is the first footwear product that can change its characteristics in real time," said DiBenedetto, who led the group that created the shoe, of its ability to adapt its cushioning as the wearer runs.

The shoes will have push-button controls, light-emitting diodes to display settings and an instruction manual on a CD-ROM that will advise wearers on, among other things, how to change the battery after every 100 hours of use.

Of all items of clothing, said Rob Enderle, a principal analyst for the Enderle Group in San Jose, Calif., the shoe is a logical one to be a focus of wearable technology. Unlike articles of clothing that must be washed or cleaned, shoes present a more stable place to add useful electronics, he said.

High-performance shoes, particularly those intended for athletic use, he said, have been augmented with an array of biomechanical enhancements, most of them involving compressed gases, shock absorbers and springs. But until now, he said, "I don't recall electronics being applied in shoes other than for lights."

From the start of development in early 2001, the shoe was viewed as an opportunity for Adidas to innovate, said Steve Vincent, who leads the company's worldwide innovation team of about 50 people. DiBenedetto's group is one of seven in Germany, Italy and the United States that work in such secrecy that the units' names are not mentioned to outsiders. To do otherwise, Vincent said from his corner office overlooking the Willamette River, "would just give away the farm."

In the hypercompetitive sporting-goods industry, of which the \$15 billion sneaker market is only a part, innovation is seen more and more as a great differentiator. And while other companies, like Nike in nearby Beaverton, Ore., have made a name for themselves with new products, Vincent acknowledged that Adidas had not established a firm reputation as an innovator in the American market.

"We look at innovation as the fuel for our company," he said. "We are committed to deliver at least one new impactful technology or innovation every year."

Among the first of those products was ClimaCool, a line of athletic shoes and garments introduced in 2002 that use sophisticated materials and strategically placed venting to relieve the wearer's heat and perspiration. Others include a soccer ball that is bonded rather than hand-sewn for better durability and truer flight, and a shoe engineered to kick it faster and farther, as well as a swimsuit that uses computer-assisted design and wind-tunnel testing to take advantage of fluid dynamics.

The latest creation, and the first to incorporate digital technology, is the 1 running shoe. Outside the shoe's development group, which seldom grew beyond seven designers, engineers, researchers and testers, few people saw the shoes as they took shape.



"We used to keep them taped up," said Mark A. Oleson, a 29-year-old electromechanical engineer, who with DiBenedetto, 38, formed the core of the group.

And because Oleson has a size-9 foot, the size of most shoe prototypes, he also became its chief tester, running the hallways of the innovation team's bright, airy building and the lush green neighborhoods that surround it.

But the challenge was melding a shoe with technology in a new way.

The first thing DiBenedetto and his group had to learn was whether there was an ideal range of cushioning for runners. Cushioning is the shoe's means of smoothly decelerating the runner's foot when the heel strikes the ground. If the compression is too hard, the foot slows too quickly and the shock is felt in the runner's knees, said DiBenedetto, whose background is in mechanical and aeronautical engineering. If the cushioning is too soft, the foot "bottoms out," he said, striking the ground too hard, also stressing the knees.

DiBenedetto said he was surprised to learn that no one had ever precisely measured cushioning compression while a shoe was in use. To do that, he and Oleson inserted a sensor about the size of a sparrow's eye into the top of the heel of a standard Adidas running shoe, and a magnet smaller than a dime in the bottom of the heel, creating a magnetic field that the sensor could measure. As the heel was compressed, the sensor, known as a Hall sensor, measured the corresponding changes in the magnetic field strength to a tenth of a millimeter, 1,000 times a second.

**"A lot of people who run--business executives and the rest--do have the money and love having the latest cutting-edge shoe."
--Rob Enderle, analyst**

To retrieve the data, the group also had to design and build a data logger to gather and store the information and then transfer it to a computer for analysis. After much trial and error, the group had a sensor and data logger small and powerful enough to be snapped onto the tongue of a sneaker.

During their first months of research, DiBenedetto and Oleson said they taught themselves to make their own circuit boards and solder components onto them. DiBenedetto, a former toy maker and designer of air intake and exhaust systems on highly classified aircraft projects for Lockheed, said the group began buying and dissecting motorized toys.

The Hasbro electronic toy creature known as Furby helped them better understand the kinds of tiny electric motors and switches they might need for the shoe. A skinned Furby sat on the edge of a table in DiBenedetto's work space.

Once the group had a reliable "sensor shoe," it set a number of them at various cushioning levels and invited testers to select the pair of shoes they found most comfortable. Then they ran in them.

"They'd come back and we'd download the data, and what we started to see was that everyone was picking a shoe that got them to the same range of compression," DiBenedetto recalled.

That led his group to write mathematical language that enabled the shoe's embedded 20MHz computer continually to ensure that the cushioning was ideal for the runner and the situation.

Next the group faced the issue of how to make a shoe adapt while it is being worn. The solution was a hollow engineered plastic cushion with metal support brackets. When the shoe's motor adjusted the tension on a stainless steel cord that ran through the flexible heel, the heel responded just the way DiBenedetto and Oleson wanted.

Enderle, the analyst, predicted that even at \$250 a pair, shoes that use digital technology effectively are likely to find a market. Fortunately for Adidas, he said, "a lot of people who run--business executives and the rest--do have the money and love having the latest cutting-edge shoe that (applies) technology to make the running experience better."

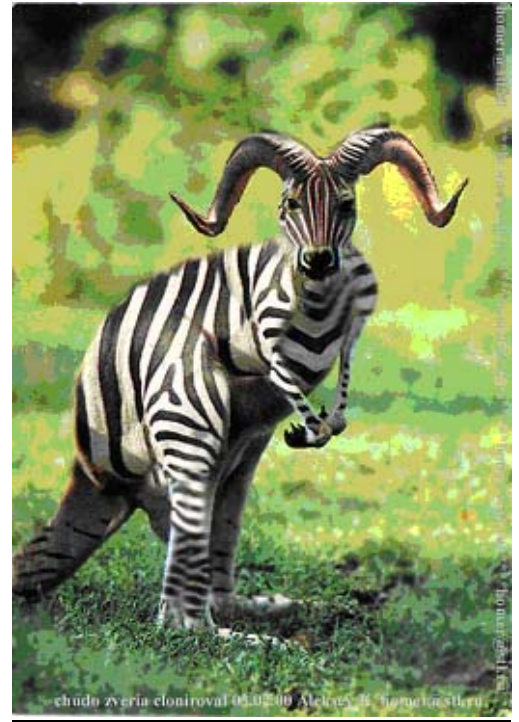
Two hikers on a trail came around the bend to find an enormous brown bear about 75 yards up the trail. The bear spies them and begins running toward them at a full gallop. One hiker drops his backpack, sits down, throws off his boots, and starts lacing up a pair of running shoes. The other hiker says: "What are you doing? You will never outrun that bear!". The first hiker replies: "I don't have to outrun the bear...".

Running shoes these days are more and more technologically advanced. I went in this store and they told me this new model of running shoes can even predict the weather! I asked how and the salesperson told me: "Leave your shoes outside the window for a little while: if they are wet it's raining, if they are dry it's sunny, if you cannot see them it's foggy". I have to run early in the morning, before my brain figures out what I am really doing.

Hashing Down Under Style by Hugh

After the most stunning view from a treadmill ever – over Hong Kong harbour – the fitness suite being situated on the rooftop of our hotel, I was looking forward to hashing Oz-style. An Internet search revealed several clubs in the Sydney area, but the one with a run closest to where we were staying in Darling Harbour was the South Sydney HHH. A long bus ride deposited me at La Perouse on the north side of Botany Bay, without any sign of people who could be hashers. I was just wondering whether there was a return bus when I saw a few runners emerging from their cars and introduced myself.

We started off at a moderate pace and, wanting to prove that Poms were reasonably fit, I was soon up with the leading group. However, after a short road stretch, the route went across a golf course, which was fine until it deviated from the path into undergrowth. Immediately one word came to mind – snakes! Whilst I obviously had to follow the trail, I didn't intend leading it into long grass. However, when I mentioned this to the hashers, they adopted a very philosophical attitude – OK there are snakes in Australia, but nobody had ever been bitten on a run and they didn't really think about them [we never saw one in the wild throughout our stay].



Yet more strange wildlife discovered down under

The run continued over the very hilly golf course and then back across the beach – 5 miles in almost exactly an hour with plenty of checks but no long stops and several short cuts for the slower hashers. Afterwards, it had been planned to have a BBQ, but it was too cold [!], so we retired to a local chippie where I had a delicious fish and chip meal for a couple of dollars. All the hashers were friendly and one kindly drove me almost back to our hotel even though it was not on his route home. By then it was teeming with rain and I got soaked to the skin! The only disappointing factor was the almost total lack of women, apart from one brave female.

This experience encouraged me to try and meet up with the Perth hash a couple of weeks later. Again I found the location of the run on the Internet, the only trouble was it was at 6pm only an hour after we arrived at our hotel, having flown from Yulara in the Outback, and Perth is a very big city. Anne suggested there was only one thing for it – a taxi and miles later I was deposited outside a warehouse on an industrial estate in the suburbs. This time unfortunately there was not even one female in sight, just males who engaged in plenty of politically incorrect conversation.

Again the run was almost exactly 5 miles, mainly through residential suburbs, and lasted exactly an hour with few stops but plenty of short cuts for those that wanted them. As soon as the run was over beers were forced into my hand and several down downs were drunk, in honour of the people like the setter and the scribe, as well as me, of course. The drink was mainly beer and ginger beer – a gassy combination if ever there was one – but it tasted OK and was served from a mobile trailer, while the food – excellent lasagne and salad – was cooked in the warehouse, which belonged to one of the hashers.

Typically I was made to feel very welcome and again one of the hashers went out of his way to drive me back to our hotel. All in all, the whole trip, including the hashing, was a fantastic experience and I just can't wait to go back next year when we also plan to visit New Zealand.

White Hart Henfield – Nicola “Black Stockings” Williams

Julia and I went a different way from everyone else towards the end, which was fun! Food was pretty lousy and Trevor poured half of his beer over himself rather than finishing it out of Don's tankard (D didn't have time to get T's own done and promised it next week with all the others due then!!) - Peter E and I started the singing - no-one else seemed inclined to encourage him to down down!!

BEER FESTIVALS and STUFF

- 5 Aug **HASTINGS BRANCH BREWERY VISIT** This year we're visiting the Pink Mutton brewery in Chatswell to sample their wares. The van leaves at 2am. Please bring your own crowbar and balaclava.
- 10 Aug **CAMPUB AMARETTO FESTIVAL** *Little Whistlestick Village Hall* Festival dedicated to the oft-ignored liqueur, Amaretto, featuring three different varieties and a sickening-up tent.
- 12 Aug **ALBION SOCIAL** *The Red Lion, Smethwick* Odd choice of location for event dedicated to Brighton's football team, but someone saw it on a board in there so it must be true.
- 19 Aug **GREAT BRITISH BREW FESTIVAL** *Kensington Olympia Platform 3* Sees the launch of an exciting new can of Skol Super that includes 13.7% Extra Free rather than the usual 13.5%.
- 28 Aug **SUSSEX CAMPUB ANTI-SOCIAL** *Three Moles, Selham* Everyone please stick to their own individual table. And bring a book or newspaper to read.
- 14 Sep **COMPOS MENTIS FESTIVAL** *Sassy Dogend* Non-alcoholic festival. For heaven's sake, steer clear.
- 23 Sep **BARLEY WINE FESTIVAL** *The Baby's Arms, Lippey* To celebrate International Barley Wine Day (see news) the Baby's Arms will be serving nothing else all day. The mad beggars.
- 31 Sep **GLASTONBURGESSHILL** *Burgess Hill Masonic Hall* Pimms and music festival. Strictly no admission to those who earn less than 40k per annum.
- 11 Oct **SUSSEX CAMPUB BUS TRIP** *Old Steine* We're catching the first 712 bus out and spending the day travelling back and forth between Brighton and Eastbourne, getting spannered on the bus. Remember to bring your bottles in a brown paper bag so the driver doesn't see. Also something to wee in.
- 16 Oct **MORRIS DANCER BEATING** *Polegate* Local headcases descend on morris dancing festival shouting "look who's got the biggest sticks!" William Hill are running a book on the outcome.
- 2 Nov **PARTY IN MY PANTS** *43 Sodhall Way, Patcham* Inspired by Brighton's Party In The Park, local lad Garland Catnip is to host a pop festival inside his underpants. A beer tent is promised.
- 5 Nov **LEWES BONFIRE** *Vatican City State* This year, to get his own back, the Pope will be hosting a bonfire in the grounds of St Peter's where he will be burning an effigy of the town of Lewes.
- 14 Nov **CAMPUB SINGLES NIGHT** *The Maypole, Yapton* This year our female members (both of them) are being encouraged to drink three bottles of Lambrini before they arrive, in the hope they might then find at least one of our male members attractive.
- 18 Nov **GATWICK AIRPORT BEER FESTIVAL** Beers from Good Elf, Sparrowsons and Felcher. After the unfortunate incident last year, Gatwick staff have agreed to rope off the runway this time.
- 7 Dec **SUSSEX CAMPUB SPORTS EVENING** *Venue tbc* An evening of traditional pub sports including cockfights, badger-wrestling, dwarf-rolling and KerPlunk.
- 19 Dec **THE DROWNING OF THE KITTENS** *Lewes* Traditional pre-Christmas pagan ceremony performed by children from all the town's schools.

Route Master Brewer

Cont. from page 1
suggests.

Dave and Kiylee Welcome You
To The Stone & Sock, Whitehawk



You're Welcome To It
(£9,000 ono)

Mothers day – 9 months after fathers day!

The Irish Mother

Dear Son,
I am writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast.

We no longer live where we did when you left. Your dad read in the paper that most accidents happen within 20 miles of home, so we moved. I won't be able to send you the address because the last family that lived here took the house numbers with them so they wouldn't have to change their address. This place has a washing machine. The first day, I put four shirts in it, pulled down the handle, and haven't seen them since.

The coat you wanted me to send you-Aunt Sue said it would be too heavy to send in the mail with all those big buttons on it. So I cut them off and put them in the pocket.

It rained twice this week, three days the first time and four days the second time.

Your sister had a baby this morning. I don't know if it was a boy or a girl, so I don't know if you are an uncle or an aunt.

I was going to send you some money, but the envelope was already sealed.

Love,

Your mother

P.S. Hope you get this letter. If you don't, let me know.

A poof finally decided he could no longer hide his sexuality from his parents, he went over to their house and found his mother in the kitchen cooking dinner. He sat down at the kitchen table, let out a big sigh, and said, "Mom, I have something to tell you, I'm gay."

His mother made no reply or gave any response, and the poof was about to repeat it to make sure she'd heard him, when she turned away from the pot she was stirring and said calmly, "You're gay, doesn't that mean that men put their penises into your anus?"

"Yes mom they do."

"And you put other men's penises in your mouth?"

The faggot said nervously, "Uh, yeah, Mom, I do."

His mother went back to stirring the pot, then suddenly whirled around, and whacked him over the head with a frypan and said, "Don't you dare complain about the taste of my cooking ever again!"

Mother knows best

So you think you know how to wipe your own nose
You think you know how to button your clothes
You don't know shit if you hadn't already guessed
You're just a bump on the log of life, 'cause mother knows best

She tells everybody she was born in a ditch
She back-combs her hair 'till she looks like a witch
Wolves in her train, serpents suckle at her breast
Don't forget to wash behind your ears, 'cause mother knows best

O you lost your job, well ain't that a shame
You got nobody but yourself to blame
You deserve everything you get for such a carelessness
And don't eat your peas off the knife, 'cause mother knows best

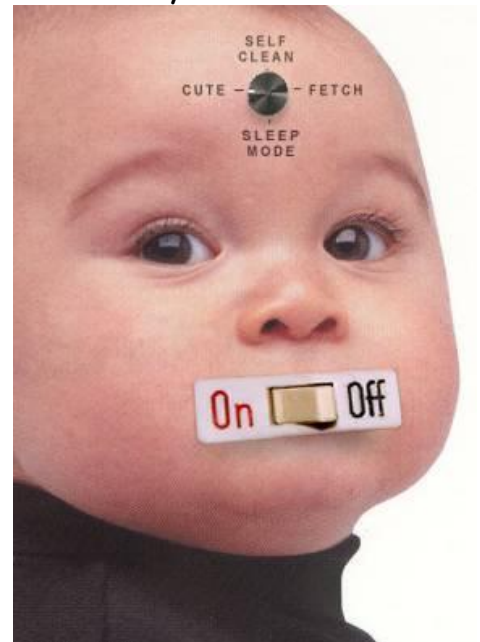
So your baby's hungry, so your baby's sick
Don't make babies, that'll do the trick
Put another string of barbed wire in your little love nest
It's better than a cardboard box, 'cause mother knows best

Don't Lie to your Mother

John invited his mother over for dinner. During the meal, his mother couldn't help noticing how beautiful John's roommate was. She had long been suspicious of a relationship between John and his roommate and this only made her more curious. Over the course of the evening, while watching the two interact, she started to wonder if there was more between John and the roommate than met the eye. Reading his Mum's thoughts, John volunteered, "I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you, Julie and I are just roommates." About a week later, Julie came to John and said, "Ever since your mother came to dinner, I've been unable to find that beautiful silver gravy ladle. You don't suppose she took it, do you?" John said, "Well, I doubt it, but I'll write her a letter just to be sure." So he sat down and wrote: "Dear Mother, I'm not saying you 'did' take a gravy ladle from my house, and I'm not saying you 'did not' take a gravy ladle. But the fact remains that one has been missing ever since you were here for dinner."

Several days later, John received a letter from his mother which read: "Dear Son, I'm not saying that you 'do' sleep with Julie, and I'm not saying that you 'do not' sleep with Julie. But the fact remains that if she was sleeping in her own bed, she would have found the gravy ladle by now. Love, Mum"

Every mother's dream



She got a zombie army to serve her well
She got a thousand bloodhounds from the gates of hell
She got a hundred black horses with sulphur and coal on their breath
And she rides the unbelievers down, mother knows best

She says "Bring me your first-born,
and I'll suck their blood
Bring me your poor, I can trample in the mud
Bring me your visionaries, I can put out their eyes
And bring me your scholars, I'll have them all
lobotomised, 'Cause mother knows best

Richard Thompson.

The doctor's business plan

