

## BMPH3 Run 506

Hares: Hashalong, TAF, Madonna, Higgins, Etienne et al

Location: Silly Brewery, Silly, Belgium

Event: July 4 INAUGURAL SILLY HASH



## DECLARATION OF SILLINESS

*'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all hashers are created silly, that they are endowed by their Grandmaster with certain outrageous rights, that among these are drunkenness, aimlessness and the pursuit of stupidity. That to secure these rights, hashes are instituted among men, deriving their silliness from the consent of the inebriated. That whenever any form of mis-management becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the hashers to drink themselves stupid and to alter or abolish their brains, and to institute new forms of silliness, laying its foundation on such absurdity and organizing its preposterousness in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their leglessness.'*



Such were the grandiloquent ideals which fired the early settlers of the BMPH3 congregated at the Franklin bar at 11am. on Saturday. A motley crew of exotic origin (Bonn, Madrid, Skopje, Schaerbeek), united in a determination to throw off the hangovers of yesteryear and create a new world in which all hashers and harettes would be equally silly. The success of the enterprise was remarkable.

Attended by Doctor Higgins and Nurse McGurk administering lethal doses of stomach rinse, flight BMPH 502 took to the air on its inaugural trip to Silly. Unfortunately, no-one had informed the pilot of the destination so he set out for Ninove but that at least gave Bonn Bugle a chance to display her bosom to the inmates of Anderlecht, none of whom took any notice. Maybe they were disappointed that her bra only had holes in the side. Still, there was great revelry aboard where the GM managed to deliver an in-flight commentary, almost recognisable as wit. Whopper led the songs with a spirited rendering of Barnacle Bill performed with rapid hair changes and occasional collapses on the stairs.



The discovery that the loo door was unbreachably locked caused some temporary distress and a stop at SHAPE, where it is unlikely that vegetation will ever again appear on the lawn of the officer's mess. Unfortunately, the VM of the SHAPE Hash, Li-lo Lil, Madonna and various other undesirables took the opportunity to climb aboard but all was forgotten when we finally reached our destination. I still can't believe it. **The hasher's dream. A brewery called Silly!** Sheer perfection. Etienne the barman, a dead ringer for Falstaff, awaited us with Double Enghien which turned Scoobidua so amorous that she formed a sandwich with two Germans. Such was their excitement that their hair turned three colours.

Mercifully, the run itself, like Short Time Johnny (now renamed Asian Crisis), was of extreme brevity, lasting about twenty minutes and consisting principally of staggering after the beer cart as the hares tossed flour from the window. Indeed, the whole event might have passed without notice but for a bad attack of the DTs at the beer-stop. The unsavoury prospect of transporting a stiff back to the Hairy Canary passed when the patient was connected to a drip feed of Silly ale which soon revived him.

Whooper didn't see any of this, mind, because he had set off on his own hash and was last observed heading for Namur. Petra didn't see much either, having suffered a premature ejection in the ladies at the brewery.



Back at the warehouse, the circle was formed around a bag of ice. (At this point, your scribe must apologise to those who, unlike me can remember these events and may detect some inaccuracy. In her gentle loving way, Wooden Horse offered to keep a record of the down-downs whilst I consumed several Silly beers. Reading the notes afterwards, I discovered things like this: 'Madonna say plenty of ullulaklite when someone blurt out ice-cream man not needed' 'Whooper is fit in for having all his gear in font' Not bad eh). Anyway, it went something like this.

- First a toast to the inaugural silly hash. Long may she survive!
- Then Etienne was in, recognised quite properly for an outstanding contribution to hashtory.
- The run itself got 10 out of 10.
- Then came the hares for MUTME (not, as you might imagine a Zulu chieftain bit an acronym for Most Unnecessary Trail Marking Ever, awarded for placing the BS sign more or less on the bonnet (or hood, it being the fourth of July) of the beer cart.
- Hashalong was iced for some obscure crime, probably throwing tea in Boston harbour, and was succeeded by Battered Woman, who I imagine must run a fish and chip.
- Someone then had a birthday (I think the SHAPE VM and Black Hole but I couldn't see too well by then),
- Higgins distributed lost property including Whooper's songs, the RA's bra and Sex Reject's hip flask. He then organised a bizarre tombola to rid himself of a bottle of Jaegermeister, a box of truffles and easily the most revolting drink I have ever tasted, closely resembling liquid Vindaloo.
- Bonn Bugle, Scoobidua, Li-lo Lil and Battered Woman then got theirs.
- Quasimodo followed for public displays of affection, by which he attempted to divert his girlfriend's attention from the topless girations of Scoobidua, Li-lo Lil and Battered Woman. She might not have been impressed, but the bus-driver nearly sat on his gear stick.
- A Texan down-down for Crisp Foreskin and yet another to Scoobidua for ugly black shoes.
- Most importantly the mis-management got one for proving that they can indeed organise a piss-up in a brewery.





The circle over, Etienne took us round the brewery explaining in fascinating detail how hangovers are manufactured. Then it was back to the warehouse to drink the place dry and over the road to the fete where we discovered why the village is called Silly - they try to scramble eggs in the shell by hurling them over road and catching them on the other side. They've been trying since 1342 and hope to succeed soon. Persistent lot the Silly'uns. From there it was dinner, a witty after-dinner speech by Lilo-Lil, more Enghiens and the drive back to the Hairy Canary.

Thus ended a memorable day, most of which I can't recall.

Congratulations to the whole Mis-management committee, Etienne and anyone else involved. All those in favour of adopting Silly beer for the hash say 'Aye'. It's too good to miss!

**On-on,  
Illiterate Dick.**

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*The owner asked me how many had severe hangover and told me what we certainly do know : "You guys are some serious party animals" (rough translation). He's very keen since he will charge us only for 2 kegs while we actually hoovered 5.*

*That means we went thru 5 litres of beer per head over the day ! Not taking into account the one at the Franklin, beer with food, Calvados at the back bar of the restaurant nor complimentary drinks at HC...*

On On  
Higgins

