

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R-ns/trash #163 December 2010

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
6th December 2010 1694 Lewes Arms, Lewes 413 103 Dave Evans

Directions: A27 east to Lewes roundabout. Up hill and straight on at traffic lights. Left after castle, left at end and again. Up hill after pub for parking at the top. **Est. 15 mins**.

13th December 2010 1695 Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell 417 060 Pete Beard

Directions: A27 east to Kingston roundabout. Right through Kingston then right at t-junction. Pub 2 miles on left. 15 mins.



20th December 2010 1696 Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks 304 156 XMAS HASH PARTY!

Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. Est. 10 mins. Don't forget to give Pat Cash! Who's Pat Cash?



27th December 2010 1697 *** Telscombe Tavern, Telscombe *** 395 014 Prof Pete Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est. 10 mins.

IMPORTANT NOTE: *** MIDDAY START for 27th December and 3rd January hashes! ***

3rd January 2010 1698 *** Snowdrop, Lindfield *** 354 239 Rik

Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 through Ditchling, past Wivelsfield. Turn right up Hurstwood Lane opposite the Fox pub. Right again at end, then left onto Snowdrop Lane. Pub 200yards on left. **Est 25 mins**.

RECEDING HARELINE:

10/01/11 Storrington, George

17/01/11 TBA, Don 24/01/11 TBA, Graham

31/01/11 The Star, Steyning - Malcolm & Trevor

07/02/11 Griffin, Fletching - Nigel

14/02/11 Stanley Arms, Portslade - Phil M 21/02/11 Lewes Arms, Lewes - Dave & Julia 28/02/11 Dyke Hotel, Devils Dyke - Charlie

CRAFT HASH #31

10/12/10 7pm Holly in Hastings

HENFIELD HASH #94

19/12/10 11.30am Gardners Arms, Henfield

Thought for the day:

Came home to find all the doors and windows open and everything gone. Bloody kids couldn't wait for their advent calendars.



HARVEYS

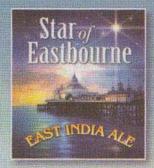
FOURTH QUARTER SEASONALS

OCTOBER

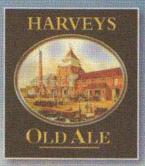
OCT-MARCH

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



STAR OF EASTBOURNE 5.5% Vol



OLD ALE 4.3% Vol

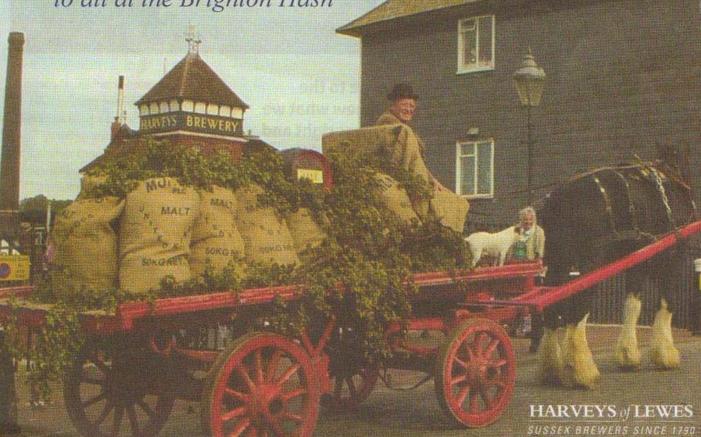


BONFIRE BOY 5.8% Vol



CHRISTMAS ALE

Merry Christmas and every good wish for 2011 to all at the Brighton Hash





Inside Today

CAUGHT ON CAMERA ... SANTAS LITTLE HELPERS. AAAAH....

A Little Christmas message
Christmas is coming
& my arse is getting fat
I hate f**king Christmas
And Santa is a twat
The Credit Crunch is on
And times are really hard,
So you can consider this
Your f**king Christmas card.
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Go to bottom of the page and you'll see Santa's willy...

WANK MAY REFER TO:

WANK (computer worm), a computer worm that attacked DEC VMS computers in 1989 -

WORMS AGAINST NUCLEAR KILLERS

- Wank (mountain), a German mountain close to the Austrian border
- Wank (sexual act), sexual stimulation apart from intercourse
- Wank (surname), a surname
 - Andreas Wank (born 1988), German ski jumper
 - Roland Wank (1898-1970), Hungarian architect
- Jonathan Woss's bwief and failed, attempt to moonlight as a cabbie "I was on a wank last night when..."

On which tenuous note, this months tales from the ranks, the best of 2010:

Strictly speaking that's a misnomer as I'm private hire and not allowed to pick up from the rank but Off-Point sounds daft! Anyway here's a couple of my favourite passenger stories from 2010:

- One passenger was faced with a nightmare changeover time between flying from Washington to Heathrow, home to Shoreham, then back to Heathrow for the on-flight to Baghdad which goes via Oman with a 9 hour stop-over. He spoke to his American employers in the hope of reducing his journey time by flying from Gatwick to Paris to Oman and saving 7 hours of the stop-over. Their response: "Our investigation shows that your nearest airport is Shoreham" "Don't be bloody daft, you can't fly from Shoreham to Baghdad!" "You can if you take the scheduled flight to Paris as you suggested for Gatwick"! So there you have it, Shoreham Airport, gateway to the World. Don't forget the Duct tape! ** Yes there is a scheduled flight to Paris but it doesn't go very often no point, no passengers. And having flown from Shoreham to Alderney it's true about the duct tape.
- Another passenger was designated driver after a rugby match taking home a high ranking (that word again) NHS executive. Already surprised that this particular fellow being in the health profession had eschewed doctors advice to imbibe some serious alcohol, he was further surprised that his attempts to get him to put his seatbelt on met with such hostility. As they waited at one set of traffic lights a police motorcycle pulled up beside them and again indicated to the passenger he should put his belt on. Passenger wound down the window and subjected PC to a torrent quickly followed by nee-naah. "Alright, talk me through that" says the cop. "You called me a wanker" responds NHS man, having completely misunderstood the PC's one-handed attempt to simulate pulling a belt across his chest.
- And finally... After picking up this couple from a house who seemed to have been bundled out by their hosts rather
 rapidly, he turns to her and says, "What did you order a cab so early for?" "I didn't. I thought you ordered it." Moment of
 realisation that their hosts had found a rather neat way of wrapping up the evening with guests who'd outstayed the
 welcome! At least they saw the funny side and tipped anyway!

 ON ON Bouncer

8th November - Stanley Arms, Portslade

This local CAMRA champion pub has been championed by the likes of Charlie and Bouncer for a very long time but it was clear we were getting very close to running from here when it was first choice for Nigel's Trafalgar Day hash 2 weeks earlier. The change was made as Ed had already grabbed the pub, which pleased your scribe as we were away for the earlier run, and anyway the pub had one of it's famous "cellar nights" on the earlier date. Beer at £2/ pint and a tour of the cellar with free buffet chucked in.

Street parking was much less of a problem than expected, and we received a warm welcome from the regulars as we hid from the weather before the off. No food to order as they were laying on a buffet for us tonight also. With a couple of streets to negotiate at the beginning we soon found ourselves outside the Gardners Arms where Pat with bike appeared looking sorry for herself. Charlie said "Stanley Arms in Stanley Road not Gardners Arms in Gardner Road you daft bint!" I offered Pat my car key for her to stick her bag and Ed proferred a map, but it all seemed a bit too much for her so gallantly I took her back and reviewed map while she changed, to find Ed had given us a blank. So an SCB attempt to head them off was made running round to Victoria Park, where trail was found, then promptly lost again at the bottom of Foredown Drive. Convinced trail would go up the Benfield Valley we headed up the park behind Sainsbury's, then picked up the underpass to head through the Twittens with Foredown tower in mind, until trail was found coming the other way. This headed round to the golf course from where we just made out a torch in the distance. Our off-piste running was not good though and we soon lost the marker so returned to the Foredown Tower plan. When that produced no more trail we took a back alley route through to the Old Village then up to the Mile Oak Road to pick up the Twitten all the way back to the pubs back entrance, amazingly back on trail for the last part! I was generously subbed a beer by our host but we literally only had a few moments to wait before the first of the pack appeared with Adrian opting to shorten the run for once. Pete Eastwood had cut short also but it seemed trail had gone across and alongside A27, returning over Southwick Hill. Pack had taken about 10 different routes so we weren't alone but Ed was all protest about the map producing several with trail marked on, before conceding that he'd managed to give us the only one without! Lovely buffet for which a beer mug went round, excellent beer, and a fine evening by all accounts! AGH!

22nd November - New Moon Storrington

As usual Wiggy had opted to set this live, and as usual he had grabbed me to help with sweeping on the run itself. Now those who know Wiggy will be well aware that he's never lost, having an in-built GPS system which can carve through the countryside like a Centurion on a steeplechase, and extensive knowledge of every path ever in Sussex. This accounts for the often 'interesting' routes we take when he is hare. This run, which almost had more guests than home runners with a healthy Henfield and Malibog boosted pack, was likely to be one by which BH7 runs would be gauged, so it was not entirely expected when Wiggy turned to me at the start and, instead of offering sweeper map, said "Bouncer, I've made the most almighty fuck-up. I ran around Sullington Common for an hour and ended up where I started!" Don't expect much help from me mate! Malibog came over early afternoon and we've been in the pub!

Oh well, off we went round the front of the pub then back through the car park and on to the path round the back. Quick check then off again. Hang on. Hare doesn't recognise this bit. Back we go down another path and some calling ahead. Bollocks and Split Pin know where they are as we swing past their house, but don't go the expected route on the Common. Looping left, looping right, up the hill, several head off west, others south, hare goes east, pack reunites, down to another car park, where's hare?, oh we did that bit backwards never mind, down the road, everyone heads right, hare calls left and suddenly we're back where we started with the walkers heading directly towards us. Shit! Up the hill again, across the common this time, jolly japes, hashlights in the distance, and finally we're free! Some opted to head straight back to the pub while others took the proper route, and sweeper picked up the in-trail trying to encourage, despite Ivans efforts otherwise, pack to follow round by the stream for the lovely on-inn. The best worst planned hash ever!

Back at the car park, someone produced some leftover Harveys from the weekend which was duly consumed with great vigour before we headed in to the pub for more. Brighton hashers hid downstairs and played silly buggers with the makeshift board resulting in a lack of names from the home crowd when the sheet went missing, probably at the hands of Local Knowledge (and you wonder why the address list hasn't been updated for years!), while visitors Malibog (from Stockholm), Derek and Liz, with Henfield regulars Snotty. Bollocks, Split Pin, plus 2 friends and Forest Gump over from France, all indulged in social intercourse by the bar. Another great hash...!



CRAFT #30 Prreston Parrk Perrambulation Boozing in Brighton

November threw up a couple of options for the CRAFT. With several CRAFTies going to see Hazel O'Connor at the Ropetackle in Shoreham, Spingo asked if the CRAFT could be on the Friday night as the gig is on the Saturday and she would be staying at the Bouncers. Unfortunately this clashed with the Barnes Christmas hash weekend taking out KIU, Wildbush, Daffy, Little Bear and others. The Saturday of the gig was still a possibility though with a crawl arranged around the usual 7pm meet with pre-, during, and post-gig beers and late night closing giving plenty of scope.

Then those of us who completed the ale trail this year received letters advising that shirts would be distributed on Friday 12^{th} from the Evening Star. With the possibility of a Lewes trail shoved back since August Bouncer was keen to get there and advertised thus in the Brighton trash before cottoning on that in fact BH7 were visiting Lewes twice in November anyway, so a short notice change of plan was made with a crawl from Preston Park station back to the Star.

There were a few apologies from Radio Soap/Cyst Pit and Daffy/Little Bear so it looked like a light pack anyway, but things started to go Pete Tong with the railway disruption on the night. Then Bouncer buggered up his connection by changing at Hove instead of going on to Brighton. He called KIU/ Wildbush to find that they were stuck at Haywards Heath station so a hasty change of plan to meet at the Battle of Trafalgar was made and text duly pinged off to the always late Testiculator and Ging Gang. Only they weren't. They were at Preston Park station looking for trail. "No problem" says Bouncer, "I can run there in a few minutes. I'll see you in the Station". 15 minutes later and somewhat out of breath he was surprised to find they were not in the designated pub so another call was made to find G3 had misunderstood and jumped on the next train south. "<expletives deleted>" said Bouncer before doing likewise and finally 45 minutes later than planned the troop were united in pub #2, now the Grand Central. Some discussion took place about the potential route that had been lined up and it was decided worthy of a future visit. Meanwhile we had to re-assess the evenings trail and all were agreed on avoiding the regular 'ale-trail' route. Testi's efforts to take in Wetherspoons beer festival were stymied by it being the pre-clubbers hangout and GGG wasn't having him coming over all unnecessary. Food became the consideration but half the pack had already scoffed so we opted for fish and chips. Testiculator marched off with chalk in hand to mark trail to #3 the Caxton, where we were greeted by some lovely barmaids and extremely pleasant ale. Somehow Ging Gang had managed to once again procure the sofa causing Bouncer to temporarily refer to her as the Sofa Queen, which made Testi Sofaking! At the #4 the 3 Jolly Butchers we found ourselves accosted by a young lady, who took the hash names in her stride and promptly named herself 'Random Nag'. Keen to demonstrate her running credentials she made us feel her thighs for muscle tone. Worked for the males although Ging Gang was bemused as to why she should have been targeted also! Wildbush took the opportunity to shake her mane! Next up was the Foundry #5, formerly the Pedestrian. This turned out to be a very popular bar almost hidden amongst the house doorways. Keeps It Up was fretting about his early start for work the following day so we moved on fairly rapidly to #6 the Evening Star to collect t-shirts. Questions were being asked about the numbering of the pubs, bearing in mind that no-one had actually stopped in the Station but Bouncer had marked it as #1 so in the outside chance that anyone actually was following and had somehow stumbled upon the trail we stuck to our guns. Much confusion reigned as Andy dished out the shirts to assorted levels of abuse from those in attendance, before we moved indoors to polish off pints, in which pleasant revelry the evening drew to a close as trains beckoned.

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Who Knew???

- 1. To remove a bandage painlessly, saturate the bandage with vodka. The stuff dissolves adhesive.
- 2. To clean the caulking around bathtubs and showers, fill a trigger-spray bottle with vodka, spray the caulking, let set five minutes and wash clean. The alcohol in the vodka kills mould and mildew.
- 3. To clean your eyeglasses, simply wipe the lenses with a soft, clean cloth dampened with vodka. The alcohol in the vodka cleans the glass and kills germs.
- 4. Prolong the life of razors by filling a cup with vodka and letting your safety razor blade soak in the alcohol after shaving. The vodka disinfects the blade and prevents rusting.
- 5. Spray vodka on wine stains, scrub with a brush, and then blot dry.
- 6. Using a cotton ball, apply vodka to your face as an astringent to cleanse the skin and tighten pores.
- 7. Add a jigger of vodka to a 12-ounce bottle of shampoo. The alcohol cleanses the scalp, removes toxins from hair, and stimulates the growth of healthy hair.
- 8. Fill a sixteen-ounce trigger-spray bottle with vodka and spray bees or wasps to kill them.
- 9 Pour one-half cup vodka and one-half cup water into a Ziploc freezer bag and freeze for a slushy, refreshing ice pack for aches, pain or black eyes.
- 10. Fill a clean, used mayonnaise jar with freshly packed lavender flowers, fill the jar with vodka, seal the lid tightly and set in the sun for three days. Strain liquid through a coffee filter, then apply the tincture to aches and pains.
- 11. To relieve a fever, use a washcloth to rub vodka on your chest and back as a liniment.
- 12. To cure foot odor, wash your feet with vodka.
- 13 Vodka will disinfect and alleviate a jellyfish sting.
- 14. Pour vodka over an area affected with poison ivy to remove the urushiol oil from your skin.
- 15. Swish a shot of vodka over an aching tooth. Allow your gums to absorb some of the alcohol to numb the pain. And silly me! I used to drink the stuff

The Rodmell Hash

A few members of BH7 may already have heard of the Rodmell Hash, which takes place annually, usually at 11am on Boxing Day. In an unguarded moment, Matthew revealed that he once took part in a Rodmell Hash (back in 1995) which, according to Bouncer, means that Rodmell is his "mother hash". So *Boggy Shoe* has commissioned an exclusive report on this little known event.

The Rodmell Hash was founded by Michael Isitt in 1987, following his return to the UK after working in various locations in the Far East. Michael had already been involved in hashing since 1965 when he had taken part in the Kuala Lumpar hash, which featured the local Guinness brewery. This was a great success, not least because Michael discovered that he liked Guinness beer after all.

So having settled in Sussex, Michael thought it would be good to have a Boxing Day hash based in Rodmell, to help counteract the excesses of Christmas. The hash trail is typically around three miles and there are usually about 20 participants, mostly not regular hashers. People of all ages get involved including one or two over-70s. Originally the runs would start and finish in Michael's garage, where mulled wine and other refreshments would be available afterwards.

Matthew's recollections of the run way back in 1995 are of bright sunshine and a clear sky. There were over 20 runners and the well-marked trail (perhaps not surprisingly) took us up on the Downs. At one point there was an unfortunate clash with a small group of pheasant shooters carrying shotguns but the exchanges were purely verbal. The hashers, we were assured afterwards, had been given permission by the landowner. Back at Michael's garage everyone enjoyed some seasonal refreshment.

In recent years the organisation of the Rodmell Hash has been taken over by the Ellis family. Michael describes the whole event as being "a village thing" but anyone interested in taking part is welcome to phone Matthew (07880-676262) who can supply details of this year's starting point.

Thank you to Michael for providing material for the article.

If memory serves correctly the first time Rodmell hash came to our attention was when Aunty Jo was living at Monks House in Rodmell and spotted a flyer on the village noticeboard. Drafting in Brett she then went along on the Boxing Day to see what it was all about. Although they missed the hash somehow, marks were clearly laid and they followed the trail. So if you want to know a bit more about recent Rodmell hashes have a chat with Jo. Although to be quite honest, I see from the archive that Matt originally offered his article in November 2007, so even that is ancient history!

onononononononononononononononononon

What happens if you cross a turkey with an octopus?

Everyone gets a leg at Christmas!



THE ANNUAL HASH QUIZ presents...

WORLD'S EASIEST QUIZ! (Passing requires only 3 correct answers out of 10!)

Only total thicko's will fail !!

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years' War last?
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats?
- 3) From which animal do we get cat gut?
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of?
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal?
- 7) What was King George VI's first name?
- 8) What color is a purple finch?
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from?
- 10) What is the color of the black box in a commercial airplane?

Remember, you need only 3 correct answers to pass. Check your answers below.



The drunken hasher and other stories...

A drunken Hasher is stopped by the police at midnight and asked where he's going.

"I'm on the way to a lecture about the effects of alcohol and drug abuse on the human body."

The policeman asks, "Really? And who's going to give a lecture at this time of night?"

"My wife."

In a wine blending factory the regular taster died and the director started looking for a new one to hire.

A drunkard hasher with ragged, dirty look came to apply for the position. The director of the factory wondered how to send him away. They anyhow decide to test him. They give him a glass with a drink.

He tries it and says, "It's red wine, a muscat, three years old, grown on a north slope, matured in steel containers."

"That's correct", says the boss. Another glass is brought.

"It's red wine, cabernet, eight years old, a southwestern slope, oak barrels". "Correct."

The director was astonished. He winked at his blonde secretary to suggest something. She brought in a glass of urine. The Hasher tried it. "It's a blonde, .26 years old, pregnant in the third month. And if you don't give me the job, I'll tell who the father is! He was hired immediately!

A young hash couple wanted to join the church, the pastor told them, 'We have a special requirement for new member couples. You must abstain from sex for one whole month.' The couple agreed, but after two-and-a-half weeks returned to the Church. When the Pastor ushered them into his office, the wife was crying and the husband was obviously very depressed. 'You are back so soon...Is there a problem?' the pastor inquired.

'We are terribly ashamed to admit that we did not manage to abstain from sex for the required month.' The young man replied sadly. The pastor asked him what happened.

'Well, the first week was difficult... However, we managed to abstain through sheer willpower. The second week was terrible, but with the use of prayer, we managed to abstain. However, the third week was unbearable. We tried cold showers, Prayer, reading from the Bible...anything to keep our minds off Carnal Thoughts. One afternoon my wife reached for a can of paint and dropped it. When she bent over to pick it up, I was overcome with lust and I just had my way with her right then and there. It was lustful, loud, passionate sex. It lasted for over an hour and when we were done we were both drenched in sweat,' admitted the man, shamefacedly.

The pastor lowered his head and said sternly, 'You understand this means you will not be welcome in our church.'
'We know.' said the young man, hanging his head, 'We're not welcome at Homebase either.'

QUIZ ANSWERS

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years War last ? 116 years
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats? Ecuador
- 3) From which animal do we get cat gut? Sheep and Horses
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution ? November
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of ? Squirrel fur
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal? Dogs
- 7) What was King George VI's first name? Albert
- 8) What color is a purple finch? Crimson
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from ? New Zealand
- 10) What is the color of the black box in a commercial airplane? Orange (of course!)





ADULT RIDDLES ~

- What is the difference between a Drug Dealer and a Hooker? A Hooker can wash her crack and sell it again.
- What's a mixed feeling? When you see your Mother-In-Law backing off a cliff in your new car.
- What's the height of conceit? Having an orgasm and calling out your own name.
- What's the definition of 'Macho'? Jogging home from your vasectomy.
- What's the difference between a G-Spot and a golf ball? A guy will actually search for a golf ball
- Do you know how New Zealanders practice safe sex? Spray paint X's on the back of the sheep that kick!
- Why is divorce so expensive? Because it's worth it!
- What is a Yankee? The same as a quickie, but a Guy can do it alone.
- What do Tupperware and a Walrus have in common? They both like a tight seal.
- What do a Christmas tree and a Priest have in common? Their balls are just for decoration.
- What is the difference between 'ooooh' and 'aaaaah'? About three inches.
- What's the difference between purple and pink? Grip
- How do you find a Blind Man in a nudist colony? It's not hard.
- What's the difference between a Girlfriend and a Wife? 45 pounds.
- What's the difference between a Boyfriend and a Husband? 45 minutes.
- Why do men find it difficult to make eye contact? Breasts don't have eyes.

What is the difference between medium and rare? Six inches is medium, eight inches is rare. Why do women rub their eyes when they get up in the morning? They don't have balls to scratch!

Dear Santa,

You must be surprised that I'm writing to you today, the 26th of December. Well, I would very much like to clear up certain things that have occurred since the beginning of the month, when, filled with illusion, I wrote you my letter. I asked for a bicycle, an electric trainset, a pair of roller blades, and a football uniform. I destroyed my brain studying the whole year. Not only was I the first in my class, but I had the best grades in the whole school. I'm not going to lie to you, there was no one in my entire neighborhood that behaved better than me, with my parents, my brothers, my friends, and with my neighbors. I would go on errands, and even help the elderly cross the street. There was virtually nothing within reach that I would not do for humanity. What balls you have leaving me a fucking yoyo, a lame whistle and a pair of ugly socks. What the fuck were you thinking, you fat prick, that you've taken me for a sucker the whole fucking year to come out with some shit like this under the tree. As if you hadn't fucked me enough, you gave that little quiff across the street so many toys that he can't even walk into his house. Don't let me see you trying to fit your big fat ass down my chimney next year.I'll fuck you up.I'll throw rocks at those stupid reindeer and scare them away so you'll have to walk back to the fucking North Pole, just like what I have to do now since you didn't get me that fucking bike. FUCK YOU SANTA. Next year you'll find out how bad I can be, you FAT COCKSUCKER.

Sincerely,

Little Johnny

Little Johnny was 9 years old and was staying with his grandmother for a few days over Christmas.

He'd been playing outside with the other kids for a while when he came into the house and asked her.

'Grandma, what's that called when two people sleep in the same room and one is on top of the other?'

She was a little taken aback, but she decided to tell him the truth. 'It's called sexual intercourse, darling.'

Little Johnny said, 'Oh, OK,' and went back outside to play with the other kids. A few minutes later he came back in and said angrily, 'Grandma, it isn't called sexual intercourse.. It's called Bunk Beds. And Jimmy's mum wants to talk to you.'