

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)
R-ns/trash #182 July 2012

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
2nd July 2012	1776	RED LION, Arundel	019 071	Les Plumb
Directions: A27 west past Worthing to Crossbush traffic lights. Right at lights, bear left, and on to roundabout. Straight ahead, over bridge and immediate left River Road. Park in Crown Yard public car park behind pub. Est. 25 mins.				
9th July 2012	1777	Royal Oak, Wineham	236 206	Mike C
Directions: A23 north to B2117 for Hurstpierpoint. Left at t-junction and immediately right on B2118. Left just past Kings Head on B2116. Take 2nd right and pub on left 1.5miles. Est. 20 mins.				
16th July 2012	1778	RED LION, Shoreham	208 059	Bouncer & Malibog
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. Est. 10 mins.				
23rd July 2012	1779	RED LION, Willingdon	587 023	Red Slapper & Black Stockings
Directions: A27 east to Polegate. A22/A2270 south then turn right for village up Coopers Hill. Go straight on at right-hand bend onto Wish Hill for Pub. Est. 30 mins.				
30th July 2012	1780	The Crown, Dial Post	RH13 8NH	Elaine
Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 north. Left at roundabout stay on A283 past Steyning to A24. North on A24 for approx. 9 miles then left and pub is on left 1 mile Est 30 mins.				
6th August 2012	1781	Kings Head, East Hoathly	524 163	Bob & Chris
Directions: A27 East to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout and through Cuilfail Tunnel. Right on A26 then right again on B2192 through Ringmer to A22. Turn right on A22 then next left. Pub in centre of village. Est. 25 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

1782 13/08/12 Brent
 1784 27/8/12 Rik

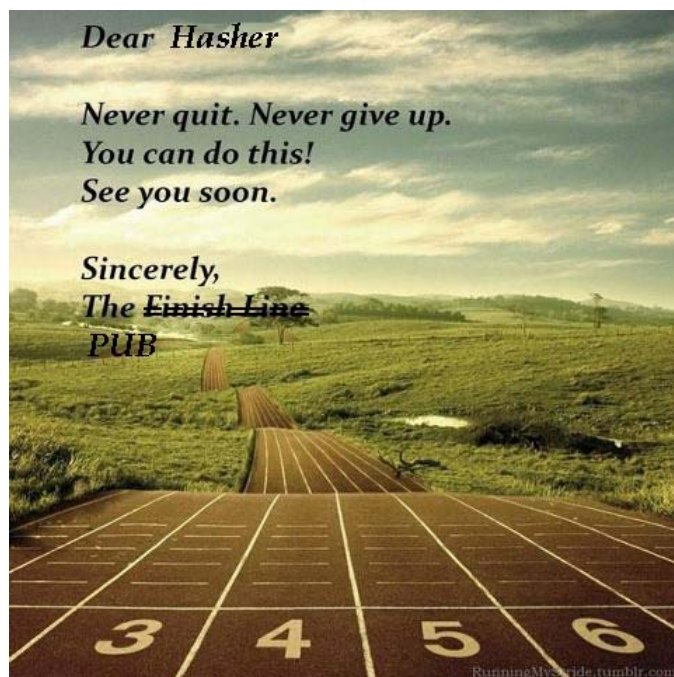
**Three Red
 Lions on
 my shirt...**

CRAFT HASH #50:

28 July at 12:00 until 29 July - Alfriston Camping Park
 Book online at <http://www.campingninja.com/alfristoncampingpark?clid=CNi9-7jm368CFWwntAodAh2rAQ>

CRAFT hangover hash Sunday 29th July 11am
 From Alfriston campsite, just south of village.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: This month we shall mostly be hashing from the Red Lion.



Dear Hasher

*Never quit. Never give up.
 You can do this!
 See you soon.*

*Sincerely,
 The ~~Finish Line~~
 PUB*

RunningMySide.tumblr.com

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

Welcome to issue #182! The highest score you can get on a dartboard is 180, but I can get one hundred & eighty too! <groan>

[illegible]

CRAFT H3 #50 - 28 July at 12:00 until 29 July - Alfriston Camping Park

Pay your own way event. Book online at <http://www.campingninja.com/alfristoncampingpark?gclid=CNi9-7jm368CFWwntAodAh2rAQ>. Pitch up about midday for 1pm crawl/ wa*k/ hash or r*n (latter if you're thirsty, or late) around country pubs in Alfriston area. Back to site for BYO BBQ / games then village pubs in evening.

SUNDAY 29 JULY 11AM - Hangover trail by Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger of Hastings hash from site.

[illegible]

Subject: Brighton Marathon 2013

I thought I would drop an email regarding the Brighton Marathon 2013. I work for The Clock Tower Sanctuary, a drop-in centre for homeless and insecurely housed 16-25 year old people, and we have charity places available for the Brighton Marathon. As a Brighton based running club, I was wondering if any of your members would be interested in supporting a great local charity whilst being part of a fantastic event.

I have attached a link to our marathon webpage. I would be happy to meet anyone interested to explain what we do at The Sanctuary and show them around the premises. If you have any suggestions as to how we could spread the word amongst your runners or through your website that would be great.

I look forward to hearing from you,

Natalia Borg Email: nataliaborg@theclocktowersanctuary.org.uk

www.theclocktowersanctuary.org.uk/index.php?page=brighton-marathon-2013

[illegible][illegible]

Subject: Hash Tour from Madrid to Morocco

I am planning a Hash trip from Madrid to Marrakesh in March next year. It will be in the style of the previous Hash tours and Rail Jerks. The timing is a little earlier than I'd like, but this is so it doesn't conflict with other Hash events, such as Automatic Balls' "European Hash Bus" and "Round the World" tours. However, the weather in southern Spain and Morocco at that time should be quite pleasant, but cold in the desert, and there should still be snow in the Atlas Mountains.

At this stage I haven't fully priced it, but it will be about 2,200 EUR (2,820 AUD) for 24 days "land content only". There will be an early bird discount, and deposits will be required to secure your booking (details TBA). A preliminary itinerary is available. I have only discovered hashes in Madrid (who run on Sunday) and Rabat (Saturday) so unless I can organise a local tour agency, we will not be able to co-ordinate runs. Before I create an event/ group in Hashspace, could you please let me know if you're interested in joining this trip?

On On,

Ginger Beer [Richard Chater - richard.chater8@gmail.com]

We are sad to have been informed that John Duncan, a stalwart of the Hashing movement for over 50 years with Mother Hash in Kuala Lumpur, has passed away after a long illness.

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

And the equestrian on everyones lips, will Mrs. Tindall attempt to emulate Lady Godiva:



In other events:



FOR THE SAKE OF BALANCE:

Cycle shorts should always be black, not RED:



Meanwhile, by mile 10 in the men's marathon, Lord Coe contemplates sacking the kit & number manufacturers:



A big row broke out today in the Irish Olympic synchronised swimming team after Paddy accused Murphy of copying him.

It's 2012 and it's the Olympics in London. A Scotsman, an Englishman and an Irishman want to get in, but they haven't got tickets. The Scotsman picks up a manhole cover, tucks it under his arm and walks to the gate. "McTavish, Scotland" he says, "Discus" and in he walks. The Englishman picks up a length of scaffolding and slings it over his shoulder. "Waddington-Smythe, England" he says, "Pole vault" and in he walks. The Irishman looks around and picks up a roll of barbed wire and tucks it under his arm. "O'Malley, Ireland" he says, "Fencing."

Great Speech

Boris Johnson is scheduled to speak at the opening ceremony of the Olympics. Nervous, he asks for a teleprompter. On the day of the speech, he takes to the podium and starts, "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh."

An aide quickly rushes to his side and whispers, "Mr. Mayor, those are the Olympic rings. Your speech is below that!"

[illegible]

Tales from the rank: I went to collect an old lady from Tesco this morning, but as she was getting in the cab she dropped her bags. She said 'well don't just stand there'. So I started doing star jumps.

REHASHING

#1772 Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling The idea to have a day family hash with camp out on the Diamond Jubilee holiday was good in principle but clashed unfortunately with all sorts of other events, which lead to much discussion on what time to kick off. With options of 11am, noon or 7.30pm it was a surprise to see a fairly respectable (if hashers can ever be called respectable!) pack turn out for winning vote 11am, in spite of On-Sex grumbling that we only conceded at Christmas. Having trodden this area many a time in the past you'd think we'd be well prepared but an early teaser of north out the gate threw us off scent when it turned south. That didn't last though as we headed back north again at the next, and so it went hare Chopper clearly enjoying dummy tactics to keep the pack of dummies together. Eventually after crossing the railway, we finally started the return towards home via the woods and across the common. We were soon into the Harveys as the more responsible hashers started prepping the bbq's and grub, and making us eat. After quarter of an hour the lack of walkers was noted, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour it went into the official minutes and $\frac{3}{4}$ hour calls started to be made. By the hour we even put some grub aside before it all got scoffed by KIU, but they did eventually come trickling in having taken a few false trails! Down downs were rewarded to Phil the hare, Wildbush for not taking her Kenyan beer in Steyning and Black Stockings for interjecting. Think Matthew may have got one as well for philosophizing on the hash, Rik definitely did for getting lost on the relay, Cyst Pit also on behalf of those at Milton Kenya where he'd insisted on caning anybody who went near the beer (which Angel had claimed not to enjoy, but ended up spending most of the evening by the barrels). Who's Shout and Cooperman should've but didn't after arriving late by bike, skipping hash to drink the Harveys and eat the burgers, then clearing off before the circle, as should Local Knowledge for his benign hosting, a shameful omission by the RA. As the pack thinned out Pete took the remnants to the greenhouses for a jolly session of strawberry picking just as the skies opened up to flood the trail for the evening shift. Another great family hash...



#1774 Golden Galleon, Seaford Once Chris had finished distributing hash plants to all and sundry, Hare Prof gave strict instructions not to a) get killed crossing the road or b) run through the regroup, strangely putting more emphasis that the latter would be to our cost. With the safety instructions done, the on was called along the road to increase the danger in much the same way as aircraft are forced down narrow corridors to make it easier for them to crash into each other (thereby justifying the role of the ATC). The pack responded by staying resolutely behind the hare! First check at the activity centre had bodies heading off along the Beachy Head marathon route, resulting in Wiggy calling for a sip at the Pilot 7 miles on. Instead Adrian called us up the hill and the next check took us into Friston forest. Not tempted by the **walkers** route from Eastbourne, on was called down to Westdean. From the village we then picked up the **medium** trail from Eastbourne which was enormously exciting to Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger who, being **ballbreaker** hares had missed it! Some debate over the route had Mickey Hayler pondering how Wiggy (or was he wondering how Piggy...?) had managed to get ahead when he's never usually on trail for more than 30 seconds. Once again on was called down and finally we realised that experienced hasher Keeps It Up was doing the calling, having used the maxim 'never check down' as his excuse to add miles not realising that Prof had been threatening a trail where every check went downhill for a while. I waffle indigestible. On we went round Charleston Manor and along a road section to drop down to the river bank. One or two of the many hounds on trail tonight (that's the 4 legged type, not Matthew) were still dry but soon took the plunge into the river causing David Harris to weigh up the advantages of the noble short cut. After a brief regroup to admire the White Horse, Don was calling us up and up and up.



Bouncerlogic suggested that as hare had once again taken the lead sip must be close but with 3 dogs to get him up James was always going to reach High and Over first, even though they weren't attached. With a novel choice of Pimms or alcohol free Elderflower Champagne hare toasted the brightest hash of the year, and indeed the darkest hash of the year, Mudlark being in the long night at the World's bottom, where allegedly he would be partaking of a midnight naked hash on the 21st. Walkers then had the straightforward return back down and along the river whilst the rest were made to take the Cook's tour along the back of the houses. Adrian claimed the 9.5, but the Hastings H3 visitors were probably more accurate with 6 to 7 miles.

In the pub the RA tried the barefaced cheek approach and was rewarded with 2 free pints of beer for the down downs by the landlord. Having returned with 2 of the sip cups the beers went a long way (especially after watering Prof's down with soda!) to the hares Pete & Kit on an excellent sunny summer hash; to the visitors Fat Controller #2 and Poo Sticks; and for the pitter patter of tiny feet, to Black Stockings, who brought a guest dog along known as Tia [full name Sebastian didn't seem right when they discovered it was a bitch!]. Sticking with the doggy theme, Hugh had to down one for Max who couldn't keep his human under control [with an element of a 100 marathons celebration for the Cardinal], and given that he couldn't see a free Harveys go without at least a mouthful, Bouncer for pretending to be a horse by clip-clopping the sip cups the whole bloody way back. Another great hash...

REHASHING THE CRAFT

CRAFT #49 Meeting at **#1 the Evening Star** on 22nd for a couple of beers, Cyst Pit & Bouncer discussed a route from the dozen options in the 2012 Ale Trail passport, before heading to **#2 the Battle of Trafalgar**, where chat focussed on fancy dress for the Brighton H3 attendees at Hardy's Very Odd Affair at the end of the month. Angel's Charlie's Angels idea became Angel's Charlies, which got Bouncer wondering whether he should be letting her go on her own after all! A short plummet down the hill had us falling through the door of **#3 the Lord Nelson** where we had a choice of a loud game of football between Germany and Greece in one bar or just a loud drunk in the other. At this point we didn't realise we were on a CRAFT! After the non-event in May there was a suggestion that **#49** should be our annual CRAFT crash on the Milton Kenya pub crawl. That failed so Ging Gang proposed the 15th which didn't happen through communication slip-ups. Although the 22nd was proposed in the last trash, many were away so we thought that CRAFT **#49** would have to be the afternoon crawl at Alfriston on 28th July. Cyst Pit had declared it a CRAFT anyway and the discovery that the drunk was the long lost Aaron from early CRAFT's gave us a quorum so CRAFT **#49** was declared to be on. Declaring his night already over, Aaron declined to join us further as we headed off to **#4 the Basketmakers Arms**. There was a moment when CP decided to argue with the hare (the Ale Trail passport) but we ended up in the pub after all. Next up was **#5 the Pump House** in the Lanes, which turned out to be a lot better pub inside than first impressions suggested. **#6 was the Victory** just below Churchill Square, which is just an excellent pub! Bouncer then sprinted for the last train while Cyst Pit carried on to **#7 the Hand-in-Hand**, finally calling it a night when the cold reality of work in the morning beckoned. Another great CRAFT!

[illegible]

INTERIOR - BORIS'S ROOM IN OLYMPIC STADIUM (with apologies to Monty Python...)

Boris is gazing out of the Olympic Stadium window.

Sebastian Coe stands beside him. He is also looking out.

Boris wears a long white undershirt (like a night shirt).

SEBASTIAN COE: One day lad, all this will be yours ...

BORIS: What - the curtains?

SEBASTIAN COE: No! Not the curtains ... All that ...

(indicates the vista from the window) all that you can see, stretched out over the hills and valleys, as far as the eye can see and beyond, that'll be your Olympic venue, lad.

BORIS: But, I don't really want any of that.

SEBASTIAN COE: Listen, I built this Olympic stadium up from nothing. All I had when I started was marsh. Other countries said we were daft to build an Olympic stadium on a marsh, but I built it all the same, just to show 'em. It sank into the marsh. So I built another one. That sank into the marsh. I built another one. That caught fire, fell over and THEN sank into the marsh. So I built another, and that stayed up. And that's what you're gonna get, lad: the strongest Olympics venue in the World.

BORIS: But I don't want any of that, I'd rather ...

SEBASTIAN COE: Rather what?

BORIS: I'd rather ... just ... sing ... [MUSIC INTRO]

SEBASTIAN

COE: You're not going to do a song while I'm here!

[Music stops.]
Listen, in
twenty minutes
you're going to
be opening the
Olympics to
the World and
bringing in
millions to our
coffers

BORIS: I don't want the Olympics.

SEBASTIAN

COE: Listen,
Ken ...

BORIS: Boris.

SEBASTIAN COE: Boris ... We built this Olympic Stadium on a bloody marsh, we need the World to come to pay for it.

BORIS: But I don't like the Olympics fans.

SEBASTIAN COE: Don't like the Olympics fans? What's wrong with them? They're beautiful, rich, they've got huge ... bank accounts.

BORIS: I know ... but ... I want the events that I host to have a certain ... special ... something ... [MUSIC INTRO FOR song.]

SEBASTIAN COE: Cut that out! [Music cuts off abruptly.] You're hosting the Olympics, so you'd better get used to the idea!

[illegible]

Usain Bolt was on his way to a club with some friends. At the door, the bouncer turned to him and said: "Sorry, mate, you can't come in here - no denim". Usain was quite annoyed at this and retorted: "Don't you know who I am? I'm Usain Bolt". "Then it won't take you long to run home and change, will it?" replied the bouncer.

The 100 mile South Downs relay – *Profs missive to Mudlark:*

Started at 8:40 pm as Dave Evans ordered a mustering of the troops at 9pm in Lewes. On arrival I discovered that Pat had decided that she wanted to be picked up having got to bed after midnight the previous night only to be called out at 1:30 to administer to a dying patient. So back I went to Hove and arrived back at Dave's at 10pm. A few cursory exchanges with Caroline (negotiating over whether I would be allowed to use my sleeping bag or be forced to sleep between crisp sheets) and off to bed.

Up at 4am for coffee & toast. At 4:30 there is a knock on the window: it's Chris (our personal trainer/ motivator) & Bob (driver). Chris has been awake since 1am worrying about things. Rik and the Harris twins arrive soon after and we are ready to go. Team: Captain Dave Evans (66). Fighting fit and ready to go. Our star performer. Rik: oldest team member (66). Most experienced. Should be good for Cooper cup points. Pat: third oldest (51) and female. Very fit, but suffering badly from a cold which means that she had a racking cough. Unable to train for 2 weeks. Prof Peter: (50) Has had a niggling calf injury for a month. Limited training and averaging just 9:40/mile in training runs. Dave Harris: (50) A stalwart of the team for the last 3 years. Also very fit. Peter Harris: (48) The youngster of the team.

It's a cold, misty start on Beachy Head. The A-team are already there when we set off, having themselves opted for a 6:30 start. A-team: Brent, Ivan, John Baxter, Charlie, Rich and 1 ringer, Geoff Hurrell, who is an ultra runner. We are given a strict lecture from Richard Carter about the cut-off being rigorously enforced this year. We need a 9-minute/mile average to make the cut. Also, more paranoid than ever, and any breach of the road-crossing rules will be rigorously enforced.

I set off at 6pm with a bunch of ladies who are frighteningly fast. Fortunately they all head off down toward Eastbourne thus allowing me to slip from sixth to first place. This is a short-lived triumph as they pass me again at the Golf Club. However, I hang in there, manage to overtake one of them on the rough track down to Jevington, and finish fifth. Left calf playing up a little but not too bad. 34 minutes for 4.5 miles. Sub 8-minute/mile average. Not brilliant, but OK. Rik to Jevington (not Males Burgh this year because of a skate-boarding event); Peter H to Itford Farm; At the A27 lay-by the A-team catches us at the change-over. Will they overtake us here. No, Pat does a blinder up and over the yellow-brick road (well under 9-minutes/mile even on that leg; not bad) and I have to yell for a runner to take the baton from her; Dave H flies up to Ditchling Beacon at sub 8-minutes again; and Dave E files over to Saddlescombe. We are flying.

My leg holds out up to the Dyke and I manage to keep pushing across the top. Remember about all those undulations this year and hold it together the whole way. 42 minutes for 5.25 miles: that's still 8-min/mile. Dave H keeps it steady up to Washington Hill. We only just make it in time, having been warned to avoid the A283 past Wiston - the hold-up in Worthing must have been almost as bad. The A-team at last overtake us and are a few minutes ahead. But we are now 20 minutes up on our cut-off target. And then... a long wait at Springhead Hill. And a longer wait, and we begin to worry. No one has seen him, so he is not collapsed on route. We are officially reported lost. And at last, half an hour late, Rik turns up. He made it through the Washington OK but got lost back on top! What a plonker. We say nothing, but all that time lost and now we have to push hard just to be with a chance of making it on time. Aaaargh. Little chance now also of winning the Hash Cooper Cup competition.

Now it's all a bit of a haze. Good legs from Pat Dave and Dave and then it's me again. Legs now pretty sore, but a massage from Chris helps. It is beginning to cloud over. I struggle up the Hill Barn Hill then try to keep it going over the top. Decide to power walk up the Harting hills but manage to struggle back into a jog at the finish. Unbelievable make it in 58 minutes. 6.25 miles. That's 9 min 17s / mile. I am really chuffed. Peter H pushes on to Queen Elizabeth Park and ironically it is Rik again who has the final leg before the cutoff. He has 40 minutes to manage 4 miles up Butser Hill and across to the sustainability centre. He "fiddles around a little bit" on top of the Hill and makes it in 45 minutes. Fortunately, no sign of Richard Carter and we push on. At Exton Kayleen texts. "We are at the finish with a pint in our hands. Where are you?" A few exchanges later we discover that Ivan is still running the last leg, but even so we reckon that they are 1 hour ahead of us. With a 30 minute later start, that's a 90 minutes lead and our hopes of winning out in the Cooper Cup are extinguished. We arrive at the finish a little demoralised to be greeted by "What kept you?" The rain now starts in earnest. However, the shower is hot and that revives the spirits. And then some astonishing news. The A-team's can keep up the pretence no longer, or perhaps they realise that the longer they keep it quiet, the sweeter will be our victory. Ivan got lost at the end, came in up the driveway, and as a result, the team was DISQUALIFIED. Runner safety is at a premium and they have paid the price. They head straight off to the pub and don't even wait to welcome Dave E in. I walk out to make him take off his running jacket: don't want to be disqualified ourselves for not showing a team number. His face lights up at the news.

Different pub this year. Much closer and Huge portions. However, only Bob and Rik can manage to finish theirs. Even some beers are left unfinished. The rest of us are completely shattered. But it has been well worth it. Another victory over the As. Just waiting for the official results now to make sure that we have not been DQed ourselves for missing the cut by 5 minutes. Drive back is exciting because of torrential rain, but manage to drop Pat off and get home and into bed before 1am. Magic.

PS Louis won again with Brighton & Hove AC.

4/6/12 The A-team had their disqualification reversed but were listed as "not crossing finishing line" and do not appear in Cooper Cup listings, so still count that as a Vets victory.



KEEPING UP WITH THE NEWS...



- Duran Duran have been chosen to sing the official song for England's Euro 2012 campaign. It goes like this: "His name is Rio and he watches from the stands".
- Steven Gerrard was asked how the Eng team will respond if they hear any racist abuse during Euro2012. He replied, 'We will tell John Terry to 'shut the f*ck up'
- Roy Hodgson has picked so many Scousers for Euro 2012 they have a chance of pinching it.
- Spain made over 800 passes in last night's game. The only way England could make that many is if we enter Wayne Rooney on Mastermind.
- Quote of the day: Just add 'chicken' to the front of any Italian footballer to get the taste buds going. Chicken Pirlo, Chicken Buffon, Chicken Balotelli...
- Monkey chants have disrupted England's training session in Krakow today. John Terry has been warned if he does it again he'll be sent home.
- 1st time I met my missus she was wearing boots, goalie gloves and a green top; I knew there & then she was a keeper
- Last three Liverpool managers have been an Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman - no wonder they've become a joke!
- I asked a couple of mates where I should go to in Croatia..... opinions were Split
- Prince Phillip in hospital with a bladder infection? Talk about pissing on her parade.
- Backstage at the Jubilee concert, Jessie J said to Rolf Harris 'are you the bloke from the 70's who did 2 little boys? Rolf said 'no, that was Gary Glitter'.
- The Queens corgis are delighted Prince Phillip is back at the palace. They won't get blamed for pissing on the sofa anymore.
- "Coldplay to play at Paralympics" Just in case they weren't depressed enough already!
- I will start calling it a smart phone when I'm angry and shout " WHERE DID I PUT THAT STUPID PHONE!" and it yells back OVER HERE!! UNDER YOUR JACKET!"
- The wife left a note on the telly for me.. 'It's not working, I'm leaving' I plugged it in, turned it on.. fxxing nothing wrong with it.
- Tesco's have put my favourite tequila up to £25 a bottle. I don't care. I'm still gonna party like it's £19.99.
- I took two stuffed dogs to the Antiques Roadshow. 'Ooh' said the presenter, 'this is a very rare breed, do you have any idea what they'd fetch if they were still alive?' I replied 'sticks, you silly sod'.
- Whoever stole my Microsoft Office, I will find you. You have my Word.

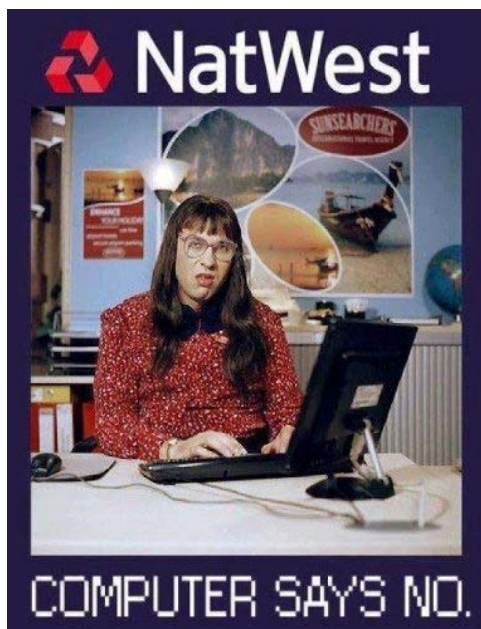


Advertised on freecycle last night:

OFFER: H2O - Free to good home, gallons and gallons of Water, collect at will from Pier Road, Bayford road, South Terrace, Beach Road. Please provide your own bucket. Water useful in this drought to water the plants. First come first served !!!! :O)
Good old British stiff upper lip, German air force couldn't put us down in the war, damned if a few showers will.

Olympic Secrets:

Sometime in the future Tom Daley meets a beautiful lady and decides he wants to marry her right away. She protested, "But we don't know anything about each other."



He replied, "That's all right; we'll learn about each other as we go along." So she consented, and they were married and went on a honeymoon to a very nice resort. One morning, they were lying by the pool when he got up off his towel, climbed up to the 10 meter board and did a two and a half tuck gainer, entering the water perfectly, almost without a ripple. This was followed by a dive for which he did three rotations in jackknife position before he straightened out and cut the water like a knife. After a few more demonstrations, he came back and lay down on his towel. She said, "That was incredible!"

He said, "I used to be an Olympic diving champion. You see, I told you we'd learn more about ourselves as we went along."

So she got up, jumped in the pool and started doing laps. She was moving so fast that the froth from her pushing off at one end of the pool would hardly be gone before she was already touching the other end of the pool! She did laps in freestyle, breast stroke, even butterfly! After about thirty laps, completed in mere minutes, she climbed back out and lay down on her towel, barely breathing hard. He said, "That was incredible! Were you an Olympic endurance swimmer?"

"No," she said, "I was a hooker in Central London and I worked both sides of the Thames."

DOWN DOWN and other HASH SONGS

A selection of hash songs to learn for the circle, mostly written from the male viewpoint but easily adapted, and all followed by 'Why are we waiting' if the beneficiary or victim is slow...

Traditional Down Down Song

Here's to _____, he's true blue,
He's a hasher through & through,
He's a pisspot so they say,
He tried to get to heaven,
but he went the other way.
Drink it down, down, down, down...

Why Was He Born So Beautiful?

Why was he born so beautiful,
Why was he born at all.
He's no bloody use to anyone,
He's no bloody use at all.
They say he's a joy to his mother,
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,
Drink it down, down, down, down...

Short down down song

This is your down-down song,
It isn't very long.
Drink it down, down, down, down...

Shorter down down song (for sinners)

No, no, no,
Bad, bad, bad,
Down down down!

Even shorter (victim should start drinking immediately)

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, on the head!

She's All Right

She's all right, she's all right,
She's a little flat-chested,
but she's all right

He's All Right

He's all right, he's all right,
He's got a little willy
but he's all right
Drink it down, down, down, down,...

Twenty Toes

I know a game called twenty toes.
That's played all over town.
The girls all play with ten toes up,
The boys with ten toes down, down,
down, down, down, down ...

Birthday Song

Hashy birthday, f*ck you,
Hashy birthday, f*ck you,
Hashy birrrthday, f*ckk youuu,
Hashy birthday, f*ck you.

[clean version]

Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
You look like a hasher,
And you smell like one too.
Drink it down, down, down.

The Grand old Duke of York

The Grand old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
then he marched them down again,
Now when they were up, they were up
And when they were down, they were down
And when they were only halfway up
They were neither up nor down, down, etc

Meet The Hashers (to the Flintstones)

Hashers, meet the Hashers,
They're the biggest drunks in history
From the town of Brighton
They're the leaders in debauchery
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the
years,
Meet them while they down a lot of beers!
Down down, d-down-down ad nauseam.

How would...?

How would you like my finger in your ear?
How would you like my finger in your beer?
Oh no, not f-ing likely, not f-ing likely, not
f-ing li-i-i-kely! Oi!
Drink it down, down, down, down...

[Polish version]

How wouldski you likeski, my finger in your
earski? (repeat)
Oh no, not f-ing likeski etc.

They ought to be

He ought to be publicly p*ssed on.
He ought to be publicly shot, bang bang!
He ought to be tied to a sh*tthouse
And left there to fester and rot.
Drink it down, down, down, down,

He's the Meanest

He's the meanest, he's the horse's penis
He's the meanest, he's the horse's arse
Ever since he found it,
all he does is pound it,
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass.
Drink it down, down, down, down,...

Put your left leg over my shoulder (to the tune side-by-side)

Put your left leg over my shoulder
Put your right leg over my shoulder
Mm, mm, mm, mm, mm, mm, mm
Drink it down, down, down, down,...

Why are we waiting (sung to "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful")

Why are we waiting,
Could be masturbating,
Oh, why are we waiting,
So f*ck-ing long.
Why are we waiting,
Could be fornicating,

Oh, why are we waiting?
Oh, why are we waiting?
Oh, why are we waiting,
So f*cking long!
(repeat until beer is finished)

(Clean version for "mixed company")

Why are we waiting,
Why are we waiting,
Oh, why are we waiting
Oh why, why, why?
Why are we waiting,
Why are we waiting?
Oh, why are we waiting?
Oh, why are we waiting?
Oh, why are we waiting,
Oh, why, why, why?
(repeat until beer is finished)

Hash Hymn

Melody: Swing Low Sweet Chariot
CHORUS:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Cumin' for to carry me home...
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Cumin' for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan, and what did
I see, Cumin' for to carry me home...
A band of angels, cumin' after me,
Cumin' for to carry me home.
If you get there before I do, Cumin'
for to carry me home...
Tell all my friends I am cumin'too,
Cumin' for to carry me home.

All Australians, born illegitimate

All Australians, were born
illegitimate, born illegitimate, born
illegitimate
All Australians, were born
illegitimate, bastards through and
through

They ain't got no birth certificate,
birth certificate, birth certificate
They ain't got no birth certificate,
bastards through and through
They don't quite know who their
father is, who their father is, who
their father is,
They don't quite know who their
father is, bastards through and
through

The Union Jack is on the Aussie
flag, on the Aussie flag, on the
Aussie flag,
The Union Jack is on the Aussie
flag, bastards through and through

THE END OF THE WORLD?



- Me & the wife decided to make our own sex tape. She was pissed off when I started holding auditions for her part.
- My wife used to head butt me in the face when she had an orgasm. I didn't mind until I found out she was faking them.
- Two Thai girls asked me if I'd like to go to bed with them; they said it would be just like winning the lottery. I agreed and they were right.. we all stripped off and to my horror, we had six matching balls.
- My wife said 'Those dick enlargement pills you're taking are definitely working. You're a bigger prick than you were yesterday'



And finally, Golden Oldie time:

A man is out shopping and discovers a new brand of Olympic condoms. Clearly impressed, he buys a pack. Upon getting home he announces to his wife the purchase he just made. "Olympic condoms?", she asks, "What makes them so special?" "There are three colours", he replies, "Gold, Silver and Bronze." "What colour are you going to wear tonight?", she asks cheekily. "Gold of course", says the man proudly. The wife responds, "Really, why don't you wear Silver, it would be nice if you came second for a change!". "Bring a friend and I'll use the Bronze", he hopefully responded!

The Government announced today that it is changing its emblem to a condom because it more clearly reflects the government's' political stance. A condom stands up to inflation, halts production, destroys the next generation, protects a bunch of pricks, and gives you a sense of security while you're actually being screwed. DAMN, it just doesn't get more accurate than that!!!!