

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

R-ns/trash #185 October 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

1st October 2012 1789 Queens Head, Barns Green 127 270 Cardinal Hugh & MAXCUMHERE

Directions: A27 west to Shoreham; A281 to Washington; A24 north to West Grinstead lights. Turn left then right at Coolham follow signs to village. Keep Right in village for pub. **Est**. **35 mins**.

8th October 2012 1790 Oak, Ardingly 345 295 Tim the Tran and Bentley SB

Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again and stay on A272 into Haywards Heath. Left at Dolphin pub, round one-way and past station. Straight on at roundabout then left just past next on to Ardingly road. At junction with B2028 go hard left (not on B2028) to pub on left. **Est. 30 mins**.

15th October 2012 1791 Golden Cross, Golden Cross 536 125 Dave Evans & Pete Beard Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left on A26 at 2nd roundabout through tunnel, right then right again on B2192 through

Ringmer. Right again on B2124 to A22. Turn right and pub on right on next junction. Est 30 mins.

22nd October 2012 1792 The Cock, Wivelsfield 353 201 James & Chris F.

Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take 2nd right B2112 through Ditchling. Turn right at third roundabout and pub is through village on the left. **Est 25 mins**.

29th October 2012 1793 Sussex Ox, Milton Street 533 041 Kit

Directions: A27 east past Lewes, over Beddingham crossing and on to Alfriston roundabout. Straight across and next right is Milton Street. Pub 1/2 mile on right. **Est 20 mins**.

5th November 2012 1794 PEP Nursery, Ditchling 333 172 Peter E

Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At

mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE:

12/11/12 Lamb, Ripe - Bob (coral anniversary hash) & Chris

19/11/12 TBA - Rich

26/11/12 TBA - George B.

03/12/12 TBA - TBA

10/12/12 Hare & Hounds, Worthing - Pondweed

17/12/12 Christmas hash - see inside.

CRAFT HASH #53:

05/10/12 7pm Station pub by Horsham railway station. Then on to Weltons brewery for the launch of the Old!

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

Beer is the brew! Because no great story ever started with "So I was drinking this cup of tea..."

WARNING: Gratuitous pictures of Kate Middleton topless inside.



Red Bull gives you wings, alcohol gives you 4x4

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

CHRISTMAS HASH

Yes, once again it's time to get the thinking caps on about where to have the Christmas hash party and awards ceremony. In no particular order of preference nominations this year are:

Hassocks Hotel, Hassocks

If anyone else has any other suggestions could you get the details together for a vote at the hash on Monday in the very near future!

When Angel and I got together I took her out for a meal a few times, then we went to the pictures. The film was Batman, so it was dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, BATMAN!

BOUNCER

THE ART OF DOWN – DOWNING (From the 1989 Edinburgh Nash Hash magazine)



It is often said that the hash are a bunch of drunkards who run a little before drinking. But how often do you see the RA call a 50 or 100 run man forward to receive an award only for him to take a millennium to drink half and then pour the rest over his head. It is odd but most hashers don't know how to sink a beer. So as resident down down champ for TNT I will let you into the secrets of the age old art.

First some history:

The first record of a beer drinking race that is recorded was between the Oxford and Cambridge rowing teams. Cambridge, who lost the boat race, challenged Oxford to a drinking race. So the crews sat on the floor in the order in which they had rowed, and raced over pints of luke warm ale. Since then the tradition has called a drinking race between two teams a "boat race". The result of this first boat race was not recorded. Evidently there was too much spillage and several re-drinks were required by which time the results were lost in a haze of ale and antiquity. The Germans around this time had developed another interesting beer drinking habit. The habit required one to wear leather shorts, to drink steins of lager and sing songs while accompanied by an accordion. After each song they would shout out what sounds like an obscure German epithet and drink the stein of lager without stopping. Anyway a creed was established that required men to drink copious quantities of ale in as short a time as possible. Now where the fuck was I? Oh, yes – how to drink quickly.

Now the technique:

First adjourn to the bar and purchase a jar. This must be Belhaven 80/- or Lorimer and Clarks 70/- (Caledonian nowadays) or something equally good (*Harvey's*; *Dark Star*) but not plastic gaseous crap (i.e. lager) which is much harder to down because of all the C02.

- 1. Take a deep breath in and then breathe out fully until your lungs are empty.
- 2. Put your mouth to the surface of the beer and form a seal so no air can get in your mouth while drinking.
- 3. Suck the beer into your mouth as you start to raise the glass.
- 4. Keep sucking hard and continuously and amazingly you will find that you are able to down the beer without consciously swallowing it just goes down! If you are sucking hard enough you do not have to swallow.

3 DON'TS

- 1. Don't forget to breathe out before drinking, because as your gut fills with beer your diaphragm pushes against your lungs and pushes air out. As this would make your epiglottis come up and the beer would go into your lungs if you did not cough and splutter.
- 2. Don't swallow any air with the beer. For some reason air upsets the whole procedure. Usually you cannot start swallowing properly and if you do force air down with the beer it will be bloody sore.
- 3. Don't drink cold fizzy beer.

With a bit of practice and plenty of sucking you'll be surprised just how fast the beer goes down.

KEEP PRACTISING!!!

Sounds as likely as those hashers who are convinced the best way over a gate is to flop your gut on top and roll.

Hooves to ensure fairness in Paralympic sprinting – *Daily Mash 03-09-12*

OSCAR Pistorius' complaints about prosthetic blades have triggered the introduction of compulsory strap-on hooves in Paralympic running. Paralympics organisers believe the realistic hooves will end squabbles about other types of prosthetics conferring unfair advantages.

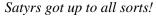
They will also make runners look like the Greek half-goat god Pan, in a nod to the Olympics' classical origins. A Paralympics spokesman said: "We've taken on board Pistorius' feedback, and are banning non-hoofy leg prosthetics. Besides them making a satisfying 'clop' sound, we love the concept of Pan the virile man-

goat, who was always sprinting away from angry villagers whose daughters he had shagged.

"Maybe he could be the next Paralympics mascot? Clearly it would be a vast improvement on those 'Wedlock and Mandeville' things that look like a pair of giant teeth. Athletes will be encouraged

to wear hairy 'pretend fawn legs', grow short pointy beards and play flutes. The Paralympics isn't about doing things half-heartedly."

Paralympics sprinter Roy Hobbs said: "This all sounds weird and vaguely perverted. Which I am into because I actually love shagging. Although the media was completely obsessed with Olympians' sex lives, the Paralympians bedroom habits don't get a look in, which seems a strange double standard. I'm definitely looking forward to doing it with some nymphs. Can we also have a pretend mystical 'love dell' backstage at the stadium?"





Banking Regs

Nick Clegg walked into a branch of HSBC to cash a cheque. As he approached the cashier he said "Good morning, could you please cash this cheque for me"?

Cashier: "It would be my pleasure Sir. Could you please show me your ID?"

Clegg: "Well I didn't think there was any need to bring my ID with me as I am Nick Clegg, the Deputy Prime Minister!" Cashier: "I'm sorry, but with all the regulations, monitoring of the banks because of impostors and forgers, etc. I must insist on proof of identity."

Clegg: "Just ask anyone here at the bank who I am and they will tell you. Everybody knows who I am."

Cashier: "I am sorry Deputy Prime Minister but these are the bank rules and I must follow them."

Clegg: "I need this cheque cashed."

Cashier: "Perhaps there's another way: One day Colin Montgomery came into the bank without ID. To prove he was Colin Montgomery he pulled out his putting iron and made a beautiful shot across the bank into a cup. With that shot we knew him to be Colin Montgomery and cashed his cheque. Another time, Andy Murray came in without ID. He pulled out his tennis

racquet and made a fabulous shot where the tennis ball landed in my cup. With that spectacular shot we cashed his cheque. So sir, what can you do to prove that you, and only you, are the Deputy Prime Minister?"

Clegg stood there thinking and finally said: "Honestly, I can't think of a single thing I'm good at."

Cashier: "Will that be large or small notes, Deputy Prime Minister?"

ononononononononononononononon

Did you know an anagram of Kate Middleton is naked tit model?

I thought the Royals dined on caviar and swan, but it looks like Prince William's fond of a couple of fried eggs.





REHASHING

1785 Shepherd & Dog, Fulking Blessed with great weather, good to see that even Max wasn't bolting up that hill, decent pub, new ales & fab company - another great hash, if I say so myself. *Hare Ivan*.

You may say so for it was indeed a great Hash - even at 6.34 miles and two bloody vertical bits - but very nice beer - well done Kevin (oh and Ivan) Whose Shout?

Ivan, great hash - and great company - even with that second climb and my missing out a bit of the route, due to my 'local knowledge'! *The Cardinal*

1786 Fox, Small Dole This pub became a bit of a no-go area after the landlord warned us about a tyre-slashing incident in the car park, and later chucked Henfield H3 out before they even got through the door, despite it being cleared with the landlady! That incident famously led to an overheard argument between the two, which may well have contributed to him getting the boot. Anyway, grumpy git gone Bouncer decided it was time we revisited and we were given a very firm welcome despite the early evening crowd of mourners. Landlady Lyn also informed us that no tyre slashing had occurred in the 10 years she'd been at the pub! With the help of long lost hashers Belcher & Bunter to set, trail headed north, then left towards the river. Most of the pack running in the field missed the check as trail was through the trees, but soon we were off north again. Walkers were misdirected right at the next check as we continued to

the back of Henfield then crossed the road and along the sand ridge, before heading south again. There followed a dodgy 200 yards, punctuated by screams from the other side of the hedge of Cardinal Hugh taking a less than discrete trespass and



yelling at Max to come here and "Where the <?> are you, you stupid dog". Watch the heart mate! Hare seemed to be totally lost here, faffing around the golf course and Common with Prof determinedly pointing out that he stood no chance of a 'lost cause' award at Christmas, but Angel took charge and we were on again up the back of Woods Mill, round the farm for a lovely On Inn through the edge of Tottington Wood. In the pub were Adrian, Scott and friend who'd all overshot on the road, getting back early, while Don amused us with the tale of the lost Local Knowledge, who revisited the same point 3 times before getting rescued by Charlie. Prof meanwhile, was seen genning up for the Christmas awards, and Tim made a sterling job of the down downs with the usual hare, plus a drink off between Bob & Rich over a date dispute on the r*n list. Brett had even found a pint of water for Peter Pansy! Another great hash!

An expert has predicted

computers will eventually

replace paper

altogether.

He obviously

never tried to

ckin arse

th a laptop!!

wipe his

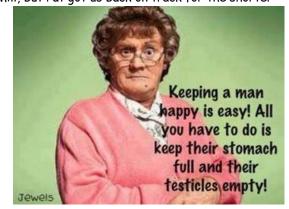
1787 Marquis of Granby, Sompting I would like to thank Mike 'Anybody' Cockcroft for stepping into the breach (unfortunately Pat was unable to set due to circumstances beyond her control Ed.) and setting last Monday's excellent run from a pub that didn't know we were coming, didn't do food on a Monday night and didn't do Harveys!! Although it did have a load of screaming girls disco dancing while their boyfolk watched football on a big screen and the bar staff gawped at us in slow motion - we lasted 20 seconds before traipsing down the street to the Gardeners Arms, which welcomed us with open arms and Harveys! They were overwhelmed with our late food orders but did their very best. A nice traditional pub. ANYWAY well done Mike and I look forward to your next Hash - oh next week is it? - perhaps you will get Pat to set it! Only joking. A good evening was had by all.

Whose shout?

1788 White Horse, Hurstpierpoint Rumours that Ivan was co-hare were unfounded although both he and Pat were with maps to help hare Anybody. Early r*nning was through the twittens on the south of the village before a masterstroke misled a large part of the pack. We were soon back on track, said being the bridle way heading north, where KIU decided to go for the 2 short sides of the triangle, whilst the rest of the pack eventually believed Bouncer. Young Les opted out at the college while the rest of us headed along the stream, Nelly causing some confusion with his completely justifiable positive response to the question "is that you?", when he patently wasn't the one being sought! Meanwhile Peter Pansy and Scott were overheard scheming how they could turn it into an 8 miler! A few went astray at Cobbs Mill, but Pat got us back on track for the shorter

route through the fields or the long sprint down the lane to finish, unless she didn't, in which case Adrian had succeeded in making it a 10 miler! In the pub Mike, Pat & Ivan were all awarded for their part; Rutland H3 guest Well Hung Over and virgin Andy; Scott this week and Hugh for their sins; then finally, as the barman had gifted us so much beer, RA nobbled Local Knowledge for earlier sins. In amongst it all was a polite Matthew request that hounds call speed bumps to save us all for falling as we crash into them, which naturally meant a beer! Another great hash...

Whose Shout footnote: An excellent HASH...and a pub that made us welcome! I noted that in October Hurst brewery is starting up there so a definite revisit needed in the future!



REHASHING THE CRAFT - #52



Here is a roundup of the Tomar Portugal CRAFT H3:

Well a small group of hashers arrived at the Santana Apolonia railway station in Lisbon at around 14:00 to get the train to Tomar only to find Soggy Crack and FC2 enjoying a beer at the pub across the road. We thought it would be best to get the tickets first and then possibly joining them for a beer before the train departed. Unfortunately the queue was long so after purchasing the tickets we headed to the station shop to buy food and beverages for the journey. 12 of us boarded the train. Rumours were abound that there was a pending railway strike so FC2 went into the cab and asked the driver. He reported that there were no strikes but also indicated he had declined an invitation to drive the train!

A few beers later we arrived in Tomar. The town was beautiful, cobbled streets, painted tiles on all the buildings we could see, and a castle on the hill in the distance. It was hot, about 37C and we wanted cold beer. Our hare, Icepyck, was nowhere in sight so after 10 minutes of waiting Wildbush rang only to be told he was around the corner and only 1 minute away. To our surprise Penguin had made the trip from Aberdeen to be a guest hare for the weekend's runs as Icepyck had broken a foot and could only walk.

We loaded the bags into Icepyck's car and started our historic tour of Tomar. From the station we crossed the car park through a churchyard and went into a little museum. Here the locals were painting tiles and miscellaneous pottery items. A few purchases later (no beer), we left and continued our tour. Our next stop, was the local synagogue. The group was getting restless as there was no beer here (for the second consecutive stop) so we continued meandering through the cobbled streets. Eventually we crossed a river and arrived at Estalagem Santa Iria for our first Tomar beer! Shortly after our arrival, Skylark arrived (he was one train later) but we were still missing three!

Back across the river, we headed towards the castle. Our next stop was Pepes. A couple of beers later we continued our tour. Next stop was a local winery to try some of the local wine but they refused to serve us! Did Pirate try out some of his rusty Portuguese or did they not like the look of us? We weren't sure but left thirsty. Anyway, it was getting late and we were hungry. Next stop, dinner! Olives, breads, several cheeses, and several bottles of wine already on the table. Soon as the bottles emptied, they were replaced. The food was bottomless as well, four courses in total!

We staggered out and headed to Poco Redondo, about 12 km away, and our home for the next three nights. After checking into our chalets 9 of us headed to the main square, about a 5 minute walk, for the start of this year's Fiesta. We enjoyed the band for what seemed to be hours, drank & danced. Another great Craft!

On on KIU – nb: Missing from the picture above are Wiggy & Pirate plus others who arrived later!

You know you're a hasher when...

- your first thought when you look at the weekly weather forecast is, "Which trainers am I going to wear to the hash?"
- you have more hashing attire than regular clothes in your laundry pile.
- you have long scratches on your legs, and you tell people, "It's not that bad."
- you have a closet full of hash attire and goodie bags that you're not sure what to do with.
- you have a line in your budget for "hash & travel".
- you've used an old hash T-shirt to wash your car, dust furniture, or clean something else.
- at least one of your web site usernames or email addresses has the word "hash" or "HHH" in it.
- you've had your running shoes for three months and you finally think they are dirty enough to wear to the hash.
- you own more pairs of running socks than dress socks.
- you have your kit and an extra pair of running shoes in your car, "just in case."
- your only recent photos of you are hashing photos.
- you want to either cry or punch your doctor when he tells you that you can't hash for two weeks.
- you save your last toilet roll to set the trail with, and use the hash trash instead!

MORE FROM BRIGHTON HASHERS ON TOUR...

ANTARCTICA

ME [NIGEL] LAUNCHING MET' BALLOON 11AM 28 09,2012, NOTICE SUN HALO AND THE WHITE SPOTS/STREAKS ARE DIAMOND DUST, ICE CRYSTALS BLOWING IN THE WIND DUE TO ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS, ALL THIS FOR REAL, NOT PHOTO SHOPPED AND AS SEEN BY MY OWN EYES

EGYPT (Point - Isle of Wight)



Elsewhere & a couple of weeks later, Cyst Pit & Bouncer found an excuse for another CRAFT, with a pub crawl in Ventnor as a prelube to the Great North South run on the Isle of Wight. A forced beer opening on the train after a can accidentally got punctured led to several more until we were found in the Falcon pub in Shanklin by organiser P-Rick, by this time joined by Shagger, Dipstick & Well Hung Over. Numbers increased again as we limbered up in the Football Club bar with several CRAFT veterans along for the ride: Skylark (fresh back from Portugal), Naughty Nympho & Bonnie, and 2am, as well as a dozen from Harvel hash. Then it was off to town for beers in the Crab & Lobster, Volunteer and finally karaoke in the Blenheim via the chippie. A great place for a pub crawl! Saturdays 20 mile run followed check free hash markings with 4 pub stops in perfect weather and will be replayed in 2 years time. Highly recommended!

FRANCE



Spreadsheet without a balloon, does the 'Bolt'



While Coops & Whose Shout opt for the 'Brad'

It was a magnificious affair, and the cycling wasn't that bad either...no doubt the details of the tour will emerge over the next thousand years of hashing in the corners of public bars at 11pm every Monday night.....and I can vouch that the drunkenness was **totally** warranted!

Whose Shout!

A man goes into a bar and drinks beer. After every glass of beer he pulls a picture out of his pocket and looks at it. After the 4th beer the waiter asks him why after every glass of beer he pulls the picture out and looks at it. Then the man says: "It's a picture of my wife. When she looks good to me I'm going home." That is an example of the "The Power of Beer"

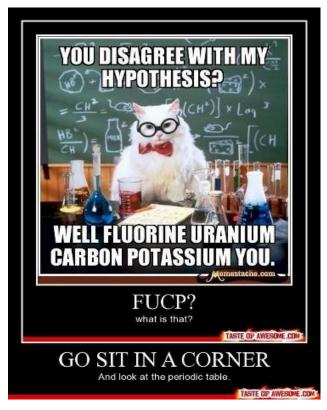
Profs page for intellectuals

After explaining to a student through various lessons and examples that:

$$\lim_{x \to 8} \frac{1}{x-8} = \infty$$

I tried to check if she really understood that, so I gave her a different example. This was the result:

$$\lim_{x \to 5} \frac{1}{x-5} = \omega$$



After having dug to a depth of 10 feet last year, Canadian scientists found traces of copper wire dating back 200 years and came to the conclusion that their ancestors already had a telephone network more than 150 years ago.

Not to be outdone by their neighbours, in the weeks that followed, an American archaeologist dug to a depth of 20 feet, and shortly after, a story published in the New York Times: "American archaeologists, finding traces of 250-year-old copper wire, have concluded that their ancestors already had an advanced high-tech communications network 50 years earlier than the Canadians".

One week later, the British authorities reported the following: "After digging as deep as 30 feet in North Yorkshire, Jack

Arkwright, a self-taught archaeologist, reported that he found absolutely f*** all. Jack has therefore concluded that 250 years ago, Britain had already gone wireless."

Just makes me bloody proud to be British!

Sod's Law - Richard Digance

The great Sir Isaac Newton, once made a valid proclamation, That the force is equal to a nominated mass, when multiplied by acceleration

That was the law of motion, His laws are a real brain teaser, I've thought of one more and it's called Sod's Law which I discovered when you found another geezer.

I learned them all when I was at School and I think I learned one more

We were doing alright 'till you cleared off tonight.... And apparently that's Sods Law..

Now Einstein was a very clever man, with us all his philosophies he shared.

He gave us the theory of relativity, which is E equals M $\mathcal C$ squared, Where E is Energy and M is Mass And $\mathcal C$ is the speed of the light, But it didn't help much when you kicked me into touch by walking out the door last night

Chorus

The Hypotenuse has a square on, which is equal Pythagoras instructed,

to the sum of the squares on the other two sides if a triangle is cleverly constructed.

That was the first geometric law, quite frankly I'm still at a loss, Cos who gives a shit where the three squares sit, since you buggered off I couldn't give a toss!

Chorus

Archimedes said Eureka, cos in English he weren't to aversed in, when he discovered that the volume of a body in the bath, is equal to the stuff it is immersed in.

That is the law of displacement, That's why ships don't sink, It's a shame he weren't around in 1912, The Titanic would have made him think.

Chorus

ononononononononononononononon





TALES FROM THE RANK...



THINK + BIOM direction