

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers) *R-ns/trash #193 June 2013*



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**

398 183 Phil, Pete & Grahame 3rd June 2013 1824 Horns Lodge, South Chailey

Directions: Take A27 towards Lewes. Left at first roundabout on A275, then left at the traffic lights. Pub is about 6 miles on

right. Est. 20 mins.

10th June 2013 1825 Shepherd & Dog, Fulking 248 114 Mike Anybody

Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. Est. 10 mins.

17th June 2013 1826 New Inn, Hadlow Down Bob & Chris

Directions: A27 to Lewes. Left at 2nd r/b through tunnel, then right on A26. Right on B2192 right through to Cross-in-Hand.

Left on B2102, left again on A267 then left again onto A272. Pub on right 1.5 miles. Est. 30 mins. BBQ SPECIAL.

24th June 2013 1827 West Quay, Brighton Marina 337 032 Bouncer

Directions: From pier head east along A259. Turn right opposite golf course and go back on yourself in left hand lane for Marina. Stay in right hand-lane and go through top entrance of Marina car park (height bar). Pub is accessed from level 2 at far-end of car park. Hash will start from top level. Est. 10 mins. SAIL ROUND BRITAIN ARRIVES IN BRIGHTON.

1st July 2013 1828 Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling 333 172 Peter Eastwood

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.

20TH ANNIVERSARY CAMRA ALE TRAIL AND BH7 35TH ANNIVERSARY SUMMER PUB CRAWL - Please select your pubs from the following list until end of September:

Brighton: Basketmakers Arms; Battle of Trafalgar; Craft Brewing Company; Evening Star §; Lord Nelson Inn; Mitre §; Prestonville Arms; Prince Albert S; Pump House S; Victory Inn S; Cuckfield: Ship Inn; Falmer: Swan Inn; Hove: Neptune Inn; Westbourne S; Hurstpierpoint: Poacher S; Isfield: Laughing Fish; Lewes: Brewers Arms §; Constitutional Club; Elephant & Castle §; Gardeners Arms §; John Harvey Tavern; Lewes Arms; Rights of Man; Snowdrop Inn §; Newhaven: Hope Inn S; Portslade: Stanley Arms S; Ringmer: Anchor Inn S; Cock Inn; Rodmell: Abergavenny Arms; Rottingdean: Queen Victoria; Scaynes Hill: Sloop &; Seaford: Wellington Hotel; Shorehamby-Sea: Buckingham Arms; Duke of Wellington S; Red Lion S; Uckfield: Alma S; Wivelsfield Green: Cock Inn S

RECEDING HARELINE:

08/07/13 Black Horse, Findon - Les Plumb 15/07/13 Royal Oak, Barcombe - Pete Beard



Thought for the day: DON'T FORGET YOUR ALE-TRAIL PASSPORTS!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

12-14/07/13 Friends of the Mole 25th Anniversary, Whitstable Rugby Club - T-Bar Twin & Plssticide

http://www.fotmh3.com/

16-18/08/13 Surrey H3 2001st r*n, Plumpton Agricultural College - www.surreyh3.org

NOTE DATE CHANGE DUE TO DOUBLE BOOKING BY VENUE!

May to end September - BH7 35 years Monday night pub crawl.

Solo Round Britain challenge http://www.soloroundbritain.com/:

In June and July 2013 Alan Rankin is undertaking a solo singlehanded circumnavigation of UK and Ireland to raise funds for Parkinson's UK, Cancer Research UK, British Heart Foundation, Multiple Sclerosis Society and Ocean Youth Trust Scotland.

The challenge will utilise entirely renewable resources of: wind, wave, tidal and solar power along with food and drink sourced from sustainable producers in the UK.

10 x 10k

At each port of call Alan will undertake a 10k run. The runs are aimed at raising funds and awareness of Solo Round Britain and charitable objectives.

Planning is underway right now with running clubs and Hash House Harriers being contacted to help plan routes. If you wish to help Alan or join up for the 10k in your local port please contact Alan.

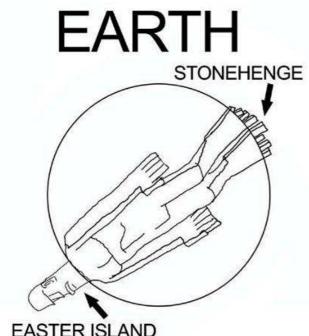
The day of the run cannot be certain due to sailing time being affected by wind and weather. Awareness of the 10k run will be broadcast via social media channels and local media and local radio in each port.

Ullapool; Lerwick; Blyth; Lowestoft; **BRIGHTON**; Poole; Falmouth; Dingle, County Kerry; Broad Haven, County Mayo; Stornoway.

We are setting the 10k run for Alan in Brighton, which it is hoped will tie-in with the usual hash night - Monday 24th June. It may be that the actual run has to take place earlier or later in which case e-mail and facebook messages will be sent to as many as possible. Please keep the dates free and make every effort to attend whichever date it ends up on. Cairngorm brewery are sponsoring and have offered free beer to all participants.

Tales from the rank:

My husband and I were dressed and ready to go out for a lovely evening of dinner and theatre. Having been burgled in the past, we turned on a 'night light' and ...the answering machine, then put the cat in the backyard. When our cab arrived, we



walked out our front door and our rather tubby cat scooted between our legs inside, then ran up the stairs. Because our cat likes to chase our budgie we really didn't want to leave them unchaperoned so my husband ran inside to retrieve her and put her in the back yard again.

Because I didn't want the taxi driver to know our house was going to be empty all evening, I explained to him that my husband would be out momentarily as he was just bidding goodnight to my mother. A few minutes later he got into the cab all hot and bothered, and said (to my growing horror and amusement) as the cab pulled away.

"Sorry it took so long but the stupid bitch was hiding under the bed and I had to poke her arse with a coat hanger to get her to come out! She tried to take off so I grabbed her by the neck and wrapped her in a blanket so she wouldn't scratch me like she did last time. But it worked! I hauled her fat arse down the stairs and threw her into the backyard....she had better not shit in the vegetable garden again."

The silence in the taxi was deafening.....

Inside 3 Today



Just why is Aussie sand soccer so popular? No sandals/ thongs!

REHASHING — check out the website or facebook for the actual r*n routes!

#1820 Dorset Arms, Lewes

"This is Sarah's first time as a hare so she's asked me to tell you that if you like it, she did it. If you don't then I am to assume full responsibility!" Thus spake Lily the Pink from his rostrum before the off. Trail headed swiftly up the river where Wildbush was spotted actually r*nning with Ging Gang Goolie, despite the formers insistence it was a figment of some sort. There was a small return to street as pack headed through the north end of Lewes before the steps took them out and up eventually to the old racecourse, gradually becoming more spread out. A long run down past the prison, brought them into the back of the high street, a tease of Pells, then straightforward return past the castle. LtP didn't seem too happy, apparently because someone had been marking checks through. That's what happens when you don't keep your eye on local geology, which just happens to feature rather a lot of chalk! St. Bernard eventually held his hands up to that one, although Gomi had also been spotted by the walkers. Tim had played a blinder with the down downs agreeing a good quantitty which was useful although a disappointing performance from Sarah who sipped the head then nominated Tim to drink the rest. Before he could do that he had to polish off his co-hare down down, but deserved the pint after blaming Bentley (aka You Stupid Bastard aka tba) for



bottling the New Forest half marathon. Next up was a virgin beer for Ben, guest beer for Byte my Yahoo (because I'm a nerd), plus Testiculator also visiting who demonstrated how to drink the countdown. Rich was awarded for his green stage appearance earlier in the day at the Hastings Jack of the Green parade/ excuse for a plss-up which he went to as designated driver (doh!), but redeemed himself with the story of Scott and Adrian recce'ing for the relay. Keeping a paternal eye on them, and knowing how often these boys go astray, Rich had driven to various points to see them safe through but they got lost the moment he took his eye off. If it's not one it's the other but usually both so this week Scott took the beer. The World's newest monarch was then recognised to be using the stage name Willem, but really our resident Dutchman, Dave Hash Gomi Bos, who bottled out as he was driving, but before he could even nominate, King Kit was on his way to claim the beer. A final down down went to Nicky for her first appearance since the Brighton Marathon some weeks earlier, apparently also a belated virgin beer! Another great hash...

#1821 Red Lion, Ashington

"Let me explain". Certainly not, Wiggy! Down down down etc, yelled the braying mob at the end of yet another "interesting" Wiggy hash. To be honest, as those who were there will know, I wasn't; but I do feel qualified to offer a bystanders review having been press-ganged in to help with the marking on Sunday before the rain (I did momentarily toy with the idea of reviewing the run presciently on Sunday afternoon!). Fortunately for many, there was a certain soccer game between the Albion and rivals Palarse (which also ended badly), so they missed it. There I've said it. Yes, the signs were there from the moment Wiggy produced a handful of individual toilet paper squares and a pot of school chalk for Belcher and I to assist with. The toilet paper squares were never going to knot so ingenuity took over, a new folding method invented and the pierced squares were impaled to mark trail, only fooled by the extremely small quantity. That didn't stop Wiggy using his supply up along the road where chalk would have worked well, leaving him empty handed in the long grass. As he kept reminding us though, there were bluebells, there were llamas (downgraded to alpacas), there were orchids and garlic etc. Okay it took some time, and we were thrown off track by one footpath being closed for repair, forcing us into a lot of road towards the end (John & I - Wiggy deciding that $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles wasn't enough and sticking in another, lovely, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile loop) via Thakeham and Warminghurst.

Enough about the setting of, and onto the hash itself! Charlie & KIU took a large section of the pack wrong at the first check,



HARE AND HOUNDS - AND DONKEY

"Seen two men with bags of paper pass this way?" "No."

"Did they tell you to say no?" "Yes."

Brett decided that it was a sign so went off to do his own thing. Meanwhile in another cracking example of that ole Wigdor sense of humour, the hare had opted to take the walkers for a stroll and left Anne & Angel to manage the pack. This they managed between them magnificently through the spectacular bluebells and past alpacas, until the rain soggified the maps, and learning from earlier experience Charlie returned from checking convinced it wasn't left. Off up the lane all went until a signpost announced Coolham 1 mile, everywhere else 3. So a quick u-turn and a unanimous decision to call it a night had most of the pack home by not long after 9.30, not bad for over 8 miles. Pub grub was available until 10 though, but down downs were budget restrained as the pub didn't realise how lucky they were to have us there, going to hare, virgin and a.n.other, already lost in time.

Thanks for the feedback! On

On on Bouncer

REHASHING (continued)

#1822 Pilot, Eastbourne

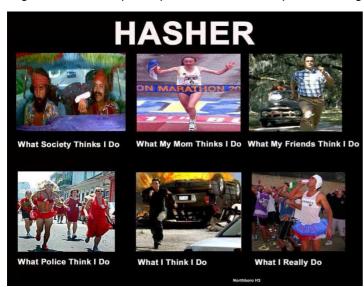
As ever this far east there was a healthy quest list from Hashtings H3 to boost numbers as well as local boys Mickey & Dave crawling out of the woodwork. The run started by taking us down the side of the school to a dead-end for nonlemmings, although Charlie gained height to make sure. Flirting with the nasty hill at the start of the Beachy Head marathon, we took the gentler climb up eventually round to the viewpoint, where Bushsquatter proclaimed the resemblance of the lighthouse to a penis. And she's a doctor. From here we went past the pub to frolic around in the fields, where Bushsquatter (again) made a cats cradle of the fence while trying to cross, despite the gate 10 feet to her left. The pack had a shake-up over the next couple of checks which had me out on my own. Feeling guilty I deliberately checked the wrong way only to find out I was on up the hill to the barn. Having seen the pack turn towards me I was surprised there were none behind so after a couple of minutes carried on, finding good marks all the way, over the

Message from my wife. Got home late last night after a full day of hashing and drinking with the boys, and the wife left a message in the kitchen.



I guess she wants me to eat more fruit.

A259 and across to the golf club. Following the SDW homewards I went wrong at the next check getting halfway down the hill before realising I was in the wrong place, so back up and round. Lost the marks again and had to come all the way down the wiggly road to find hares had called a mass SCB, doh! I arrived just in time to see Kit lock his keys in the car so recommended he get his wife to blip the spare down the mobile phone, although Prof was not convinced that would work, and it didn't, so she



had to drive out only to find the battery was dead! Down downs to the hares Black Stockings and Red Slapper; Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger (as a co-hare); and Kit amongst others. Another great hash. **Bouncer**

#1823 Red Lion, Lindfield

What a great inaugural hash set by Dave & Errol. We had it all last night. Sunny spring evening, along paths that were certainly new to me; bluebells & garlic sections; a buttercup field; through a paddock with horses; well marked; a beer stop with jelly babies! & a friendly and hospitable landlord at The Red Lion. Another great hash. **Pondweed**Yes, best hash I've been on for some time - particularly liked the wild garlic. Even forgot about Palace getting to the PLI Cardinal

Damn my checking was good last night- I clocked 8.4 miles!

Peter Pansy

CRAFT #58 Cuckfield

Ging Gang Goolie called a short notice CRAFT as Testiculator was away and her diary was free for once, so a return to Cuckfield seemed in order for KIU to hare. Bouncer was the lonely figure drinking at the Burrell Arms where the cacophony of car horns at the station drowned out the acapella group greeting commuters off the trains. A bit of texting revealed that the rest of the pack - KIU, Wildbush and G3 were already on their way to #1 the Wheatsheaf. The pub was busy but rapidly emptied as the Seagulls 1st leg promotion kick-off against Palarse approached. Wandering round to #2 the Talbot we braved the elements sitting in the garden which really should have been warmer in May. #3 the White Harte was where all the action was with the match on the box and the bar heaving, which meant we failed to get over the threshold. Not a major problem as we'd planned grub here anyway so went to the restaurant side to enjoy the excellent Thai food accompanied by the cacophony (word of the day) of fans on the rare occasions anything actually happened! Next up was #4 the Rose & Crown, now called 'Taste at...' for some reason, so Brent did, ordering an impressive looking chocolate pud and getting us musing on the concept of a CRAFT progressive supper round Haywards Heath eateries where the pubs are often found wanting. Saving the best to last we were soon in #5 the Ship and received a surprisingly warm welcome from Bill & Vicky. No surprise with Vicky of course, but Bill buttered us up to bring the hash here, with a large jug of beer, which meant Bouncer missed the first train option back, and had to sprint for the last making it by the skin of his teeth, and thereby missing more house beer, which the rest of the gang carried on enjoying for quite some time after! Another great CRAFT hash!

"HOW TO MAKE A BABY"

Canadian photographer Patrice Laroche surely will have no trouble explaining to his kids about the birds and the bees. During his wife Sandra Denis' pregnancy, the artist created a hilarious explanatory photo series titled "How to Make a Baby".





The creative couple planned and carried out their project throughout the whole period of 9 months, taking pictures in the exact same settings as Sandra's belly expanded.











The pregnancy saga of Sandra and Patrice basically denounces all the traditional cabbage and the stork stories.

CLASSIC SOUTH DOWNS RELAY

After all his stress last year, Spreadsheet avoided everything by arranging to be away for this years relay, which meant it fell to us lesser organised mortals to try and get something moving. My own attempts to get word out were b*ggered royally by that b*gger of a computer of mine getting b*ggered, hence lack of a May trash and a break from all the usual junk you good people have to tolerate. With just over a week to go talk was fairly seriously heading towards a cancellation, such was the lack of commitment, but somehow both Phil and myself managed to pull teams out of the bag, and I'm particularly grateful for two last minute e-mails for saving our team!

Arriving at Buriton pond, Prof was very quick with the usual question "What bloody time do you call this?", a fair question given the early start, and normally directed at Wiggy who has a penchant for turning up late but today it was surprise that we were early! After much juggling we decided to send our secret weapon Mark off with Nigel on stage 1, completed in good hash spirit together, mainly because Mark wasn't sure of the way. Four runners took off from Harting Hill, with Chris, and Bob joining Pete and Anne. Luckily the cars made it before the runners this time and despite being waved through, Pete wasn't fooled and didn't repeat his mistake of last year! The next stage saw Phil using his bike but still failing to beat our runner Pirate. Convinced that Alistair Thomas was Phils secret weapon I gainfully hung on as well as I could up the next hill, but got concerned when 10 minutes after I'd passed over to Mark he still hadn't reached the finish. A nasty Achilles twist halfway along took him out for the rest of the day. Mark absolutely gunned the next stage recording the fastest pace of the day at well under 7min/miles and beating the cars as well as Prof. Nick Mugabe took over for us on the nasty climb up to Springhead Hill edging Phils team, and Anne did well on the next stage down to Washington, from where Phil slipped away with his bike before I realised he'd gone. There followed a very lonely run over to Steyning bowl where Angel was waiting, but again no other cars and no sign of Phil. The rest arrived 5 minutes later and runners set off but still no Phil. Bob's injury played up and he returned 5 minutes after that but still no Phil. We gave up and set off for the cement works just as Phil appeared over the hill having suffered a sheared bolt on his saddle. Not his day but at last they broke our monopoly to record a stage win with an Angel sandwich between Grahame and Chris T. Winding Forrest Halls up he left us instructions to make sure there was a beer at the stage finish. Problem was that he veered off the South Downs Way heading directly for the pub, convincing Prof that Mudlark had broken him. As he evaporated my pint Nigel confessed and we found Mark following his nose to the ale. After another great run by Mugabe, it was time for our afternoon team to turn up with Aunty Jo and Brett enjoying the next 2 stages in company for two draws. Cyst Pit wasn't taking any prisoners though with a convincing charge, even though we had a back-up plan having sent Wiggy off 20 minutes earlier. As a non-runner at the moment he should really have picked a shorter leg, but he turned up eventually! Out of Rodmell Pirate had to phone from the run to confirm the route, which is a shame for Grahame who'd been sent off early by Phil and got lost arriving 20 minutes after Chris! Not learning from this Phil again sent his runner off early, whilst I was still in the pub (small p not a pint) so I had a challenge on to catch him up. Despite that I was surprised I didn't see Prof at all until the top of the hill when he was a distant speck on the horizon, and eventually the truth came out that he'd taken the diagonal up as well as a short cut in Alfriston, whereas some of us stuck to the SDW. According to our timekeeper I still ran the route guicker though, so I'm having that as a stage win! Bob & Chris brilliantly remembered the fizz at the end although Cyst Pit had already finished when we got there, but at least we got to see Pete finish to wrap up the running, hear Phil declare his team overall winners for the umpteenth time, and off to the pub!

The John Harvey Tavern as usual was the scene of après fun and an impromptu circle where down downs went to the hare Phil who got a renaming to Saddleshaft as a permanent reminder; Grahame for his magnificent lost trail; Wiggy for being a team on his own, managing just one leg but still spending more time out on trail than any other runner in total; Pirate for excessive vanity when he finished leg 15 with black hair dye pouring down his face and neck; Mugabe for saving the day; and Bob & Chris who didn't get to have lunch together! I then had to clear off to a mates party while everyone else enjoyed their curry at

Chaulas. Another great original hash relay, and a reminder that next years event will be the 'Round Sussex anniversary relay'.

ononononononononononon

I have some wonderful news for you - I have put your name down for the latest craze sweeping the nation. There are just 6 people in front of you - please be at the Hove Lawns just east of Courteney Gate at 1pm tomorrow. A crash helmet will be provided. I have booked you in as "The Flash"







The latest ramblings from SPOOJ:

- Now she's had her tits removed it's going to be interesting finding out what colour eyes Angelina Jolies got.
- I've written a book on trampolines. The handwriting was all over the place.
- My wife doesn't mind me making jokes as long as they're not at her expanse.
- "Ein, zwei, drei, funf", he said, fearlessly.
- There's a new chain of coffee shops for the under tens. It's called Tarbucks.
- Isn't it ironic that probably the only major 70/80's TV star not being branded a sex menace is Benny Hill?
- I've been trying to think of a good Jimmy Tarbuck joke, but he didn't have any.
- My father summed up his life as 'selfish'. He was a fishmonger.
- I have racist views. My house overlooks John Terry's.
- Of all the advantages of living in Switzerland, the flag is a big plus.
- My doctor just gave me some soul destroying news. I've got athletes foot.
- My doctors got a great medical plan. If you can't afford the op he touches up the x-ray!
- I was making a fruit salad and the recipe said Pineapples, 5 cubed, but 125 sounds a bit excessive!
- I was at the village fete cake stall which had an honesty box. I wrote "Bit dry, could use more fruit."
- Never mess about with layered desserts of custard, sponge, jelly and cream. It's just not something to be trifled with.
- When I farted in the Apple store, I got really dirty looks from the staff. Not my fault they don't have Windows.
- I wish people would stop making jokes about Audley Harrison. After all, he never hurt anyone.
- I'm glad they didn't make a "Share a Coke with Whitney" bottle, I think she had enough.
- I've just won a single glove in a competition I found on the back of a jar of Colmans. Not a great prize, mustard mitt ...
- My friend told me his girlfriend talks a lot in her sleep.. "I know" was probably not the right response.
- What do you call someone having a fit in a vegetable patch..... Seizure salad
- Man walks into a bar. Bartender says "You've got a steering wheel down your pants" "Yes I know" said the man "It's driving me nuts"
- So yesterday, I came across a Viking. I told him, "Hey, nice ship! Is it a Chevy?" To which he replied, "No, it's a Fjord!"
- Dad always thought laughter was the best medicine, which I guess is why several of us died of tuberculosis...
- So David Beckham's career is over, but on the bright side, at least now he has something in common with the wife.
- Who was the most powerful cat in China? A. Chairman Miaow
- The Rooney's new baby will apparently be called "Clay". Wayne had wanted "Playdough" but couldn't spell it.
- I've just made a life size jelly of Robert Mugabe; I fear I may have set a dangerous President

 Steve Marriott, Ronnie Lane, Kenney Jones, and Jimmy Winston walk into a pub, and the barman says, "Why? The small faces."

- Just been to the Anagram Cinema.
 Screen Two is made out of sweetcorn.
- What's worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing taxi cabs
- Be careful what you buy on Bid-or-Buy.
 If you buy stuff online, check out the seller carefully. A friend, Barry, has just spent £19.95 on a penis enlarger.
 Bastards sent him a magnifying glass.
 The only instructions said, "Do not use in direct sunlight."
- The prostitute says: Are you done, yet? Your girlfriend says: Are you done, already? Your wife says: The ceiling needs painting.

