



R-ns/trash #206 July 2014

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).

RECEDING HARELINE:

04/08/14 - TBA, Mudlark
11/08/14 - Kings Head, Chailey - Pompette & Airman
18/08/14 - TBA, Peter Pansy
25/08/14 - Plough & Harrow, Litlington - Prof
01/09/14 - TBA

08/09/14 - The Moon, Storrington - Auntie Jo
15/09/14 - Shepherd & Dog, Fulking - Pondweed
22/09/14 - Mile Oak Tavern - Bouncer
29/09/14 - Cuckmere Inn, Seaford - Black Stockings

oo

CRAFT H3 #71 - SATURDAY 05/07/14 1pm
Maynards campsite, Crossbush, Arundel - 4th
CRAFT camp out hash. R*n to country pubs in
the afternoon, then town crawl from 7pm.
Ish.

oo

**HENFIELD HASH #132 - 11.30am Sunday
06th July. Maynards campsite, Crossbush,
Arundel. CRAFT weekend Hangover hash -
bring money for pub sip stop!**

on

Thought of the day: You should never book a holiday when hungry. Despite that we hope to enjoy Brussels. *Which leads nicely into ...*



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

05-06/07/14 CRAFT CAMPOUT #4 - Maynards Camping Park, Crossbush, Arundel Call 01903 882075 to book.

12/07/14 Charlie 'St. Bernard' Cain is having a party at his place. Speak to Charlie for more details.

28/09/14 Paris La Grande Classique 10 miles from the Eiffel tower to Versailles - for more info contact John Jaws or visit: <http://www.parisversailles.com/lgc.php?lang=en>

29/10/14 Eastbourne Walking Festival hash, Cuckmere Inn (was: Golden Galleon) - Black Stockings and Red Slapper.

17-19/07/15 **EuroHash 2015 Krakow, Poland** - Several BH7 already signed up! <http://www.eurohash.org/>

28 - 31/08/15 **18th UK Nash Hash, Oxford H3** - Several BH7 already signed up! Visit: <http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/>

oo

Sunday September 7th 2014 - Ride-it Baby is once again involved with the Brighton Breezy bike ride, so this event comes with highly enthusiastic recommendation for a fantastic day out:

BRIGHTON BREEZY

CYCLING RANDONNEE

70 km or 100 km signed cycle routes through stunning Sussex countryside!

Starting Brighton University (near AMEX Stadium)

£7.50 entry fee includes free tea, coffee and cake

Details on-line - www.brightonandhovectc.co.uk

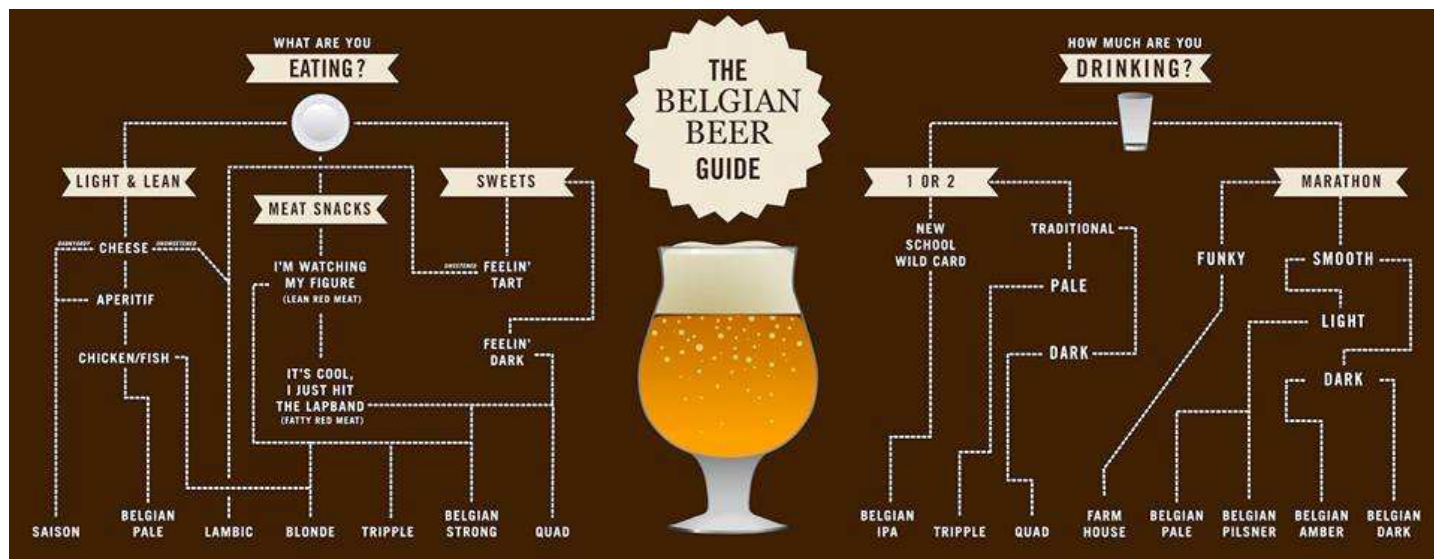
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Hash accounts: I have available the hash accounts which I will forward on request. Julia actually sent these over for distribution some months ago but thanks to the quirks of my computer they were saved in a strange place which I have only just located (having deleted the e-mail and failed to get a response to a request for a further copy from hash cash). so apologies for that!

Bouncer

[illegible]

As registrations have been closed for a very long while now, not too much has been said in the trash about the 2nd alternative to Interhash this year in Brussels (who lost a bid to host IH but decided to have a party anyway), but as 7 of us are on our way out there at the end of the month, here's a little teaser:



Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today - FREE THE NIPPLE!

JUNE 2014 - The 'Free the Nipple' campaign is an equality movement that uses social media and film to fight against censorship laws in the US, where it is illegal in 37 states for women to appear topless. It has gained the support of celebrities including Rumer and Scout Willis and Rihanna, as well as underground magazines such as *the Boggy Shoe!* On on, or should we say Off Off!



Someone even came up with the idea of the TATA top ("the breast bikini top ever"), a printed swimsuit top which gives the illusion of being topless - shocking but still being legal. Marvellous, but let's hope nobody does the same for men's speedos!

[illegible]

THE HARRIETTES LAMENT

When I was 14, I hoped that one day I would have a boyfriend. When I was 16 I got a boyfriend, but there was no passion. So I decided I needed a passionate man with a zest for life. In college I dated a passionate man, but he was too emotional. Everything was an emergency; he was an iron pumper, moaned all the time and threatened suicide. So I decided I needed a man with stability. When I was 25 I found a very stable man but he was an accountant. He was boring, totally predictable and never got excited about anything. Life became so dull that I decided that I needed a man with some excitement. When I was 30 I found an exciting man, a hasher, but I couldn't keep up with him. He rushed from one thing to another, never settling on anything. He did mad impetuous things and made me miserable as often as happy. He was great fun initially and very energetic, but directionless. So I decided to find a man with some real ambition. When I turned 40, I found a smart ambitious man with his feet planted firmly on the ground and married him. He was so ambitious that he divorced me and married the boss's younger daughter and took everything I owned. I am now 50 and am looking for a man with a big dick.

[illegible]

BEACHY HEAD JUMPERS H3 INAUGURAL HASH 22nd June, Helen Garden, Eastbourne. Space limited here but full report and photos available on facebook but suffice to say the BHJH3 are off to a cracking start with plans to meet around the solstices and equinoxes. Just 7 attendees due to a misunderstanding with Hastings H3 taking a crowd including KIU & Wildbush out to Jersey. Similar confusion with Red Slapper who was wearing a kangaroo top. Jumpers everyone, please! On on!

REFASHING — check out the website for actual r*n routes!

1875 Ship, Eastbourne Only scant info about this run available as no report has hit the editorial desk. Mostly well received, smallish pack due to bank holiday and distance, great sip, lots of hills, and Lily the Pink awarded hares, Black Stockings and Red Slapper. Bit of a colour thing going on there! Another great hash, allegedly! **Bouncer**

1876 Gardeners Arms, Sompting - As we waited for Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger to finish their run over from Brighton at the start, Pondweed announced that this was about 7 miles so it was fortunate that there wasn't too much water around for him to be re-baptised! A long road start led to a check where much of the pack, based on hares previous, decided to go for the



"I tried hashing, but all that bouncing up and down made my beer too foamy!"

housing estate instead of the downs. Mudlark was miffed at being called back from the correct trail just to run round Sainsbury's car park, but soon enough we were in amongst the travellers to explain what we were up to (no sign of any of them joining us since though!). Once on the downs it was downs all the way for a back and forth trail eventually taking us up to Cissbury Ring, which Bosom Boy insisted on tackling the long way round. A scant few made it to the trig including SCB's Airman and Pompette, before the long on in back down the hill by the golf course. After PP nicked Bouncers hash rain hat early on, the thing did the rounds of the heads although some only carried it during their 'turn'. Despite the Scotts marathon effort a couple of weeks ago this was longer with many recording over 8 miles and BB the tit managing over 10! In the car park as most were rubbing unfamiliar muscles, Dirty Bitch was doing some strange exercise against the lamppost claiming bicep strain after whipping cream all day! Meanwhile concern had shifted to Angel, Comes Again and visitor Mr. Nuisance who were still out on trail, and eventually Bouncer had to run a mercy mission to save the girls from our guest with the Cardinal-like reputation! Down downs went to hare Pondweed (to his all to frequent whine of "I'm driving") and able assistant (how does she keep failing for this?) Ride-It Baby; visitor Mr. Nuisance and Hash Gomi for a great story already lost in the ether; and to the sound of Grand Old Duke, the three trig point attainers. Numpty of the week went to Prof, something to do with a bum bag! Another great hash!

1877 Royal Oak, Newick - Billed as a curry hash there was a certain amount of trepidation over whether we were going to made to eat at the Newick curry house, but the pub had a good selection at a bargain price. Little time was wasted as we set off to find the lovely fields, although it was a bit worrying that the hare had spent an hour trying to find a footpath the day before to no avail, which meant that a chunk of trail had not been marked! Which explains why people were seen poring over maps eventually sending Keeps It Up ahead with the chalk! Despite that, the run in still included a stretch on the A272 before the return round the back. RA was somewhat off-form, presumably in shock at Psychlepath having set a very nice trail of a sensible distance, with very little of his trademark tarmac! Down downs went to the multiple hares Rik, KIU, and the map reader (that wasn't Bosom Boy again was it?). Somehow Just Michael escaped detection by slipping away before the circle for living yards away but not offering a sip, and Ride-It-Baby got the numpty mug back for her incessant need to use a loo at every single stage of the South Downs Way on Saturday! Another great hash...

1878 White Horse, Maplehurst - The gauntlet was down for serial marathon hasher Cardinal with serious competition from Peter Pansy and Pondweed for longest hash of the year, but almost unbelievably he swerved the question completely by setting a very well marked trail of just about the right distance! No idea where we went as I've mislaid the map and didn't recognise a lot of the trail although we did criss cross the Downs Link. Running up a dried up stream it turned out I was on trail, but Kit was just ahead so we left him there to lead us on through the fields while PP tried to quell his competitive instincts. Unfortunately no-one told Keeps It Up who came storming through from behind to take him on which became the cue for the rest of the pack. Back in the pub hare cleared off early and missed his reward so, as next nearest dog owner, Jaws took the beer, and since one dog drinks all dogs drink, St. Bernard joined him! Kit then earned himself a name after leading the pack for allegedly the first time ever, and after pack rejected Airfix, Hashelhof and various others he ended up as Knight Rider after the TV programme featuring a car called KITT (Google it!). KIU and PP got beers for not playing properly, the latter for his meerkat look when he realised he'd momentarily overtaken Kit; Hash Gomi for losing all powers of coherent communication after Netherlands beat Spain 5-0; and Penguin Shagger, because all Scotts drink together (yes RA was desperate!). Finally, Ride-It Baby awarded Mudlark the numpty mug for stealing Max then getting dragged straight into the nettles. Another great hash!

1879 Red Lion, Ashington, Wiggy - When I first arrived in Brighton Hash back in 1992 I'd been warned that they were a racing hash. My first hash was a wonderful mud-fest giving nothing of that reputation away and in time I came to realise that the racers were mostly a separate group of people to the Monday night crowd. Over the years stories have come out of the woodwork, one of my favourite being of how, after a series of progressively longer and longer r*ns, hares apparently trying to outdo each other, Local Knowledge decided to set a half-marathon route which had bodies still returning long into the small hours after the pub had shut. Hares obviously realised the error of their ways and sensible r*ns were once more the order of the day. I mention all this tedium by way of a gentle warning to the likes of PP, PS and Pondweed, as after Cardinals sensible r*n last week even Wiggy set a sensible r*n (although we later discovered he'd had Belcher in tow!). Mind you I like to think I may have played a small part in this trail as pack basically followed a route I'd r*n with Wiggy a few weeks earlier. Having learnt my

lesson last year, and having a genuine injury I managed to bail out and join the walkers but feedback was very good. On the walk we were joined by PP & PS who were suffering after failing by a wide margin to crack their 4.30 target for Britain's toughest marathon the Saturday before. That said Pondweed had managed to do the r*n so when we came to a plinth on trail, I was forced to borrow Dons specs to be Ivans body-double (well I am roughly twice his size these days!). For the longest day of the hash year we were blessed with a beautiful balmy evening so were all able to sit outside the pub and watch the pack return. So down downs went to hare Wiggly, but he was unable to explain what went wrong. Denise from EGH3 got one as a visitor (sshh, don't tell them!); Peter Pansy for Picnic marathon walking, Dirty Bitch for the Sompting cream-whipping story which had been closely followed by a facebook update putting her 'in a relationship', and since on that occasion the whole car had gone early Penguin Shagger for the run to the hash as well as the Picnic marathon. Pondweed took the lemonade for being hard; Lily the Pink for persistently avoiding RA duties and finally the Numpty was awarded by Mudlark to Hamstring but she made a bit of a mess of it! Another great hash!

Bouncer

1880 Blackboys - Poor old Anybody had hoped to have a bit of assistance on this but regular back-up Ride It Baby had been otherwise detained, so he spent 3 hours in the afternoon and had to wander along later all while nursing injury! Armed with several cartons of leftover beer from the City H3 weekend in Worthing, also injured Bouncer headed off to prepare a sip stop on a road that had been shut off since trail had been sent. The plan was to hide beer then backtrack on the walkers trail to meet them, however, the walkers (excluding the likes of Don and Chopper who short-cut the short-cut) took KIU's advice to stick on the Wealdway and only cut out a small amount of trail. Shame as Bouncer had since marked the walkers route beautifully after realising they weren't going to get to sip in time. The main trail used bits of the Vanguard Way, Wealdway and went through Framfield pre-sip, as well as some stunning gardens and scenery in Newplace Farm and woods. Somewhere along the way Gotlost pulled his hamstring and had to bale out. With free beer available the circle up was held at the sip with beers for the hare; 2 Danish visitors and Trikerider for calling them Dutch (getting as confused as the Australians when they had to play the Netherlands, as they thought they were playing Holland but the team was full of Dutch - perhaps Hash Gomi can clarify this?); Spreadsheet for avoiding mud due to new shoes and Lily the Pink for brewing the beer (which apparently consisted of him chucking some hops in a bucket and going down the pub). As the walkers appeared on the distant horizon, and having run out of beer, we carried on to the pub, where it was hoped the numpty mug would be awarded, probably to Psychlepath for his disparaging remarks about the beer (which to be honest was at the end of its life), but it hadn't arrived. Another great hash...

Thanks to Don for the following article which should certainly give food for thought to our marathon obsessed foursome (and Wiggly), maybe encourage them to shorten the length of their Monday runs:

If you run, cycle or carry out any other regular cardio vascular style endurance exercise, then you need to read this now...

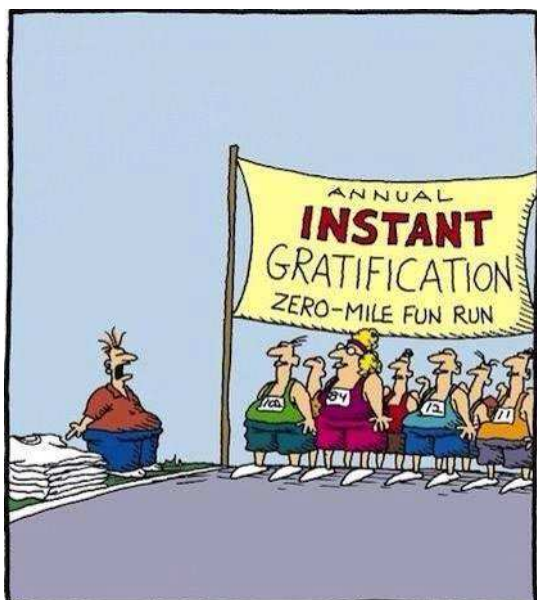
According to a study carried out by the Research Institute For Sport And Exercise Sciences at Liverpool John Moores University, far from actually protecting the heart, prolonged exposure to endurance training can mean an increased risk of heart disease in later life. The researchers studied MRI scans of 12 veteran marathon runners and found that half had evidence of fibrosis of the heart – a condition which is now believed to be precipitated by long term exposure to endurance style training.

The study, which has just been published in the British Journal of Sports Medicine, also uncovered a number of cases of high profile endurance athletes who have been forced to leave their sports because doctors detected the early signs of heart disease. In addition they found evidence of a number of average regular runners and cyclists developing serious unexpected cardiac problems. The researchers believe that placing large loads on the heart for a long period of time can alter its structure and working, leaving it at increased risk from attack.

I don't think there's any need to panic though. This damage appears to be occurring over relatively long periods of time or amongst people doing a high volume of endurance training. But it does make you think... Is your exercise programme doing more harm than good, and is there a better alternative?

Co-incidentally, last year, BBC Horizon ran a programme promising to reveal the truth about exercise. While not highlighting any dangers associated with endurance training, studies featured in the programme suggested that it was time consuming and not particularly effective in improving health, weight loss or fitness. Instead, researchers from Nottingham University were advocating more high intensity exercise sessions, characterised by very short bursts of activity of just a few minutes each week.

If your health, fitness or weight loss programme is primarily made up of long periods on the treadmill, exercise bike or their real world equivalents - now could be a good time to start looking at the alternatives. Not only might you discover something which will boost the positive results you're looking for, but it could also ultimately save your life. **Yeah – hashing!**



"Hashers to your mark. Get set. Go! ... OK, come get your T-shirts. See you in the pub."

WORLD CUP IN PICTURES

I met a fairy today who granted me one wish. "I want to live forever," I said. "Sorry," said the fairy, "but I am not allowed to grant that type of wish." "Fine," I said, "Then I'll die happy when England wins the World Cup." "You crafty b*stard!" she said.



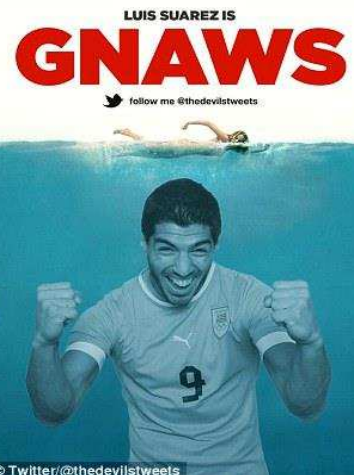
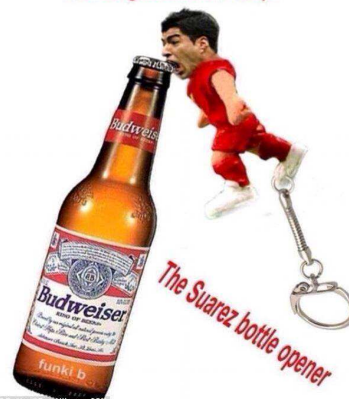
England are to have a new captain next week. His name is Roger Smith and he's the pilot for the flight home.



Wayne Rooney was talking to Woy and said "I can't decide whether I prefer the left, or the right, or the centre."
"Just bloody sit down Wayne, the pilots waiting to take off."



NOW AVAILABLE from all good souvenir shops



Should've gone to Specsavers



REHASHING the CRAFT & other related stuff

#70 CITY H3 25TH ANNIVERSARY IN WORTHING. Some months ago Wildbush announced that City Hash would be celebrating their 25th anniversary with a weekend event in Worthing and that she had 'volunteered' CRAFT H3 to assist! At the time we had no idea it would end up being so close to our own annual camp out (*see next issue*) but that wasn't to be our main challenge. The chosen venue turned out to be the Rugby Club way out in Angmering, a long way from Worthing. Next we were informed that the RFC had booked another party for Saturday so the group were asked to make themselves scarce. In other words the party was to be Friday and CRAFT had to come up with something for Saturday - on top of Friday hangovers, Saturday long trails, lunch and hash games back at the venue, and finally a hog roast. An early visit by GM Mouthwash and Scrumpy resulted in the Saturday trails (to be hared with Keeps It Up) stealing all the country pubs, so after a bit of thought we thought we'd try a treasure hunt in the town centre thinking at first that the train was the way to go. Despite a tight schedule on the Saturday, all went well for the r*ns (day passes going to Wiggy, Psychlepath, KIU, Wildbush, Testi, G3, Angel and Bouncer) which passed close enough to the Woodmans Arms for Testiculator to get distracted, before a trail reunion sip stop at Patching Church, a beer at the Worlds End, and for many, another at the Spotted Cow! Back at site the afternoon passed very pleasantly, imbibing Downlands beer courtesy of St. Bernard, until a storm arrived as we queued for the hog roast. Timings were fairly important for the evening so, with the rain, most opted for cabs into town, although Testi dragged Eric the Viking along to set trail to the station. With Bouncer setting trail from Worthing station to **#1 Richard Cobden**, all else was in the hands and brains of the enthusiastic CH3 crowd! Once teams were formed and quiz sheets handed out it was game on with Angel and Bouncer haring alternate pubs to Testi and Ging Gang. Pubs visited were **#2 Rose and Crown (T/G3)**; **#3 Hare and Hounds (B/A)**; **#4 Spyglass Inn (T/G3)** and **#5 Wheatsheaf**, all offering a good selection of local beers. Despite the band at #3, which restricted access to some answers, no question was unanswered by at least one team, there were some great team names (and some sh!T ones!), and everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, ending with another band at pub 5 and even a late session organised by Bushwhacker at a nightclub, although all the CRAFT regulars had made their way home by this stage. Results were announced in the pre-hangover r*n circle with the wooden spoon going to GM Mouthwash, and two teams being so close on points at the top that it was declared a draw so a big hand to both of them (literally - Sainsbury's unsold blow-up World Cup stock after Englands untimely exit!), and a lot of amusement after Skylark revealed he hadn't been totally on his own, having had McEric to assist, who being Caledonian stock then threw the England themed prize back! Good to have these guys down, a great weekend, and they in turn sent a special thanks to Charlie for arranging the beer, and Rik for DJ'ing at short notice to make sure the Friday night party rocked! *Which extra-curricular hashing leads nicely into...*

BURGESS HILL RUNNERS HASH NIGHT AT THE ROYAL OAK - Bogeyman

In true Hash tradition here is the run report (*written for the benefit of BHR, Ed.*).

16 Burgess Hill Runners bravely attempted the clubs first hash in recent memory. All started well. The demo of the markings in the car park left people looking bemused and a huge mess of flour and chalk. Some runners were still concerned about getting lost, but at 19:40 "On On" was called and we headed off. We confidently followed chalk arrows into the residential warren of downtown Newick until we came to a circle and all stopped. "Check It Out" came the instruction from co-hare Mike Essex (HHH and Brighton Hash), and then further encouragement "go on, have a look, down there".

Someone found an arrow and pointed down at it, then decided to follow it and found another arrow. We had safely negotiated our first check. We were back on trail. No one lost. Beautiful weather and we had picked the longest day of the year. Soon urban Newick was behind us as we headed into the countryside behind Newick Primary School. Mike was with the front runners, Errol Curling (BHR and Brighton Hash) in the middle, and I was back marking. We also had the pleasure of a cameo appearance from John Biggins (one of the founder Burgess Hill Runners from 20 years go and also Brighton Hasher).

Burgess Hill Runners had got the hang of it now. At the "Checks" some runners were confidently running off in the wrong direction, followed confidently by other runners. But fortunately some runners also went the right way and indicated this by shouting "On On". The hares called those that had gone the wrong way "On Back" and all runners accounted for. The Hash was working as it should. The enthusiastic getting to the front, going the wrong way, then rejoining at the back. We were also much more vocal now. Far happier to shout loud "On On" than we had been in Newick when there had been normal people about.

Soon I got way behind, I'd been waiting for a runner who had taken more than just a wrong turning. When I eventually caught the pack they were running around the edge of a field when the footpath went straight through the middle. Odd I thought our marks were clear. I seized my opportunity to catch up and cut through the middle, I was half way across before I saw the charging horses coming my way. I'd taken my camera, but now realised that back marker was never going to get the best pictures. So Jay took over as "Hash Flash" and from his picture posts you can see he did a great job. Thanks Jay. Soon tactics became apparent. Some runners were casually strolling up to checks and "Hanging Around", while others did the hard work "checking out" the real trail. This was nice to see as it's quite normal in all Hash circles. There are some Hash groups where over enthusiastic running can be frowned upon.

Just before half way we got to the "Re-Group Check" and we re-grouped. No one lost. Pictures were taken. Some hard done by runners were still claiming to have got every check wrong. The short cut option was offered here, but everyone opted for the full 6 mile route. This was mainly cross country, more shouting, and a good time being had by all. Lovely views and in addition to the wildlife we had Llamas and a Camel. I was slightly concerned when I saw a farmer cutting the grass in a field that the day before I'd laid a trail across, but all found their way.

The "Checks" had been doing a reasonable job of keeping the pack together. But with walking wounded at the back we were getting a little spread out. However in normal Burgess Hill Runner spirit the front runners came back for us. Throughout the Hash as soon as the correct trail had been worked out, Mike (for the benefit of the following pack) had been indicating the correct trail with big arrows. Towards the end he must have realised that he had an abundance of flour and started making these marks bigger. Eventually these became "Man" size arrows. At around this point of the route there are still 2 spare bags of flour hidden somewhere in a hedge. I could not find them and we didn't need them. I'm just glad Mike didn't find them and create a piece of art in a field behind Newick. Thanks to Mike no one got lost.

Soon we got to the sip stop. A re-group with a beer or lemonade, some cheesy feet (feet being a symbol of Hasher) and Chocolate Brownies. Food made by my wife Daryl. Served by Daryl and daughter Katie. Thanks to you both for a great end to the run. Normally at the end of a Hash anyone who has done something spectacular, be it good or bad, can be named and shamed (all friendly banter). Mike should have been up for his monster arrows. And myself, I had delegated the photography during the run to "Hash Flash" Jay, when I tried to take some photos at the end I realised that my fully charged camera didn't have a memory card. Apart from that I was too far back but if anyone has any stories then please let me know. Trevor must have done something for starters.

We had been out for 1 hour 20 minutes and covered just under 6 miles. No one chose the shortcut. A very gentle run for most. I suspect that some of those "Checking" may have covered 7 or more miles. The beers were downed and then it was on in to the pub for 21:15 as planned. Most of us stayed for food and a drink or two. I thought the pub was great. Good food and drink at a good price. Friendly staff who were happy to serve us as a group at 21:30 It's all I want from a pub.

I hope we covered new ground where people have not been before. We were running south and slightly west of Newick. There are similar routes running North to Fletching, it's a great place to run from. A big thanks to co Hares Mike Essex (HHH and Brighton Hash) and Errol Curling (BHR and Brighton Hash) for recce, setting and leading the run, and my wife Daryl and daughter Katie for Cheesy Feet, Brownies, beer, etc. The help of all was essential and appreciated.

ON ON Dave

Which leads nicely into...

GARMIN ART the sequel - Remember the Garmin Art from the Christmas trash where I laid down the challenge to spell out a naughty word in the form of your hash route? Well, whether by accident or design, someone in Burgess Hill actually went one better and designed the Burgess Hill 10k (part of the mid-Sussex weekend marathon series in May) in the shape of a penis causing something of a storm on social media! [I couldn't find a pic of Bogeyman who completed the series, but here's one of Louis going strong on his way to winning last years race (not sure what shape that one was though!):



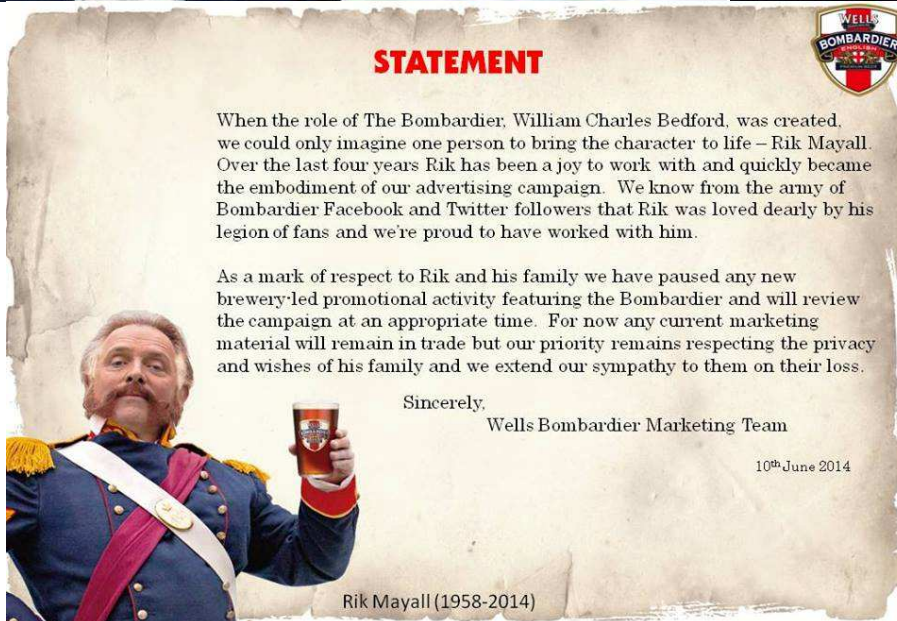
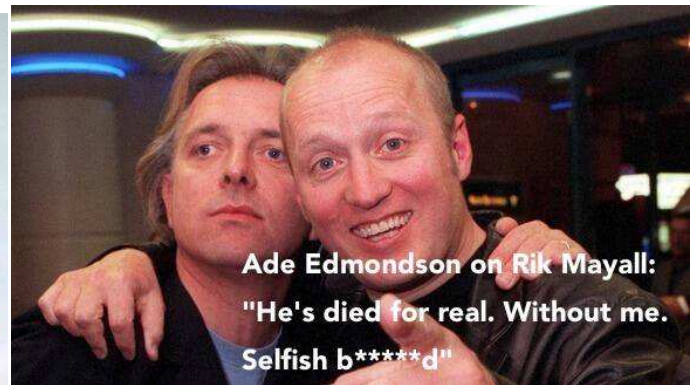
I don't know whether the perpetrator was a member of Burgess Hill Runners or not but from the outset we were prone to mischief (being that I was a co-founder of the club with Peter Ferlie, who now manages Ironbridge Runner in Exeter, and David Carden of the Town Council would it be any other way?), and once received a severe reprimand from the organisers of the Hove Park relays for submitting teams with the titles Captain Pugwash, Master Bates, Seaman Stains, and Roger the Cabin Boy, so wouldn't put it past them! After a particularly boozy social progressive supper round the town, which included a treasure hunt quiz, the tiebreaker was to complete the phrase "I like running with Burgess Hill Runners because..." with the winning caption becoming a club t-shirt. I later received a lot of sympathy running in the Grizzly sporting the winning slogan on the back "...because I'm a sad and lonely wanker with no friends". Our chairman at the time was underwhelmed and requested that we wore the shirts only on internal club nights and not on the race circuit, especially not locally! After a particular operation we even had a special edition made up for Jonathan Cawthra, who now organises the South Downs Relay, "...because I'm a sad and lonely blanker...". *Which leads nicely into...*

SOUTH DOWNS RELAY

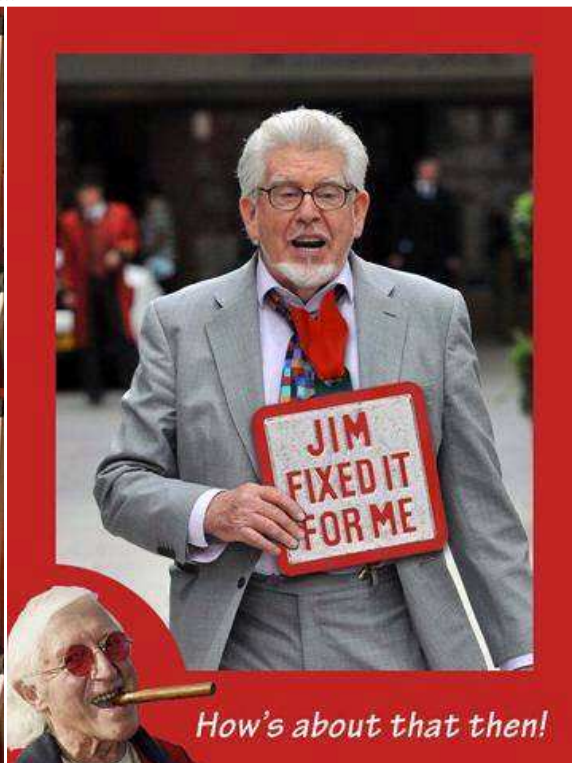


Lots of banter as usual not to mention member fluidity, between the two hash teams, this year in the hands of Richard Sansom (A team) and David Evans (vets), but somehow we made the start vets with a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour edge which Scott anticipated eroding by leg 5, but didn't happen until leg 12, somewhat further on than usual despite no lost bodies, but luckily for the Lewes ladies who were temporarily sans bus! Weather was hot with just one small rain shower early doors which Adrian mopped up. Both teams made the cut-off, vets by the finest of margins after a truly appalling 3rd stage by Bouncer, and Pat went to the loo a lot! Sadly we weren't able to hook up for stories après but vets found a reasonable curry house in Petersfield to celebrate their certain Cooper cup victory! Space allows no more than a vets photo to round up, complete with grateful thanks to our driver Nicola and support crew of Bob & Chris on clipboard and massage respectfully! On on to next year...

In the news etc...



9th June was a sad day as news came out about Rik Mayall's death. A great modern slapstick comedian for which his roles in *Blackadder* must surely have been inspiration for "the Bombardier", seen here sharing a beer with my mate Milton Keynes hasher CD "Cums Dancing", founder of Facebook hash. To mark the occasion the England Football Team will be finishing Bottom tonight. I'm still stunned over the news but not sure that Googling "Young Ones" and "Bottom" is a good idea. What may possibly go wrong? *Which leads nicely into...*



Bloody Australians, sending their criminals over here! It seems Rolf Harris' sentence has been referred to the Attorney General (no, not the one about the two little boys, tying his kangaroo down or playing with his didgeridoo) on the grounds it was too lenient. It certainly was as they didn't take into account his musical career.

THE



END



Ivan Lyons

**Hijos gay,
padres hetero-
sexuales**

¿Qué hacer? Un plan familiar



Oops Pondweeds in trouble!

A BOOK by American therapist Richard Cohen published in Spanish that claims to teach the reader how to 'cure' homosexuality is being sold on Amazon despite stringent discrimination policies. The book 'Hijos Gay, Padres Heterosexuales: ¿Qué Hacer? Un Plan Familiar' is slated as the work of a fanatic with no connection to reality or science by the writing community and carries a damning review by author Jan Fisher, who slams the book as being "...offensive, prejudiced and a direct attack on the gay community." The gay-turned heterosexual Cohen who views homosexuality as an 'illness' that may be 'cured', has fallen foul of equality organisation All Out & its petition to put a stop to the book.

BEST OF THE MONTHS HUMOUR:

A dog lover, whose poodle was a bitch and 'in heat', agreed to care for her neighbours' male poodle while they were away on vacation. She had a large house and believed that she could keep them apart, but as she was drifting off to sleep she heard awful howling and moaning sounds, rushed downstairs and found the dogs locked together, in obvious pain and unable to disengage, as so frequently happens when they mate. Unable to separate them and perplexed as to what to do next, although it was late, she called the vet, who answered in a very grumpy voice. Having explained the problem to him, the vet said, "Hang up the phone and place it down alongside the dogs.. I will then call you back and the noise of the ringing will make the male lose his erection and be able to withdraw." "Do you think that will work?" she asked. "It just worked for me," the vet replied.

There comes a time when a woman just has to trust her husband.

The wife comes home late at night and quietly opens the door to her bedroom. From under the sheets she sees four legs instead of two. She reaches for a cricket bat and starts hitting the sheet as hard as she can. Leaving the covered bodies groaning, she goes to the kitchen to have a drink. As she enters, she sees her husband there, reading a magazine.

"Hi, sweetheart," he says. "Your parents have come to visit us, so I let them stay in our bedroom. Did you say hello?"

Tolerance..... I think you'll agree, everyone needs it, so read on!

Jiggs McDonald, NHL Hall of Fame broadcaster, speaking in Ontario, says..... "I am truly perplexed that so many of my friends are against another mosque being built in Toronto. I think it should be the goal of every Canadian to be tolerant regardless of their religious beliefs. Thus the mosque should be allowed, in an effort to promote tolerance. That is why I also propose that two nightclubs be opened next door to the mosque thereby promoting tolerance from within the mosque. We could call one of the clubs, which would be gay, "The Turban Cowboy," and the other a topless bar called "You Mecca Me Hot." Next door should be a butcher shop that specializes in pork, and adjacent to that an open-pit barbecue pork restaurant, called "Iraq of Ribs." Across the street there could be a lingerie store called "Victoria Keeps Nothing Secret", with sexy mannequins in the window modelling the goods. Next door to the lingerie shop there would be room for an adult sex toy shop, "Koranal Knowledge", its name in flashing neon lights, and on the other side a liquor store called "Morehammered". All of this would encourage Muslims to demonstrate the tolerance they demand of us, so their mosque issue would not be a problem for others". Yes, we should promote tolerance. And if you are not smiling at this point... it is either past your bedtime, or it's midnight at the oasis and time to put your camel to bed!

Twin Sisters Celebrate their 100th Birthday!

Twin sisters in a Newfoundland Nursing Home were turning one hundred years old. The editor of the local newspaper told a photographer to get over there and take pictures of the two 100 year old twins. One of the twins was hard of hearing and the other could hear quite well. Once the photographer arrived he asked the sisters to sit on the sofa. The deaf sister said to her twin, "WHAT DID HE SAY?" "WE GOTTA SIT OVER THERE ON THE SOFA!", said the other.

"Now get a little closer together," said the cameraman. Again, "WHAT DID HE SAY?" "HE SAYS SQUEEZE TOGETHER A LITTLE.." So they wiggled up close to each other. "Just hold on for a bit longer, I've got to focus a little," said the photographer. Yet again, "WHAT DID HE SAY?" "HE SAYS HE'S GONNA FOCUS!"

With a big grin the deaf twin shouted out, "OH LARD JESUS! BOTH OF US????",

Typical Naval Pilot

Last Thursday night he gradually woke up - stiff as a plank in a hospital's ICU. Tubes up his nose and down his throat; wires monitoring every function and all around his head, hell of a pain over his left ear . . . and a Drop Dead Gorgeous Nurse hovering over him. It was obvious he'd been in a serious accident. She looked deep and steady into his eyes, and he heard her slowly say, "You may not feel anything from the waist down . . ." He managed to mumble in reply, "Can I feel your tits, then?"