



R-ns/trash #208 September 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).

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
1st September 2014	1889	Swan, Southover, Lewes	BN7 1HU	Dr. Steven & Bosom Boy
Directions: A27 to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout on A275, then right at traffic lights. Follow round and pub is on right just before junction. Est. 15 minutes.				
8th September 2014	1890	The Moon, Storrington	087 144	Aunty Jo & Brett Gotlost
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on High Street. Est. 25 minutes.				
15th September 2014	1891	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	248 114	Pondweed
Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. Est. 10 minutes.				
22nd September 2014	1892	Windmill, Littleworth	194 205	Bouncer
Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T junction, stay on A272 through Cowfold then either first or second left. Pub on right approx 1.5 miles. Est. 20 minutes.				
29th September 2014	1893	Cuckmere Inn, Exceat Bridge	513 993	Red Slapper & Black Stockings
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26 to Newhaven then left on A259 through Seaford. Pub is on right hand-side ½ mile outside Seaford but before crossing Exceat Bridge. Est. 25 minutes.				
6th October 2014	1894	Five Bells, Chailey	392 171	Anybody
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. Left on A277 to traffic lights, left on A275 about 5 miles on left. 20 mins.				

[illegible]

**HENFIELD HASH #134 - 11.30 22/09/14 Windmill Inn,
Littleworth - Bouncer**

Thought of the day: I'm a beer enthusiast. The more beer I drink the more enthusiastic I become!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

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/>

on

STOP PRESS

It was my sad duty on Monday to pass on the news that Mary Jones, who hashed with us for many years before moving away to Hastings, lost her battle with cancer last Tuesday. Details follow if anyone wishes to attend her commemoration or make a donation in her name:

Mary Jones

22th May 1950 - 9th September 2014



Please join us to commemorate the life of **Mary Jones** at 11 am on Wednesday 24th September 2014 Hastings Crematorium, The Cemetery, The Ridge, Hastings, East Sussex, TN34 2AE. This will be followed by a relaxed gathering at Mary's house 36 Meadow Way, Fairlight, East Sussex, TN35 4BN

If you are planning to join us for the gathering at Mary's house, please let us know at rd.lucyjones@yahoo.co.uk as this will aid approximation of catering numbers.

In place of flowers, please donate to a cancer charity of your choice. Alternatively, we will provide a collection box on the day.

If you would like to share any special memories you have from the time Mary ran with us or otherwise, please let me know and I will include them in the next trash. Rest in peace, Mary. **Bouncer**

Bouncer

[illegible]

Christmas hash – Monday 22nd December 2014

According to Tesco's seasonal aisle it is time to start thinking about Christmas already. Pat Ride-It-Baby has approached the Hassocks Hotel with a view to once again holding our Christmas do there, however, she will be more than happy if anyone else has an alternative suggestion and is prepared to back it up with the leg-work to organise something. So if you do, speak now or your moaning after the fact will only make you look silly!



Gone too far part 1 – this years beach fashions:



Oh my God!

Oh my good God!

[illegible]

The event of next year!

Dear Hashers

Just to remind you that FUK Full Moon H3 are presenting 'Full Moon Nash Hash IX - The Blue Side of the Moon' weekend from Fri July 31st to Sunday August 2nd 2015 at Writtle Agricultural College, Chelmsford, Essex, and we hope you can come along and join us.

The venue is a large College site with everyone staying in superior single (mainly) student accommodation: This does mean we will be bunk bed free. Due to site restrictions there will not be a camping alternative.

There will be free beer and food provided all weekend and the event is priced at £115 until October 31st. Trails will be of a length to suit all abilities, and entertainment will be of Full Moon quality, with the return of the FUKFMH3 cabaret, and the banger race amongst the highlights!

With the event being camping free we do expect an influx of traveling hashers so for the best rooms be sure to get your registration in early.

More details are in the flyer (*see Bouncer*) which we hope you can also pass on to your chums. We do hope you can make it, the weekend would not be the same without you there.

On On
Windsock

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

A large group of Canada geese is gathered on a grassy field. The geese are mostly brown with black heads and necks. They are scattered across the frame, some standing and some looking down. Overlaid on the top half of the image is the text "Bloody Canadians, coming over here eating our bread!" in a white, bold, sans-serif font.

Continued over...

[illegible]

A bit of fun - can you identify and come up with a good caption for these Brighton hashers at work:



1886 Kings Head, Chailey Continued... Eddie was called for ignoring cries of 'Are You!' and there was a brief attempt at a naming which failed as the pack rejected suggestions but couldn't agree on an alternative! Meanwhile the landlord came back for more bringing the chefs out to a cheer, so... they too got a beer! LTP was downed after getting wounded in action and just to see if the landlord could match our star. Young Les & Guy got cheapskates beers for clearing off without paying last week but Guy was not convinced it was lager so refused. Watch this space! With the RA away next week, hares Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger were downed to a new song from Keeps It Up - S.H.I.T.T.Y T.R.A.I.L. The landlord, well into the spirit of things, then brought out the 17 y/o serving girls and had them downing too, although one of them particularly looked a bit queasy after! I think the numpty was awarded to Pirate but no idea why, before Prof downed the last pint just "to see if I could do it!" Another great hash!

[illegible]

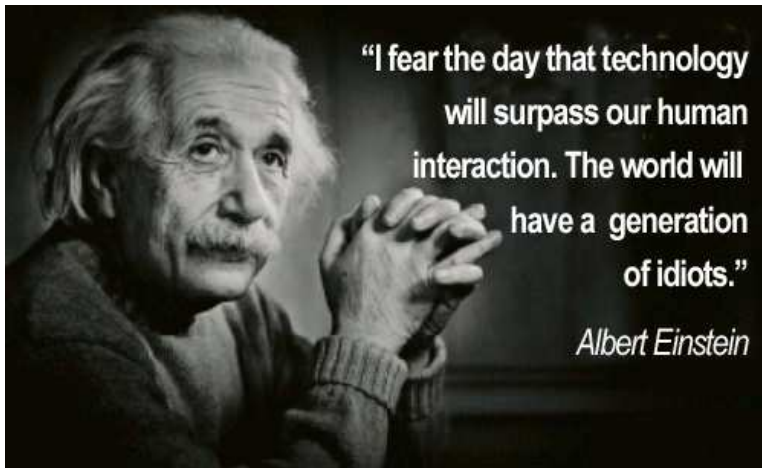
We were dressed and ready to go out for a Dinner & Theatre evening. We turned on a 'night light', turned the answering machine on, covered our pet budgie and put the cat in the backyard.

My wife walked on out to the taxi, while I went back inside to get the cat. The cat ran upstairs, with me in hot pursuit. Waiting in the car, my wife didn't want the driver to know that the house would be empty for the night, so, she explained to the driver that I would be out soon. "He's just going upstairs to say Goodnight to my mother."

The silence in the taxi was deafening!!

Gone too far part 2 – communication:

In a brief tirade against mobile phones recently one of my passengers observed that they are dummies for grown-ups. Yup!



At the beach:



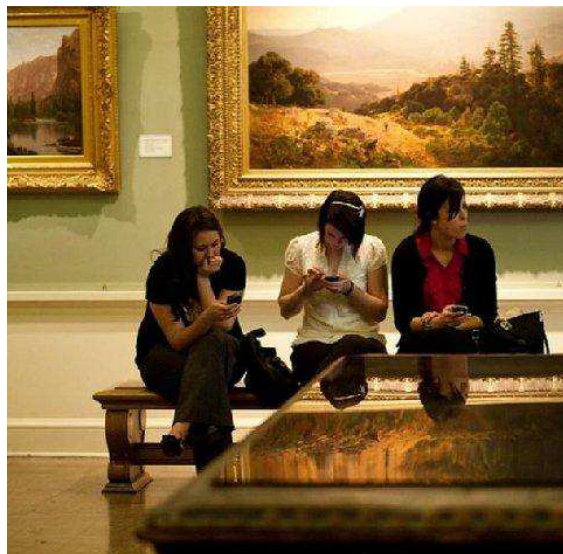
Having coffee:



Cheering your team:



At the museum



In conversation



When sightseeing



I saw the cell phone thing first hand. My wife and I were just seated in a booth, my friend with her back to a man in the booth behind her and me facing my friend and thus the other man's date. The woman was on her phone talking intently to a friend as we sat down.

They were served their food just after we were seated, the woman still on the phone. She continued talking on the phone as she ate. Even just being able to see the back of the man, I could tell by his body language he was becoming very upset with the woman. She continued on the phone for the entire meal, talking loudly and annoying everyone seated within earshot. The phone conversation ended when the server brought the check.

Now the good part the man said to the waitress, "We'll have separate checks, please." The woman's mouth dropped open and she said, "But I didn't bring any money, we're on a date and you're supposed to pay." The man replied "You're right, we were on a date. You have a phone, call your friend to bring you some money, you talked to them all night and ignored me. Ask them for a ride home, too."

At that, the man walked to the cashier, paid for his meal and left the woman sitting there dumbfounded. My wife and I, along with the other patrons annoyed by the woman on the phone all wanted to jump up and cheer this man for doing the right thing.

- I was rescued from the top of a mountain after managing to make a call to the emergency services on my mobile phone. I got quite a bill that month. They charged it on a peak tariff.
- I drove my car into a river and watched it turn into a mobile phone. One minute, a Kia. Next minute, Nokia.

REHASHING... BRUSSELS 2014

Some years ago noted hasher Higgins announced plans to try and break the Asian deadlock on Interhash with a bid from Brussels. Then came Borneo. A contingent for Kenya put forward their bid, and support seemed to be in their favour, not just marginally but by a huge amount. Somehow Borobodur on Java won the bid, but no-one who actually went could understand how they'd done it so they were boo'd off the stage and Kenya went ahead to host the Great Hash Migration anyway, while the UK alternative hosted by BH7 (with a lot of help from other hashers) in Eastbourne voted that the next UK alternative should be



Higgins

in Milton Kenya! All credibility for a true Interhash was out of the window apparently due to Asian financial considerations. Higgins went through the motions in Indonesia but had already announced that Brussels 2014 was going to happen regardless of the outcome (the result went in favour of Hainan island in China!). Encouraged by Keeps It Up and Wildbush, myself and Angel decided to support Higgins by buying the early bird pledge tickets which allowed them to raise finance to support their bid. We didn't really think it was realistic for us to get there but somehow we ended up converting our pledges into full registrations. Then Mr. X announced that Digger and the Duchess from Essex H3 would be unable to join his party and he had a spare hotel room. Then Angels sister offered to house-sit the kids for us, and before we knew it we'd booked flights and it really was happening!

Arriving at Brussels airport we soon started bumping into hashers, including old friend Airhead from EGH3 who lived up to her name by firstly leaving her luggage at the information desk while the rest of us were getting on the bus to town, then announcing that she wasn't sure where her hotel was "but it's in Rue de something." That only left the whole of Brussels to look through! Our plan to hit registration and collect goody bags and wrist bands meant a helluva lot of old friends to catch up with. After a quick visit to the information desk to take my punishment for asking stupid questions on facebook (a couple of shots of geneva since you ask) we somehow managed to shoehorn ourselves onto the red dress run (which we hadn't registered for, as we weren't going to be there!). So a few beers for Dutch courage, a swift drop off at the hotel just as KIU and Wildbush arrived and we found ourselves strolling up to Parc du Cinquantenaire for our first trail in the company of RDR here the legendary Zulu Boy who was on the very first RDR. As we mustered above the fountain with Red Slapper, Black Stockings and Pink Falling Madonna, we had our first introduction to the mantra that would afflict every part of the weekend - **Bring your mugs** (these from the goody bags), **crush your cans** and **DRINK MORE WATER!** Sensible advice as Belgian beer is notoriously strong, but the sun provided plenty of encouragement as well!

For the uninitiated the Red dress run is a charity event at the suggestion of the original Lady in Red, and has become a feature at every major hash meet in one form or other. This event was dedicated to all those who had registered for Brussels but had since gone to the great trail beyond, which included the Lady in Red herself as well as Wolf who Brent & Kayleen knew well. With around 1200 people taking part and the route taking us through the heart of Brussels the police put their foot down and said no running was to take place. We were also required to set off in groups of 100 at 15 minute intervals for a very attractive er... walk to Tour & Taxis, the main venue for the weekend, punctuated by several beer stops. If you haven't been to Brussels the street urinals are something else announcing their presence with a rather choice odour but they came in very useful indeed on our tour! Eventually we were all gathered at Tour & Taxis, and were very well fed with Pizza's and beer, for a very convivial evening!



On Friday after an amazing breakfast at the Thon hotel, Angel and I took a nice easy touristy day, wandering through the city to see the Grand Place, some kind of exhibition, the Manneke Piss (of course!) and the Atomium, finishing again at the T&T for a fantastic evening with a fancy dress theme of hash history. There was what could only be described as a typically Belgian opening ceremony involving some very impressive flag waving which it is just not possible to do justice to on paper. The theme for the evening was hash history so I donned the Mother Hash shirt picked up by Mudlark a few years back and somehow found myself on stage with the Mother Hash bidding for some future gathering. Luckily More On from West London H3 was there to add some semblance of credibility! Another feature typical of many hash weekends is the cabaret acts where chapters put on a bit of a show. My favourite from the first night has to be the Greek statues of downtown Brussels by the Manneke Piss H3 I believe. My hat (see RDR pic) came in very useful as a locator! Lots of drinking and dancing later coaches took us back to the hotels, and the sensible ones hit their pits to prepare for the start of the r*nnng proper.



A man with a beard and short brown hair is smiling at the camera. He is wearing a purple underwire bra, black athletic shorts, and colorful socks (one green with 'NIKE' and 'AIR MAX' text, the other blue). He is standing on a cobblestone street with other people and a bus in the background.

BOUNCER

oo

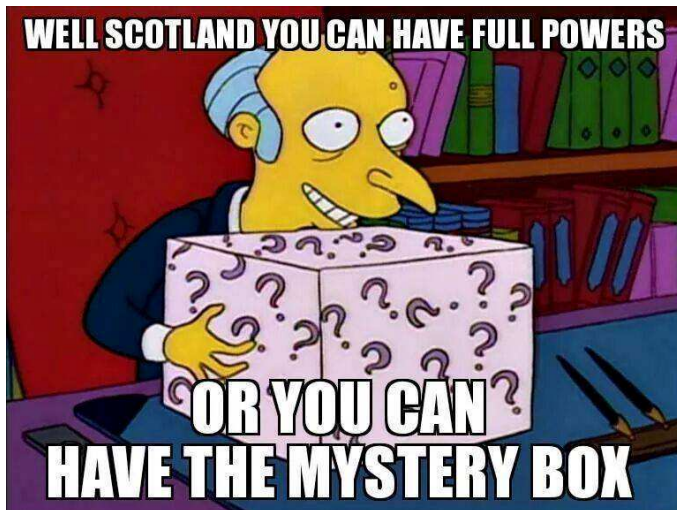


Hashers can never resist a fountain...



... or a pretty barmaid!

In the news etc...



A Little Known Robin Williams Story:

"Years ago I learned a very cool thing about Robin Williams, and I couldn't watch a movie of his afterward without thinking of it. I never actually booked Robin Williams for an event, but I came close enough that his office sent over his rider. For those outside of the entertainment industry, a rider lists out an artist's specific personal and technical needs for hosting them for an event- anything from bottled water and their green room to sound and lighting requirements. You can learn a lot about a person from their rider. This is where rock bands list their requirement for green M&Ms (which is actually a surprisingly smart thing to do).

This is also where a famous environmentalist requires a large gas-guzzling private jet to fly to the event city, but then requires an electric or hybrid car to take said environmentalist to the event venue when in view of the public.

When I got Robin Williams' rider, I was very surprised by what I found. He actually had a requirement that for every single event or film he did, the company hiring him also had to hire a certain number of homeless people and put them to work.

I never watched a Robin Williams movie the same way after that. I'm sure that on his own time and with his own money, he was working with these people in need, but he'd also decided to use his clout as an entertainer to make sure that production companies and event planners also learned the value of giving people a chance to work their way back.

I wonder how many production companies continued the practice into their next non-Robin Williams project, as well as how many people got a chance at a job and the pride of earning an income, even temporarily, from his actions. He was a great multiplier of his impact. Let's hope that impact lives on without him.

Thanks, Robin Williams- not just for laughs, but also for a cool example."



And now: 50 shades of grey if written by a man:

1. At the touch of her lips, it grew long and swollen. I sighed as she squeezed and pulled expertly. It was the best balloon giraffe I'd seen.
2. Staring at her naked body, I asked what she wanted. She told me to go for something between a smack and a stroke. So I went for a smoke.
3. 'How do you feel about using toys in the bedroom?' she asked. 'Fine,' I said, 'But I can't see how we're going to fit a Scalextric in here.'
4. Her body tensed and quivered as she felt wave after wave flow through it. I probably should've told her about the new electric fence.
5. As I lay there on the floor, my naked body covered in treacle and whipped cream, I heard those inevitable words . . . 'Clean up on aisle 3.'
6. 'Are you ready to be tortured in a way only a woman can torture a man?' she asked. I nodded nervously. 'OK' she said and ate half my chips.
7. Frantically I tore off her dress, bra and knickers. My heart was racing but I just managed to close the wardrobe door before she got home.
8. 'Hurt me!' she begged, leaning over the dining table expectantly. 'OK,' I replied, 'Your turkey's too dry and your sprouts are overcooked.'
9. She leant over the kitchen table. 'Smack that bottom,' she squealed, 'Smack it hard!' 'I am,' I said, 'But the ketchup just won't come out.'
10. She wanted to try phone sex so I pretended to be an IT support guy. It turned her on. Then it turned her off. Then it turned her on again.
11. They asked me to smear their naked bodies with the produce from my herb garden but I just couldn't do it. Too many women, not enough thyme.
12. 'I'm your slave,' she said breathlessly, 'Make me feel completely helpless and worthless.' So I locked her in the shed and went to the pub.

**HOW MANY ANIMALS CAN
YOU FIT INTO PANTYHOSE?**

**2 CALVES, A BEAVER, AN ASS, A
SHITLOAD OF HARES, A CAMEL TOE
AND A FISH THAT NOBODY CAN FIND!**

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Stalemate

13. Her body trembled and shook. 'I can't wait any longer, do it now!' she cried. 'OK,' I said and got the winter duvet from the airing cupboard.
14. 'Harder!' she cried, gripping the workbench even tighter, 'Harder!' 'Alright,' I said, 'What's the gross national product of Nicaragua?'
15. 'Hurt me!' she cried, pressing her body up against the shed wall. 'Alright,' I said. 'You're a terrible cook and I fancy your sister.'
16. 'Stick it right up there,' she said, 'I want to remember this!' I did, then I patted it firmly. You can't be too careful with Post-it notes.
17. My tongue flicked in and out, in and out, faster and faster until she was completely helpless. No woman can resist a good lizard impression.
18. 'I'm a bad girl,' she whispered, 'Punish me in a way only a real man can!' 'Alright,' I said and left my wet towels on the bathroom floor.
19. 'I want it now against this wall!' she ordered, 'And keep it up as long as possible.' 'Don't worry,' I said, 'I know how to put up a shelf.'
20. As we sat in the dark restaurant, she stroked my thigh and said 'I want to see your hardness.' 'Alright,' I replied, and punched the waiter.

For those who do not listen to the 'Today' programme on BBC Radio 4, this is English humour at its best.

Right at the end of a programme recently, there was a discussion about the obscene cost of entry into Premiership football matches where the cheapest price of £60 to £100 per game is not uncommon.

An elderly chap being interviewed said he could recall many years ago arriving at the turnstiles when the attendant greeted him with "That will be ten quid, mate".

"What?!" the old chap said "I could get a woman for that!"

Without batting an eyelid, the fellow on the turnstile retorted, "Not for 45 minutes each way with a brass band and a meat pie in the interval, you wouldn't!"

Police have removed a large amount of material from a house belonging to Cliff Richard. Fingers crossed it's just indecent images and not new music.

The man who invented the iPhone battery has died. His funeral will take place

HOW TO HAVE FUN ON A LONG-HAUL FLIGHT:



Gone too far part 3 – tata top style material prints:

[illegible]

A young cowboy sitting in a saloon one Saturday night recognized an elderly man standing at the bar who, in his day, had been the fastest gun in the West. The cowboy took a place next to the old-timer, bought him a drink and told him of his great ambition to be a great shot... 'Could you give me some tips?' he asked.

The old man said, 'Well, for one thing, you're wearing your gun too high - tie the holster a little lower down on your leg.'
'Will that make me a better gunfighter?'

'Sure will' The young man did as he was told, stood up, whipped out his .44 and shot the bow tie off the piano player.

'That's terrific!' said the cowboy. 'Got any more tips?'

'Yep,' said the old man. 'Cut a notch out of your holster where the hammer hits it - that'll give you a smoother draw'

'Will that make me a better gunfighter?' asked the young man.

'You bet it will,' said the old-timer. The young man took out his knife, cut the notch, stood up, drew his gun in a blur, and then shot a cufflink off the piano player. 'Wow!' exclaimed the cowboy 'I'm learnin' somethin' here. Got any more tips?'

The old man pointed to a large can in a corner of the saloon. 'See that axle grease over there? Coat your gun with it.'

The young man smeared some of the grease on the barrel of his gun. 'No,' said the old-timer, 'I mean smear it all over the gun, handle and all.'

'Will that make me a better gunfighter?' asked the young man.

'No,' said the old-timer, 'but when Wyatt Earp gets done playing the piano, he's gonna shove that gun up your ass, and it won't hurt as much.'

[illegible]

I never knew where Belgian chocolate came from...

