



R-ns/trash #212 January 2015

Find us on **facebook** or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
5th January 2015	1907	Fox & Hounds, Haywards Heath	337 218	Psychlepath Rik
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. Pub on left approx 1 mile. Est. 20 mins.				
12th January 2015	1908	Royal Oak, Barcombe	420 158	Whose Shout & Cooperman
Directions: A27 east past Lewes to 2nd roundabout. Through tunnel then right at roundabout on A26. Turn left just past Cock Inn and pub is approx. 2 miles. Est. 25 mins.				
19th January 2015	1909	Chequers, Steyning	176 113	Anybody Seen Mike
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at first roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on left 1 mile. Park in village car park just past pub. Est. 20 mins.				
26th January 2015	1910	Half Moon, Plumpton	364 133	Spreadsheet
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 turn right on B2116. Take turning on left just past the pub for the car park. Est. 20 mins.				
2nd February 2015	1911	Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield	305 255	Keeps It Up & Wildbush
Directions: A23 north to A272. Return under A23 to Ansty. Left at roundabout, then left again through Cuckfield. Over first roundabout pub on opposite right hand corner at next roundabout. Est 20 mins.				

[illegible]

As this is an in-between year there will be no BH7 Burns hash, however, Slash Gordon will be in action at the (mostly) annual Henfield Burns do, which just happens to be on Burns night itself, er... during the day. All welcome!

HENFIELD H3 #138 25/01/15 BURNS HASH - 11.30am Cat and Canary, Upper Station Road, Henfield

Hares are **Tosser** for the run-run, **Money**penny will lead the walkers and His Excellency **Slash Gordon** will pay homage to the Haggis at the apres-run meal.

If you can make the run and would like a Haggis and Neeps meal can you please let Tosser (mossjg@hotmail.com) know as the pub will need numbers. There is also a veggie option for the saueamish.

ON -On and Happy New Year to you all,
Bollocks.

onononononononononononononon

RECEDING HARELINE - (*Ha!*):

09/02/15	Snowdrop, Lewes	Wiggy
16/02/15	Star, Haywards Heath	Bogeyman
23/02/15	Half Moon, Warringlid	One Erection
02/03/15	Woodmans Arms, Hammerpot	Young Les
09/03/15	New Sussex Hotel, Lancing	Bouncer
16/03/15	Romans, Southwick	Ride-it, Baby



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES



SUBS VOTE:

Well despite making a complete fudge, in the hubbub of the awards, of what should have been a fairly simple task in explaining why we were having a vote at the Christmas do, the majority voted in favour of a weekly subs increase to £1. It probably didn't help that most won't have seen the information in Decembers trash as I was slow in uploading it to the website, so if you want more background on the increase please take a look back at the Hash Trashes page.

Although I had offered to send anyone the hash accounts on request (unfortunately I lost the document in my computer and had to ask Julia to re-send), only a couple of people took me up on that, so Phil asked if I could e-mail to everyone on the stream. Hopefully you've now received this and had a chance to take a look.

Thank you to Julia for keeping the records and if you have any specific questions on any element of the accounts, she is best placed to answer them.

My apologies to anyone who felt this was rather bulldozed through due to the missing information, but I hope that you can appreciate that this still represents great value for money for your night out, and helps keep the club secure. This is the first increase since 1993 and it was kept to just a 100% increase after the 150% increase from 20p to 50p back then! **Bouncer**

[illegible]

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/>

CRAFT H3 #76 to be confirmed but probably Friday 6th February for the Ropetackle beer festival in Shoreham.
Recommended to get tickets in advance!

CRAFT H3 #77 - Saturday 21st March 2015 Sussex CAMRA branches beer festival. This year the event will be held at the Corn Exchange in Church Street Brighton. The Saturday session starts 12 noon and will go on until 10pm or earlier in the unlikely event that the beer runs out first! Tickets are available from The Beer Essentials, Horsham; The Duke of Wellington, Shoreham; The Evening Star, Brighton; The Gardeners Arms, Lewes; The Selden Arms, Worthing or by Mail Order.

ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER RELAY!

Provisional date for this years hash relay, which will see a return to the South Downs Way after last years Round Sussex break, is Saturday 16th May subject to confirmation by Phil.

Meanwhile the date for the **100 mile relay** has been set as **Saturday 6th June**. Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans will either consider your interest or pass you over to whoever is in charge of the A squad this year.

2015 CRAFT Campout ~~27/28th~~ June Beer & music festival at the Bear PH, Burwash

Fat Controller #2 has proposed that this years CRAFT camp out should be at Burwash to tie in with the Bur-Fest music festival and the Bear PH beer festival. This will cost a little more than usual, but we have been spoilt, and the suggestion of the beer & music festival on Saturday followed by a hangover hash on Sunday sounds pretty good to me! Full details of the plan and booking etc. will be available soon but please pencil the date in your diaries now.

STOP PRESS date changed to 20/21st June

I have been invited to my local China Garden for a Chinese Burns Night Party. I didn't want to go, but they twisted my arm.

Instead of "the John," I call my toilet "the Jim." That way it sounds better when I say I go to the Jim first thing every morning.



With rumours abounding that the Sun will cease printing willing females topless on page three in the near future we here at Boggy Towers have been considering the relevance of Page 3 to hash society. At the Christmas party we asked a number of the girls what their feeling is. Their response is below and, we feel, conclusive:

[illegible]

Monday 5 January 2015 by Matt Howes

Prince Andrew allegations: Duke of York strenuously denies he had ten thousand men

Buckingham Palace has issued a strong denial that the Duke of York, Prince Andrew, has been involved in bizarre hill marching based sexual practices. According to reports up to ten thousand men are alleged to have been involved in incidents involving the Duke. One participant, who cannot be named for legal reasons said "Me and loads of other guys were offered money to dress up in early 19th century uniforms and then march to the top of a hill."

When we got there we were greeted by an extremely 'excited' Prince Andrew. He was very giggly now I think about it. Then, just when we thought it was all over, he seemed keen to make us march all the way back down again."

Another man, who also claims to have been involved claimed “He was quite firm about it, when we were up we were up and when we were down we were down.”

Denying the claims a Buckingham Palace spokesman told us, “All allegations in this matter are false, and records will clearly show these men were neither up nor down.”

[illegible]

It doesn't matter if your cup is half full or half empty, the point is.... you need to buy a different size bra.

This fellow's wife was very flat chested. He came home from work one day and to his utter amazement, there was his wife with a pair of size 44 breasts. He said, "My gosh, Michelle, what happened?" She said "Honey, I was making myself look all pretty for you and I was looking in the mirror behind the door, and I said to it, 'Mirror, mirror behind the door, make my tits size 44', and BOOM, look at the size of them!" The fellow was just overwhelmed. He ran upstairs, jumped into the shower, combed his hair, stood there looking at himself and his little thing hanging there. He said to the mirror, "Mirror, mirror behind the door, make my dick touch the floor." and BOOM! His legs fell off.

Seen on SPOOJ the day after Boxing Day:

The average person has sex 89 times a year. This is gonna be one hell of a week.

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

Lewes Arms, Lewes (funnily enough) We usually start from the car park for that lovely fluffy feelgood downhill start, but Spreaders was frantically jogging up and down betwixt pub and car park geeing hounds along. We still got a bit of downhill though as we headed towards Pells, suddenly veering left for a bit of townie stuff. Second-guessing was as usual rife, and as usual wrong, and we soon found ourselves heading up Offham Hill towards on-sec of legend Nick Cheyneys place. After a thrash towards the prison, pack had separated somewhat, which meant the middle section under the guidance of Pirate got lost (FRB's having found trail and those at the back being in the hares capable hands). Finally we found the loop, and the wiggle (no relation) through to Southover to cut up Rotten Row and past the Castle to end. In the pub the upstairs buffet was apparently quite exceptional but by the time YT realised, the termites had eaten all but a smattering of Greek salad. Down downs went to hare Spreadsheet; visitor Love That Sh!t who regaled us with a camel story from Mongolia in explanation of his moniker; and One Erection (yet again!) for confusing Bouncer into thinking he was wearing a bra on the outside of his jacket. The Numpty award was supposed to go to Prof after he righted a dead sheep found on its back with feet up last week, but as he was driving and apparently under instruction from St. Bernard, the latter necked it instead. Another great hash!

Plough, Plumpton Green Boges seemed pretty pleased with himself that he'd found a pub with such a wide range of Harveys, so it was fitting that half the pack seemed to be appreciating the ales before the r*n! Allegedly trail was by One Erection so he can take the blame for the short stretch on the road before we hit the mud working our way over to Streat Lane. Heading east again we cut under the railway line, then re-crossed at the station before another stretch on the road. Calls for a sip at the Fountain fell on deaf ears as we cut back up to finish reversing the out trail. Apart from Angel, who clearly hadn't had enough mud and opted to finish through a field. Down downs went to Onesie and Bogeyman as hares; Keeps It Up for hash injury after falling on his patio and cracking a rib or so (a call to the hospital revealed that they were unable to see him due to a power cut!); Phil and Ben, but your scribe has forgotten why; and Angel earned herself the numpty mug for her scb attempt (failed). Another great hash!

Hare & Hounds Worthing "It's a wiggly woggly route" quoth the hare, in the pre-r*n gathering, a remark that could well qualify for understatement of the year if we had such a category at the awards! Down Portland Road, up the alley behind same, down Chapel Road past the shops, round Liverpool Gardens, and on to the pier all in the first 5 minutes! Actually there were a couple of checks, but those wandering along at the rear of the pack were benefitting from loads of short-cuts so an unofficial check was called at the end of the pier, where the front runners were accosted by messrs. Saddleshaft and OnOnDon from above! Next in the sights of Worthing were Steyne Gardens (where "the name is Prince Crashpian" gleefully yelled "Mud!" in direct contradiction of the hares insistence that this was a dry run), the first of several dead-ends, Victoria Gardens and Splashpoint. Swerving Beach House Park, which appeared closed (not that that should stop the hash!), 2 trails appeared to exist round Homefield Park before we were dragged into the maze of roads south of the station. Hitting the Richard Cobden pub was Bouncers cue to lead us on to the sip at Ivans offices, following exactly the same trail as the City H3 treasure hunt in the summer! And what a sip, with lager, wines rose or white (which Wiggy attacked with gusto "as I'm not driving for once!"), lemonade, honey roast nuts no less and mince pies! Maybe Wiggy had another reason for going for it as he was the sole hound admitting to all four dead-ends, which was enough to earn him numpty of the week from KIU. Back at the pub, Lily the Pinks bottom lip was seen to be quivering when he realised that this was in fact the Hare and no-hounds so, rather than leaving You Stupid Bastard outside on his own, opted for an early bath. We really shouldn't let Wiggy drink, as he'd hooked up with LTP for the 2 for a tenner meal deal, so gave Tim's dinner to Peter Pansy. Only it wasn't Tim's dinner as he'd cancelled, and Ride-It, Baby was left hungry! Pub were quick to sort that out, but the RA had to move fast to catch PP before he baled out for scoffing her nosh. Hare downed efficiently, and new boot Simon was introduced as Robin (doh!), before the usual abysmal attempt by Wiggy to master the numpty mug. Another great hash!

Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham - No DD's due to curry etc. and locals in bar.

I was somewhat surprised to receive an e-mail from the pub 2 days before the r*n to advise that the Thai kitchen was closed, surprised because I was in no way involved in the haring and thought they might inform Saddleshaft or Whose Shout! Plan B was to order a curry on arrival and it would be delivered just after 9 to the pub. That took Saddleshaft out of the equation, and Whose Shout had suffered (another) fall whilst setting so didn't make the r*n, which left Cooperman and a map to lead us on a mostly street r*n through Patcham and Westdene via Waterhall. The map was consulted on many an occasion but Grahame did a sterling job of keeping us under control, although we had serious doubts more than once, and Pondweed's little bit of local know-how nearly had us in the mud on Coney Hill. A short r*n had us in the pub early eagerly waiting for our curry. And waiting. And waiting. The beer was flowing nicely but it was almost 10 before the grub arrived and popadoms were flying around the place. Sadly such antics, as well as a very large locals crowd mingling with hashers, meant that it just wasn't possible to sort out a circle. Another great hash!



REGISTRATION MUST BE COMPLETED By Friday, January 30th, 2015. NOTE: DUE TO THE COMPLEXITY AND DIFFICULTY LEVEL OF THEIR CONTENTS, CLASS SIZES WILL BE LIMITED TO 8 PARTICIPANTS.

Class 6 - How to Ask Questions During Commercials and Be Quiet During the Programme. Help Line Support and Support Groups. Meets 4 Weeks, Friday and Sunday 7:00 PM



Upon completion of ANY of the above courses, diplomas will be issued to the survivors

[illegible]

The weatherman replied, "The Indians are collecting wood like crazy."

Billed as a Henfield H3 joint we were originally thinking Henfield but somehow it got moved to Shoreham, which gave us the opportunity to try out the new micropub **#1 the Old Star Ale House**, which being in a residential street is required to close by 9pm. Being a low key/ low overheads arrangement there was a limited selection but it was worth a couple of beers as we gathered with silly hats abounding to the amusement of the other imbibers (not many as this is micro by name and micro by nature!). Most were able to locate the trail although it seemed to be a challenge for Radio Soap & Pirate (opposite the Chinese 'massage' parlour said Wiggly!), and it was a great pleasure to see Bob's Crutch, er.. and indeed Bob, on their first ever CRAFT! The plan, such as it was and not really properly thought through being it was December, was to head to **#2 The Bridge Inn** where the grub is exceptional, but of course a bunch of Christmas parties put the kybosh on that, so a select few of us grabbed a beer, while the rest went straight to **#3 Piston Broke**. We were given a warm welcome by Graham who invited us to bring a takeout in, so some went to the chippy next door, while others headed to the Cottage Tandoori. Back at the Piston, Angel had started tucking into a stock of left over sarnies Radio Soap had brought from the children's party that was her previous engagement. With a bit of a stroll to the next establishment Split Pin, Bollocks, Roaming Pussy, Bogeyman and Bouncer hit the tuck as we headed over Norfolk Bridge and past the houseboats to **#4 the Waterside**. With pack now well-fed, and well on the way with their 4th or 5th pint, we had a very mellow time enjoying the comfort of the lounge furniture and warm fire. But the beer here is not the best so eventually it was time to up sticks again, cross the footbridge and head to somewhere where the beer is the best, **#5 Duke of Wellington**. Sadly some had to make their way home from here as they missed the excellent Brighton Country Rock band, the Diablos, who finished sometime later with a rousing version of Merry Xmas Everybody, to send the hardcore of Bogeyman, RP, Keeps It Up, Wildbush, Bouncer and Angel back to Chez Bouncer for some beers. Another great CRAFT!

REFASHING the Jumpers

Prompted no doubt by the assistance of Hastings hares Cliff-banger & Bushsquatter, there was a sizable pack of Crimble knitwear at the Winter Solstice Jumpers hash for a thoroughly enjoyable, muddy romp through Abbots Wood ending in a fantastic sip stop at the car park. This was followed by silly hash games - a race round the assault course in underpants, pass the parcel, and egg throwing accompanied by a Christmassy hash song, plus Bushsquatters inevitable chocolate coated Brussels sprouts. Great fun, but a shame the pack split up as there was no food at the pub. In the pub Bouncer presented Misses Box & Butler with jumper hand-warmers as we hogged the fire! Another great jumpers hash!

FREE KNITTING PATTERN TODAY

Men! Keep warm this winter with a fantastic BH7 jumper you can knit yourself.

Your step by step guide:

Materials (for jumper or tank top):
Balls of wool in two colours, knitting needles.

Instructions (for medium sized jumper):
Take the end of the wool and cast on by looping it over one of the needles. Put the other needle in it and move them up and down so it makes a clicky clacky noise. Occasionally stop to pull some more wool off the ball. Change to the different wool to knit the legs. Continue knitting until it is jumper shaped. For bigger fittings, continue knitting for slightly longer. Then do the sleeves in the same way, remembering to knit them the same length as your arms. For the tank top version, simply cut the sleeves off with scissors after you have knitted them. Cast off by removing the knitting needles from the jumper.

Super jumper!

I knitted it myself!

Lovely Jumper or smashing Tank Top. The choice is YOURS!

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Hark! The Hash House Harriers cheer
 Glory to the fresh-brewed beer!
 Drink it down, it's not too mild
 Driving all the hashers wild!
 Joyful, all the bottles rise,
 Tell some stories and some lies;
 Have another cold one please
 But first pay your hashing fees!
 Hark! The Hash House Harriers cheer
 Glory to the fresh-brewed beer!

Amber ales so highly adored;
Swallowed from the sacred gourd.
Late again, behold them cum,
Some are waiting, got to run.
Dressed in colours oh so bright
Hope to drink some suds tonight
After when the RA speaks
Some will bare their rosy cheeks!
Hark! The Hash House Harriers cheer
Glory to the fresh-brewed beer!

*You'd better not pout, you'd better not cry but order a stout cus Santa will buy. Santa's drunks are hashing through town
He's running a tab, he's getting real smashed, don't sit on his lap cus Santa is hashed. Santa's drunks are hashing through town*

*Postings on SPOOJ have become fewer and farther between so this year we move over to the **TIM VINE APPRECIATION SOCIETY** for our monthly round-up of silly observations and humour:*



WHAT DID I MISS?

The wife asked me to bake a sponge cake.
Apparently, it's the spare bed for me tonight.

Quasimodo walks in to a bar and asks the barman for a large scotch.
"Bells alright?" says the barman. "You taking the p**s"
Walking home last night I was attacked by a bunch of clowns, but I remembered my basic training and went for the juggler!
There was a big fat woman stood in front of the Italian food aisle in Waitrose.....There was no way I could get pasta.
The wife said to me she had got theatre tickets for 'the king and I' and as I have never been to a theatre before, I got really excited and asked her "Who is playing the part of Elvis?"
Just phoned an emergency breakdown service and asked several times for assistance however they spoke so fast I couldn't understand a word they said !!!Turns out I called their rapid response unit.
I used to work in a helium factory--the boss spoke highly of me. I left. I wasn't going to be spoke to in that tone of voice.
When visiting a stately home and gardens the other day my mate tripped and fell into some barbed wire fencing.... "Hampton court" I said. "No just a few rips in my jeans" he said.
One fish says to another "Did you order a hook and two maggots online?"

I was hoping to buy tickets for the premiere of "Fifty Shades of Grey", but I can't afford it. Could we have a whip round?
I went to Morocco and found a row of shops. One sold only fruit, one sold only jelly, one sold only sponge cakes, one sold only custard and one sold only cream, while the last one sold hundreds and thousands of things. It was a trifle bazaar.
I hated my job as an origami teacher. Too much paperwork. I used to have my own origami business, but it folded.
FiFAs president Sepp Blatter is to hold an inquiry as to why next years presidential election results were stolen.
You can tell the sex of an ant by dropping it into a jug of water. If it sinks: girl ant.... If it floats: boy ant.
They say a virus can last up to 12 hours on a toilet seat... I thought 'wow, that's 6 hours more than Elvis.'
My Nan always used to say, "take it with a pinch of salt". She made a horrible cup of tea.
Due to the current economic crisis, Greece is cancelling all production of Humus and Taramasalata. It's a double dip recession.
My mate's father has a habit of adding a letter to the name of old tv comedy programmes. I think his dad's barmy.
I bought a packet of those Twinings 'English Breakfast' tea bags..What a rip-off. You can't even taste the bacon or anything.
A woman has sued a Hospital saying that after her husband had surgery there, he lost all interest in sex. A hospital spokesman replied: "Mr. Maynard was admitted for cataract surgery. All we did was correct his eyesight."
Got a text saying: "Congratulations you've won £1000 cash or tickets to see Elvis. Press 1 for the money, 2 for the show...."
A bloke from Barnsley wakes up with a sore arse. He goes to the shop and says to the shopkeeper "Nah then, does tha' sell arse cream?" The shopkeeper replies "That we do, lad, what flavour does tha' want?"
So a gay guy from Australia started seeing a lesbian from Italy...after 6 months, things didn't work out, so he went back to Sydney and she went back to Florence.
When I was a child, my granddad told me that if I turned the knob on the record player clockwise, it would get louder, but turning it anticlockwise would make it quieter. It was sound advice.
Two men were fighting at the bar. One threw a prawn cocktail."And that's just for starters", he said.
I'm going to Egypt and am going to have sex during the flood season. I'm joining "The Nile High Club."
"This bloke said to me: 'I'm going to attack you with the neck of a guitar.' I said: 'Is that a fret?'"
I was talking to a chap who's been walking the South Downs, to be honest he rambled on a bit!
The invisible man broke his arm and had to go to A & E. None of the doctors would see him.
Elvis Presley woke up this morning to find his pet rat was dead. It was caught in a trap.
I was so depressed that I decided to commit suicide with an overdose of Aspirin. But after the first two, I started to feel better, so I'm still here.
I met some guy in the pub who said he sat behind me in school. I racked my brains but I just can't remember a six foot 15 stone bald guy in my class.
At the Dulux shareholders meeting the chairman said it had been a tough year. They weren't in the red but they were in the Autumn Russett.
Just realised that 'life' is too short for my book of 6 letter words....
I was at a party with some gynaecologists...it was a right knees up.
I used to be afraid of hurdles but then I got over it.
Budgies for sale. Tweet me if interested.
I've only been able to remember 25 letters of the alphabet. I don't know why
Atheists are no longer persecuted, thank God.
My Aunt and Uncle made a fortune selling Lamb Chops. They're minted.
My wife has packed her bags and gone - just because of my fetish with touching pasta. I'm feeling cannelloni right now. It sounds like he made a fusilli mistakes.



We got a new slow cooker

WHAT DID I MISS?

The wife asked for a slow cooker for Christmas.
I'm in trouble again and I don't know why.



REHASHING CHRISTMAS PARTY AND AWARDS

Hassocks Hotel

Oh dear. I'm afraid the report from the Christmas hash is not in the best of condition, so if there is anything missing or inaccurate please feel free to respond and an errata will be published in the next issue. In my defence, I would challenge anybody to be able to read my writing after Ride-It Baby made the schoolgirl error of handing me a book of raffle tickets to give out, which made me the first point for any unused/ unusable tokens (and you thought I'd nicked some - shame on you dear reader). Ironically, as Angel was the main protagonist behind an early hash, we missed it having had a thoroughly enjoyable day in the big smoke, myself on a bear hunt with the kids (looking for Paddingtons since you ask), while Angel and Red Slapper enjoyed the Royal Ballets interpretation of Alice in Wonderland. On hearsay reports were of a good, short, enjoyable r*n with a lovely sip stop.

Dishing out duties were shared roughly between myself, Mudlark and Prof and, in no particular order, ended up something like:

Christmas hare + most dangerous hash - the Neville just days after a car park shotgun stand-off - Ride-It Baby

Wettest hash award (mankini) - Dildoped & Bosom Boy - Swan, Lewes (as back-up hares to Dr. Stephen who got injured).

International hasher of the year (ships wheel) - Red Slapper who frequently stops off to hash when in distant parts

(special mention: Bogeyman, after leaving his wife in hospital to go to Guernsey H3 Mud'n'Fun run!)

Footpath award - Bouncer for excellent back-marking (*thanks Prof but I thought this was ironic after setting part of the trail backwards on the Burns hash; losing the entire pack after one check at Chailey and the post-run moaning at Mile Oak!*)

Shortest hash - the Mudlarks - Plough & Harrow, Litlington. Where we were shamed by EGH3 as Chaos & Cordrey completed.

Longest hash - Pondweed - Gardners Arms, Sompoting.

Hilliest hash - Cooperman & Whose Shout for the Jack & Jill descent.

Most likely to succeed - One Erection, with mention of his planned 'Gingerbread man' hash!

Most concrete - Wiggy - Duke of Wellington.

Cribbage champion (the Mike Morris memorial award board) - Pompette.

Invisible Man (Burkha) - Anybody Seen Mike Cockcroft for his infamous hare no-show at the Five Bells, Chailey. Also downed was Greyhound Tony Fallowfield, who hasn't appeared since last Christmas.

Best on on - St. Bernard at Saddlescombe.

Best Sip - probably Trikeriders 65th at the Downs Hotel, but it's possible LTP may have stolen this one for Belle Tout.

On on trophy - Louis for his excellent time at the Brighton marathon (subject to him hashing more than once in 2015!)

Longest run, lost on trail, hash hero, medical basket case and brewer of the year - Lily the Pink (huge detour on the London to Brighton run; rescuing runners stuck in the quarry at Swallows Return; Worldwide fame after his bleeding nipples at the Brighton Marathon went viral; Downlands volunteering!). *Oh, how we love him!*

Particular highlights were:

- Wiggy's trial of Spreadsheet for his pop-up hashing (yet again!), with judgement issued by 'elder' Pondweed, and the straight-arm down down.
- The Tourettes award for Cardinal Hugh (again), with a special bottle of Cardinal Sinner wine' from an anonymous donor. Hugh has since found out that it was in fact Beetroot juice in there!
- St. Bernard's down down standing in real mud, for the muddiest hash.

After a rather chaotic vote on subs; thank you's to Local Knowledge for the plants, Ride-It Baby for organising, and the staff for dinner; glasses were raised to toast the hash and it was over to Rik for his usual superb music, and the rest of us for our usual suspect dancing! The photos tell the story of another great Christmas hash.

BOUNCER xx



FANTASTIC FANCY DRESS IDEAS:

Best costumes ever for New Years Eve or Halloween:



Weatherman's Amazing Costume



My cousin made this awesome costume for his son.



So I painted my dog. It's nontoxic face paint! My dog's name is Nixe and she is a 13 month old black German Shepherd in training for Search and Rescue.



For your spring marathon:



Worst costumes ever:



I'm off to a fancy dress party this weekend disguised as a Tupperware box and I'm so excited. I can hardly contain myself. There was a guy who was struggling to decide what to wear to go to a fancy costume party... Then he had a bright idea. When the host answered the door, he found the guy standing there with no shirt and no socks on. "What the hell are you supposed to be?" asked the host. "A premature ejacul@tion," said the man. "I just came in my pants!" I went to a fancy dress party as a spider last night. F*ck knows what time I crawled in.

While the World was holding its breath for the safe release of the hostages held in the Lindt cafe siege just before Christmas, Malibogs brother Rob (*also called Malibog*), who has also hashed with us on the odd occasion, had a much greater cause for concern as the following newsclip reveals:

KATHLEEN DONAGHEY THE COURIER-MAIL DECEMBER 16, 2014

A distressed Robert Denny was glued to the TV all night, hoping that Harriette Denny, 30, a barista, would emerge unharmed. Earlier chilling images of her standing at the cafe's window had been beamed around the world. She was among a small group of hostages who made a last-minute dash to safety before police stormed the shop and killed their captor. Watching from his Mooloolaba lounge room, Mr Denny said he was flooded with relief but would not rest until he

Mr Denny and his wife Catalina were overcome with distress during the gruelling 17-hour siege in which they felt helpless to help their daughter trapped inside. Mr Denny said Harriette had been working at the cafe for more than a year and was struggling emotionally after learning the manager Tori Johnson had been killed.

Harriette is the third child in a family of six children and was born in the Philippines. She went to school in Warwick and the Sunshine Coast before attending Sunshine Coast University where she studied international business. She moved to Sydney with her partner Jorge Bonora who obtained work in the southern capital. She also had another close friend who was looking after her at this time.

"You have to be positive. My friends contacted me and said 'Was she one of the two that escaped earlier.' "I said 'No but she'll be out soon, you have to be positive. I just knew she would come out and thankfully she came out good."

While the family were keeping those of us who are connected on facebook updated as events progressed, it was hearing the relief in Robs voice over the radio the following morning that really brought home to me what a terrible experience this must have been for the whole family. We hear these news stories every day, but it really does take some personal connection to bring the impact home. I'm sure I speak on behalf of the whole of Brighton Hash in wishing Harriette well as she comes to terms with her experience, and thank God that, for her at least, the outcome wasn't far worse.

Bouncer

[illegible]

A tall, decorated tree structure, likely a 'Tree of Wishes' or similar celebratory display. It features a large red star at the top, garlands of red and white flowers, and a base decorated with numerous small gift boxes and white balloons. The structure is set outdoors against a backdrop of green trees.

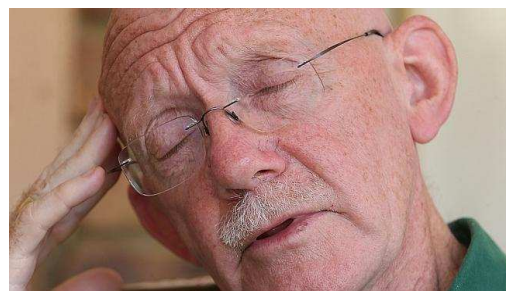
A special mention was made at the Christmas awards of Suzy & Dino's cycle journey from Brighton (UK) to Kawerau (NZ) and we seriously considered giving them the International Hashers of the year award and with good reason! Starting the year in Montenegro their journey in 2014 took them through Albania, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, Kyrgyzstan, Kazakhstan, China (*5368km in 2 months!*), and Laos. On 15th December they crossed the border into Thailand and...

"...the small matter of switching to the left side of the road. Apart from the first 14 kms to get from our house to Newhaven on day one of our trip the rest of the 24,000 kms had been ridden on the right hand side. There was no fanfare, not even any signs reminding the driver to change to the left, just a traffic island and an arrow. To be honest if we hadn't already known that they drive on the left in Thailand we would have merrily cycled on scowling at any oncoming traffic."

In their absence Suzy's Uncle Anybody would have accepted but as they haven't actually hashed we decided to wait until their return and maybe think of a special award. Or perhaps get them sectioned! Anyway, with a start in August 2013, and projected finish in August 2015, 2014 was their biggest year and the year in which they visited far more countries than anyone else (even KIU/Wildbush!), and they are after all hashers, hence the thinking!

It's been a while since the last update in the trash but they are still going well, and back in the saddle after an island-hopping Christmas break in Thailand filling in tan lines! Full blogs and pics available at:

http://www.crazyguyonabike.com/doc/?o=Sh&doc_id=12976&v=nO



HAPPY AUSTRALIA DAY!
God bless Australia!

WE ARE ONE!

We are the people of a free nation of blokes, sheilas and the occasional wanker. We come from many lands (although a few too many of us come from New Zealand), and although we live in the best country in the world, we reserve the right to bitch and moan about it whenever we bloody like. We are One Nation but divided into many States.

First, there's Victoria, named after a queen who didn't believe in lesbians. Victoria is the realm of Mossimo turtlenecks, cafe latte, grand final day, and big horse races. Its capital is Melbourne, whose chief marketing pitch is that "it's liveable". At least that's what they think. The rest of us think it is too bloody cold and wet.

Next, there's NSW, the realm of pastel shorts, macchiato with sugar, thin books read quickly and millions of dancing queens. Its capital Sydney has more queens than any other city in the world and is proud of it. Its mascots are Bondi lifesavers who pull their Speedos up their cracks to keep the left and right sides of their brains separate.

Down south we have Tasmania, a State based on the notion that the family that bonks together stays together. In Tassie, everyone gets an extra chromosome at conception. Maps of the State bring smiles to the sternest faces. It holds the world record for a single mass shooting, which the Yanks can't seem to beat no matter how often they try.

South Australia is the province of half-decent reds, a festival of foreigners and bizarre axe murders. SA is the state of innovation. Where else can you so effectively reuse country bank vaults and barrels as in Snowtown, just out of Adelaide (also named after a queen). They had the Grand Prix, but lost it when the views of Adelaide sent the Formula One drivers to sleep at the wheel.



Western Australia is too far from anywhere to be relevant. Its main claim to fame is that it doesn't have daylight saving because if it did, all the men would get erections on the bus on the way to work. WA was the last state to stop importing convicts and many of them still work there in the government and business.

The Northern Territory is the red heart of our land. Outback plains, sheep stations the size of Europe, kangaroos, Jackaroos, emus, Uluru, and dusty kids with big smiles. It also has the highest beer consumption of anywhere on the planet and its creek beds have the highest aluminium content of anywhere too. Although the Territory is the centrepiece of our national culture, few of us live there and the rest prefer to fly over it on our way to Bali.

Oh yes and there's Canberra. The less said the better

We want to make "no worries mate" our national phrase, "she'll be right mate" our national attitude and "Waltzing Matilda" our national anthem (so what if it's about a sheep-stealing crim who commits suicide).

We love sport so much our newsreaders can read the death toll from a sailing race and still tell us who's winning. And we're the best in the world at all the sports that count, like cricket, netball, rugby league and union, AFL, roo shooting, two up and horse racing.

Stand proud Aussies - we shoot, we root, we vote. We are girt by sea and
pissed by lunchtime. I am, you are, we are Australian!

**PG. We also shoot and eat the two animals that are on our National Crest!!!!
No other country has this distinction!**

on

ALL AUSTRALIANS ARE BORN ILLEGITIMATE

All Australians are born illegitimate, born illegitimate, born illegitimate

All Australians are born illegitimate, bastards through and through

They ain't got no birth certificate, birth certificate, birth certificate

They ain't got no birth certificate, bastards through and through

They don't know who their Daddy is, who their Daddy is, who their Daddy is,

They don't know who their Daddy is, bastards through and through

The Union Jack is on the Aussie flag, on the Aussie flag, on the Aussie flag,

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



THE END

Stolen from Red Dwarf, but almost sounds like a good idea (*apart from the corny finish*):



Lister: Sometimes, I think it's cruel giving machines a personality. My mate Petersen once bought a pair of shoes with Artificial Intelligence. 'Smart Shoes' they were called. It was a neat idea. No matter how blind drunk you were, they could always get you home. But he got ratted one night in Oslo and woke up the next morning in Burma. You see, his shoes got bored going from his local to his flat. They wanted to see the world, you know. He had a hell of a job getting rid of them. No matter who he sold them to, they'd show up again the next day. He tried to shut them out, but they just kicked the door down.

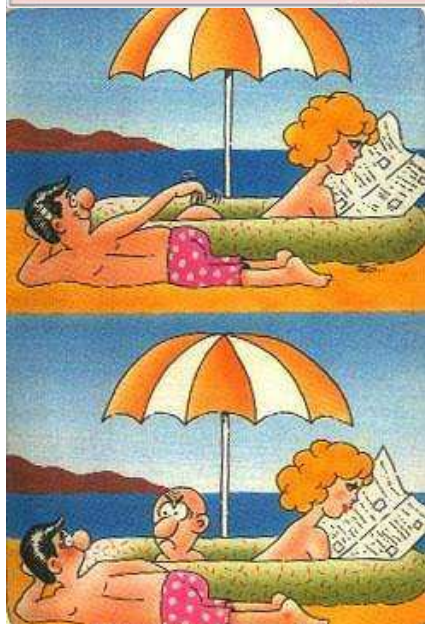
Rimmer: Is this true?

Lister: Yeah. The last thing I heard, they sort of... robbed a car and drove it into a canal. They couldn't steer, you see.

Rimmer: Really?

Lister: Yeah. Petersen was really, really blown away about it. He went to see a priest. The priest told him... he said it was alright and all that, when shoes are happy that they'd get into heaven. You see, it turns out shoes have 'soles'.

Hah, not this 'Shoe' baby! We've got aaaarsoles:



And finally... No trash would be complete if it didn't educate as well as amuse, and so we end with the piece of information that the official medical term for that crack in your backside is the "intergluteal cleft". You're welcome!