



R-ns/trash #216 May 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
4th May 2015	1924	The Lamb, Piltown	439 222	Lily the Pink
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at first roundabout and left at lights on A275. After 7 miles turn right at X-roads. Through Newick and pub on right c.3 miles. Est 30 mins.				
11th May 2015	1925	Friars Oak, Keymer	303 165	Psychlepath
Directions: Up A23, filter off at A273 over Clayton Hill. Pub on right 1k after Stonepound traffic lights. Est 10 mins.				

16TH MAY 2015 THE ORIGINAL SOUTH DOWNS WAY RELAY 0800 hours start
~~Buriton village pond~~ Old Winchester Hill running east to Housedean Farm, Lewes via South Downs Way. Join a team today! Post run food and drink etc. will be at Pete Eastwood's place, raising funds for the Nepal earthquake disaster.

18th May 2015 1926 Rising Sun, Upper Beeding 197 104 Bouncer & Angel
Directions: A27 west past Southwick tunnel. Next left, then 2nd left at roundabout. Right at next and pub is on left at next roundabout. **Est. 15 mins.**

25th May 2015 **1927** **Hampden Arms, South Highton** **PC BN9 OJJ** **Hash Gomi**
Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. Take 4th left, signed South Highton $\frac{1}{2}$, follow round to right and pub on left. **Est. 20 mins.**

1st June 2015 1928 Cat & Canary, Henfield 205 163 Prince Crashpian
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout then just past a set of pedestrian lights turn left into Church Street. Pub is on right approx. 1km. **Est. 20 mins.**

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

08/06/15	Sergison Arms, Haywards Heath One E.
15/06/15	White Horse, Hurstpierpoint - Brett & Jo
22/06/15	Abbots Wood car park - Mudlark
29/06/15	Sportsman, Withdean - Pondweed

on

Henfield H4 r*n 140 11.30am Sunday 17/05/15
Rising Sun, Upper Beeding *In case you can't make the 18th!*

on

Thought for the day: Education is important, but hashing is importanter.

**DON'T FORGET TO REGISTER
TO VOTE**

TO VOTE
(There are 7 days left to register)

- ☒ Voting gets you laid
- ☒ Voting makes you smell like danger
- ☒ Voting gives YOU a voice
- ☒ Voting makes dogs like you more
- ☒ Voting makes your food taste better
- ☒ Voting makes **beer** appear from nowhere

Vote for who ever you want, but **freaking vote!**

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

Saturday 16/05/15

Brighton Hash South Downs Way Relay - teams of minimum of 6 setting off from Old Winchester Hill about 8am and relaying back to Housedean farm on the A27 near Lewes, using the patented Saddleshaft system. Lots of pubs en-route and a post-run hash party/ meal! Please advise Phil or Bouncer if you want to take part.

Saturday 6/6/15

South Downs Way 100 mile relay. BH7 submit two mixed teams to this actual running event - A team and a vets team for over 40's. If interested, see Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans for details.

20-21/06/15

~~2015 CRAFT Campout - Beer & music festival at the Bear PH, Burwash. Fat Controller #2 is organising, but final details still awaited. Cancelled. Campout to be rearranged.~~

17-19/07/15

EuroHash 2015 Krakow, Poland - Visit: <http://www.eurohash.org/>

28 - 31/08/15

18th UK Nash Hash, Oxford H3 - Visit: <http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/>

[illegible]

PROFS PLUG:

Hash relay: the most fun you can have on a Saturday in May!
This is a Hash tradition going back over 15 years. Once a race, it has now evolved into a relaxed, non-competitive, fun day out. Meet at Buriton Village pond for an 8am start; run (not race) in teams of 6+ along the South Downs Way to Eastbourne; post-run curry*. It is possible to join an existing team, or form your own: alternatively just turn up at the start and we'll slot you in. You'll need to be in a car-share to allow for transport.

** This years post-relay event will be held at Beardsfield Nursery from 7pm. Pete 'Local knowledge' Eastwood will be providing comestibles as a fund raiser for Nepal.*

[illegible]

CRAZY GUYS ON BIKES - Dino & Suzy's cycle - Brighton to New Zealand...

Full blogs and pics available at: http://www.crazyguyonabike.com/doc/?o=Sh&doc_id=12976&v=nO

[illegible]

Subject: Running Nuns Needed! 7 – 9th May

From: Joe Hancock Email: info@burnthecurtain.co.uk

Hiya, We are looking for a woman runner or 2 to help out with a unique show at the Brighton Festival- 'The Company of Wolves' More details here ; http://brightonfestival.org/event/5847/the_company_of_wolves/

They would be looking after the runners as they follow a trail through Stamner Park, and also helping us lay that trail, as well as a few fun nun things along the way. If you know anyone who would be interested, please get them to get in touch- info@burnthecurtain.co.uk

On on!

Cheers, Joe

Subject: Sponsored run/walk

From: Ian Christie Email: an_christie@yahoo.co.uk

Will you please publicise this new charity event.

Rottingdean and Saltdean Lions have launched a new fundraising initiative: the Deans Charity Challenge, a sponsored run or walk over either a 9 mile or 5.5 mile course, the majority of which will be on footpaths and bridleways over the Downs. It is on Sunday 17 May 2015, starting and finishing at Saltdean Oval Park.

We ask entrants to seek their own sponsorship and, when the money is collected, to donate at least 50% to the Lions, including a minimum sponsorship sum to the club of £15. After expenses, we intend that the major portion of the Lions' share of the monies will be donated to Autism Sussex.

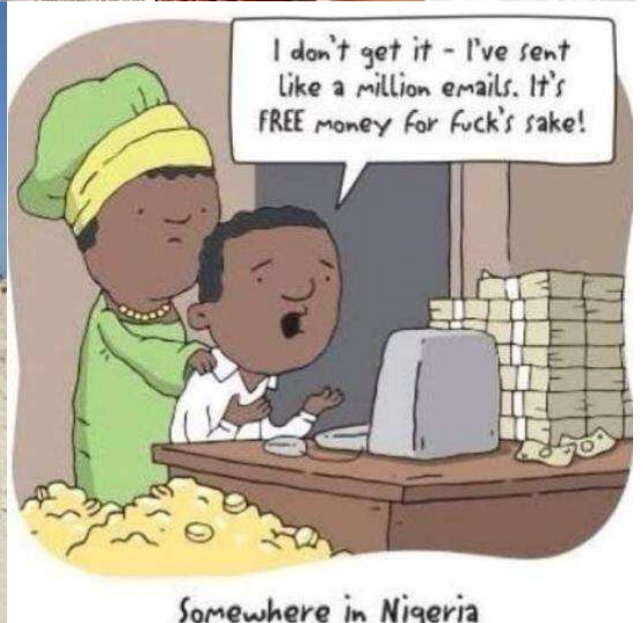
For further details and an entry form, please email r&slions@sortium.com , ring 07917 155048, or go to <http://www.rottingdeanandsaltdeanlions.org.uk/index.html>

Thank you, Ian Christie

NO MORE: RIGHT WING CRAP; LEFT WING CRAP; PRO SNP & UKIP CRAP; ENOUGH OF CAMERON AND CLEGG: MILLIPEDE AND STURGEON; FARAGE AND BENNETT.

NO MORE: CHAIN EMAILS; FORWARDED LUCKY EMAILS; DYING CHILD EMAILS; FEEL-GOOD EMAILS; NIGERIAN MULTI-MILLION POUND INHERITANCE EMAILS.

Forget the election and all that, let's get back to what the internet is really for:



Smugglers Rest, Telscombe We pulled up to a sign saying that the Badgers Watch accepted no responsibility for cars blah blah, making it 3 pubs involved in tonights r*n after the change from the Flying Fish at Denton, almost a pub crawl! After Malibog got so lost last week we told him, don't go south! Naturally as soon as the on was called trail promptly went south before swerving east to avoid the cliff drop. Fortunately this was before the cloud came down so everyone safely negotiated the edge to head on a roady section towards the downs, where they frolicked around invisibly. To add to the rain it was now dark so you couldn't see the person in front, or were they off to the side? Naturally that led to 4 or 5 separate hashes as folk wandered back and forth responding to calls from all around, but on average we don't go anywhere and somehow everyone got back to the pub, damp, cold, with the hashers high of "thank Gispert that's over", even visitors Malibog and Swollen Colon who kind of did their own thing, and the walkers who hit the downs, bickered a lot, then ended up doing a big loop to come back on the same trail they'd gone out on. Rough luck on hares Prof and Knightrider but at least they got a beer! Other down downs went to Swollen Colon as visitor and Angel, but I don't know why. Another great hash, um, night!



Don to the hare who, as usual, necked slowly, this time with the excuse that it was his birthday and he'd been drinking all day. To draw attention away from him, Bushsquatter had a beer for falling over from a standing start. The BH7 holidaymakers were all called next with Lily the Pink back from Japan downing after stitching Dirty Bitch into setting trail next week; One Erection for missing a certain boy band vacancy by his absence; and Bogeyman for not stopping to join the FOTM hash in Dover on his way through after skiing. And finally, Ginny was awarded a name which, as the vote was split, turned into a mash-up between Random Virginny (when asked on her virgin r*t*n she said "I'm Random, Ginny") and Miss Sparkles (characteristic reflective running gear). On Don was very vocally opposed to something but I'm not sure what (although I'm certain it wasn't Vajazzle (*see back page, with an adult warning!*) and anyway, we've already got one of them!) so the minutes shall record that she ended up as Random Sparkles. For the record Pondweed advised that, although not as high as St. Bernards earlier trail, the shorter route was hillier on a mile for mile basis! Another great hash!

**Boy was evacuated to a country house during the war and seeing 2 unfamiliar items in a dish by the door as he arrives asks what they are to be told "Golf balls". After returning home, he later gets evacuated to the same country house. Spying 4 golf balls in the tray this time, he says to the lady of the house, "I see your husband shot another golf."*

Vote carefully!

Madeline was in the fertilized egg business. She had several hundred young 'pullets' and ten roosters to fertilize the eggs. She kept records and any rooster not performing went into the soup pot and was replaced. This took a lot of time, so she bought some tiny bells and attached them to her roosters. Each bell had a different tone, so she could tell from a distance which rooster was performing. Now, she could sit on the porch and fill out an efficiency report by just listening to the bells.

Madeline's favourite rooster, old Butch, was a very fine specimen: but, this morning she noticed old Butch's bell hadn't rung at all! When she went to investigate, she saw the other roosters were busy chasing pullets, bells-a-ringing, but the pullets hearing the roosters coming, would run for cover. To Madeline's amazement, old Butch had his bell in his beak, so it couldn't ring. He'd sneak up on a pullet, do his job, and walk on to the next one. Madeline was so proud of old Butch, she entered him in the Dowerin Show and he became an overnight sensation among the judges. The result was the judges not only awarded old Butch the "No Bell Peace Prize": they also awarded him the "Pulletsurprise" as well.

Clearly old Butch was a politician in the making. Who else but a politician could figure out how to win two of the most coveted awards on our planet by being the best at sneaking up on the unsuspecting populace and screwing them when they weren't paying attention? Vote carefully in the election.

You can't always hear the bells.



They walk among us, and they vote:

THESE ARE ACTUAL COMPLAINTS RECEIVED BY "THOMAS COOK VACATIONS" FROM DISSATISFIED CUSTOMERS:

1. "On my holiday to Goa in India, I was disgusted to find that almost every restaurant served curry. I don't like spicy food."
2. "They should not allow topless sunbathing on the beach. It was very distracting for my husband who just wanted to relax."
3. "We went on holiday to Spain and had a problem with the taxi drivers as they were all Spanish."
4. "We booked an excursion to a water park but no-one told us we had to bring our own swimsuits and towels. We assumed it would be included in the price."
5. "The beach was too sandy. We had to clean everything when we returned to our room."
6. "We found the sand was not like the sand in the brochure. Your brochure shows the sand as white but it was more yellow."
7. "It's lazy of the local shopkeepers in Puerto Vallarta to close in the afternoons. I often needed to buy things during 'siesta' time -- this should be banned."
8. "No-one told us there would be fish in the water. The children were scared."
9. "Although the brochure said that there was a fully equipped kitchen, there was no egg-slicer in the drawers."
10. "I think it should be explained in the brochure that the local convenience store does not sell proper biscuits like custard creams or ginger nuts."
11. "The roads were uneven and bumpy, so we could not read the local guide book during the bus ride to the resort. Because of this, we were unaware of many things that would have made our holiday more fun."
12. "It took us nine hours to fly home from Jamaica to England. It took the Americans only three hours to get home. This seems unfair."
13. "I compared the size of our one-bedroom suite to our friends' three-bedroom and ours was significantly smaller."
14. "The brochure stated: 'No hairdressers at the resort.' We're trainee hairdressers and we think they knew and made us wait longer for service."
15. "When we were in Spain, there were too many Spanish people there. The receptionist spoke Spanish, the food was Spanish. No one told us that there would be so many foreigners."
16. "We had to line up outside to catch the boat and there was no air-conditioning."
17. "It is your duty as a tour operator to advise us of noisy or unruly guests before we travel."
18. "I was bitten by a mosquito. The brochure did not mention mosquitoes."
19. "My fiancée and I requested twin-beds when we booked, but instead we were placed in a room with a king bed. We now hold you responsible and want to be re-reimbursed for the fact that I became pregnant. This would not have happened if you had put us in the room that we booked."



2 TOUGH QUESTIONS.... INTERESTING

Question 1: If you knew a woman who was pregnant, who had 8 kids already, three who were deaf, two who were blind, one mentally retarded, and she had syphilis, would you recommend that she have an abortion?

Read the next question before looking at the response for this one.

Question 2: It is time to elect a new world leader, and only your vote counts. Here are the facts about the three candidates.

Candidate A: Associates with crooked politicians, and consults with astrologists. He's had two mistresses. He also chain smokes and drinks 8 to 10 Martinis a day.

Candidate B: He was kicked out of office twice, sleeps until noon, used opium in college and drinks a quart of whisky every evening.

Candidate C: He is a decorated war hero. He's a vegetarian, doesn't smoke, drinks an occasional beer and never committed adultery.

Which of these candidates would be our choice? Decide first... No peeking, and then scroll down for the response.

Candidate A is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Candidate B is Winston Churchill. Candidate C is Adolf Hitler.

And, by the way, on your answer to the abortion question: If you said YES, you just killed Beethoven. Pretty interesting isn't it? Makes a person think before judging someone. Remember: Amateurs ... Built the ark. Professionals ... Built the Titanic

The minister, after listening to an impromptu campaign speech, "Before I vote for you for MP, I'd like to know if you partake of intoxicating beverages?"

Candidate for MP, "Before I answer, tell me if this is an inquiry or an invitation."

REHASHING (continued...)

Royal Oak, Wineham Despite her own panic at having to set her first trail within hours of returning from skiing, Dirty Bitch had already done all the legwork recce'ing trail and making sure the pub was expecting us, so post-marathon Lily the Pink wasn't needed. With the light returning, so too do the fair-weather hashers, and a big pack set off on the horseshoe shaped route starting north, looping round via Pooks Farm and the river to meet the road below the pub with a cheeky little extra loop via Springlands. Billed as 5.5 that must have included falsies as pack were back by 8.40, although it was a very quick r*n! The walkers group included some post-marathon who made the whole trail at a civvy's jog, some who cut off only the very bottom part and the thirsty Everly brothers who SCB'd the SCB route at the 2nd attempt. On the whole a very lovely r*n and a good job by Pip for her first haring, the only gentle criticism being that it was too well-marked, which meant FRB's found trail a bit too easily! With the folk club in good voice in the main pub, eaters had been sidelined to the function room and it made sense to hold circle there although some thought the journey too far, while others nearly left as Bouncer mangled the ivories. Hare dispatched her beer concentrating on steady pace rather than sprint, then Hash Gomi was called for having trouble with bridges all night, after a near incident whilst driving to the pub then twice finding himself off trail on the wrong side of the river. You Stupid Bastard had been in good voice all night, giving the walkers fair warning they were about to be overhauled, and full of the joys of spring had shot through the pack. Lily the Pink had been seen off-loading him to Ride-It Baby at the start (fair enough post 26.2), but after Pat had her arm almost ripped from its socket Mudlark took a turn before the hash hound somehow ended up with One Erection. The latter driving, Mudlark deserved the beer for being workshy ("I got him at his friskiest") which he necked efficiently, but nothing is quicker than Gomi when there's food left unattended (even if his beer was of the ginger



variety) and Nigel found Dave was already at his cheeseboard before he'd finished! Up next were the marathon boys, who downed complete with personalised wooden spoons since none of them won! Having sold his place on to a 3.04 finisher Bouncer was hoping to claim victory but the numbers got mixed up resulting in an actual time of 4.32 making him the hash sweeper! Congratulations went to Penguin Shagger for his 3.12 PB despite starting much too fast; Keeps It Up sensibly paced to shortly under 3.40 gun; with Lily the Pink very hot on his heels, and Pondweed soon after. Scott had foregone beer for 6 months in "training", but Tim demonstrated its benefits after taking one at the hash beer stop at Hove Lawns Bowls Club and promptly showing pacer Ivan a very clean pair of heels. Beer won't help a lack of sun cream though, and the clement weather was evident all over Lily the Extremely Pinks face. Although not present an honourable mention went to Greyhound Chris's post 70, sub 4 hour effort! To RA's embarrassment, it took a reminder from the pack that Wildbush was with us on her birthday instead of getting a life elsewhere. Another great hash!



Woodman Arms, Hammerpot Pondweed succeeded, where others failed, to organise a hash from this superbly located establishment. A smallish crowd gathered for the off, most of whom went the wrong direction, as the rest followed KIU who, on a mileage trip, was hoping he was wrong. A brief field crossing followed before we picked up the tracks heading into deepest, darkest, and usually muddiest Angmering woods where we frolicked around for the bulk of the evening. At some point we realised that visitor Swollen Colon was AWOL, but he reappeared none the worse for wear, but more shortly. Despite the usually doubtable hares promises and the area concerned we somehow came out of it with barely a sniff of shiggy and were soon back in the car park where the recently named Sparkly Virginny (or woteverthehellweendedupwith) found great amusement in Angel's character assassination of Bouncer. Inside the landlord amusingly missed the point with the down down beer and offered the entire hash a bogoff on the London Pride. Barman also missed the point after the boss authorised free beer by putting out a large selection of shot glasses, but eventually it was sorted (in a rather wonderful jug) for hare Pondweed and able assistant Ride-It to neck some ale. Young Les has been making noises about a name change apparently as he no longer feels young, so after lots of thinking when he suggested his own e-mail address fruityplumb, but given that 1) nobody chooses their own name; 2) you're lucky if you like it, and 3) he is after all, hash royalty, he ended up with Victoria. Initial protestations "I'll be Greengage. Or Damson. I'll be Damson", were put to the vote but Victoria he stayed although Lily the Pink wasn't sure there was room for another lady on the hash. Personally I reckon he got off lightly after c. 1500 hashes and 1400 short-cuts, including misleading Swollen on tonight's trail then losing him, but that just earned Colin a beer which he downed with KIU (who, after his early success became the hash barometer getting every check wrong), and Bogeyman (who lost the torch game by putting it on whilst it was still very much daylight). With some extra beer to dispose of Mudlark was called first as our most loyal England fan (rugby of course) and servant of Her Madge in the Navy for St. George's Day, before Victoria pointed out that St. Bernard had been spotted spouting on national TV about our lovely sip stop last month! Somehow Satisfaction Guaranteed evaded the threat of beer but was no match for Pondweeds insistence that she set trail soon. There was some waffle about Hassocks Hash on Friday (and the dry run was explained by the gates stopping the quad bikes), but mostly we drank up and went home after another great hash!

WHY ST GEORGE IS A PALESTINIAN HERO

As England celebrates the day of its patron saint, many Palestinians are gearing up for their own forthcoming celebrations of the figure they also regard as a hero.

The red cross on a white background has been associated with Saint George since the time of the Crusades. It is the national flag of England and is also used as an emblem by other countries and cities that have adopted him as their own patron saint. However, Palestinians have particular reason to display the symbol and revere the early Christian martyr. For them he is a local hero who opposed the persecution of his fellow Christians in the Holy Land. "We believe he was a great martyr for his faith who defended the Christian faith and values," says Greek Orthodox Archbishop Atallah Hanna. "By making sacrifices for his faith he was able to defeat evil. We take St George as a patron for people living here - and as he was born in historic Palestine, we pray to him to remember us and this holy land."

St George was a Roman soldier during the Third Century AD, when the Emperor Diocletian was in power. It is said that he once lived in al-Khadr near Bethlehem, on land owned by his mother's family. While the saint's father is usually traced back to Cappadocia, an area in modern Turkey, it is believed his mother was Palestinian from Lydda - now Lod, in Israel. The saint is remembered for giving away his possessions and remaining true to his religion when he was imprisoned and tortured before he was finally executed. There are many churches in the West Bank and Israel that bear the name of St George - at al-Khadr, Lod and in the Galilee, for example. While the Western world marks St George's Day on 23 April, in the Palestinian areas it falls on 6 May, according to the older calendar used by the Eastern Churches. A service is held for the saint at al-Khadr, bringing worshippers from the Bethlehem area and much further afield to light candles and say prayers. During the feast, special bread is baked that shows him in his typical pose as a dragon slayer. Such images are also a permanent feature on many Palestinian Christian homes and public buildings. It is thought that the saint brings them protection.

"He's a native saint who has done many miracles. We respect him a lot," explains sculptor Akram Anastas. "He's presented as a knight full of peace and grace, riding his horse and always fighting evil, which is symbolised by the dragon. We write underneath in Arabic 'God bless our house.'" Anastas has worked on thousands of stone carvings of the saint during his career, selling them to Palestinian and international buyers. "I like him very much. He's a good friend of mine and I've found him many times in my life. He's my guardian angel," he says.

With its associations of courage, gallantry and honour, the Christian name, George, remains one of the most common in the Palestinian Territories. Other variants are Khadr (Arabic for "green one") and Jeries. In a Bethlehem coffee shop known locally as "Abu George" [the father of George], I sit with members of the Thalgieh family, who are all called George. "Maybe we have 10 people [named George] until now. Perhaps in the future we will reach 100," says George Elias Saba Thalgieh. "Here in Bethlehem, it's not just our family. We all believe that St George will help us when we need him. If you have an accident the first thing you say is 'Ya Khadr' - it means we are calling for St George to help us. I love the name. Our grandfather is George, I am George so now my sons will name their sons George," adds the older man's nephew, George Nabil George Thalgieh, a well-known singer. Anticipating this year's St George's Day, the two generations join in a traditional verse. "Oh, St George we pray at al-Khadr," go the lyrics. "We are the Christians with the candles in our hands."

There are a number of customs associated with the saint. Sometimes the Greek Orthodox priest is asked to insert a key into the mouth of children with speech difficulties, turning it to "unlock" their tongues. There is a ritual in which visitors put a chain around their neck, pass it over their body and kiss it three times. This is thought to ward off sickness. Letters asking St George to solve family disputes are placed inside the glass that covers his icon. People appealing to the saint for help also give sheep to the church so it can distribute meat to the poor. Some Palestinian Muslims, especially those from al-Khadr, also follow the practices. "It's not only the Christians that appreciate him, the Muslims also feel the power and the miracles of St George," says Father Ananias. "When the church was built [in the Byzantine period] the neighbours were Christians. I don't know when the local people became Muslims, but under the Turkish [Ottomans] they protected the monastery and remained very close."

An old woman wearing a traditional embroidered dress and the Islamic veil tells me: "We all believe in al-Khadr, even my husband. I made a vow to light a candle in al-Khadr church."

Many Muslim scholars suggest that a servant of God mentioned in the Koran as an associate of Moses, refers to the figure of al-Khadr, who is identified with St George. In the 1,700 years or so since his death, the saint has also become identified with other figures, some historical and some mythical. The legend of him saving a maiden by killing a dragon probably originated in the Middle Ages. Although many details of his life remain unclear, Palestinians see him as having set a powerful example for helping the needy and bravely standing up for one's beliefs. It is this reputation that has also made him popular around the world.



St. George's day Alfaz del Pi Spain! Why not the UK?!

REHASHING the CRAFT...

Cliffbanger at St. Leonards-on-Sea I managed to get lost on my way home from a Hastings drop-off recently, and ended up driving through the centre of Bexhill. Spotting several pubs, I thought it was time we had another CRAFT in the area, but it took the launch of the Hastings Parkrun to kickstart things (*I had this plan to try and get to every new Sussex inaugural run, which went well for a while with Eastbourne, Tilgate, Preston Park & Clair [Haywards Heath], but the parkrun powers that be decided to suppress launch information to save volunteers being overwhelmed on their first event so I missed Bognor, Chichester and Horsham*). Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger were keen from the off and offered to put up myself and Angel as well as Keeps It up and Wildbush so we could make a night of it, but they decided against Bexhill preferring the watering holes of St. Leonards. And a good choice it was too, with opener the Tower receiving the vote not just from Camra GBG, but also EGH3 hasher Bullshit who we randomly found propping up the bar it being his local! We were also joined by a few from Hastings H3 with Muppet, Robbin' B*stard and Beau Thai turning up to this really interesting 'Treasure Hunt' pub. Passing the Dripping Spring we wandered round to the North Star where I found the Dark Star 6 hop to be very good, but this was a flying visit as the former pub was our food stop. There was a change in management coming up and we were almost the last ever eaters but our hosts were very friendly, and Bushsquatter gave us a good laugh when we were talking about golf clubs (?!) and she asked whether they were the 9 hole sort or 18! Um, wrong kind of club Cheryl. Stopping to answer the phone I lost the pack and made a hash (sic!) of finding the Nags Head (interestingly marked as the East Sussex Islamic Association on Colins map!), typically only discovering the pub after I'd given up when Angel fell out the door of what appeared to be a private dwelling. Desperate to tell my sad story I was unceremoniously told to belt up and drink. We managed one more pub before becoming tired and emotional, the Horse & Groom, having to leave the Prince of Wales (which incidentally I'd found earlier) to another time. Another great CRAFT hash was rounded off the following morning with four of us on the start line for parkrun, although Cheryl was insisting to everyone (and she knew plenty!) that she wasn't there.

on

What Is Hashing? 'Drinking Clubs With A Running Problem' Are Taking Over The World

For most of us, the words "pub" and "crawl" bring back memories of university days gone by that, quite frankly, we'd rather forget. But the London Hash House Harriers' version of a pub crawl is much, much different. London Hash is one of dozens of hashing clubs nationwide. For those uninitiated, the concept of hashing is simple: like-minded individuals go running together, and stop off at pubs en route. "We run anything from three miles to eight miles and it's not competitive," Tina Eckart of London Hash tells HuffPost UK Lifestyle. "A hare goes out and pre-sets the trail in chalk, flour, sawdust or anything that the hare tends to think of which is biodegradable or easily removed." A hare is the person who goes ahead and marks the route. "There are a series of false trails, checks, regroupings and the odd drink stop towards the end of the run. We believe in supporting our local pubs and in particular natural beer. but it's up to you what you do on the hash."

At the end of a trail, the group always has what they call "a circle". It involves singing a short ditty before downing a free pint. "We tell each other jokes or catch up on misdemeanours we've experienced on trail, such as finishing a trail in a police van as I did once," Eckart says. London Hash meet up every weekend, whatever the weather, plus hold runs on Monday evenings during the summer months. Their "pack size" ranges from 10 to 60 people per run. And they're not the only ones mixing their love of running with their love of good beer. The hashing movement is thought to have been started by British Colonial Officers in Malaysia back in 1938. Eckart has hashed all over the world, in countries including Australia, Zanzibar, America, Germany and Slovakia. London Hash began in the mid 70s, and has steadily grown in popularity ever since. These days, it is affectionately known as "the drinking club with a running problem". "Hashing is for those with a sense of fun. Hashers tend to look after other hashers, particularly out on trail, but even afterwards, such as when the odd harrier or harriet might be in need of help," Eckart says. "It's a community with shared values and a love of hashing and a great way to de-stress from a tough day at work."

There is far more to hashing than running. London Hash regularly organise additional events, including trips to the ballet, camping in the Norfolk Broads and, perhaps less surprisingly, tasting sessions at breweries. Eckart (*Last Tango, Ed.*) is titled the 'Grand Mattress' of London Hash - unusual names are all part of the fun. At your first hash, you can be expected to be introduced to a hasher with a bizarre name such as 'Martian Matron', 'Boy Blunder' or 'Bulldozer'. These are hash names. "You can't choose your own hash name. Names are earned, and behind every name there is a story," the London Hash website explains. "Such as the harriet who on hearing someone exclaim 'there is a couple of guys peeing in a doorway over there' decided to run back to have a look. The pack unanimously agreed that her hash name should be 'Golden Retriever'."

Of course, there are those who question the safety and health benefits of running with alcohol in your system. As pointed out by

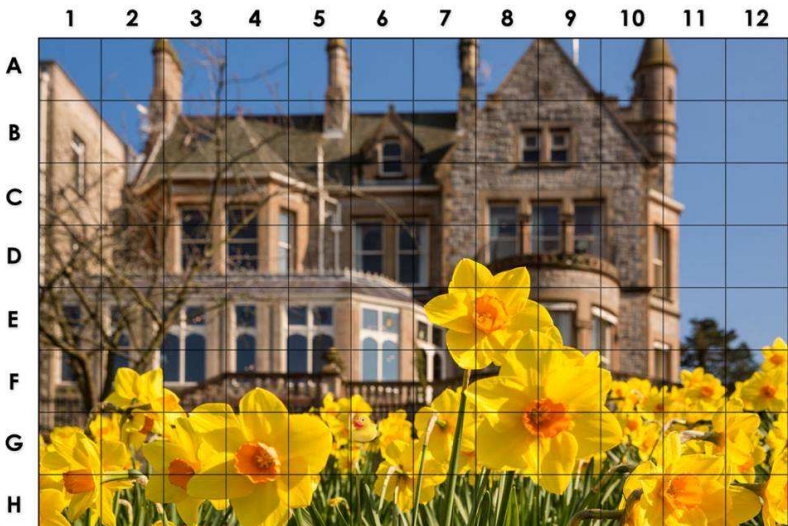


LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

runningworld.com, alcohol dehydrates and causes a person to have slower reaction times than they would normally, so mixing beer and exercise could not only limit your running performance, but actually put you in danger. However, Eckart says hashing doesn't have to be risky. "I rarely run with any alcohol in my hand - if you try it you will understand why!" she jokes. "Seriously, we believe it's healthier than sitting at home watching TV and a lot more fun than running the same route on your own. There are many hashers who have run marathons, I have run three so it's not just an excuse for a drink. In fact, for me, it's the trails that make it."

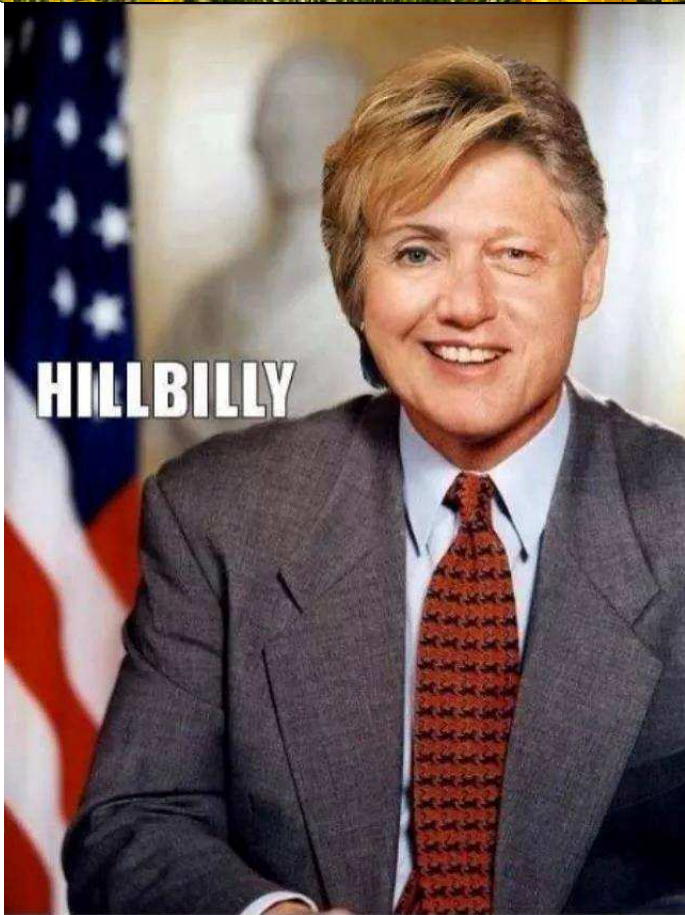
To join a hashing group like the London Hash House Harriers, you simply have to visit their website to find out when they're next running, turn up and start talking to someone. London Hash members wear matching t-shirts, so they're easy to identify. "We particularly welcome those new to hashing," Eckart says. "Those of us who have it in our hearts look to new people to carry on hashing to ensure its future."

London Hash House Harriers on a tutu-themed run *Spot Testiculator!*



THINGS WE SAY TODAY,
WHICH WE OWE TO
SHAKESPEARE:

"KNOCK, KNOCK! WHO'S THERE?" "HEART OF GOLD"
"IN A PICKLE" "SET YOUR TEETH ON EDGE"
"FAINT HEARTED" "SO-SO" "GOOD RIDDANCE"
"LIE LOW" "FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE" "BAITED BREATH" "SEND HIM PACKING"
"COME WHAT MAY"
"THE GAME IS UP"
"WEAR YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE"
"NOT SLEPT ONE WINK" "FULL CIRCLE" "OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH"
"TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING"
"WHAT'S DONE IS DONE" "NAKED TRUTH" "BREAK THE ICE"
"WILD CHASE"
"LAUGHING STOCK" "BREADED HIS LAST"
"HEART OF HEARTS" "VANISH INTO THIN AIR"
"GOOSE CHASE"
"SEEN BETTER DAYS" "MAKES YOUR HAIR STAND ON END"
"DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL" "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE" "LOVE IS BLIND"
"GREEN EYED MONSTER" "FAIR / FOUL PLAY / PLAY" "OFF WITH HIS HEAD"
"THE WORLD IS MY OYSTER" "BRAVE NEW WORLD"
"BE ALL / END ALL" "A SORRY SIGHT"



Cockpit door problem solved.

Knock, knock. "Who's there?" "The Captain." Knock knock knock knock knock knock knock knock.

RIP Sir Terry Pratchett.

I'd got too far with the last trash to include much about Terry Pratchett passing away on 12th March so this may seem a while after the fact but so what! He's my favourite author and I'm invoking editorial privilege! If anyone isn't aware, STP (as he's fondly known) wrote an enormous amount of books about a fantasy world (Discworld) which turns the rules of Earth upside-down. The Discworld consists of a large disc (complete with edge-of-the-world drop-off and consequent waterfall) resting on the backs of four huge elephants which are in turn standing on the back of an enormous turtle, named Great A'Tuin (similar to Chukwa or Akupara from Hindu mythology) as it slowly swims through space. Magic replaces science and through his series of books, the elements of progress and scientific advance are mirrored in Discworld as more magical influences manifest themselves. One of his main creations was the anthropomorphic character Death who always spoke LIKE THIS. Highly recommended and invariably humorous, I'm simply going to let STP speak through his writings with a few of my favourite extracts from the books:

Tourist, Rincewind decided, meant 'idiot'.

I'd rather be a slave than a corpse.'

'What is your name?' he said. 'My name is immaterial,' she said.

'That's a pretty name', said Rincewind

"Do you think there's anything to eat in this forest?"

"Yes, said the wizard, "Us."

'[There are] some big mushrooms... Can you eat them?'

Rincewind looked at them cautiously. 'No, no good to eat at all.'

'Why?' called Twoflower. Rincewind coughed. 'It's the little doors and windows,' he said wretchedly, 'it's a dead giveaway.'

'All the shops have been smashed open and ... people were helping themselves to musical instruments.' 'Luters, I expect.'

Often there is no more than a little plaque to reveal that, against all gynaecological probability, someone very famous was born halfway up a wall.

'You're wizards!' Esk screamed. 'Bloody well wizz!'

... it deflated into a pile of twitching bones, bits of fur, and odd ends of tentacle, very much like a Greek meal.

'I don't think there's ever been a female wizard before,' said Cutangle. I rather think it might be against the lore.'

'It's written in Old,' he said. 'Before they invented spelling.'

Down these mean streets a man must walk, he thought. And along some of them he will break into a run.

'I can't swim.' 'What, not a stroke?' 'About how deep is the sea here?' 'About a dozen fathoms, I believe.' 'Then I could probably swim about a dozen fathoms, whatever they are.'

It was said that everything in Ankh-Morpork was for sale except for the beer and the women, both of which one merely hired.

'If we get a chance,' whispered Rincewind to Nijel, 'we run, right?'

'Where to?' 'From,' said Rincewind, 'the important word is from.'

"Million-to-one chances crop up nine times out of ten"

'Fool?' 'Marry, sir—' said the Fool nervously. 'I am already extremely married. Advise me, my Fool,' said Lord Pelmet.

...Ptraci, his favourite handmaiden. She was special. Her singing always cheered him up. Life seemed so much brighter when she stopped.

He pushed the food around on his plate. Some of it pushed back. *There's a saying that there's a saying that all roads lead to Ankh-Morpork. And it's wrong. All roads lead away from Ankh-Morpork, but sometimes people just walk along them the wrong way.*

Meat pies! Hot sausages! Inna bun! So fresh the pig hasn't noticed they're gone! Cut-me-own-throat Dibbler.

'Why are you called One Man Bucket?' in my tribe we're traditionally named after the first thing the mother sees when she looks out of the tepee after the birth. It's short for One-Man-

Pouring-a-Bucket-of-Water-over-Two-Dogs. 'That's pretty unfortunate.' 'It's not too bad, it was my twin brother you had to feel sorry for. She looked out ten seconds before me to give him his name.' 'Don't tell me, let me guess,' Windle said, 'Two-Dogs-Fighting?' 'Two-Dogs-Fighting, Two-Dogs-Fighting? Wow, he'd have given his right arm to be called Two-Dogs-Fighting.'

Vampires have risen from the dead, the grave, and the crypt, but have never managed it from the cat.

'How come you're in the palace guard, Casanunda?' all the rest of 'em are six foot tall and you're of the shorter persuasion.' 'I lied about my height.'

Every established kitchen has one ancient knife, its handle worn thin, its blade curved like a banana, and so inexplicably sharp that reaching into the drawer at night is like bobbing for apples in a piranha tank.

He only drinks when he gets depressed, said Carrot.

'Why does he get depressed?'

'Sometimes it's because he hasn't had a drink.'

The Mended drum had traditionally gone in for, well, traditional pub games, such as dominoes, darts, and Stabbing People In The Back And Taking All Their Money.

'mumblemumble,' said the Dean defiantly, a rebel without a pause.

The puzzle was that the sun came out during the day, instead of at night when the light would come in useful.

"What do those symbols mean?"

"Sodomy non sapiens. Means I'm buggered if I know."

'A marriage is always made up of two people who are prepared to swear that only the other one snores.'

'Steal five dollars and you're a common thief. Steal thousands and you're either the government or a hero.'

'People think that stories are shaped by people. In fact, it's the other way around.'

'Never trust any complicated cocktail that remains perfectly clear until the last ingredient goes in, and then immediately clouds.'

'I'll be more enthusiastic about encouraging thinking outside the box when there's evidence of any thinking going on inside it.'

'Most modern fantasy just rearranges the furniture in Tolkien's attic.'

'Imagination, not intelligence, made us human.'

'Coming back to where you started is not the same as never leaving.'

'I'm an Igor, thur. We don't athk queththionth.' 'Really? Why not?' 'I don't know, thur. I didn't athk.'

The rule is 'Quia Ego Sic Dico'. Because I say so.



So you think you're having a bad day?





And finally, from Billy Connolly. "If women are so bloody perfect at multitasking, How come they can't have a headache and sex at the same time?"