



R-ns/trash #217 June 2015

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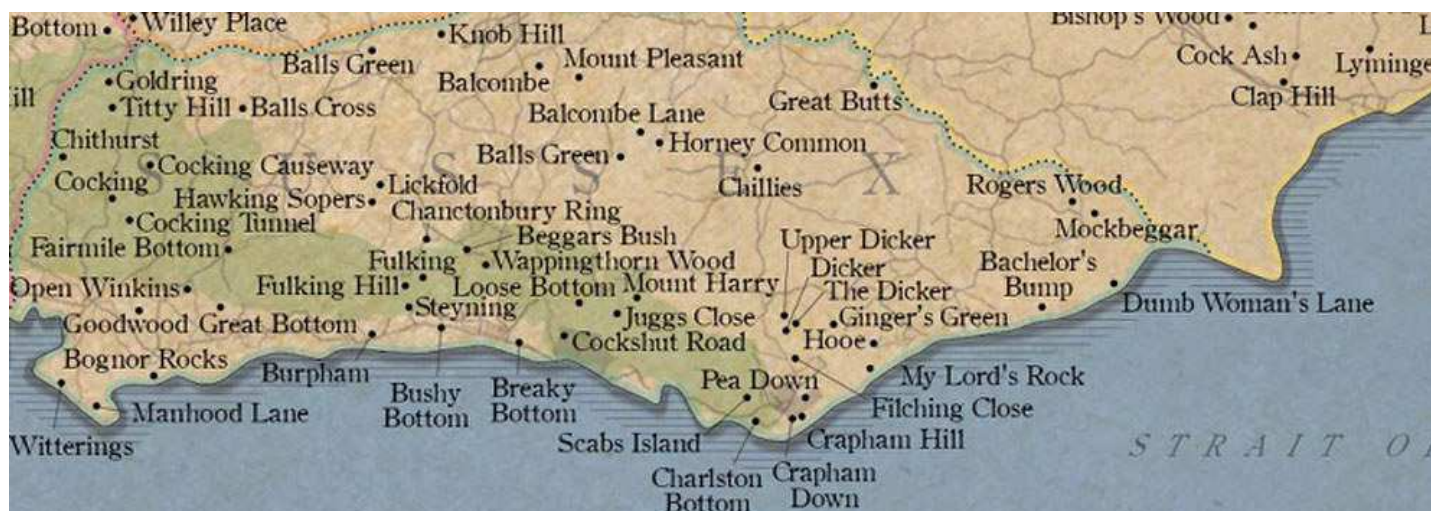
All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
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.				
8th June 2015	1929	Sergison Arms, Haywards Heath	326 240	One Erection
Directions: A23 north, A272 through Ansty to Haywards Heath, pub on left at 2nd roundabout. Est. 20 mins.				
15th June 2015	1930	White Horse, Hurstpierpoint	271 666	Aunty & Gotlost
Directions: A23 to B2117 Hurstpierpoint, right at T junction, left at next roundabout and pub is on the right. Est. 15 mins.				
22nd June 2015	1931	Abbots Wood car park	559 072	Mudlark Nigel
Directions: A27 east to Alfriston roundabout. Continue and take 1st left (opposite Giants Rest pub). Right at t- junction and car park on right. Est. 25 mins. <i>Hash Summer Barbecue!</i>				
29th June 2015	1932	Wayland Avenue, Withdean	294 075	Pondweed
Directions: A27 West to A2038. South on Devils Dyke Avenue. Turn left onto Tongdean Ln and right onto Wayland Ave. Destination on Right. Est. 5 mins. <i>Pondweed's Housewarming.</i>				

[illegible]

RECEDING HARELINE:

06/07/15	TBA	TBA	27/07/15	TBA	Bogeyman
13/07/15	TBA	Keeps It Up/ Wildbush	03/08/15	TBA	Angel
20/07/15	TBA	St. Bernard	10/08/15	TBA	Random Sparkles



The hares seem uninspired. Maybe the rude map of Sussex will help!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

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.

CRAFT Campout to be rearranged.

20-21/06/15

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/> See below

17/10/2016

Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000th rn* - *Diary date for big celebration.***

[illegible]

CRAFT H3 #80 7pm Friday 12th June 2015 Broadwater, Worthing

P trail from Worthing Station to pub #1 which will be recently opened Micropub the Brooksteed Alehouse in South Farm Road. Limited crash space available at the Bouncers. Last trains back to Shoreham leave Worthing at 23.22 and 23.59 both terminating Brighton so please check if you need to go further for changes at either Hove or Brighton.

Don't forget your tankards!

On on! Bouncer

[illegible]

BEACHY HEAD JUMPERS *(nb Always r*n closest Sunday to Solstices and Equinoxes)*

We will be venturing out and joining Hastings hash and the W&NK hash on the 21st June at The Foresters Arms, The Street, Fairwarp, Uckfield TN22 3BP at 11.00am, hope to see you there. On On Butler de Bastard

[illegible]

UK NASH HASH, OXFORD H3 - 28th - 31st August 2015

By popular demand we're going to provide Day passes for NH for the Saturday!

The cost will be £75 (camping) or £85 (dorm). This will get you your choice of run on the Saturday (with bus ride and beer), access to the entertainment (Mad Hatter's tea party, Alice themed Fancy Dress party and the band (Growler)), three meals by the lovely people at Chubbys (packed lunch and dinner on the Saturday, breakfast on the Sunday), BEER and the goodie bag.

To get your day pass, download the rego form from the NH website (<https://uknashhash2015.wordpress.com/registration/>), print it and write "DAY PASS" prominently on the top of the form. Please return to Crease at the address on the form including a cheque. Note that on-line registration for day passes is NOT available.

On On - Goldilocks

[illegible]

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

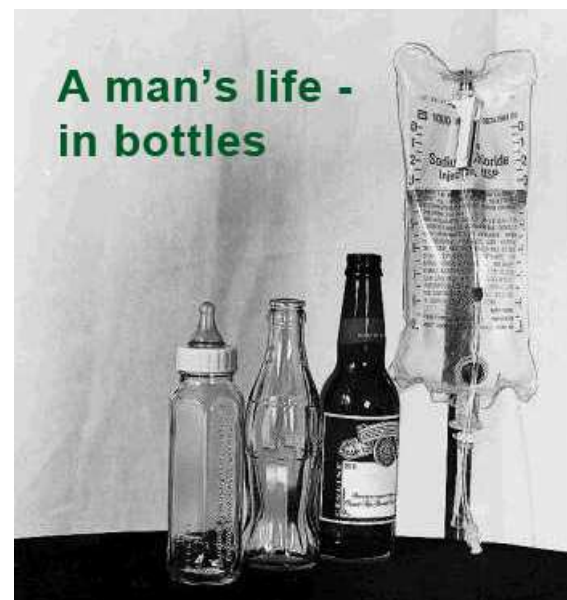
Full blogs and pics available at: http://www.crazyguyonabike.com/doc/?o=Sh&doc_id=12976&v=nO

[illegible]

BEER AT THE AMEX:

So the Mails Adam Shergold has been to 100 matches this season, as fan and sports writer, and rates Brighton top pint! Doesn't mention the Hophead but because the club always put on guest ales from their home town for the away fans. Well done Seagulls!

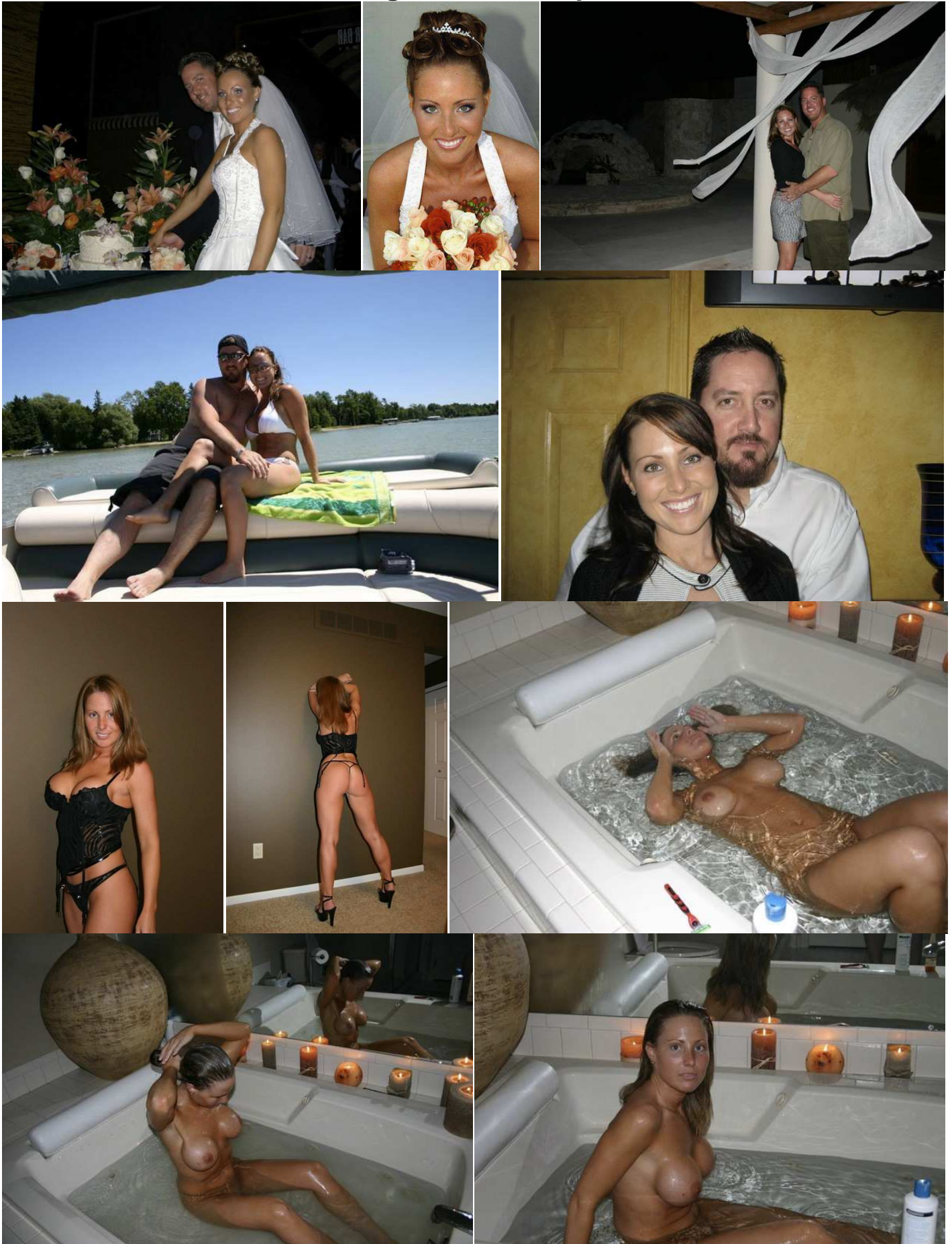
Elsewhere, as a condition of hosting the Rugby World Cup the Amex were required to host a major rugby match to iron out any problems that may arise. The game chosen was the U20 Six Nations England France championship decider (won by England to take the Six nations!). Under normal conditions, beer is not allowed inside the stadium and has to be enjoyed in the vending areas, but rugby works differently and it was also a requirement that beer should be allowed at the seating area. The biggest complaint from all the possible rugby related scenarios was that there were no paddles to carry 4 beers at a time!



I had originally intended this to be a themed issue, the Baby Shoe, as Kate's pumped out another royal, but decided there wasn't enough mileage in it so you'll have to put up with a scattering of baby pictures around the trash!

PAGE
Inside 3 Today

Recognize this couple?

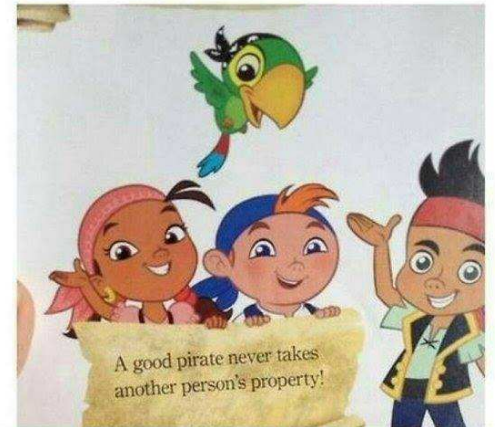


...because I don't, but if you know who they are, tell them that they left their camera on the plane!

REHASHING

Yew Tree, Arlington After a bit of a hiccup with the pub wanting money upfront, which had Prof, at least, cutting off his nose to spite his face and refusing to order, Red Slapper mustered us for some words of wisdom which bypassed your scribe. Phase 1 through to the Caneheath road saw more stiles than you could shake a stick at, and Angel went into her characteristic cackle when Knight Rider finally mastered falling down after several failed attempts. Into Abbots Wood dogging grr, er, car park had the attendees to the Beachy Head Jumpers Christmas hash looking for beer and Brussels sprouts but it was early doors for a sip. While the hare was considering the loss of Black Stockings (the hasher, not her underwear. Although...), the rest of us either checked or hung around one of the numerous checks until she said "I think it's this way". Crossing a small bridge by something that wasn't Arlington reservoir, Bogeyman, an H was spotted and assuming this meant hold check awaited orders. Turns out it was Halfway and there were no more short-cuts so decision time for Local Knowledge. From here we headed out to the Priory and, probably, the reason for the WoW as folk spoke in hushed tones. Then the hare dropped the bombshell that there were no more checks and she wouldn't be able to match the pace. Vague marks, limited calling, and the effects of an earlier shower meant that those of us without Cliffbangers technology dribbled home from 9.10ish to get stuck into the apparently excellent food. We were treated to a rather painful Pirate song by Bouncer (see page 6) sporting a mangy chicken on his shoulder, before joint setters Falling Madonna, Roseabba (both on the walk), and Red Slapper downed. With no representatives at the London Marathon it was down to Keeps It Up (as the sole surviving hound from the Brighton Marathon), and Psychlepath (considering the London 26.2 for his umpteenth birthday next year) to take the ale with the former getting the blame for lack of calling at the end, while the latter broke the torch out first. Knight Rider looked sympathetic but declined the beer for his feetail with the old driving gesture. You're still the numpty mate, just a dry one! Another great hash...

I'm not sure Disney fully understands what a pirate is



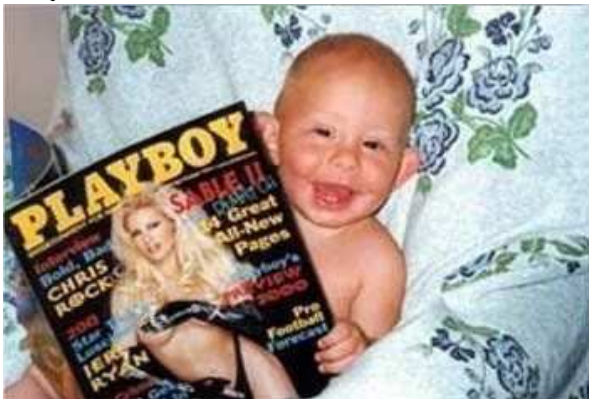
The Lamb, Piltdown "I've found a great place to hash we haven't been to for years" said Wiggy on the way to the hash a few weeks back, "Piltdown". Well, it's either great minds or coincidence but that very night Lily the Pink stuck his name down for the same pub as Wiggy had in mind. Your scribe ended up walking with the recently named Victoria who let his 'dam son' Guy SCB very early but stuck out the mud and rain for a bit longer before turning back. Meanwhile we'd been caught by Wildbush and Roaming P who went the right way as I floundered around in the woods. Already in the bank holiday spirit my resistance was low when I lost touch but found the Peacock, so fell through the door for a quick half. Good job too, as I missed the sip, unlike Trike Rider who was upset when the checks hadn't been marked through until it was pointed out that the rest of the pack back were still at the sip. Sadly that info all came too late for the circle where hares Lily the Pink and Dirty Bitch were downed, along with Penguin Shagger, who did a cracking time at the Manchester marathon to further support the 'beer is good' hypothesis as he smashed his Brighton time. He also made international news after losing his car afterwards, going home by train and having a local find it for him a week later (*the story is true but it wasn't our lad who doesn't actually drive let alone own a car! Never let the truth get in the way etc.*). Next up there was some sort of election based on the colour of peoples shirts in the pub, really just a front to get Blue Peter Pansy up as a Conservative Council Candidate but he did have competition losing the

Down Down race to the Red Slapper in the other corner, which subsequently turned out to be an accurate reading of his showing in the election proper. My notes also say that Roaming Pussy received for her 50th hash, but as she roams only a handful are actually BH7. Although we don't currently have a numpty mug per se, we decided to carry on awarding the numpty of the week in the hope it would remind Wiggy to get something sorted, so Knight Rider as incumbent (see last weeks report) called Bogeyman for stretching before the r*n, then breaking the hash pen. Airman was let off the hook for giving the barmaid grief earlier, as he has a sick note but I don't think we can allow that excuse too often. Another great hash!

Friars Oak, Hassocks Once a hasher, always a hasher! Despite earlier misinformation (*Bouncer made it up*) that the pub had changed to the Thatched Inn at Keymer (causing Keeps It Up to frantically change the website only to have to change it back when he found out), long lost hasher Aileen returned to the fold after 8 years of life-changing events (Weddage and those which come after)! Hare strategically positioned himself in the middle of a narrow path for the words of wisdom, which were therefore only audible to a select few, the crux of which was to ignore the first check. Naturally Bouncer ignored that and went charging off through the fields, exulting in his off-roaders and oblivious to the rest of the packs tarmac misery as hare made drastic cuts to the trail. It was a bit of a trudge on the roads through to the station, then straight up the line path at

every check until eventually we climbed up to Jack and Jill, sadly in mist. Whilst the FRB's messed about with other routes the balance of the pack headed along to Jacobs Post and down the tank track and on-hare through the streets back to the pub. Pirate was spotted in Keymer High Street stuffing his face and bemoaning the pub prices, and various other bodies were appearing including Wiggy who came close to getting nicked after reports of runners on private property to which his response was allegedly to do with sheep-shagging, silly boy. Pub conversation alternated between the election and the relay, until the down downs which Psychlepath seemed surprised to find he was necking alone. "Did you set by bike?" called a wag. Others went to Whose Shout, who'd represented BH7 at the very hash like Company of Wolves theatre thing (*see report*), and returnee Imelda, who declined to participate in the relay just because he's getting married that day! "But you did that too, Bouncer," yelled another wag. There was dissent between Pondweed and Bogeyman about just whose bare arse had distracted the little old ladies who'd crashed in

Rising Sun, Upper Beeding. After the briefest of hash words at the start to announce the sip, we took the path south from the pub where on was called through the field. Remember that. This piece of information will come in useful later! Confusion at the river had people going up and down the bank until the hare was spotted down the twitten. A brief spell through the houses, and along the playing field led to a bonus check called by Angel to give Ride-It Baby time to clear up Max's crap, while Cardinal looked after his dog. Remember the field? On was called, again through the houses, until we burst out on to the river bank properly this time, to cross over and head south on the other side. Bouncer then called a check on the new cycle track to entice Keeps It Up and Mudlark back from the right way, successfully leaving them trailing as pack overtook while they were off trail. Pack then stretched out along the river bank for all the world like a pack of pound shop highlight pens in their gaudy haberdashery, before re-crossing on the SDW bridge, then continuing down the link. Rain had washed away the check halfway along Anchor Bottom, but it mattered little as Wiggy took half the pack up early while Angel opted to drag the rest on the long haul missing out the check at the junction with the SDW, where Heinz appeared claiming to have checked but actually on the SCB route. After a brief hold in the wind at 5 Ways it was down towards Golding Barn for a sip, later described by the walkers who'd already gone, as "lashings of ginger beer and cake", in a field full of cowslips. Of course there was proper beer too before a quick return to the pub, although Pondweed was tempted by the longer route over Windmill Hill. Back at base, Mudlark assumed RA responsibilities to award the hares Bouncer & Angel. One Erection, Saddleshaft, Cooperman, Heinz and Local Knowledge were then called for their efforts on the Hash relay - Rob having managed 5 legs, Phil for managing to coax his 2CV the entire distance, Grahame as onion-selling navigator, Eddie as bonus runner managing just about exactly 1/10th of One E's mileage, and Pete for hosting the apres, raising an incredible £350 for the Nepal earthquake. Still on the relay, Ride-It Baby got a mention for announcing, as they were heading for the start, that she was still on call and they may have to turn back, but nominated Pondweed as she was driving, the latter drinking with Cardinal Sinner for refusing to accept responsibility for his own dog's crap citing the lack of an early field (remember the field?), and trying to blame the hare! In the absence of Lily the Pink who, after managing to pack in an extra couple of beers on Friday night by cadging an afternoon lift for the relay, discovered that he couldn't cycle straight after strong beer and fell off breaking his collar bone (causing all sorts of headaches for the SDW 100 team), thus deserving the numpty award like no other, it was awarded to One Erection who just failed to reach the full marathon distance by aggregating his legs on the relay. Another great hash!



For weeks a six-year old lad kept telling his first-grade teacher about the baby brother or sister that was expected at his house.

The teacher finally sat the boy on her lap and said, "Tommy, whatever has become of that baby brother or sister you were expecting at home?"

Tommy burst into tears and confessed, "I think Mommy ate it!"

Dirty Bart





HOW TO TAKE A BABY PHOTO:

This little guys mum set up all these pictures while the baby slept soundly and oblivious:



In the news – the month in pictures... ooh er, little bit of politics!

Scottish river police have already intercepted 500 English migrants attempting to cross the tempestuous River Tweed, in overloaded and ramshackle craft. Chief Inspector McTartan informed this reporter "This is the beginning of a whole new humanitarian crisis for Scotland. Who will take care of these pieces of human flotsam? Who will pay for all the blankets and mars bars? Not us, Jimmy."

The UN are holding an emergency summit in Barbados to discuss how best to handle the immigration crisis.

Meanwhile those who survive the perilous crossing are being detained at a tent village just outside Kelso, while their applications for asylum are processed.



ANOTHER UNCANNY: "Mary Doll" Nesbitt



Nicola Sturgeon

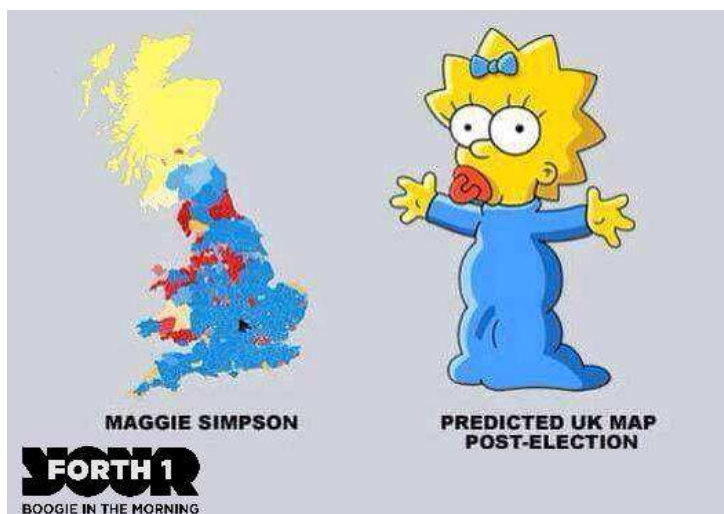
I'm not a huge fan of them either, Simon,
but isn't that a bit extreme?



Millstone



Labour-free crazy paving



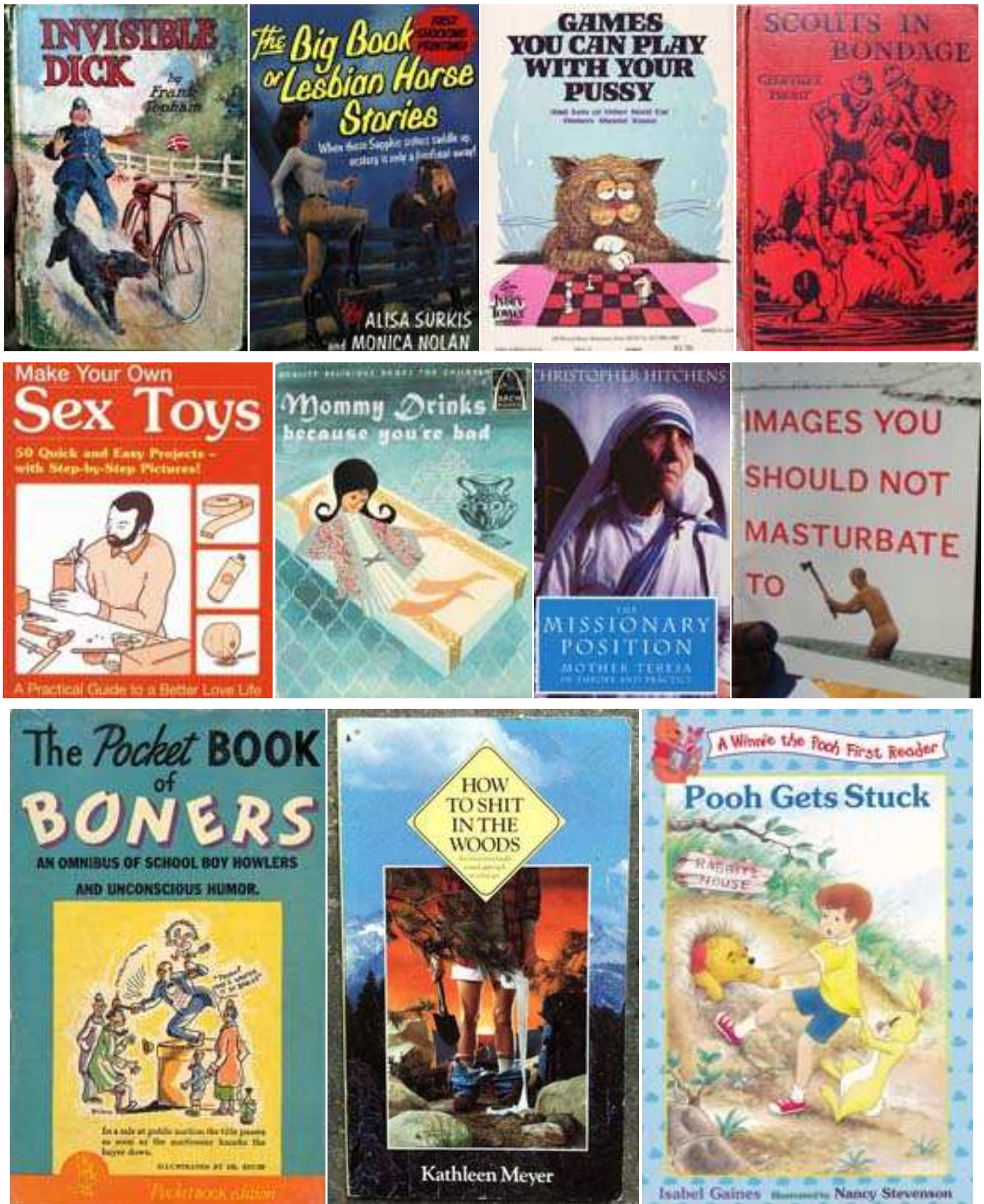
Can't see what the Greens are complaining about. All they've got to do is mix this lot together!



Meanwhile, the Peoples Republic of Brighton & Hove plan their attack strategy!

In other news: Orville has been left speechless following Keith Harris' death.

WORST BOOK TITLES EVER...



The primary school kids were getting used to 'Big People' words', the teacher was always reminding them. She asked Harry what he'd done over the weekend. 'I went to visit my Nana'.

'No, you went to visit your GRANDMOTHER. Use 'Big People' words!' She then asked Michelle what she had done.

'I took a ride on a choo-choo'. She said. 'No, you took a ride on a TRAIN. You must remember to use 'Big People' words'.

She then asked little Johnny what he had done. 'I read a book' he replied.

'That's WONDERFUL!' the teacher said. 'What book did you read?'

Johnny thought real hard about it, then puffed out his chest with great pride, and said, 'Winnie the SHIT'

THE



END



SO FAR TODAY I'VE SHIT MY PANTS,
PISSED ON THE SOFA AND PUKED ON MYSELF
HAD MY TEMPERATURE TAKEN AND IT'S ONLY 9 AM
SO COOCHIE COOCHIE THIS ASSHOLE

A Queenslander is drinking in a West Australian Pub when he gets a call on his mobile phone, and as he listens to the call, he starts grinning from ear to ear. Once he disconnects, he shouts to the barman that he wants to buy everyone in the bar a drink. The barman starts serving the drinks and the people start to crowd around keen to know what they are celebrating. "Well," he announces, "my wife's just produced a typical Queensland baby boy weighing 25 pounds." Nobody can believe that any baby can weigh in at 25 pounds, but the Queenslander just shrugs, "That's about average in Queensland. Like I said, my boy is a typical Queensland boy." Congratulations showered him from all around and many exclamations of "strewth" were heard. One woman even fainted due to sympathy pains.

Two weeks later, the Queenslander returns to the bar. The barman says "You're the father of that typical Queensland baby that weighed 25 pounds at birth, aren't you? Everybody's been having bets about how big he'd be in two weeks, we were going to call you. So, how much does he weigh now?"

The proud father answers, "17 pounds."

The bartender is puzzled and concerned. "What happened? He weighed 25 pounds the day he was born!"

The Queensland father takes a long s-l-o-w swig from his XXXX Gold beer, wipes his lips on his shirt sleeve, leans onto the bar and proudly says, "Had him circumcised!"

Newfoundlanders had heard stories of an amazing family tradition. It seems that Len's father, grandfather and great grandfather had all been able to walk on water on their 21st birthday. On that day, they'd walk across the lake to the boat club for their first legal drink. So when Len's 21st birthday came around, he and his pal Cork took a boat out to the middle of the lake. Len stepped out of the boat and nearly drowned! Corky just managed to pull him to safety.

Furious and confused, Len went to see his grandmother. 'Grandma, it's my 21st birthday, so why can't I walk across the lake like my father, his father, and his father before him?'

Granny looked into Len's eyes and said, 'Because, ya dumb arse, yur faudder, grandfaudder and great grandfaudder wuz born in January, you wuz born in July.'

A drunk from Crinkle Cove, Newfoundland walks out of a bar with a key in his hand and he is stumbling back and forth. A cop on the beat sees him and approaches, "Can I help you Sir?"

"Yessh! Ssssomebody ssstole my carr", the Newfie replies.

The cop asks, "Where was your car the last time you saw it?"

"It wasss on the end of thisshh key", the Newfie replies.

About that time the cop looks down and sees the man's willy hanging out of his fly for all the world to see. He asks the man,

"Sir are you aware that you are exposing yourself?"

Momentarily confused, the drunk Newfie looks down at his crotch and without missing a beat, blurts out....

"Holy shit! Me girlfriend's gone, too!!

And finally... Tales from the rank:

A woman & her son were riding in a taxi. All the prostitutes were standing at a bus stop.

Boy: Mum, what are these women doing here?

Mum: They are waiting for their husbands.

Taxi driver: Why don't you tell him the truth, that they are hookers & have sex with men for money.

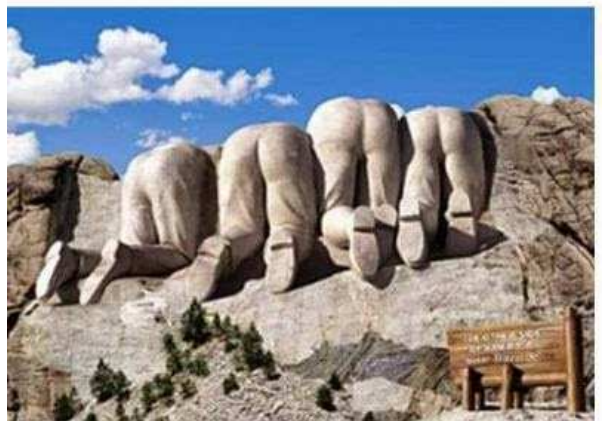
Boy: Is that true Mum?

Mum: (Glaring hard at the driver) says, YES.

Kid asks: Mum, what happens to the babies these women have?

Mum: They become taxi drivers....!!!

You know, there are some things that you just never think of like Mt. Rushmore from the Canadian side.



**YOU DON'T STOP LAUGHING BECAUSE YOU GET OLD,
YOU GET OLD BECAUSE YOU STOP LAUGHING**