

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)

R-ns/trash #217 June 2015

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

Find us on

facebook or at http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

#NO ON ON DATE **REF**

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 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. Hash Summer Barbecue!

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. Pondweed's Housewarming.

RECEDING HARELINE:

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

Bottom · Willey Place bisnop's vvood. Mount Pleasant Lyminge Balls Green · Goldring Clap Hill Great Butts • Titty Hill • Balls Cross Balcombe Lane Chithurst · Horney Common Balls Green • Cocking Causeway Lickfold Rogers Wood. Hawking Sopers Chanctonbury Ring ·Cocking Tunnel Mockbeggar Beggars Bush Upper Dicker Fairmile Bottom Wappingthorn Wood Loose Bottom Mount Harry Bachelor's Dicker Fulking Hill. The Dicker Dumb Woman's Lane ·Steyning Juggs Close .Ginger's Green Goodwood Great Bottom *Cockshut Road Bognor Rocks My Lord's Rock Breaky Manhood Lane Bottom Bottom Witterings Scabs Island Charlston Crapham Bottom The hares seem uninspired. Maybe the rude map of Sussex wi

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.

20-21/06/15 CRAFT 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/ See below

17/10/2016 Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000th r*n - Diary date for big celebration.



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

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

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

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

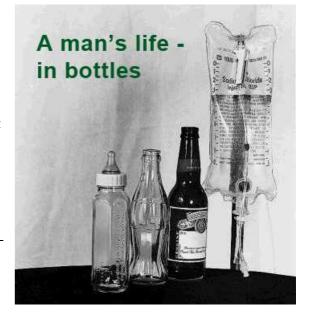
Full blogs and pics available at: http://www.crazyguyonabike.com/doc/?o=Sh&doc_id=12976&v=n0

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!

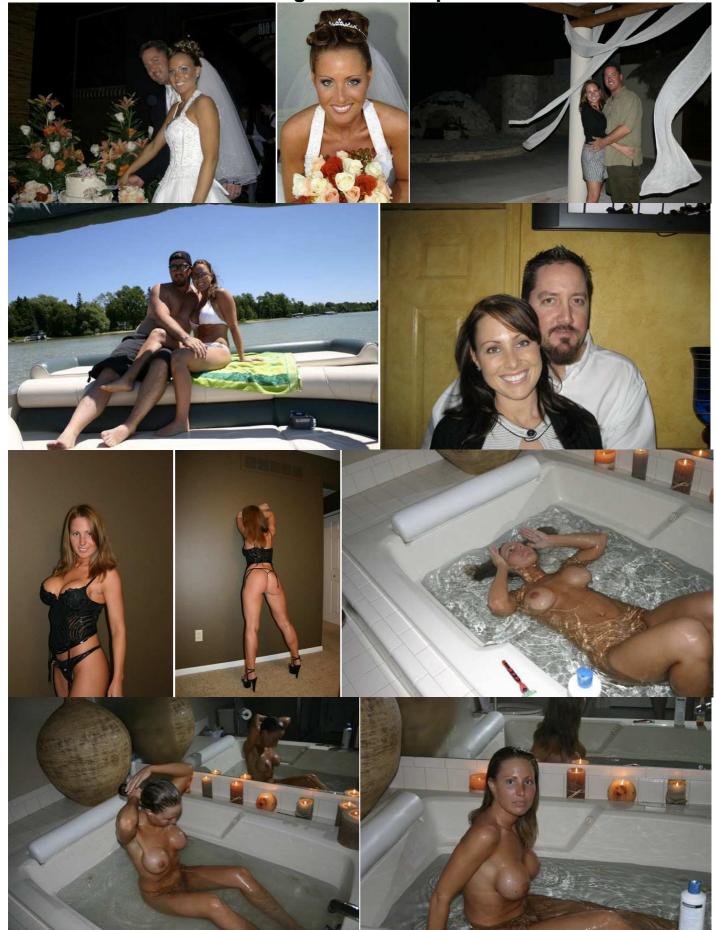
Elsewhere, as a condition of hosting the Rugby World Cup the Amex were required to host a major rugby match to iron out any problems that may arise. The game chosen was the U20 Six Nations England France championship decider (won by England to take the Six nations!). Under normal conditions, beer is 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!





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 feetfail 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 50^{th} 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

REHASHING (continued...)

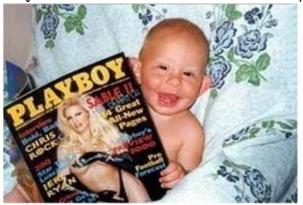
every check until eventually we climbed up to Jack and Jill, sadly in mist. Whilst the FRB's messed about with other routes the balance of the pack headed along to Jacobs Post and down the tank track and on-hare through the streets back to the pub. Pirate was spotted in Keymer High Street stuffing his 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





to the latter's car, so it was resolved in time-honoured hash tradition with Pondweed losing and therefore writing the cheque for damages (*I don't actually believe hell is getting any colder so this may not have happened! Ed.).* Finally, having seen how to go about it, new boot Sarah was awarded, before Bogeyman passed the numpty award over to Bouncer for one of any number of reasons, but actually something to do with trail abuse ("I done a Pat in a field"). Another great hash!

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 haberhashery, 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.

One day the mother allowed the boy to feel the movements of the unborn child. The six-year old was obviously impressed, but made no comment. Furthermore, he stopped telling his teacher about the impending event.

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!"

As one of the largest hashes attending Eurohash in Krakow in July, with 13 of us registered plus a few regulars from other hashes, I've been trying to get people motivated to do a cabaret act. Using a few props the song demo'd at the Yew Tree should appeal to hashers sense of the silly. And Pirate's going! Dirty Bart

You Can't Be A Pirate

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an ear; It drips down your neck, and it falls on the deck, Till someone shouts, "Oy, what's this 'ere?" You can't wear your glasses, you can't pull the lasses, Your friends have to shout so you'll hear; Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an ear.

But it's all part of being a pirate, You can't be a pirate, With all of your pa-a-a-arts; It's all part of being a pirate, You can't be a pirate, With all of your parts.

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an eye; It stings like the blazes, it makes you pull faces, You can't let your mates see you cry. A dashing black patch will cover the hatch, And make sure that the socket stays dry; Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an eye.

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a hand; It spurts and it squirts and it jolly well hurts, Pain only a pirate could stand. The fash nable look is a nice metal hook, But now you can't play in the band;

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a hand. WAIT A MINUTE, ARRRRR, 'TIS IF WE'RE ALL HERE NOTHING TO WORRY PILLAGING, WHO'S ABOUT. I ENGAGED STEERING THE SHIP? THE AUTO-PIRATE!

2. Use the first initial from your middle name... A= Creeper J= Head

1. Use the first initial from your first name...

A= Captain

C= Squidlips

D= Bowman

E= Buccaneer

F= Two Toes

G= Sharkbait

H= Old

I= Peg Leg

B= Dirty

S= Squiffy B= Jim K= Cackle T= Gold C= Storm L= Patch U= Yellow D= John M= Bones V= Felony E= George N= Plank W= Eddie F= 0' O= Greedy X= Bay Y= Thomas G= Rat P= Sea H= Jack Q= Mama Z=Spot I= Legs R= Spike

What's Your Pirate Name?

J= Fluffbucket

K= Scallywag

M= Dead man

L= Bucko

N= Matev

O= Jolly

P=Stinky

R= Miss

Q= Bloody

3. Use the first initial from your last name...

A= From the West J= Kidd K= O'Malley B= Byrd C= Jackson L= Barnacle D= Sparrow M= Holystone E= Of the Coast N= Hornswaggle F= Jones O= McStinky G= Ned Head P= Swashbuckler Q= Sea Wolf H= Bart

R= Beard

S= Chumbucket T= Rivers U= Morgan V= Tuna Breath W= Three Gates X= Bailey Y= Of Atlantis Z= Of Dark Water

S= Mad

T= Red

U= Ladv

V= Bretheren

W= Rapscallion

X= Landlubber

Z= Freebooter

Y= Wench

Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a leg; It hurts like the dickens, your pace never quickens, Hopping around on a peg.

I= O'Fish

Ask your sweetheart to marry, but too long you've tarried, 'Cause now you can't kneel down and beg; Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses a leg.

Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses a... wotsit. You didn't choose it, you don't want to lose it, You're hoping that somebody spots it. The Doc comes along and he sews it back on,

He pulls it real tight, then he knots it--Being a pirate is all fun and games till somebody loses a wotsit.

It makes me irate - It hardly seems fair, You can't be a pirate - If you are all there!

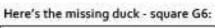
What's a Pirate's favourite Cheese? Yaarg!

A man was riding a bus, minding his own business, when a gorgeous woman next to him started to breastfeed her baby. The baby wouldn't take it so she said, "Come on, eat it all up or--- I'll give it to this nice man here." 5 min. later, the baby was still not feeding, so she said, "come on Honey, take it or I'll give it to this nice man here." A few minutes later, the anxious man blurted out, "Come on kid, make up your mind! I was supposed to get off 4 stops ago!"

Two elderly gentlemen from a retirement centre were sitting on a bench under a tree when one turns to the other and says: 'Slim, I'm 83 years old now and I'm just full of aches and pains. I know you're about my age.. How do you feel?' Slim says, 'I feel just like a newborn baby.'

'Really!? Like a newborn baby!?'

'Yep. No hair, no teeth, and I think I just wet my pants.'





REHASHING the RELAY, the CRAFT and ...

Company of Wolves - Whose Shout?

Yes..it was a great evening. The runners did a 4.5 mile trail and the walkers 2.5 mile. We set off at 8.30 and got back after 11 so it was a long evening. The runners were the hunters of the village and had to follow red paw marks and find clues to capturing the wolf. The walkers were the gatherers of the village and followed the white foot prints of the kidnapped bride. Parts of her wedding dress were strewn in bushes. The Checks were circles on the ground as per the normal hash. Along the way a play was acted out by a group of actors in the woods and clever use of lights and hidden speakers gave a mystic air. Weather was perfect. The Woodman guided us with the story. Half way round the hunters and gatherers had to swap information at a sip stop [tea] as each had had a different story and we had to put the two plots together to guess the identity of the wolf. The Lord of the manor turned out to be he. Sorry to ruin the plot for you. So, finally, Ruby Red Riding Hood led us past the pack of howling wolves back into the village and at the end we even had a circle [sort of]; we held candles in a circle to ward off the wolves...no down downs though! Scary stuff!

CRAFT, what Craft!

Well, yes. With a busy month ahead there were actually no plans for May, but Angel and myself were privileged to be invited to the Herts H3 30th anniversary weekend which incidentally included Mr. X and My L'il Sperm'ead's 50th birthdays. Following the usual format for a hash weekend meant a pub crawl on the Friday night, and the additional presence of Testiculator (whose suggestion it was), Spingo and Chunderous gave us a quorum to count it as a CRAFT. Of course a couple of beers in the Letchworth Rugby clubhouse before the off helped and so as Herts H3 r*n #1613 was announced I found myself cheerfully joining in with "...and CRAFT #79". Well it's been a while since our last CRAFT Hash Crash so why not! Having charged tankards we set off on the long walk to Baldock retracing the same route as our previous CRAFT crash with Herts to #1 the Cock. The battle to get served was resolved by well-placed hash pals so we soon found ourselves with more beer. Just in time too, as P-Rick announced he'd invited Milton Keynes hash to take a break from their own celebrations of Ring Peace's 50th birthday (lot of it about!) to join us on the pub crawl, and sure enough there was an onslaught of Stretch and Mandy, RP, Friction and Crusty and a crowd of thousands. Crusty Ring particularly was hilarious as she ran through hugging everybody finally realising there were a couple of strangers getting her attention, including non-hashers! It was a short hop over the road to #2 the White Lion where I dutifully informed Too Tuf that dogs were welcome. Dallying too long we missed pub #3 as the marks had already been crossed back, but found some new faces at #4 the Orange Tree, who must've been at the sharp end of the pack early doors. My messages to TT also include reference to the Queens Head but memory fails and a later Google search can find no such establishment! We were under a certain time pressure as the RFC had cooked up a curry for us all hence the reason for the short-cut, but others chose the cab option to get back. The curry was indeed good as was the ever reliable Fliptop on the decks to round off another great CRAFT hash, although Testiculators dancing is one memory that has stuck from an otherwise happy hazy night!

ORIGINAL SOUTH DOWNS RELAY

In the absence of Spreadsheet and his usual gung-ho get it done organisational skills, and with Saddleshaft no longer able to r*n so taking a backseat, the SDW seemed a bit rudderless as the date crept ever closer. Somehow it all gets pulled together though so with Local Knowledge once again offering up his place for an apres, and Ride-It Baby's suggestion that we move slightly further west (so that the SDW 100 relayers could get a crafty bit of extra leg-checking in) we opted for a finish from the Beacon thus reducing the stages. Bobs Crutch and Bouncer managed to coax Keeps It Up into picking them up from Shoreham, however, the deviation from the A272 and local traffic meant they were subject to Wiggy style watch-tapping as they arrived at the top of Old Winchester Hill. RIB wasted no time in setting off in the knowledge that KIU was chasing and sure enough, even with a 5 minute head start, he had overhauled to take the stage by 5 minutes at Sustainability. With the Queen Elizabeth parkrun taking place about the time we would be heading through, traditional stages were split with team A opting for Bobs Crutch to Butser Hill car park, then Bouncer to Buriton car park, while team B sent Prof to take on both

stages. Lily the Pink had warned about the route change through the park which was enough to throw the boys who finished from completely the wrong direction grumbling about being overtaken by 7 year olds and adults in party hats, as recorded by the photographers for the QE 2nd anniversary run! Mudlark and One Erection got us back on to our usual route taking us up to Harting Hill where we found Local Knowledge and Heinz grumbling about us being an hour late as Bouncers spreadsheet was found wanting. Whose Shout, Cooperman and LK took over for the stage to Buriton Farm where a combination of circumstances lead to a bit of a meltdown as Wildbush banished Bouncer from her car for using Tiger balm, KIU forgot which relay he was on first heading in the wrong direction, then the wrong



changeover. Eventually, after receiving a text from Gotlost to the effect that he and Auntie had finished their 3.5 mile stage in the south of France, Saddleshaft managed to connect with them by calling Bouncers mobile (left on the backseat) and they located the correct point. RIB's lead was too great this time so, despite being 7 minutes faster, KIU was the one to wander in to Hill Barn 6 minutes behind. Prof and One E took over to Littleton Farm as peace was restored, then Mudlark and Bouncer tackled the climb up Bignor, the latter being post-operative relishing the early finish at Bury Hill as a result of roadworks in Houghton Lane (while Whiteways cafe proved too much to resist for the support). The shortage of runners was starting to take its toll by now as once again Pat and Brent shared the stage (must be something to do with having the same middle name!) to Springhead Hill, somewhat longer than normal with the downhill start, however, we were assured of a number of others joining us for the afternoon! The absence of Bogeyman at the top, with his cargo of Lily the Pink and Penguin Shagger was slightly worrying, though, especially as Angel and Psychlepath had already baled out with childminding duties, and we were unable to make any contact at all with Dave Harris, so LK, Coops and BC were sent to Washington. As we established that Lily the Pink, who was originally anticipated for the whole day but had the night before arranged to be picked up in the afternoon, had managed to break his collar bone after a beer induced fall from his bike, contact was also made with Bogeyman who assured us he was waiting at Washington. Pompette and Airman were also in the area (oh alright, the pub!) but neither of them were able to run, but when we got to the Church changeover neither party were there, both having decided to head for the 100 changeover instead of the village! One E came to the rescue again, as a solo Boges finally found us, to carry him up the hill over to Steyning Bowl. Saddleshaft made one of his famous executive decisions here, claiming Bouncer for his team, while telling Eddie that he was now on Bouncers team! A reluctant Mudlark joined Rob for his 4th stage and the climb up for a lonely finish at Devils Dyke, where the support crew were eventually located in the bar. Bogeyman was quickly pushed back into action to run with Prof to Pyecombe Church, and found One E and Bouncer enjoying the beer at the Plough! Meanwhile, all the fight had been knocked out of KIU and RIB who, getting ever more couply, ran together for the entire stage to the Beacon. The plan to continue to Housedean Farm having been abandoned, the final stage saw Rob and Dave run down to Pete's place, but the beer must've affected them as they took the Cook's tour via Westmeston! Local Knowledge had decided to make the apres a fund raiser for Nepal and provided a veggie stew, bangers, and a crumble, as well as copious amounts of beer and wine, in return for donations. A decent selection of WAG's and others joining us for the evening ensured that it was a massive success, with around £350 being raised. Not bad for a little club! Another great Hash Original South Downs Way Relay!

ARM RAM A You can do this Dad

French Baby

Three men are sitting in the maternity ward of a hospital waiting for the imminent birth of their respective children. One is an Englishman, one a Frenchman and the other a West Indian. They are all very nervous and pacing the floor, as you do in these situations. All of a sudden the doctor bursts through the double doors saying "Gentlemen, you won't believe this but your wives have all had their babies within 5 minutes of each other." The men are beside themselves with happiness and joy. The fathers are ecstatic and congratulate each other over and over. "However we do have one slight problem," the doctor said. "In all the confusion we may have mixed the babies up getting them to the nursery and would be grateful if you could join us there to try and help identify them." With that the Englishman raced passed the doctor and bolted to the nursery. Once inside he picked up a dark skinned infant with dreadlocks saying, "there's no doubt about it, this boy is mine!" The doctor looked bewildered and said, "Well sir of all the babies I would have thought that maybe this child could be of West Indian descent." "That's as maybe", said the Englishman, "but one of the other two is French and I'm not taking the risk".

A little girl was asked what she wanted most for her birthday and she declared: "A baby brother."

"Daddy and I would like to give you a baby brother," said her mum, "but there isn't time before your birthday."

"Why don't you do like they do down at Daddy's factory when they want something in a hurry-put more men on the job."

Went around to a friend's house today. His wife was sat there with their newborn baby. She asked if I'd like to wind it. . . I thought that was a bit harsh so I gave it a dead leg instead.

My mate set me up on a blind date. He said 'She's a lovely girl, but there's something you should know. She's expecting a baby'. I felt like a right idiot waiting in the pub wearing nothing but a nappy.

A teenager comes home from school and asks her mother "Is it true what Rita just told me? Babies come out of the same place where boys put their dicks?"

"Yes, dear" replies her mother, pleased that the subject had finally come up and she wouldn't have to explain it to her daughter.
"But then when I have a baby," responded the teenager "won't it knock my teeth out?"



HOW TO TAKE A BABY PHOTO:



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





ANOTHER UNCANNY:

"Mary Doll" Nesbitt

Nicola Sturgeon



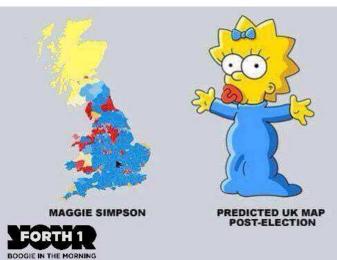
I'm not a huge fan of them either, Simon,





Millistone

Labour-free crazy paving



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

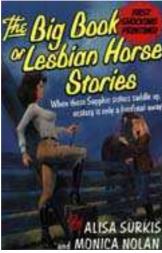


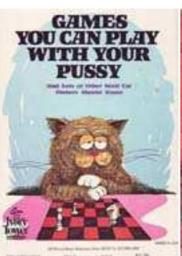
Meanwhile, the Peoples Republic of Brighton & Hove plan their attack strategy!

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

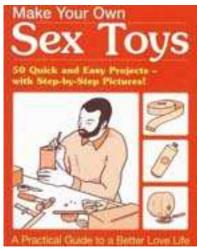
WORST BOOK TITLES EVER...



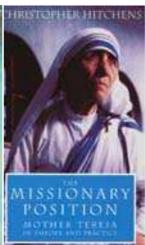




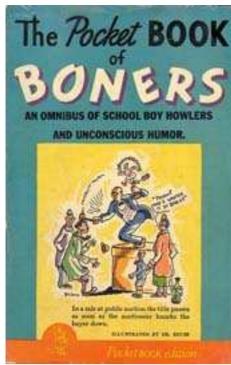


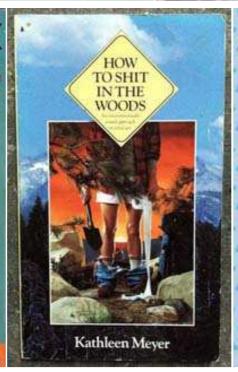


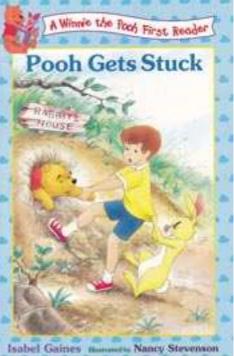












The primary school kids were getting used to 'Big People' words', the teacher was always reminding them. She asked Harry what he'd done over the weekend. 'I went to visit my Nana'.

'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 carrr", 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.

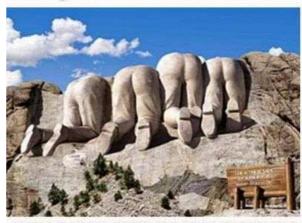
Boy: Is that true Mum?

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