



R-ns/trash #218 July 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
6th July 2015	1933	Red Lion, Ashington	132 158	Wiggy
Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 north. Left at roundabout stay on A283 past Steyning and take 2nd right for Wiston. Under A24 and pub is on left Est 25 mins.				
13th July 2015	1934	Red Lion, Chelwood Gate	414 304	Keeps It Up & Wildbush
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. Left on to lights then left on A275 to North Chailey. At A272 carry on A275 through Danehill. Pub approx. 2km on right. Est. 30 mins.				
20th July 2015	1935	Saddlescombe Farm	272 115	St. Bernard
Directions: A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. Est. 15 mins.				
27th July 2015	1936	Bolney Stage, Bolney	266 234	Bogeyman
Directions: Take A23 North to A272. At first roundabout take second exit onto London Rd. Pub on right 400 yards. 15 mins.				
3rd August 2015	1937	Bull, Shermanbury	212 182	Angel
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Steyning then A2037 for Henfield at next roundabout. Pub is on the left hand side about 1 mile past Henfield on the A281 Cowfold Road. Aka Pizza hut! Est. 25 mins. <i>Big Birthday!</i>				

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

10/08/15	Talbot, Cuckfield	Random Sparkles
17/08/15	TBA	Blue Peter Pansy
24/08/15	Greyhound, Keymer	Just Guy
31/08/15	Seven Sisters, Seaford	Peter?
07/09/15	Plough, Pyecombe	Imelda (Liam)
14/09/15	Duke of York, Sayers Common	One E
21/09/15	TBA	Tony & Jane Coe
28/09/15	TBA	Prince Crashpian
05/10/15	Roebuck, Laughton	Lily the Pink

CRAFT H3 #81 - 5pm Saturday 11th July Lewes

Our annual visit to Lewes - P trail to pub #1 Brewers Arms, don't forget tankards and ale trail books! *If you haven't got one yet these can be picked up at any of the trail pubs and we should be getting to at least 6 on the day!*

Thought for the day:

Banana.

Sometimes i look at my friends
and think to myself " Where
did i meet this crazy people?"
But then i think...

"What would i do without them."



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

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/>

17/10/2016

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

[illegible]

Communication lines:

So somehow you've found Brighton Hash but how can you make sure you're aware of what's going on with the least effort? We endeavour to communicate information in a number of different ways in order to try and get it out as far as possible. Sometimes we ask for a bit of information from you, so how do we attempt to protect that information? And if you need to get information out to everybody about your trail, the pub, or anything else you feel may be of interest, how should you go about that?

The primary source of information is '**the Board**'. Not sure what that is? Each time the club meets the board does the rounds of the On On (that's usually the pub!) after the r*n and everyone is asked to sign to confirm they've made it back safe, they've paid their dues, to check information about the following weeks r*n, and for the record when it comes to anniversary tankards. Frequently there are other things added to the board such as event lists to be signed (Hash relay; Burns night; Trafalgar night; Christmas party details etc.), maybe an advance menu for the following week or a curry hash, occasionally upcoming extra-curricular hash events including real runs and other hashes celebratory do's, or just news. So if you don't go into the pub you could be missing out on vital stuff!

Next up is the internet page <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>, which is kept up-to-date appropriately by Keeps-It-Up (no, that's not how he got his handle!). There is a plethora of stuff on here including next r*n info and links to other hash chapters on the **home** page; a list of future r*ns (**up and coming**); pub ratings for **past hashes**; links to the **hash trash** etc. Well worth a visit, simply hover on the link above and click Ctrl to go there.

E-mail has been around for a while now but can be restricting particularly if you only have access to a business e-mail account. Size limitations and the difficulty with some people not having PDF readers has meant the Hash Trash is no longer e-mailed. However, it is still a very useful tool to get information out quickly including the latest r*n lists, and last minute issues with the r*n, so please make sure we always have your current or preferred e-mail address. This is kept on a 'blind' group list to prevent a mass of round robins and spam so if you need to communicate quickly by e-mail it is preferable if you could do this through Bouncer, although a hard copy of e-mails is available on request.

And finally, the **facebook** group, simply **Brighton Hash House Harriers**. Upcoming r*ns are posted here as 'events' weekly, and members are free to post to the group anything else relevant, interesting, informative or amusing, although there are some restrictions and your post may need admin authorisation. Most regular runners have admin privileges but we would ask that you use this wisely and not add anybody you don't know to be a hasher to the group. Similarly the group is restricted as to who can access the information or gets invited to events.

[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

● I'm beginning to think there may be something in this climate change after all. Four months ago it was very cold and now it's quite warm.

Alan Heath, e-mail

[illegible]

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

Huge congratulations to our roving pair who reached their destination on 17th June 2015 after 22 months & 31,685.8kms. Sadly the impending expiration of their Aussie visas forced them to take a flight for the last section against Dino's wishes. Fantastic effort guys! Look forward to seeing you after your hard-earned holiday.

Full blogs and pics available at:

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



Not our Jaws!

Did you hear about the guy on the beach who found a bottle? He rubbed it and, sure enough, out popped a genie. "I will grant you three wishes," said the Genie. "But there's a catch." "What catch?" he asked. The genie replied, "Every time you make a wish, every politician in the world will receive double what you asked for." "Well, I can live with that! No problem!" replied the elated man. "What is your first wish?" asked the Genie. "Well, I've always wanted a Ferrari," he said. POOF! A Ferrari appeared in front of the man. "Now, every politician in the world has two Ferraris," said the genie. "Next wish?" "I'd love a million dollars," replied the man. POOF! One million dollars appeared at his feet. "Now, every politician in the world has two million dollars," said the genie. "Well, that's okay, as long as I've got my million," replied the man. "What is your final wish?" asked the genie. The man thought long and hard, and finally said, "Well, you know, I've always wanted to donate a kidney."

Bill Gates dies and upon arriving at the pearly gates, he finds himself being sized up by St. Peter. "Well, Mr. Bill, I'm really confused on this call; I'm not sure whether to send you to Heaven or Hell. After all, you enormously helped society by putting a computer in almost every home in America, yet you also delved into those destructive monopolistic business activities. I'm going to do something I've never done before... I'm going to let you decide where you want to go" "So what's the difference between the two?" Bill asked. St. Peter said, "I'll let you visit both places briefly, then you decide" "Fine," agreed Bill. "Let's try hell first." So Bill went to hell. It was beautiful, clean sandy beach with clear waters and lots of bikini-clad women running around, playing in the water and laughing and frolicking about. The sun was shining, the temperature was perfect. He was very pleased. "This is great!" Bill told St. Peter. "If this is hell, I'd really like to see Heaven!!!" So off they went. Heaven was a place high in the clouds, with angels drifting about, playing harps and singing. It was nice, but nothing exciting like Hell. It didn't take Bill long to reach his decision. "I really think I prefer Hell," he told St. Peter. So Bill goes to Hell. Two weeks later, St Peter decides to check on the late billionaire. When he gets there he finds Bill, shackled to a wall, screaming amongst hot flames in a dark cave, being burned and torment-ed by demons. "How's everything going?" asked Peter. Bill's voice was filled with anguish and disappointment: "This is awful!!! It's nothing like the Hell I visited two weeks ago. I can't believe this. What happened to that place with the beautiful beaches, the scantily clad women playing in the water?" St. Peter just shrugged: "Oh, that was a demo... This is the release version."

EVERY YEAR, SUSAN GOES ON HOLIDAY WITH HER FLAT MATE.



A widowed Jewish lady, still in good shape, was sunbathing on a deserted beach in Boca Raton, Florida. She looked up and noticed that a man her age, also in good shape, had walked up, placed his blanket on the sand near hers and began reading a book. Smiling, she attempted to strike up a conversation with him. "How are you today?" "Fine, thank you," he responded, and turned back to his book. "I love the beach. Do you come here often?" she asked. "First time since my wife passed away 2 years ago," he replied and turned back to his book. "I'm sorry to hear that. My husband passed away three years ago and it is very lonely," she countered. "Do you live around here?" She asked. "Yes, I live over in Coral Springs," he answered, and again he resumed reading. Trying to find a topic of common interest, she persisted, "Do you like pussy cats?" With that, the man dropped his book, came over to her blanket, tore off her swimsuit and gave her the most passionate lovemaking of her life. When the cloud of sand began to settle, she gasped and asked the man, "How did you know that was what I wanted?" The man replied, "How did you know my name was Katz?"



A man sunbathes in the nude and ends up burning his penis. His doctor tells him to ease the pain by dipping it in a cup of cold milk. Later, his blonde girlfriend comes home and finds him with his penis in a cup of cold milk. 'Good heavens', she remarks, 'I always wondered how you guys re-loaded those things!'

Paddy pulls up at a red light beside a gorgeous young woman, smiles at her and lowers his window. The woman smiles back and also lowers her window. "Ah," says Paddy, "so you farted too?"

How do men exercise on the beach? By sucking in their stomachs every time they see a bikini. Funny how the people who claim to *love* whales are the first to shove them back into the sea when they sunbathe on our beaches.

REHASHING

Cat & Canary, Henfield In the Words of Wisdom Prince Crashpian asked for a moments silence for the fields next to the pub which have just been earmarked for new builds. We barely paused in them, though, charging left after a half-lap, before heading south for a slightly puzzling route which briefly had hashers appearing from all directions. KIU, as per, found he was on territory he'd already checked a few minutes earlier! With the promise of a sip hounds were prematurely checking usual spot under the railway bridge, but on was called along the ditch to pop out over the road and wind past the vineyard. A tease at Woodmancote church put the SCB'ers back in the driving seat as we headed towards Blackstone and the arse end of Furners lane. With an eye on the time Trevor cut a loop for the charge to his shack for ale and sausage rolls, unless you were quick enough to grab a jam tart. In the pub Hare was duly awarded with apparent co-hare Malcolm (who really needs a name), before hares were called for last weeks hash, who thought they'd missed out after getting everyone back too late to squeeze in a circle. Some feebleness meant that only Knightrider accepted the ale, and that was more for his blatant lying about the length of the route, but another of the Mudlarks (Prof) did find himself called for telling everyone to get on with it at the mud tonight, then taking a dry route. Angel had made some comment about the old boys at the back which somehow prompted Ride-It Baby to tell a Star Trek story that led quickly to her running alone as they all found 2nd wind. And finally after about 11 years we welcomed back long lost hasher Terry Smith, who nearly ended up as Curly Wurly after RA kept calling him Terry Scott! Another Great Hash!

Sergison Arms, Haywards Heath A quick loop to the north of the World famous A272 (he said wasting no time) before we crossed over to head down Isaac's Lane, as was, then into the Wilderness around Heaselands (mugging furiously from the open map beside your scribe). Those who had been listening at the start knew there was a sip stop, which included Victoria, but he wasn't letting on about the route despite finding in-trail early on, so the rest of us had to check as usual, over dale and through hill, battling fearsome critters and trees, until suddenly crossing the A272 again we knew whence we whence. The appearance of Pirate was worrying as he announced he'd seen the wa*kers necking the wine at the sip an hour earlier, but virgin wa*ker Lily the Pink had beaten them off to make sure there was both wine and cheese for the r*nners at one of our poshest sips yet! As usual the return through Beech Hurst was controversial but we were soon back to upset the locals with the down downs starting with solo hare One Erection. South Down 100 relay boys Spreadsheet, Bosom Boy and Prof were then called for winning something but it turned out their medals were from a cereal packet. Cheap way to get a free beer, shame on you all but well done the vets on making the cut-off for the first time! The notes say that Random also got a beer, probably for driving 150 yards, then getting bladdered. Happy to help hun! Meanwhile Pirate refused ale as he's on some kind of solidarity sabbatical with his woman, then also refused the back-up water, only necking it when RA turned his back. The hare as holder happily then awarded Lily the Pink numpty for all the inconvenience he'd caused the relay team by almost dying, but also for walking. Another great hash!

White Horse, Hurstpierpoint Brett was quick to lay his cards on the table with his pre-hash words of wisdom, "Auntie Jo set the trail, left no maps, has a photographic memory and knows every blade of grass in the area, but unfortunately couldn't be here tonight. I'm known as Gotlost, so I'm sweeping in the hope the FRB's can work it out"! We welcomed Yogi and Chaos from EGH3 who cancelled their hash as Gromit tours had taken a large contingent to north Wales, but would be running from this very pub next week (in case anyone preferred that to the BH7 hash BBQ way over at Abbots Wood!). After a brief bit of town we found ourselves heading south towards Danny and New Way Lane which had the enthusiastic advance guard making a charge for Jack and Jill, as if we hadn't seen enough of them on Riks hash a few weeks back! Calling them back the pack then took a leisurely skirting of Wolstonbury hill while a few idiots again attempted the climb, the newlywed Imelda among them. Finally picking up the northern route home there was still time for the front runners to go wrong again as the pack descended on the pub from a myriad of directions. The 2-course Thai deal was tremendous value so more than normal chose to tuck in meaning a late circle, by which time a few had already departed so it became a night of nominations. A misunderstanding had Don producing the engraved giant hip flask of friendship to mark Gotlost's 1000th but forgetting to arrange the keepsake, though Brett was happy to postpone until Auntie could be his driver. For the same reason as hare he nominated St. Bernard to take the beer, before RA announced the arrival of summer with Pirate finally removing his leather jacket. Several others hadn't though so Dildoped, Chaos and Bobs Crutch were all called with only the latter still around but declining on medical grounds, and nominating Mudlark! Cardinal Sinner had also bailed after finally doing the decent thing and scooping his own dogs crap, but carer Ride-It, Baby had found Max wanting on the hills so took the nomination. With the RA's brain on holiday, visitor Yogi was called but had to correct his age to an impressive 76. Absent incumbent LTP had nominated One E to issue the numpty award which went to Keeps It Up for using wind assistance on the climbs, but it was a lucky escape for Bouncer as Knightrider appealed that the former had shown way too much interest in the latters shaving routine in the leg department. Mudlark then did a bit, no wait, a lot of advertising for the BBQ next week, then we all went home. Another great hash!



Missed the moment – Bouncers expanding girth explained?

Backache, swollen breasts and the constant urge to pee: Meet the DADS wearing 33-pound 'empathy bellies' to experience the pain of being nine months pregnant By NATALIE BROWN FOR MAILONLINE
Swollen breasts, the constant urge to wee and broken nights are problems expectant mums know all too well and men have been unable to share - until now. So what happened when three dads became nine months pregnant?

Jason Bramley, Steve Hanson and **Jonny Biggins** (*wait, what the...? Ed.*) are discovering exactly what it's like to have a baby on board by wearing pregnancy suits to honour mums in the run up to Mother's Day on Sunday, March 15.

While most mothers would be happy with a bunch of flowers, the married dads, who are behind a new personalised Mother's Day book called *Book Of Mum*, are wearing pregnancy suits all day every day for a month.

Currently on day eight of the project, the publishing directors, are charting the ups and downs of impending parenthood in an online diary. Steve, 46, who is married to Kate and has a 12-year-old son, called Saul, said:

'Every day things like putting on your socks becomes a monumental task'

The trio, who are from England but all work at an office in Barcelona, are wearing their bumps to work, to the pub and to bed and are only allowed to remove them to wash. Jason, 44, who is a father-of-one mused on day five: 'I wonder why pregnant women don't use wheelchairs. I have a chair in the office with wheels and this is a blessing. I can glide effortlessly across the office to my desired destination.'

But it's not all fun and games. The 'empathy belly' comes complete with fake breasts and weighs two and a half stone - the average weight of a full term baby bump. It is designed to put pressure on the bladder, stomach and lungs, and cause abdominal distention and the inability to get comfortable. 'On day three I didn't sleep a wink, I just couldn't get settled,' said company director Steve, from Doncaster. 'I tried to make a small city out of pillows around my bump. My boobs, which at first were quite a pleasurable novelty, soon became about as welcome as a fart in a spacesuit,' he added. 'They were way too warm and hung on my arm, sending it to sleep and waking me at the same time.'

By day three the constant swinging motion of his belly forced Jonny, 45, from Surrey to visit his local pharmacy and seek medical help. 'I unzipped my jacket, exposing my belly and explaining my predicament to the woman behind the counter,' says Jonny, dad to Enzo, five, and Leo, one. 'I expected her to crack a smile or reel back in shock but she nodded professionally like she's seen it all before, opened a drawer and placed an elastic waist strap on the counter.'

'A few minutes later, with belly strapped firmly in place, I waltzed out of there with a new-found spring in my stride. It was wonderful, I could move again.'

Yet despite the trials and tribulations just one week in Steve admits to bonding with his 'baby'. He told his diary: 'It seems to be taking on a personality. It has a name, and its name is Bump. I cradle it, pat it, rub it and I just caught myself talking to it while patting it.'

As well as writing down their experiences the dads are also uploading videos of their pregnancy journeys to their online diaries - and all three are looking forward to Mother's Day when they can remove the suits for good.

'Huge respect goes to all you pregnant mums out there. Every single one of you,' said Steve.



Men With Bigger Bellies Make Better Lovers, Study Says – June 10th 2015

In a society where women are under more and more pressure to look perfect, men also have their own body shaming issues. Chubby often isn't considered sexy, with many guys struggling to fit into that testosterone fuelled gym culture. But who says that big guys can't work it with the ladies? Those people don't know what they are talking about. There are plenty of categories where a big man can absolutely come out on top.

Ladies, make sure you read this, because it's important. Here are 11 reasons why bigger guys make far better lovers:

1. They make you feel small - Laying down next to a big guy makes you feel automatically smaller... and safer.
 2. You always have a human pillow wherever you are - Big guys are the perfect body pillow, so anytime you want to take a nap, you can. It's so bloody good.
 3. They absolutely love their food - Big men eat lots of food, it's a fact. This means that when he orders a shit load food, you can tuck in too. Plus you won't feel self-conscious about your own huge portion.
 4. They love cooking - Big guys don't shy away from the kitchen, often choosing to rustle up their own epic meals. They know what tastes good, so it'll be tasty stuff. It stops you cooking too, win win win.
 5. You always feel safe - Nobody is going to attack a big fella, so when you're with him you instantly feel a whole lot safer.
 6. You will never feel 'big' or 'fat' when you're with him - Whatever you do, he'll always be bigger than you. How awesome is that?
 7. You can eat what you want - There will be no judgement here. Ice cream for breakfast? Leftover curry for dessert? Not a problem. Big guys don't care what you eat.
 8. They are the perfect cuddle partners - Soft and cuddly, big guys are a cuddlers dream. There is no chance you are you going to break him, he is built for some serious snuggle action.
 9. They stress less - The bigger man, the less he is likely to worry about the opinions of others. They are comfortable in who they are, and love to kick back and enjoy your company. No stress, just pizza and Netflix.
 10. They look good in suits - Let's face it, bigger men certainly know how to fill out a suit properly
 11. You need to stand on your toes to kiss him - Absolutely adorable to the casual bystander, he may even duck down to give you a cheeky peck.
- So there you are ladies, bigger guys are better lovers. They won't spend all their spare time down the gym working on their abs, they'll be in the kitchen slaving over a wonderful meal. It works both ways though ladies, it turns out women with bigger bums are smarter and healthier. Who knew?

Is your summer body ready?

Bouncer be like:



REHASHING (continued...)



Abbots Wood car park. Stumbling around the car park a few weeks back Mudlark found the barbecues and thought it would be a great idea to have a midsummer party. Hash would supply the main grub, St. Bernard found the beer and everyone else would bring the supporting stuff. On arrival however we discovered that the car park barrier was locked at 8pm so a string of cars appeared along the road below. The earlier rain had cleared up to leave a very pleasant evening as we set off on what was promised to be a short hash. Mostly sticking to the wide paths pack held together pretty well due in part to chalk marks being washed and the usual confusion with sawdust in woodland, until a split was reached. Mudlark advised trail went right "but you can go the

other way, it just takes longer and there's less marks". So the early arrivals at the check went one way and just about everyone else took the longer route, taking a good 15 minutes extra to get home. And that is why the veggie barbecue fell behind, Pirate having run off with Wiggy's key and opting for the longer route, and St. Bernard had to come to the rescue with his flame thrower. Somehow everyone made it back and everyone also got fed so well done to Mudlark for the concept but, not thinking it through, he'd driven so had to suffer shandy down down. We all felt his pain so spared him the hares cup leaving that to Knightrider and Hash Gomi. Virgin Ross was next, then non-running 1st timers Clair and Phil did the old linked-arm thing. Lily the Pink took one for the team for his one-armed bandit but grabbed Aggy who got him on the long trail despite still convalescing after his crash. Bouncer was called by Red Slapper for an epic wrong-way fail due to a misunderstanding of Knightriders eyebrow signal. As we did mum's, all the dad's were called to much mirth but only Bogeyman actually stepped forward so RA tried granddads and got Whose Shout and Anybody as representatives. Finally, as we did have an awful lot of beer left, all the children were called by RA. That should have been Everybody drinking with Anybody but Nobody came, adding to the rumour that BH7 hounds are not of this World. Angel then nominated Bouncer for pouring a beer out the night before but leaving it on the kitchen table. Getting more desperate to get rid of the beer Pondweed and Knightrider were called for their advance planning on the driving. Kit was supposed to be Saltdean driver but got Mudlark to do it, and Ivan had also switched his turn to the following week when we'll be hashing from... Ivans house! Another great hash!

Wayland Avenue, Withdean. A great run tonight Ivan. Countryside at its best in the bright sunlight. Warm breezes. No mud. Excellent hospitality chez Lyons. Many thanks to you and Nina. Splendid Hash, back by 9pm including a sip stop. Barrel of beer on tap. What more could one ask for? **Whose Shout**

Another non-pub meeting occurred for Pondweeds housewarming party, and this is where you learn just what goes on behind the scenes to get these extra-curriculars set-up! With St. Bernard away but beer arranged Bouncer collected only to get a call from Pondweed asking how to set it up. "No worries, it's Bright so if you can rack it we'll tap it later". This led to the revelation that Ivan had neither rack, tap or pile! A quick call to the brewery and they couriered said items over, top service Downlands! After selecting our orders from the local chippie hare offered a few brief words of wisdom promising a dry r*n with a sip and we were off. A short spell on the roads towards Patcham Mill via said chippie and we were soon taking our life in our hands on the roundabouts, crossing to head to the golf club. After a spell over the back of Waterhall, where Pondweed allegedly walks Amy his rabbit (who was playing on the lawn when we arrived nearly causing hounds in a case of mistaken identity to chase after shouting "follow the hare!"), we returned on the border path for the usual tunnel. Anticipating the woodland path front runners were quick to head up Mill Hill but hare was cannier, taking us under the railway before looping above Patcham Place and into Westdene. Sip stop anticipation was high as we climbed up, once again on the roads, but Ivans car was at the bottom of a staircase covered in chalk messages urging us on to the sip (including one bizarrely promising 'Lager near'). On inn was through a quick twitten and a killer climb up Tongdean Lane to quench thirsts at the barrel. Down downs went to hare and Mrs Nina rabbit for her hospitality. Don (Member of UK Brewers) and Bosom Boy



(Former Draysman) both escaped early so missed for their efforts in tapping the beer with the latter claiming ownership, so somehow Hash Gomi took the blame. Previously un-baptised virgins Nelly and John finally got their opening beers - now for a name! Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger both received punishments for looking at Pondweeds Garmin profile (as did the latter for not passwording it), however, we are a fair hash so they also received for using their initiative. Both successfully emptied both cups before our host! Victoria was called for using the check to wipe blood off his arm but again had escaped so we moved quickly on to Ride It Baby's solidarity showing with the US gay marriage decision by wearing a rainbow top. Keeps It Up awarded numpty of the week to Bobs Crutch for ripping handrails away from their fittings. Our sparrow is stronger than she looks! Another Great Hash...

BANANAS

A professor at CCNY for a physiological psych class told his class about bananas. He said the expression 'going bananas' is from the effects of bananas on the brain. This is interesting. After reading this, you'll never look at a banana in the same way again.

Never, put your banana in the refrigerator!!! Get rid of brown patches by warming with a hair dryer!

Bananas contain three natural sugars - sucrose, fructose and glucose combined with fibre. A banana gives an instant, sustained and substantial boost of energy. Research has proven that just two bananas provide enough energy for a strenuous 90-minute workout. No wonder the banana is the number one fruit with the world's leading hashers. But energy isn't the only way a banana can help us keep fit. It can also help overcome or prevent a substantial number of illnesses and conditions, making it a must to add to our daily diet.

Depression: According to a recent survey undertaken by MIND amongst people suffering from depression, many felt much better after eating a banana. This is because bananas contain tryptophan, a type of protein that the body converts into serotonin, known to make you relax, improve your mood and generally make you feel happier. *Hashing and beer will do that!*

PMS: Forget the pills - eat a banana. The vitamin B6 it contains regulates blood glucose levels, which can affect your mood.

Anaemia: High in iron, bananas can stimulate the production of haemoglobin in the blood and so helps in cases of anaemia.

Blood Pressure: This unique tropical fruit is extremely high in potassium yet low in salt, making it perfect to beat blood pressure. So much so, the US Food and Drug Administration has just allowed the banana industry to make official claims for the fruit's ability to reduce the risk of blood pressure and stroke.

Brain Power: 200 students at a Twickenham (Middlesex) school (England) were helped through their exams this year by eating bananas at breakfast, break, and lunch in a bid to boost their brain power. Research has shown that the potassium-packed fruit can assist learning by making pupils more alert. *Beer does that by killing off the weaker brain cells!*

Constipation: High in fibre, including bananas in the diet can help restore normal bowel action, helping to overcome the problem without resorting to laxatives. *Never a problem after a few beers!*

Hangovers: One of the quickest ways of curing a hangover is to make a banana milkshake, sweetened with honey. The banana calms the stomach and, with the help of the honey, builds up depleted blood sugar levels, while the milk soothes and re-hydrates your system. *Now that is a great tip for hashers! Wonder if it works?*

Heartburn: Bananas have a natural antacid effect in the body, so if you suffer from heartburn, try eating a banana for soothing relief.

Morning Sickness: Snacking on bananas between meals helps to keep blood sugar levels up and avoid morning sickness.

Mosquito bites: Before reaching for the insect bite cream, try rubbing the affected area with the inside of a banana skin. Many people find it amazingly successful at reducing swelling and irritation. *Or outr*n the little sods on the hash!*

Nerves: Bananas are high in B vitamins that help calm the nervous system. *What, me worry?*

Overweight and at work? Studies at the Institute of Psychology in Austria found pressure at work leads to gorging on comfort food like chocolate and chips. Looking at 5,000 hospital patients, researchers found the most obese were more likely to be in high-pressure jobs. The report concluded that, to avoid panic-induced food cravings, we need to control our blood sugar levels by snacking on high carbohydrate foods every two hours to keep levels steady. *Beer every 2 hours is frowned on.*

Ulcers: The banana is used as the dietary food against intestinal disorders because of its soft texture and smoothness. It is the only raw fruit that can be eaten without distress in over-chronicler cases. It also neutralizes over-acidity and reduces irritation by coating the lining of the stomach.

Temperature control: Many other cultures see bananas as a 'cooling' fruit that can lower both the physical and emotional temperature of expectant mothers. In Thailand, for example, pregnant women eat bananas to ensure their baby is born with a cool temperature. *How is this relevant to Britain? Alcohol also reduces blood temperature.*

Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD): Bananas can help SAD sufferers because they contain the natural mood Enhancer tryptophan. *Hmm. Maybe it'll work for post-hash weekend affective disorder, but I normally just book another event!*

Smoking & Tobacco Use: Bananas can also help people trying to give up smoking. The B6, B12 they contain, as well as the potassium and magnesium found in them, help the body recover from the effects of nicotine withdrawal. *Beer contains B12.*

Stress: Potassium is a vital mineral, which helps normalize the heartbeat, sends oxygen to the brain and regulates your body's water balance. When we are stressed, our metabolic rate rises, thereby reducing our potassium levels. These can be rebalanced with the help of a high-potassium banana snack. *Do hashers get stressed? Sort it out in the circle!*

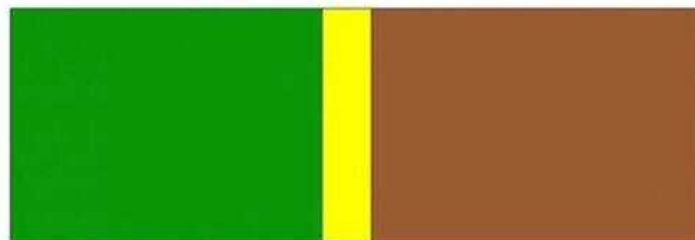
Strokes: According to research in The New England Journal of Medicine, eating bananas as part of a regular diet can cut the risk of death by strokes by as much as 40%!

Warts: Those keen on natural alternatives swear that if you want to kill off a wart, take a piece of banana skin and place it on the wart, with the yellow side out. Carefully hold the skin in place with a plaster or surgical tape!

So, a banana really is a natural remedy for many ills. When you compare it to an apple, it has four times the protein, twice the carbohydrate, three times the phosphorus, five times the vitamin A and iron, and twice the other vitamins and minerals. It is also rich in potassium and is one of the best value foods around So maybe it's time to change that well-known phrase so that we say, 'A banana a day keeps the doctor away!' *No comment.*

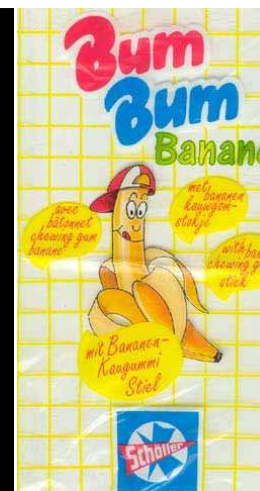
And finally: want a quick shine on your shoes?? Take the INSIDE of the banana skin, and rub directly on the shoe... polish with dry cloth. *Beware the new shoes rule...*

Bananas must be the reason monkeys are so happy all the time! *Because... they think they're hashers!*



Banana timeline

Shopping for bananas...



Bananas in the kitchen...



There are fewer calories in a glass of whisky than in a banana.



55 calories*
*no fat or carbs



105 calories

Please Drink Responsibly
www.worldwhiskyday.com

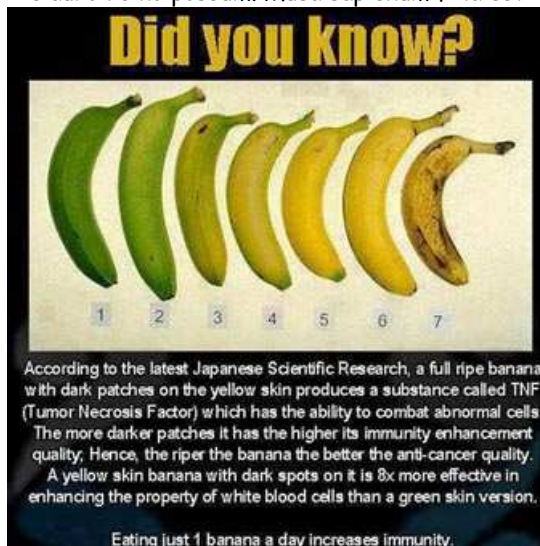


Did you know... that the Polish for On On is Na Na?

The banana cannot reproduce itself. It can be propagated only by the hand of man

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.

"Te aurdire no possum. Musa sapientum fixa est in aura." Is Latin for "I can't hear you. I have a banana in my ear."



"Sir, we've found this and we need you to name it. Most other countries call..."

"Pineapple."

"OK, but we thought we might as well just call it 'ananas' since the majority of the world refers to it--"

"Pineapple."

"But sir..."

"PINE. APPLE."



Arabic	أناناس	Indonesian	nanas
Armenian	անան	Irish	anann
Azerbaijani	ananas	Italian	ananas
Basque	anana	Latvian	ananas
Belarusian	ananas	Lithuanian	ananas
Bulgarian	ananas	Macedonian	ananas
Croatian	ananas	Malay	nanas
Czech	ananas	Maltese	ananas
Danish	ananas	Norwegian	ananas
Dutch	ananas	Polish	ananas
English	pineapple	Portuguese	ananas
Esperanto	ananaso	Romanian	ananas
Estonian	ananas	Russian	ananas
Finnish	ananas	Serbian	ananas
French	ananas	Slovak	ananas
Georgian	ანანასი	Slovenian	ananas
German	Ananas	Swahili	mananasi
Greek	ανάνας	Swedish	ananas
Haitian	anana	Turkish	ananas
Hungarian	ananasz	Ukrainian	ananas
Icelandic	ananas	Yiddish	אָנאַנאַס

REHASHING the CRAFT

CRAFT Broadwater After a cheeky interim last month it was back to a proper pub crawl this time, albeit short notice, but this one had been bubbling for a while. As KIU Wildbush and meBouncer were pulling into Worthing station a plaintive text came through from Testiculator bemoaning his solo drinking, but it wasn't long before we were in #1 micropub the **Brooksteed Alehouse**. An interesting set-up with waitress service on the beers, which were visible through a window, and quite a crowd already there. Licensing restrictions forbid standing drinking so folk try and grab the seats but they seem to be coping with extra benches available. With KIU diving in to the heavy Porter we found ourselves playing glasses trumps as they were all old beer festival souvenirs! Pub #2 had failed to appear as an option on the net and a search revealed they had no beer. When we reached the **Southdown**, though, there was a board outside with quite a few beers mentioned so in we went, only to be confronted by a bar with no optics or bottles behind, and only a token 'decorative' pump on the bar. Everything was in bottle form but prices were fair and Radio Soap arrived as we fell into the comfy chairs. With food in mind **Nooris** curry house was our next target, as Angel, Come Again and her brother Steve (aka Dipstick - another one!) arrived. As the latter were already fed they went to #3 the **Broadwater** while we enjoyed an excellent curry served promptly ahead of the shipping order party, before dragging them all on to #4 the **Cricketers**. While chalking trail outside I felt the eyes of one of the locals on me but with the pack close behind stepped confidently in, only for him to brighten up and say, "I thought you were some kind of nutter there for a minute!" If only he knew... The American Pale Ale here was excellent, which was a shame as I'd ordered Hophead. #5 the **Old House At Home** was very much a pub of 2 halves but sadly trains were already beckoning so Testi ran for it, as the rest of us ambled round to #6 the **Elms** only to find that, despite the sign announcing this was the premier music venue in Worthing, it seemed not to have a late licence and was in darkness. So as Julie took Steve and Gabrielle away, we started our return to the station only to have the heavens open on us. Another great hash, but who the hell is the RA?

on

BEACHY HEAD HASH - FAIRWARP Well to be honest a much more accurate description would be "not the Beachy Head Hash". With Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger setting trail for Westerham & North Kent H3 it quickly became a W&NK/ Hastings H3 joint r*n, and as they'd picked the very day of the Summer solstice, and would otherwise be plundering Beachy Head regulars, it took a moment for Butler to intercept and arrange a hash crash by the Jumpers. Somehow we arrived from the wrong direction so parked in the pub car park to find just the odd hasher wondering if we'd got it wrong. A quick recce found the rest of the pack parked up by the green but only Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy had joined myself and Angel wearing jumpers, and the founders were nowhere to be seen! Keeps It Up was on fine form being very familiar with the area which is more than you can say for Bushsquatter, who actually took



a wrong turning within moments of leaving the pub. A very pleasant saunter over Ashdown Forest ensued punctuated by the usual moments of silliness - late arrivals Layby and Chipmonk coming from the wrong direction, sleeping sheep and Chaos's shorts to name a few - via the inevitable Airman's grave to an excellent sip stop with cake from Cliffbangers Mum's nursing home. Does that mean we've got another 25 years of him?! Without the BHI teapot the circle was definitely W&NKcentric, although Anybody did manage to get picked on yet again for his solo blonde wig tour last time out. Another excellent Beachy Head Jumpers hash. Sort of.

on

Missed the moment 2:

During National Blood Week, June 8th – 14th Dark Star offered a free beer for everyone who donated a pint of blood. Obviously limited to one per customer! *Why didn't anybody teeeelllll me? Outraged Ed.*

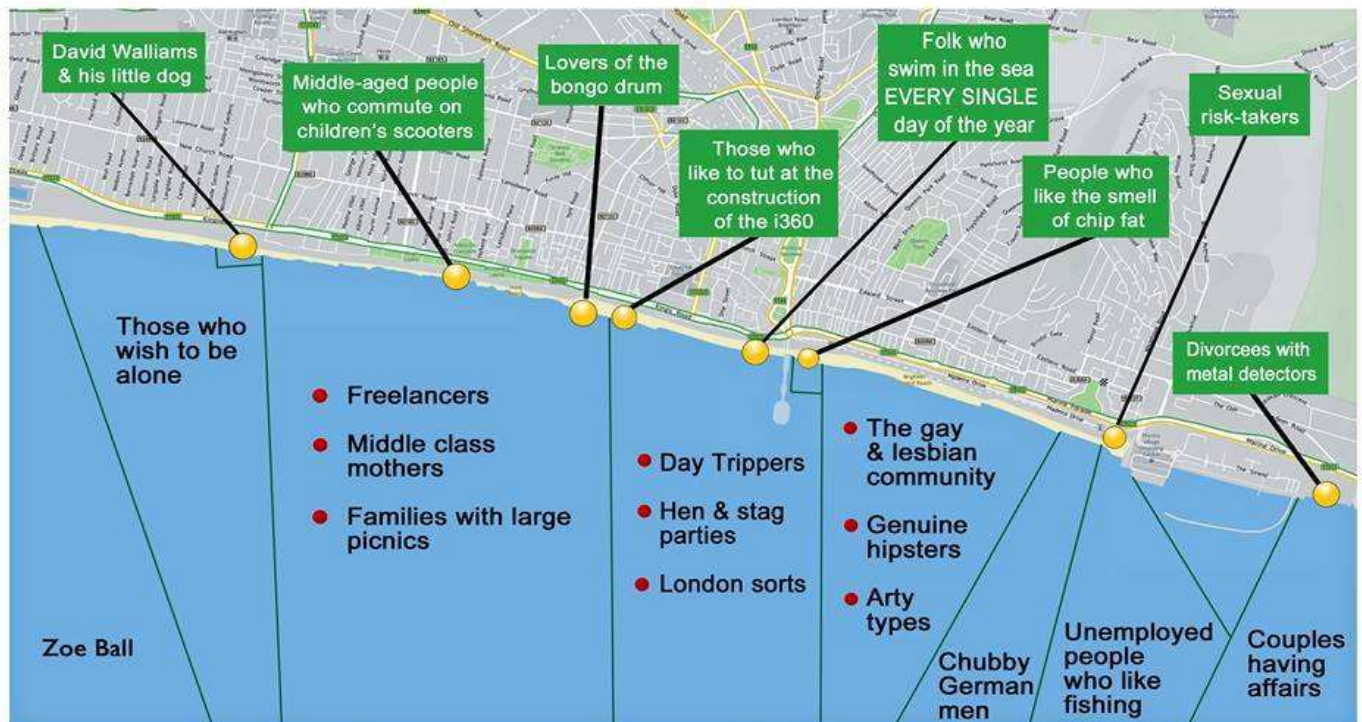
oo

- So we went into a pub and had a couple of jars... We went into another pub and had a jar or two... when we got to the third pub my mate turned around and said 'well, that's enough jam for me!'
- Had a few beers and went out for an Indian last night... Don't remember eating the dinosaur vindaloo but I've woken up with a megasaurarse this morning!
- They reckon that beer contains female hormones and I think they are right. After 8 pints I talk crap and can't drive.
- 'Involuntary Muscle Contraction'

Professor Higgins at the University of Sydney was giving a lecture on 'Involuntary Muscle Contraction' to the first year medical students. This was not an exciting subject and the professor decided to lighten up the mood. He pointed to a young woman in the front row and asked, 'Do you know what your arsehole is doing while you're having an orgasm?' She replied, 'Probably hashing with his mates.'

Meanwhile in Brighton...

Know Where to Sit on Brighton & Hove Beach, 2015

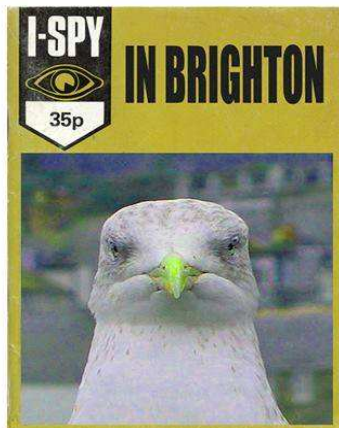


RECENTLY OBTAINED TATTOOS OF DUBIOUS QUALITY

STRONG POSSIBILITY OF VERY AVERAGE FREERUNNERS/POI

In the event of spotting an entire family rollerblading, please remain calm and contact the coastguard

@phillucas



In Town	In North Laine
Large Burrito shop.....Score 5	Retail assistant who looks like a Victorian sailor.....Score 5
With more than 5 people in it.....Score 100	With turned-up jeans.....Score 10
Huge empty gelato shop.....Score 10	Man dressed as a rainbow.....Score 10
Creatives having a loud meeting.....Score 10	Teenage girl wearing Led Zeppelin t-shirt.....Score 5
Dodgy premises that unlocks iphones.....Score 10	Cafe or pub not advertising its food as locally-sourced.....Score 70

Seagulls
A Seagull..
Ripping open a bin bag.....Score 5
Trying to make you feel guilty by sadly mewling around you.....Score 5
Throwing an empty crisp packet around with its beak.....Score 5
Waiting to pounce on a tourist's lunch.....Score 5
Doing a silly foot dance on grass.....Score 5
Stealing a pastry from someone's cold, bare hands.....Score 5
With only one leg.....Score 5
Eating something it's caught itself from the sea.....Score 100

Around & About
Bus driver looking like he's about to go on a rampage.....Score 5
Man over 45 on a skateboard.....Score 10
Topless.....Score 10
Hurting down the middle of a main road.....Score 15
With their child (also on a skateboard).....Score 25
Man who didn't have a beard 2 years ago.....Score 1
Going a week without seeing a unicycle.....Score 15
Person walking past The West Pier and not photographing it.....Score 50
Woman commuting on a child's scooter.....Score 20
Single Mod reminiscing about the glory days.....Score 40
Sign advertising 'craft beer'.....Score 1



● Everybody hates seagulls when they are stealing your chips, scavenging at the local landfill site and shitting on your windscreen. Yet when a ship sinks and a few of the flying rats get covered in oil, everybody feels sorry for them and they get treated like pampered poodles. It's the worst sort of hypocrisy.

Franklyn Mells, Branscombe

MISSING GIRLS

The parents of the three schoolgirls who left London for Syria have made an impassioned plea for their return. Their mother said: "Girls, my darlings, please come home immediately. We're losing ninety pounds a week in benefits and Uncle Aziz and your brother Ahmed have not had a shag for over two months."

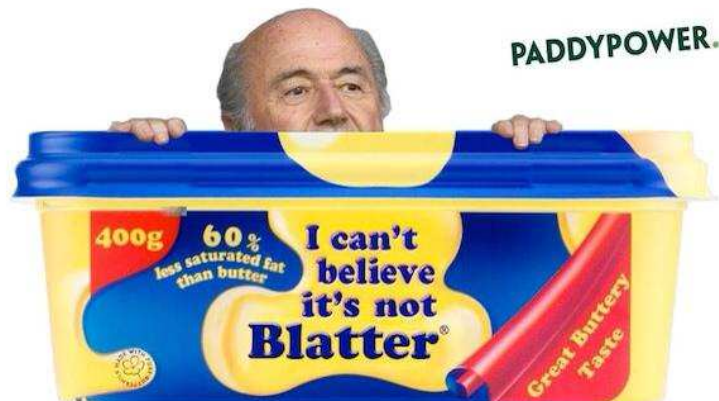
In the news...

The FIFA headquarters in Switzerland has apparently been burgled, where raiders have stolen the names of the winners of the next two World Cups plus Lionel Messi player of 2018 trophy.

Now that Sepp Blatter's gonna have more spare time, he wants Djokovic to help improve his tennis. His forehand's nothing special but his backhanders are something else.

Just got FIFA 16. As soon as I put the disk in it says "Game is corrupt", but after that it keeps going as usual anyway.

Wenger was asked why his team don't have Premier League and Champions League titles; he said 'It's been one FA Cup after another'.



LEGO has been accused of making children covet unattainable squat, yellow bodies with c-shaped hooks for hands.


The Danish toy company was branded 'dangerous' and 'irresponsible' by a government watchdog, following complaints about the unrealistic physical standards its figures display.

Mother-of-two Donna Sheridan said: "My youngest son turned to me yesterday and said, 'Mummy, I hope I grow up to look like a Lego man.' It was heartbreaking. I had to sit him down and explain that his hands will never come to resemble half-eaten Hula Hoops, nor will his head develop a circular growth onto which various hats and hairstyles can be clicked. He was inconsolable. I hope Lego is happy with itself."

Julian Cook, a father of three, said: "Lego is promoting an aesthetic standard that is simply not achievable for human beings. My 12-year-old daughter spends all her time trying to make her body shorter and stockier, and her nose disappear completely. I keep telling her she's beautiful as she is, but she just says, 'Not as beautiful as a Lego person'". He added: "How do those Danish bastards sleep at night?"



Latest from Europe - all Euro notes are now being printed on Greeceproof paper. Apparently.


For the Good of the Game

2022 World Cup
Should you vote for Qatar?

Negatives:

- 100s of workers will die building it
- Too hot to play football
- Human rights record worse than Mordor
- Rampant homophobia
- No footballing history


Positives:

- New yacht for me

Final Decision:

Qatar ☒ Definitely

Not Qatar ☐



Baldrick: "What I want to know, Sir, is, before there was a Euro there were lots of different types of money that different people used. And now there's only one type of money that the foreign people use. And what I want to know is, how did we get from one state of affairs to the other state of affairs"

Blackadder: "Baldrick. Do you mean, how did the Euro start?"

Baldrick: "Yes Sir"

Blackadder: "Well, you see Baldrick, back in the 1980s there were many different countries all running their own finances and using different types of money. On one side you had the major economies of France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, and on the other, the weaker nations of Spain, Greece, Ireland, Italy and Portugal. They got together and decided that it would be much easier for everyone if they could all use the same money, have one Central Bank, and belong to one large club where everyone would be happy. This meant that there could never be a situation whereby financial meltdown would lead to social unrest, wars and crises".

Baldrick: "But this is sort of a crisis, isn't it, Sir?"

Blackadder: "That's right Baldrick. You see, there was only one slight flaw in the plan".

Baldrick: "What was that then, Sir?"

Blackadder: "It was bollocks".

When Summer arrives full force...



THE



END



Which reminds me of the one about the blonde who got sacked from the fruit packing factory. She got the instructions mixed up and threw away all the straight cucumbers and bent bananas.

Why don't blondes eat bananas? A: They can't find the zipper.

Why did the banana go out with the prune? A: Because it couldn't get a date.

What did the banana say to the vibrator? A. Why are you shaking she's going to eat me.

Sherlock's Observations

"Good evening ladies", Sherlock Holmes said as he passed three women eating bananas on a park bench. "Do you know them?" Dr. Watson asked. "No", Holmes replied, "I've never met the nun, the prostitute or the bride we just passed." "Good Lord, Holmes, how in the world did you know all that?" "Elementary, my dear Watson. The nun ate the banana by holding it in one hand and using the fingers of the other hand to properly break the fruit into small pieces." "The prostitute", he continued, "grabbed with both hands and

crammed the whole thing into her mouth." "Amazing!" Watson exclaimed. "But how did you know the third was a newlywed?" "Because she held it one hand and pushed her head toward it with the other."

A fellow walked into his doctor's office, complaining that he thinks he might have a tapeworm.

The doctor made a physical examination and listened to the symptoms, and concurred with the self-diagnosis. "I want you to come back tomorrow to start treatment. And bring a banana and a cookie with you." said the doctor.

Despite the seemingly odd request, our hero complied and returned the next day with a banana and a cookie. The doctor then said, "Okay, now drop your pants and bend over. This is going to hurt a bit."

Although stunned by the turn of events, the patient dropped his pants and bent over. The doctor peeled the banana and with one deft motion rammed it up the guy's ass. While the doctor consulted his watch, our hero danced around the room shouting at the doctor.

"Okay, one minute is up and we have to complete the second part of the treatment if you truly want to get rid of this tapeworm." advised the doctor. Despite the pain, the patient did want to be cured and so complied with the order to bend over again. Again, the doctor took the cookie and rammed IT up the patient's ass. "Okay, tomorrow I want to see you here at the same time, and bring another banana and a cookie." said the doctor. The now humbled patient, with tears of pain in his eyes, nodded his head.

The next day, the same routine ensued. First the doctor rammed up a banana, waited exactly one minute, then rammed up the cookie. And the next day, and the next day and the next...!! Every day UP went a banana, waited one minute, then UP went the cookie.

After one full week of treatment, the doctor finally said, "Well, tomorrow is the LAST day of treatment. I want you to bring in a banana and a hammer."

"Not a cookie?" asked the very frightened patient, trying to imagine what a hammer was going to feel like. "Nope, a hammer." confirmed the doctor.

On the last day, the doctor said, "Okay, you know the routine". So the man dropped his pants and bent over. UP went the banana, and the doctor looked at his watch and picked up the hammer. One minute passed. Then two minutes. Three. Four minutes passed.

Finally, a little head poked out of the patient's ass. "WHERE'S MY COOKIE???"

