



**Thought for the day:** One day your life will flash before your eyes (*even yours Ma'am!*). Make sure it's worth watching.

# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

**DIARY DATES:**

12 - 13/09/15	CRAFT campout 2015 - near Blacklands Farm campsite, Albourne Road, Wineham
19/10/15	Trafalgar day hash, usual navy dress theme!
21/12/15	Christmas party and annual awards dinner.
25/01/2016	Burns hash #10 - the usual mcshenanigans tba.
21/05/2016	Hash relay SDW or bust! Date to be confirmed.
17/10/2016	Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000 <sup>th</sup> r*n - <i>Diary date for big celebration - see below.</i>

**Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000<sup>th</sup> r\*n**

After a very successful trip to Eurohash Krakow, it seems there is an enormous amount of interest in our 2000th run so the 18 associated BH7 hashers there had further discussion on the possibility of setting up a weekend celebration either October 2016 or Easter 2017 depending on when we can get our preferred venue.

Many of the team that was behind the excellent Eastbourne weekend, and the W&NK hash event at Interhash Cardiff, have already offered to help, as well as several newer members of our club.

However, we recognise that the previous events were satellite events involving Brighton Hash and not put out in the name of the club so would like to invite anyone else interested in playing a part to let us know as soon as possible. We would especially welcome older, longer-lasting and original members of the club to join the team.

There will be a fair amount of work involved in setting up the event, but the more folk involved the easier it becomes and the less time any individual will need to set aside.

Much thanks.

On on!

## Bouncer

[illegible]

Email: [Joshua@feedbackfoundation.org.uk](mailto:Joshua@feedbackfoundation.org.uk)

Subject: Run Forest Run! – Stanmer Park, 3rd October

Dear Brighton Hash House Harriers,

I am writing to tell you about this 10km and 5km run event, which is on Saturday 3rd October. The route is on paths and bridleways through connected woodlands that border the beautiful Stanmer Park, just outside Brighton. There will be drinks stations, special wooden medals for finishers, food, massage and even a swingtime jazz band at the finish line.

The event aims to raise funds for a Madagascan social and environmental charity.

It would be brilliant if you could spread the word and pass this on to members of your running club, and hopefully we'll see some of you there!

More information and registration can be found at <http://www.runforestrun.org.uk/>

Thanks and all the best,

Joshua Coppersmith Heaven - phone: 07870631454

[illegible]

Email: [jalal@ishop.co.uk](mailto:jalal@ishop.co.uk)

Subject: Brighton Hash: Discount Offer

Hi Brighton Hash,

I visited your clubs site today and I would like to feature a link on your site. I can offer your members a 10% discount across all products on [www.RunningNuts.com](http://www.RunningNuts.com). Furthermore you can enjoy free UK delivery on all of our products. We specialise in running and fitness and are authorised distributors for Nike, Asics, Brooks, Saucony, NB and Adidas.

We are currently busy building our presence online and would appreciate your support. We can provide you with a unique voucher code and a banner if that is appropriate.

My name is Jalal I work for IShop Ltd we are the E-commerce partner for runningnuts.com. I will be your point of contact, if you have any question please contact me.

Kind regards

Jalal Miah

[illegible]

Dear All

Following a discussion in the pub last week here is the promised e-mail re a potential Brighton ski hash

Venue: Alpbach, Tyrol Austria. [www.alpbachtal.at/en](http://www.alpbachtal.at/en)  
Proposed dates: 31/01/16 - 05/02/16 or 28/02/16 - 04/03/16

Please could you let Ann (Red Slapper) or myself know if you are interested and what dates you would prefer.

We can then take discussion on from there

Thanks

Lis

**I WAS** walking through Woking town centre the other day when I stopped to consult a map I saw standing outside the shopping centre. Imagine my shock when I spotted the words 'You Are Here' with a large arrow pointing at the exact location I was standing. Is anyone else uncomfortable with all this new technology the nanny state is using to monitor our every move?

*Andy Council*  
*e-mail*

With autumn fast approaching it's time to make sure your bedding is going to do the job and keep you warm as temperatures outside drop. Here's a few ideas using different colour schemes. I'm sure you're feeling warmer already!



Last one, a particular favourite, (no, not because it's a single bed!)

...and one of a bloke with a six-pack for the ladies:

[illegible]

While shopping for vacation clothes, my husband and I passed a display of bathing suits. It had been at least ten years and twenty pounds since I had even considered buying a bathing suit, so I sought my husband's advice. 'What do you think?' I asked. 'Should I get a two piece or an all-in-one?' 'Better get the two piece,' he replied. 'You'd never get it all in one.'

# REHASHING

MATHS

If it is less than 90 degrees it is a cute angel.

**Bull, Shermanbury "Life Biggins at 50"** Angel's big birthday hash found a huge crowd of 60 plus at the Bull, including several new runners from Henfield Joggers, as well as visitors Happy Endings from Riviera Hash in South of France, and Shakesprick from Bangladesh (formerly of Stockholm H3). The revelation that there were fishhooks out there drew a collective gasp, before everyone

promptly ran off the wrong way. Crossing Mock Bridge the next check took us left and it wasn't long before we had a two-way traffic jam as the returners from the fishhook fought with the forward r\*nners for space on the style. Crossing the Downs Link, some wit (Pirate apparently!) called it on left without a mark. Wrong of course as we headed back to round the sewage farm to the sight of St. Bernard hacking his way across the crops. Trail was called through the edge of Partridge Green where we crossed and headed into the woods for a second hook, where Lily yelled a plaintiff "Rob, no!" as One E burst into a sprint closely pursued by You Stupid Bastard. A short stretch of danger and we hit the path past the stunning Ewhurst Manor to the sip stop at Shermanbury Place. With Pimms, Cava and stubbies on offer a cheerful happy birthday was sung to Angel as we gobbled the Angel cake. With half the pack heading down the lane and half the pack continuing trail up the river it was down to the hares to take the other half across the bridge for an SCB return (told you it was a big pack!). In the pub hares, and visitors were awarded, Henfield virgins having gone home (apparently their sponsor Cardinal Hugh had not explained the part about the pub properly, but attempts to get him to cough up on their behalf fell on deaf ears). Lily then attempted a naming for Wiggy as it's just his real name corrupted, and he hasn't got a proper hash name. Central to this was an incident in Poland when Wiggy had been running along with a crowd of flies over his head alone, so Lord of the Flies, Flies on Him and various other suggestions were proposed before our subject made the mistake of admitting that most people just called him Fuckwit. A vote was taken, and unanimously passed including much support from the bar staff who must know him well, but RA then failed to follow through suggesting we carry it over. Might just be a bit late for that! In contrast, Wiggy had no hesitation in awarding Cardinal Sinner the Numpty Mug for refusing to return at the fishhook attempting to get his own hound, Max Come Here (who was under RIB's control) in trouble.

**Talbot, Cuckfield** After flirting with the White Hart, Random opted for what on first impressions seemed a bit of a yuppy pub, but as we found out later, the beer was good! With a good pack, including returner Pete Harris (who last ran with us in January 1996) and a friend, we were soon charging up the High Street, through the twittens and out towards Borde Hill for a lovely cross country canter. Pace was quick throughout but with 6 miles and a sip to contend with, as well as the pub staff threatening about food at 9, it needed to be! Some slight confusion when a well-known farmeress appeared to have rubbed a check, and more when we thought we were on Keeps It Ups trail from 5 months earlier, did little to halt the charge, frequently led by Bentley (aka You Stupid Bastard) to the sip stop at chez Sparkles, although there was a moment when Lily appeared to have been given his own specific directions when a house sign showed left while pack went right. The sip stop was excellent with some pretty strong Pimms, for which One E took the blame, lagers, cheese straws, scotch eggs and brownies, and it was only a short stretch to the end. Sadly the kitchen staff stuck to their threat and much of the food was cold by the time we got back, but at least we managed a pint for the down downs. Hare Ginny was congratulated on a nice trail in territory we haven't covered much of for a while, along with Psychlepath assisting, the latter opting for his own special drink to down. A story that was overlooked last week concerned visitor Happy Endings from Riviera Hash who'd asked for a lift. Roaming Pussy told us that Bogeyman thought she'd come with a couple of new gay guys. Not true as she'd come with Airman and Pompette (aka Bob & Chris - hence the misunderstanding!). Bogeyman was threatened with the award but Happy Endings had e-mailed during the week confessing that she'd just made the association as it was Brighton. Meanwhile Errol and Mike had been inseparable throughout the r\*n and had taken a huge early short-cut after checking wrong, then told Jen they were a couple, so all 3 drank together! Sinners on the hash were DP for his faceplant running on flat pavement just after the sip; Spreadsheet for seeming to have used his shirt after a call of nature, but perhaps we should accept his claim that he'd merely put it on back-to-front; and One E for running 4 miles to join the pack then running the entire trail with his clothes in a little knapsack. Despite the pettiness of it all, RA was incapable of resisting mention of the Ashes so Wildbush took that. Lily the Pink should really have been downed for new shoes having come straight from Cornwall, but instead took the beer for having his own private trail, along with Bosom Boy who's had us all so worried since the Brighton bus crash after the drivers medical incident (recovering nicely), in case it was him. RA then found himself stuck with the numpty mug after Cardinal had slipped away from the circle. After a bit of round the houses storytelling it ended up with ... Bouncer, doh! Another great hash!

*Hi Bouncer, KIU*

*Thanks so much for your hospitality (and of course the inevitable razzing one expects as a visitor plus a lot of sniffing by Bentley) ... it was a great group, a super run and such a warm atmosphere in the pub. You both have great wives, lucky guys you are!*

*Thanks, also, for hooking me up with Chris and Bob (whom I originally thought, by email, were a gay couple ... this is the Brighton hash after all) ... they have been very kind and we even met up at The New Inn, which is the (very) local in the hamlet where I'm staying. Chris even washed my running clothes I accidentally left in their boot after the run! I'm hoping to join you again on Monday, which might be my last before heading back to France for a while.*

*On On*

*Jen (Happy Endings)*

**Shepherd and Dog, Fulking** We arrived to hear that Penguin Shagger had co-set but unable to attend due to family business (went to the flicks with his sister - see pic!) so Lily the Pink was stand-in sweeper. Another huge pack attended including virgin Sally dragged kicking and screaming along by One E, and a big welcome back for Suzy and Dean after their epic bike ride to NZ! A short road stretch and first check led us unsurprisingly straight up the hill, although Keeps it Up played the martyr card by checking back down. Heading east on the SDW only the younger members of the pack managed the leap from the fort, and it was almost painful to watch Mudlark edging his way down but at least he made the effort! Cries for beer at the Devils Dyke were roundly ignored by Peter Pansy who by now was pushing the pack through the checks, quite rightly as light was fading rapidly. Several lost souls headed for the quim (cwm) at the bottom check clearly with no idea how long that would make the r\*n, and a few decided to see if there was any Pimms left at St. Bernards sip from a few weeks back, but trail was up to the Poynings road and behind the Royal Oak to return along Clappers Lane bang on 9! No report from the walkers but poor old Guy who was told to pick up trail at the church was sent a curve ball by hare who sent him the opposite way along the road. Down downs went to Peter Pansy with Lily the Pink nominated to take PS's beer. Sally said she could easily have won the beer race against Adrian and proved it! Deano and Suzy were welcomed back having totally out-extremed the hares, then Airman and Pompette were called for a softy after the discovery that Heathfield is a 'dry' Quakertown, a strange choice of residence indeed for hashers! With the Greyhounds seldom in evidence these days it was time to create a new one so Tony Coe became Silver Fox, a reference to his pate as well as his skulking around on the wa\*kers trail week-in week-out. RA had suffered brain-fade last week when it came to the numpty mug, which really should have gone to Lily the Pink for travelling directly to the hash from Cornwall, despite having new shoes, but his failure to understand the role of sweeper and frequently overtaking the pack tonight was justifiable reason for him to take it home. Mind you he was almost forgiven for brewing the very excellent 6% Passion Fruit APA most of us were putting away! Another great hash...

 **Hayley Chinchon** with Scott Chinchon  
14 hrs · 🌐

Been to cinema with my older brother 😊



**Greyhound, Keymer** For Guys 250<sup>th</sup> hash the weather had not been kind, and a hasty re-marking had already taken place causing hare to grumble "I've been round twice, don't ask me to do it again!". Fair comment, so while Guy led the wa\*kers off, Dad and co-hare Victoria took us off for a little wander around the back alleys of Keymer before we headed up to Oldland Mill. Over Lodge Hill hares had found a new way down, but some procrastination by your scribe had me losing the marks at the bottom, taking a long run towards Ditchling Common before returning to eventually find trail out to Stoneywish. Overcooking it at the Nye, it was time to head for home, but just in time a body appeared revealing the sip at the lake by the green. As usual the mini-bar was extremely well-stocked leaving us to amble back to the pub feeling quite replete. Inside, Guy finally got his naming, maintaining the plum theme of his surname to end up as (Victoria's) Damson, as he downed the special request lager. Victoria himself was then called for a hares down before visitors Likka Cilt, Pink Pony, Dynorod and PG Tits (the latter two having missed out last time they guested when no circle took place due to the late finish) also received. RA then regaled us with a story about some Brighton runners who claimed quality as they shared their birthday with Usain Bolt, although the same quality was not so much in evidence nowadays in Malibog whose birthday it also was. Angel too had just had a big

birthday moving into a new veteran class and promptly breaking her life best for 5k by 40 seconds as well as using Cardinals dog Max to further her ambitions on the r\*n tonight, which on its own was enough reason to call Cardinal but he had demonstrated an impressive turn of speed himself 2 weeks earlier dumping the numpty award, and exiting mid-circle. A few moments reflection took place for the victims of the Shoreham air show disaster, and thanks that Stinkerbell and Mop from Surrey H3 (who ran with us last year from the Fox) had miraculously escaped injury despite being feet away from the explosion. Lily the Pink then handed the numpty mug over to Victoria who had been beguiled into haring Guys anniversary trail! Another great hash!



*A little piece of hash history from Victoria. Spot Young Les and Young Rik!*

# THE CRAZY WORLD OF RUGBY

If at first you don't succeed, try, try and try again. Then at least you'll have 15 points. 21 with the conversions.



"The ball! I caught the ball!"



"French referees usually have some quirky ideas about rule interpretation."



"For heaven's sake - what now?"



"Go on - he called you a rude name - then what?"



"Yes I did collapse the scrum. So would you if their No. 3 kept asking you what aftershave you used."



"Lovely run - beautiful dummy, but you can't score tries with their number seven's boot..."



"Chauvinist? Don't be silly - shut up and give us a kiss..."



"Nice try - no ball - but nice try!"



"Let's find the bung and let him down."



"Well played - whoever you are!"

Three Maoris and three Australians are travelling by train to a Rugby match at the World Cup in England. At the station, the three Maoris each buy a ticket and watch as the three Australians buy just one ticket between them.

"How are the three of you going to travel on only one ticket?" asks one of the Maoris.

"Watch and learn, mate," answers one of the Australians. They all board the train. The Maoris take their respective seats but all three Australians cram into a toilet and close the door behind them. Shortly after the train has departed, the conductor comes around collecting tickets. He knocks on the toilet door and says, "Tickets please." The door opens just a crack and a single arm emerges with a ticket in hand. The conductor takes the ticket and moves on. The Maoris see this and agree it was quite a clever idea. So, after the game, they decide to go one better on the return trip and save some money (being clever with money, and all that).

When they get to the station for the return trip, the Australians again buy a single ticket between them. To their astonishment, the Maoris don't buy a ticket at all!!

"How are you going to travel without a ticket?" asks one perplexed Australian.

"Watch and learn, bro," answers a Maori.

When they board the train the three Maoris cram into a toilet, the three Australians cram into another toilet nearby, and the train duly departs. Shortly afterwards, one of the Maoris leaves the toilet and walks over to the toilet where the Australians are hiding. He knocks on the door and says, "Ticket please."

## REHASHING the CRAFT – Brighton 1.



Mindless optimism is probably the only way to describe Bouncers attempts to squeeze in a Heathrow take-up on a Friday afternoon and still expect to get home in time to join the CRAFT from the start! Needless to say, as the crowds gathered in **#1 the Evening Star** for the latest instalment of this years ale trail, the supposed hare was awol. In actual fact our usual starting point wasn't even #1 as Keeps It Up and Wildbush were first on the scene and stuck in a cheeky visit to **the Prince Albert!** Now joined by Angel, Bobs Crutch, Just Bob and Stephen 'Dipstick' Garrard it took a quick call from the hare to set them off on trail with the plan for Bouncer to join in at **#2/3 Prestonville Arms**. A bit of interesting parking (ever tried hill parking in a narrow space with an automatic handbrake? Don't!) later and soon we were all tucking into some very good value grub as well as their excellent ale selection. From here we headed for **#3/4 Battle of Trafalgar** where we realised that this trail could get complicated as everyone was on different schedules. Bob & Anne had already been to Victory, but would have gone to Prince Albert. Bouncer wanted to go to Basketmakers Arms, Brent & Kayleen had been there already but hadn't done

CRAFT alehouse. Stephen and Angel couldn't give a toss as long as there was pissy lager! Compromise was eventually reached and Bob (who'd been struggling with the hills and walking) & Anne baled out, while the rest of us plundered on to **#4/5 CRAFT alehouse** where the upstairs seats got a bit too comfortable for Wildbush, who promptly fell asleep. A sensible decision was made by KIU for them to go for their train, while Dipstick just nipped out for a fag and never returned (much like Captain Oates only different), which left just Angel and Bouncer to head for **#5 the Victory**, where the locals were full of the happy juice. Time for bed said Zebedee, or possibly just Angel, and so endeth another great CRAFT hash!

### *A tale of two Nash Hashes...*

As mentioned many a time in these pages, the UK Nash Hash takes place on August Bank Holiday every 2 years and brings together hounds from all over the UK, as well as numerous visitors from overseas. This years event was hosted by Oxford hash, and was very well attended by BH7 and our neighbours, but more of that later!

The First UK Full Moon hash was started by Smartarse about 25 years back and resulted in a few others being founded in the UK at Ebley, Guernsey, Isle of Wight, Yorkshire etc. That in turn led to a UK Full Moon Nash Hash which made its 9<sup>th</sup> outing at the beginning of August at Writtle Agricultural College in Essex. Previously a fairly small affair, this years event attracted in excess of 200 and has led to a decision to move to the even years to avoid impacting on the National event. We hadn't registered, thinking we wouldn't be able to make it due to a clash with our family holiday, but with Malibog bringing a horde of Viking invaders from the Stockholm Full Moon lot, and our plans changing at short notice we decided to 'pop-in' for Saturday night and Sunday. Most of the accommodation was provided indoors, however there was a small camping area with enough room for us to let the kids have their own tents. Downside was we landed in the middle of a cocktail party so Angel and I joined in appreciating the ales and stronger stuff. Windsock advised that there wasn't much in the way of cabaret and would we mind doing something. In Krakow with plenty of good acts, Mr. Beaky had forgotten that Brighton had offered a cabaret, and we weren't going to push it, so we'd got out of doing the pirate song. As I had a few props with me, and Malibog, Sir Clever Dick, and a few others were soon press-ganged in to join us, the added Dutch courage led us to have a go. It might have gone a lot better if the band hadn't refused us the mike, but we got a lot of enthusiastic support from the front rows, although others had no idea what was going on! The evening continued in excellent form (although it's a mystery why Mrs Box and Butler decided to head home soon after midnight), leading to a subdued hangover run on Sunday before we made our escape.

*When a few of us were heading out to Kuala Lumpur for the 1998 Interhash, Bunter suggested a cabaret act and produced the following skit, which sadly never saw public performance, and has probably never been published before:*

#### **BIG SOFT JOHN**

Well my daddy was a miner and my Mammy hunted bear  
And when I came along they didn't really care  
'Cos I was born on a mountain and raised in a cave,  
But wearing women's clothes is all that I crave. Big John.  
Big John, Big John, Big soft John, ah ooh.

Now I'm 6 feet four and I'm 18 stone  
And none of that's fat, it's all muscle and bone  
But what worries me an's really opened my eyes  
Is the trouble I have getting dresses my size. Big John.  
Big John, Big John, Big soft John, ah ooh.

Now I'm rough and I'm tough and I'm moody an' mean  
And when I fight I don't fight clean  
But when I'm alone what makes me feel real big  
Is wearing high-heeled shoes and a long blonde wig. Big John.  
Big John, Big John, Big soft John, ah ooh.

Well I'm one of the boys and I play all the games  
And I even chase the girls and I know all their names  
But when I'm in my room what makes me feel a star  
Is wearing frilly black panties and a little lace bra! Big John.  
Big John, Big John, Big soft John, ah ooh.

Well I'm working down the mines and I'm digging up the gold  
An' I'm saving all my money, 'cos I've been told  
That in New York City right by the railway station  
There's a clever little doctor that can do the operation Big John.  
Big John, Big John,  
Big soft John, ah ooh, ah ooh, ah oooooooooh.



**NASH HASH** itself was held at the Hill End Centre just outside Oxford and, having stayed nearby overnight, the Eastbourne girls were early on the scene with Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy, establishing a Brighton enclave including gazebo and nibbles and nips table. An unusually early Red Dress Run with buses leaving at 4pm for town meant a certain urgency to setting up but we were soon on trail for quite a stiff run via some very fine imbibing establishments. We slipped off trail a couple of times but unsurprisingly found folk in scarlet already settled in whichever bars, though it wasn't long before the bus was due to return us to base for the opening ceremony and the first of Chubbies very fine food.



As with Krakow, on Saturday, a few of us headed for the local parkrun driven by Bika, so Angel and myself had no problem opting for the Bras and Pants trail while the rest of the Brighton contingent were split across a number of different runs including the Ball Breaker, the Shiggy Trail, the SPA run etc. The Bras and pants (Breweries around Scotland - and on tour!) trail was held at the Hook Norton brewery and was possibly the funniest coach trip I've been on, with Ballsbreaker and Halfway screaming their heads off as if they were on a roller-coaster, as the driver's satnav took us through some hair-raisingly tight village lanes. After a decent run we found ourselves at the Pear Tree Inn just down the road from



Good effort by the pub, but the RDR was on Friday! And what's that number for?

the brewery with its hash special beer but word soon got down to us that there were tastings to be had. We were sharing our visit with a group of Harley Davison bikers who seemed amused by the hash, dressed as we all were in bras and pants. The brewery itself has recently won an award as a fine conversion from folly to brewery, and made an excellent base for a very good circle led by RingPeace and Stretch. Back at Hill End the London hash cocktail party was already in full swing with some lethal concoctions doing the rounds, then the official Mad Hatters tea party. Grub throughout the weekend was excellent so I ended up having an early night, feeling quite replete, and missed the fancy dress (Alice in Wonderland theme) and hard rock band Growler.

Sunday felt like a repeat of Saturday as we headed for the Milton Keynes run out to Brill, which also had a brewery visit to the Vale Brewery, and had mostly the same bunch of reprobates on board! To make sure we made it on to this trail I'd popped round to the MK camp to sign the run list, but they hadn't picked it up yet so I had to sign the hare, Loose Nuts, instead, which kind of started something! We were dumped in the middle of nowhere but soon found a pub for shelter from the rain that had moved in overnight. Most of us made it out to continue the r\*n but some ended up finding the Village fete, before we all finally reached the brewery. After rehydrating and more silliness, the return coach ride was full on karaoke led by one of the MK hashers, great fun, but the videos after suggest we weren't as in tune as we believed at the time. Back at the site Keeps It Up and myself headed for the GM's meeting, where Twonk volunteered the Ancient Britons to host NH2017 at the same place in Norfolk as in 2005. When the year ends in 9 the Scottish hashes host (Edinburgh 1989; Glasgow at Trossachs in 1999; and Perth in 2009) and plans are well advanced for Aberdeen to organise the 2019 Nash Hash at Kelso near the border, so Bika proposed we just vote them in now. My suggestion that we should still be meeting in 2 years giving the example that the Sussex hashes might possibly be prepared to combine for a bid in 2019, knowing we wouldn't win, but laying the foundations for a 2021 bid was misinterpreted and Bika (again!) then led the vote for Brighton to host in 2021! So that's where that came from but I'm confident I've managed to get that idea out of their heads for now, although my reception at the W&NK tiffin for Fetherlite and Angels birthdays was decidedly stoney-faced. Oh well, more great grub, a quick home-run in the Milton Keynes H3 rounders match (before RingPeace managed to break his leg, prompting the paramedic to comment on his cow dress-up as "you're milking that a bit aren't you mate?") and off we went to enjoy the decidedly quirky but very sing-along band Ukie TooNes.

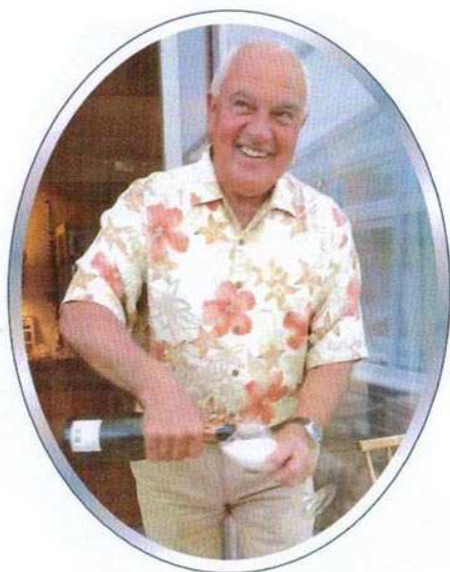


Come Monday and it was still raining for the Caucus race hangover r\*n. As Oxford is an odd socks hash an unpair was included in the goody bag, anyone caught wearing a pair facing the wrath of the RA, so Angel was right at home! In actual fact it was a very genteel stroll around the site before the closing circle. In Krakow, while setting trail for the Bras and Pants run, Rustler lost the hire car keys. Despite the hares going over the trail twice immediately and over 100 of us looking the following day they were never found and the hares found themselves with a heavy bill, so yet another appeal was made at NH for contributions and the generosity of the hash came through as it has all now been resolved satisfactorily.

Despite a very good journey home we were just too wiped out to make the Monday r\*n, although I know a few harder individuals did! Another great Nash Hash! Oh yeah, On On to Norfolk 2017!

A Celebration and Thanksgiving  
for the life of

## Barry Rice



1941 ~ 2015

Kingswood Chapel, Worthing Crematorium, Findon  
Thursday, 6th August 2015 at 12:20 p.m.

*Service taken by Pastor Ray Orr*

Mickey Hayler then read out the only one of Barry's poems to be commercially published, the Kestrel, before a slideshow of photos was shown to a bit of Led Zeppelin, 'Bron-Yr-Aur', the committal and the whole thing closing with the Pogues!

At the Duke of Wellington afterwards, Airman Bob shared one of his favourite stories from Bunters chequered hashing days when he turned up at the Gardeners Arms in Ardingly, post-hash, in just a vest, shorts and sandals. The landlord quickly turned him away saying no singlets, which he remonstrated about protesting that it was clean on but the host was adamant. 5 minutes later he reappeared with a t-shirt, checked it was okay, popped outside and reappeared with a blown-up condom on his head! The landlord took one look, and decided he wasn't going to win this battle! As he was a keen member of the Wellington Wailers shanty group, many of whom were unfortunately away, it was fitting that Steve, Bill and Matt took to the stage to give us all a song with myself and Biggles among others called in to add backing vocals and extra "aaarrrs"! Young Ben then took the mike to give tribute to his Dad, inviting others to follow and share stories. A fitting way to send our old mate off.



Donations in Barry's memory may be made to  
'The Martlets Hospice'

c/o H.D. Tribe Ltd,  
40 Brunswick Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, West Sussex BN43 5WB  
Telephone: (01273) 452169.  
(or via: [www.hdtribe.co.uk](http://www.hdtribe.co.uk) where Gift Aid forms are also available)

A fair old smattering of hashers, current and retired, made it along to Bunters send off, which turned into a typically amusing farce on which you have to wonder if Bazza had some influence! After Wiggy's pronouncement of what his hash name should be on the Monday prior, I picked up a bowling colleague and in the ensuing conversation related the story with the result that Wiggy found even they were calling him "F\*ckwit". As we arrived at what should have been a sombre occasion, the first thing Barry's oldest friend said to me was "You nearly caused a riot the other night!". "Not my fault", I protested, but apparently the wrong person had said it to him, doh!

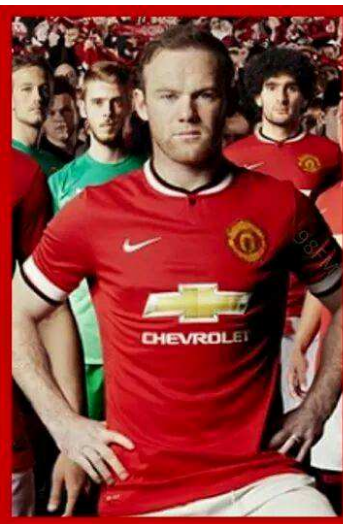
The instructions were not to swamp the place with flowers, just bringing a single stem if you wished and donating to the charity. I understood that, as Barry had a keen appreciation of our environment and preferred to see things in their natural habitat. With that in mind I assumed they meant us to bring a wildflower along and tried to find some purple loose strife which had been a major feature (in amongst the Himalayan balsam!) of our last major walk together, along the River Ouse. He was something of an expert on umbrals, so when plan A failed, I grabbed a couple of stems of hogweed. Unsure of when the flowers would be required, we started walking to the chapel but noticing that no-one else appeared to be carrying them, Angel suggested we leave them in the car and collect them if needed. , "Apart from anything else, I don't want to sit next to you with that smell of old mans trousers". She was right, they stank of piss!

After the Rolling Stones opener, Tony Richardson gave a touching and personal eulogy from the heart, which Pastor Ray commented, could've gone downhill quickly, before then sharing a couple of risqué moments of his own in a slightly bizarre address mixing contemporary culture with biblical connections!

### THE KESTREL

Iron-grey, angry October sea;  
Swirling steely clouds above me;  
The stark white bones of chalk track unwinding beneath my feet  
At a barred gate I pause and rest:  
In a rotted hollow atop a wooden post,  
Scattered, small balls of feather, fur and bone,  
A Kestrel's egesta.  
I run on, searching the sombre sky for his petrified silhouette.  
There! High! Riding the wind, laying on the breeze  
As though suspended by an invisible thread to the clouds above.  
To his Hawk eyes, the tapestry of downs below, shows life,  
Unseen to my myopic human vision.  
The autumn shorn fields provide scant cover for his small prey;  
The tiny lives scamper and flit across the shaven pate of stubbled acres,  
Whose cropped, flaxen head of corn, barley and wheat,  
Lies stored, safe now in farmers barn.  
The melanaemic, burnt adjacent fields,  
Blackened gums in aged autumn's face  
Give even less protection.  
I run on, the oily stench of this Acaldema in my nostrils  
Conjures a dream of these same southern downs,  
Fleshed with their sleek, golden, summer curves;  
A sun-kissed, taut-skinned summer Goddess.  
Now! He stoops! A high pitched squeal reaches me;  
One more death! A few more drops of blood in sacrifice to the earth.  
I run on, morbid thoughts soon dispelled by the timeless hills.  
The Kestrel, now behind me, soars up and takes station again.  
Untouched and unshaken by the freshening southerly breeze;  
And the thoughts of my own mortality.

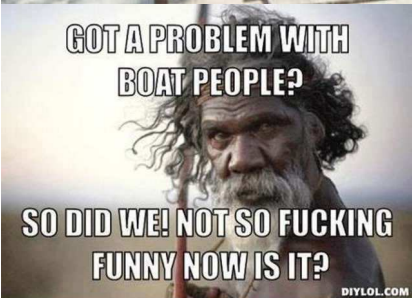
*In the news... US relay squad; Man U new kit; Queen's reign; England women's football; Immigration; Aussies and Cilla.*



When the Saudi King visited Balmoral, the vast royal estate in Scotland and got offered a tour, Queen climbed into the driving seat, turned the ignition and drove off. Women are not—yet—allowed to drive in Saudi Arabia, and Abdullah was not used to being driven by a woman, let alone a queen. His nervousness only increased as the queen, an Army driver in wartime, accelerated the Land Rover along the narrow Scottish estate roads, talking all the time. Through his interpreter, the Crown Prince implored the Queen to slow down and concentrate on the road ahead.



'Another desperate group of people fearing persecution and inhumane treatment if they return to their own country - it's the Australian cricket team.'



# Bravery and vision turns folly into winning design

BY TIM HAMPSON

A CASTLE, a tap and a bridge have all scooped honours in the Campaign's prestigious pub design awards.

The top designs included the Castle at Edgehill in Oxfordshire (right), Old Bridge in Leeds, Harrogate Tap in North Yorkshire and the Wallaw in Northumberland.

CAMRA's Pub Design Awards 2015 are run with English Heritage and celebrate the architects, designers and pub owners who have the bravery and vision to go above and beyond when restoring, conserving or designing pub buildings.

"From the preservation of ornate Victorian features in Leeds to the sensitive restoration of pub in a gothic style castle in Oxfordshire – the awards recognise the importance of fantastic design in pubs across the breadth of the UK," said judge Sean Murphy.

The Hook Norton-owned Castle at Edgehill in Oxfordshire won both a refurbishment and conservation award. The historic, listed Gothic folly castle of the mid-1740s was designed by architect Sanderson Miller on the site where King Charles I's standard-bearer planted the royal arms before the first battle of the Civil War of 1642.

A second refurbishment award went to Kirkstall brewery's tap, the Old Bridge, Kirkstall. The pub retains its Victorian features and quirky bars but has at the same time been given a contemporary



makeover, with beer and brewery ephemera – all of which has been salvaged from other, less fortunate, mostly closed pubs.

There were two conversion to pub highly commended awards given. The Harrogate Tap at Harrogate Station, North Yorkshire is in the last remaining fragment of Thomas Prosser's Harrogate station of 1862 owned by Network Rail.

More than £500,000 was spent

demolishing unsightly extensions, reroofing the old brick building and renovating the interior of what had once been the old station bar and refreshment room.

Also highly commended in the conversion category was the Wallaw, Blyth, Northumberland. The splendid, brick-faced former 1930s cinema, named after its first owner Walter Lawson was converted to a pub by JD Wetherspoon.

## *You could have heard a pin drop...*

In France, at a fairly large conference, Prime Minister Steven Harper was asked by a French cabinet minister if Canadian involvement in Afghanistan was just an example of "empire building".

Mr. Harper answered by saying, 'Over the years, Canada has sent many of its fine young men and women into great peril to fight for freedom beyond our borders. The only amount of land we have ever asked for in return is enough to bury those that did not return.' You could have heard a pin drop.

JFK'S Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, was in France in the early 60's when De Gaulle decided to pull out of NATO.

De Gaulle said he wanted all US military out of France as soon as possible.

Rusk responded "Does that include those who are buried here?"

You could have heard a pin drop

There was a conference in France where a number of international engineers were taking part, including French and American. During a break, one of the French engineers came back into the room saying 'Have you heard the

latest dumb stunt Bush has done? He has sent an aircraft carrier to Indonesia to help the tsunami victims. What does he intended to do, bomb them?'

A Boeing engineer stood up and replied quietly:

'Our carriers have three hospitals on board that can treat several hundred people; they are nuclear powered and can supply emergency electrical power to shore facilities; they have three cafeterias with the capacity to feed 3,000 people three meals a day. They can produce several thousand gallons of fresh water from sea water each day, and they carry half a dozen helicopters for use in transporting victims and injured to and from their flight deck. We have eleven such ships; how many does France have?'

You could have heard a pin drop.

A Royal Navy Admiral was attending a naval conference that included Admirals from the U.S., English, Canadian, Australian and French Navies. At a cocktail reception, he found himself standing with a large group of Officers that included personnel from most of those countries. Everyone was chatting away in English as they sipped their drinks but a French admiral suddenly complained that, whereas Europeans learn many languages, the English learn only English. He then asked, 'Why is it that we always have to speak English in these conferences rather than speaking French?'

Without hesitating, the British Admiral replied, 'Maybe it's because the Brit's, Canadians, Aussie's, South Africans, and Americans arranged it so you wouldn't have to speak German.'

You could have heard a pin drop.

AND THIS STORY FITS RIGHT IN WITH THE ABOVE...

Robert Whiting, an elderly gentleman of 83, arrived in Paris by plane. At French Customs, he took a few minutes to locate his passport in his carry on.

"You have been to France before, monsieur?" the customs officer asked sarcastically.

Mr. Whiting admitted that he had been to France previously.

"Then you should know enough to have your passport ready."

The Englishman said, 'The last time I was here, I didn't have to show it.'

"Impossible. You English always have to show your passports on arrival in France!"

The English senior gave the Frenchman a long hard look. Then he quietly explained, 'Well, when I came ashore at Gold Beach on D-Day in 1944 to help liberate this country, I couldn't find a single Frenchman to show a passport to.'

You could have heard a pin drop.

# THE END

Please note that parents may find some jokes and images, contained in our publications, unsuitable for young children. While this page has effectively been written by children, it is unsuitable for them. It's not their fault. I blame the parents!

$$d(P, Q) = \sqrt{(x_1 - x_2)^2 + (y_1 - y_2)^2}$$

$$d(-1, 0, 3) = Q(3, -2, -4)$$

$$= \sqrt{(-1-3)^2 + (0+2)^2}$$

$$= \sqrt{(-4)^2 + 2^2 + 7}$$

$$= \sqrt{16 + 4 + 49}$$

$$= \sqrt{69}$$

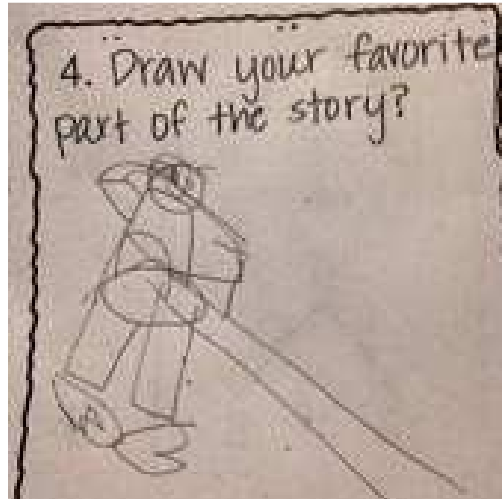
8 somethin right?

$$(P, Q) = \left( \frac{x_1 + x_2}{2}, \frac{y_1 + y_2}{2} \right)$$

$$= \left( \frac{-1+3}{2}, \frac{0+2}{2} \right)$$

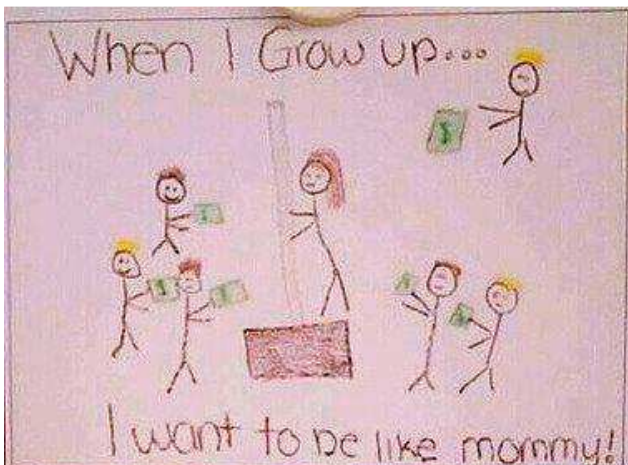
$$= (1, 1)$$

Everyone knows that the square root of 69 is ate something!



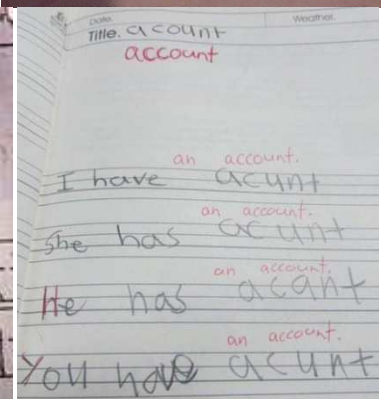
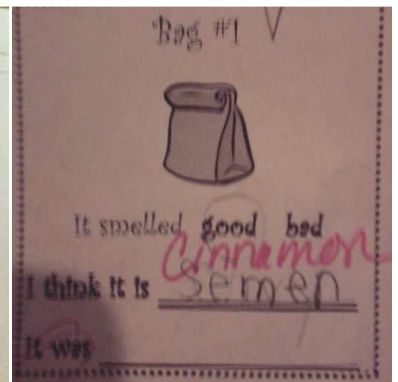
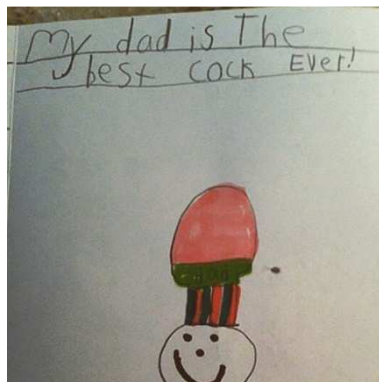
Apparently these kids have been reading 50 shades of Grey. One of them definitely has a career writing top shelf novels!

Sausage is good because  
Sausage is good because  
it is juicy, soft, spicy and  
it's soft in your mouth and  
tast on good because it's spicy.  
I like it because it gives my  
mouth with goodness and I like  
how it busts in my mouth. It's so  
so good!



(Here's the reply the teacher received the following day)

Dear Mrs. Jones,  
I wish to clarify that I am not now, nor have I ever been, an exotic dancer.  
I work at Home Depot and I told my daughter how hectic it was last week before the blizzard hit. I told her we sold out every single shovel we had, and then I found one more in the back room, and that several people were fighting over who would get it. Her picture doesn't show me dancing around a pole. It's supposed to depict me selling the last snow shovel we had at Home Depot.  
From now on I will remember to check her homework more



Some reminders that you should always check their homework before they hand it in, and a backside finish:

13. Write a story problem that shows:  $20 - 13 = 7$ .

Matthew had 20 girlfriends, he unfortunately broke up with 13 of them. How many girlfriends does Matthew have left? Matt has 7 left.

6. Name a solid POOP  
7. Name a liquid Pee  
8. Name a gas FART