



R-ns/trash #221 October 2015

Find us on  **facebook** or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

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

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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
5th October 2015	1946	Roebuck, Laughton	500 132	Lily the Pink
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left on A26 at 2nd roundabout through tunnel, right then right again on B2192 through Ringmer. Right again on B2124 and pub on left approx. 2.5 miles. Est. 25 mins.				
12th October 2015	1947	John Harvey Tavern, Lewes	422 103	Matt DP
Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. After Dorset Arms turn right for public car park. Walk through to pub opposite brewery shop. Est 15 mins..				
19th October 2015	1948	Victory, Staplefield	276 281	Mudlarks
Directions: A23 to Slaugham turn. Right at t-junction for 1km and pub just past cross-road on right. Est. 25 mins. <i>Trafalgar day celebration and fancy dress r*n! Wear something naval.</i>				
26th October 2015	1949	Star, Steyning	174 116	Gotlost Brett & Aunty Jo
Directions: A27 towards Shoreham, A283 to Steyning, left at 1st roundabout, 2nd left at next. Pub on right 1 mile. 20 mins.				
2nd November 2015	1950	Plough, Pyecombe	292 126	St. Bernard
Directions: A23 north. Off at first exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. Est. 5 mins.				

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

09/11/15	Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling - Peter E.
16/11/15	Swan, Falmer - Wiggy
23/11/15	Fox & Hounds, Haywards Heath - Psychlepath
30/11/15	Gardners Arms, Sompting - Pondweed
7/12/15	Red Lion, Shoreham - Bouncer
14/12/15	Hove - Random Sparkles
21/12/15	Hassocks Hotel XMAS PARTY & AWARDS

HENFIELD H3:

#143 11.30am Sunday 25/10/15

Swan, Falmer Hare: Wiggy

CRAFT H3:

#85 Wetherspoons Beer Festival - Sunday 25/10/15 post
Henfield. 5pm at Bright Helm, West St, Brighton - 'P' trail
from station. Early birds 4pm Cliftonville, George St. Hove



Thought for the day: I just found a carrier bag with an England rugby shirt in it lying abandoned on the pavement - I can't believe it's been thrown away. Those bags are worth 5p now!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

19/10/2015	Trafalgar day hash, usual navy dress theme!
21/12/2015	Christmas party and annual awards dinner.
25/01/2016	Burns hash #10 - the usual mcshenanigans will again be held at the Partridge.
21/05/2016	Hash relay SDW or bust! Date to be confirmed.
17/10/2016	Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000 th r*n - <i>Diary date for big celebration - see below.</i>

BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2000th R*N

After the first planning meeting a couple of quick conclusions were reached (as well as a whole host of stuff that'll become more relevant later!). Firstly, Black Stockings has had some contact with our preferred venue at Plumpton College but sadly they are unable to hire out other than during the summer break. To book in 2016 prior to the actual 2000th would be too short notice and likely to clash with existing hash events, and 2017 will clash with or be too close to Nash Hash, so we are now exploring another venue proposed by Wildbush which looks pretty good, but if anyone has any other ideas please let us know. Secondly, the majority present felt that the idea of holding a separate weekend event early 2017, given that there will be a members only celebration next October, would work better and offer more flexibility with venue and weekend activities at a warmer time of year. Any other input would be gratefully received!

[illegible]

HASH SKI TRIP - Latest from Red Slapper:

The dates are governed by my work pattern, and are fixed. I have weeks starting 02/01; 30/01; 28/02; 26/03
I was in Alpbach two weeks ago, I had hoped to do all the ground work then but the lack of response meant I just had a look at general booking levels.
Early Feb is looking trickier than early March due to German hols; we are too late to book UK school holidays due to hikes in airfares, plus I would have a real struggle to get mass accommodation at this stage although anything is possible with a smaller group.

Any interest please contact Ann.

[illegible]

XMAS BASH, PARTY AND AWARDS

Ride-It, Baby has made an initial approach to the Hassocks for us to once again use their venue. Sadly former landlord Roger has passed away but his son has taken over. Pat advised at the hash recently that she would be away this year so is keen for someone else to take over the forward organising if anybody is willing.

on

Subject: SEE-ME-GO iron-on reflective motifs

Hello.

I just wanted to let you know about a new Sussex-based business which I hope will be of interest to members of Brighton Hash House Harriers, particularly as the nights are drawing in. SEE-ME-GO makes and sells iron-on reflective motifs which dramatically improve a person's visibility when they are out in the dark. They are perfect for runners – and also for cyclists, dog walkers, horse riders, skateboarders and children out playing. In fact, they're for anyone who wants to be out at night and be more visible. The motifs are made from a retro-reflective material which bounces light back to its original source and is the best type of material for improving visibility in the dark. They are easy to iron on to a wide range of fabrics and are fully washable. We currently offer 40 different designs to suit all tastes. Please visit our website www.see-me-go.co.uk to find out more.

I would love to send you some samples just so that you can see first-hand how great these motifs are. If you let me know your address details then I will put a selection in the post.

As well as the designs on the website, SEE-ME-GO can create custom-made orders specifically for clubs such as yours. We would be very happy to chat with you about this, so please don't hesitate to get in touch.

Thank you very much for your time.

With kind regards,

Sarah George SEE-ME-GO

www.see-me-go.co.uk

Contact: info@see-me-go.co.uk

Chichester Hash House Harriers
invite you to a joint run with





Isle of Wight Hash House Harriers

on
Sunday 1st November at 11:00
at
Forestside & Stansted Village Hall, Forestside

Your Hares are
Ponci, Splasher, Snake Charmer & Dag

There will be a
Hash trail and Circle
highlights will include a
Warming Main Meal
Meat and Veggie options available
for the modest sum of
£5 per head – in advance
Refreshments available will include
Real Ale, Lager, Cider and Wine
for a small donation

Please donate on Registration
Please register as early as possible,
Money and registration to:
Gail (Thumper) Wynne-Jones or
Steve (Baedrick) Lang-Jones



REHASHING

Old Boot, Seaford Hot on the heels of Nash Hash, a few even made it along to the bank holiday hash, although the lure may have been the Ale trail stamp from the Wellington rather than the thought of yet more hashing after a heavy weekend! The main pack was fairly small, probably a combination of the bank holiday effect and more miserable weather, although the change of start pub from the Seven Sisters can't be ruled out! Ably assisted by Heinz (Eddie), Prof set a long'un which had some of the pack not getting back until well after 9.30, so in the absence of any of the regular RA's DD's were deferred. Rumour was that the pub would be letting people order takeaways to eat there but there's been no feedback on that, however, enough positives were uttered to add that this was another great hash! **The Unknown Hasher**

Thatched Inn, Keymer Highlighting the need for hounds to check the web before setting out for the hash, as we yet again had a short notice change, this time from the Plough at Pyecombe, announced just two weeks back when we were just a whoop, and not even as far as a holler away. Still, a good pack was stretching their jaws in the car park as hare spake, although the words 'sip stop' filtered through to most! Without too much ceremony we charged off across the fields past Lodge Hill to the High Street. Several found themselves checking the Sussex Border Path, apart from Keeps It Up who must've been on a house-hunting expedition wandering up driveways! Luckily Matt was with map to sweep and we eventually found our way through to Underhill Lane, despite a few residual marks going the wrong way, for the climb up to Jack and Jill. By now pack was well spread out and marks were sparse so the descent took a few twists as calls came from various directions. Eventually finding our way to the road, Prof came back from the right way having lost the front of the pack. With Gareth leading the charge across the Ditchling Road we missed a turn despite all the calling by St. Bernard (as we found out later). Rogue calls also meant all other than Knightrider in the 2nd group missed the mud, but we were soon at the sip and enjoying the whisky and beer. A few missing bodies counted for nothing as we charged back to base to leave a dent in Charlies weekend leftovers as they reappeared, although Pondweeds shout of "free beer" was out of order, especially given that there are a few who count this as a local, Sir Local Knowledge among them. Discretion folks, please!



6 Reasons to Carry a Handkerchief



There were a couple of grumbles about lack of tissue (one from One Erection for insufficient marks, and one from Aileen who just wanted to blow her nose and had to use a handkerleaf instead), but on the whole hare did well with timings, sip stop, and the challenge of avoiding Damson and Victoria's trail from the Greyhound. But before Imelda could down, there was the small matter of last weeks hares to stick in the mix, Prof having once again got everybody back by 20 to 10! Having seen how it was done, Liam's wife and first timer Sam bravely put a small beer away, before Rik was called up to receive the honorific following his 70th birthday becoming Sir Psychlepath. With just a fortnight until her 100th it was time for a naming for Jane Coe, who with husband Tony, named Silver Fox a few weeks back will become the first who have never hashed outside the knitting circle. Still they've paid their money and have earned their awards so to keep it in the family she became Blonde Vixen! With current numpty Sir Victoria away, Prof awarded Bogeyman last weeks award for his kamikaze acrobatics on a

style which did little other than hold the pack up. Boges then promptly passed it on to Wiggy, who then faffed for England, before nominating Lily to drink it as he was driving although he still had a half of Guinness to get through (what was that name again?). Another great hash!

Susan Shocks

Duke of York, Sayers Common As we set off down the road and hit the first check, a local lady was quite insistent that the route would be south as "it's a long way anywhere over the style". Wrong! Over we went for a bit of a repeat of Bouncer and Pirate's r*n from the White Hart last year. Soon enough we were in new territory cutting past Hickstead and over the motorway to criss-cross Laughton Lane, before getting back on the old trail for a leftover beer and cider stop (from the CRAFT weekend, the Sunday trail for which had got very close to tonight's r*n!) in the rain with One E's excellent flapjack. In the pub hare One Erection was awarded with assistant Lily the Pink, who again had struggled with the concept of sweeper. Brett's son Nick received as a returnee, and for the lovely concern shown by Gotlost who waited back for his fully-grown offspring at every check. Swollen Colon had travelled furthest having arrived straight from Ibiza, and sinners were Random (not quite understanding how gates work) and Angel for new shoes, having bought a pair of walking boots this very afternoon and decided to trial them by strolling the hash. She was let off the beer from the boot but Wiggy was happy to give her the numpty mug! Another great hash...

The Grand Old Duke

POOR OLE CHARLIE, AS LIZZIE SETS A NEW RECORD ON THE THRONE

An unlikely queen

Elizabeth was not expected to become queen. The first child of the Duke and Duchess of York (who later became King George VI and Queen Elizabeth), Elizabeth stood third in line to the throne after her uncle, Edward, Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII), and her father, the Duke of York. However, when Elizabeth's uncle, Edward VIII, abdicated in 1936 in order to marry divorcee Wallis Simpson, Elizabeth's father acceded to the throne and Elizabeth became first in line.

Wedding rations

Engaged to Philip Mountbatten (who was then created His Royal Highness The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh) in 1946 (although the formal engagement was delayed until Elizabeth turned 21 in April 1947), the then-princess Elizabeth used ration coupons to buy the material for her wedding dress. The pair wed in November 1947. According to the Independent, because of rationing the couple's wedding cake was made using "ingredients given as a wedding present by the Australian Girl Guides". The cake was baked by McVitie & Price.



Queen Elizabeth II served as a mechanic and driver in World War 2.

Fun facts:

- The Queen liked to buy sweets for her children and grandchildren in the local shop near Sandringham in Norfolk. One morning as she waited to be served, another customer looked at her and told her how much she resembled the Queen. Her Majesty politely thanked her and replied, "How very reassuring".
- During a visit to Saudi Arabia in 1979 as a guest of King Khalid, she was granted the title of Honorary Gentleman as women are not officially recognised in that country.
- Even at the age of 89 she still rides regularly, without wearing a hard hat and drives herself refusing to use a seat belt. And she doesn't need a driving licence.
- In 1999, she opened the first Welsh Assembly and again in 2006 its first permanent home. The Plaid Cymru leader Leanne Wood was ordered to leave the Assembly after referring to the Queen as 'Mrs Windsor' and refusing to apologise. Her Majesty was later reported to have whispered to a Lady-in-Waiting, "At least it should have been Mrs Mountbatten-Windsor".
- When a footman dropped a velvet cushion holding some of the decorations at an Investiture, the Queen whispered out of the corner of her mouth, "Just give me anything and we'll sort it out later".
- Every morning at precisely 9.30am a kilted Scottish piper parades beneath the Queen's window playing her favourite military marches. Philip hates the bagpipes.
- President George Bush senior is a personal friend. He was on a private visit to Buckingham Palace when he picked up a small silver dish and wanted to know what it was for. The Queen said, "I thought you'd tell me, after all you gave it to me".
- A young Guards officer was invited to a family black-tie dinner by the Queen. He was wearing a soft white shirt and she asked if it was not the custom for officers to wear stiff, boiled shirts to dinner. "Oh! No Ma'am" he replied, "only on special occasions". Then he prayed that the earth would open up and swallow him.
- When the Queen Mother was alive, the senior telephonist at Buckingham Palace used to connect the Queen with her mother by saying, "Your Majesty, I have Her Majesty on the line".
- On March 26th, 1976, the Queen sent her first e-mail from a British army base while participating in a network technology demonstration at the Royal Signals and Radar Establishment in Malvern, England. The e-mail was transmitted over ARPANET (the "forerunner" of the Internet as we know it today), which means she was the first head of state to use electronic mail.
- The Queen has owned over 30 different corgis during her reign, with her first dog being Susan (who was given to her as a present on her 18th birthday). Many of her later corgis were actually descendants of Susan because she loved her first pup so much. As a matter of fact, the Queen is such a big corgi fan she actually demoted a footman for giving one of her corgis whiskey; (the horror!)
- And another fun fact for the day: Elizabeth also introduced a new breed of dog (The "dorgi") after one of her corgis mated with Princess Margaret's daschund Pipkin.
- When Elizabeth was 18 years old she joined the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service during World War II, and proudly put on a pair of coveralls and trained as a mechanic and military truck driver. This would make her the only British monarch in history to be trained to change a spark plug, and the only female member of the royal family to enter the armed forces.
- As a 15-year-old Princess Elizabeth performed in pantomime during the Second World War. Princess Elizabeth acted as Prince Charming with Princess Margaret as Cinderella during a royal pantomime at Windsor Castle, Berkshire, 21 December 1941.



Staying in touch

The Queen has answered more than three-and-a-half million items of correspondence during her reign so far, and has sent more than 175,000 telegrams to centenarians in the UK and the Commonwealth. She has also sent more than 540,000 telegrams to couples in the UK and the Commonwealth celebrating their diamond wedding anniversary. The Queen has penned more than 45,000 Christmas cards during her reign, and has given out upwards of 90,000 Christmas puddings to staff.

Strange gifts

The Queen has, during her reign, received a number of unusual gifts – some of them live animals. According to The British Monarchy website, these include two tortoises given to her during a tour of the Seychelles in 1972; a seven-year-old bull elephant called Jumbo, presented by the president of Cameroon in 1972 to mark the Queen's Silver wedding anniversary; and two black beavers during a royal visit to Canada. The animals were placed in the care of London Zoo. Other curious gifts received by the Queen include a pair of cowboy boots (during a visit to the US); sunglasses, pineapples and 7kg of prawns.

Record-holder

Elizabeth II is the 40th monarch since William the Conqueror obtained the crown of England on Christmas Day 1066. She is also the oldest monarch to have celebrated a Golden Jubilee (in 2002 at the age of 76) – the youngest was James VI and I, at the age of 51. Elizabeth was also the first British monarch to celebrate her diamond wedding anniversary, on 20 November 2007. Only five other kings and queens in British history have reigned for 50 years or more. They are: Victoria, who reigned for 63 years; George III (59 years); Henry III (56 years); Edward III (50 years) and James VI and I (58 years).

REHASHING (ctd.)

White Horse, Ditchling This was the 3rd r*n in this area in 5 weeks so we expected a bit of repetition, but the added 'interest' here was that it's the first time a trail has been set by hounds who have only ever walked! Sir Psychlepath therefore mentored - strolling the route as they set, offering advice, and acting as hare on the ground - but it was an auspicious start as we set off up Lodge Hill and he called hounds back from the fields at the check, only to change his mind when we found old marks at Oldland Mill. Bouncer found trail and was soon joined by One Erection and Bogeyman, but under Rik's guidance, the rest of the pack weren't to be swayed. So the advance three carried on alone, out through Stoneywish, on to Streat, and back via Westmeston, separating to check and using local knowledge to keep the, finally audible, pack at bay. Although the rest returned in dribs and drabs, some muttering about SCB's, the virgin hares Silver Fox and Blonde Vixen did well finding a new route so received their just rewards of 100 hash tankards to down from, along with helper Rik. In the post-mortem it turned out that the advance trio had inadvertently taken a small short-cut (as had many others!) missing out the churchyard at Streat that Tony had cut back specially. That was enough for them to receive a beer along with Anybody who'd gone so far wrong he'd ended up in Burgess Hill. Virgin Jo now knew what to do, before our Japanese member Dutch Dave was rewarded for his adoptive teams dismissal of South Africa at the Amex in the Rugby World Cup. Wiggy was insistent that Sir Psychlepath should have the numpty mug for failing the hash after walking trail and being unable to read a map! Another great hash...



Unomi

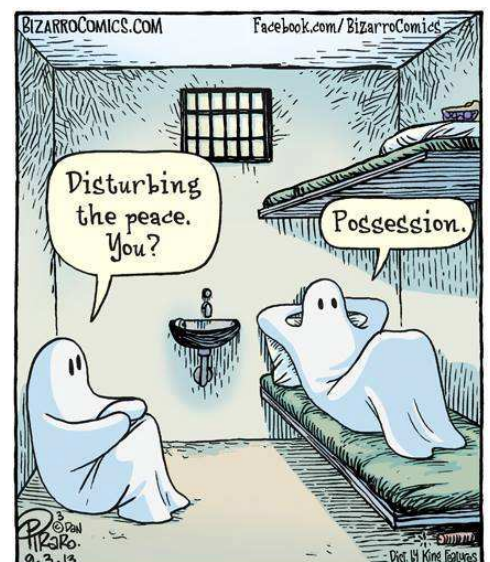
Partridge, Partridge Green Sometimes a hash just bodes from the off, but I don't think it helped that Wiggy said in the car on the way up "Let's see what disaster Hugh's cocked up for us this time". I pointed out his error but real hare Prince Crashpian announced at the start that he had a rehearsal so wouldn't be joining on us on the r*n and had passed a map over to ... Cardinal Hugh! Prior to that Nelly had introduced his current squeeze, Debbie, and had drawn the attention of the local constabulary by jokingly tugging her lapels as they were going past, earning 'a word'. They found it hard to believe that we



were off for a r*n at this time of night, which is half the problem with banjo country. And so to the hash, which started well enough up the Downs Link and cutting across to the river. With a large part of the pack checking convincingly over the bridge, Cardinal insisted it was wrong, scrubbed the check and called all back to cross on the next bridge south. While Keeps It Up and myself headed off to pick up the original trail, calling pack on to check, Hugh then proceeded to set an all new trail 'according to the map'. Now joined by Spreadsheet, we checked south to find a deer heading guiltily away from the flour, but were called back. After a bit of floundering, it turns out we'd been right all along so returned to be accosted by a farmer moaning that we were off the public path. Leaving half the pack to appease him, I endeavoured to catch the other half but got lost at the check for a long solo run before finally picking up marks and catching back up. Hugh had again created a new mark heading directly away from the pub so the pack took little convincing to head home along the track, marks being found within yards of setting off. A folk group were entertaining all in the pub but Cardinal was quick to make his escape as were Nelly and Debbie, so a call was made for a swift circle before any more got away! With no hare present we skipped over that and downed visitor

Goody Poo Shoes from Devon, and boyfriend Chris, before Angel stepped up to give a down down I'd missed on trail. Should've guessed but it turned out to be punishment for yours truly after I cut it extremely fine on both the petrol gauge and time when delivering her to the airport before heading off to Las Vegas last week. I cannot lie - I ran out of fuel (not great for a professional driver!), Radio Soap had to get the train, Angel ran half way round Portslade before I got going again, and the pair of them made their flight by the skin of their teeth. The half yard of ale was slow going even with the small amount there was in it! Next up was Pondweed for joining the Labour Party for £3 so he could make sure the "probably unelectable" Mr. Corbyn got in ('never let the truth' section!), before first Pirate was called by Pondweed for using technology on the hash, then Wiggy for losing his key then losing his car last week. As soon as they'd downed, Pirate then told us about Wiggy's shocking incident bouncing from electric fence to electric fence, so the face of the numpty mug had to down again. At least he's getting quicker! As the napkin started doing the rounds in lieu of board, hare reappeared so was swiftly downed, then press-ganged into a committee meeting! Another great hash...

Bouncer



THE CRAZY WORLD OF RUGBY part 2...



Japan delivered the first shock by overturning the holders:



Despite early confidence and banter, aimed particularly at the Welsh, Wales late surge left England's ambitions in doubt, Wallabies sealing their fate as, for the first time in the Rugby World Cup, the hosts fail to get past the pool stage.



Englishman walks into a bar, there's normally a Scotsman, Welshman and an Irishman in this gag but they were still at the World Cup watching the Rugby.

Chris Robshaw went to a speed awareness course today. That's another 3 points he won't get.

What's the difference between a teabag and the English rugby team? The teabag stays in the cup longer.

Two Tongans, Two Fijians and a Samoan walk into a bar. Barman says, "These are on the house lads. Congratulations on your all-Blacks selection!"

I've been watching the world cup rugby and I've seen even more cheating than in the football world cup. Today I saw a player make a blatant dive down by the goal line, when clearly nobody had touched him, then the ref, who obviously didn't see the incident gives them a penalty, but fortunately the guy sent it way over the cross bar. so maybe it was justice in the end.

Rugby puns are alright. But only five eighths of them are any good.

Oh well, once you've seen one rugby joke, you've seen a maul.

Current UK On-Sec Pampers, as well as having the enormous good taste to be a Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy fan like myself (sharing my birthday with author the late Douglas Adams*¹), is also an enormous fan of David Gilmour and had a ticket to his gig at the Brighton Centre. It's a long way from Scarborough so he proposed a beer on the hash facebook page with the result that a few of us looking to complete the ale trail, met him in **#1 the Evening Star**

*2 Wiggy's wife Sue is an old friend of Arthur Brown (Crazy World of..) to the extent that he pops by occasionally. On one occasion he rang to say he was passing and could he pop in with a friend. Of course, Wiggy only told me this down the pub the following night or I'd've been round there like a shot to borrow some sugar or something!

departure from Brighton, which led to a mad dash for the train. Suddenly realising Pampers didn't have a ticket I told the guard to hang on, ran back and in panic passed him my ticket to get through the barriers! Realising what we'd just done I quickly said 'nothing to see here' to the guard who kindly turned a blind eye. A token effort to find an open hostelry in Shoreham failed so it was beers at chez Bouncer before weariness took hold. Another great CRAFT hash!

[illegible]

While reading an article last night about fathers and sons, memories came flooding back to the time I took me son out for his first pint. Off we went to our local pub only two blocks from the cottage. I got him a Guinness. He didn't like it, so I drank it. Then I got him a Kilkenney's, he didn't like that either, so I drank it. Finally, I thought he might like some Harp Lager? He didn't. I drank it. I thought maybe he'd like whiskey better than beer so we tried a Jameson's, nope! In desperation, I had him try that rare Redbreast, Ireland's finest. He wouldn't even smell it. What could I do but drink it!

They told me we have to take our clocks back on the 24th October this year. I'm stuffed, as I've lost the receipts and can't remember where I bought them.

Paddy goes into a John Lewis department store and asks the shopkeeper, "Excuse me sir, but do you sell potato clocks?"



The shopkeeper looks at him and says, "Are you taking the pee? We sell cuckoo clocks, carriage clocks, grandfather clocks, alarm clocks... what the heck is a potato clock?" And Paddy says, "I don't know, but I start my new job at nine tomorrow, and the wife said 'You'd better get a potato clock.'"

Craft camp out – Pirate's place

After Fat Controller #2's earlier plan to attend the Burwash Beer and Music festival fell apart when the organisers cancelled fearing a massive attendance due to midsummer, plan B was to head to Pirates place. With a busy July and August for many, we decided on September but had to wait for Angel and Radio Soap to book up their Las Vegas trip before nailing the date, which made it quite short notice for a few so it looked like we'd be fairly light on the ground. As Pirate was inviting friends for the evening, though, it was definitely party on. As we all pitched up before our usual afternoon pub crawl r*n word got through of a random Worthy Winchester hasher chatting to Pirate! Chris always works Saturday pm so wasn't joining us on the r*n, and neither could we persuade the WW guy who'd just popped over for a bike repair. The r*n set off out the back of



the campsite to head up to **#1 Royal Oak** at Wineham, the walkers peeling off part way. Having set the trail on Friday, it was quite amusing to get a call in the evening from Bogeyman, setting the hangover r*n with Roaming Pussy, to say he'd just found marks and was obviously on a similar trail! Inevitably it was Cliffbanger who nearly followed the wrong trail but we soon found ourselves enjoying the sun and beers at the pub. As they had longer to reach their first pub we had wondered if we'd pass the walkers but the advantage was too high and pizzas had already been ordered when we reached **#2 the Bull** at Shermanbury. Once again enjoying the sun in the garden, we had quite a jolly crowd with runners meBouncer, Bogeyman, Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger, being supplemented by a walkers pack of Angel, ET, Come Again, Dipstick, Cyst Pit, Radio Soap and the horrors Vinnie and Louie who both gave textbook demonstrations

of how to demolish pizza. Whilst here Horny rang to say he'd reached the campsite so I suggested he drive round and pick up the car in the morning. After waiting a substantial time there was still no sign but a return call revealed he was walking along the road (safe!). As we were ready to go decision was to mark for him but just as we were about to leave he arrived insisting on a pint! There was markedly less running to **#3 Cat and Canary** but from there it was no distance to the Henfield pubs **#4 George**, **#5 Plough** and **#6 White Hart** by which time many were tired and emotional so the walkers got a head start back missing out one or two, which was just as well as they mostly fell off-trail taking various different routes home. Well, those that didn't get picked up by Angels dad, bill.i.am, on the way through with Gooley! After a very silly walk back stragglers myself, Horny and Dipstick got back to find that the luck that haunted us on last years CRAFT camp killing off my old cab had returned and Gabby's windscreen had mysteriously cracked. The priority though was getting the food on, and CB had got the fire going for us, so we got stuck into the Downlands beer and Pirates cider. Pirate also brought over a bean stew which was tasty but filling on top of the early burgers etc. but anyone wanting the venison would have to hold out until midnight as he wasn't going to be rushed, waiting until there was a really good ash covering before cooking. Various folk joined us here including Pirates brother and campsite owner Graham and wife for a very jolly evening of excess and some singing until one-by-one we headed for our pillows.



Cometh the morning, cometh the hash, this time Henfield H3, but their usual start time seemed a long way off as we tucked into breakfast at 9, and there were a few calls for us to just go early. Tempus Fugit and all that, I was glad we waited as Split Pin, Cardinal and Max all arrived, but no sign of Belcher or Wiggy whose bottom lip was trembling on Monday when he realised he'd missed out. Doing the Horn was muttering about getting going back to Milton Keynes but we talked him into running in his sandals! Before the off Bogeyman introduced us to a new hash mark ◇ with a line through the middle as a result of the two trails coming together! Early trail was similar but we were soon off east heading towards Twineham church, which was the last we saw of Hugh until the excellent

sip stop, so he missed the fun on the rope swing. After front-running early Horny was soon trailing but found lots of amusing drawings to take his mind off as the hare lost his chalk and 'someone' got arty. The chalk wasn't the only thing he lost and a highlight of the circle later was when lost property was called for and everyone produced a trail map he'd misplaced! Back at base we again attacked the excellent Downlands beer sourced by St. Bernard as everyone except Cyst Pit got called for something, including late arrivals Pirates mates who'd failed Saturday pm as well. Another great CRAFT campout hash, thanks Pirate!



In the news...

Six months ago posing for ISIS, now posing as a so called 'refugee'



Emigration is completely out of control in this country, and I'm sick of it. I'm not staying quiet any more. You can't walk down a street in Jamaica or Hong Kong or India without hearing someone speaking English, and in Canada and Australia we have even introduced our own legal system, decimated local communities and installed our own head of state! DISGUSTING! "English has now been imposed as the official language of 57 sovereign countries! FIFTY SEVEN!!! What the hell? Who do we think we are?!" And the government is doing nothing: any British person can just pack their bags and go and live anywhere in the world at ANY TIME and nobody in the British government will do anything to stop them. "If I wanted to, I could just get on a plane to Germany tomorrow, get a job in their booming economy and live there for the rest of my life! My parents could up and retire to Spain or Portugal at a moment's notice! Why should we have that right? It's political correctness gone mad! (And it's also probably, somehow, part of the war on Christmas, and health and safety and women thinking it's ok to wear comfortable, unsexy clothing.)

The figures speak for themselves:

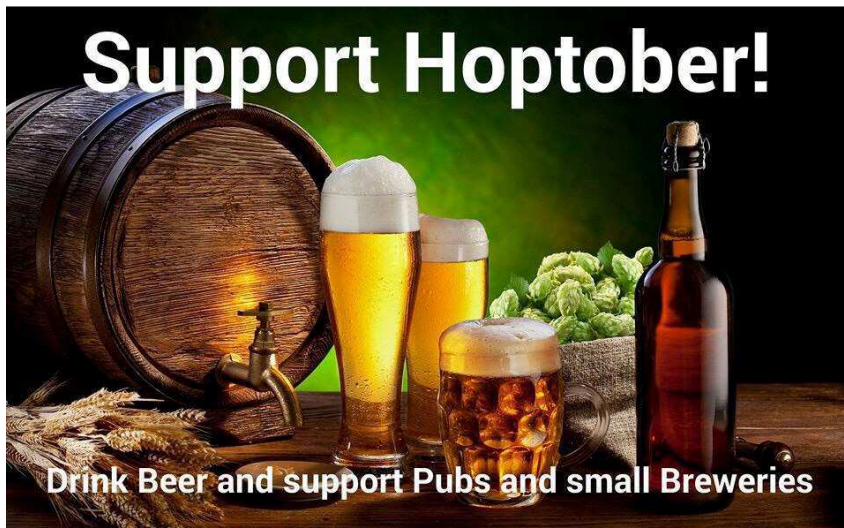
1,300,000 Britons live in Australia; 761,000 in Spain; 678,000 in the USA; 603,000 in Canada; 291,000 in Ireland (11,200 of whom are drawing unemployment benefit from the Irish state), and even 8,500 in Mexico and 7,100 in Kuwait! We're literally EVERYWHERE! I bet there's at least one branch of Greggs in the Falklands.

We need to close our borders immediately before the situation gets even worse for everyone else. We are sleepwalking into a nightmare where a third of the world will be overrun by the British! AGAIN!

Twitter: @emlynpearce



Just had a thought. Now that Tom Watson is officially the Deputy Leader and Jeremy Corbyn is the leader this means that the Labour Party is now officially led by Tom and Jerry!



This is one of the coolest pictures I have ever seen. The men on the right are about to paratroop into France on D-Day. The men on the left are the same men today. More remarkable? It's the same plane. God bless our heroes.



- I heard my granddad once painted his bell-end red for Remembrance Sunday, and asked if it was true. "Poppycock!" he said.
- Feeling sorry for Samantha Cameron, that's one woman who will be most upset if her husband ever calls her Babe again...
- Respects were paid as they gently eased Jackie Collins coffin into the ground, then lifted it out and thrust it back in hard.

In the news 2 - VW emissions scandal:



Smoking in cars while children are present is banned from 1st October. An exception will be made for drivers of VWs and Audis because Police will be unable to determine the source of the fumes.

The Germans are embroiled in another scandal as they plan to change the alphabet to be ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ. It's a VW omissions scandal...

"Talk dirty to me," she begged. "Alright," he said, leaning closer, "Volkswagen diesel . . ."

England are out of the Rugby World Cup Kit sponsor VW are said to be fuming

Thanks to VW, I'm now even starting to doubt if Herbie was a true story.

What's the difference between a VW Beetle and a Dung Beetle? A Dung Beetles emissions are less harmful

I don't have a VW so I'm not bothered by the recent news, but I hear that some customers with diesel engines are fuming...

A gay man walks into a garage, asked, have you a starter motor for a VW?? Mechanic asks 'camper???' Customer with limp wrist asks (in gay voice) 'have you a starter motor for a VW'

THE ORIGIN OF CAR NAMES:

JAGUAR: Just Another Great Ugly Arse-shaped Rustbucket

TOYOTA: Truly Ordinary Yucky Old Troublesome Assembly

PEUGEOT: Poor Engines Usually Gets Extensive Overheating Trouble

HYUNDAI: Hope You Understand Nothing's Driveable And Inexpensive

PORSCHE: Proof Of Rich Spoiled Children Having Everything

TRIUMPH: Total Rubbish Impresses Ugly Mad Poxey Harlots

AUDI: Another Ugly Deutsche Invention

BMW: Brings Me Women & Broke My Wallet

FIAT: Failure in Italian Automotive Technology

FORD: Fast Only Rolling Downhill

MG: Monstrously Gross

SAAB: Shape Appears Arse Backwards

SUBARU: Screwed Up Beyond All Repair Usually

VOLVO: Very Odd Looking Vehicular Object

VW: Ventilatory Witchcraft



GERMAN AUTO MANUFACTURERS OF THE NEAR FUTURE - NO VW!

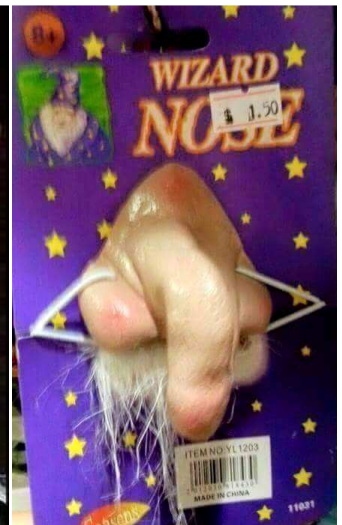
THE END

Halloween special...

I've spent all year saving Ferrero Roche wrappers. Today I boiled up some Brussels sprouts and covered them in chocolate, then wrapped them in the gold foil. They want trick or f*****! treat? Bring it on!! *Bushsquatter does this every Christmas!*



More crazy costume ideas: Above right, kids dressed as SHADOWS - their mother bought black morph suits for them, then layered black clothes over those. Scary twins, bad taste team effort and a 'Saville' style wizards pen.. um.. nose.



Trick or treating isn't for everybody, but don't go upsetting the witches! Nor is abstention.

ON ON!