



R-ns/trash #227 April 2016

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

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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
4th April 2016	1972	The Mile Oak Tavern, Mile Oak	246 073	Pat Ride-it, Baby
Directions: A27 west to Hangleton link. Left at 1st roundabout then right at 2nd (Fox Way). Follow round to the end then turn right. Pub is on left. Est. 10 mins.				
11th April 2016	1973	John Harvey Tavern, Lewes	422 103	Matthew Dildoped
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.				
18th April 2016	1974	Royal George, Shoreham	231 061	Julie Come Again /Angel
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham flyover. Exit and take 3rd exit from roundabout back on A27 east. Filter off and take 3rd exit at Holmbush roundabout. Pub on right. Est 15 mins.				
25th April 2016	1975	Yacht Club, Brighton Marina	340 030	Mike Cyst Pit
Directions: A23 to seafront, A259 to Marina! Parking in multi-storey or Asda. Head to West Quay pub then continue past restaurants to pontoon into marina. Yacht club down here on right-hand side Est. 10 mins.				
2nd May 2016	1976	Woodman Arms, Patching	067 057	Bouncer (obo Pondweed)
Directions: A27 west through Worthing. After going down the hill at Hammerpot, take u-turn at next break in the central reservation, and return east. Take next left at sign to get to the pub. Est 25 mins. <i>Bluebell run!</i>				

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

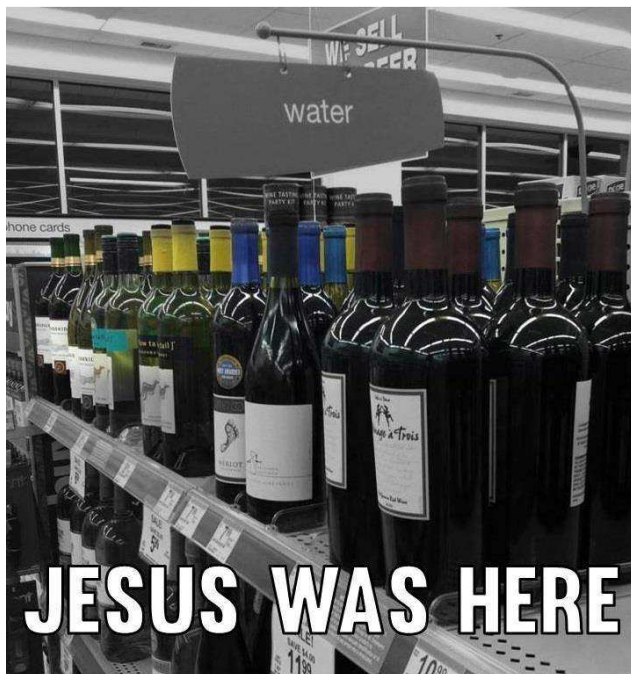
09/05/16	Swan, Falmer	Aileen & Shwiggys
16/05/16	Cricketers, Berwick	David Harris & Nicola BS
23/05/16	TBA	Random Ginny
30/05/16	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	Pippa Dirty Bltch

CRAFT H3 #89: Friday 22/04/16? - hare needed! *A few of us will be meeting Post & Telegraph post marathon 17/14/16. All welcome!*

Henfield H4 #147 24/04/16 11.30 Partridge, Partridge Green
Hare: Slash Gordon (Denis)

HASTINGS H3: 17/4/16 White Hart, Guestling Green
Hares: Ten Toes Up and Coming From Behind

Thought for the day - *It's the 'not quite Easter' issue! What with Leap Years, clocks changing to British Summer Time, and even the General Synod not really knowing when Easter is, you can't really blame us! Ed.*



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES - *see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:*

29/4-1/5/2016	UK alternative to Interhash, Edinburgh - Bali-erno. <i>Due to a few returns some places now available.</i>
1-2/5/2016	Ashford Loco Hash House Harriers Weekend - Farriers Arms, Hersham, Ashford Kent TN25 6NQ
21/05/2016	BH7 Hash relay SDW or bust! Date confirmed per Chopper, <i>"As you've published it"</i>
1-3/7/2016	IOW Medieval weekend. <i>For full info see #224 or http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/iwmedreg.pdf</i>
16-18/9/2016	Really Over The Top (ROTT) Hashing event http://toedsh3-admin.com/rott2016/
17/09/2016	Great NorthSouth r#n Isle of Wight H3 - Registration etc. at: http://www.greatnouthsouthruniow.co.uk/
17/10/2016	Brighton Hash House Harriers 2000 th r*n - <i>Diary date for big celebration at Pete Eastwood's place.</i>
Sept. 2018	Mother Hash 80 th Anniversary event - <i>see BS#226 or visit www.motherhash.com for more details.</i>

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH BEER STOP AT BRIGHTON MARATHON

If anybody is planning on watching the Marathon on 17th, Angel would be very grateful of some company and assistance with the hash beer stop. The usual points are near the bottom of Westbourne Villas just before 15 miles (11 - 11.30), cross over to 17.5 (11.30 - 12), then over to east of Hove Lawns Bowls Club at about the 24 (12.30 - 14.00) mile mark. approximate times.

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2000th B*N

We've made some progress this month, finally getting authority from YHA central for the catering manager to make the decision on beer sourcing, which hopefully will mean we can use Charlie's contacts. Frustratingly we still cannot finalise the booking due to a question of pricing for the accommodation which doesn't tally with direct booking. Whilst we expected to pay an exclusive use charge, they also appear to be charging considerably higher on the per room rates over the advertised price. We can get the advertised rates by booking every room in advance so now need to do some number crunching but it seems bizarre that a guaranteed group booking should incur a penalty!

The visit to Brighton Rugby Club is set to take place on 16th April about 4pm ish, if anybody wishes to join us.

[illegible]

UK Nash Hash 2017 - 4pm Friday 25th – 2pm Monday 28th August 2017

Easton College, Dunham Road, Easton, Norwich NR9 5GA

Registration Fee (All money - GB Pounds):

£110 – Until end May 2016

£125 – Until end Sep 2016

£80 - Children, strictly no alcohol (Under 5's free)

Maximum of 800 people, no registration at the event

Fee Includes: Trails; Transport to trails; Meals; Beer, Lager, Cider, Wine, Softies; Goody Bag (T-shirt, beer mug, etc.); Entertainment; Camping Spot

[illegible]

★ Thinking about religion the other day it occurred to me that not only was Jesus born on a bank holiday, but he also died on a bank holiday.

I wouldn't claim to know what the Good Lord's next move is going to be, but it would seem a fair bet that the Second Coming will also be on a bank holiday

P.G. Johnson
Long Eaton

Friday 13th part XLII – May 2016 19:00Hrs Start

One Over The Ait, 8 Kew Bridge Road, Brentford

The Hash has a reserved area from 18:30 downstairs at the back of the pub "around the fire pit", there is plenty more space both downstairs and upstairs and, should it be a nice evening, outside. Food is served until 22.00. And there is also the promise – or threat – of a "two piece band" playing live music.

As important as the pub, at least to some, is a trail with five suitably macabre and grisly stops spread over first four miles, plus a bonus opportunity while "On Inn" back to the pub to see the monument commemorating three battles fought in the local area.

Time your arrival at the pub as you wish, but be ready to leave bags at 19:00 and set off at 19:15 prompt. No later for two good reasons; a couple of gates on trail will be locked at 20:00, and I will be wanting a pint ASAP. And maybe so will you.

Hope to see you there. On on, Rambo.

Small print. £1.50 will be payable to help cover down downs etc. costs.

P-arrow Trails marked from National Rail

More tales of Murder, Gore, Horror to be told.

Best not to wear your finest Hash gear as it can get messy out there!



HAPPY EASTER



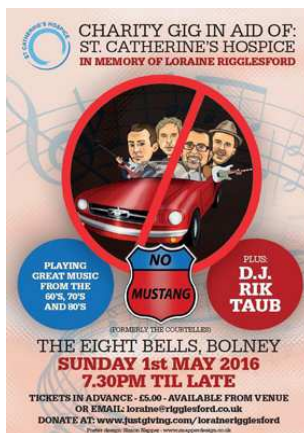
A photograph of three female pilots in hijabs standing in the cockpit of a Boeing 787 Dreamliner. The pilots are wearing white uniforms with epaulettes. The cockpit features a large windshield, multiple instrument displays, and a complex overhead panel. The number '787' is visible on the upper part of the cockpit structure.

REHASHING

Queen Victoria, Rottingdean A fairly small pack started this run due in no small part to Sky TV b*ggering things up by getting Brighton to play on a Monday, cue a queue at the Amex, bang in the way for anyone heading south or east to get to the pub! Hare Prof held the pack up for a while but there's only so long you can hang around even with the delights the Queen Vic has to offer, and so off we went for a loop round the windmill (where Just Julia, Angel and Bob's Crutch appeared), across the green, and through the houses to pick up the track out to Balsdean farm, where Pirate, Keeps It Up and Bogeyman also joined us. After a bit of fooling around trail was eventually found into the back of Saltdean and a sip at Mudlarks house, during which St. Bernard finally put in an appearance. Stories were abounding about a mythical half-crazed creature wandering the hills and howling "arrre yooooouu?", but it wasn't until after Mudlarks rum and coke toast to the late great 'Winkle' Brown, the World's greatest ever test pilot who passed last week, that Bouncer appeared to much plsstaking about Gomi scoffing the veggie sausage rolls. The route home was a 2.5 km hack, predominantly on tarmac, with most missing the cheeky Twitten finish making Lily the Pink and Dirty Bitch the only ones to do the whole trail! In the pub there was a very polite and very English queue to get served which Ride-It, Baby bulldozed her way through, cutting in front of LtP, before realising she hadn't got her purse so had to ponce a beer, which Tim allowed for bare-faced cheek! Hare Prof was downed with able assistant Knight Rider, and Mudlark for the sip. Spreadsheet once again refused his due punishment, but with an admonishment that his time would come, so Bouncer was targeted by KIU for losing his way. Random was enthusiastically cheered for completing her first half marathon, and St. Bernard for being last starter. Prof then nominated Bouncer for the numpty mug, who quickly nominated Angel as he was driving, but also as she left her purse in the ladies cubicle last week (which had led to a bit of husband bashing when the former surreptitiously passed it to Prof earlier in the proceedings). Somehow we managed to forget Pat's transgression, and nothing was made of only the second 29th Feb hash since BH7 was founded, the last one being 1988 and the next will be 2044! Another great hash!



Eric 'Winkle' Brown CBE



Eight Bells, Bolney Another change of pub as the Bolney Stage declined to offer Monday grub! Wiggy arrived all excited that Bouncer had thrown his toys out of the pram and decided not to come, unaware that the lad had been awake since 2.30 in the morning after an early airport run, eclipsing even his own regular 4.30 starts! Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter continued their International travelling, for which they received the award at Christmas, by having a r*n not even remotely close to their home in Bexhill! Trail was mostly fairly standard stuff for Bolney, same old fields, same old paths and same old plssed off landowner, but it was good to take in a bit of the area south of the A272. With Lily the Pink presiding as RA, Pondweed was swiftly called to task for upsetting the locals by swearing at them during the trespass, after the usual hares award. As usual the Marathon boys were recognised for the Steyning Stinger with One Erection and Keeps It Up downing after Peter Pansy was told to sit down as he was driving and Penguin Shagger called to task for failing to set his half of the hash from the Fox! Another great hash! *Meanwhile, diary this pub for 1st May when Psychlepath will be DJ'ing here!*

Inn on the Green, Scaynes Hill On a previous occasion from this pub (the one where the pack caught live hares Bouncer & Wiggy, then one wag complained about the dark) we were invited to hold our Christmas hash here. Bouncers inner monkey had then explained about the hashes Colonial origins of a trail run in the rubber plantations, followed by grub, beers and finally hitting the 'strip' where chaps could attend to their urges, suggesting that if they could supply topless waitresses, a few friendly girls and a back room in which to take them, we might be up for it! Having got the surprising response that it should be do-able we later discovered that this was the centre for the Mid Sussex swingers. A rather small pack of 3 walkers, 11 runners and one dog set straight off into the mud by the pub, with the warning of a dodgy bridge ringing in their ears. Crosing the road we skirted a few fields to find ourselves milling around the north edge of Chailey Common where the dodgy bridge was safely negotiated. After a couple of farms, and with much of the pack checking wrong, Just Julia appeared having started late after leaving her shoes behind. Meanwhile Prof missed the footpath and style ending up in a ditch, before declaring it a widdershins hash! After a peculiar route through the next field came a well-stocked sip of beer and cake, overlooking an old pond. The return was straight up the road despite a teaser check and a cheeky fishhook. In the pub the Old Ale had just runout and for some reason the Harveys Best was decidedly lively! Downs downs went to Psychlepath and Bouncer, who also received a birthday beer and for missing last weeks hash due to a hissy fit. The Numpty award went to Lily the Pink with mention made of the clean for the Queen campaign, which could probably stop short of carrying a bagged dog turd all the way round parkrun! LTP then presented Bouncer with an Ale Trail sweatshirt which he'd been told had to go by Random! Somehow the Moyleman marathon participants were let off the hook. Another great hash!



Giant pub bar made of chocolate is good enough to eat - and serves beer in edible pint glasses
24 MAR 2016 BY KARA O'NEILL

Nearly half a tonne of the sweet stuff was used to create the pop-up pub which is the world's first 'chocolate bar'. A giant bar made entirely out of chocolate has opened up in London - and it serves beer out of edible pint glasses. Unfortunately, the pop-up pub is only around for a limited time after it opened in hipster hangout Shoreditch, east London, this morning. The pop-up, entitled If Carlsberg Did Chocolate Bars, appeared as a giant bar of chocolate affixed to the wall of the Truman Brewery. At 12pm today, Carlsberg unwrapped the foil on the front of the bar to unveil a fully functioning, three-metre-deep pop-up bar, which was specially commissioned ahead of the Easter bank holiday weekend.



The chocolate bar hiding the pop-up pub



The Carlsberg bar is made entirely out of chocolate

The bar, measuring five metres wide by two metres high, contains intricate chocolate features that you'd expect to see in a traditional British pub. Highlights included a handcrafted chocolate dartboard, carefully constructed chocolate bar stools and a bespoke chocolate television screen, showcasing one of England's greatest World Cup moments. Members of the public were invited to help themselves to a complimentary half-pint of ice-cold Carlsberg, served in a bespoke Carlsberg-engraved milk chocolate glass.



You can take a bite out of everything in the bar



Fancy a chocolate flavoured lager?

Dharmesh Rana, Senior Brand Manager at Carlsberg UK, said: "Easter is a big beer-drinking occasion for our consumers and this year, we wanted to do something a bit different. "We knew that the British public love beer and chocolate, so we're delighted to bring them together to create probably the best bar there could be. We pride ourselves on turning the ordinary into the extraordinary, and by creating a world-first chocolate bar, we feel that we've done just that."



Even the dartboard looks good enough to eat



These glasses will definitely save on washing up

Chocolate sculptor and food artist Prudence Staite, whose work includes a life size replica of Winston Churchill made entirely out of bread, worked with the brand to design the bar, with production taking a total of three months. In total, nearly half a tonne of chocolate was required to construct the bar, and the whole thing is entirely edible.

REFASHING (ctd.)



The Anchor, Ringmer A different pub for us in Ringmer meant a change of tack on the trail as we headed through the houses to find the path up to the wind turbine above the opera house. A bit of confusion here had folk running on the wrong side of the fence until joint hare Knightrider came and sorted us all out! Back off the top we met the wonderfully named Potato Lane (sez the map!) and another slightly baffling check. Eventually called across the field we came out opposite the Green Man but totally failed to find the path through the other side, which was lucky, as it was up the road for yet another high quality sip featuring Kit's own recipe Mars bar cakes, for which no less than 27 bars had laid down their lives! [for Prof: Just melt them down on a low heat and pour into a tin, chill and cut!] Return to the pub was just round the back of the green, where RA told how Pirate had survived a very nasty motorbike accident with nothing more than a broken hand,

and asked that everyone keeps him in their thoughts. Next up Knightrider and Pompette were given hares beers and recognised for 250 r*ns (although tankards hadn't materialised) with the traditional linked arms down down, although Chris kept swapping the beer over to the other hand. Having seen how it was done, Felicity and Alex were awarded virgin beers, but got in a tangle when they also attempted to hook arms! Resident (almost) Irishman Cyst Pit was briefly threatened with a St. Patricks Day beer but the honours went to Anybody who'd demonstrated his credentials by coming first in his age group when running Hove Park parkrun backwards. Bogeyman earned the Numpty award for being mistaken as Bouncers brother by the virgins, as they were wearing matching purple ale trail sweatshirts, the latter despite Angel's protestations! With a beer left over, and despite his protestations, the issue of a proper hash name was put to bed for Wiggy who became Shwiggy as per Malibogs idea in the February trash. Another great hash!

Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham A thoroughly miserable night greeted us as we returned to the last known sighting of the first numpty mug. It wasn't here as we had a good look round and even asked the barman, so we just went for a r*n instead! Hares Cooperman, Chopper and Whose Shout did a good job of keeping us inside Patcham despite the temptations of the nearby Downs, which had a few of us over-checking. From the pub we crossed the road, headed north, then found a cheeky little path to take us up to the beacon hill. Cutting down the side of the A27 a few got lost while trail went into the houses for a road stretch, before heading round the church and wriggling through for a thrash up Carden Avenue to finish just as the heavens got biblical. Inside, the Thai grub was superb, and the beer not bad either, although Airman was struggling without a Harveys! Hares necked, the tankards for Knightrider and Pompette had arrived but RA managed to give them the wrong way round which had Chris complaining there was more beer in hers! As it was Easter Monday mention had to be made of Bogeyman's chocfest, despite his wife's determination that he should be on a diet just a few days earlier. Meanwhile Angel had decided to follow BHF's poorly thought out Dechox campaign, given that Easter this year fell in March! Cooperman was awarded the Numpty mug apparently for putting chalk marks under peoples bottoms where the pack couldn't find them, which seemed somewhat harsh! Another great hash!

[illegible]

GOLDEN oldies from #090: Mr Cadbury and Ms Rowntree met on a coach journey. It was After Eight. Fisherman's Friend. On the way they stopped at a Yorkie Bar, he had a Rum & Butter and she had a Wine Gum. He asked her name, "Polo, I'm the one with the hole", she said. "I'm the one with the Nuts", he thought. Then he touched her Milky Way. They checked in and went straight to the bedroom. Mr Cadbury turned out the light for a bit of Black Magic. It wasn't long before he slipped his hand into her Snickers and felt the contrast of her Double Decker. Then he showed her his Curly Wurly. Ms Rowntree wasn't keen to have any more Jelly Babies, so she let him take a trip down Bourneville Boulevard. He was pleased as he always fancied a bit of Fudge. It was a Magic Moment as she let out a scream of Turkish Delight. When he came out his Fun Sized Mars Bar felt a bit Cr*nnchie. She wanted more but he decided to take Time Out. However, he noticed her Pink Wafers looked very appetising. So he did a Twirl, had a Picnic in her Sherbert and gave her a Gob Stopper. Unfortunately Mr Cadbury then had to go home to his wife, Caramel. Sadly, he was soon to discover he had caught V.D.

It turns out Ms Rowntree had a Box of Assorted Creams. She had been with All Sorts.

RIP RONNIE CORBETT

Of all the sketches performed by The Two Ronnies, perhaps the favourite is 'The Hardware Shop', commonly called 'Four Candles'. Here are the words and actions for that sketch:

In a hardware shop. Ronnie Corbett is behind the counter, wearing a warehouse jacket. He has just finished serving a customer. CORBETT (muttering): There you are. Mind how you go. (Ronnie Barker enters the shop, wearing a scruffy tank-top and beanie)

BARKER: Four Candles! CORBETT: Four Candles?

BARKER: Four Candles. (Ronnie Corbett makes for a box, and gets out four candles. He places them on the counter) BARKER: No, four candles! CORBETT (confused): Well there you are, four candles! BARKER: No, fork 'andles! 'Andles for forks! (Ronnie Corbett puts the candles away, and goes to get a fork handle. He places it onto the counter) CORBETT (muttering): Fork handles. Thought you said 'four candles!' (more clearly) Next?

BARKER: Got any plugs? CORBETT: Plugs. What kind of plugs? BARKER: A rubber one, bathroom. (Ronnie Corbett gets out a box of bath plugs, and places it on the counter) CORBETT (pulling out two different sized plugs): What size? BARKER: Thirteen amp! CORBETT (muttering): It's electric bathroom plugs, we call them, in the trade. Electric bathroom plugs! (He puts the box away, gets out another box, and places on the counter an electric plug, then puts the box away)

BARKER: Saw tips! CORBETT: Saw tips? (he doesn't know what he means) What d'you want? Ointment, or something like that? BARKER: No, saw tips for covering saws. CORBETT: Oh, haven't got any, haven't got any. (he mutters) Comin' in, but we haven't got any. Next?

BARKER: 'O's! CORBETT: 'O's? BARKER: 'O's. (He goes to get a hoe, and places it on the counter) BARKER: No, 'O's! CORBETT: 'O's! I thought you said 'O! (he takes the hoe back, and gets a hose, whilst muttering) When you said 'O's, I thought you said 'O! 'O's! (He places the hose onto the counter) BARKER: No, 'O's! CORBETT (confused for a moment): O's? Oh, you mean panty 'o's, panty 'o's! (he picks up a pair of tights from beside him) BARKER: No, no, 'O's! 'O's for the gate. Mon repose! 'O's! Letter O's! CORBETT (finally realising): Letter O's! (muttering) You had me going there! (He climbs up a stepladder, gets a box down, puts the ladder away, and takes the box to the counter, and searches through it for letter O's) CORBETT: How many d'you want? BARKER: Two. (Ronnie Corbett leaves two letter O's on the counter, then takes the box back, gets the ladder out again, puts the box away, climbs down the ladder, and puts the ladder away, then returns to the counter) CORBETT: Yes, next?

BARKER: Got any P's? CORBETT (fed up): For Gawd' sake, why didn' you bleedin' tell me that while I was up there then? I'm up and down the shop already, it's up and down the bleedin' shop all the time. (He gets the ladder out, climbs up and gets the box of letters down, then puts the ladder away) Honestly, I've got all this shop, I ain't got any help, it's worth it we plan things. (He puts the box on the counter, and gets out some letter P's) How many d'you want? BARKER: No! Tins of peas.

Three tins of peas! CORBETT: You're 'avin' me on, ain't ya, yer 'avin' me on?

BARKER: I'm not! (Ronnie Corbett dumps the box under the counter, and gets three tins of peas) CORBETT (placing the tins on the counter): Next?

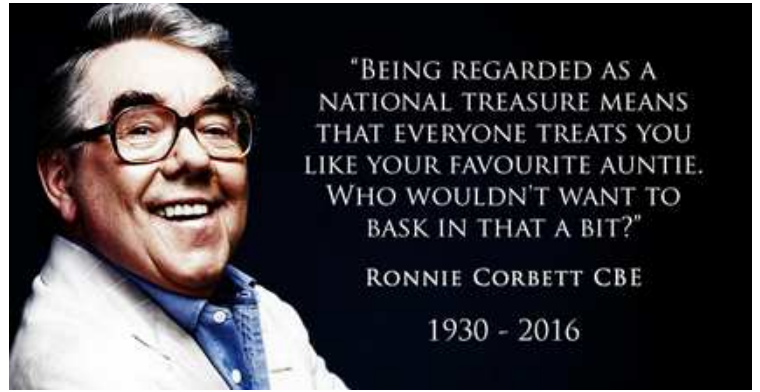
BARKER: Got any pumps? CORBETT (getting really fed up): 'And pumps, foot pumps? Come on! BARKER (surprised he has to ask): Foot pumps! CORBETT (muttering, as he goes down the shop): Foot pumps. See a foot pump? (He sees one, and picks it up) Tidy up in 'ere. (He puts the pump down on the counter) BARKER: No, pumps fer ya feet! Brown pump, size nine!

CORBETT (almost at breaking point): You are 'avin' me on, you are definitely 'avin' me on! BARKER (not taking much notice of Corbett's mood): I'm not! CORBETT: You are 'avin' me on! (He takes back the pump, and gets a pair of brown foot pumps out of a drawer, and places them on the counter) Next?

BARKER: Washers! CORBETT (really close to breaking point): What, dishwashers, floor washers, car washers, windscreen washers, back scrubbers, lavatory cleaners? Floor washers? BARKER: 'Alf inch washers! CORBETT: Oh, tap washers, tap washers? (He finally breaks, and makes to confiscate his list) Look, I've had just about enough of this, give us that list. (He mutters) I'll get it all myself! (Reading through the list) What's this? What's that? Oh that does it! That just about does it! I have just about had it! (calling through to the back) Mr. Jones! You come out and serve this customer please, I have just about had enough of 'im. (Mr. Jones comes out, and Ronnie Corbett shows him the list) Look what 'e's got on there! Look what 'e's got on there!

JONES (who goes to a drawer with a towel hanging out of it, and opens it): Right! How many would ya like? One or two?

(He removes the towel to reveal the label on the drawer - 'Bill hooks'!)



REFASHING the CRAFT...

#88 Hayling Island Winchester H3 were organising a hash weekend at the Park Dean caravan park on Hayling Island and asked if CRAFT H3 would like to do a trail on the Friday. Initially this was proposed for Havant, however, after a recce by Angel and myself we agreed with Bika that transport logistics were a bit in the way so reverted to r*n from site. A bit of confusion at the start, with some reports saying 7pm from site and others 7pm at first pub meant the pack set off before trail was set, although Mr. Beaky thought he'd seen marks north and headed in the opposite direction! As hare I caught up with the pack at **#1 the Barley Mow**, and gave a belated briefing, recommending eating at this location. As Angel and I shared a 'vegetables only' carvery at £3.75 it worked out bloody cheap! Cliffbanger had started drinking early and finished off the IPA so we moved on to **#2 the West Town Inn** where Cyst Pit and myself grudgingly opted for the Brewdog Dead Mule through the sparklers, but a lovely beer nevertheless. It was a few minutes before anyone else joined us, to half-heartedly listen to the quiz, but come they did so the pub did very well with its meat raffle, even though several had opted to stay in the first pub. Even though we hadn't recce'd the route we had a good idea of which pubs we were going to visit, and by chance an alley appeared opposite to take us through to **#3 the Royal Shades**, although Angel claimed they'd been distracted by the cheeky check in the park! Advance reports had been variable to poor and the sounds of the disco booming out were not encouraging but it was empty and there was a quieter area the hardcore of 15 (Cliffbanger took the picture!) were able to retreat to with their IPA's, wines and coffees (Bushsquatter has never quite got the hang of the CRAFT hash since turning up in running gear on #2). Needless to say we were careful not to overstay our welcome and soon started on the long trek to the final pubs. Quite why I persisted in laying flour beats me, but it became useful as some of the girls were set on hitting the beach. My efforts to find a way round the mini-theme park failed, resulting in trail inadvertently going through it, including crossing the boats for the water ride, and climbing steps for a roller coaster before we escaped to follow the tracks of the miniature railway along the beach. All of a sudden we were met with the smell of sausages coming from a pop-up barbecue on the back of a 4 x 4, but as they had no beer we left them in peace! At the friendly **Olive Leaf (#4)**, one of the few Island pubs Angel and I had visited on our earlier recce, I was delighted to find Black Sheep's excellent 'Monty Python's HOLY GRAIL' was still available, as well as the Lily the Pink cider but Tim wasn't here to try it out for us. Just a few yards further on was **#5 Lifeboat Inn** where we were treated to a rather excellent band and some rather silly hash-conceived games, including the single card "pick a card, any card", and reading up on advanced Calculus courtesy of the pub bookshelf. All good things come to an intermission, and so we found ourselves making the long walk back to the caravans in dribs and drabs. Another great CRAFT Hash, but there was still plenty to come from the weekend!



Early morning found myself, Angel, and Bogman (back row, purple and black rugby shirt) being carted off to the Havant parkrun by Bika, despite raging hangovers. At first I thought I'd heard them wrong, but they really did say it was a naked parkrun. Grateful that Daffy Dildo wasn't with us, as he would have been stripped before you could say, well, anything, it turns out that all you do is predict your time and hand over your watch, closest wins a prize. For the record this was a lovely run, all off road but mostly good paths, with some interesting sculptures to admire on the 2 lap course. Back at base there was time for a swift brekkie before meeting up for the Winchester hash from site. Angel, Crackerjack etc. did the run including quite a lot of shoreline, while myself, Gooley and ET joined Muppet on the walk, meeting the pack halfway round at the Maypole Inn. They did a good job of serving us, but the landlady wasn't best happy as she'd had no notice that 50 of us would be appearing and had pre-set all the tables, so Bika took an earful. The return was mostly along the old 'Hayling Billy' railway line, for r*nners and walkers, where we congregated at two of the vans for a marvellous snack lunch, beers and circle. The afternoon was downtime so was divided between use of facilities, watching the last few games of the 6 nations, and in Cyst Pits case, sleeping off the efforts of r*nnng with Vinnie and Louie. As it was a pay as you go weekend we opted for a curry takeaway before again heading down to the Barley Mow to see the England game. After that some headed down to the Shades to see a UB40 tribute band, while we caught the rather good camp band (well, 2 piece with backing tapes!), before hitting the sack.

Sundays r*n was hared by Come Again (a different one!) for Chichester H3 from the Ship at Langstone, and we were pleased to see Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy make it over to join us, despite only just returning from skiing. After a start along the waters edge (not available at high tide) we went through the church where Bambi came out with the groaner not to check the cemetery as it was a dead-end. After lots of townty messing about we reached a long/short split but most of the pack decided on an even longer route home! Another excellent circle took place although I was a bit shocked to get the call up as guest RA, but Cyst Pit deserved a mention for finally recovering the tent he'd left at the inaugural Isle of Wight Great North South Run in 2012, which had gradually made its way to Hayling Island! And then we went home happy...

Bouncer

IN THE NEWS...

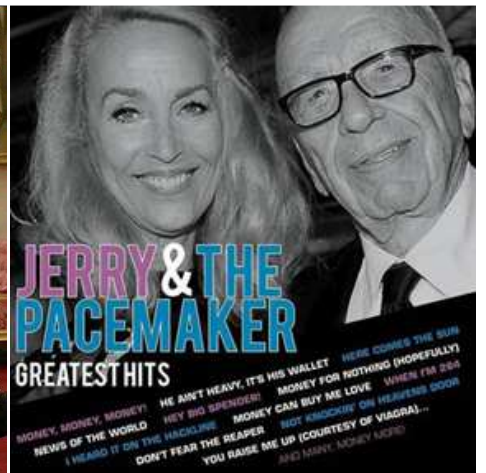
As England win the Calcutta Cup, Triple Crown, 6 Nations and the Grand Slam, Health and Safety get started:

Rugby 'can turn you into a bellend'

THE risks of rugby include getting a taste for moronic drinking games and trouser-dropping stunts, it has emerged.

After doctors warned the sport was too physically dangerous for schools, experts argued that the real peril to players is becoming the sort of person who thinks drinking a pint of piss is good blokey fun. Amateur rugby player Tom Logan said: "The chances of being seriously injured are small, but there's a 95 per cent chance you'll start going on boozy coach trips and running naked through hotels trying to whip your mate's arse with a towel. In addition to getting staggeringly drunk in large, threatening groups, you will probably also feel the urge to take your trousers off in the middle of Pizza Hut. You're likely to develop an interest in misogynistic songs, possibly involving digging up a dead prostitute or some equally juvenile attention-seeking nonsense. There is also a very high risk of starting to wear a blazer with a badge."

Sports scientist Donna Sheridan said: “Rugby can cause serious ailments such as torn ligaments and spinal compression. It is character-building, although the character it builds is that of ‘very loud twat’.”

[illegible]

Facebooks new 'reaction' buttons appear to describe relationships from beginning to end!

The Wurzels Guide to...

THE WEST COUNTRY FACEBOOK REACTION BUTTONS



Proper job



Luv's it
I duz



Gert lush



Cidered up



Ark at ee



Begrumped



Miffed

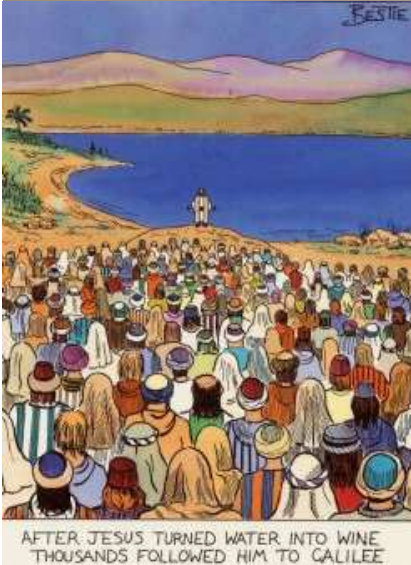
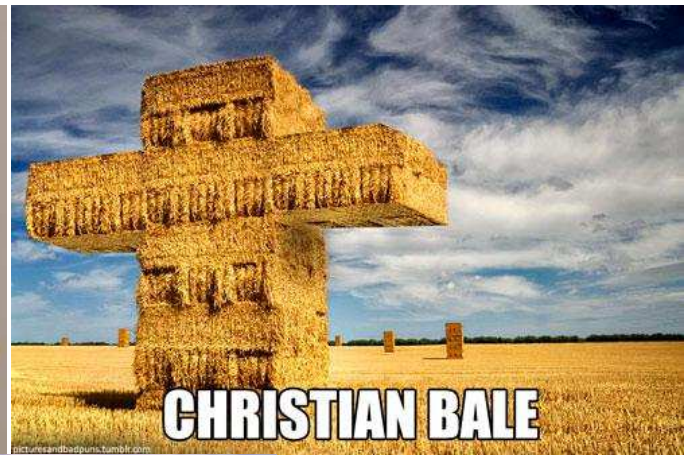
CNN news get it very wrong when reporting on migrant issues, relocating the antipodeans to the northern hemisphere:



NERC pay the price of asking the public to name their new Polar Research vessel, as Boaty McBoatface tops the poll. But this railway guard has a sense of humour:



MORE EASTER RELATED PICTURES:



Jesus: "Table for 26 please"

Waiter: "But there are only 13 of you"

Jesus: "Yes, but we're all going to sit on the same side"



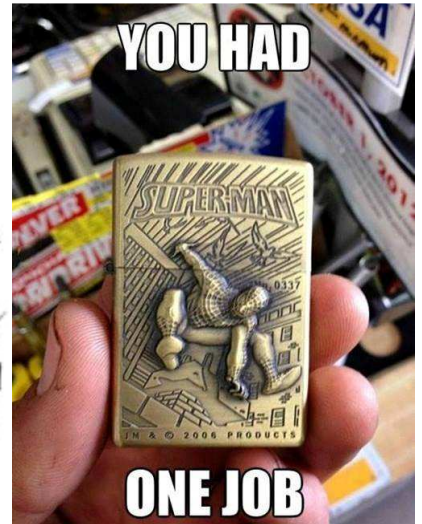
Saint Schrodinger, the forgotten disciple.



AT THE LAST SUPPER JESUS HAD A SHREWD IDEA WHO HAD BETRAYED HIM

BATMAN v SUPERMAN

Trash research suggests Batman makes a better meme subject, but Superman edges the girl, IMHO! Ed.



Batman came up to me and hit me over the head with a vase and went, 'T' Pau' I said, "Weren't you supposed to go 'Kapow'?" He said, "No, I've got china in my hand"

It always amazes me when I hear about criminals turning themselves into the police. If I were them, I'd turn myself into Batman or something.



A woman walks into a top floor pub and sees a really good looking bloke sitting at the bar. She goes over and asks him what he is drinking. He says, "Magic Bitter." She thinks he's a bit of a nutter, so she walks around the pub. After realising that there is no one else worth talking to, she goes back to the man sitting at the bar. She says, "That isn't really Magic Bitter, is it?" He says, "Yes. I'll show you." So, he takes a gulp of the bitter, jumps out the window, flies around the building 3 times, and comes back into the window. She can't believe it. She says to him, "I bet you can't do that again." So, he takes another drink of the bitter, jumps out the window, flies around the building 3 times, and comes back in the window. She is amazed and she says that she wants a Magic Bitter. So the bloke says to the bartender, "Give her a pint of what I'm having." She takes a gulp, jumps out the window, plummets 30 stories, breaks every bone in her body and dies. The bartender looks up and says, "Superman, you're such a tosser when you're pissed."



A final thought: How come Superman could stop bullets with his chest, but always ducked when someone threw a gun at him?

Last night we went to a party at our local senior centre. The second Tuesday of every month they have an evening postluck supper. We usually eat, play bingo, reminisce, and drink a little wine and talk about the good ole days. We heard Brent's cousin is staying with them for a few weeks. It's rumoured he got in a scrap over some marijuana with the law out in Vancouver and he came to UK to avoid the heat. Anyway, Kayleen is known for her delicious Brownies and she always bakes up a quadruple batch for each get-together. She makes enough for everyone and some for folks to take one home for later. For some reason they were extra good this week and every last one of them was eaten. Not a one left over. We later found out that Brent's cousin, Logan, laced the brownies with some of his marijuana. Knowing this, I guess it offers a logical reason for everyone feeling good that night. By the time Rik put on the Locomotion, everyone was in a real good mood and it was the first time the whole place got up and danced. That is until the cops came to check all the noise complaints. Well, that's another story.



See what we've got to look forward to, and you thought we'd all end up playing Bingo!

[illegible]

A Catholic Priest, a Baptist Preacher and a Rabbi all served as Chaplains to the students of a Canadian University. They would get together two or three times a week for coffee and to talk shop. One day, someone made the comment that preaching to people isn't really all that hard, a real challenge would be to preach to a bear. One thing led to another, and they decided to do an experiment. They would all go out into the woods, find a bear, preach to it, and attempt to convert it to their religion. Seven days later, they all came together to discuss their experiences. Father Flannery, who had his arm in a sling, was on crutches, and had various bandages on his body and limbs, went first. 'Well,' he said, 'I went into the woods to find me a bear. And when I found him, I began to read to him from the Catechism. Well, that bear wanted nothing to do with me and began to slap me around. So I quickly grabbed my holy water, sprinkled him and, Holy Mary Mother of God, he became as gentle as a lamb. The Bishop is coming out next week to give him first communion and confirmation.'

Reverend Billy Bob the Baptist, spoke next. He was in a wheelchair, had one arm and both legs in casts, and had an IV drip. In his best fire-and-brimstone oratory, he exclaimed, 'WELL, brothers, you KNOW that we Baptists don't sprinkle! I went out and I FOUND me a bear. And then I began to read to my bear from God's HOLY WORD! But that bear wanted nothing to do with me. So I took HOLD of him and we began to wrestle. We wrestled down one hill, UP another and DOWN another until we came to a creek. So I quickly DUNKED him and BAPTIZED his hairy soul. And just like you said, he became as gentle as a lamb. We spent the rest of the day praising Jesus. Hallelujah!



The Priest and the Reverend both looked down at the Rabbi, who was lying in a hospital bed. He was in a body cast and traction with IVs and monitors running in and out of him. He was in really bad shape. The Rabbi looked up and said: "Looking back on it, circumcision may not have been the best way to start."

A petrol station owner in Dublin was trying to increase his sales, so he put up a sign that read, 'Free Sex with Every Fill-Up. Paddy pulled in, filled his tank and asked for his free sex. The owner told him to pick a number from 1 to 10, and said that if he guessed correctly, he would get his free sex. Paddy guessed 8, and the proprietor said, 'You were very close, the lucky number was 7. Sorry, no sex this time.' A week later, Paddy, with his friend Mick, pulled in for another fill-up. Again Paddy asked for his free sex. The proprietor again gave him the same story, and asked him to guess the correct number. Paddy guessed 2. The proprietor said, 'Sorry, it was 3, you were very close, but no free sex this time.' As they were driving away, Mick said to Paddy, 'I think that game is rigged and he doesn't really give away free sex at all.' Paddy replied, 'No it's real enough Mick. My wife won twice last week.'