



R-ns/trash #232 September 2016

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
5th September 2016	1994	Fox & Hounds, Haywards Heath	337 218	Psychlepath
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. Pub on left approx 1 mile. Est 25 mins.				
12th September 2016	1995	Piston Broke, Shoreham	214 052	Bouncer
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham and straight on at next roundabout by Red Lion. Right over Norfolk Bridge then right round next roundabout to return and park in Adur Rec car park. Est 10 mins.				
<i>HARES 25 YEARS OF HASHING CELEBRATION AND CURRY NIGHT!</i>				
19th September 2016	1996	Park View, Preston Park	307 066	Lily the Pink/ Random Sparkles
Directions: Follow A23 into Brighton over mini roundabout and on to traffic lights. Left onto Preston Drove. Pub on opposite corner of 2nd left. Est 5 mins.				

24th September 2016 **XC** **HASH RELAY - Starting at DEVILS DYKE** **259 111** **Prof** **BAM SATURDAY START.**
Directions: A27 west. At 1st exit turn right, cross above dual carriageway. Take 1st left then straight on at bend. **Est 5 mins.**

26th September 2016 1997 Royal Oak, Wineham 236 206 Pirate
Directions: A23 north to B2117 for Hurstpierpoint. Left at t-junction and immediately right on B2118. Left just past Kings Head on B2116. Take 2nd right and pub on left 1.5miles. **Est. 20 mins.**

3rd October 2016 1998 Fox, Small Dole 213 128 Wiggy
Directions: West on A27, leave at Shoreham and take first exit A281 to Steyning. Right at next roundabout and follow up into Small Dole. Pub is on left just in village. **Est. 20 mins.**

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

10/10/16	Royal Oak, Newick	Mike Essex
17/10/16	Saddlescombe Farm	St. Bernard <i>2000th</i>
24/10/16	Trafalgar night TBC	Mudlarks <i>Trafalgar r*n</i>
31/10/16	Trevor Arms, Glynde	Spreadsheet

HASHING AROUND:

Hastings H3 Sunday 11/09/16 10.66am ALH3/FOTMH3
Black Lion, Appledore. Hares: Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter
Henfield H4 #151 25/09/16 11.00am
Chequers, Slaugham Hare: Radio Soap

Thought for the day: I met this girl in the pub after the hash who offered to show me a good time. When I said "Yes, yes!", she shot out the door and knocked out 100 meters in 10 seconds.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

17/09/2016 Great North South r*n Isle of Wight H3 - Registration etc. at: <http://www.greatnouthsouthruniow.co.uk/>

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

25-28/08/2017 UK Nash Hash Easton College, Norwich <http://uknashhash2017.co.uk/>

Sept. 2018 **Mother Hash 80th Anniversary event** - see BS#226 or visit www.motherhash.com for more details.

[illegible]

HASH RELAY RE-SCHEDULED 24th September 2016 – 15 stages of between 2.7 and 6.2 miles following Monarchs Way and South Downs Way: So far we have two definite teams – the Fifty Fivers of Prof, Ride-it, Baby and Bouncer, plus a Henfield Hash/ Fittleworth Flyers team. There are lots of folk available to take on one or two legs but we seem to be lacking the leadership to pull them all together. Dave ‘Spreadsheet’ Evans has expressed an interest in putting a team out but has so far failed to connect with the odds, so please let Prof or Spreadsheet know if you are available, what sort of times/ distances, and most importantly, whether you are able to join us for the social afterwards in Lewes as we may need to book for a meal. Please see page 4 for descriptions of the new route, changeover points etc.

[illegible]

BH7 H3 2000th r*n celebration weekend 24-26 March 2017 – Priority goes to Brighton Hashers but places are limited and going fast, so please get your registration forms in quickly. **Next meeting:** 7pm Thursday 13th October, John Harvey Tavern, Lewes. All welcome.

[illegible]

BH7, BRIGHTON 2000TH HASH

Monday 17th October 2016

An invitation for BH7, Brighton Hashers, former BH7 Hashers and, Hashers who run with us and run with other Hashes, and their partners.

PLEASE COME AND HELP CELEBRATE 2000 MONDAY EVENINGS!

Venue: Saddlescombe Farm, Poynings - 17th October 2016 from 18.30pm.

Free “T” shirts and souvenir mugs for Brighton Hashers and former Brighton Hashers

Cost £10.00 each; including Bar-B-Que, 1st Drink,, Honesty box for extra drinks.

18.30 Beer tasting

19.30 for 19.40 Run/Walk – Optional.

20.30 onwards, Bar-B-Que, Beer, Wine, Soft Drinks, catching up with old friends.

LATE – Finish, but PLEASE be considerate of the other people who live on the farm and keep the noise down!

Please can you let us know if you hope to attend by returning this application form as soon as possible?

Name & Hash handle.....

Your Contact Details – phone, email.....

Would you like a “T” shirt if so size M/F. S,M,L,EXL?.....

Would you like a souvenir mug?.....

Have you got any special dietary requirements?.....

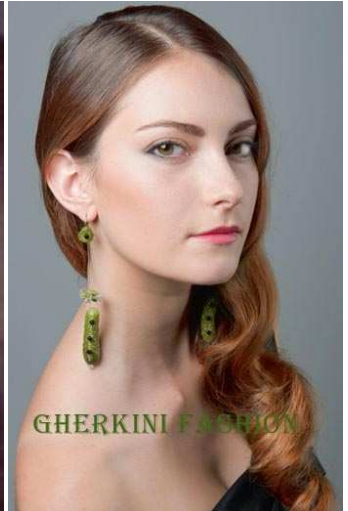
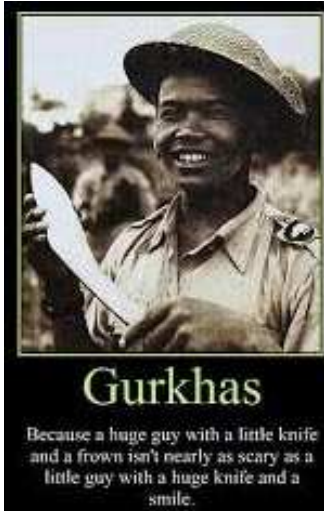
Are you able to contact any former Hashers who might like to come? Who? Please do so ASAP!

We would like some help with setting up, car parking, preparing and cooking food, clearing up, collecting money. Please can you let us know if you can help?.....

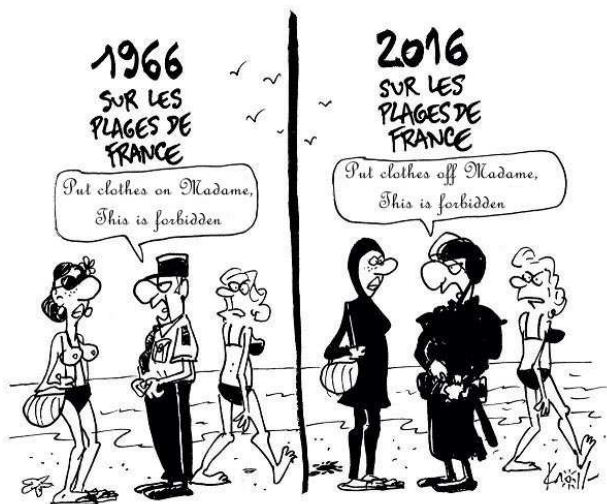
Please can you hand this form in on a Monday evening, email to petereastwood68@hotmail.co.uk, or fax to 01273 844072. It would be a great help if we can have numbers, money and “T” shirt details as soon as possible!

If you would like to camp please contact Charlie. charlie.cain@nationaltrust.org.uk or talk to him on a Monday evening.

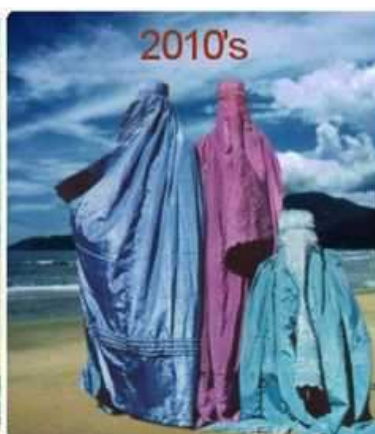
So 2016 will inevitably be remembered as the year of the Burkini, but has beach wear ever proved so controversial? Having misheard initially, my research was a bit misplaced, although this lad looks happy enough with his big tool. Wasn't quite there on the correction, but I must admit I thought it odd that the bad boy of McDonalds should have found so much fame:



I thought about messing around with Burkina Faso but decided that was just silly.



There is not much sexy about the style but you can see where France are coming from after two major attacks in recent months. Maybe the next picture gives most reason for concern, but you can also see why the ban was controversial when wet suits are permitted. What I will never get is that the whole cover up thing is to repress women not allowing them self-expression, so why are women fighting for the right to stay that way? Nowt so queer as folk but what was Nigella thinking?



During his service, awol hasher Barfly Old Les Courtney was stationed in Egypt outside Cairo. There was a strip of Nomansland between the edge of the city and the barracks which were surrounded by defences to keep the chaps in, or maybe the chicks out, as the Arab girls would routinely appear at the far side of the fence, lift their skirts and open up their robes to tease the lads. It didn't take long before a tunnel was established which the boys used regularly to claim their rewards from the girls! Morale was high so the camp commander turned a blind eye. Let the girls have their way I say!

A new commander ended it by putting offenders in a glass cage in the desert sun. Expect the b*stard was ok with his donkey.

HASH RELAY 2016 – 55 mile route via Monarchs Way

Most runners are familiar with the South Downs Way which, in any case, is well marked and well trodden, however, the same cannot be said for the Monarchs Way. The logo is rarely the same twice but usually features a tree, either with a crown on top or inside, topped by a ship. It may be blue or yellow, may feature an arrow or could be simply a black and white roundel. And doesn't always exist! Time will not allow recce'ing of legs which means teams are best staying close together to find their way, but here is a brief route description (not gospel!) which will hopefully help folk out there.

OS 258 110 Leg 1 Devils Dyke pub to Bridge near Foredown Tower 2.7 miles From Devils Dyke pub, drop down the road to the sharp right hand bend. Take the 2nd footpath, which is just round the bend and goes quite obviously straight on. Although grassy this is a very fast downhill stretch for about 2 miles to a cross roads. Turn right on the track through the farm for a fairly stiff climb up to join Monarchs Way at the changeover finishing on concrete.

OS 255 076 Leg 2 Bridge near Foredown Tower to Rising Sun Bramber 5 miles Turn left through the gate and head up clear track for 1/3rd mile to a not massively obvious left turn. Stay close to the dual carriageway on a hilly route, which can be lumpy, up and over to Mile Oak farm. Through the farm turn right at the road and take the next left a couple of hundred yards down. The narrow path soon gives way to a wide path climbing up Southwick Hill. Keeping right go through the style and turn right on a lumpy path for half-a-mile to a junction. Go straight on over style for just over a mile to a derelict barn. Turn left here, drop down then climb up to the top of Beeding Hill taking care on the flinty ground before it opens into fields. Stay close to the right hand boundary it should be obvious down to 5 ways. Take the path just left of the car park. Do not go through the gate. Follow down to road and turn left to changeover.

OS 197 103 Leg 3 Rising Sun Bramber to Steyning Bowl 2.7 miles Turn right at the Rising Sun approach follow the road bearing left to the roundabout. Straight on, on main road, through the village to the busy roundabout at the end. Cross over carefully on the left-side, there is a well hidden style on the right side of Maudlins Lane leading into an open field. Staying right initially there is a slightly trodden path diagonally left to a style just before the farm. Turn right on the road up to the junction, then a quick right and left on to Sopers Lane. A hard concrete path (the yellow brick road) carries on through farm for a long climb up to Steyning Bowl changeover.

OS 163 095 Leg 4 Steyning Bowl to Findon 3.2 miles Follow South Downs Way alongside the road then cross carefully to follow ash path up to the stone memorial. Turn left here, path continues broken ash/ asphalt down to a vague junction. Slight right take the overgrown path on the left and follow this uphill all the way through brash to the main Cissbury/ Chanctonbury junction. Straight across there is more brash so run in the grassy field to the gate (holes). down to road. Right on road 100 yards, then diagonally left across lawn, down Steep Lane to changeover at bottom.

Time didn't allow full recce so following directions are mostly approximate and no responsibility accepted for runners getting lost!

OS 122 084 Leg 5 Findon to Michelgrove 2.7 miles Right at bottom, first left to dangerous A24 crossing. Up tarmac road to chapel turn right through style on good path by woods. Bear left on grass and uphill to cross a field of crops, through style and cross Long Furlong with care. As farm track bends left take hard left path. Lumpy undulating route round the edge of fields to Lane. Slight left and across, bear right on farm track then left through Myrtle Grove farm and up to another lane. Finish left, through gate and downhill.

OS 082 083 Leg 6 Michelgrove to Arundel 5 miles Clear path climbs left through woods, hard right at the top on to lumpy bridle path through woods. Follow this path straight for 2.5 miles until very end of trees (if you pass a barn in the open on your left you've missed a right turn), then follow contour round to drop down to road. Turn left then right 100 yards along, cross railway line and left along river bank. Turn right over bridge to changeover.

OS 018 072 Leg 7 Arundel to Houghton Lane 3.7 miles Go up the hill to the castle, turn left staying on road to a right-hand turn through gate and up to gallops. Bear right across lawns then gently dropping down heading north to eventually reach the river. Follow river bank left until Houghton village appears on left. Turn left up South Lane, then right on road and left down lane to changeover.

OS 117 118 Leg 8 Houghton Lane to Springhead Hill 3.8 miles Follow South Downs Way

OS 070 125 Leg 9 Springhead Hill to A24 South of Washington 3.5 miles Follow SDW. Don't take left hand to Washington. c/o at A24

OS 110 120 Leg 10 A24 South of Washington to Steyning Bowl 3.8 miles Follow South Downs Way

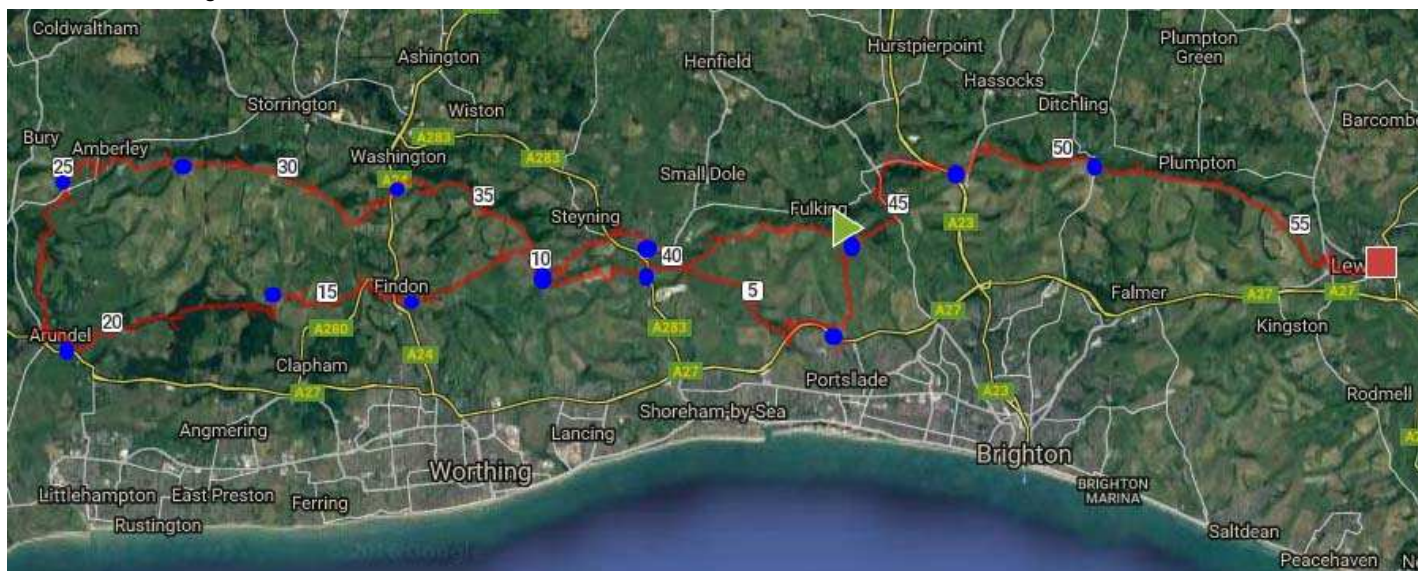
OS 163 095 Leg 11 Steyning Bowl to A283 layby 3.8 miles Follow South Downs Way

OS 197 093 Leg 12 A283 layby to Devils Dyke SDW 4.3 miles Follow South Downs Way

OS 258 107 Leg 13 Devils Dyke SDW to Pyecombe 2.8 miles Follow South Downs Way

OS 292 127 Leg 14 Pyecombe to Ditchling Beacon 3.1 miles Follow South Downs Way

OS 333 130 Leg 15 Ditchling Beacon to Lewes Harveys Brewery 6.2 miles Follow South Downs Way to hard right at Black Cap but go straight and follow path right past old racecourse buildings down to prison. Straight down High Street, then over to pedestrianised area, and over bridge to finish.



REHASHING

The Bull, Shermanbury Hare: Teddy Bear. Our gatecrash hash! Review by CHAOS from EGH3: Summer 2016 has been full of treats, beautiful weather, stunning countryside and some decent trail laying. I could get used to that! After hearing last week, groans about the remoteness of this week's INN, I was relieved to see so many at the start. Including joint hashers from Brighton, Hastings, Westerham and one from Barnes 56 plus Eric and Max. After Brighton hashers finished pre-stretching, and the bitching about thoughtless parking died down, our Hare, accustomed to performing acts of pure fiction, introduced the run. ON-ON over the Adur and we turned right onto a bridleway. A false trail at the first check sorted out the pre-stretchers and gave the coal burners a chance to get into the fold. We subsequently missed running beside the moated ruin of Ewhurst Manor (built by Thomas Peverel in the reign of Edward I). Continuing on the bridleway, we climbed slowly, picking up tarmac and after a very long stint, ventured into woodland. Another false check regrouped the remainder of the runners, henceforth two right turns confirmed a clockwise loop. We descended from a dizzy altitude of 33m through open fields onto Fryland Lane, the short-cut and the SIP. I usually pause to compare the quality of the SIP, this was old-school: fizzy beer, muffins and strawberries. The last of the runners, including me, resumed, taking the short cut in reverse, which the hare thoughtfully marked with a cross. After some head scratching, the INN TRAIL was found, leading across some fields to river level. It should have been straightforward from here: just follow the river back to the INN, but no. The flour petered out and I found myself mistakenly re-crossing the river and back on the OUT TRAIL. After finding another bridge and some distant runners we were back on flour and soon ON-INN. Returnees, including short-cutters, were scarce and as dusk arrived I saw hashers returning in dribs and drabs via the main road. It appears that many lost flour at different points and exited stage right. Our thespian Hare, for the lack of prompts, fluffed his lines and created a comedy and tragedy out of the final scenes. Everyone was relieved to get out of the rain; the venue was great and the all female cast of bar staff entertained marvellously. Layby opened the sermon, calling upon Scud for an immediate inquest into the Run. The jury was hung on verdicts of accidental misadventure. Teddy Bear was duly handcuffed into a length of pipe for his DOWN DOWN. Layby resumed to recall sinners: Max the Border Collie and owner Cardinal for the attempted mugging of a tennis ball from a couple of non-hashing dogs while Eric the Jack Russell looked on impassively. Apologies at this point for I struggle to take notes, photos and fluids simultaneously. Hash Gomi (Japanese for garbage), Chaos, I think for hogging parking spaces (that's total Gomi), Lauren, not for actually committing said parking offence but for getting her pussy stuck down the side of her washing machine, and Madonna for an attempted walking on water trick. Hash Bouncer awarded a water DOWN DOWN to Pirate for (a) ducking out of his hare duties - hence the joint hash (b) missing his crossing to Ireland (sounds familiar) and (c) timorously turning up for his own hash anyway. Final welcome to NEWBOOTS Piers and Chris. As for the beautiful weather, stunning countryside and decent trail laying, well there's another run next week.

CHAOS

CHAOS

[illegible]

A Modern Trail Layerman - as sung by Teddy Bear

I am the very model of a modern trail layerman
I've knowledge of the footpath signs, false trails and a checking
plan

I know the dons of Hong Kong and I quote their trails historical
From Kowloon to New Territ'ries in order categorical
I'm very well acquainted too with matters deep financ-i-al
I understand the CPI and interest rates tyrannical
About the cheapest flour to buy I'm teeming with a lot o' news
With many cheerful facts about the way to beat the check out
queues.

With many cheerful facts about the way to beat the check out queues x3

I'm very good at measuring and eking out a bag of flour
I also know exactly how to lay it down with manly power
In short in matters of false trails, footpath signs and checking
plans

I am the very model of a modern trail layerman
In short in matters of false trails, footpath signs and checking plan
 He is the very model of a modern trail layerman

I know our mythic history from KL and Selangor Mash
I can answer every question I am asked about the cuckoo hash
I quote ad infinitum of the trails I've laid in Kowloon heights
My trails are known throughout the world as simply brilliant hash
delights
And so as I sat down to plan my trail as EGH3 hare
I knew I wouldn't have to leave the comfort of my rocking chair
I plotted, planned and marked the map with checks and trails false
galore

And carefully I marked out the length to be around 8k or more
And carefully I marked out the length to be around 8k or more x 3

Now I am told that blobs of flour should every 50 yards be laid
But on East Grinstead hares for flour are simply never ever paid
And so by many cunning calculations mathematical
I worked out that my blobs could be just three per mile actual
And so by many cunning calculations mathematical
I worked out that my blobs could be just three per mile actual

So on the day I set off with my map and just one bag of flour
With spirits high I thought my trail the eager pack would surely
wow

Alas the time began to pass more quickly than I reckoned on
So to conserve the flour I had I cut the blobs that I laid down
And by this method I went on up hill down dales and over fence
I crossed the old disused canal and found some nervous horses
next

7 There was some tarmac, grass and ditch: shiggy? Well there must have been

And on and on the trail went, and flour into the grassy green
And on and on the trail went, and flour into the grassy green x 3

When I checked the flour left I found to my astonishment
That what should be an empty bag was really full in its extent
And so in matters of false trails, footpath signs and flour bales
I am the very model of a modern hare of hashit trails
And so in matters of false trails, footpath signs and flour bales
He is the very model of a modern hare of hashit trails

Fetherlite

Meanwhile, at the Olympics...



Half A Second Faster

American swimming champion Michael Phelps is sitting alone in a corner in his locker room, when his friend asked him, "What's up Mike?" Phelps says, "There's good news and bad news..." "What's the bad news?" asks the friend. Phelps replies, "They found a picture of me smoking pot." The friend asks, "And the good news?" Phelps replies, "I did it half a second faster than the French guy!"

Olympic Secrets

A man met a beautiful lady and he decided he wanted to marry her right away. She protested, "But we don't know anything about each other."

He replied, "That's all right; we'll learn about each other as we go along."

So she consented, and they were married and went on a honeymoon to a very nice resort. One morning, they were lying by the pool when he got up off his towel, climbed up to the 10 meter board and did a two and a half tuck gainer, entering the water perfectly, almost without a ripple. This was followed by a dive for which he did three rotations in jackknife position before he straightened out and cut the water like a knife. After a few more demonstrations, he came back and lay down on his towel.

She said, "That was incredible!"

He said, "I used to be an Olympic diving champion. You see, I told you we'd learn more about ourselves as we went along."

So she got up, jumped in the pool and started doing laps. She was moving so fast that the froth from her pushing off at one end of the pool would hardly be gone before she was already touching the other end of the pool! She did laps in freestyle, breast stroke, even butterfly! After about thirty laps, completed in mere minutes, she climbed back out and lay down on her towel, barely breathing hard. He said, "That was incredible! Were you an Olympic endurance swimmer?"

"No," she said, "I was a hooker in Alabama and I worked both sides of the Tennessee River."

If you feel useless today, remember somebody is working as a lifeguard at the olympics:



Trump is only watching the Olympics to see



how high the Mexican pole vaulters can go.

Three guys were standing outside the Olympic stadium, bemoaning the fact that none of them could afford a ticket. All three wanted SO much to be able to see the athletes from their native land compete. They watched as the competitors entered through a special back gate by telling the guard their country and event.

One of the three friends looked around and found a length of pipe lying on the ground. He hefted it to his shoulder, walked to the gate and told the guard "Mexico. Pole vault." And the guard let him in!

"That's fantastic!" cried the second friend. He looked around, picked up a manhole cover, and headed for the special gate. "Russia. Discus," he told the guard, and in he went.

"Amazing" said the third friend, who by now was frantically searching around. But all he could find was some barbed wire. He grabbed it, ran to the gate, and announced "Poland. Fencing."

Olympian Headlines

Newspaper headlines in Canada before, during and after Jamaican-Born Canadian sprinter, Ben Johnson, was found to have used illegal steroids:

First Headline: "Canadian Sprinter Wins Gold in 100 metres!"

Second Headline: "Jamaican-Canadian Athlete Tests Positive for Steroids!"

Third Headline: "Jamaican Athlete Stripped of Gold Medal."



REHASHING (ctd.)

Roebuck, Laughton It was back to our favourite urinals (which Angel insisted on visiting!) for Bosom Boy to set trail, just a bit too hot on the heels of his 50 mile trail run Saturday, so Jaws stepped in to help. Hare seemed keen to move us in the right direction early on and promptly gainsaid any incorrect calling, which led Bouncer to try his luck calling on before trail was found. That's why over half the pack went adrift as they followed the fool as BB looked on witheringly. Still a regroup had us all back together before we set off again, until the woods revealed just how quickly it was getting dark and hare gave us a quick set of directions. It went a bit tits up when we met the walkers who'd managed to get lost so we promptly directed them the wrong way, until calling was heard off to our left and we were back on trail for the on-inn. Circle up and Bosom Boy and Jaws were downed with advice not to take them on at a Fitbit challenge; Keeps It Up was given the Pondweed 1st torch award. Visitors John and Iain from Pulborough, who have done some hashing abroad, were welcomed, before the story of how Anybody broke the i360 before its first public flight! Numpty went to Bouncer for misleading the pack as the reason for the hares strict control was explained as his attempt at Garmin art, giving us a hare shaped trail (the beastly, not bosoms). Another great hash!



Hope, Newhaven After a warning from hare Mudlark to be careful on the cliff edge we wasted no time getting up to Newhaven Fort for a quick look at the view before cutting back to r*n along said edge. Despite the calm to our left, mal de mer was still possible with all the up and down we did before finding a granny check with a 2 inch high monument to the Worlds greatest granny, but One Erection was more excited at having located Pirates car just over the edge. Somehow from the rust strewn burnt out remains Bushsquatter determined it was in fact a Ford Escort instead. We cut in to the edge of Peacehaven crossing the main road to find some little trodden paths and got lead astray by St. Bernard, eventually re-crossing the road 100 yards further down. Local childhood knowledge had Cliffbanger taking a long-cut back while the rest of us found a scenic field route followed by a dust free route on hare, as Mudlark got lost, to return on the out trail. In the pub we found to our delight that they had a beer festival, as well as being an ale trail pub, but there were some naughty names on offer. Knightrider and Mudlark were downed as hares, followed by Bobs Crutch, taking the hit for the absent Chopper who turned 70 today, as it was also her birthday. RA then tried to find a granny amongst the many ladies of a certain age present, but surprisingly the only taker was Big Jugs! Cliffbanger grew up in the lighthouse here and wasted no opportunity to tell us on the way round, but meanwhile, after warning about the dangers, Mudlark had been doing his own cliffbanging as the hash ignored his advice to check the view resulting in him petulantly stamping his feet to loosen the cliff, which gave him a well deserved numpty award. All this while Mark Cavendish was causing an Olympics pile up on the TV immediately behind. Another great hash!



Jack & Jill, Clayton One Erection promised a review but sadly nothing has been forthcoming. Rumour has it that one harriette said she'd not been up and down so much since her wedding night, and there could have been a sip. Mudlark MC'd dishing out to hare One Erection, Chopper, and awarding Dildoped the Numpty for blowing the horn right next to the horses. Then doing it again at the very next check despite being soundly admonished. Another great hash, they do say in these parts.

Devils Dyke. Soon after we set off through the car park to the edge of the woods, Prince Crashpian, having been given the role as sweeper for the Cardinal, announced "He's going the wrong way." The irony was not lost on those of us who remember the roles being reversed in January and Hugh determined to keep the pack on his map, despite the trail evidence elsewhere. Problem was that some Sunday do-gooders had stolen the paper trail, so as soon as we hit the South Downs Way, pack went hell for leather along it. Returning from falsies One Erection and Bouncer had spotted hare heading down the hill so Trevor queried only for hare to say we'd meet up. By Saddlescombe Farm those four were alone but were joined by the pack after a few minutes to turn right at the top of Newtimber and head back to the road. Hashlights now in full evidence progress remained slow and a coup was inevitable with FRB's marking an SCB straight back to the On Inn. Knightriders charm deserted him but the dregs were pure so down down beer remained free for the hare and bag holder. Virgin erMatt (apparently) did well, and a welcome return by Grant. Sir Chopper was knighted after reaching 70 having spent 39 of those years as a hasher, his first being the BH7 inaugural from this very pub, mention also being made that the relay is also starting here on 24th September. Chris aka Bouncer was named Draggin Lady, to save confusion, after draggin' Ab Fab along again, although the latter questioned the Lady part! Alex received the numpty mug for wife abuse as Fridge Sarah continues to miss out, despite her claims that she would be alternating with him, and at some stage a new song was introduced: "We like to drink with {X}, Cos {X} is our mate, And when we drink with {X} he gets it down in 8,7,6,5,." Another great hash!

by Caitlyn Giddings for Bicycling

1/Beer can help reduce your risk of heart disease

2/ Beer can lower your risk of Type 2 Diabetes In a meta-analysis of 20 studies on moderate alcohol consumption and Type 2 Diabetes risk, the American Diabetes Association found “that moderate alcohol consumption is protective for type 2 diabetes in men and women.” The study noted that the effects were most protective when men consumed closer to 22 grams per day of alcohol and women consumed 24 grams per day. It’s important to note that a standard 12-ounce beer contains about 14 grams of alcohol—so drink responsibly if you want these health benefits.

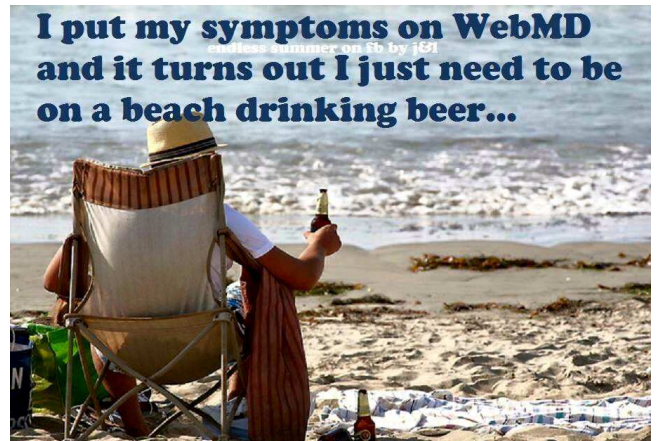
4/ Beer can prevent Alzheimer's disease or dementia Drinking in moderation can actually help you stay at the top of your mental game. Researchers at Lanzhou University recently found that a compound found in beer hops, xanthohumol, can guard against oxidative stress and might fight the onset of dementia or cognitive decline.

5/ Beer can reduce your cholesterol Good news: A study by the American Heart Association found that moderate beer consumption can increase HDL, or healthy cholesterol, even more markedly for women. The American Heart Association recommends you don't get carried away, though: no more than one drink per day for women and one to two for men.

6/ Beer can prevent kidney stones A toast to never finding out how miserable it feels to pass a kidney stone! Beer intake has been shown to have an inverse relationship with this painful ailment, with each bottle consumed per day estimated to reduce risk by 40 percent.

7/ Beer might be able to fight cancer Researchers in Germany discovered that the xanthohumol in beer hops (pictured above)—the same stuff that helps prevent dementia— can also block excessive testosterone and estrogen and thus reduce the chance of prostate cancer in men and breast cancer in women. They're further studying xanthohumol for potential use as a cancer-fighting drug, but in the meantime you can get your dose from a nice IPA.

8/ Beer is a great post-run reward! In the last few miles of a hard run, it's nice to have a recovery beer to fantasize about for added motivation. You can end your run at the local brewery—some breweries even sponsor races with impressive prizes—to enjoy the social lubrication and relaxation benefits beer can offer—or you can head straight home and indulge in one of life's supreme pleasures, the shower beer. Either way, nothing will taste better when you're tired and sweaty.

[illegible]

"YES WE'RE HAVING A LOVELY TIME - SPENDING ONE WEEK DOING SICILY
THEN FOUR DAYS DOING VENICE"



REHASHING the CRAFT...

CRAFT CAMPOUT, WASHINGTON Leapfrogging (or should that be bulldozing) the usual problems with getting the camp out organised (whowhatwhenwherewhyhow) a goodly number of us gathered at Washington campsite ready to follow Split Pins plan, earlier options on the Isle of Wight and Poole being ultimately binned for one or other reason! Jane had found a 6 pub strategy involving a bus journey, but the discovery that one of the pubs shut in the afternoon, decided it for us to r*n out, bus back. While walkers were keen to see all the pubs they would definitely have missed the cut so were sent packing on a lovely trail through the woods to pub #2 while the runners (sporting what appeared to be butchers hats) headed past the quarries and through the other lovely woods to **#1 the Red Lion Ashington** to enjoy an equally lovely pint in the sun (what a lovely time we were having). There had already been a small split just before the pub with Butler, Mrs. Box and Split Pin taking a cheeky SCB, but from here on we weren't actually on trail, which caused some confusion. Bouncer, anxious to relieve walker Wildbush of Gooley, decided it would be the shortest possible route (and it was for the same group of SCB'ers) right past the church and along the lane through Warminghurst, while Bollocks took the main pack for an extended jaunt via Little **Thakeham** to **#2 the White Lion**, in the greater metropolis. The clock was already rushing on by the time the pack caught up with the advance guard, hare protesting "you wanted a run didn't you?", so the walkers went off quickly as we quenched. They were soon caught through the mushroom farm as Keeps It Up and Bouncer did a hell-for-leather dash to hit the bar before the 3 o'clock bar at



#3 Five Bells, Smock Alley. Both landlord and locals were comedians joking that time had been called but the gasped request for 15 pints of Betty Swallocks Old Hashnasty soon changed his mind and we had a very nice time in the garden able to relax now in the knowledge that nothing more could go wrong. Nothing, that is, until the effects of brew, and mostly sun, started to kick in on the search for the next pub, **#4 Queens Head, West Chiltonington**, ultimately approached from about 6 different directions including the very overgrown golf course, and via a shop for more beer for Bollocks. That's the trouble with no trail and relying on non-existent photographic memories from a 10 second glance at the map! At least we got there to assume our normal places in the garden with beers. As we left here the pack again split, some taking Bouncers advice, the



fools, while others went with Split Pin but a quick back check had us reunited to amble past the sheep, who were highly responsive to the on-on calls, and through the vineyard to **#5 Rising Sun, Nutbourne**. Disaster as the nothing turned into

something else wrong, as the landlord spotted Cyst Pit running up the road and hastily closed. Didn't say that on the interweb, so our amble continued to **#6 White Horse, Marehill**, there by now being very little running. Even by that standard Radio Soap had established an encampment at the rear of the pack, while her product, COF (Vinnie's hash name - he coughs while running but also Chariots of Fire), and Louis were still, despite the distance, heading



the field and they don't even drink beer! With Come Again having reached the campsite and wondering where we were it was time to check the bus times but what a shock! £5.30 to get back to Washington, but the barbecue beckoned so deeply we dug to close a great day out, and start a great evening sharing stories and enjoying the fire pit.



We lost the Cyst Pit and Bollocks gangs for the Henfield hash hangover trail on Sunday, but were augmented by Wiggy and Belcher, although they decided to do their own walk instead, while Mrs. Box's brother was spotted en-route but didn't quite make the on inn! What to say, typical hangover trail, by degrees too short or too long depending on point of view, certainly too many steps, and too hot by half! More beers were consumed at the Franklin Arms, the unofficial trail end, but eventually we had to go and de-camp. Another great CRAFT hash campout weekend!

[illegible]

I gaze at the brilliant full moon. The same one, I think to myself, at which Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato gazed. Suddenly, I imagine they appear beside me. I tell Socrates about the national debate over one's right to die and wonder at the constancy of the human condition. I tell Plato that I live in the country that has come closest to Utopia and I show him a copy of the Constitution. I tell Aristotle that we have found many more than four basic elements and I show him a periodic table. Then I get a box of kitchen matches and strike one. They gasp with wonder. We spend the rest of the night lighting farts.

IN THE NEWS...

Best jokes of the Edinburgh fringe 2016:

"Back in the day, Instagram just meant a really efficient drug dealer." Arthur Smith

"I'll tell you what's unnatural in the eyes of God. Contact lenses." Zoe Lyons

"Is it possible to mistake schizophrenia for telepathy, I hear you ask" Jordan Brooks

"I often confuse Americans and Canadians. By using long words." Gary Delaney

"I've been happily married for four years - out of a total of 10." Mark Watson

"Apparently one in three Britons are conceived in an IKEA bed which is mad because those places are really well lit." Mark Smith

"My personal trainer told me I have 30% body fat. As we all know, humans are 70% water, which means that technically I am a Tesco Value Sausage." Ben Van Der Velde

"They say there's no diversity in the media, but I get offered diverse film roles all the time. Just today, I was offered Terrorist number 3. The day before I was offered Terrorist number 10. There are at least 7 differences." Aatif Nawaz

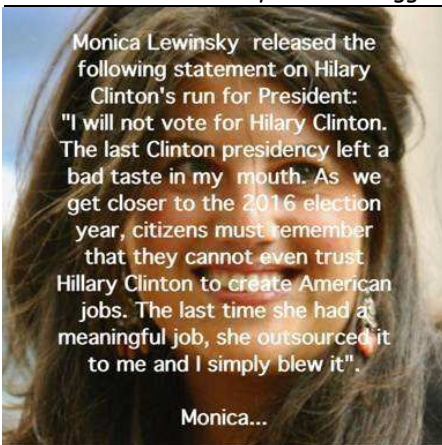
"I went to a pub quiz in Liverpool, had a few drinks so wasn't much use. Just for a laugh I wrote The Beatles or Steven Gerrard for every answer ... came second." Will Duggan

"Brexit is a terrible name, sounds like cereal you eat when you are constipated." Tiff Stevenson

"Why is it old people say 'there's no place like home', yet when you put them in one ..." Stuart Mitchell

"Jokes about white sugar are rare. Jokes about brown sugar, Demerara." Olaf Falafel

And the winner... "My dad has suggested that I register for a donor card. He's a man after my own heart." Masai Graham



If Hilary Clinton wins the U.S. presidential election, it will be the first time in history that two U.S. presidents have slept with each other

If Donald Trump wins the U.S. presidential election, it will be the first time in history that a billionaire moves into public housing vacated by a black family.

If neither win, it'll be a result!

- CAT, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION ON BRITAIN LEAVING THE EU?



A little nauseated by one-sided BBC coverage and had to share this

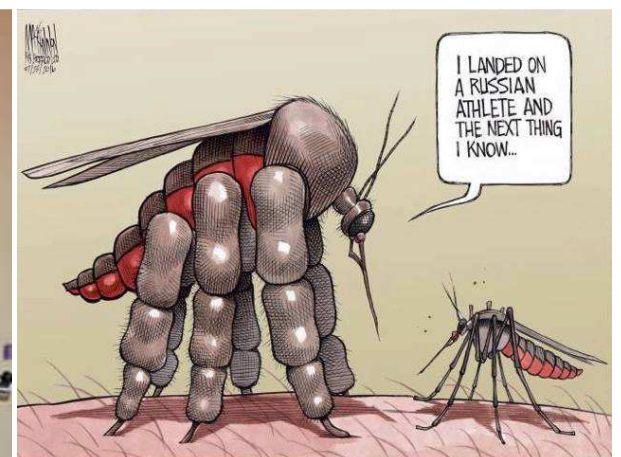
OLYMPICS ORGANISERS ADMIT GREEN POOL DOES SMELL A BIT WEIRD 11-08-16

THE Olympics swimming pool that has turned bright green also has a strangely familiar smell, officials have admitted.

Rio Olympics organisers initially denied there was anything wrong with a swimming pool having grape-coloured water, claiming that water just goes that colour sometimes.

However they had since admitted that it does not smell great either. A spokesman said: "I'm not confirming any speculation but you'd be fine to go in it as long as you don't swallow anything. I'd probably wear goggles too."

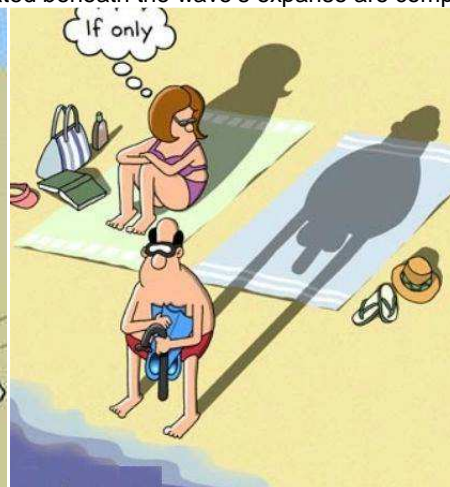
He added: "These foreigners are animals. You should see what they did in the long jump pit."



Last of the summer piccies



Towering over 9 feet above the surface of Cottesloe beach's pristine sand in Perth, Australia this monumental sculptural installation by Belgian artist Annette Thas. 'wave 1', created for Sculpture by the sea, is intricately crafted from over 3,000 Barbie dolls, collected from various second-hand shops, to represent the precious and short period of time of play, and carefree adolescent amusement of the toy. At over 12 feet wide, those seated beneath the wave's expanse are completely enveloped by its length.



THE END

Never date a tennis player. Love means nothing to them.

A teacher asks her class, "If there are 5 birds sitting on a fence and you shoot one of them, how many will be left?" Little Johnny replies, "None, they all fly away with the first gun shot." The teacher says "The correct answer is 4, but I like your thinking," Then Little Johnny says "I have a question for YOU. There are three women sitting on a bench having ice cream: One is delicately licking the sides of the triple scoop of ice cream. The second is gobbling down the top and sucking the cone. The third is biting off the top off the ice cream. Which one is married?" The teacher, blushing a great deal, replied "Well I suppose the one that's gobbled down the top and sucked the cone" To which Little Johnny replied, "The correct answer is the one with the wedding ring on, but I like your thinking."

A little old man shuffled slowly into an ice cream parlour and pulled himself slowly, painfully, up onto a stool. After catching his breath, he ordered a banana split. The waitress asked kindly, 'Crushed nuts?' 'No,' he replied, 'Arthritis.'



One hot summer's day 3 frogs were playing in a pond when a police officer came and arrested all 3 frogs for disturbing the peace. The 3 frogs were then taken to prison where they had to wait for their court dates. That day soon came and all 3 frogs were questioned separately. "State your name and crime", said the judge to the first frog. "My name is FROG and I was blowing bubbles in the pond", replied the first frog. The judge was puzzled and confused about what to do and so he threw the case out of court yelling, "Get out of my court room, you are wasting my time!" It was now the next frog's turn to plea his case. "State your name and crime", said the judge to the second frog.



"My name is FROG FROG and I too was blowing bubbles in the pond." The angered judge replied, "What the hell is this some kind of joke?!? Get out of my courtroom you are wasting my time!!!!", and so the second frog's case was also dismissed. As the third frog was approaching the bench the judge, furious at this point, stopped him and said, "Let me guess. Your name is FROG FROG FROG and you too were blowing bubbles in the pond." "No", the third frog replied, "I'm bubbles."

Did you know... People in nudist colonies play volleyball more than any other sport.

I love hashing, I really do! I love my sport, but despite all the jokes about the three shake rule when abusing trail, I really don't think I'd ever go this far. Especially on International TV when the World is watching. That takes a Norwegian.

