



R-ns/trash #233 October 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.

3rd October 2016	1998	Rising Sun, Upper Beeding	197 104	Wiggy
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10th October 2016 1999 Royal Oak, Newick

420 210 Mike Essex

Directions: Take A27 to Lewes, A275 to Chailey. Turn right at junction with A272. Go through village and turn right at the green. Pub is on right hand side. **Est. 25 mins.**

17th October 2016	2000	Saddlescombe Farm
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272 115 St. Bernard 2000th

Directions: A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. **Est. 10 mins.**

24th October 2016 2001 Lord Nelson, Trafalgar Road, Brighton

Mudlarks Trafalgar r*n

Directions: Parking very difficult/costly. Best to go by train. Head right out of station to crossing. Do not cross, but turn left and go down hill under the concourse. Pub 2 minutes on right. **Est. 5 mins.**

31st October 2016 2002 Trevor Arms, Glynde

458 086 Spreadsheet

Directions: A27 east past Lewes. After Beddingham flyover and roundabout take next left. 1 mile on left. **Est. 15 mins.**

7th November 2016 2003 Sportsman, Goddards Green

286 202 Prince Crashpian

Directions: Take A23 to A2300 Burgess Hill turn-off. Turn right for Goddards Green at first roundabout. Pub is on left hand side after 1/4 mile. **Est. 15 mins.**

[illegible]

RECEDING HARELINE:

14/11/16 Marquis of Granby, Sompting
Ivan/Pat

21/11/16 TBA Mike Anybody

28/11/16 Fox on the Downs, Brighton
Alex

HASHING AROUND:

Hastings H3 Sunday 9/10/16 10.66am

Yew Tree, Arlington. Catch the Hare run
Cliffbanger will set off just before pack.

When he gets caught new hare takes over,
and so on.

W&NK H3 Sunday 16/10/16 11am

Friars Gate, Ashdown Forest -

Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger 50th anniversary hash.



Thought for the day: Hashing, where the only PB you'll get is a pint of beer!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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

24-26/03/2017 BH7 2000th r*n celebration weekend - see below, website or grab forms on Mondays.

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]

BH7, BRIGHTON 2000TH HASH - Monday 17th October 2016

Venue: Saddlescombe Farm, Poynings - from 18.30pm.

Open to all BH7, Brighton Hashers, former BH7 Hashers and regular visitors, and partners.

PLEASE COME AND HELP CELEBRATE 2000 MONDAY EVENINGS!

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 the application form as soon as possible?

(Pick up application form on Monday evenings or see website, e-mail, or trash #232)

[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, Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield. All welcome.

[illegible]

BEACHY HEAD MARATHON: Can you spare some time on Saturday 29th October 2016 to be a volunteer?

2016 brings with it the 36th year of the BHM. Over 1750 runners, walkers and joggers will take part in the senior event.

If you have a few hours to spare on the day and would like to volunteer to help steward sections of the course or the start/finish area we would be very pleased to hear from you.

The Beachy Head Marathon starts and finishes on Upper Dukes Drive by St Bede's School in Eastbourne and follows a 26 mile course over some of the most photogenic down-land in the new South Downs National Park. The course meanders through the villages of Jevington, Alfriston, Litlington, Friston Forest, the Cuckmere Valley, across the Seven Sisters to Birling Gap and Beachy Head where it ends.

We require stewards for a wide variety of roles between 7am until 6pm on 29th October. If you would like to get involved and be part of this great event please contact us. Those who have helped in previous events said that the experience of volunteering was enjoyable, uplifting and gave them a great sense community involvement. Whatever time you can spare on the day will be very much appreciated.

If you do volunteer:

- You must to be able to attend the briefing session at 6pm on Tuesday 25th October at the Tennis Centre in College Road, Eastbourne, BN21 4JJ.
- You must guarantee to turn up for your stewarding role whatever the weather.

For more information about the roles available please contact:

Julie Paul – Events Coordinator Tel: 01323 415442 E-mail: Julie.paul@eastbourne.gov.uk

[illegible]

From: Ruth Wright Email: fleetlights@gmail.com

I am currently looking for people to help Saatchi and Saatchi trial a fleet of flying lights for an online film. It's a really exciting project – these lights fly above you and can be summoned at a moment's notice via an app on your mobile phone.

I thought runners might find them really useful when out running at night. Our filming will be based around Petworth so I contacted the hashers I could find closest to there and Colin told me your group run at night.

I'd love to chat to you further about this if there is a number I can reach you on?

Kind regards, Ruth

PAGE
Inside 3 Today

THE ART OF MODELLING separating right from oh so wrong...



REHASHING

Fox & Hounds, Haywards Heath It's become a regular thing for us to visit hare Psychlepaths back garden when running from this pub, but early doors we seemed to be heading straight for it on the charge up the road! At the check, though, trail was found to the left, and back down the hill we went, this time on the footpath towards Lunces Common where a further left, cunningly set a few yards parallel to the obvious road (thus throwing a number off course) brought us back out in the pub car park. We had been warned about a figure of 8 but that came as a surprise, so over the road and off we went again, quite a large number falling for the road trap. Trail was found up through the woods eventually popping out opposite the hospital. A scarcity of marks threw some doubt on the route taken but we soon found ourselves at Riks, after all, for a very pleasant sip. On Inn reversed the out trail to complete the circuit. Down downs went to hare Psychlepath, whose birthday it had been the previous week: Mike Essex's new runners having gone Malcolm was called as representative having not necked previously, but nominated Rik; Pondweed tried stitching up Pirate, who got lost on trail, so also ended up with beer along with Hash Gomi as another lost soul. And finally, Keeps It Up reached his 50th marathon in Canada. Numpty mug missing, but another great hash!

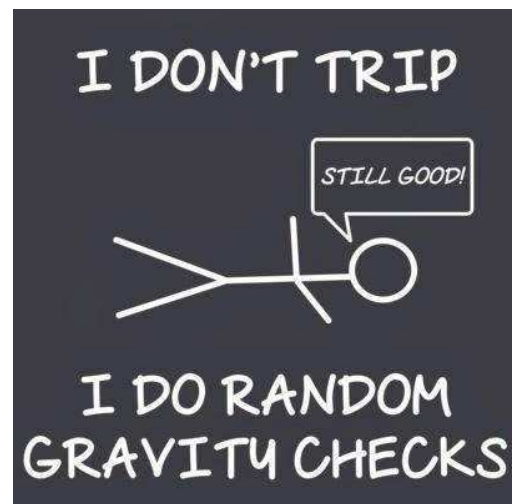


Piston Broke, Shoreham Pre-run the hare announced his 25 years of hashing and had taken all the worst bits from his trails to make one horrible mess. This was well advertised as starting from the Adur rec but there were still folk who'd missed that, wandering across Norfolk Bridge as we set off to the first check, from which we headed straight back over Norfolk Bridge! A saunter along the riverbank led to the footbridge where trail was found over to the beach and on to a boardwalk. Although hare was accused of mollycoddling the hash by laying this over the stones, Prince Crashpian was quick to grumble that it wasn't finished! Past the houseboats we crossed for a quick hold-check, at which a trespass was announced so pack ran together to pick up a causeway through the old cattle fields. Hash Gomi was attempting to draw attention to us, as trail eventually led into some hidden woods.

Not even hare knew way it was here as we wandered back and forth on a myriad of footpaths finally popping out for a sprint along the cycle path (interrupted by the fishhook), to Wiggy's for an excellent sip also courtesy of St. Bernard's leftover beer. The slightly bow-tied shape was completed with the on inn to enjoy some excellent ales in the pub pre-curry, although some were seen tucking into fish and chips and kebabs instead! About 16 made it for the curry, while Cyst Pit lurked on the side ready to Hoover up any scraps, but Knightrider sidled out the door just as the down downs started having accepted the hosts offer of flaming sambucas instead of beers and not wanting to risk getting one! RA Lily the Pink awarded to hares Bouncer & Angel, Keeps It Up (for something to do with the Bacchus marathon), Bogeyman, Dildoped (who promptly nominated it back), and finally Bouncer again for 25 years, but obviously the sinners were unfamiliar with protocol with more than one burning their lips and gums! Another great hash injury hall of fame incident!

Royal Oak Wineham Pirate informed us last week that the landlord would be joining us on the r*n, not quite a first but certainly unusual! The out trail headed east on rather hemmed in paths, which meant that quite a lot of the pack, caught behind Local Knowledge, got left behind until an open field allowed us the chance to put in a sprint. There was some uncertainty as we headed through the Hickstead showground, but trail soon found (not through the toilet blocks despite several checking that way!) to head us back west for another sprint up the road home. In the pub hare really did come up with a first, holding the sip stop inside the On Inn, as he offered round flapjacks and dates even as folk got stuck into their meals. Had to provide our own beer though. Circle up and Pirate was downed ahead of virgins Imi and Ewan both with a connection to the pub, although the landlord had now disappeared to settle his kids upstairs. St. Bernard was called for trail abuse, not as much territory marking as Bouncer, but he got caught! Local Knowledge was admonished for blocking passage, which was harsh as after we left him he lost trail and returned on the outwards route. Ride-It, Baby and Prof were called for lost property on the hash/ birthday relay, with the latter opting to neck his own drink, then complaining about fizzy cider so ended up with a beer any-way. And finally, Cooperman became a knight following his 70th birthday, and a wrong was righted as Cliffbanger also became a Sir, although he objected to Lady Bushsquatter with the timeless adage "That's no lady that's my wife"! Another great hash!

MESSAGE FROM BUSHSQUATTER:



This farm owner was denied a council permit to build a horse shelter. Fortunately, you don't need a permit to build a table and chairs.



An apology: I had hoped to devote this issue as a kind of landmark to the 2000 run history of Brighton hash and include a few of the more memorable stories and photos from the past. Time was not my friend so you've got the usual rubbish. Sorry, but hopefully, and with your help, yes, YOU, I'll try and get one in place for the weekend in March!

As we're celebrating with one (in the middle of October?!), here's some stuff about barbecues instead:



What to expect at the hash BBQ:

1. The BBQ itself - A nasty Dalek-shaped object which lives in ironmongers' windows, and then in the back of a shed, emerging about once a year to ruin perfectly good food.
2. The Chef. Note he is always a man. Long after the Stock Exchange and every other male preserve has opened its doors to woman it remains the rule that outdoor cookery can only be done by a man.
3. The inevitable Australian, in this case Wildbush, who drones on about 'backyard barbies' in Sydney.
4. The irritating twat who always tells you you should have lit the charcoal 5 hours ago if you want to get anything cooked on time.
5. The salad bowl emptied by hashers in the hours and hours it takes to get any meat cooked.
6. The paper plate not quite strong enough to stop a baked potato and a burnt sausage from falling on the grass when the hashperson holding it tries to have a beer at the same time.
7. Chicken legs which are burnt on the outside but frozen near the bone (only to be offered to people resistant to salmonella).
8. Neighbours dogs which start barking as the first hasher arrives and only stop 2 hours after the thunderstorm that finally washes out the whole thing.
9. Storm clouds, which you would have expected if you hadn't been making fun out of that skinny Polish bird's accent on channel 5 during all last week's weather forecasts.
10. Lawn ruined by people tramping all over it, spilling drinks on it, chucking bits of cucumber, fruit, herbs, ice cubes etc that they have found cluttering up their drinks.
11. Nearly empty bottle of odourless fluid whose contents you have poured on the charcoal over the last three hours and whose pungent aroma has attached itself to all the foodstuffs.
12. The inevitable hasher who after devouring as much food and guzzling most of the Sailor Jerry chunders in the chalet and pisses in his bed.

BBQ RULES

At any BBQ it is important to refresh your memory on the etiquette of this sublime outdoor cooking activity ..

When a man volunteers to do the BBQ the following chain of events are put into motion:

Routine...

- (1) The woman buys the food.
- (2) The woman makes the salad, prepares the vegetables, and makes dessert.
- (3) The woman prepares the meat for cooking, places it on a tray along with the necessary cooking utensils and sauces, and takes it to the man who is lounging beside the grill - beer in hand.
- (4) The woman remains outside the compulsory three meter exclusion zone where the exuberance of testosterone and other manly bonding activities can take place without the interference of the woman.

Here comes the important part:

- (5) THE MAN PLACES THE MEAT ON THE GRILL.

More routine...

- (6) The woman goes inside to organize the plates and cutlery.
- (7) The woman comes out to tell the man that the meat is looking great. He thanks her and asks if she will bring another beer while he flips the meat

Important again:

- (8) THE MAN TAKES THE MEAT OFF THE GRILL AND HANDS IT TO THE WOMAN.

More routine...

- (9) The woman prepares the plates, salad, bread, utensils, napkins, sauces, and brings them to the table.
- (10) After eating, the woman clears the table and does the dishes.

And most important of all:

- (11) Everyone PRAISES THE MAN and THANKS HIM for his cooking efforts.
- (12) The man asks the woman how she enjoyed 'her night off' and, upon seeing her annoyed reaction, concludes that there's just no pleasing some women!

SPECIAL FOR THIS HASH BBQ - BRITISH BANGERS

We take the snout, ears, teeth, skin, eyes, eyebrows, tongues, tails, rectums, bristles, trotters, bones, lips, elbows, nobbly bits,

gristle and cartilage of the average DNA altered porker and grind them up into a pulpy slurry. Then we add pink dye.

We mix up with rusky high cholesterol vegetable-type matter and throw in a few preserving agents and a hint or two of glutinous matter. And we call it the GREAT BRITISH BANGER. Walls - just about the only thing not in it.

Had an accident with a sausage that wasn't your fault?

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- Been sold sausages past sell-by date?
- Tripped over sausage in butcher's shop?

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"A sausage got hot for me while trying Sausage Lawyers 4-U got me £4500 compensation" Mrs. B, Essex

"I was disappointed by the number of sausages in a tin of Heinz Bangers 'n' Beans. Sausage Lawyers 4-U got me £2750" Mrs. B, Essex

YOU KEEP 100% OF THE COMPENSATION WE DON'T TAKE A SAUSAGE!

REHASHING (ctd.)

Park View, Brighton Hare Random was slightly flustered at the start as Lily the Pink had whisked her away for the weekend and they'd returned just in time for the hash to find they were setting. So LTP grabbed One Erection and some flour and headed off to live hare, leaving her to guide us round! After a brief street section, including steps, there was a certain inevitability about Hollingbury camp but we made hard work of getting there. The FRB's did the circuit so quick that most of the pack cut short to head back over the road for another street section, but it was raining (what?!) so no-one really mind-ed. Things got confusing in Withdean Park with Bogeyman calling on flowers while Random was mismarking through trail elsewhere, but it was soon sorted as we headed through the lilacs and across London Road. After the line path we crossed back for yet another fantastic sip, this to mark Randoms birthday with something fizzy and super hot Doritos. After Wiggy got just a little too much attention from a passing jam sandwich while changing, it was on inn where it turned out that Random was born in 1996, which was a happy, if somewhat unbelievable coincidence (this being run 1996). After the birthday song hares LTP and One E. were downed before, at long last, the caption competition results were announced: Bogeyman ("have I done my 40 licks yet?") and One E ("I told you he was taking the piss") being joint winners gained a squirting toilet each which naturally



failed to perform (and good job since they both aimed at the RA!) so regular beers were issued. Next was a 15 minutes of fame for Brighton hashers ("never let the truth etc." section), first up being Whose Shout for the story about the guy who's flatulence while on the i360 caused all sorts of stress for the other passengers (well, he had been on it the same day so it could well have been him!). Prime suspect Yogi having gone, Local Knowledge was called for completing 75 marathons in 75 days at the age of 75, which he protested vigorously, "I'm only 73!". This was all told over some excessively loud muzak so not even the victims were entirely sure what was going on, but at some stage Gromit received a new boot award for his first non-joint r*n with us and Gareth revealed he'd been named Pantsman (can anyone remember?). Another great hash!

[illegible]

More Misery For i360: Now 76 Passengers Demand Refund After Hungover Mans Flatulence Results In ‘Ride From Hell’
brightonbulletin / 17/9/16

Brighton's i360 is facing yet more problems today as over 70 passengers demanded their money back after they were forced to endure 20 minutes in the enclosed pod with a man with severe and nauseating 'wind breaking' tendencies.

In a week which has seen the newly opened ride get stuck in the air and subsequently stay closed for two days this new incident could not have come at a worse time for the problem hit attraction. Passengers confronted staff and refused to leave the site until they were given compensation after their trip was ruined by a mans constant dropping of his guts. Order was only restored after the disgruntled passengers were offered a voucher for another ride and a free drink.

Louise Sunsil had travelled with her husband and two kids from Eastbourne as a treat for her birthday. She describes how the celebration, and the air, quickly turned sour, 'All was going fine, we boarded the pod and we were all really excited but about a minute in I noticed a horrible smell. To be honest I thought it was my husband but he protested his innocence, he thought it was funny at first but he soon changed his tune as it got worse. By about halfway up it was unbearable, I was constantly gagging, the kids were crying, my hubbies eyes were watering, one woman was physically sick on the floor. It was obvious who it was coming from there was this one guy who was smirking away to himself and no one would go near him. We were all packed over one side with our hands over our noses and he was on the other just letting rip at will. We begged the staff to take us back down but they said they couldn't, to be fair they were struggling just as much as us. I have honestly never smelt anything like it, you could almost see it as it was so thick. I can still taste it at the back of my throat now' she said.

The Bulletin managed to track down man who subjected the passengers to the misery. The man from Croydon who asked not to named provided us the following statement – ‘I would like to take this opportunity to apologise to all the passengers who had to put up with my arse blasts, I will admit they were some real crowd splitters, definitely the strongest I can ever remember doing. Me and my mates had been for a curry and then down to Brewdog for a skin full. F*** me that craft ale doesn’t half play havoc with your guts. The next day they were all in bed being hungover but I didn’t want to waste the day so I though feck it lets give that new tall thing a go. As soon as I stepped on I knew I had made a mistake, I tried to hold it in but it was no good. I was quite proud of the first couple but when people started to notice I did feel a bit bad especially when the woman was sick but by that point I was too far gone and I just couldn’t stop them. When it finally came back down I thought I was going to be lynched so I got out of there sharpish and pegged it back to my hotel. I’m gutted I missed out on the free ride and drink to be fair.’



Top Tips: Always clear your phone down before letting Bouncer near it!

G'day mate: 'Lazy' Australian accent caused by 'alcoholic slur' of heavy-drinking early settlers

Australian "drawl" created from interactions between early settlers that were frequently "spiked with alcohol", claims communication expert. By Jonathan Pearlman, Sydney1:54PM GMT 27 Oct 2015

The distinctive Australian accent is the result of a “drunken slur” caused by the heavy drinking of the early settlers, according to a communication expert from the country. In an impassioned call for Australian schools to teach verbal expression and delivery, Dean Frenkel, a public speaking and communication lecturer at Melbourne’s Victoria University, said “drunken Aussie-speak” was formed generations ago but has continued to be passed on to children by sober parents. “The Australian alphabet cocktail was spiked by alcohol,” he wrote in *The Age*. “Our forefathers regularly got drunk together and through their frequent interactions unknowingly added an alcoholic slur to our national speech patterns... Aussie-speak developed in the early days of colonial settlement from a cocktail of English, Irish, Aboriginal and German – before another mystery influence was slipped into the mix.”

Mr Frenkel said poor communication was “not related to class” but was evident among all sectors of Australian society. “The average Australian speaks to just two thirds capacity – with one third of our articulator muscles always sedentary as if lying on the couch; and that's just concerning articulation,” he wrote. “Missing consonants can include missing ‘t’s (impordant), ‘l’s (Austraya) and ‘s’s (yesh), while many of our vowels are lazily transformed into other vowels, especially ‘a’s to ‘e’s (stending) and ‘i’s (New South Wyles), and ‘i’s to ‘oi’s (noight).”

Most experts believe the Australian accent – known for its flat tone, nasality and elision of syllables - developed from the mix of dialects found in the early colony, whose residents included convicts and settlers from across Britain and Ireland. Various myths have arisen to try to explain certain features of the Australian drawl, including the claim that Australians mumble to avoid swallowing flies. But the latest theory, suggesting that the colony's heavy drinking played a role, appears to have largely been welcomed in Australia. "Dean Frenkel is right about the need for better speaking skills," said Anne Riddell in a letter to *The Age*. "And it's not just about pronunciation; vocal quality or timbre matters, as does intonation – the way the pitch of the voice rises and falls."



BREAKING NEWS: Australia set to leave the AU and become Stralia.

The Australian accent has long proven divisive, with Winston Churchill calling it “the most brutal maltreatment which has ever been inflicted upon the mother tongue of the great English speaking nations”. In contrast, Mark Twain apparently expressed a fondness for the constant tendency to abbreviate words and drop syllables, saying the accent was soft and had “a delicate whispery and vanishing cadence which charms the ear”. Most experts believe the accent was formed early in the history of the colony and that a foundational dialect may have developed by the 1820s or 1830s, just a generation after the arrival of the original British settlers. “The children in the new colony would have been exposed to a wide range of different dialects from all over England but mainly the south east, particularly from London,” according to a recent account by linguists at Macquarie University. “They would have created the new dialect from elements present in the speech they heard around them in response to their need to express peer solidarity. Even when new settlers arrived, this new dialect of the children would have been strong enough to deflect the influence of new children.”

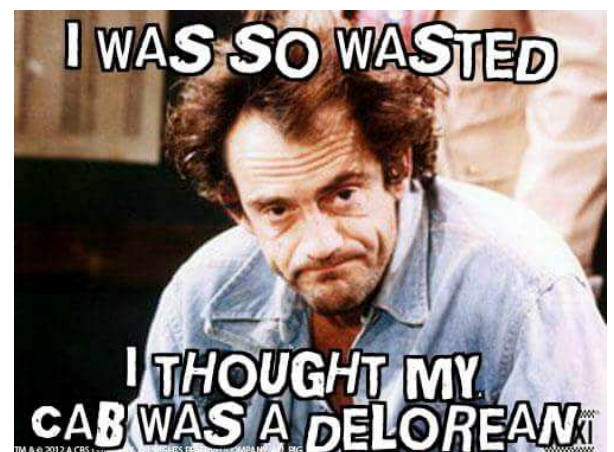
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Tales from the rank:

A recent pong poll conducted for GEM magazine to identify the worst smells you can encounter in a car revealed that the sweet-smelling artificial air fresheners favoured by cab drivers finished ahead of wet dog, take-away food and petrol!

Full results:

- 9th New car
- 8th Food smells
- 7th Wet dog
- 6th Fuel
- 5th Air fresheners
- 4th Spilt milk
- 3rd Cigarette smoke
- 2nd Vomit
- 1st Dog poo



REHASHING the RELAY...

After the cancellation of the hash relay in May, Prof planned a route of about 55 miles for the 55'ers, he me and she (being Ride-it, Baby), taking in the Monarchs Way until it connected with the South Downs Way at Amberley, then back to Lewes for beers and a curry, inviting the rest of the hash to get involved submit extra teams and enjoy the day with us. With a 7.45am pick-up promised by Prof, it was a bit disconcerting to get a text at 7.40 to say he was still waiting on Pat to cook her pasta, given the 10 minute drive! A quick ping to Bollocks to warn of the delayed start and they arrived with 5 minutes to get to Devils Dyke from Shoreham. It was encouraging to see so many lolling about awaiting our arrival, all pointing at wrists in the time-honoured way usually associated with Wiggy's arrival at the start of the hash relay! Without too much ado the opening runners consisting of Ride-It-Baby from the 55'ers, Sticky Vicky from the FitHens (a team from Fittleworth Flyers with a good dose of Henfield Hash), and the Brighton Hash squad of Keeps It Up were off, only to find Stavros, getting all emo at the occasion, heading off into the sunrise after deciding to join them. There was a difference of opinion on the route here, Profs plan taking a slightly more circuitous way than my own, down to the Foredown Tower changeover. Honours shared, KIU took over from KIU, Prof from RiB, and Stavros stuck with it to take over from Sticky Vicky! There seemed to be quite a long wait at the Rising Sun prompting a slight dread that this complicated section of the Monarchs Way had thrown us off course so early in the day, but soon enough KIU appeared with the others not too far behind, and myself and Just Pete set off. This leg being predominantly concrete other than a small field section I stuck with the road shoes up to the Steyning Bowl changeover, but as I was on a double-leg this necessitated a pit stop while I swapped into the off-roaders. John 'Footrot' Tewsley was already at the top of the hill by the time I caught up and we ran together, alternating between Footrot leading the climbs as my superior weight gave me the gravity advantage on the downhill. Luckily it finished on a drop and I came charging victoriously into the changeover only to discover my team were missing. RiB's usual relay bladder had again taken over so after running up the road looking for them, I resigned myself to having to keep going so jogged back only to discover that Bollocks had gone straight away. This wasn't a hugely long section though, and it was encouraging to see the distance reducing between us as we came into a farm, but Prof had taken a wrong turn and was parked up early. With Achilles issues still plaguing Pat's running, longer slower sections suited her better so, after finishing off her texts, she took over the end of this section and continued on the next section. Of course that threw Profs schedule out the window so he had to hastily rework the legs, factoring himself in to take over in Arundel for the stage up to Amberley, and, after my 11.5 mile start to the day, giving me the bloody awful climb to Springhead. Now on the SDW we were on familiar ground and knew our way home, but the people advantage was with the FitHens as they took stage after stage off the 55'ers, even though they'd exploited their advantage to steal a head start on a couple of them. That's why RiB felt justified in heading off early but still managed to snatch a defeat! One complication we now had to deal with was at Steyning Bowl where Angel was joining us as the 2nd member of the BH7 team, as Profs re-work had me doing a double stage from here to Devils Dyke meaning we had to get Pat to drive Gabby's car to the Cement works changeover. As Sticky Vicky had snuck off while we were getting ready, we ran together, which in turn meant Stavros was well on his way by the time we got to the Cement Works so I had no time to chat (although this stage should probably go to BH7 as it was Brent's return route to his car some hours earlier). I later found out that RiB had been unable to get the handbrake off so Angel was greeted with the good news that her car hadn't been crashed and the bad news that it was still up the top of the hill, so about she turned and belatedly stuck in another stage for BH7! With Pat running through the next stage, I managed to sneak a quick half in at the Devils Dyke where Pete had come out on the course to meet me some time after they'd gone, before we headed off to enjoy ice creams at Ditchling Beacon as we waved the glory leg runners of Prof, Bollocks and our 3rd BH7 runner, Dildoped, off. Arriving in Lewes, the FitHens were parading their man victorious (having taken 9 stages with 4 head starts, to the 55's 2 with 1 head start, BH7s 2 on countback, with 2 sportsmanlike draws. We needed the Chopper scoring system here!) as we got to the John Harvey where Just Jenny was awaiting her man. Pat took an interminable length of time to change as we drank and reflected on a great day out, by which time Footrot had decided that we would be having pub grub instead of a curry. They headed off to find something the fussy b*gger was happy with, resulting in Angel, Come Again, Susan and friend meeting us in the Lewes Arms, while Butler and Mrs Box had been left wandering the wrong end of the High Street. Eventually the dregs were reunited in the Rights of Man and we finished off another great relay day as Ride-it, Baby fell asleep in the corner! It's a real shame that more couldn't join us as all had a fantastic time and there was much talk about changing to this route for next years event. Somehow I can't help wondering if the relay days are over though, as there was such an underwhelming response from the hash, a real shame, but our new best friends are definitely in the market to join us next time. **Bouncer**



As we don't have any surviving photos from the hash relay, here's one of this years Isle of Wight Great North South participants. Bouncer far right of photo.

A selection of pictures about this years trip with Mutton tours cycling:



Phils training regime.



Diet is essential.

MTB Bike Cycling Night Warning Heart Shaped Silicone LED Rear Tail Light Red Light



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**TAG A MATE
WHO WOULD WANT THIS.**



It's important to pay great attention to the correct gear and accessories.



There were these two priests who rode bikes to church every Sunday. Well one day one of the priests showed up to work without his bike. The other priest asked where his bike was so the first priest said, "I don't know, but I think it got stolen!" The other priest said, "Well what you do is read off the Ten Commandments, and when you get to "Thou shall not steal" someone will confess to the crime." The next time the two saw each other the priest had his bicycle back. "I see you got your bike back! Did you do what I said?" the one priest said. The other said, "Well kind of, when I was reading the commandments and I got to Thou Shall Not Commit Adultery, I seemed to remember where I had left it."

[illegible]

Many people may not realise the beer in their pint glass contains a product made from fish. Now the Campaign for Real Ale (Camra) is calling on brewers to remove it from their drinks. But why is fish put in beer anyway?

If the likes of Marble got the ball rolling with unfined beer, then the momentum has picked up with the recent British brewing boom. As the number of active breweries has soared - from fewer than 700 in 2009 to more than 1,500 in 2016 - the number of those that leave out isinglass and other items has grown. Alternative vegetarian-friendly finings, such as products derived from the algae Irish moss or seaweed, are also on the market. But why did breweries start using finings in the first place? Beer author, journalist and Camra stalwart Roger Protz traces it to the 19th Century, when pale ales challenged porters and stouts in the popularity stakes and transparent glasses replaced stone, china and metal drinking vessels. The reason it has carried on, he says, is the pressure to turn over beers in the shortest time

Mr Protz agrees greater consumer awareness could lead to the change. "I think that the pressure is on," he said. "Even if you're not a vegetarian you must wonder why on earth are people putting fish bladders in beer?"



Having been a vegetarian for over 30 years I am frequently asked how I justify drinking beer given the use of fish finings. My argument is that I don't drink the finings; they sink to the bottom and are removed before the beer gets to me. I believe that, unlike in the case of caviar, the fish is not harvested simply for its bladders but they are a market by-product put to good use. The new approach makes life easier though! Bouncer

IN THE NEWS...

Another genius is lost to the class of 2016:

To turn your old iphone into an iphone 7 simply stick a bit of tape over the jack.



The lead-up to the most tedious and concerning US election in history continues apace:



Mrs. Clinton, can you give us your impression of Monica Lewinsky?



HAVE YOU TRIED TURNING THE UNITED STATES OFF AND BACK ON AGAIN?

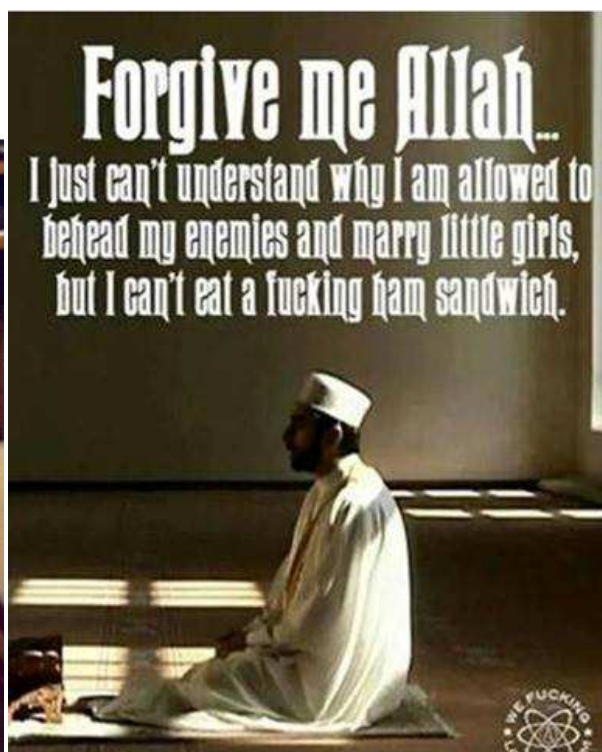
THE WORLD ACCORDING TO DONALD TRUMP 2016



Muslim suicide bombers in Britain are set to begin a three-day strike next Monday in a dispute over the number of virgins they are entitled to in the afterlife. Emergency talks with Al Qaeda have so far failed to produce an agreement. The unrest began last Tuesday when Al Qaeda announced that the number of virgins a suicide bomber would receive after his death will be cut from 72 to only 45. The rationale for the cut was the increase in recent years of the number of suicide bombings, and a subsequent shortage of virgins in the afterlife. The suicide bombers' union, the British Organization of Occupational Martyrs (B.O.O.M.) responded with a statement that this was unacceptable to its members, and immediately balloted for strike action. General Secretary Abdullah Amir told the press, "Our members are literally working themselves to death in the cause of Jihad. We don't ask for much in return, but to be treated like this is very unfair." Speaking from his lean-to in the West Midlands town of Tipton, where he currently resides, an Al Qaeda chief executive explained, "We sympathize with our workers' concerns, but Al Qaeda is simply not in a position to meet their demands. They are simply not accepting the realities of modern-day Jihad in a competitive marketplace. Thanks to Western depravity, there is now a chronic shortage of virgins in the afterlife. It's a straight choice between reducing expenditures or laying people off. I don't like cutting wages, but I'd hate to have to tell 3,000 of my members that they won't be able to blow themselves up." Spokespersons for the union in Newcastle, Middleborough, Essex and Glasgow stated that they would be unaffected, as there are no virgins in these areas anyway. Apparently, the drop in the number of suicide bombings has been largely put down to the emergence of the Scottish singing star, Susan Boyle. Now that Muslims know what a virgin looks like, they are no longer so keen on going to paradise!!..

I was sitting at a red light yesterday, minding my own business, patiently waiting for it to turn green even though there was no on-coming traffic. Then a carload of bearded, young, loud Muslims, shouting anti-British slogans, with a half- burned Union Jack duct-taped to the boot lid of their car and a "Remember 9-11" slogan, spray painted on the side, pulled up next to me. Suddenly they yelled, "Allah Akhbar!" and took off before the lights changed. Out of nowhere a bus came speeding through the junction and ran directly over their car, crushing it completely and killing everyone in it. For several minutes I sat in my car thinking to myself, "Bloody hell! That could have been me". So today, bright and early, I went out and got a job as a bus driver.

There's two kinds of girls!



I was walking through Brighton the other day and noticed a Muslim book store, so out of curiosity I went on in. A clerk stopped me and asked if he could help me (I imagine I didn't look like their usual customer). I then asked him if they had a copy of the UK Immigration Policy Book regarding Muslims. The clerk got quite excited and said, "F*ck off! Get out and stay out!" I said, "Yes, that's the one! Do you have that in paperback?"