




R-ns/trash #234 November 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
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.				
14th November 2016	2004	Marquis of Granby, Sompting	162 053	Pondweed & Ride-it, Baby
Directions: A27 west through tunnel. Straight on at traffic lights, across roundabout at North Lancing to next lights. Straight on again and after houses end take next left. Pub on right, parking limited. Est. 15 mins.				
21st November 2016	2005	Spotted Cow, Angmering	077 043	Malibog & Bouncer
Directions: A27 west. After Worthing take A280 south, next left, then left on B2225. Straight ahead at right hand bend and pub is on left hand side. Est. 25 mins.				
28th November 2016	2006	Fox on the Downs, Brighton racecourse	325 053	Just Alex
Directions: South on A23 past Preston Park and round one-way system. Left at traffic lights Preston Circus, bear right but stay in left hand lane, then turn left over the top of the Level. At next set turn left but in right hand lane, then right up Elm Grove. Pub is on left at the top of the hill opposite Freshfield Road. Est. 10 mins.				
5th December 2016	2007	St. Bernard		
Plough, Pyecombe	292 126			
Directions: A23 north. First exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. 5 mins.				



12/12/16 White Horse, Ditchling Dave & Daryl
19/12/16 Hassocks Hotel, Christmas party and awards
26/12/16 Half Moon, Balcombe Brent & Kayleen
02/01/17 Tiger Inn. East Dean Tim LTP

Hastings H3 Sunday 6/11/16 10.66am
Six Bells, Chiddingly - Red Slapper and Bouncer

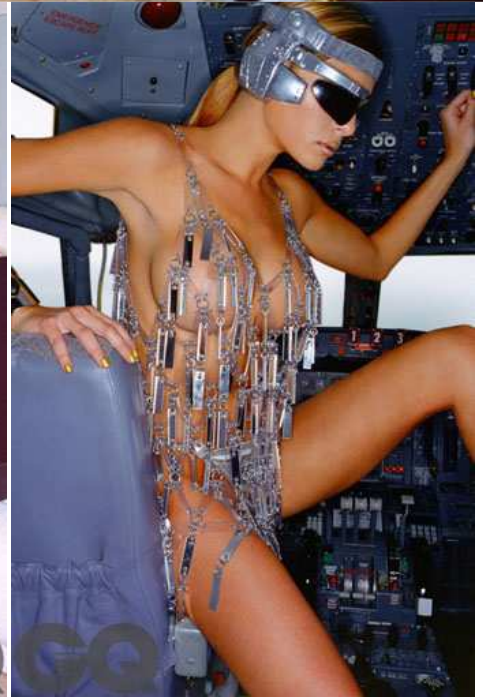
CRAFT H3 #95 Friday 18/11/16 7pm
Cyclist, Brighton station concourse - hare: Martletts

Henfield H3 Sunday 27/11/16 11am
Half Moon, Plumpton - Tosser & Moneypenny

Winters here, don't forget your hashlights!



FINALLY, THE TEDIOUS U.S. ELECTION GETS INTERESTING AS TRUMP [ALLEGEDLY] 'LEAKS' PICTURES OF HIS WIFE:

[illegible]

BRIGHTON HASH FACEBOOK PAGE – MEMBER ADDS POLICY:

The Brighton hash facebook page is set-up as a closed group. This means there is a certain amount of information available to non-members to see if the group suits their requirements, but they do not have full access to see photos, events, members or other posts on the site.

On receiving an 'add request' I usually look at the friends list firstly to see if the applicant has a connection to the group. Next I will check to see if the request is from someone who has already run with us, maybe new to facebook, or new to us and therefore not yet connected with other members. Finally I check the profile to see if there is anything in the interests that suggests they are aware of the hash and likely to have a local connection, or an interest in beer or running that would justify their membership.

The action I take will be loosely based on the results, either admittance to the group, leave on watch list, ignore request (which will take the person off the list and they will be able to apply again at a later date either after running with us or contacting us using another method), or (in cases where there is obvious mischief apparent i.e. member of large number of groups without any suggestion of running interests; odd product posts; anything suggesting spammer/hacker) even report.

An example of filtering is the Canicross (runners with dogs) club. We have quite a few members who have not yet run with us from this group, and many more have requested admission. Unless they do join us I would prefer to limit their numbers in case they decide to all join us at once, complete with their four-legged-friends. Dogs are welcome on the hash but in small doses, and at own risk!

If you have admin privileges and wish to add someone please only do so in accordance with the above procedure so that we can keep a degree of control over our members. It's an uncertain World these days!

Thank you.

Bouncer

REHASHING on on...

Rising Sun, Upper Beeding "I couldn't stop giggling", said Shwiggly in the car to the Royal Oak at Newick when I asked him how his hash went. Having missed it as I was away walking in Dorset with his co-hare John Heming, I'd had some clues before, and concluded we were probably in the better place, but had asked Angel if she could review. The problem there is that she has to do so straight away or forgets what occurred. Obviously it's pointless us even thinking about the Fox in future, their attitude eliciting a short notice change of venue, but it seems that assumptions were made about the trail so folk kept appearing from random directions, and hare kept thinking he was at the back only to be overtaken by some stray or other. Pretty well 'par for' on a Wiggy hash but the distance doesn't seem to have been overly long for once, wandering round the back of Bramber, touching on Steyning and finishing past the castle (as per the GPX file). Lily the Pink presided over the down downs, awarding < blank > for < blank >; < blank > for < blank > and < blank > for < blank >. Good job! Dare I say, another great hash?

As a bonus here's a little about my week: We planned to tackle some of the South West Coastal path but were defied by the military closure east of Lulworth. We still managed a few good days around the area, including going past the wonderfully named Scratchy Bottom and visiting the exceptional Square and Compass pub at Worth Matravers. We stayed at the Castle pub West Lulworth, adequate accommodation, great breakfasts but expensive and slightly disappointing food in the bar. But it is a cider pub with something in the region of 45 different offerings which you could have taster trays for. On my first attempt I ordered Bumble Bee from Reading, a Welsh cider called Happy Daze from Gwynt y Ddraig and Orchard Pigs Maverick, a Chilli and Ginger offering. The resulting tray would suggest a new Kemptown pub for the Brighton based Ginger Man group. And on the final day, we found a route called 'Dorset's other Hardy', which took us past (bearing in mind the upcoming Trafalgar run) the monument to Nelsons sidekick, Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy. Rather amusingly we also found ourselves temporarily 'on-trail' finding sawdust marks and checks from a recent local hash's run. **On on Bouncer**

[illegible]

Royal Oak Newick With the nights drawing in hare Mike Essex had to carve his trail plan slightly but assured us it was an accurate 5½ miles. Early doors we found ourselves seemingly reversing the Bogeyman Friday hash from last year, heading south on a westward trail to a precarious style, where the FRB's (and there were a few!) were finally flummoxed by a cheeky loop that brought us nicely to the back of the pack still negotiating the hazard. Marking was obviously a bit too clear as some kept building up a lead prompting the hare to sprint ahead to call a hold by the sadly now closed Kings Head. Once all were gathered we crossed the famous A272, headed round the windmill and made our clockwise way home over the Common. The pub were hugely generous with a big jug of beer prompting RA to panic slightly. St. Bernard's solution was simple, "make them drink pints!". Mike and Errol were downed as hares before distance checks revealed Keeps It Up had covered 7 miles, Pondweed 5.5, and Bouncer 5.52. Mike was congratulated on his precision, while the extra .02 on Bouncers measure was explained as he'd followed KIU round the loop. The latter, also culpable after not holding a check when Mudlark called it, found himself necking with Pirate for incorrect calls as well as nicking down down beer. Tenuously mangling the English language RA called Imi for her summer crop-top style despite the nights drawing in (a pleasing image rapidly ruined as she nominated squeeze Ewan to take), Knightrider for stylishly falling on a style, and Pondweed for barging old boy Anybody off the style. Black Stockings got the blame for Just Julia and Red Slapper being late, only confessing to RA later that in fact they'd come separately, but nominated St. Bernard who had to make do with a ladies pint. Just a handful of weeks after Bosom Boy not only set, but also ran, the hash the day after a 50 mile ultra run, Prof joined the knitting circle after a mere 11 miles the day before. Fellow wimp Prince Crashpain joined in after retiring early doors with injury, bless. With just enough beer left over for one more, Mike was called to receive a baptism. Nominations included variations on TOWIE (a connection to his surname Essex) and Shopping Trolley, suggested somewhat inexplicably by Local Knowledge, but the winning vote on the clapometer went to Hot Fuzz, as by day Mike is a heating engineer for the police. Another great hash!

[illegible]

- **Americans:** at least 2016 couldn't get any weirder. **God:** Send in the clowns.
- If attacked by a mob of clowns, go for the juggler!
- High level alert; clowns on the loose...11 of them in England shirts right now..
- I had a friend who was a clown. When he died, all his friends went to the funeral in one car.
- Tip: JUST before you go to sleep, quietly slip on a clown mask just in case your partner wakes in the night with hiccups.
- How is being at a singles bar different from going to the circus? At the circus the clowns don't talk.
- I arrived at work the other day and a clown opened the door for me. I thought that's a nice jester.
- Last night the doorbell rang and there was my ex dressed as Gloria Gaynor. At first I was afraid... I was petrified..
- Wife "Honey, I think we should do something really scary for the kids tonight" "Well, we could always take them to your mother's"
- I was asked in a job interview this morning: "Describe your life in a nutshell"... "Well.. it's kind of dark and cramped.."

IN THE NEWS...



Southern fail as normal.



Return to GMT causes the usual confusion.



New plastic 5 pound notes make a dinky bon bon holder when subjected to heat.



Don't you love this time of year?..When the nights are drawing in, there's a chill in the air..& the whole family gathers round a roaring Galaxy Note 7..



*'The manager's brought shame
on English football.
That's the players' job'*

Big Sam Allardyce not too big to be sacked!

Elsewhere, the London Zoo gorilla recaptured after realising how much he'd have to pay to rent a similar size space in zone 1..

[illegible]

REMEMBRANCE DAY 2016 (ADAPTED FROM AN ANZAC DAY POEM):

I saw a boy marching, with medals on his chest,
He marched alongside Soldiers, marching six abreast,
He knew it was Remembrance Day, he walked along with pride,
And did his best to keep in step with the soldiers by his side.

And when the march was over the boy looked rather tired. A soldier said, "*Whose medals son?*" to which the boy replied, "*They belong to my Dad, but he did not come back. He died out in Afghanistan, up on a Helmand Track*".

The boy looked rather sad, and a tear came to his eye,
But the soldier said, "Don't worry son, I will tell you why,"
He said, "Your dad marched with us today, all the bloomin way,
All us soldiers knew he was here, it's like that on Remembrance Day."

The boy looked rather puzzled he didn't understand
But the soldier went on talking, and started to wave his hand,
*"For this great land we live in, there's a price we have to pay,
To keep our Country free, and fly our flag today."*

*"Yes we all love fun and merriment in this country where we live.
But the price was that some soldier his precious life must give,
For you to go to school, my son, and worship God at will.
Somebody had to pay the price, so our soldiers paid the bill."
"Your dad died for us my son, for all things good and true.
And I hope you can understand these words I've said to you".*

The boy looked up at the soldier and after a little while,
His face changed expression, and he said with a beautiful smile,
*"I know my dad marched here today, this our Remembrance Day,
I know he did, I know he did, all the bloomin way!....."*



REHASHING the 2000th

Saddlescombe Farm After much deliberating, given the historical significance of Beardsfield Nursery with the hash having enjoyed many great nights there, the decision was made to hold the 2000th r*n at St. Bernard's place, Saddlescombe Farm, and given the expected numbers and the size of the available area it was a good call. Many arrived early to help set things up, decorate the hall, and prep food, while the main event was billed as a 6.30pm start for beer testing pre-r*n. Inevitably that meant a few were there solely for that purpose, and there were also quite a few walkers as well as a huge pack of r*nners.

After a bit of pre-r*n catching up, as well as banging our shins on all manner of stuff between the car park and the hall, we were called to order at 19.38 and assured the r*n was a short flat one in typical Charlie style, before pulling out the crampons to scale the heights of Newtimber Hill. The sight of so many torches was impressive and a real distraction when gravity kicked in on the downhill section causing a few falls as it got steeper! Co-hares Prince Crashpian and Mudlark were maligning the pack for getting it wrong but soon ushered us over the road and into the river. More verbal abuse for the lightweights who didn't fall for St. Bernard's misdirections as we caught them back up for the climb up through the woods, although there were those who were sure it would be up the Cwm (namely One Erection, Bouncer and Keeps It Up), and had gone a fair way before being called back! It's worth mentioning here that Santa (Louis for anyone who missed his naming, as he only comes once a year) was wearing the mankini, but outside his running gear! The weather having cleared we were able to enjoy the views from the top, much as our fourfathers (well there were 4 out of the original 6 here tonight) did 2000 r*ns ago, as we headed for a photo opportunity with the walkers outside the pub. The return route followed the South Downs Way to start with before dropping away on the lower path to find a great deal of merriment and scoffing already going on back at the farm.



With beer and food set-up in one building, and hash history abounding in the other in the form of Spreadsheets photos, On Don's t-shirts, and various other paraphernalia, a very jolly evening ensued, despite Hash Gomi as usual pigging the veggie bangers leaving the true veggies nothing but couscous until the lovely Petra saved the day with a second batch. There was much catching up or meeting up with long lost hashers, plenty of beer and an all new t-shirt by Pete Beard starring the i360 emblazoned with the words Circle Up, highly appropriate and amusing! All too soon it seemed for those of us who'd been on trail, people started making their excuses, causing a slightly rushed presentation by Local Knowledge awarding founder Rob Salton with a tankard and Just Julia her 500th, rescue dog St. Bernard standing in to take the latter's beer as she's teetotal. Rob gave us an amusing account of some stories from the club's ancient past recalling how the club was created as a result of a bet when he was running with Islamabad hash, and some of the characters from the early days who couldn't make it tonight.



Other than those who sadly are no longer with us (RIP former stalwarts Ray Noakes, Mike Morris, Tim Carter, Sid Wells, Bunter, as well as a few others), apologies were received from a number of other people including Lin MacCallum-Stewart, Barfly Les Courtney, Liliana D'Angelo and Chris Dauncey (see over). Special mention must go to Malibog and Maricar (Red Horse known locally as Red Sausage) who made the trip over from Stockholm to join us having been running, more off than on, with Brighton Hash since 1983; the four of the original six who were here tonight including joint masters and organisers Phil 'Chopper' Mutton, Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood as well as founder Rob Salton and Roger; and special thanks to Charlie 'St. Bernard' Cain and Petra for accommodating the 100+ who made it. Not just another great hash but also a great 2000th hash!

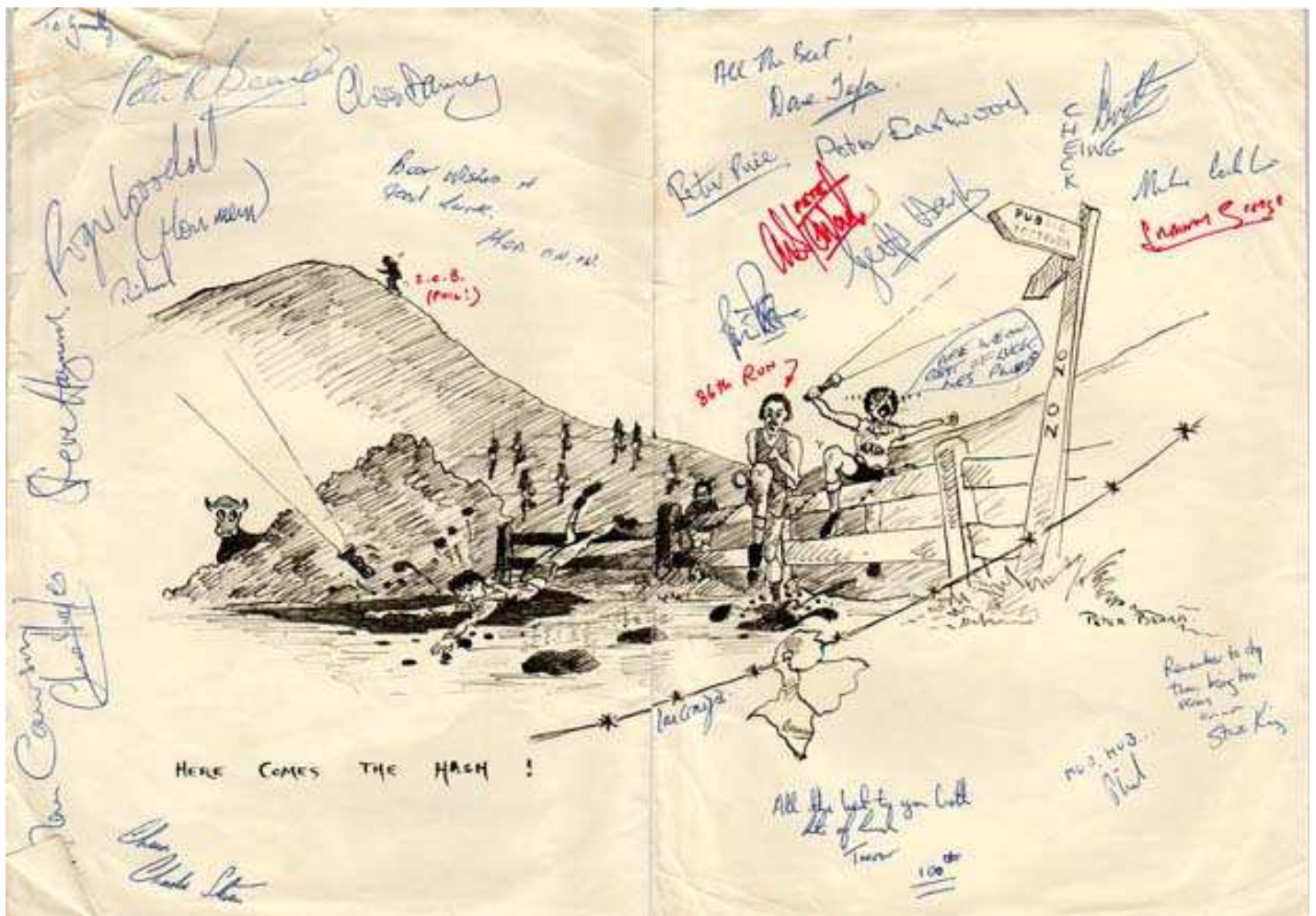


Just a selection of some of those there! Sadly we weren't able to get a good group shot on top due to the weather.

Hopefully many of you will get to the Hash 2000 [next Monday](#), unfortunately I'll not be able to get there as Pat & I are flying off to Japan the day before. We had Allan & Christine Jones staying with us a week ago and I tried to get Allan to the Hash but he took to his bed feeling unwell - any old excuse. For those who remember Allan (a pic from a couple of years ago) he was a former Hon Sec of Brighton Hash from the very early days but left Brighton in 1981 to move with his job to Knutsford where he started the South Cheshire Hash and he & it are still going strong. Allan's done some research and found his leaving card with one of Pete Beard's incredible drawings with a load of signatures - some names from the distant past. He sent me the picture with the following comments:



I hope you all have a great evening and I wish I was able to go but look forward to hearing about it sometime soon. Cheers Chris



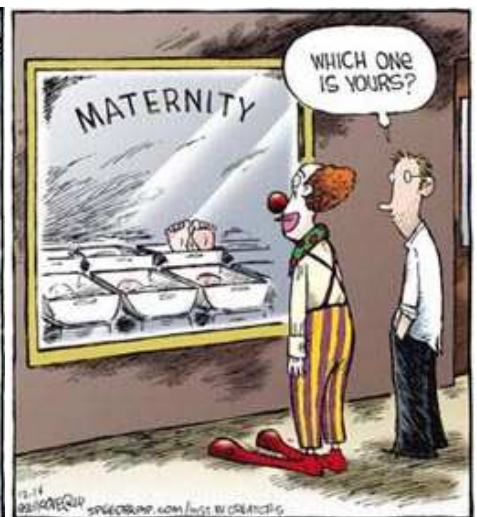
This young kid was being fired and said to the foreman: "This is bullshit, you're firing me because of my colour!" The boss said, "No, get this straight, we hired you because of your colour. We're getting rid of you because you're darn useless!"

Lord Nelson, Brighton This years Trafalgar run found us at a new venue, Henfield Hash having only recently visited the Victory, and hares Mudlark and Prof assured us they had a plan despite initial trepidation about a town-run, although parking proved a challenge for some. A recent refurb at the Lord Nelson with the pub expanding into the shop next door gave us the feeling that we were on board the flagship, making it nicely atmospheric. After some words of wisdom we set off up to the station to find the first check on a Snowdog on the station concourse, leading rapidly to the 2nd check on another just outside, and so the plan was discovered - every check was at a Snowdog! Even with an idea of where they were located though, it didn't make for a straightforward trail. Although we banged out a few early on in the North Laines, by the Library and at Palace theatre, assumptions were made (notably by Pirate and Bogeyman), at the Town Hall and pack was split! A bit of backpedalling by St. Bernard and we were off again up past Churchill Square and down Preston Street to the bandstand for a route along the upper and lower proms eventually leading back to the Town Hall and round to East Street where we failed to remove a couple of oiks clambering all over the aptly named Horatio so they've ended up in the group photo! A bit more on the seafront led to the pier, and should have gone to the Sea life centre but only Bouncer was brave enough to squeeze through the gates. With another dog already in sight, the pack ignored Patch off to the right, cut across the Steine, and made their happy way through the gardens and past St. Peters Church to find the walkers at The Level with rum tots for us all to toast Lord Nelson as Mudlark read the Ode to the Tot. Every man (and woman) was expected to do their duty and make their own way back from here having visited 23 Snowdogs, over half the available total! On Inn, and reverting to his Antarctica hash name, hare Nigel downed as Snowlark with co-hare Prof, before a naval theme awarded down downs to Pirate and Jaws. Anybody had been boasting about coming 2nd (men do that!) at the Old Coulsdon hash Sunday but had gone, leaving us to congratulate Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger on 50 years of married bliss (it says here). Another great hash!



Sounds to me like it's a clown car, in which case everything is in full working order!!

BIZARRO CLOWNS...



Trevor Arms, Glynde Unusually our hare, Spreadsheet, decided to give us a clue at the start announcing this as "the hash with lots of bottoms with Caburn Bottom, Oxteddle Bottom and Bible Bottom" before pointing on out via Glynde. Bottom. Subsequent memory is actually of lots of tops including Saxon Down, and Mount Caburn where the walkers were met coming down as pack were going up. There was a veritable plethora of regular r*nners on the wa*kers trail, although charging ahead Bogeyman and the Halloween themed Ride-It, Baby ended up doing the whole thing after missing the SCB. They weren't the only ones to go astray though, as we discovered when circle-up was called later in the pub, when someone mentioned ShWiggy. Spreadsheet promptly cleared off to look for his car, so St. Bernard stood in to take his beer, even while Cyst Pit, apparently by prior arrangement with Dildoped, was seconded to take the assistants ale. What is up with these Lewes boys? New boot walker, Joan was impressive before a couple of worthy quotes were reported. Keeps It Up observed the lack of dogs on tonight's hash only to hear a panting behind him so withdrew his comment just as Psychlepath appeared next to him puffing away like a hound. At RIB's suggestion one taker actually did put on a mask but there's no fooling Angel who said, "It's Bogeyman, I'd know that stomach anywhere"! It's a shame here that we can't award locals beer as one fella had excused himself from the wife to head to the pub after witnessing torches pouring off the top of Caburn and thought it was erupting! For being game both Bogeyman and Ride-It, Baby also earned down downs. Anybody probably earned his beer, having escaped last week, after appearing on the Beachy Head Hash on Sunday which was just a walk, after Ros had refused to allow him to take part in the Beachy Head Marathon, even though he'd insisted he was just walking it. And then we rallied to get a search party organised (*see Red Slappers guide below*), although by the time we'd looked up 'organised' in the dictionary ShWiggy had reappeared to a raucous cheer, having left in October and returned almost in November! Another great hash!

On discovering that someone is absent, it is essential not to panic, so the best thing to do is have a beer to calm the nerves. If the circle is about to, or has already started, go through with it. The pack can sense when something's wrong.

Calling the mispers mobile is a logical thing to do. If there's no answer, you may start to worry so another beer is probably a good idea. Once calm again, rational thought will probably suggest that they may not have actually run with it. This can easily be proved by checking the car.

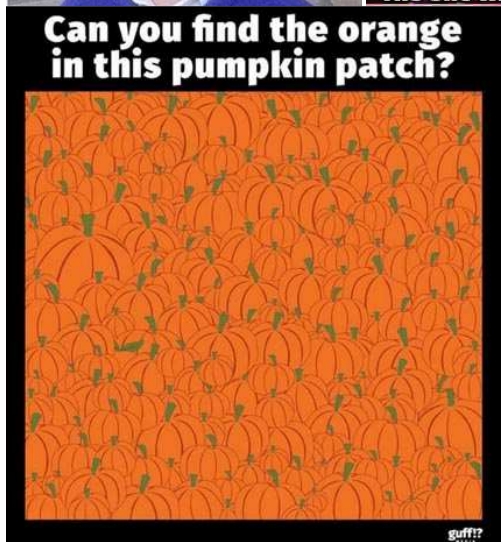
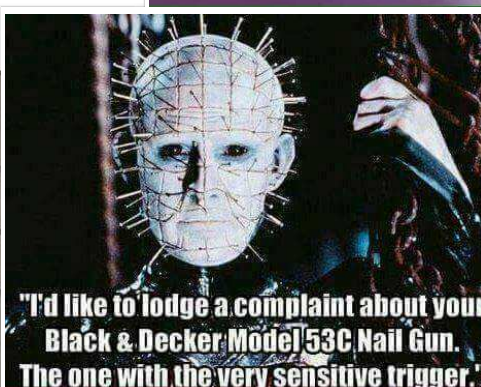
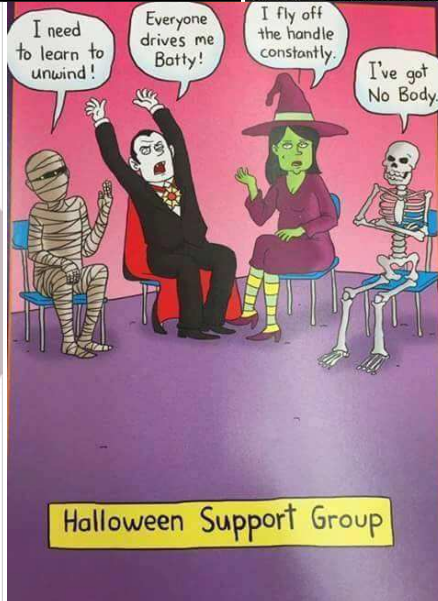
By now the pack are probably getting quite agitated at the mispers continuing absence, even though they've been distracted with talk of the route taken, possible alternative discussion of the horrible fates that could have befallen the victim, er, lost soul, especially settle them down by suggesting a beer.

There are alternative endings but here at Trash Towers we like the happy one so until it really does go tits up, there you are! Meanwhile, it's worth reiterating yet again the 'buddy' system. Make sure at least one person knows you are on the hash, where you are in the pack, and if you've gone checking. Hares must ensure checks are marked through.



HALLOWEEN 2016

Fact: If someone is playing Christmas music in October, you're legally allowed to kill them and use their corpse as a Halloween decoration.



My mate said "There's one thing that scares me about Halloween". I asked "Which is?" "Exactly" he replied. I said to the missus "There's a witch at the door; what shall I do?" "Just give it sweets & tell it to foxk off" she said. My mother-in-law hasn't spoken to me since.

THE



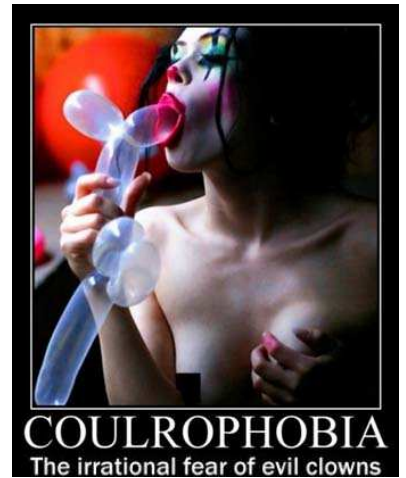
END



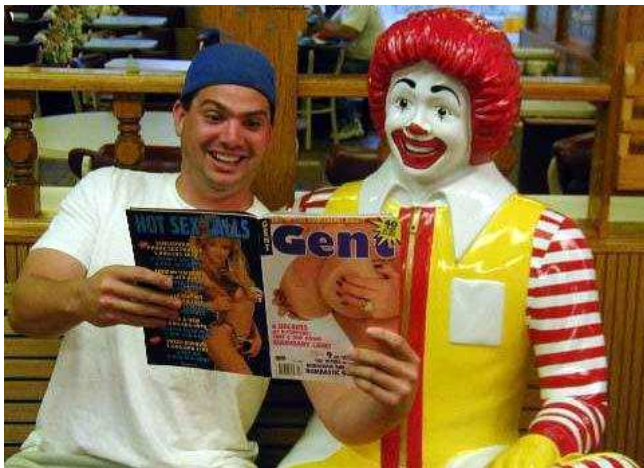
A circus performer was pulled over for speeding. As the officer was writing the ticket, the cop noticed several machetes in the car. "What are those for?" she asked suspiciously. "I'm a juggler," the man replied. "I use those in my act." "Well, show me," the officer demanded.

So the juggler got out the machetes and started juggling them, first three, then more, finally seven at one time, overhand, underhand, behind the back, putting on a dazzling show and amazing the officer.

While the juggler was performing this amazing circus act, a car passed by. The driver did a double take and said, "My God. I've got to give up drinking! Look at the test they're giving now."



A lady is giving a party for her granddaughter and has gone all out - caterer, band and a hired clown. Just before the party starts, two beggars knock on the door looking for a handout. Feeling sorry for them, the woman tells them that they can get a meal if they will chop some wood out back. Gratefully, they head to the rear of the house.



Guests arrive, and all is going well, with the children having a wonderful time. But, the clown has not shown up and finally, he calls report that he is stuck in traffic and will probably not make the party at all. The woman is very disappointed and unsuccessfully tries to entertain the children herself. She happens to look out the window and sees one of the beggars doing cartwheels across the lawn. She watches in awe as he swings from tree branches, does midair flips and leaps high in the air.

She speaks to the other one and says, "What your friend is doing is absolutely marvellous. I have never seen such a thing. Do you think he would consider repeating this performance for the children at the party? I would pay him £20!"

The tramp says, "Well, I dunno. Let me ask him." He then turned to Willie and yelled, "Hey Willie! For £20, would you chop off another toe?"

GOLDEN OLDIE from trash #50

Little Johnny is excited because the circus has come to town and his mum has got front row tickets for him. Finally the evening comes and Little Johnny and his mum go off to the big top. Little Johnny sits there and enjoys the lions and the tigers and the jugglers and the trapeze artists, and finally out comes little Johnny's favourites, the clowns. Johnny is loving the clowns and their humorous japes until one of the clowns comes up to him and says 'Little boy are you the front end of an ass?' 'No,' replies little Johnny. Are you the rear end of an ass?' 'No,' replies little Johnny again. 'In that case,' says the clown, 'you must be no end of an ass.' Little Johnny is distraught and he runs out of the circus and all the way home in tears. When his mum catches up with him she says, 'Little Johnny don't worry, your Uncle Marvo, the master of lightning wit, backchat and repartee, is coming to stay tomorrow. We will take him to the circus and he will sort that nasty clown out.' At this news little Johnny cheers up and looks forward to the next night. The next night comes and, sure enough, Uncle Marvo, the master of lightning wit, backchat and repartee arrives and the three of them set off for the circus. When they get there Little Johnny, his mum and Uncle Marvo, the master of lightning wit, backchat and repartee, sit down and enjoy the lions, the tigers, the jugglers and the trapeze artists, and then out come the clowns. Again Little Johnny is enjoying their antics and yet again one of the clowns comes up to him and says, 'Little boy are you the front end of an ass?' Quick as a flash, Uncle Marvo, the master of lightning wit, backchat and repartee jumps up and shouts at the very top of his voice: 'F**k off you Red nosed C***!'

