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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
6th March 2017	2020	Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell	417 060	Bouncer
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Kingston roundabout. Right through Kingston then right at t-junction. Pub 2 miles on left. c.20 mins.				
13th March 2017	2021	Green Man, Ringmer	456 129	Steve W & Prof
<b>Directions:</b> Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout then right again onto B2192. Pub is at far end of the village on the left. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				
20th March 2017	2022	Royal Oak, Wineham	236 206	Pirate
<b>Directions:</b> 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. <b>Est. 20 mins.</b>				

Friday afternoon pub crawl starting Lord Nelson 3pm

**Thereafter, all activity at/ starting from Southease YHA. More information inside or on website.**

<b>27th March 2017</b>	<b>2023</b>	<b>Watchmakers Arms, Hove Station</b>	<b>288 054</b>	<b>Whose Shout</b>
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west and take first exit then 3rd exit from roundabout on King George VI Ave. Take 1st left Goldstone Crescent and follow all the way to the end over mini roundabout, through traffic lights and tunnel. Parking free from 6pm. Pub left up steps by Hove Station. <b>Est 5 mins. Exclusive use for Hash from 9pm. Order fish &amp; chips on arrival for 9pm.</b>				
<b>3rd April 2017</b>	<b>2024</b>	<b>Sportsman, Withdean</b>	<b>297 076</b>	<b>Pondweed</b>
<b>Directions:</b> A23 south, over mini-roundabout then 1st right, The Deneway. Left at top then right at junction and first left for Withdean Stadium car park. <b>5 mins. Ivan's 100 marathon celebration special!</b>				

oo

## RECEDING HARELINE:

10th April 2017 Eager hare required  
17th April 2017 Eager hare required  
24th April 2017 Angel & Bob's Crutch TBA

## HASHING AROUND:

**Hastings H3 - Sunday 05/03/17 10.66am**  
**Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter**  
 Park in Dudley Road, Hastings. On Inn Wetherspoons

**CRAFT H3 #99 - Saturday 11/03/17 12.00am**  
 Prince of Wales, Reigate. P trail from station. Hare: Bouncer

**Henfield H3 #153 Sunday 12/03/17 11.30am**  
 Partridge, Partridge Green

**Thought for the day:** A hasher spilling his beer is the equivalent of a small child letting go of his balloon. *Don't spill your beer on CRAFT #100!*



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

24-26/03/2017 BH7 2000<sup>th</sup> 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/>

9/9/17 **Brighton hash relay** - See Prof, Bouncer or Ride-it-Baby for details.

25-27/05/2018 World Interhash - Nadi, Fiji

Sept. 2018 **Mother Hash 80<sup>th</sup> Anniversary event** - see BS#226 or visit [www.motherhash.com](http://www.motherhash.com) for more details.

[illegible]

**BH7 2000<sup>th</sup> celebration weekend:** Day rate registration on website. Severely limited places but we do want to prioritise BH7. Next meeting will be at the John Harvey Tavern 19.30 on Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> March. *See page 3 for more info.*

**NOT REGISTERED?** All Brighton hashers past and present are welcome to join us on the CRAFT H3 Friday afternoon pay-as-you-go pub crawl, and on the Saturday and Sunday runs (YHA Southease from 10.15), however, all beer, meals, and transport will be at your own expense if you are not registered. This also means you will not be able to join in fun and games elsewhere.

[illegible]

**Bevendean parkrun – Brighton Hash takeover:** The hash marshalling day on 11/02/17 was highly successful, thanks to all volunteers and runners who turned out for their input, and to **Cyst Pit** for pulling it all together. *See report page 6.*

The plan is to do it all again on Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> April (the day before the marathon!) and all assistance will be highly appreciated. Register free for park run at: <https://www.parkrun.org.uk/register/>, not forgetting to set "Brighton hash house harriers" as your club in the account settings, then just turn up with your barcode. The Bevy pub do great brekkies post-run too!

[illegible]

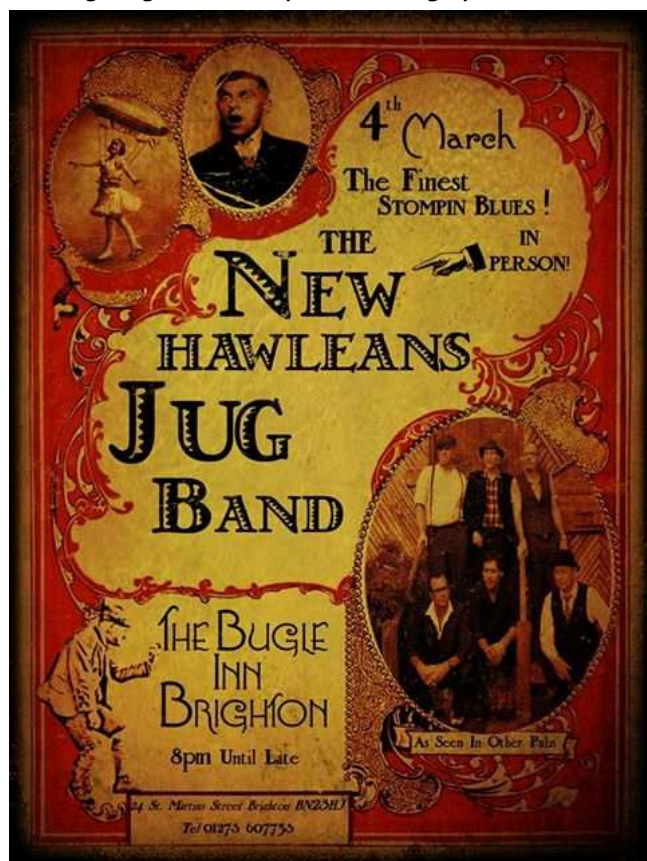
*This sounds like a bit of fun, albeit that it clashes with the hash relay this year:*

From: Ben McIntosh Email: mcintosh.k.ben@gmail.com

Subject: Upcoming cross country race on South Downs

I am writing to tell you about an exciting cross country event that we are organising on the South Downs in September.

*Anyone who went to the Eastbourne event may remember the afternoon band (featuring London hasher Sucker on washboard) who played on, in a very British way, as we enjoyed supper! Going from strength to strength they will be visiting Brighton shortly and are highly recommended!*



It is called Race the Horse and is a half-marathon-length cross-country race with a bit of a twist, as participants will pit themselves against our riders on horseback. If you have an events listing on your website, a blog or news section that you use to share upcoming events with your members, it would be hugely appreciated if you could add the details for the event.

The event is on 9 September and starts at Plumpton Race Course, Plumpton, Lewes BN7 3AL. Gates open at 8.30am for registration and the event starts at 10.30am for warm up with an 11am official race start time. Full details are available here: [www.racethehorse.net](http://www.racethehorse.net) and bookings can be made here: [www.racethehorse.net/ticketing](http://www.racethehorse.net/ticketing).

In addition I invite you to follow us on Twitter ([www.twitter.com/Race\\_the\\_horse](http://www.twitter.com/Race_the_horse)) and Facebook ([www.facebook.com/racethehorse](http://www.facebook.com/racethehorse)) to help promote the event to Brighton and Hove members who might be interested in a cross country half marathon, not to mention to chase down a horse!

For any further details about the event, don't hesitate to contact myself, or Tom Haines at [Admin@racethehorse.net](mailto:Admin@racethehorse.net).

With many thanks,

Ben McIntosh

**oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo**

*Pancake day again! That crepe'd up on us!*

# 2000<sup>TH</sup> R\*N CELEBRATION WEEKEND, INCORPORATING CRAFT H3 100<sup>TH</sup>

## Schedule of Events:

### Friday 24<sup>th</sup> March:

**15.00 CRAFT 100<sup>th</sup>** - pub crawl in Brighton (own expense). 'P' trail from the station including luggage transfer.

**19.00 – 21.00** – Dinner at YHA

**21.00 til late** Dancing to Mr. Soul, DJ Rik 'Psychlepath' Taub.

### Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> March:

**07.30 – 09.00** Breakfast at YHA

**10.30/ 11.00** A to B Runs (for all abilities) including a packed lunch, circle, & transport.

### Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> March (ctd.):

**14.00** Lunch plus circle, games etc.

**18.00 – 20.00** Dinner at YHA

**20.00** 'Brighton at the Beach' party and dancing to live music from the excellent hash band, 'Main Vein'.

### Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> March:

**07.30 – 09.30** Breakfast at YHA

**10.30** BH7 Founders and Old Farts hangover r\*n from site

**13.00** Circle up, finish the beer and head home to recover

*This schedule (including all timings) are subject to change*

## Who's Cumming (full event – daytrippers on website):

Hash Name	Kennel	Hash Name	Kennel
Abfab	East Grinstead	Local Knowledge	Brighton
Airhead	London	Lonely	Berkshire
Alice	North Hants	Louie the Lips	W&NK
Angel	Brighton	Mad Max	Bristol
Beer Pump	Isle of Wight	Made 2 Cum	Old Coulsdon
Big in Japan	London	Megasaurarse	Edinburgh TNT
Bird Brian	Munich	Miss Whiplash	Brighton
Black Stockings	Brighton	Mother Sucker	Mersea
Blood Stained Clothing	Catch the Hare	Mr. Nuisance	Edinburgh TNT
Bogeyman	Brighton	Mrs. Doubtfire	Bristol
Bouncer	Brighton	Mudlark	Brighton
Bullshit	Mersea	Muppet	Hastings
Bus Stripper	Bicester	Nose Job	Bull Moon
Bush Squatter	Hastings	Not Out	London
Catnap	R2D2H3	Old Legover	Bristol
Chariots of Fire	W&NK	One Erection	Brighton
Chunderwoman	East Grinstead	Optimist	London
Cliffbanger	Hastings	Oral Sex	Bras & Pants
Cl'Oysters	Edinburgh	PG Tits	Old Coulsdon
Commercial Whale	North Hants	Pisticide	Friends of the Mole
Cooperman	Isle of Wight	Poosticks	Hastings
Cyst Pit	Brighton	Poor Sod	Isle of Wight
Daffy Dildo	Old Coulsdon	P-Rick	Vectis Lunatic FMH3
Dick Doc	East Grinstead	Prince Crashpian	Brighton
Dongle	Friends of the Mole	Proxy	Old Coulsdon
Dr. Doolittle	Essex	Psychlepath	Brighton
Dynarod	Old Coulsdon	Queenfisher	Hastings
Falling Madonna	Brighton	Radio Soap	Brighton
Flying Doctor	North Hants	Random Sparkles	Brighton
Front Loader	Hastings	Red Slapper	Brighton
Gansta Granny	Hastings	Ride It Baby	Brighton
Gascock	Hastings	Roaming Pussy	Brighton
Going Commando	Catch the Hare	Ryde	Lundy Island
Hash Gomi	Brighton	Short Plank	W&NK
Ice Queen	Vindobona	Slush Puppie	Vindobona
Ich Been Laiden	Berlin	Software	Friends of the Mole
Just Kay	Mersea	Soothepoo	Hastings
Keeps It Up	Brighton	St. Bernard	Brighton
Kingfisher	Hastings	Studley	Guernsey Harriettes
Knead	No fixed Hash	Tablewine	Lundy Island
Knight Rider	Brighton	Tbar Twin	Friends of the Mole
Legolas	Old Coulsdon	Trouble	East Grinstead
Likk'mm	B.I.T.CH H3	Vicky Vomit	Essex All Saints
Lilly the Pink	Brighton	Wildbush	Brighton
Limpit	Bristol	Wooden Chew	W&NK
Little Bear	Old Coulsdon	Yorky Porky	Catch the Hare



## QUEEN'S REIGN REACHES 65 YEARS. STILL NO RETIREMENT PLANS!

Legally I can kill him, Queen confirms

THE QUEEN has confirmed that if President Trump makes a state visit, she can kill him with a sword and nobody can touch her.



Palace staff have assured the Queen that, according to English law, Trump is a subject of the Crown and can, if judged to be damaging the monarchy, be dispatched without repercussion.

She said: "I haven't made up my mind yet. I might. It's been an awful lot of years hefting the old sword without using it, and who better to christen it on? Just imagine the look on his satsuma face. And the colonies would be so grateful they'd have me straight back as their reigning monarch, which solves this Brexit thing literally at a stroke. I should do one useful thing before I abdicate, really. And imagine how furious it'd make the May woman."

Her Majesty added: "I genuinely can't think of a reason not to. Anyone?"

*Dear Ma'am, Here at Trash towers we've identified another reason why it might be a good idea. These photos, hacked from 'the Donalds' personal e-mails by China, show his secret goal is to take over Britain and replace the Queen:*





## REHASHING

**Queen Victoria, Rottingdean** - It never rains on the hash! The evidence tonight suggested very much otherwise but was put down to our proximity to the sea and, despite the height above sea level, any moisture was blamed on spray. Hell, no-one ever dared say there was never wind on the hash! On the day that Liz again blew Vic out of the water by reaching 65 years reign (the other kind), Prof set this solo for a change but still took us all up the alley (phnarr) to bring us back hopefully for an extremely short hash. But no, west we headed past the windmill for confusion near St. Dunstons before trail was found on to Roedean via a few circuits of the vent chimney if you were Bouncer. Keeping it simple we then headed north to the golf course before hacking back east through Ovingdean. Back on the hill, pack split into 4 or 5 factions as the trail resolutely refused to be found until hare guided those of us left on in for a very wet sip stop in the car park courtesy of St. Bernard. Prof is traditional when it comes to down downs insisting that anything less than a pint is not worth opening the gullet for, but the pub are always generous so no problem there. Cyst Pit had run over to the pub, then almost home again on the trail, then back to the pub, all in the foul weather, while at the other extreme we had Bogeyman who stayed in the pub appreciating the ale while we suffered. The latter still edged the beer race though! St. Bernard was then thanked for the sip stop before Spreadsheet was awarded the numpty mug, having identified a cows mooing as Mudlark calling, even more unlikely as Nigel was walking. The only problem was that Dave had already gone, so Mudlark rather bemusedly found himself the recipient, which seemed harsh! CP then promoted the hash marshalling at Bevendean before we all went home. Another great hash!

**Windmill, Littleworth** It never rains on the hash and tonight was proof. There was a hell of a crowd of youngsters at the Windmill as we arrived and the appearance of a bunch of colourful runners, many in pink for Valentines Day including hare Bosom Boy sporting an outrageous wig, sparked a few comments! Hare announced this as a unique never again run being 2017 in 2017, with a sip stop we should reach just after quarter past 8, and we were off for a short loop west before returning to cross the road heading east. Dildoped was here overheard getting an explanation of why this was such a unique run from the hare as he "didn't quite understand it", before assuming his usual role of blowing the horn directly into peoples eardrums. He was in fine form tonight taking the plss out of Bouncers pink knee length shorts from the original hash house, whilst elsewhere Radio Soaps pink West London H3 hoodie found itself in an uncustomary front running position being worn by Cyst Pit! The hares (Rich being joined by Julie & Amber) pushed us quickly through a couple of checks to reach the sip stop bang on 20.17 where his plan was revealed. Our map reference was near as dammit TQ2017 2017, T and Q respectively being the 20<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> letters of the alphabet. In fact the exact location was on private land but hare had marked it with a brick and flashing light so a cheeky trespass was called for to touch the brick, or in Just Julia's case, boot it. With all but Pirates considerable thirst for rum (Aarr!!) being satisfied we backtracked trail for a bit of



an SCB as time was rushing on. Circle Time and Bosom Boy and Julie were rewarded, along with St. Bernard who'd spoilt the TQ surprise the previous week, as the additional information was revealed that, 2017 being Chinese year of the Rooster, the sip stop rum had been Cockspurs and the port Cockburns. Nerdy but neat as Whose Shout put it! Cyst Pit had spent the previous week on business in Bristol so had run with the local hashes, returning with love messages for Dangleberry, but was taken aback to find himself also called on the Valentine tag for sharing his other half's hoody. In his absence Mudlark had passed the numpty mug to Knightrider, who promptly passed it to Bouncer, who promptly filled it and passed it to Dildoped for his earlier nonsense. Having necked the beer, he then promptly tried to pass it on to someone else having both missed the point that it resides with him for a week and justifying again his award! Elsewhere there was another classic Angel comment as Charlie explained why you would only get about 68 pints from a 72 pint barrel of beer. "What happens to the rest of it then? Is that the bubbles?" Another great hash!

**FOR PONDWEED:** Rabbi Jakobovits, the former Chief Rabbi of England, was knighted by the Queen in 1981. As part of the knighting ceremony the Rabbi had to kneel before the Queen. As we all know Jews do not bow before anyone except Hashem. On top of that, he was told to recite a paragraph from the Christian liturgy during the actual knighting. The Rabbi was in a quandary as this was being televised, but he could not violate the Jewish Laws. The five honourees were lined up waiting for the Queen to receive them. As her royal highness entered the room all kneeled, except for Rabbi Jakobovits. The Queen noticed this, but diplomatically ignored it. Then, the Queen began knighting each person. When she came to Rabbi Jakobovits, who still wasn't kneeling, she looked at him expectantly. Realizing she was waiting for the Latin recitation, he began to sweat and shake with nervousness. In a fit of utter desperation, he said the first thing that came to mind: "Ma nish tana halilah hazeh!" The Queen, perplexed, turned to Prince Charles and asked, "Why is this knight different from all other knights".....

I am a HASHER through & through - though 'Pondweed' is also a Marathon Runner. The beer has to wait until 26.2 miles 🙄

The whole 20 marathons are in aid of Tusk (more details - [click below](#)).

<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/Ivan-Lyons2>

[illegible]

***Race report by Bouncer from parkrun website:***

Brighton Hash House Harriers were very much in evidence as volunteer team this week (under the guidance of serial Bevendean volunteer and runner, Michael PEGLEY), and even managed to field several runners, although not always clear as members often have a first claim running club for events. Run director Asha UNGAR gave us the usual talk-through of the course, welcomed new runners and visitors (almost all from Burgess Hill Runners), recognised landmarks (none this week!) and thanked Haywards Heath Hash House Harriers, at which the typically non-serious Brighton Hash joked, "Right we're off!".

There was an extra challenge to face on 'the hill' this week with a biting wind, but the descent was far more pleasant and, with the wind behind, actually felt quite warm, which certainly gave us something to look forward to as legs tired on the second lap.

On the subject of which, thanks goes to all the volunteers for some exceptional cheering, with particular mention to John WRIGHT (on camera) and Michael ESSEX both in the far (and coldest) corner, Kayleen HOLLAND (a last-minute and unregistered addition), Michael PEGLEY for pulling it all together, and the multi-talented Tim W JONES who was responsible for pre-event set-up, went on to win, and finished up by processing the results!

For the hash, we'll be back as volunteer squad on 8<sup>th</sup> April. On on!



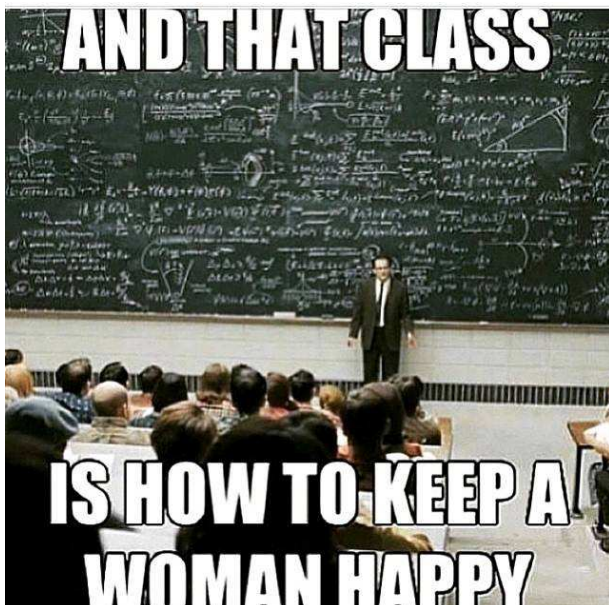
***Thanks to all the volunteers! Please diary April 8<sup>th</sup> to do it all again. Mike "Cyst Pit" Pegley***



## REHASHING (continued)

**Black Horse, Findon.** Coming out of his injury imposed semi-retirement ShWiggy finally got around to setting his 1000<sup>th</sup> hash, having apparently forgotten why he was hare! Setting with Aunty, Gotlost and Belcher he still decided that I should be sweeper so described the route over the phone confidently asserting that I'd know exactly where it went while uttering his catchphrase, "We've gone places we've never hashed before". Sort that out Bouncer! I couldn't go wrong on the early part as we wandered down the A24 before hitting the footpath to the Cissbury car park. After that I was lost, as we sauntered over the sheep fields, and was quite glad Aunty was running with us after all. Just Julia meanwhile had a moment yelling abuse at the pack for not calling, and why would they when they weren't on trail, but the loads of flour and tissue we'd been promised lay mostly undetected under bushes and in rabbit holes. It was eventually all sorted out though and trail found again round the Ring (on one of Pondweeds regular training paths apparently), and down to the car park. Finally certain of where I was, having tackled this stage on the hash relay in September, I took off on the track to Chanctonbury aiming to pick up the Monarchs Way back. Jo had decided time was short though and called all back for a charge home on the road, grrr! Dildoped announced he had to leave early and hadn't got a plan for the numpty mug, so circle was kept short to reward Wiggy with the giant hip flask of friendship and his own keepsake hip flask. After the impressive downing by Gotlost last time, Wiggy's efforts to drink the beer were pretty pathetic so round the pack it went, unbelievably taking a couple of goes to be finished! As the flasks got passed round and oohed and aahed at, we realised that Choppers brain obviously had the 2000<sup>th</sup> at the forefront as, according to his engraving, Wiggy had only missed 18 runs since the hash started, doh! Another great hash!

**Elephant & Castle, Lewes** Despite a great deal on the grub, there was a certain amount of trepidation after Just Julia's last effort which had many abandoning the pub as we were so late back. Early trail went past Pells and across the river, and was just about clear through town, the chalk arrows having survived the battering from weather (sleet and hail tonight, not rain. Doesn't rain on the hash). Soon enough we found ourselves heading round Malling Hill to pick up the cycle path out to Ringmer, and the first suspicions that she'd done it again snuck in. FRB's were concerned they'd lost marks so returned only for co-hare Lisa to reassure them, but at the next check we opted for the shortest possible route up the road towards Glynde. With pack well-spread out, and Just Julia's alter-ego of the Neighbourhood Witch, the three witch scarecrows seemed a good place to hold, although those searching for a cauldron of beer were disappointed. Hare managed to drag some of the pack to the wind chime (not quite JJ, it's a turbine!) but the bulk followed Spreadsheet up the hill on the shortest straightest do not pass go route home, front-runners making it by 9 at a sprint. Those left behind had to endure more biblical weather as hare dragged them kicking and screaming on an extra loop completing her brace of late finishes. Being teetotal we can't even punish her with anything stronger than water, although Lisa gamely took her beer as did an unexpected co-hare Cyst Pit, who'd chalked the SCB in-trail. One Erection has been suffering lately and decided to share his pain by giving the rest of the Haywards Heath car an overly-graphic description of his medical ailments. Keeps It Up, was on somewhat jaded form himself after a tough Cambridge off-road marathon, so the two were shoved together for a beer duel with youth trouncing experience. Dildoed had no hesitation, having heard the story, in passing the numpty mug on to Chopper for Wiggy's flask typo last week. Meanwhile at the bar, it was difficult to take the Welsh Black seriously and Ali G kept coming to mind. Another great hash!



*Ali : Check dis. I is now in a coal mine which is where the Wales people used to live, underground. Millions of years ago miners lived under here before they became human beings.*

*Miner : They never lived here, they just worked here.*

*Ali : They worked in 'ere? What a crap job.*

*Miner : Now I'd like to show you some photographs*

*Ali : So why is it mainly buffers who is working down here? Why is it mainly the black man? That's a bit racist.*

*Miner : Oh no, that's sweat and dirt.*

*Ali : Whatever, but why has he blacked himself up and tried to be like a buffer?*



To which the Stationmaster replied, "Where the barrier pole goes up we call it male and where the gates spread open we call it female!" *With love, Indian Railways.*"



## REHASHING the CRAFT- #98 BEXHILL-ON-SEA

It seems harsh but sometimes the only way to get CRAFT hares is press-ganging. But the ever willing Cliffbanger doesn't need much persuasion and it only took a gentle reminder that he'd made noises about setting a Bexhill trail, and he was on it! Previous trails in this area, at Hastings and St. Leonards, had been excellent and the knowledge that the Bexhill RAFA club had won UK ale club of the year, as well as the opening of a new Wetherspoons, meant that Bexhill was clearly not the beer desert we'd been previously believed. Turning up with Angel at Chez Wood though, it turned out that the latter was still on the back boiler, and to make matters worse, poor old Colin was suffering a back problem after the Hastings H3 Friday walk earlier. So, with Bushsquatter, the hardy four of us set off via their remote garage to collect the chalk and it was on to the station where we found Muppet eagerly waiting. I took over the bending down duties to ease Colin's discomfort, and it was a short stroll to **#1 the Royal Sovereign**, where we were soon joined by a substantial crowd including, to our great pleasure and surprise, Airhead, who has a place in Hastings! Also turning up here were Keeps It Up and Wildbush, plus the Golden Girls - Gangsta Granny, Sue the Pooh and Front Loader. Beer was sadly limited to Whitstable Bay ale or lager, or Spitfire in bottles. As Radio Soap was guided in by phone, we decided to move on and talk of food resulted in a decision by hare to swerve **#2 Milligans** and go directly to the RAFA club, **#3 the Albatross**, where the rumour was we could



get grub. In the end we'd missed the food but they made a special concession, as the sole CAMRA card holder signed in the other 13, that we could bring in grub from over the road, on the understanding that we bought raffle tickets! So after charging tankards with (mostly) the Thornbridge St. Petersburg at 7.4%, various messengers were dispatched to gather up fish and chips or pizzas. We were also joined by Routemaster and Quackers taking the pack to a very respectable 16, although much noise was made of the fact that they alone of those present, would not be attending the Brighton 2000th! The RAFA clubs reputation was absolutely justified and the impressive beer menu had us loitering longer perhaps than we should, especially as all the ducks had been sold (Routemaster unable to resist buying one for Quackers). But eventually we had to move on to **#4 the Harp** where the beer was reliable old Harveys, although some were more taken by the Merlot! We were quite a crowd but still managed to find ourselves a couple of tables to chew the fat at, but quite what Tom in the corner made of us remains lost in the CRAFT memory banks. Time had sprinted away but Cliffbanger reckoned we could squeeze in at least one more of the final two pubs and so those of us still in the frame carried on to **#5 Trafford** (affectionately known locally as Traffers) to test the

Weltons beers. To the disgust of many, I had acquired a book of Sussex Humour from those on sale at the Harp, and regaled everyone with ever-worsening gems until they ran away (*see page 10*). Another great CRAFT hash, with the postscript that Angel and myself managed to sneak in a cheeky parkrun at Bedgebury Pinetum in the morning where we met the Gruffalo and his child! Marvellous, and huge thanks to Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger for accommodating us.

[illegible]

Always reach for the stars! Because even if you miss...

You'll be miles away  
from me with your  
motivational bullshit.

After he moaned about the price of Crackerjacks phone the other day Angel was on at Bouncer about the amount of money he spends on beer. The conversation went something like this:

Angel: How many beers do you drink a day?

Bouncer: Usually about two or three

Angel: How much do you pay per beer?

Bouncer: £4.00 which includes a tip (this is where it gets scary!)

Angel: And how long have you been drinking?

Bouncer: Almost 40 years, I suppose.

Angel: So a beer costs £4 and you have two beers a day which puts your spending each month at £240. In one year, it would be almost £3,000, correct?

Bouncer: Correct

Angel: If in 1 year you spend £3,000, not accounting for inflation, the past 40 years puts your spending at £120,000 correct?

Bouncer: Correct

Angel: Do you know that if you didn't drink beer, that money could have been put in a step-up interest savings account and after accounting for compound interest for the past 40 years, you could have now bought a Ferrari?

(PAUSE) Bouncer: Do you drink beer?

Angel: No.

Bouncer: Where is your Ferrari?

## *Sussex Humour & Wit (edited)*

I heard Cliffbanger got a wine gum stuck to his shoe while hashing through a lovely village in East Sussex.

"Maynards Green?"

"Couldn't tell - it was squashed and covered in shiggy."

Airman's nephew came to him with a problem. "I have my choice of 2 women," he said, "A beautiful, penniless young girl whom I love dearly, and a rich widow who I don't really love."

"Follow your heart; marry the girl you love," Bob counselled.

"Very well, Uncle Bob," said the nephew, "That's good advice."

"By the way," asked Bob, "where does the widow live?"

It was the day before the Battle of Hasting. King Harold asked his top man in the army, "Are my troops ready?"

"Yes, your Majesty", said the man, "Shall we give you a demonstration?"

"Yes, please", replied the King, so all the archers were lined up and instructed to fire.

Thousands of arrows flew through the air and landed accurately, but one archer fired straight up. The arrow travelled hundreds of feet, turned round and came back down landing just a few inches from where King Harold stood.

"You want to watch him", said the King. "If he's not careful, he'll have someone's eye out tomorrow!"

Wiggly walked into a Worthing chippie and said "I'd like a steak and kiddely pie, please."

The woman behind the counter said, "What was that?"

"I'd like a steak and kiddely pie."

"Do you mean 'steak and kidney' pie?"

"That's what I said kiddely I?"

A priest was walking along the cliffs at Newhaven when he came upon Mudlark and Knightrider pulling a French man up at the end of a rope.

"That's what I like to see," said the priest, "Man helping his fellow man."

As he walked away, Knightrider turned to Mudlark and said, "Well he doesn't know the first thing about shark fishing."

A couple of Henfield hashers went into a pub. One said "A pint of Harveys, and a half for my mate 'Donkey', please!"

The publican turned to his friend and said "What's with him calling you 'Donkey'?"

The 2nd hasher said "Oh, 'e aw, 'e aw, e always calls me that!"

A vicar was travelling home one evening and was annoyed when Bouncer, the worse for drink, sat next to him on the bus.

Turning to him, and in a rather pompous tone, he said, "Do you not realise you are on the road to perdition?"

"Oh no!" replied the drunken hasher, "I could have sworn this bus went to Shoreham."

At the Brighton Racecourse one day, the PA system burst into life and a wealthy American visitor announced he'd lost his wallet containing £5,000, and would give a reward of £50 to whoever could find it.

Hash Gomi quickly yelled out, "I'll give £100!"

Chopper was staggering home one evening after the hash when he spotted a man from the water board in the middle of the road opening a manhole valve with a big T-handle. He walked up behind him and gave him a shove.

"What was that for?" asked the startled man.

Our drunken hasher replied, "That's for turning the streets round when I'm trying to find my way home!"

Pondweed and his wife walked past a fancy new restaurant in Hove and Nina said, "That food smelled wonderful!"

Being the kind hearted, generous man that he is, Ivan thought, 'What the hell, I'll treat her!'

So they walked past a second time.

Random and Angel were enjoying a beer together after the hash and Gabrielle said to Ginny, "Was it love at first sight when you met Lily the Pink?"

"No I don't think so", came the reply. "I didn't know how much money he had when I first met him!"

Whose Shout was on his way to the Amex to see the Seagulls against the old enemy, when he heard that the Palace team coach would be late. Apparently they'd seen a service station sign that said 'Clean Lavatories' so stopped to get on with it!

Mr. Nuisance from Edinburgh has a dog called 'Rory'. Rory is a right pain in the backside and John tries on several occasions to: give the dog away; have the dog put down; take the dog for a walk and leave it somewhere. Unfortunately for him, Rory always manages to come back so in the end he straps the dog in a wheelbarrow and sets off to dump the dog at Beachy Head, whistling as he goes, "It's a long way to tip a Rory"

St. Bernard was working on the land at Devils Dyke one day when a vicar appeared on the South Downs Way. Stopping to chat with him, the Vicar said "My, but you and God have built a beautiful place together".

"You're right there," said Charlie, "but between you and me, you should have seen it when he had it to himself."

When Keeps It Up retired from city life he moved to Ditchling and decided to try his hand as a chicken farmer. Local Knowledge said "Chicken farming isn't easy you know but I can help get you started as my neighbour owes me a favour", so he got him 100 chickens.

Two weeks later he popped in to see how Brent was getting on to find that all the chickens had died. He secured another 100 chickens, but a fortnight later discovered that they'd also all died so asked "What went wrong?"

"I don't know", said the new farmer. "I'm not sure if I'm planting them too deep, or too close together".

Pirate was caught chiselling away at the brickwork on the railway bridge near Chailey when a passer-by said, "If you let some air out of the tyres that horsebox will go under easily".

"Don't be daft," said Chris, "It's the roof that won't fit, not the wheels."



## *Irish Humour and Wit (St. Patrick's Day – March 17th)*

Paddy is passing by Mick's hay shed one day when through a gap in the door he sees Mick doing a slow and sensual striptease in front of an old red Massey Ferguson. Buttocks clenched he performs a slow pirouette and gently slides off first the right welly, followed by the left. He then hunches his shoulders forward and in a classic striptease move lets his braces fall down from his shoulders to dangle by his hips over his corduroy trousers. Grabbing both sides of his check shirt he rips it apart to reveal his tea stained vest underneath and with a final flourish he hurls his flat cap on to a pile of hay.

"What the feck are you doing Mick" says Paddy.

"Jeez Paddy, ye frightened the livin bejasus out of me, says an obviously embarrassed Mick, "but me and the Missus been having some trouble lately in the bedroom department, and the Therapist suggested I do something sexy to a tractor".

Murphy says to Paddy "What ya talkin to an envelope for?"

"I'm sending a voicemail ya thick sod!"



I found myself in a pub in Cork when a group of American tourists came in. One of the Americans said, in a loud voice, "I hear you Irish think your great drinkers. I bet 5,000 euros that no-one here can drink 30 pints of Guinness in 30 minutes."

The bar was silent, the American noticed one Irishman leaving, no-one took up the bet. 40 minutes later the Irishman who left returned and said "Hey Yank, is your wee bet still on?"

"Sure" said the American, "30 pints, 30 minutes for a bet of €5,000."

"Grand," replied the Irishman, "so pour the pints and start the clock."

It was very close but the last drop was consumed with 2 seconds to spare. "OK Yank, pay up." said the Irishman.

"I'm happy to pay, here's your money" said the American. "But tell me, when I first offered the wager I saw you leave. Where did you go?"

The Irishman replied, "Well sir, €5,000 is a lot of money to a man like me, so I went to the pub across the road to see if I could do it."

Paddy - "My mate fell off his motorbike yesterday. He has two broken legs, a broken arm, spinal damage, skull fracture, and severe brain damage". Murphy - "Well Jaysus Paddy! No wonder he fell off!"

Paddy says "Mick, I'm thinking of buying a Labrador." "Bugger that" says Mick "have you seen how many of their owners go blind?"

Paddy spies a letter lying on his doormat. It says on the envelope "DO NOT BEND ". Paddy spends the next 2 hours trying to figure out how to pick the bloody thing up.

Said one Irish hasher to another, "How did you get those scars on the bridge of your nose?"

"From glasses" was the reply.

"Why don't you use contact lenses?"

"They don't hold enough beer"

Paddy's in jail. Guard looks in his cell and sees him hanging by his feet.

"What the hell you doing?" he asks.

"Hanging myself" Paddy replies.

"It should be around your neck" says the Guard.

"I know" says Paddy "but I couldn't breathe".

Paddy phones for an ambulance as Murphy has been hit by a car. Operator asks "Where is he?"

He says "Outside 28 Eucalyptus St."

Operator asks "How do you spell that?" The line goes dead for 5 mins.

Operator gets a bit worried, then Paddy says:

"Sorry about that, I've just dragged him to Oak St "



**BLOW UP DOLL PART 1 –THE PUB**



# THE END

## BLOW UP DOLL PART 2 - DOWN AT THE BEACH

