




R-ns/trash #242 July 2017

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
3rd July 2017	2037	Bent Arms, Lindfield	347 257	Just Ross
Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. Past pond and up High Street, turn right with pub on corner, then left for car park. Est. 25 mins				
10th July 2017	2038	Sportsman, Goddards Green	286 202	One Erection
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. Bastille Day				
17th July 2017	2039	Charlies Place, Saddlescombe	272 115	St. Bernard
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 July 2017	2040	The Brunswick, Holland Road, Brighton	296 043	Just Felicity
Directions: From pier: Head west for 2km along A259/Kingsway to Hove Lawns. Take 2nd right after Brunswick Square into Holland Road. Pub on right. Parking free after 8pm. Est. 5 mins				
31st July 2017	2041	The Bull, Shermanbury	212 182	Prince Crashpian
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Steyning then A2037 for Henfield at next round- about. Pub is on the left hand side about 1 mile past Henfield on the A281 Cowfold Road. Aka Pizza hut! Est. 25 mins.				
7th August 2017	2042	Fox and Hounds, Haywards Heath	337 218	Psychlepath
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. Pub on left approx 1 mile. Est. 25 mins				

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

14th August - Crown & Anchor, Preston Park Jaws
21st August - Swan, Lewes Spreadsheet
28th August - Eager hare required
4th September - Eager hare required
11th September - Plough at Pyecombe Pondweed

HASHING AROUND:

HASTINGS H3 - 09/07/17 10 am (Note early start)
 Greyhound Car Park, St James Square, High St, Wadhurst
 TN5 6AP. Asbo and Robbing B*stard Afters: Barbecue at
 The Greyhound Inn (approx cost £5)

Thought of the day... is this time with Cardinal Hugh who has lost his best friend as well as hash and running buddy. A true hash hound in every respect, fare thee well Max, until we meet again on the great hash trail in the sky.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

21-23/07/17 **CHELTENHAM & COTSWOLDS H3 2345** Drybrook Rugby Club GL17 9EU

29-30/07/17 **NORTH HANTS 2000th** Aldershot & Fleet RUFC.

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

10/09/17 Brighton hash relay - See Prof. Bouncer or Ride-it-Baby for details.

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

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

[illegible]

COVER STAR – Very sad to announce that Cardinal lost his best friend, running buddy and one of our longer serving hashers, Max, on 22nd June. We will all have our own special memories of our favourite hash hound, but for me it was his enthusiastic chasing of sticks up and down the hill at Firle Beacon in 2010 while Hugh grew increasingly frustrated, the air blue with his trademark call of "Max Come Here", and Wiggy doubled up with the giggles! Our thoughts are with you Hugh.

A memorial run will take place on Saturday 6th July from Steyning Bowl, followed by scattering of Max's ashes on the Downs.

Don't be a stranger Cardinal, and we all look forward very much to meeting Max's successor, Mitch.

[illegible]

HASH RELAY's 2017:

Congratulations to the **HASH A team** still carrying the flag in the **100 mile relay** this year. They had the advantage of an early start but lead for over three-quarters of the day, and in true hash style were first team to the bar at the end! Final position once all the handicap start times were sorted out was 21st A team, 34th overall, out of 53 starters and 50 finishers. Great job Bosom Boy, Lily the Pink, One Erection, Peter Pansy, Julie Drake and Clare Aquilina.

DON'T FORGET the Brighton hash relay this year will be on Sunday 10th September. Starting at Devils Dyke and following the same route as last years 55th birthday special with Pat, Peter T and Bouncer theoretically co-ordinating a team each. We will finish in Lewes for a great social afterwards. Full details nearer the time, but if you can't wait there's this:

15/7/17 - Fittleworth Flyers relay from Kithurst Hill Following South Downs Way and Monarchs Way finishing Sportsman Amberley, where food and drink will be available. Brighton Hash have been invited to put teams of 4 runners each forward.

[illegible]

PHILANTHROPY CORNER:

SPONSORSHIP THANKS! Angel Gabrielle wishes to thank everyone who sponsored her for the St. Barnabas midnight walk on Saturday 24th June 2017. She walked with her friend Nikki and they were joined for a while by Patsy "Ab Fab" Dawes of EGH3 (she eventually went ahead), completing just over 20 miles in 7 hours. She's tracked most down for a personal thank you but there were anonymous donations on her Just Giving page so she's hoping to reach them through here! If you missed this and feel you would like to donate to the hospice via Gabrielle, whose mother spent her last days there, the link is:

<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/GabrielleBiggins>

Many thanks again for your support!

2000th WEEKEND WRAP UP:

Difficulties with the YHA meant we were unable to keep the reins as tight as we would have liked on the budget control, although Wildbush and Keeps It Up did an incredible job! The result was that we ended up with a small gain which was divided between Naomi Bos's charity (thanks to Dave "Hash Gomi" for all the goodies he procured for the weekend), and the National Trust via Charlie. Regrettably it appears that the enthusiastic message of gratitude from Naomi has been lost in the Cloud, however, Charlie has put a few words together which you can read on page 5.

[illegible]

From Makin' Bacon (ex-Baku H3 and currently working at Runners Need in the Lanes, Brighton):

COTSWOLDOUTDOOR.COM | SNOWANDROCK.COM | CYCLESURGERY.COM | RUNNERSNEED.COM

15% DISCOUNT * FOR MEMBERS OF BRIGHTON HASH IN-STORE AND ONLINE

**T&Cs apply. Not to be used in conjunction with any other offer or discount. Selected lines are exempt. Only 10% discount is available on bikes. Only valid upon production of valid identification or flier in-store or use of discount code online. Offer expires 28.02.18.*

Refer e-mail of 26/6/17 or contact Keeps It Up or Bouncer for discount code (use online) and/or flyer (for in store shopping).

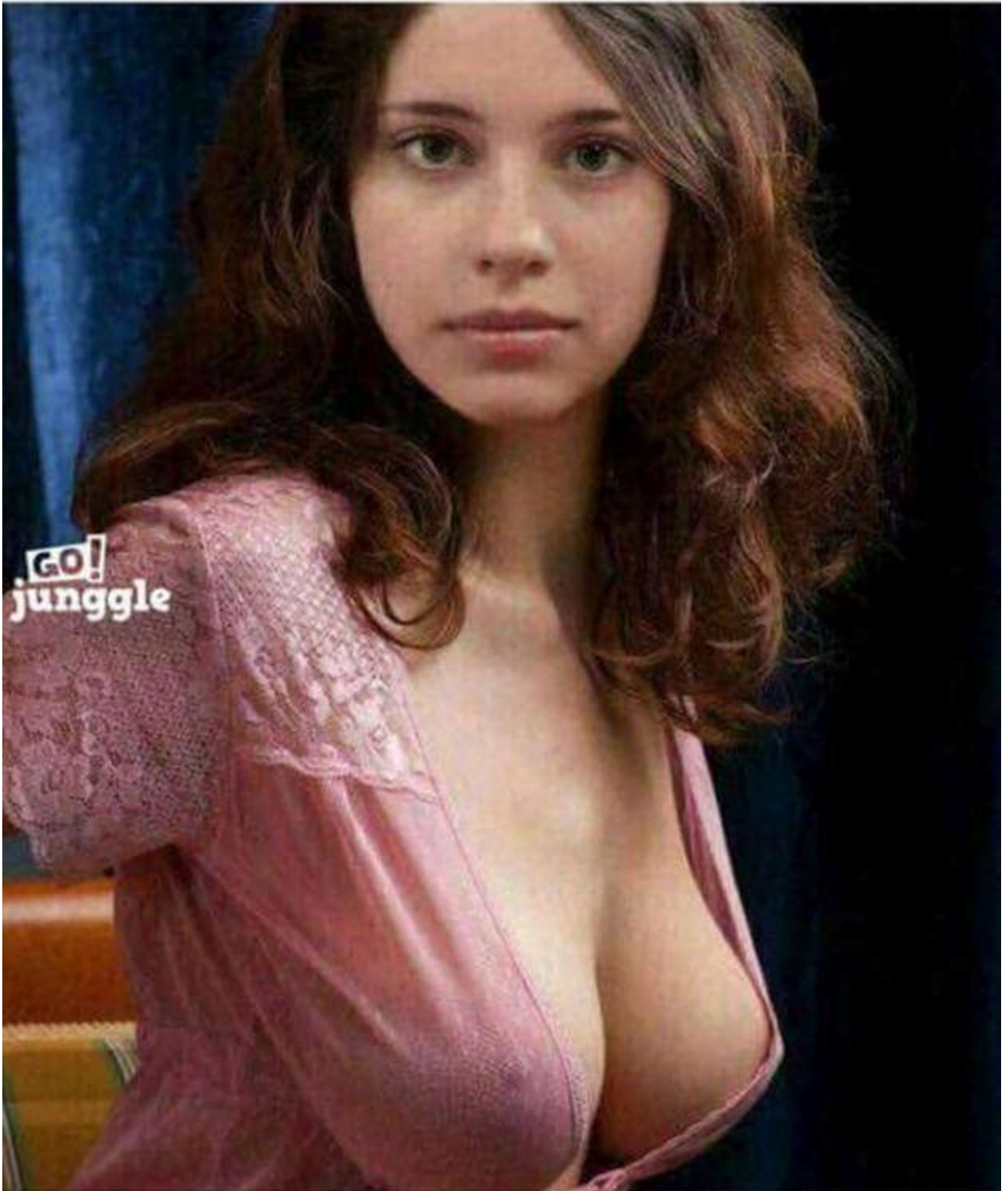
☐ I'M having a takeaway curry at the weekend. I never eat the little bag of warm greasy onions that they chuck in for free. If any *Shoe* readers would like them send me an SAE & I'll post them to you. If not I'll stick them in the *Friday Ad* or something.

Will West
e-mail

Inside ^{PAGE}3 Today

STARING CONTEST

The first to look away **LOSES**



YOU LOSE!

REHASHING

Lockhart Tavern, Haywards Heath - The end of May bank holiday is a notoriously difficult fixture in the hash calendar, and this year was no exception. With no hare willing to commit we still had a bald run the week before, but at least we knew it would be the Lockhart, although whether Bogeyman or Keeps It Up would be saviour hare depended on the formers family commitments which themselves were refusing to be tied down! Eventually **Bogeyman** did come to the rescue to deliver a jolly jaunt joining up all the parks of Haywards Heath. In your editors absence, he even offered to come to the rescue to deliver a run report, which hasn't materialised, these retirees just don't have time! Another great hash, because they all are!

Cock Inn, Wivelsfield - Another one with no 'on the ground' report. Refer website to see where you/they went: <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/past-hashes/2/>. As an unnamed hare, previous attempts on the rare occasions he's stuck around for the circle having been reduced to chaos, an advance plan was formed to baptise Errol prior to the run. No report on when it actually happened, however, the rumour mill confirms that he is now **'Shoots Off Early'** from an original suggestion by Angel. RA Lily the Pink also awarded those survivors from the 100 mile relay who actually made it along to the hash, which, as it happened was just himself! The rumour mill also says it was another great hash, so well done S O Errolly!

Star, Steyning - With the usual unruly mob we headed down Mouse Lane to join the parallel footpath before heading for the hills. Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger as usual created confusion running back down the field, leading to others turning round as if there was an on-back! PP was guessing if it would be the Round Hill Romp route or the Stinger route but Local Knowledge observed that, as Anybody is an old boy, it would probably be the Grammar school cross-country. In the end it was none of these as Mike had a trick up his sleeve. After a couple of false starts we finally ascended to indeed run part of the Romp, headed to 5 ways then took the least likely route still heading away from town, past some hash aware walkers calling on-on! With the advance knowledge that we would again be having a sip at Jason and Vanessa's house anything other than the yellow brick road would be insane, but it was still a bloody long way, which could be why Mike hadn't put any marks down. With PP and PS leading it was inevitable they would turn back but, although St. Bernard popped a cheeky fishhook down, hare had actually put one just slightly further on catching out a few more. The hosts were justified in rushing through a second FH but the surprise was that they had moved and we were a lot nearer the sip than anticipated! And what a fantastic sip, in a lovely garden on close to the longest day, we could easily have stayed much longer, but the pub grub beckoned. It was a short sprint down the road, but Penguin Shagger decided to go early as he only needed 3 miles to get his months total up to 100, silly boy! Circle up, and Anybody was congratulated on 1) turning up and setting trail, 2) not returning to the pub on his own, 3) getting the pack round, 4) not breaking anyone, and 5) on a most excellent sip! Despite the short distance Vanessa took a softie as she was driving but could do with some downing practice! Although Black Stockings was the more spectacular fall, she'd left, so Knight Rider's style trip earned him the beer. In the fishhook avoidance stakes, an honourable mention went to PP and PS for turning early, Jason and Vanessa talked RA out of it, and Ride It Baby was protesting her innocence but took the beer anyway, along with Nic O, Lisa and possibly Shoots Off Early (if he hadn't shot off early). Lisa also earned a mention for playing some Mini spotting game with Just Julia as we returned down the High Street (young mums in town!), while PS inevitably received the numpty award (if not the actual mug which was lost in one of LK's cars) for athleticism. Another great hash!

Sussex Oak, Warnham - "Have you got maps, as I don't have any local knowledge", said Local Knowledge at the start! Indeed, it appears that we've never run from Warnham before so trail was mostly new, even if mostly recycled from the joint W*NK/Henfield H3 a week earlier. Some waffle about markings, fishhooks and regroup, as well as the promise of a sip and we were off up through the pub garden, round the cricket pitch and into the deep yonder. We did actually have some local knowledge with us, being joined by Desert hashers Just In Beaver and Hell for Leather who live a couple of doors from the pub, as well as Cyst Pit who'd been on the earlier hash, but he was being deliberately misleading! Short-cuts were available for HfL's ailing dog and LK as we passed Warnham Manor, but Hash Gomi, who had earlier on been earwigging the walkers chalk talk and attempting to extricate any advantage from hare, surprised all when he found through trail but came back to rejoin pack. Wiggy had somehow ended up going backwards on trail but was persuaded to return for the lovely deer park. After the regroup came the first fishhook then a long road stretch, ultimately ending up at the sip, where we all arrived soon after the walkers for Strawberry Pimms and other midsummery treats. Some blatant counting at the second FH wasn't enough to keep pack united and the check was ignored for the On Inn, where we found a long table had been set up in the garden for an Al Fresco après. Just In Beaver blagged the down down beer for us and Mudlark presided to award hare Bouncer, before the latter took over to announce the sad passing of Max and awarding the visitors. Next up was Bosom Boy, as late receiver for the relay team, and face planting having forgotten how his legs work after a 70 mile ultra madness two weeks back. Finally, the bashers were back and managed a very short hash to the next pub where they were discovered by Hell for Leather on her return. Cooperman gamely joined Whose Shout to down while driver Chopper looked on, before the numpty mug went to Gomi for his missed opportunity. Announcements came from Ride-It, Baby, attempting to change the date of the hash relay back to 9.9.17, a date that even the Americans couldn't get mixed up, and Keeps It Up making not a lot of sense about some hash discount (see page 2). Another Great Hash!



CHALK TALK...

NATIONAL TRUST THANK YOU FOLLOWING BH7 2000th

Kipling's poem "Sussex" starts with the 4 lines:

GOD gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Belovèd over all;

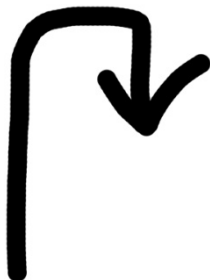
For me that is probably even more restricted. I have spent most of my working life managing predominantly chalk grassland sites on the South Downs and the 3rd verse of the poem so perfectly sums up the iconic image of the South Downs.

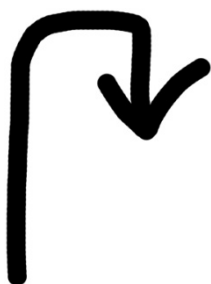
No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And, through the gaps revealed,
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim,
Blue goodness of the Weald.

The climax vegetation for most of Britain is woodland, be it the wet willow woods of swamp and mire the bluebell strewn oak woods of the Weald or the dappled shade of the ash woods of the Downs. Man has interacted with the balance of nature for thousands of years. Some of that interaction is negative like Newhaven, some is visually fine but wildlife negative like fields of wheat, some is visually and wildlife positive like the flower rich hay meadows of the Weald and open expanses of species rich chalk grassland on the Downs. Both of these are abuzz with bees and insects, with skylarks singing overhead, and swallows swooping.

To maintain these landscapes for the future takes work, and the better it is done, the less the public see it being done. Without grazing, both these flower rich habitats will try to make the change back to the climax vegetation of woodland.

FISHHOOKS – We've been using these on and off for several years but just recently they've found their way into the hash markings on a much more regular basis, so it's time for a bit of an explanation.

- Although a simple enough concept anyway, the most basic fishhook consists of a bent arrow or half-arrow pointing back the way you've just come, either on the ground or on posts etc. Sometimes this will be augmented by a number indicating how many runners must 'return', other times this will be announced at the 'chalk talk' prior to the run, another reason to listen up! Sometimes the letters **FH** will also be present.
 - They are useful as another way of keeping the pack together by bringing front-runners back into the pack.
 - If encountered when you are heading the pack, you must turn round and run back along the pack to the rearmost runner, checking with them that they are indeed the back of the pack if no-one else is in sight. There is no need to carry on to the knitting circle (walkers) if by chance they can still be seen, but this is the only excuse for not completing the return.
 - As lead runners return to the pack they should announce their number so others know whether they have to turn.
 - Whilst you should not turn prior to the fishhook, it is also bad form to ignore the return, or to stop early allowing other runners to pass you until the number has been reached.
- 
- A hand-drawn diagram of a fishhook symbol. It consists of a thick black line that starts as a vertical arrow pointing downwards, then bends at a 90-degree angle to the left, forming a horizontal line pointing to the left. The arrowhead is at the end of the horizontal line, pointing left.



This grazing might be from farmed stock or just carpets of rabbits. Back in the 50's man introduced myxomatosis to this country; decimated the rabbit population and brought about the biggest loss of chalk grassland the Downs has seen.

It did not happen overnight, but without the rabbits the grass grew ranker, small saplings and brambles started to get hold and scrub grew, smothering the flower rich grassland. Much of this scrub then turned into secondary ash woodland, nice in its way but not as species diverse as the grasslands it replaced. Eventually the rabbits developed immunity to myxomatosis and returned to our countryside, but by then it was too late. Rabbits might be able to nip the top out of a seedling tree, but even the best of jumps does not get them to the top of the scrub and trees to nibble them back.

Much of my winter is spent cutting down trees and scrub, burning the lop and top, and stacking up the wood to get it out later. Where we can get a vehicle we pull it out and sell it as fire wood, but in the steeper more inaccessible spots we burn it in a charcoal kiln and sell it as BBQ charcoal. As the charcoal weighs one sixth of the weight of the wood it is made from, to get charcoal out from inaccessible places is much easier than trying to get the wood out (I know just lazy at heart).

So to get to the point of this ramble, following the Hash 2000th, there was a surplus of money, half of which the committee agreed to pay to the National Trust as a donation. For the Trust I spent that donation on our next two years supply of charcoal bags. So as you eat a BBQ'ed sausage think of all those amazing days of running through beautiful chalk grassland, with the butterflies flitting around, the smell of thyme and the call of On On!

Cheers, Charlie (St. Bernard)

Charlie Cain Head Warden
South Downs Devil's Dyke Estate, Saddlescombe Farm

Once the number has been attained, the rest of the pack should continue through the fishhook as before, but bear in mind there may be a quick check, again to prevent the pack stretching too much!

The most effective location for fishhooks is on long stretches (of which we have plenty on the Downs!), where the opportunity for a check doesn't present itself readily, and the pack would otherwise break-up into smaller groups. They are also useful just before dangerous road crossings so that we disrupt traffic as little as possible; ahead of locations where domesticated animals such as cattle or horses are held so that a 'walk-through' can be encouraged; or just before sip-stops so that the FRB's don't steal all the goodies! Please ensure it is actually possible to return, in other words avoiding their use where trail is very narrow, overgrown, or dangerous underfoot or otherwise.

Fishhooks differ from **ON-BACKS** in that the trail continues through once FRB's have returned, so definitely do not turn just because a runner is coming back towards you as you will negate the whole point! On-Backs are used where the trail dies and you should return to the previous check or junction and, again, should be clearly marked as such.

[VARIATIONS: in some hash chapters, where flour is the usual medium, it may be the case that a fishhook only requires runners to return a certain amount of marks before turning again. In other cases it may denote an on-back and in those cases the number indicates how far back along the trail you should return to find an alternative trail.

Remember: Chalk talk!

ON ON!

REHASHING (continued)

PEP, Ditchling - Our annual birthday (ish) hash from Local Knowledge's Nursery had an extra raison d'être this time after an APB search for the numpty mug was issued! As usual of late, St. Bernard was rescue hare as well as rescue dog. As usual of late, Charlie lied to us (about the trail hazards despite his blatantly scratched legs) before, as usual of late, we headed out the back to cut across Ditchling Common to the rail bridge. Having spotted hare giving Anybody a cheeky SCB, trail was obviously back on ourselves to the road, but the check here had been scratched meaning a verrry long stretch along Wellhouse Lane to the next break where some attractive girls/ jailbait were mooching. After hi-jacking trail with a fishhook last week it was a surprise that hare hadn't used the tool here, but it didn't matter as the FRB's Prof & Bouncer proved inept, enabling the bulk of the pack to regroup for the saunter up to Oldland Mill, where the latter finally rejoined after an extensive long cut. A little bit of fiddling in the village, round the church and the hall car park, and we headed south to pick up the Nye before another long stretch back to base where a barbecue and barrel awaited.

Circle up and St. Bernard was thanked for the trail and Pete for again allowing us to squat on his estate. 2nd timer Rayner was eventually located for his virgin's downer having swerved the après last time. There was then a convoluted 'racing on the hash' theme, with an attempt to down the relay squad for their efforts failing as One Erection had gone, and Lily the Pink confessed to having already taken one! Despite having been in service, and therefore not joining us, for some years now, Chris Wilce dug out his hash shirt to come 2nd in some 10k event, earning Dad Mudlark a proxy downer, along with Dad Psychlepath who'd received race prizes for Louis 'Santa' Taub last Monday. Also in the same racing waffle, Bogeyman could not be let off for disappearing into the distance in his Burgess Hill Runners vest, but mention also needed to be made of his summer holiday choice - a camper van tour in Norway, which has the most expensive fuel in Europe. Can't help thinking that Roaming Pussy might have had some say judging by the only slightly photo-shopped picture of the



Norwegian police's summer uniform.



Another early bath was On-Don who'd done an amusing unbalancing act on the loose plank on the footings, notable because many of us recall the early days at Coldean where Don would have trip hazards galore! The final two down downs went to Pirate (who plonked his usual massive set of keys on the table before revealing that he doesn't lock the caravan he calls home because... he can't find the key!), and Keeps It Up. The latter had taken part in yet another marathon the day before, which

apparently offered a decent quantity of ale post-run. Showing true hasher spirit, as the guy in front of Brent at the barrel started to collapse, our lad came rushing to his aid. And grabbed the beer to stop it spilling! Somehow in all the excitement, or probably because everyone was asleep after all this tedium, the numpty mug was once again not located. Still, yet another great birthday hash, 39 years on-on!

Wiggy had been sniggering during the evening, having discovered a meaning of Knight Rider as "one of a gang who would coerce folk to vote a certain way with menace". Your editor decided to search Urban dictionary for himself. This is what came up:

What does knight rider mean?

- 1) Knight Rider - When a man doesn't want to get caught whacking off by his wife, so he goes and sits in the car to rub one out. "So last night I told the wife that I had to take the trash out, and sat in the car to perform a knight rider on myself."
- 2) knight rider - a chick that bangs black guys.
- 3) a female referred to as a "Knight Rider" prides themselves on their ability to attract and wrangle the "Knight Stick". Each Knight Rider Pack is different but they all contain the same hierarchy - a Knight Rider at the top, competitors in the middle, and third wheel girls at the bottom. In certain social environments (i.e. college campus dorms etc.) a contender uses more indirect methods, such as political alliances, rumours, severe intoxication and sloppy blowjobs to oust the ruling Knight Rider and take her place. E.g. Two female college roommates vying for "Knight Rider" dominance both sleep with their floor RA (*wait, WTF? Ed.*), attempting to show off their knight stick courting superiority and encourage other knight riders.

Meanwhile, the Wiggy meaning makes you wonder why he objects to his official hash name:

- 1) Emotionally uncontrolled or weird (North American) When a person acts strange in an every-day situation that makes them seem super paranoid. When something is really weird or is completely not-like what it appears to be.
- 2) A creepy English teacher who looks like he is on every drug known to man. He also rubs his lactating nipples all day long while licking his lips and creepily staring at students. (*Well that escalated quickly!*)

Shwiggy - MASSIVE Penis- "oh damn boy, are you sure u can handle that shwiggy all by yourself? Please allow me to help you."

When the sun shines Brighton comes into its own and this weekend was no exception. In a groundbreaking research study, The Brighton Bulletin has analysed statistical data to come up with this list of the most common phrases used by you lot out there enjoying the weather.

9 – ‘Look at those twats on a stag do’ - When the suns out you can’t move for forced ‘wacky banter’ in Brighton. If over the course of this weekend you haven’t seen a Bantasauras Rex in a mankini leading a group mates on pussay patrol you’ve had your eyes closed.

7 – 'I'm definitely not drinking next weekend' - Ah this old chestnut. Often heard amidst the pangs of self loathing as Sunday evening begins to draw in. Often disregarded by Thursday.

5 – ‘Stop checking her out you pervert’ - Many of Brighton’s finest specimens go into hibernation during the harsh winter months, emerging wearing next to nothing as summer begins. On a hot sunny day Brighton becomes a perverts paradise. Avoid arguments by investing in sunglasses.

3 – 'Where are you mate? Nah still can't see you. In front of which bar? There are loads of bars' - Forget climbing Everest, swimming the channel or running a marathon. If you can find your friends on Brighton beach without wasting an hour wandering around aimlessly you will have achieved a feat of human endeavour equivalent to no other.

2 – ‘Fuck me it’s hot’ - So you have seen the weather on the telly, you have watched your mates sunny Snapchats and you have been checking the temperature on your phone every 10 minutes, YOU KNOW IT’S HOT. So why when you walk out the door can you not stop banging on about how pissing hot it is. As temperatures reach their peak ‘Fuck me it’s hot’ migrates to ‘This is too hot’.

1 – 'I feel like I'm on my holidays' - Sitting in a seafront restaurant after a tough day on the beach it doesn't take long for this old classic to come out. You order some sangria and moules and frites just to make it more continental. No matter how long you have lived in Brighton as soon as the sun is out you can't help feeling you are on your holidays.



A young Arab boy asks his father, "What is that weird hat you are wearing?"
The father said, "Why, it's a 'chechia' because in the desert it protects our heads from the intense heat of the sun."
"And what is this type of clothing that you are wearing?" asked the young man.
"It's a 'djell' because in the desert it is very hot and it protects the body." said the father.
The son asked, "And what about those ugly shoes on your feet?"
His father replied, "These are 'babouches', which keep us from burning our feet from hot sand in the desert."
"So tell me then Daddy," added the boy. "Yes, my son?"
"Why when you are living in Brighton are you still wearing all this shit?" **#hashtag Summer of 2017?**

Spare a thought for the staff in Gregg's; they must be baking in there.

Rehashing the CRAFT - 2nd Beer Lovers Marathon, Liege

This month's CRAFT was somewhat different to anything we've ever attempted before. The hardcore of myself, **Angel**, **Keeps It Up** and **Wildbush** found ourselves signed up for the 2nd Beer Lovers Marathon in Liege, Belgium as part of **Princess Albert's** group drawn from his blog followers and London/ City Hashers, which of course included a number of occasional CRAFT folk notably **Heavy Pants** and **Runs To Eat**. Angel and I came close to signing up last year after a drunken evening with **Vicky Vomit** and **Doctor Dolittle** and two running friends of theirs, Simon and Lorraine, but we sobered up in time. However, the seed was planted and when Brent suggested it this year I saw a chance to make repairs and Gabby decided the time was right to tackle her first marathon, albeit walking with Kayleen. When **Smartarse** from Full Moon Hash announced his intention of taking part with **Omo**, we unexpectedly found ourselves linked to them as well! Most of the group headed down on the Friday before, taking a train to Brussels for a night on the town there, but being sensible BH7 folk we waited until the Saturday morning to join KIU who had kindly volunteered his driving skills for the trip through the tunnel. Relying heavily on satnav it was a surprise to discover that Brent had not even looked at the map and thought that Liege was Gent, making our journey a degree longer than anticipated. Despite that we made good time, and parked up to find we were still early at the accommodation. Bags were dumped in a holding room and off we went to register, as well as a quick beer, then a wander to find a cash till which had us



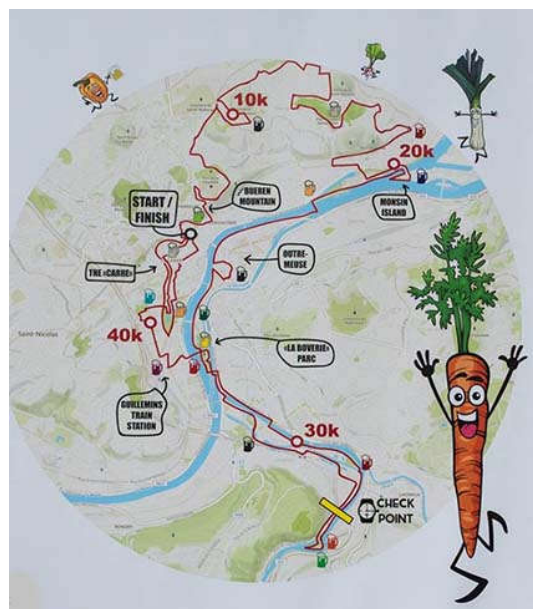
picking up on the Stockholm hash trail, timing our meeting with them with the end of their circle, which of course meant more beers! When the first bar turned the pack away we decided to return to the hostel to check in properly, to find a bit of controversy over who was sharing our six-bedder! All sorted it was off to the Pasta Party and our first glimpse of the Mountain, a devilishly high set of stairs that would make St. Bernard drool, which we would next meet at the 5k mark on Sunday. There was an impressive brass band welcome at the party, seemingly unlimited pasta and the same with the beer, so a jolly time was had by all! It had been a long day so we did the sensible thing again and headed back early, although our roomie Matt made it to the bars to ensure a decent hangover start on the morrow.

Race day breakfast was impressive, albeit approached fairly cautiously as we'd have to urge our bellies round, but restored us after a slightly restless night with the usual hostel comings and goings. Then it was into the fancy dress and off to the start. Although the event theme was Fruit and Vegetables, the group had chosen mime in some unconnected way, but I'd managed to borrow the Dark Star beer bottle costumes, hey, it's a beer marathon after all! When asked by one of the City hashers what vegetable we were meant to represent, I explained the hops connection, then asked him what vegetable the mime costumes were. "Uh, the French Nation?" he somewhat uncertainly replied! Harsh but probably fair, although they had the largest contingent by country here. At the start the variety of costumes was astonishing and outstanding. Maybe it was the event itself, but it just seemed that almost everyone had made a special effort from the can of Heinz baked



beans to the massed Pommes Frites, grape balloons everywhere, the French Mankini 'carrots', and a lot more bottles of beer! After a brief warm-up we wished the girls luck and set off at a fairly relaxed pace, eventually overtaking the orange squeezers complete with cart. Brent did well for breakfast at the first feed station, but no beer so I held out until we'd gone back through the start to the first beer at the base of the stairs. I was already suffering with the heat so walked the beer up before we started jogging again. We hit our fastest mile after the 2nd beer station and were moving well when Princess Albert (no mean runner) went past at an easy lope, but we soon dropped him at the third, the course at this stage being an interesting mix of suburban roads and footpaths! Disaster struck soon after 10 miles when I developed a stomach cramp so pressed Brent ahead, while the cause of the problem, a very rich Belgian chocolate I'd enjoyed going down, came back up.

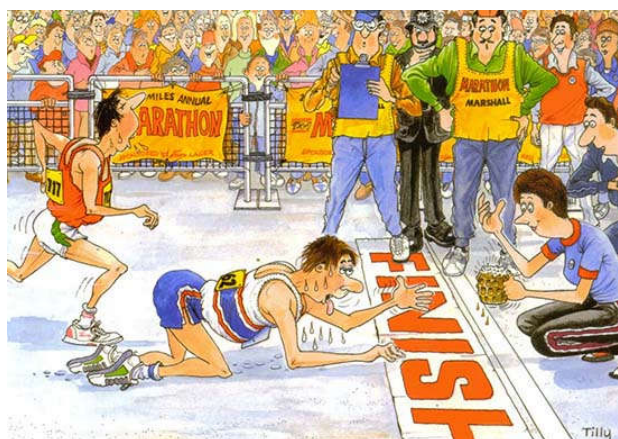




The scenery changed dramatically within a fairly short distance as we hit the river edge, a shout from the other side of the hedge announcing that Brent was already almost a mile ahead, but I was much happier and moving better again as I reached the island for BS#5. From now on until almost at the finish we were mostly running beside the river, and I soon realised that each beer stop announced how far to the next one, which was a useful additional motivator on top of the Garmin. Although there was very little change in the runners back and forward of me as we swapped places at the beer stops (which of course led to lots of friendly chat), catching **Cock-A-Tool** and **Runs to Eat** (SCB suspected with her!) on the river boat (coincidentally called the Prince Albert) could have got very messy, so I didn't stay too long before reverting to my policy of grabbing a beer to jog with (although I had to take longer on the few there were only glasses available). I'd been drinking and running together with a bunch of French guys in red (can't remember their theme - they got my picture but I didn't get one back!), who kept calling 'Come on John' as we switched places for several miles, before we ran out towards the final turn and BS#12 in a beautiful wooded section but lost them as they ended up lingering to try the range as I just took the one beer. Which meant the next 5 miles were

noticeably slower, and I wondered why we hadn't thought to do it relay style as one banana trio with a bike were doing in the closing miles! Back in town again, the beer stops were getting closer together, although the distances, frequently at odds with the Garmin from the start, were still shaky, and I was barely surprised to bump into **Runs to Eat** again, this time with **Heavy Pants**, with only a mile to go. Taking her advice to go with the pink beer meant I had to queue, and while it was a very pleasant stop, the runner in me was lamenting the resulting 20 minutes for the final mile, which meant I was on a charge and missed the very last beer and arancini stop at 26 miles, to sprint home.

A quick change and refresher in the beer tent, dump bag back at the hostel then shoot back in time to see the girls finish, was the plan, but due to an accidental short-cut it seemed they'd already come through and by the time we reunited, everybody knew who Angel was! Her plan of taking a cup to pour the beer into, enabling her to drink and walk, came unstuck when she misinterpreted a bit of advice to go three beers to one water as: to do that at each BS! Wildbush described her descent as "sober, sober, sober, very very drunk" with no in-between phase! Carla had taken her away to relieve Kayleen (although my own experience was that Carla was probably not in much better shape than Angel), and we arrived at the Stockholm hash circle (all about the circle with these guys but no Malibog this year) just in time for me to intercept Angel's down down for being the drunkest, and make sure she got some food and water in her. Declining my suggestion of going back to sleep it off, we found ourselves back in the beer tent where a party was now in full swing with the mimes in high evidence. Angel seemed to have found a major admirer which got complicated, and the free-flowing beer soon undid all the sobering-up work, so eventually we steered ourselves outside to go and take advantage of the interesting selection available at the beer lovers festival across the square. They certainly like their brewery names here as much as Brits love their beer names, and although **LA MILF** was an interesting idea, I eventually went for the **TITS** (no surprises there), while **Keeps It Up** used more traditional methods to choose his complimentary finishers sup. Despite seeming fairly sober here, engaging in quite serious chat with one couple, Angel insisted we should take one more look at the tent, but we were declined entry as organiser Bruno told us "the party has broken up and all the runners except one have gone. We cannot get David 'ellard to leave." Yup, **Princess Albert**, might've known! And so, we finally made it back to the hostel, heads down for a rejuvenating kip. My long-term game plan to not go too mad during the run and save myself for a nice social evening had failed badly as 'carer' duties took over.



With only one beer less than 5% at the various feeding stations, this was not for the faint-hearted, at least those not prepared to take a short-cut, and the cut-off time of 6.5 hours really meant the walkers would risk exclusion. And they were pretty firm about that, our girls receiving a couple of warnings from the sweepers. Although I made it well within the cut-off, I suspect I could've taken a lot more advantage of the beer stops, given that my time was never going to be impressive anyway, but Brent did considerably better, and also spent enough time at the stops to really enjoy the beers. So would I recommend it and will I be back? You can count on it, absolutely, but with a beer-loving hashers head on, not a r*nners!

Brent	113	4.26.35	Angel	786	6.44.43
Bouncer	339	5.36.14	Wildbush	788	6.44.49

IN THE NEWS - A very complicated election...



So the Conservatives won, but lost...
Labour lost, but won...
the SNP won and lost in Scotland
but still won
and the Conservatives won in Scotland
but lost...
UKIP lost but because of Brexit they've
already won...
the winner, Mrs May, is being told to resign
because she didn't win
and she won't
because she won
even though she lost...

1979-Callaghan 269 seats, resigned.
1992-Kinnock 271 seats, resigned.
2017-Corbyn 262 seats, claims victory &
orders the winner to resign



Glastonbury food vendors uproar after Jeremy Corbyn feeds festival with five loaves and two fish - By Francis Aston - June 24, 2017

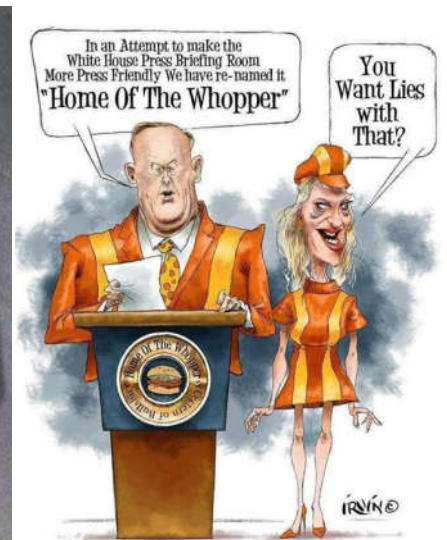
Food vendors at the Glastonbury festival have been in uproar today after Jeremy Corbyn fed the entire site using just 5 loaves of bread and 2 fish.

Percy Cheesewright told us, "I saw him coming out of a portalo. We stood and chatted. I told him it was nice to see a man with proper convictions in politics and got a selfie with him. He was carrying a bag but I thought nothing of it. Then he gets up on stage, makes this big speech, looks to the Pyramid stage. He takes the five loaves, gives thanks and breaks the loaves. Then he gives them to the crowd. They all ate and were satisfied, and Michael Elvis picked up twelve basketfuls of broken pieces that were left over and walked off with them. It's a disgrace. I've got 20,000 cheeseburgers here. What am I supposed to do with them?"

Food vendors weren't the only ones annoyed at Corbyn. Drinks vendor Vodka Best said, "After he'd done the whole bread and fishes routine he gets Eavis to come over with some water. Then he gets Eavis to taste the water and Eavis says it's wine. Not just any wine though. Chateau Lafite-Rothschild. Then everyone starts tasting their water and that's wine too. Talk about champagne socialists. Nobody wants my warm Carlsberg now."

Michael Eavis told us, "It's great having Jeremy here. He's the first frontline politician who's got young people to engage with politics in years. Think I'll keep him away from the field where we buried all those cows we had to kill during the foot and mouth outbreak of 2001. We wouldn't want his Lazarus routine. A lot of our patrons are on drugs so zombie cows could be very distressing for them."

It didn't all go Corbyns way though. The festival had to be halted whilst everyone searched for his keys. He thought he'd lost them when he was crowd surfing but they were later found in the silent disco tent.



UK sets new renewable energy record as wind and solar surge

Telegraph business by Jillian Ambrose 7 JUNE 2017 • 4:10PM

A blustery start to summer has helped the renewable energy industry to its highest ever output as wind turbines and solar panels help to meet more than half of the UK's electricity demand. The record 19.3GW output of renewable energy was enough to meet more than 50pc of midday power demand which reached 35.4GW. The National Grid control room added that this is the first time that renewable energy and nuclear power have together produced more power than gas and coal plants combined.



IN THE NEWS continued...

Gatwick rated among world's worst airports, damning study finds

(this article is a mash of Evening Standard & Times due to unhelpful Times online).

A study by AirHelp found Gatwick Airport to be the second worst for "quality and punctuality"

JONATHAN MITCHELL Tuesday 13 June 2017 07:01 BST

Britain's overstretched airports have been named among the worst in the world as concerns grow over delays and ageing facilities. A study of 76 airports published today ranked three British sites in the bottom ten, and none in the top ten.

The research put Gatwick, Manchester and Edinburgh close to the foot of the table and London Stansted at number 65. Heathrow was ranked highest at number 20. Researchers said that many UK airports were not “efficiently designed”, with large queues at check-in, delays at security or passport control and long walks to gates. Airports have also been badly affected by airspace congestion in Europe and air traffic control strikes in France over the past 12 months, with Gatwick particularly prone to cancellations and delays.

The rant from the rank...

Can't help but agree, they're just evil money-grabbing bastards at airports! Stansted now charges £3 just to drop someone off. All airports force cabs to park up to pick up with a minimum charge of £3.50 for half an hour (rising through £7 to £11.30 after an hour) even if you're only 5 minutes, apparently using anti-terrorism as the excuse, and ANPR charging £30 fine if you are seen picking up from the drop-off zone. Gatwick is particularly bad with two available lanes at the drop-off but only allowed to use one as the other is reserved for Easy Jet buses. Never even seen one dropping there! The pick-up is worse as they've shut the entire lower floor of the car park at South off, hundreds of spaces and no-one allowed to park there, never mind the various incomprehensible special spaces elsewhere. We're supposed to get as close as possible to our customers, particularly old, frail or vulnerable, but just no chance, which is not good for the customer or driver, just enables them to fleece us more. Inside the airport is ever more chaotic, passport control has now overtaken baggage retrieval as the stopper, all the while they rack up more parking fees! Any problem locating your customer even though they must be through? Too bad, the information desk no longer exists being replaced with a tourist information board. If you do manage to corner one of the staff wandering aimlessly around, they are particularly skilled at disappearing within minutes without being the slightest bit helpful and invariably bloody rude into the bargain. Of course it's mostly in the hands of profiteering Europeans mainly French and Spanish companies. Rant over. Nurse!

Could this be the start of a new section in the trash, "Modern Life is Rubbish"?

[illegible]

This months featured back issue “International Gag Mag” round up:

- *Why did the Irishman keep an empty milk bottle in his fridge? In case any of his friends wanted black coffee!*
- *“Doctor Doctor, My wife keeps smoking after sex.” “Well you’d better slow down a bit!”*
- *Why has a Giraffe got 4 feet? Because he’d look bloody stupid with 6 inches!*
- *What’s four foot long and f*cks rabbits? A shotgun.*
- *What do you call a copper with his head cut in pieces? Police headquarters.*
- *How do you get milk from a cat? Take it’s saucer away.*
- *“I’d like a bar of soap please.” “Certainly sir. Scented or unscented?” “I’ll just take it with me.”*
- *What’s the difference between a duck? One of its legs is both the same.*
- *What have Jeremy Corbyn and Boris Johnson got in common? They’ve both got beards except Boris Johnson.*
- *One chap was so depressed about the state of Southern Rails service, he threw himself in front of the 7.45 out of Brighton. He was killed 10.30 the following Thursday.*
- *Where are an elephants sex organs? In his feet. If he steps on you, you’re f*cked!*

[illegible]

Last month, a world-wide telephone survey was conducted by the UN.

The only question asked was:

"Would you please give your honest opinion about possible solutions to the food shortage in the rest of the world?"

The survey was a complete failure because:

- In Eastern Europe they didn't know what "honest" meant.
- In Western Europe they didn't know what "shortage" meant.
- In Africa they didn't know what "food" meant.
- In China they didn't know what "opinion" meant.
- In the Middle East they didn't know what "solution" meant.
- In South America they didn't know what "please" meant.
- In the USA they didn't know what "the rest of the world" meant.
- And in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Britain everyone hung up as soon as they heard the Indian accent

THE END

HERE COMES THE SUMMER...

Brighton Hasher In Spain Shocked To Learn That Spanish For 'Beer' Isn't 'Beer' Screamed Very Loudly

A25-year-old Brighton Hasher holidaying in Spain has expressed his shock after he discovered that the Spanish word for 'beer' isn't just the word 'beer' screamed very loudly while pulling your right hand downwards in some sort of pumping motion. He made the discovery in the Costa Del Troto resort of Cunnilingus last month after a local barman just shrugged his shoulders at his second attempt to ask for a glass of Estrella. He said: 'I really don't know what else I could have done to get my point across. I thought that making a pumping motion to simulate the movement of someone dispensing a lager through a draught system would have made myself perfectly clear, but this particular bar only had bottles in fridges. In the end one of the locals had to intervene on my behalf, but that wasn't the end of my difficulties on the night. When I wanted to pay, I repeatedly ran my index finger across the palm of my other hand in a writing motion while shouting 'bill please' at the top of my voice, but they just dispense it from a till system. If they want to carry on making money from us British people the very least that I would expect them to do is learn how to speak English. This guy must be incredibly shit at charades on Christmas Day. However, people in Spain are able to understand body language. As I approached a couple of hot-looking local girls, before I could even open my mouth one of them said 'no thanks, I'm not into sweaty lobsters.'



HAPPY HOLIDAYS



BETTY SWOLLOCKS?

