




*R-ns/trash #243 August 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
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				
14th August 2017	2043	Ladies Mile, Patcham	307 089	Jaws
Directions: A23 south into Brighton. Just past Black Lion take half left on to Old London Road then left again Ladies Mile Road. Pub opposite on left at t-junction. Est. 1 minute 37 seconds.				
21st August 2017	2044	Swan, Lewes	BN7 1HU	Spreadsheet
Directions: A27 to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout, then right at traffic lights. Follow round and pub is on right just before junction. Est 15 minutes.				
28th August 2017	2045	Seaford Head Car Park, South Hill		Prof
Directions: Head east on A27 7 miles. At Beddingham Roundabout take 2nd exit onto A26. Continue for 4.4 miles. Slight left onto B2109 for 0.7 miles. Take 2nd exit onto A259 for 3.2 miles. Turn right onto Southdown Rd. After 0.4 miles. Left onto Chyngton Rd for 0.5 miles. Left onto Chyngton Way for 0.3 miles. Continue onto Chyngton Way for 0.4 miles. At T junction turn right on unnamed road to car park. Est. 25 mins. Live Hare. On Inn to Seaford after the run.				
4th September 2017	2046	Mile Oak Tavern	246 073	Ride-It, Baby
Directions: A27 west to Hangleton link. Left at 1st roundabout then right at 2nd (Fox Way). Follow round to the end then turn right. Pub is on left. Est. 10 mins.				

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## RECEDING HARELINE:

## 10th September HASH RELAY

8am - Devils Dyke car park

**11th September - Plough at Pyecombe Pondweed**

18th September - Eager hare required

25th September - Eager hare required

2nd October - Eager hare required

## HASHING AROUND:

**HASTINGS H3** - King and Queenfisher are setting Hastings next hash on August 13th at 10.66. Start is from Guestling Green School.

**Thought for the day, as the kids break up the challenges increase:**

"Dad, you know you told me not to put anything smaller than my elbow in my ear. Well, now it's in, how do I get it out?"



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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

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**SUNDAY 10/9/17 - BRIGHTON HASH RELAY 2017 from DEVILS DYKE car park  
MONARCHS WAY/ SOUTH DOWNS WAY via Amberley**

As the date draws ever closer we are now looking for some commitment to make this work. If you're available for all or just part of the day, or even just want to join us afterwards, please let one of the team co-ordinators know as soon as possible. These are Pat 'Rides It, Baby' Morfitt, Peter 'Prof' Thomas and Bouncer. This has always been a tremendous day out, even when we seem to be thin on the ground.

*Following last years route the relay will consist of (roughly!) 15 stages of between 2 and 7 miles along the Monarchs Way to Arundel and on to Amberley, where we join the South Downs Way to return ultimately to Lewes for a social (probably a curry). Lots of pubs en-route and after! More the merrier!*

Catch us on a Monday night or e-mail: [patmorfitt@talktalk.net](mailto:patmorfitt@talktalk.net); [p.a.thomas@sussex.ac.uk](mailto:p.a.thomas@sussex.ac.uk); [bh7bouncer@uwclub.net](mailto:bh7bouncer@uwclub.net)

[illegible]

Dear Bouncer/ 2000<sup>th</sup> organising team,

I am writing to thank you and the Brighton Hash House Harriers team for your donation of £111.74 and to acknowledge its safe receipt. Donations like yours to RISE allow us to respond to need and keep our services running.

As you know there are women and children that live in violent situations and need support in escaping domestic abuse. Without the help of people like you this would not be possible; your support helps us save lives.

Thank you so much on behalf of all of us at RISE as well as our service users for your kindness and support, we hope your 2000th run weekend event was a great success.

Kind regards,

Fiona Gray

Fundraising Assistant

***Fiona.Gray@riseuk.org.uk***

01273 622828 ext 231

[www.riseuk.org.uk](http://www.riseuk.org.uk)

[illegible]

Subject: South Downs Trek Trail Run 2017 – St Barnabas House

Hi there.

I hope you're well.

My name is Sophie and I work on the Events Team at St Barnabas House the adult's hospice for Arun and Adur. We are now onto our next event our annual South Downs Trek a 21 mile trek across the South Downs. Setting off from Devils Dyke, you'll take in views across the South Downs and the stunning Sussex countryside, before finishing at St Barnabas House hospice in Worthing.

In previous years the South Downs Trek has been for walkers only but new for 2017 we have opened it up to runners so you can now choose to walk or run the 21 mile route across the Downs whilst raising money for St Barnabas House. To read more about the run please follow this link – [www.stbarnabas-hospice.org.uk/events/south-downs-trek-run/](http://www.stbarnabas-hospice.org.uk/events/south-downs-trek-run/)

The reason I am emailing you today is to ask for your expertise – we have not offered a trail run before and I would really appreciate your help in getting it out to the trail running community. Any advice you could offer would be brilliant.

To learn a little more about St Barnabas House and the care that we offer our community please follow this link – [www.stbarnabas-hospice.org.uk/](http://www.stbarnabas-hospice.org.uk/)

For more information or if you have any questions please feel free to get in touch on the details below.

Many thanks and I look forward to hearing from you.

Kind regards,

Sophie Henderson

01903 706354





Along with hare St. Bernard, Petra also received a down down for her part in the hospitality stakes at the Saddlescombe hash. If you were listening you may have been puzzled to hear her referred to as Cuckoo's Nest as, being predominantly a barfly, she hasn't been named as yet. The reference is down to her being a member of the thus-named ladies Morris side, so even though Spring has long gone here's a bit more, including the traditional song from which they took their name:

### Welcome to the home of Cuckoo's Nest Morris

We are a Brighton based Morris side who perform dances mainly from the Cotswold tradition of English dancing but we take our influences from a wide range of places. Our musicians accompany us with traditional and original tunes, played on a variety of acoustic instruments. We are celebrating our 40th anniversary in 2017 with a variety of events, including a Day of Dance in Brighton on May 20th. We are the proud current holders of the Evesham Stick. <http://cuckoosnestmorris.com/home/4555667982>

### Cuckoos Nest

*As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
I met a pretty fair maid, on-on to her did say,  
"For love I am inclined, and I'll tell you me mind,  
That me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest."*

*"Me darling," says she, "I am innocent and young,  
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue;  
Yet to see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise,  
That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest."*

#### Chorus:

*Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,  
And some like a girl who is slender in the waist;  
But give me a girl that will wriggle and will twist.  
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.*

*"Then me darling," says he, "if you see it in me eyes,  
Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised,  
For I love you, me dear, and I'll marry you I swear  
If you let me clap me hand on your cuckoo's nest."*



**Hmm. Not a cuckoo, possibly a tittoo. Ed.**



*"Me darling," says she, "I can do no such thing,  
For me mother often told me it was committing sin,  
Me maidenhead to lose and me sex to be abused,  
So have no more to do with me cuckoo's nest."*

#### Chorus

*"Me darling," says he, "it is not committing sin,  
but common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing,  
For you were brought into this world to increase and do your best,  
And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest."*

*"Then me darling," says she, "I cannot you deny,  
For you've surely won me heart by the roving of your eye.  
Yet to see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised,  
So gently lift your hand in me cuckoo's nest."*

#### Chorus

*So this couple they got married and soon they went to bed,  
And now this pretty fair maid has lost her maidenhead;  
In a small country cottage they increase and do their best,  
And he often claps his hand on her cuckoo's nest.*

### Golden Oldie from #78:

The other night I told my wife that I would be back from the hash by midnight...promise! Well, the hours passed and the beer was going down way too easy. At around 3:00 a.m., drunk as a skunk, I headed for home. Just as I got in the door, the cuckoo clock in the hall started up and cuckooed 3 times. Quickly, I realized my wife would probably wake up, so I cuckooed another 9 times. I was really proud of myself, having a quick witty solution, even when smashed, to escape a possible conflict. The next morning my wife asked me what time I got in, and I told her 12 o'clock. She didn't seem disturbed at all. Whew! Got away with that one! She then told me that we needed a new cuckoo clock. When I asked her why, she said: "Well, last night our clock cuckooed 3 times, then said 'oh shit,' cuckooed 4 more times, cleared its throat, cuckooed another 3 times, giggled, cuckooed twice more, and then farted."

## REHASHING

**Bent Arms, Lindfield** - There was a bit of grumbling in the car park, as our reception hadn't been as welcoming as we might've hoped, having not hashed from this establishment for many a year, but you can't blame the virgin hare for that. Recent runs in this area have all been courtesy of Psychlepath, and have tended to loop back to his normal territory from other pubs so a fresh head was eagerly anticipated. Arriving in Lindfield, Cooperman (who promptly blamed Chopper) was spotted heading to the village car park, far from the pub which had its own sizeable car park, begging the question of why Shoots Off Early pressed Bouncer into parking in the smallest space under the low-hanging trees. The start of the hash was uncannily similar to Riks last effort up through the churchyard, down the lane and head east, but we were soon running alongside the river as Rik informed us we couldn't get out. Hare Ross started to hang back here prompting suggestions of a fishhook which he dismissed as 'knackered having only just finished setting'. So, there was a fish hook, and virgin hare has already mastered the art of blatant lies/ misinformation. At the road junction, half went left, half went right and half went straight ahead. It was a hash of three halves. Co-hare Mudlark was also being mischievous, misdirecting the pack inside the hedge which led only to a deep stream crossing while others were so far off course they thought we were heading north not south, but you can't blame the virgin hare for that. After a road stretch we briefly picked up the Ouse Valley Way before cutting back to cross the Walstead Road and a 'Benny Hill' style chase of a sexy joggette, and on inn to the Snowdrop. Ooops, wrong pub and not even a sip, so back down the lane where a marking mix-up had a very small part of the pack following another jogger, but we were soon back on track for a lovely woody sip before a return to the correct pub round the back of the houses. Pack was divided between garden and bar but grudgingly reunited for a barely moonlit circle where Mudlark and Ross were downed. A couple of new runners, Patrick and Graham K, failed to understand the importance of the pub and left early, as did Hot Fuzz who may have realised he was in line for the numpty award, so Ross's Uncle Dave (who has hashed in far flung places) took the guest beer with Ross's girlfriend Kim in a board mix-up, sharing her name with SOE's wife but you can't blame the virgin hare for that. Mudlark had keenly been promoting a naming for Ross, and we can't have a hare without a name, so various suggestions were proposed - Ginger Ninja & Tossy Rossy (both Nigel but can't remember story), Bumfluff (Bouncer suggestion as, like fluffy early chin hair, he's only appeared a few times before), Eat My Cucumber (when veggie RA commented on hare's meat heavy meal Ross said "you can eat my cucumber". Bet you say that to all the girls!) - the latter winning by a large margin! You'd have thought a bit of restraint would be called for after experiencing chest pains a couple of days earlier, but Keeps It Up asked if the remaining pint was for him, so he was obliged, then promptly received the numpty award as well for his rambling speech the week before about on-line savings (*see last trash*). Another great hash, but you can't blame virgin hare for that.

**Sportsman, Goddards Green** - All gathered on a lovely summer evening, but hare One Erection had little to say before the slog along the road to cut in and join the Burgess Hill green circular path. As usual Peter Pansy and Penguin were racing ahead, the latter crashing his way through all obstacles after losing his specs over the weekend (along with his phone, wallet, keys, and bra and panties in an alleged rohypnol incident). We found ourselves joined by a number of dogs at one stage but St. Bernard, with his impressive command of dogspeak, ordered them back. All got lost in the yard before we were pointed in the right direction through the imposing iron gates, and it was on down to the road to meet the walkers, before more confusion around the College grounds. Obviously it was on to Danworth then on again for what looked like a reversal of Prince Crash's fireworks run (which had already been fondly remembered earlier), but no, trail went past the stream, just missing the mill. Attempts to veer the run in a sensible homeward direction by Cyst Pit failed and we were called back down the road by co-hare Dirty Bitch, right up Pookbourne eventually through a farmyard where Ride-It, Baby found the nettles a challenge. Salvation was near though in the form of the sip stop with lovely fizz, strawberries, shortbread and other vaguely Wimbledon themed goodies (hare apparently abandoning the advertised Bastille Day nod). As usual DB slipped away early, leaving One E to down the hares beer and cause mischief by rather harshly suggesting something nasty for Penguin Shagger with a Tabasco spiked blackcurrant squash, the specs story being all the more amusing for the fact that the pub supplied numerous variable focussed glasses for folk to read the menus! Props were also supplied by the pub for St. Bernard who found his down down ale complete with dog biscuits. Naturally RiB's concerns about her breasts deserved a mention especially as Bouncer, who was right behind her at the time, possesses a rather larger pair and was therefore more likely to get stung! An amusing mix-up at the weekend when Bouncer mentioned Keeps It Up to renowned UK RA Showman, who said, "I don't know a hasher called Pizza Hut", earning KIU a beer, which he swiftly passed to Wildbush. Another nomination quickly followed when Doctor Random Sparkles, who was originally going to be called Vajazzle by Lily, was called after a report of doctors warning women about the use of glitter capsules to give their fella a party thrill (*see report over page*), passed her beer on to ex-Doctor Anybody. Prince Crashpian and Gomi had apparently had a hay fight in one of the fields which passed RA by until teeth started gnashing in the pub, and hare also escaped the numpty mug for booking a pub with a 10% supplement for groups over 8, that award being passed by KIU to Mudlark who ran in his day shoes after leaving his trainers at home. Another great hash!

## WHEN LIFE ISN'T FAIR





FIONA SIMPSON Tuesday 4 July 2017 18:53

Online retailer Pretty Woman Inc sells the candy-flavoured product – dubbed Passion Dust – and says it enhances romantic encounters for both parties. The retailer also claims that the dust is “safe”. However, specialists have warned that the craze could lead to infections.

Consultant obstetrician and gynaecologist Shazia Malik added that the sex aid could “kill off any passion at all” by causing painful inflammatory discharge any tiny scratches in the vagina. She said: “The starch and gelatin (in the product) will increase the pH as well as adding sugar to vaginal secretions - v

Candida to thrive. "This causes increased discharge and a painful

That is one glittery pussy!

# WHAT'S YOUR PENIS' NAME?

First letter of surname

A - FLUTE  
B - FINGER  
C - MAKER  
D - SURPRISE  
E - MEAT  
F - SHAFT  
G - STICK  
H - TICKLER  
I - TOOL  
J - DESTROYER  
K - SWORD  
L - SNAKE  
M - SHLONG  
N - IMPALER  
O - 3rd LEG  
P - POLE  
Q - DANGLER  
R - SAUSAGE  
S - RAIDER  
T - WOOD  
U - TOY  
V - HOSE  
W - STICK  
X - SHOOTER  
Y - WORM  
Z - MONSTER

**GROWING SEASON** - An old woman in a North Carolina ER complained of green vines growing from her vagina. Investigation revealed a large potato trapped in her womb. The woman then suddenly remembered that she had inserted it two weeks previously, because she thought that her uterus was falling out.

I've just put my hand in my back pocket and found a fat, hairy vagina with money hanging out of it. I think my wallet's been snatched.



**Saddlescombe** Politicians lie, the sun hides as soon as the kids break-up and, due to his extensive knowledge of SCB routes, Sir Victoria will be back at the pub before everyone else. Some things in life are absolute certainties, and along with the aforementioned you can always guarantee something different (usually good!) from a St. Bernard trail. As we've been here a number of times now, routes from Saddlescombe don't offer a vast range of possibilities though, and so this time we headed east briefly on the SDW, peeling off right at the first check. Pack started rather sedately though, so as we continued on the



Sussex Border Path to check 3 the FRB's were left hanging around. Drop down towards the A23, a right turn through the brash and the woods and, whadda y'know, a fishhook, in just exactly the worst place for it! At least it brought us back together for the next tricky bit very much against the grain over to the RSPCA and a short wander through Patcham despite the trail marks heading towards the Chattri? Up to the Mill there was a second fishhook, and another at the bottom by the Rugby Club, which caused much mirth as the FRB's struggled back up the hill only to have to come back down for the climb to the golf club. With time rushing on, and a road return seeming a poor option, hare started calling us left for the sip, left! But



the prospect of beer was too tempting so we fell for it and, oh joy, sip was on the back of a seated trailer leading to a tractor ride on inn, to the usual happy singing. Another excellent beer and barbie evening then ensued, before St. Bernard was downed along with Petra as thanks for all her hard work. A joke about not opening e-mails from the All Blacks as they're Haka's led to a rather poor taste female Dr. Who reference ignoring the obvious Dr. Random angle. New boots Monica and Julie were up next, the former declining as she was driving so Aggies Chris did the honours to cries of "name him", so thinking caps on folks! Peter Pansy missed the hash but came to socialise and boast about his running

earning the green sludge, and Knight Rider also downed for some smart comment lost in the annals. With her recent nuptials, and first attempt as hare coming up, there had been lots of discussion of a name for Felicity. There was lots more discussion today with options such as Flick the Bean, Flick the Knife, and Root Vegetable all being tabled. The latter came from her husband hiding under a marginally altered surname of Parsnip on social media, but the simpler form was adopted so welcome Parsnip! RA's brain was not on the game and both Cyst Pit and Lily the Pink declined their beers, refusing to remind RA why they deserved them so thoroughly (naughty comments and behaviour on the tractor!), but Bouncer earned a double numpty for blatant short-cutting across Patcham Place in front of everybody, as well as using magic on the hash to get from the back to the front without being seen at the first fishhook. Another great Charlie hash!



**onononononononononononononononononon**

Following the death of his wife, a thrifty Yorkshire farmer visited the offices of the Yorkshire Post. After 50 years of happily married life he felt that an obituary would be in order. When the receptionist on the desk informed the farmer of the cost he exclaimed in true Yorkshire fashion. "How Much?!". Then he reluctantly produced his wallet saying . "I want summat simple, my Gladys was a good-hearted and hard-working Yorkshire lass but she wunt 'ave wanted nowt swanky.'" "Perhaps a



small poem," suggested the woman at the desk. "Nay," said the farmer "she wunt 'ave wanted anything la-di-da, just put; 'Gladys Braithwaite's died'". "You need to say when" he was told by the receptionist. "Do I? Well, put died 17th July 2017. That'll do." "It is usual for the bereaved to add some meaningful phrase about the dearly departed."

The man considered this proposal for a moment. "Well, put in, 'Sadly missed.' That'll do." "You can have another four words," explained the woman. "No, no!" he cried, "she wouldn't 'ave wanted me to splash out." "But the extra four words are included in the price," the woman told him. "Are they? You mean I've paid for 'em". "Yes, indeed." "Well, if I've paid for 'em" exclaimed the man, "Then I'm 'avin' 'em." The obituary appeared in the Yorkshire Post the next morning. Gladys Braithwaite died 17th July 2017. Sadly missed. Also Tractor for sale.



### While the kids play, Dads still have to work, however...

If you work in an office with lots of people, chances are that you work with an extremely sad person who hangs pictures up that their kids have drawn during their summer holidays. The pictures are always of some stupid flower or a tree with wheels. These pictures suck; I could draw pictures much better. As a matter of fact, I can spell, do math and run faster than your kids. So being that my skills are obviously superior to those of stupid children, I've taken the liberty of judging artwork done by other kids, and placed on the Internet. I'll be assigning a grade A through F for each piece.

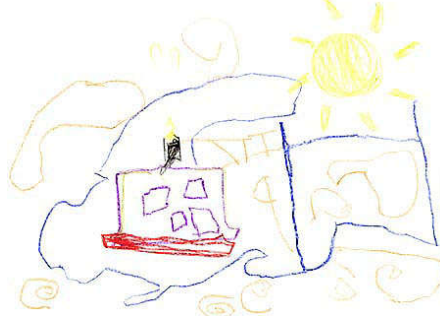
Megan, age 4



First of all, I don't even know what this is. If it's supposed to be a dog, then it's the shittiest dog I've ever seen. Why is it wearing lipstick?

**Grade: F**

Jason, age 6



This one would receive an 'A' if the assignment were to throw as much random shit onto a paper as poorly as you can. I've pissed patterns on snow that look more coherent than this.

**Grade: F**

Seth, age 4



Vrrrrroooooooooooooooooommmmm! Shit.

**Grade: F**

Rachel, age 7



That's interesting, everyone in this picture is white. Even the rainbow is white. Perhaps in an ideal world, everyone would be white isn't that right, Rachel? Or should I call you RACIST? Nice try, Hitler.

**Grade: F**

Cameron, age 4



Jesus Christ!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What the f\*\*\* is that!

**Grade: F**

Jon, age 8



Ding Ding! Here comes the shit-mobile. I've never seen a fire truck that needed to be shaved. I would rather be burned to death than be saved by this hairy piece of shit.

Kyle, age 8



You spelt America wrong, asshole. Also, I could have sworn America's colours were red, white and blue. There's no yellow anywhere. Clearly you are a traitor and should be electrocuted.

**Grade: F**

Lisa, age 6



Holy shit, I almost had a seizure when I saw this one. Three words: too many colours. Also, eggs aren't supposed to have ears, dipshit. Why is the rabbit thing screaming? Is that a spider, the sun or a piece of red shit?

**Grade: F**

Bryce, age 10



This one wouldn't be too bad if it didn't look so shit!!!!!!

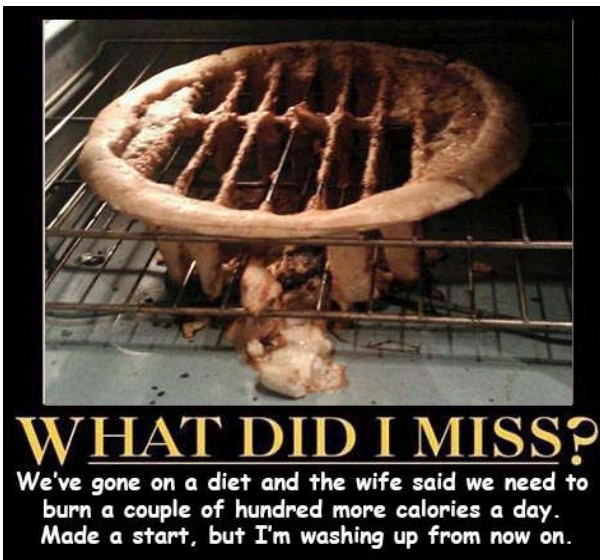
**Grade: F**

As school restarted, a new teacher was trying to make use of her psychology degree. She started her class by saying, 'Everyone who thinks they're stupid, stand up!' After a few seconds, Little Johnny stood up. 'Do you think you're stupid, Little Johnny?' asks the teacher.

'No, miss but I didn't like to see you standing there all by yourself on your first day!'

## REHASHING (continued)

**Bull, Shermanbury** Was it the popularity of the pub, or the popularity of the hare that filled the car park and the roads around? Well the record shows that we've been here an astounding 28 times, the last of which was when we gatehashed EGH3 when we were missing a hare, but as we've been referred to as the 'eating club with a running problem', it's probably the pizzas! Given the challenge of setting an interesting new route, Prince Crashpian chose plan B and set us off up the road over Mock Bridge, dragged us past Shermanbury Place making us wait another half mile before hitting the fields. It wasn't long before the first fishhook, which Pondweed declined citing the Lunatic Marathon as his excuse, prompting Angel to ask how Naomi was. This caused husband Hash Gomi some consternation as Pondweeds wife is the long-suffering Nina! We were soon back on the road again, for a jog down to the Partridge which had all the hallmarks of a hasty short-cut as trail was too long e.g. hare calling all those who 'found' trail up Littleworth Lane back! Lack of money prevented a swiftie here as we cut round the Downs Link briefly off road, for yet another long tarmac stretch up to the bicycle shack where hare declared his intentions for a future on-in. Now onto the railway line a charge was possible before the path for the return to base appeared, but a couple more cheeky fishhooks slowed that process. As I returned with him from the first, Prof announced "Just Local Knowledge and Cooperman behind, let's turn". Within a couple of minutes and having been caught out again, I



reached the back where Prof was languishing only for him to tell me to keep going as... "Local Knowledge and Cooperman are still behind"! Regaining the stile where the final fishhook was, I nearly slipped and as noses were screwing up at the smell of a dogs message, I realised I was responsible from my first visit prompting RA abuse. Knight Rider said, "Don't worry Bouncer, I'm too much of a snob to get all stuck up about the smell." We thought we were on the home stretch back on the road, but hare had decided to spare us any more tarmac and this time took us up to Shermanbury Place to cross the river and stagger home from various directions. Pizza's dispensed, hare was awarded, before fishhook sinners Prof and Pondweed. A consolatory beer was gifted to Hash Gomi, and another to Pirate who was denied a shag on a trampoline when a certain harriette pissed on his fireworks by engaging him and Soggy in social intercourse instead. Only Angel could injure herself doing a jigsaw puzzle, but Pondweed received the numpty award for scaring RA suggesting something terrible had happened to Postie Malc. His illness was old news however, and he is now recovering well! Another great hash!

**Bouncer**

**Brunswick, Brighton** - A fairly short notice change by the recently named Parsnip for her first trail meant those who drove had to contend with the stupidity of the Brighton parking system. Starting with restrictions applying until 8pm when the hash starts at 7.30, and the council employing a load of small-dicked minded stazi to enforce charges meant a £2 charge for half an hour. Next was the challenge of actually paying since the machines no longer take cash, so you need to have a credit card, then you have to pay by phone, but of course there are no phone boxes anywhere, so you need a mobile. And finally, you need an app (whatever the hell that is!), requiring 4G coverage with your contract. But of course they make even more money out of non-payment fines than they extort for the parking rate itself so if they can make it near impossible to pay they'll be creaming it in. A much younger model (Angel) soon sorted it so enough of the soapbox and on to the r\*n, which started with a charge along the prom past the i360 crossing into the Lanes for a check. Armed with Ale Trail passport and being so close to the Victoria I decided to nip in for a quick half until trail was found. Coming out, a combination of backmarks and hobo's slurring "they went that way" led me as far as the Pavilion where a misleading arrow sent me astray and into the Basketmakers! Now 2 beers to the good I had to back check to find trail through North Laines and up Trafalgar Street, past more ale trail pubs (cursing not bringing more dosh with me!). Over Clifton Hill, nearly lost trail in St. Ann's Well Gardens, then hit a dead-end before finally, to St. Bernards great amusement, arriving back with the pack just in time to head into the sip stop at Randoms beach hut. Lily the Pink in full Baywatch regalia led the charge to the sea stripping as he went, only announcing that at least he had a change at the hut after we were all safely splashing around! Back on dry land there was a panic for Dildoped when he realised he'd lost his keys prompting several to help in the search before the on-inn. The Open Mike night in the next room reminded me that the last time I went to an open mike it turned out to be an autopsy. Down downs went to Parsnip as hare and Random for the sip stop; visitors Pap Smear and his wife, and George from China currently staying with Cyst Pit; then for the swim to Lily the Pink, Jaws (who wore his Jaws shirt apart from swim time when it would've worked!), and Ride-It, Baby who slipped away to shower at home. Dildoped earned the numpty mug after locating his keys in his rucksack! Not quite a re-run of the Snowdog run but still another great hash, and well done to our new hare!

**Bouncer**

**Put that down You Stupid Bastard!**

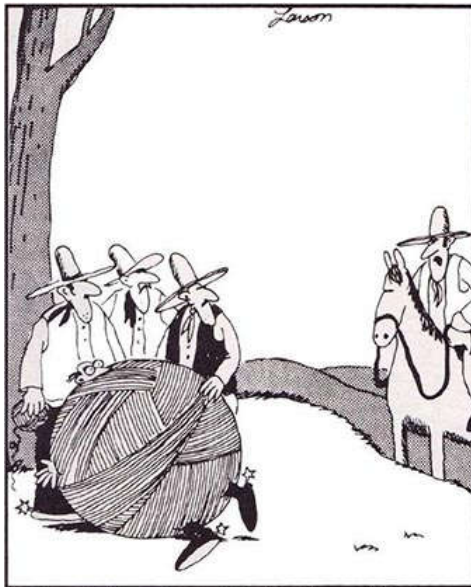




**This months featured back issue - GUYS GAG MAG 1990:**

Checkless gets a job as a trainee manager and is looking around the firms factory. He comes to a machine and hears the following noise: BANG, PUNCH! BANG, PUNCH! BANG, PUNCH! He asks the operator what the noise is and he replies, "Well, here we have a teat making machine. The bang is when the rubber sheet is moulded into the shape of a teat and the punch is when a hole is punched into the end of the teat." Alex walks on and comes to a condom making machine and hears BANG, BANG, BANG, PUNCH! BANG, BANG, BANG, PUNCH! He asks the operator about this noise. "Well the bang occurs when the condoms are being moulded," replies the operator, "However we do need business for our teats!!"

Back in the day, Malibog was in Hamburg and having finished with a prostitute offered to pay her. "Will ten pounds be okay?" he asked. "Actually, I would prefer Marks," said the girl. "Right you are then. 18 out of 20."



Little Peter Pansy and his grandfather are raking leaves in the yard. The little boy finds an earthworm trying to get back into its hole. He says, "Grandpa, I bet I can put that worm back in that hole."

The grandfather replies, "I'll bet you five pounds you can't. It's too wiggly and limp to put back in that little hole." The little boy runs into the house and comes back out with a can of hairspray. He sprays the worm until it is straight and stiff as a board. Then he puts the worm back into the hole. The grandfather hands Peter Pansy five pounds, grabs the hairspray, and runs into the house. Thirty minutes later the grandfather comes back out and hands Peter Pansy another five pounds.

Little Peter Pansy says, "Grandpa, you already gave me five pounds." The grandfather replies, "I know. That's from your grandma."

Three Harriettes were chatting in the pub as they knocked back their beers. The first Harriet said, "I call my hasher Huggy, 'cos he's a great hugger." The second one said, "I call mine, Kissy, 'cos he's a really good kisser." They looked to the third who was sniggering in the corner, and said "What do you call your hasher, Random?" She responded, "I call him drambuie".

"But isn't that some kind of fancy liqueur?", they asked.

"Sure is," said Random, "Sure is."

- A bunch of hashers fell out of the pub and crammed into their car. "You drive Wiggy, you're too pissed to sing!"
- When Parsnips groom-to-be asked her Dad for her hand in marriage, he said: "You'll have to take all of her or no deal."
- What do you call two rain coats in a cemetery? Max Bygraves
- Who rides a camel backwards? Lawrence of Dublin.
- Then there was the Irish hitch hiker who left early to avoid the traffic.
- I told Angel to stick to the washing, ironing, vacuuming and cleaning the toilets. No wife of mine is going to work.
- Why did Raggedy Anne get thrown out of the toy box? Because she kept sitting on Pinocchio's face moaning, "Lie to me!"

Airman and Pompette were watching the telly when a faith healer said "I will now perform an act of mass healing. If you have an affliction, place your right hand on the television, and your left on the part of your body that needs attention." They both put their right hand on the TV and Pompette put her left over her heart, but Bob left his lying in his lap. "You old fool," said Chris. "He said he's going to heal the sick, not raise the dead."

About to operate on a young woman, the surgeon opened up her abdomen to find a flat fish flapping around her intestines. He stepped back in amazement and said, "What's a nice plaice like you doing in a girl like this?"

Chopper went to a specialist and Pam asked how it went.

"I'm a bit worried. He asked me to take a pill every day for the rest of my life."

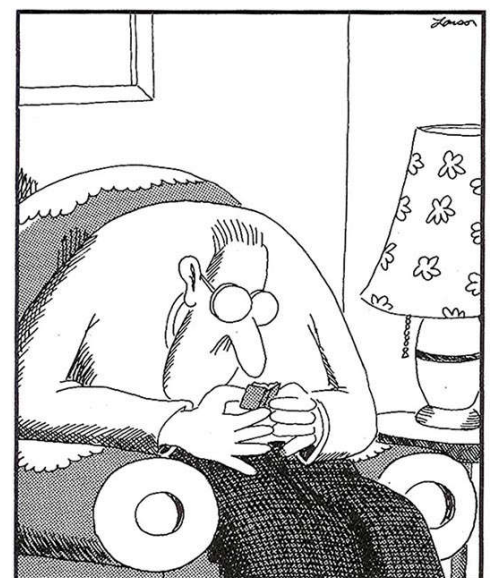
"What's to worry about, I'm sure you can manage that."

"He only gave me three."

"I must have been pissed after the hash last night", Hash Gomi said to Mudlark.

"After I'd made love to Naomi, I got dressed, put £50 on the dressing table and started to leave." "What on earth did she say?"

"That's the worrying bit," said Dave. "She pulled me back & gave me £10 change."



Roger crams for his microbiology midterm.

What CRAFT? Yes, July 3 was otherwise busy so the nearest we got, embarrassingly as it's the third time this year, was a little sojourn with SLASH H3. By coincidence Angel, Bouncer Cyst Pit and Radio Soap plus rugrats were on a break to Walton-on-the-Naze the same weekend as SLASH were on a trip to Rear Admiral and Gobbledick's place in Essex, not so very far away. It would've been rude not to and we try not to be rude, so after a swift parkrun for Bouncer and Angel in Clacton, we made our way down to Stock for the start of a rather wonderful afternoon! This was the same weekend as many others were enjoying the pleasures of Vienna for Eurohash, although no report has been directly forthcoming (rumours abound but who am I to say...?), prompting Showman (founder of the UK alternative to Interhash) to contact Bouncer asking where the UK alternative was. There being no such thing I enlightened him to our own activity, and he subsequently joined us. So arriving at **#1 the Bakers Arms** we found a respectable group including Testi, Ging Gang & Nathan plus Bulldozer, Looberty and their boys, already gathered which increased rapidly with our arrival. Not knowing the plan, but knowing that SLASH usually have a pre-crawl run of about 45 minutes, we thought the hash would lead us neatly to the finishing destination of RA & GD's house leaving us with a slight quandary over what to do with the cars. All this was forgotten in the pre-run rush to the bar as hashers gathered and both Cyst Pit & Bouncer were into their 2nd pint before the subject was raised again! Then RA informed us that the pub crawl would be confined to Stock and we would all be driving to his place, at which point Angel and Radio Soap gamely stepped up agreeing to drive back later. The run itself was reasonably interesting around the fields surrounding the village, although it seemed we crossed over our own path a couple of times. The walk was much the same with SCB's. Gathering once more afterwards in the garden of the Bakers Arms there was time for another quick pint before on was called to **#2 the Hoop**. A quick request for inspiration yielded a dark beer so same was ordered only to find it was about 6.5%, but very enjoyable nevertheless as we parked ourselves in the pub garden. Final pub **#3 the Bear** was much the same - beer, garden, sunshine, conversation etc. and soon we were on our way to **#4 RA and GD's place** for a quite wonderful social afternoon with exceptional BBQ food, beer, games and company. Gooley, ET, Cof and Louie the Lip especially enjoyed the archery set, while the bigger kids went ooh and aahh at the amazing location overlooking Hanningfield Reservoir as part of an old manor house that had first been split into apartments, then added to, to create a friendly community away from the madding crowd. The only trouble with garden settings is that, very often there's a slope, so inevitably a number of beers, to Angel's great chagrin, slid to an early death but despite that, we all seemed to have an elegant sufficiency by the time we had to make our weary journey home. By all accounts it seemed our satnav was also pussed taking us on a long loop back to where we started in our attempts to drop folk off at Wickford station. One day Angel will see the funny side. I hope. Huge thanks to GD and RA for their generous hospitality and an excellent afternoon of hashing with some great people. Another great CRAFT hash Slash crash!



**Tea is an evil substance! Tea is much more dangerous than beer. Please avoid drinking Tea!**

My great grandfather was native American. The first time he tried tea, he drank cup after cup, jug after jug. That night, he drowned in his tea pee.



## IN THE NEWS

### EU to adopt 'points-based' system for British holidaymakers

British holidaymakers will be allowed into the EU based on points awarded according to how fat and annoying they are, it has been confirmed. Points will also be deducted for the precise shade of cherry-pink people go after 48 hours in the blazing hot sun with no suncream.

The EU is to introduce the system in response to British proposals of a 'points-based' immigration system that would prevent people entering the country to do antisocial things like work and spend their money. Describing the new system as 'fair and proportionate', the European Commission gave several examples of how the new holiday system will work, including 'Dave', an unemployed but curiously well-off used car dealer from Basildon and his 14-year-old son Nick who tries to smoke weed on the Ryanair flight to Marbella will get 'Nul points' and have to go on holiday to Margate instead. Meanwhile, James and Jocasta, a pair of brand managers from Hemel Hempstead, and their three children Oliver, Amelia and Freddy, will get a hundred points and be allowed in to buy as much roquefort and La Cadence Cadigan as they like.

Points will be awarded on a number of criteria, including knowing the name of the capital city of the country you're visiting, being able to speak any of the language, and whether visitors think it's acceptable for a drink to be blue. The system has been criticised by many on this side of the channel, who insist that points-based systems are only supposed to apply to other people and not them.



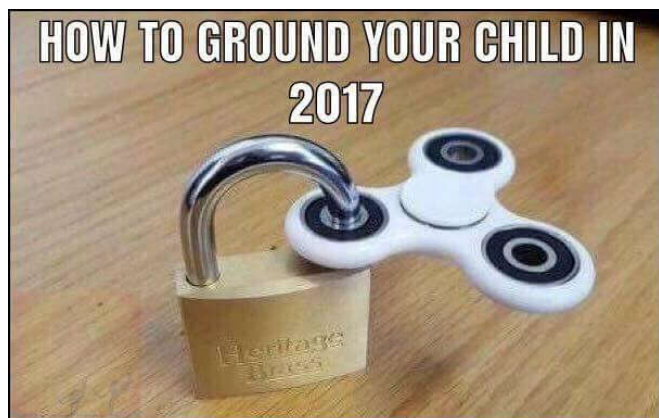
### Watchdog recalls coffee which gives drinkers an erection lasting for hours Rob Waugh Yahoo News UK21 July 2017

A new instant coffee could be an awkward choice to sip at your desk in the office – as it offers an instant erection lasting for hours. That's going to be tough to explain away if you're suddenly called to a meeting.

Watchdogs in America have recalled a supposedly 'herbal' coffee – 'New of Kopi Jantan Tradisional Natural Herbs Coffee' – because it secretly contained a drug very similar to Viagra. The coffee includes desmethyl carbodenafil, a chemical similar to the active ingredient in Viagra, but is not listed on the packaging, says the FDA.

Oddly, it's not the first case of a coffee secretly containing ingredients which give drinkers an erection. Last year, the FDA recalled another coffee, called 'Stiff Bull', which claimed to offer natural male enhancement – but secretly contained a Viagra-style drug. The Malaysian company has now withdrawn 'Kopi Jantan' from sale.

The FDA said, 'These undeclared ingredient may interact with nitrates found in some prescription drugs, such as nitroglycerin, and may lower blood pressure to dangerous levels. Men with diabetes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, or heart disease often take nitrates. 'In addition, people who have an allergy or severe sensitivity to milk run the risk of serious or life threatening allergic reaction if they consume this product.'





# END

## Kevin Bloody Wilson - The Builder

School holidays were draggin' on  
He was gettin' really bored  
And his Mum had started poppin' pills  
She was climbin' up the walls

So when he asked her could he go across  
The buildin' site and play  
She just popped another pill 'n' said  
"Don't get in the way"

So he chucked his little toolbox  
In his billycart 'n' left  
While his Mum knocked up a cuppa  
Laced with valium and Bex

She needed all the help she could  
To cope with holidays  
But the pills and powders weren't enough  
When he got home from play ... 'n' said ...

*(Chorus)*

I wanna be a f\*\*kin' builder when I grow up..eh Mum  
And build f'kin' houses everywhere, millions of the c\*\*\*s  
A bricky or a chippy, eh Mum, I don't give a f\*\*k  
I just wanna be a f\*\*kin' builder when I grow up

It seemed the sawn-off little sh\*t  
Had listened to the builders while they worked  
And he'd remembered everything --  
Word for f\*\*kin' word!

And his shell-shocked Mum just sat there  
As he went on to explain  
How "some w\*\*ker lost the f\*\*kin' plans  
Then found the c\*\*\*s again!"

[illegible]

Pirate walked into the pub and bet the landlord a pint if he could sing with his a\*\*e. He then climbed on to the bar and laid a thick, steaming log on it, clearing the pub. The furious landlord said "Why the f\*ck did you do that?" "Look mate, even Adele has to clear her throat first."



And how "some dickhead missed the f\*\*kin' nail  
And hit his f\*\*kin' thumb!"  
And how "they shaved a mickey whisker  
Off the door to close the c\*\*\*!"

And his voice was so excited  
Best fun he'd ever had!  
"And can I go back tomorrow, Mum?  
Can't wait till I tell Dad, how ...

*(Repeat Chorus)*

His Mum was scoffin' scotch and serepax  
And propped against the fridge  
And when his Dad got home she dribbled  
"Tell your father what you said"

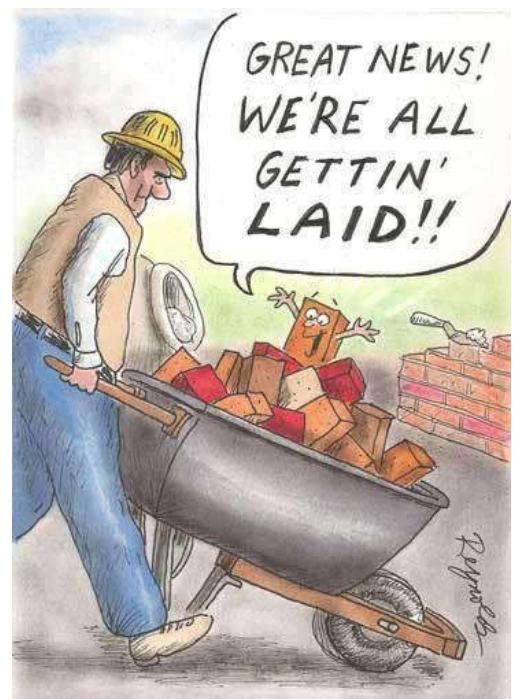
So the young bloke give his Dad a serve  
The air was turnin' blue  
"F\*\*k the weather, f\*\*k the foreman  
'N' f\*\*k the unions, too!"

His old man turned f\*\*kin' purple  
'N' his whole body started to twitch  
Until finally he exploded  
"Go and get a switch!"

But the young bloke shook his head  
'N' said, "No way, mate, I've knocked off  
Anyway, you c'n go 'n' get rooted  
Cause that's a f\*\*kin' electrician's job!"

*(Repeat Chorus x 2)*

Yeah, I wanna be a f\*\*kin' builder when I grow up  
And build f'kin' houses everywhere, millions of the c\*\*\*s  
A bricky or a chippy, not a sparky, go get f\*\*ked,  
I just wanna be a f\*\*kin' builder when I grow up



Why did Mr. Spock get his arm stuck in the U-bend of the Starship Enterprise Command Deck toilet?  
He was looking for the Captains Log!