

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers) R-ns/trash #247 December 2017

Find us on facebook or at http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated. All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction.

DATE HARES #NO ON ON REF 2059 **RH20 4DR** 4th December 2017 The Moon, Storrington Wiggy

Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Pub on High

Street. Est 25 mins.

11th December 2017 2060 Hare & Hounds, Worthing BN11 1QG Pondweed

Directions: A27 west through Lancing to Lyons Farm traffic lights. Left opposite Argos then right at next roundabout B2223. Left at lights over bridge. Take 2nd exit at next 3 quick roundabouts, then right at traffic lights by museum. Pub is in Portland Road, 1st left. Car parking very difficult! Est. 20 mins.



ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FANCY DRESS HASH, DINNER, AWARDS AND PARTY:

18th December 2017 2061 Hash-socks Hotel, Hassocks

BN6 8HN Ride-It, Baby!

Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. 7PM START! As usual, lots of red Christmassy tinselly fancy dress on the r*n please!



24th December 2017 2062 The Swan, Falmer Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Just past Stanmer Park take University turn-off. Left at mini-roundabout and immediately right, and right again. Est. 5 mins.

SUNDAY RUN - 11am start. Joint with Henfield H3

1st January 2018 2063 Tiger Inn, East Dean **BN20 0DA**

Important: NOON START! Lily the Pink

Directions: A27 east past Lewes to Drusillas roundabout. Right, 1st left then right over bridge, and right again. Left on A259 at T junction. Take road for Birling Gap and park in car park 1st right. Est. 30 mins.

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CHRISTMAS IS FOR SHARING:

08/01/18 White Hart, Henfield Prince Crashpian

15/01/18 Eager hare needed!

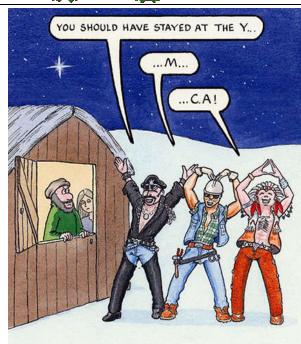
22/01/18 TBA Joe & Henna 29/01/18 BURNS HASH - TBA Bouncer & Angel

HASHING AROUND:

Hastings H3 Sunday 10th December 10.66 (11.05am)

Xmas frolic hared by Sh!t Stirrer. On On: Wadhurst Station TN5 6PT. On Inn: The Greyhound - 1.15 - 1.30 Sunday Roast from 12.95 + menu.

CRAFT H3 # Saturday 16th December - 12 pubs of Christmas - Lewes Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy - Noon from station



PRACTISING HARD FOR THE BRIGHTON HASH 'CAMP IT UP' WEEKEND, THE THREE WISE MEN WERE KEEN TO SHOW OFF TO ANY AUDIENCE THEY COULD FIND.

Thought for the day: No wonder Santa is so jolly. Living at the North Pole, he's always on top of the World!

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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

14-16/09/2018 Mother Hash 80th Anniversary event - see BS#226 or visit www.motherhash.com for more details.

17-19/05/2019 Interscandi HALLSTAHAMMAR, SWEDEN - http://waqh3.vpsite.se/INTERSCANDI-2019.html

16-19/08/2019 EURO HASH 2019 - On on to cruise Scotland, https://eurohash2019.com/ Full - register for cancellations.

23-23/08/2019 UK Nash Hash 2019 - Caledonia H3 Kelso, Scottish Borders http://www.uknashhash2019.co.uk/

BH7 40th Anniversary / CRAFT 10th Anniversary campout Brighton Rugby Club - 8th-10th June 2018 All systems go! As announced recently at the Queen Victoria, we are very much 'game on' now. Full information and registration for this fantastic event are live on the website thanks to some excellent work by Keeps It Up, who has been negotiating with Toed of Scarborough H3 (home of former UK On Sec Pampers) to use his free hash event tool. Go to: http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/40-

weekend/ then click on online registration to enter full details. An e-mail will then be sent to the given address with bank payment details, and there is a £10 discount for Brighton hashers. So payment will be £65 until 31st December, then £75 until full or 31st May, whichever comes first. Please register as soon as possible, and we would appreciate it if you still register properly, even if you intend to head home for zzz's inbetween times, as we have to supply names of all attendees to the RFC for insurance purposes. Need I say, all help gratefully appreciated!

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BH7 ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY AND AWARDS NIGHT

Venue: The Hassocks, Station Approach East,

Hassocks, West Sussex BN6 8HN Date: Monday 18th December 2017

Cost £20.00 each; including 3 course meal and

your first drink (see menu last issue)

19.00 for 19.10 Run/Walk

20.30 till late for Christmas meal, annual awards,

and dancing

For those who cannot make a run in the interim

please email Xmas menu 2017 orders to Pat (Ride It Baby); £20 is due on booking.

Barnes H3 Summer Ball - Save the date 18-20 May 2018

HHHi Hashers

Thank you all so much for your input to my original email. There's been a hugely positive response so we're going ahead with the celebration in Ross-on-Wye at The Chase Hotel. We've chosen May because, although it clashes with Interhash there don't seem to be as many BH3 hashers or our other regular party goers going to that as would be attending three hash events taking place in June.

It will be a fairly, but not totally, familiar format ie some arriving Friday, some Saturday. A curry Friday evening, probably early-ish around 8pm followed by a bit of a pub crawl. Saturday morning free to look around Ross which is, as some of you already know, a very pretty and historic small town. Trail on Saturday afternoon, most probably from the hotel and starting around 3pm. Black tie party with DJ in the evening. Hangover trail Sunday morning and then back home.

Just finalising costs and will let you know as soon as they're tied down, together with a form so you can book. On on, Fetherlite

CAMPITUP

with BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS. 40th Anniversary R*n weekend, Incorporating CRAFT H3 10th Anniversary

Founded on the 5th June 1978 Brighton Hash House Harriers will be celebrating their 40th anniversary at:

Brighton Rugby Club
Waterhall Road, Brighton, BN1 8YR
from 8th - 10th June 2018
Provisional weekend programme:

Friday 8th June:

16.00 Site opens for registration and pitching.

18.00 CRAFT 10th anniversary pay-as-you-go pub crawl.

Saturday 9th June:

08.00 - 10.00 Breakfast

11.00 Run for varying abilities

14.00 Après Trail Circle and lunch Hash games/ free time

18.00 – 20.00 Evening meal followed by:

"CAMP IT UP!" fancy dress Party with live music Midnight – bar closes – carry on at byo cocktail tent

Sunday 10th June

08.00 - 10.00 Breakfast

11.00 Hangover Run

13.00 Closing circle

14.00 Site closes - Finish beer and clear off home!

So, as a regular cheapskate hasher, what do I get for my wad?

Registration fee includes: Secure camping accommodation; on-site amenities (showers, loos etc.); Saturday and Sunday breakfasts; Saturday lunch and evening meal (plus whatever snacks we can conjure up Friday and Saturday nights, and Sunday lunchly; band and DJ entertainment; a large amount of beer etc. (subject to pricing we may not be able to cover all drink but will do our best!) and anything else we can get away with!

What else do I need to know?

Dogs, children and OH's welcome! Good on-site parking facilities, and camper vans are allowed in camping area. Brighton centre is easily accessible by bus or cab (but a nightmare to park, so leave the car behind!), where there is oodles of indoor accommodation available for comfort lovers, as well as some lovely shoe shops etc.

Early bird places close strictly by 31st December so register early to avoid disappointment.

Hope to see you there! On on! www.brightonhash.co.uk



Trending this Christmas part 1 – Deer on tap!

OH DEER Women are decorating their BOOBS to look like reindeer for a weird Christmas craze

This titillating new festive trend might just be a step too bra... By Sarah Barns 2nd December 2017, 9:48 am

A TITILLATING festive craze sees women decorate their boobs to look like reindeer. Believed to be a bold take on the "ugly Christmas jumper" trend, the bizarre idea has gained popularity on social media. Women have been sharing their bejazzled breasts on Instagram with many covering their nipples in red diamante studs or tinsel before applying googly eyes and felt antlers. They are then sharing daring Yuletide selfies with the hashtag, #rudolphboob. 'Rudolph' can be exposed in a number of ways but the easiest seems to be with an over the shoulder top or by cutting a hole in a Christmas knit. Online retailer Etsy is even selling a top with a hole already cut out around the bust, which is perfect for those fearless enough to rock the look. Designed by YourSassyGrandma, the £38.29 knit's product description reads: "If you want to stand out at your ugly sweater party, then this sexy reindeer ugly Christmas sweater is for you." One customer, Brenda, who purchased one of the jumpers commented: "Love this – [it] was the best sweater of the night for sure."

But this isn't the first nipple trend fashion fans have tried. In October 2016, US model Binx Walton stormed down the Saint Laurent runway at Paris Fashion Week SS17 with her left breast adorned with silver studs. The 20-year-old beauty rocked the heart-shaped bling – the brainchild of the brand's creative director Anthony Vaccarello – with a fierce black leather mini dress, patent peep-toe heels and slicked-back hair.









Girls get it right.

Guys go too far!

REHASHING

Cock Inn, Ringmer A cold night and the mess fire looked inviting but the crowd rush to board dragged all with it to shiver while Airman Bob paused ready to tell us more than there's a sip, while back-up ATC Mudlark gave us our co-ordinates. And so airborne we headed up the lane, while some of our new doctor ladies discussed their uncertainty about markings and 'just follow the one's in front'. We were soon flying over a choppy field and out onto a lane leading to the weir for much confusion. Trail found we followed river on an easterly bearing towards the Anchor pub, with a check over a small bridge. Prof was wandering wondering where Mudlark had got to, having been lumbered with tail gunner



role, but "I don't know where I'm going", no word of a lie as all 5 directions having been checked it took Nigel's reappearance to put us on the right flight path, back along the lane to re-cross the weir from the other side (usual jokes about circling again, but co-hares brief absence explained), join a different field and head over for the refuelling stop. Return trail was mercifully short and we hit the ETA for further refreshments and the post-flight debriefing. The chaplain was confusing all with his waggling hands until it was revealed as an attempt at air keyboard, previously the sole domain of a local character extraordinaire well known amongst those present. Airman Bob was commended for his long service, after starting in Singapore in 1977, the year of the signing of a joint accord between Singapore International Airlines and British Airways to fly Concorde between the termini. Airman Bob revealed he was actually ground maintenance at the time of the venture but denied 'fiddling with the flaps'. Grateful thanks were then made to the rest of his flight crew, notably Pompette for assistance in working a safe route (as well as trolley dolly), back-ups Mudlark and Prof, the latter being awarded his customary pint with the explanation that a pint is a pint, even if half the pint is merely air. Trainee stewardess, Gina was welcomed in customary style, before her sponsor, Henna, was awarded green goo for not having a clue after calling 'on on' at the back-up check sign. Hot Fuzz escaped mention having shot off early after enquiring what the mug known as numpty was, and being put right by Shoots Off Early of all people. Mention was made of several candidates to take on the role for the next week, including Da Fukarwe who would be running 72 times round the same bit of track, but left something to be desired in the accountancy department. Also tackling the Velothon marathon in Preston Park, Keeps It Up was awarded numpty for flagrant disrespect of rank, calling the medics nurses, as well as seeking excellence by posting a 4th place finish in the Pan Asia ballbreaker. A successful mission is one where the number of take-offs equals the number of landings. Another successful mission!

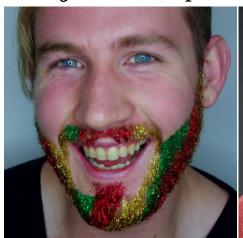
Queen Victoria, Rottingdean As winters icy grip takes hold there was a sense of déjà vu about the start of this weeks hash. Funny that as we'd only been talking about déjà vu last week, when St. Bernard told us that you can never experience déjà vu for the first time. So a whole bunch of dayglo hounds were gathered, some still in shorts including hare Knightrider ready to lead us, according to the TV tagline, into "the shadowy flight of a man who does not exist", where the latest inductee from the Young Doctors (1976 - 1983 Australian soap following "the lives, loves and medical complaints of the doctors, nurses and patients at Sydney's Albert Memorial Hospital", since you ask) was also introduced to the marks. New blood is a lovely thing, as is youthful enthusiasm, and the formalities over the whole group of them set off at high speed to check out left. No match for experience though and as the rest of the pack watched them go, someone was heard to say, "Do you think we should mention the hash guideline of never check down?" before we turned right leaving sweeper to call them back. We were teased with an option to the hares usual hideout of Saltdean, before clues led us on an up-and-over to reveal Balsdean lit up below us. Oddly experience failed Ride-It, Baby and she plundered on down the road to the ghost village, while others checked the hills, until we were called on-back along the road the other way. The YD's had found trail but Mudlark (co-haring for the 3rd time in 4 weeks!) pipped them to ensure they understood fishhook rules. This was a first, all 7 returnees being female, including a reluctant Angel who took her time, but as we continued along the endless road there was a 2nd FH, oh woe! Tantalisingly close to the pub, trail then headed out west over the next hill for an obvious return via the windmill. Only it wasn't, and we continued through Ovingdean and up yet another hill while 2nd serial co-hare, Prof, called "We're off piste, just get to the top". And so to the turret for a brief circular chase, Bogeyman asking how many times do we need to go round and getting the answer 72, a subtle reference to the Velothon marathon in which Keeps It Up, Da Fukarwe, Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger had partaken last Saturday. At last our shadowy flight was brought to a close with a chase up past the blind school and finally to the windmill for an on inn. Car park beer was provided by Pirate with a newly discovered bottle of his leftover bbg beer, still quite drinkable weeks down the line, although with a slight fizz probably resulting from its burial under his car seat! At the circle up, hare and his assistants were downed, Prof this time getting his preferred full pint and barely being beaten by the two on half's. The kindly donated beer being Poppy ale, the charity pot was sent round, giving us a rather nice touch for future freebies. Virgin Kate was introduced with some waffle about all these doctors being lovely but too quick to be useful as the old farts flounder helplessly behind them, and revealing that actually, she's a history teacher. Oops! Da Fukarwe's garmin came out rather short despite him getting every check right, and his disappearance mid-trail noticed by RIB, exposed his fishhook breach. RIB got a second mention, having pissed off for a piss with Cyst Pit, but she's driving, so Mike joined Ivan to down to "Here's to fellow hashers", possibly the first time used in our circle although familiar to a few. A whole string of notices and votes followed before Canadian Keeps It Up (his nation having received some unfair abuse earlier in proceedings) awarded Cyst Pit the numpty mug for an extracurricular faux pas at the Bevy pub on Saturday. Post parkrun a mumbled warning had been given that at 11am on the 11th day of the 11th month the bell would be rung in the pub. And so, as everyone fell to silence, the strident tones of a thirsty hasher were heard to yell out "Bar's open!" Another great hash!

Trending this Christmas part 2 - WHAMMAGEDDON



Still prefer the Sladocalypse...

Trending this Christmas part 3 — Christmas glitter beards.









People are now covering their beards in glitter for the ultimate Christmas look Francesca Kentish for Metro.co.uk

You might have seen that people are now painting the roots of their hair with glitter, but we've found a Christmas look to trump that. A beard full of glitter is now the ultimate festive statement. Men (and even some women) are getting into the Yuletide swing of things by decorating their facial hair/chins with a glittery sparkle. There is one problem: we can't help thinking how unpractical this look is. Glitter is the bane of the craft world, creeping into every crevice, still lingering 20 showers later. So a glittery beard would probably be quite rubbish at a Christmas party, sneaking into your drink and inevitably slipping into your mouth with every bite of mince pie. But if you're happy to keep your mouth firmly closed, or don't mind accidentally ingesting chunks of glitter, it does look kind of epic. Warning: glitter gets everywhere.

REHASHING (continued)

Cowdray Arms, Balcombe = A visibly flustered Wildbush was left holding the fort after earlier rain forced Keeps it Up to re-lay parts of the trail, but as he wasn't back in time, it was down to her to set us off with the warning that we would be crossing dangerous roads, dangerous railway lines and dangerous rivers. All these clues weren't nearly as useful as we might've hoped though, as will become clear! Early r*nning was directly up the road to Worth before the 2nd check took us into the forest. Pack was soon long and linear, but bang on cue a fishhook appeared to catch out new boot Oomang (excuse spelling!) among other young doctors. Returning as far as semi-walking Local Knowledge though, we discovered that Not so fast Eddie (aka Heinz) had spotted the torches returning and promptly turned tail, forcing us to run back further and explain fishhooks to him again! Not to worry, because hare had clearly foreseen this issue and shoved in a 2nd FH, which flummoxed more! At the check over the M23 confusion reigned, Bogeyman allegedly having checked everywhere, and One Erection, who had been appointed emergency map-carrier, was dubious as his map didn't actually cover this bit. The path just inside the motorway turned out to be correct, as well as sporting yet another FH, but Prince Crashpian appeared to have local knowledge (small caps) and off we went over the railway and into Tilgate Park, where late starters Just Julia and Just Lisa caught up. Time was already rushing on when we re-crossed the motorway and the mud got serious,

but luckily KIU was back in the room having taken an option to find us and lead us safely to the sip stop. The on inn started by the road, with a final bit of mud bringing us out happily opposite the pub. Just as we finished changing, a police car slowly eased its way into the car park, causing Lisa to quickly cover up while Julia waggled her backside in their general direction, only to see Pete and Eddie clambering out the back, having lost trail and been offered a lift back! The substantial sip meant we were no longer that hungry, but there had been issues all along with the food, which goes some way to explaining Wildbush's mood at the start, but it was cheap enough, although it was only One E's sharp reflexes that got us any donated beer. And so to the down downs, considerably later than usual as we'd all been enjoying ourselves in the mud too much to notice the passing of time, which sadly meant the new boots had all left, having not brought a change of gear for the après. There had been a comment about the three questions traditionally asked of new boots being potential sexual harassment (is there anything that isn't nowadays?), so RA hastily amended the hares names to Keeps On Going and Wild Hair, assisted by One Construction to avoid any offence** (see next page). Much of the sip (with unmistakable cheesy phalluses prompting a comment from One E unrepeatable anywhere but here about Boges eating his own penis) was courtesy of Roaming Pussy and Bogeyman celebrating their joint 118 birthday, so they were rewarded. Mention had to be made of Heinz and LK finishing trail in a jam sandwich, but there was more as it turned out Pete had arrived an hour early due to an unadjusted car clock, spotted Parsnip studying and immediately assumed he'd missed the off. Luckily he hadn't, especially as he'd forgotten to gather up St. Bernard so had to drive all the way back down, but the driving angle meant Charlie had to take the beer, while Rebel WHK took it for Heinz who was also driving. One E suggested to Cyst Pit that the numpty award should go to Keeps It Up for only giving him half the map, but KIU said "turn it over", and so One E looked to be the victim, until it was revealed he'd been given the wrong map so Wildbush ended up with the cup! Another great hash!



Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath - A pub with no food, but it's a Harveys tied house and there's a Thai takeaway next door and they're more than happy for us to bring our grub in and there's Old ale 🖭 But no car park 🕾, so the start was fairly chaotic, resembling a Benny Hill style chase as hounds ran in and out of various doors, this Brownian motion continuing as we headed off along the road. Hares promise of a street run seemed to be borne out by the checks continuing down Fox Hill justifying St. Bernard's earlier observation to Local Knowledge as they drove past the Fox & Hounds, that Psychlepath would probably just run us down there and do his usual loop. Hares lie, so there was a certain amount of spitting going on as we found the mud and road shoes started to disappear, slippy bridges also not too conducive when Mudlark decides to hurry you up with a shove! And so your scribe found himself slipping (sic!) away from the pack, rather embarrassingly as he'd arrived to r*n while OH Angel had arrived to walk and kept up with ease. Briefly catching up with the back of the pack, the final tractor chewed section before it indeed turned in to a road run, killed off any chance of joining in, and so with Anybody we re-checked and second guessed the next 1/2 mile, until the latter SCB'd home. Coming into Victoria Park from the wrong direction I was briefly reunited with marks before they disappeared in the mud at the back of the park, finding another check to get back on trail, then a long spell without, before more joy, and chalk all the way past the pub to Rik's place for the sip. "They've been and gone" jested walker Cooperman, exposing the fact that I'd got ahead somehow! Pack was soon there though to reveal I'd missed the marks through to Clair Park, while Psychlepath reminded me that he'd told me it was the park run - but hares lie, so why would I believe him? On Inn for nosh, and Wildbush and Roaming Pussy got Angel all riled up after she'd been contacted by her bank about unauthorised use of her card, telling her that she'd probably been scammed into giving her card details by scammers pretending she'd been scammed. All of which meant a long and tedious call to the bank while the rest of us enjoyed the Old, but a happy ending and it was all kosher. And so to the circle, by whence it had become common knowledge that Local Knowledge had again attracted the attention of the Constabulary, this time with St. Bernard, getting ticked off for changing in the car park. Our benevolent landlord had donated a sambuca to the circle so LK's "I can't drink beer" was not a problem, and, as St. B was driving, he'd nominated Keeps It Up for the beer. An unfair contest, which would perhaps have been a lot closer if LK had been downing against Lily the Pink who was called next, returning after a considerable absence only to find that for the first week in months, Just Julia hadn't bothered bringing his owed dosh for the website. The circle was closed with a decidedly dodgy Numpty mug tennis shot back at YT from Wildbush, ostensibly for wearing the wrong shoes but mainly for not knowing my own car alarm, the story about One Erection and Bogeyman picking up an undesired conversationalist while changing in the alley aside the Baptist Church only being shared post-circle. Another great hash! Bx

Political correctness & Christmas groaners

** Fortunately the doctors take no offence and indeed insisted that Oomang be asked the questions at the sip when it became apparent it wasn't going to happen in the pub. For the record her answers were all affirmative, however, it's worth pointing out that it is doctors who came up with the wonderful FUBAR BUNDY along with other great medical acronyms. In the words of Mr. Beaky:

"There are no rules in the Hash universe - there is a mock disrespect for general conventions. It is all done in a spirit of fun and sense of ridiculous. There is a lot of tongue-in-cheek that goes on but it elicits a smile rather than hurt. It is amazing that this free spirit attitude is international and we have respect and genuine affection for like-minded spirits who hash all over the world. Hashers are not the kind of people who boo the opposition - they are the ones cheering!"

The gist being that no one individual is singled out for abuse. Everyone is fair game, including the cheeky sod in front of you. However, a serious point has been made, and it is a sad situation that good-natured humour can result in a totally disproportionate response. Our circle avoids the excesses of many other hashes, and we do try to temper it, deliberately keeping it to those who enjoy the jokes; warnings are on the website to avoid the trash if you may find offence rather than the spirit intended; and we would add to that:- people should not be tagged by their real names on our social media site. New members just starting out on their life path are vulnerable to heavy penalties for having fun if offence could unintentionally be taken in other areas of their life.











If you see this car ring the police It's stollen.





For the attention of all PARENTS of young children: On 24th December at just before 6pm, the International Space Station will make a pass over the UK, lasting for about 3 minutes. Clouds allowing, the pass will be bright and clear

For the attention of all young CHILDREN: On 24th December at just before 6pm you will be able to see Santa's sleigh flying through the sky.

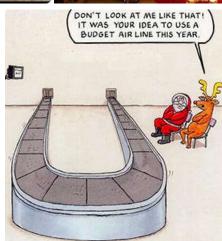
Please share this information and spread a little magic x

What's the difference between Santa and Ryanair? Santa flies at least once a year. What nationality is Santa Claus? North Polish!

What's red, white and blue at Christmas time? A sad candy cane!
Why did the mosquito buzz around the bar? Because he was a "bar humbug"!
Why does Santa always go down the chimney? Because it soots him!

Where do you keep a Christmas tree? Between a Christmas 2 and a Christmas 4! Why are turkeys wiser than chickens? Ever heard of Kentucky Fried turkey?





TURKEYS AND CHRISTMAS



- Claims that turkeys will be eaten at Christmas are simply part of Project Fear.
- Christmas means Christmas. This is going to happen. We will make sure we get the best possible Christmas deal for turkeys.
- We know that some are calling for a Hard Christmas. Some want it as early as December 10 th . We ask them to trust us. We will make a success of Christmas.
- Turkeys still moaning about the real consequences of Christmas dinner are anti-democratic. The turkeys have voted, you lost, get over it!

Don't let other poultry take our place at Christmas.

TURKEYS: MAKING A SUCCESS OF CHRISTMAS

Types of Headaches









Stress Christmas music







Parkrunning hashers

Not enough room last time round so here's a double month of milestones and other activity!



30.9.17 The Mistress, Vicky Vomit, Master Bates and Playaway at Essex H3 away weekend in Lymington



7.10.17 Back: Cyst Pit, Lily the Pink, One Erection, Jaws & Peter Pansy. Front: Coff, Louie the Lip, You Stupid Bastard and Inca. Pic by Random Sparkles. CP & Jaws 50th, and Bevy beer fest.



14.10.17 Bouncer, Anybody, Amber & Just Julie - Anybody's 100th parkrun after a couple of earlier attempts when he pulled out before the finish line hoping to get a better time!



21.10.17 A windswept Cyst Pit, Lily the Pink (with YSB), Angel and Bouncer post Storm Brian PR. "I think COF is the true hasher..... one lap and off to the pub! Good boy!!" Roaming P.



4.11.17 Cockatool demonstrates "Camp It Up" style parkrunning as a gang of 7 break away from the annual Noban weekend to parkrun in Scotland.

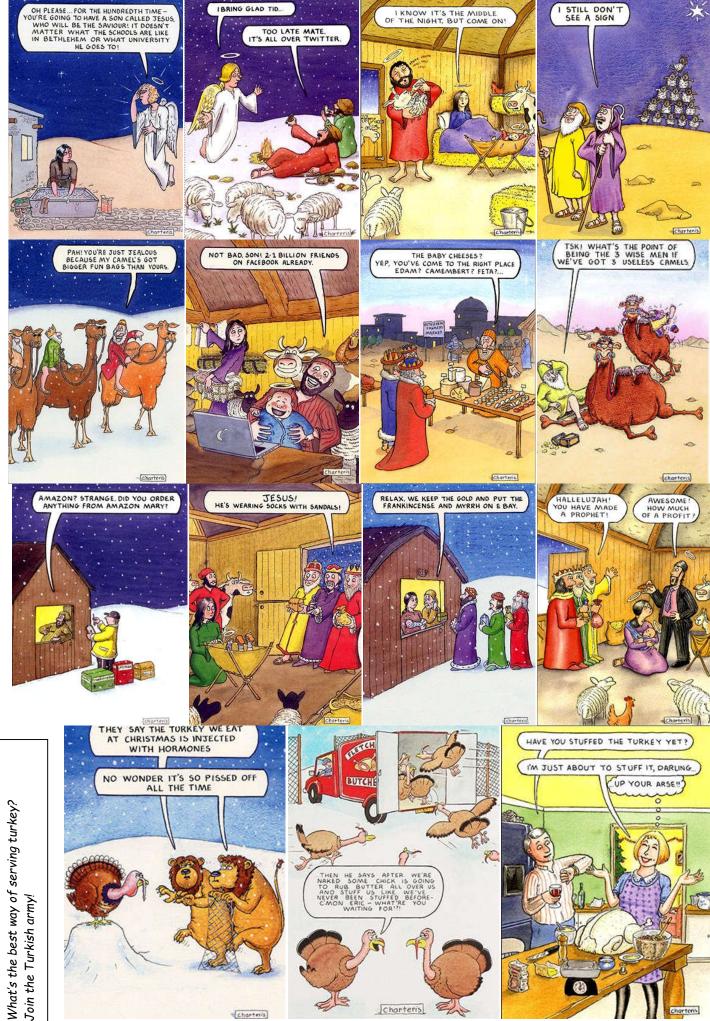


18.11.17 Coff, Cyst Pit, Bogeyman and big Trouble at the BH7 takeover at Bevendean, taken by Roaming Pussy marshalling in the naughty corner.



25.11.17 Just Julie (here with Bosom Boy) and Cammy celebrated their joint 250th at Hove Park. Purple for Cam's late brother Chris in whose honour the Moyleman marathon runs.

A Merry Charteristmas (without Santa & Rudi!)...



Rehashing the CRAFT (or not):

Some months ago I was contacted by Shagger from Oxford H3 asking if we could arrange a CRAFT hash pub crawl to coincide with their visit to Eastbourne from November 3rd to 5th. Their first request was for a Saturday afternoon/ evening session in Brighton but I went back to them and asked if they minded if we did Friday evening in Eastbourne instead. We could've done Brighton but it was a faff for them, we've been there a lot in recent CRAFT's and Eastbourne would not only be more convenient for them, but make a change for us. Unfortunately they didn't respond after Shagger passed my suggestion on, and

Angel and myself were already booked for a hash weekend away. That was not insurmountable as anyone could've set a crawl for them under the guise of CRAFT but they were still vague about plans at Nash Hash so we abandoned that and moved to plan B. Meanwhile, Oxford did come down and Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter set a Hastings Hash for them in Lewes at the John Harvey on Sunday 5th which was very well received, and thanks to a good turn out by Brighton hashers, we ended up getting the credit: "Thank you for great hash at Lewes and good pub food. Gadget", posting on BH7 facebook page!



Wooden Chew from Old Coulsdon H3 is quite involved in the Garibaldi in Redhill (visited by CRAFT H3 in 2010), which has recently become a community pub (as per the Bevy), and was persuaded to set a crawl for us to take in the pub. Initially booked for Friday 10th, Alex discovered that he'd been gazumped on the diary by OH Short Plank so it moved to 17th. I was then gazumped by OH Angel as ET's birthday meal was that day, and it happened that most of the other usual suspects were also booked up, so sadly we went another month without a CRAFT. Hopefully this plan will be revived in the New Year though!



And so back to our Shrewsbury visit! When Hoggy (top RA and serial Nash Hash organiser) celebrated his stag weekend on the Isle of Man a few years back many of us were wearing Shite Shirts. At P. Ricks IOW wedding this year, a few had dug them out and the idea to have a weekend was discussed so Crusty Ring took on the organisation of the Inaugural SSHHH event, Shite Shirts in Shrewsbury Shropshire. When we arrived Cl'Oysters was already in #1 the Bricklayers Arms but it turned out

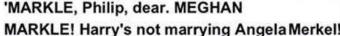
there were two of them so we joined him at #2 The Boathouse, before moving on to #3 Shrewsbury Hotel, a Wetherspoons where we were soon joined by Mad Max, Crusty Ring, Friction Burns, Stretch and Nose Job to complete our posse. A short break to check-in and freshen up, and we reconvened in #4 Three Fishes for an introduction to quality gins and only the very best tonics don'tcha know, as an aperitif to a meal in #5 Armoury. With the rain lashing down outside we managed the short

hop to the next pub lost in the annals, before moving round to #7 Montgomery's Tower, a loud and youthful establishment. We attempted to get a beer in our accommodation, Morgans but time was out so the evening ended for us, although it sounds like a fair amount of port and other nasties went down at the air b'n'b the rest were staying at. Saturday dawned for us with the parkrun, just a short walk away, but no consideration was shown to our banging heads by the tribute to one of their regular volunteers who had passed - one minutes clapping, accompanied by the inevitable chorus of dogs howling, one helluva racket in a crowd of over 400. Showered and fed we met the others to draw names from the hat for which we had to buy something from a charity shop to be worn later on. The day kind of went charity, charity, pub, charity, pub, pub, charity pub pub ... enormous fun but Angel and I ended up looking a right pair, her in a silver Abba style outfit, while I ended up as Bananaman! The beer helped though and, although many of the pub names are hazy memories, it included the Old Post Office, Hole in the Wall, Nags Head amongst many others, followed by the inevitable curry later. After a nightcap at the Air BnB we retired, returning for breakfast, before we all went our separate ways vowing to do it again, apparently in Shoreham, next November! Angel and I took a short walk round town before heading home. Another great not-quite-the-CRAFT hash! Bouncer



IN THE (alternative) NEWS...







I'm marrying into that reality TV family I told you about, Meghan Markle tells mother 28-11-17

MEGHAN Markle has told her mother that she is marrying into the reality TV family known as the 'English Kardashians'. The former Suits star admitted that her acting career has struggled to gain traction and that she has resigned herself to a more low-brow form of televised entertainment.

She said: "I know I said I'd never do reality, but this is different. Their audience is global and their experience of leveraging income streams is second-to-none. I'll really reinvigorate their appeal in the US market. They're modernising, the older ones are being retired. It's not that intrusive — we decide what gets filmed, apart from the public scenes — and even if I move on after a few years I'm made for life. I know they tried to get Kendall Jenner. I know, mom, everyone in Hollywood knows, but her error is my opportunity, you know?" "Do? They don't really do anything. They're just famous for being famous."

Priti Patel gets the sack:

Robert Mugabe gets the sack: Barbie sacks Ken from the sack:

I DIDN'T REALISE MUGABE

BYACKFRIDAY

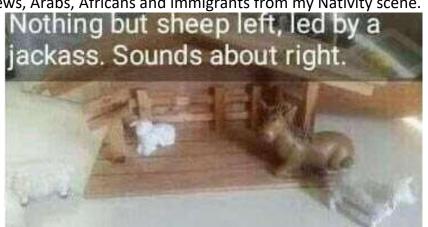




Did Boaty McBoatface teach them nothing? Council asks for names for its two new road gritters and

Even the little Lord Jesus isn't immune from removal:

In keeping with the new spirit of America, I removed all the Jews, Arabs, Africans and immigrants from my Nativity scene.



Did Boaty McBoatface teach then nothing? Council asks for names for its two new road gritters and the public answers with... Gritsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Anti-Slip Machiney and David Plowie





A "Christmassy" tales from the rank

The wife came home early from her Christmas party to find her cabbie husband making love to a beautiful young woman in sexy lingerie. "You unfaithful, disrespectful jerk! What are you doing? How dare you do this to me, your faithful wife, the mother of your children! Get out of this house, and I want a divorce!" The husband, replied, "Wait! Wait a minute! Before you throw me out, at least listen to what happened."

"It'll be the last thing I will hear from you, so make it fast, you cheating creep."
"On my way home after my shift, I saw this defenceless young lady trying to hitch a ride. As it's the season of goodwill I offered her a free lift. Noticing she was very thin, not well dressed and dirty, I asked her story and she mentioned that she had not eaten for three days. Out of compassion, I brought her home and warmed up the pumpkin curry I made for you last night that you wouldn't eat because you're afraid you'll gain more weight. When I served it to her, the poor young thing, practically inhaled it. Since she was dirty I asked her if she'd like to bathe. While she was showering, I noticed her clothes were worn-out and full of holes so I threw them away. Since she needed clothes, I gave her that pair of jeans that you no longer wear because they're too tight on you. I also gave her the lingerie that I gave you on our anniversary and you don't wear because I don't





have good taste, and to stop me getting 'ideas'. I gave her the jumper that my sister gave you last Christmas, that you won't wear just to bother my sister, and I also gave her the expensive boots that you bought at the January sales that you never wore again after you saw your co-worker wearing the same pair. After she dressed, I walked the young woman to the door where she turned around and with tears of gratitude streaming down her cheeks, asked me, "Sir, do you have anything else your wife doesn't use?"

I'm sick of Christmas already. I work my ass off all year to earn enough money to buy the kids the presents they want and what happens? That fat freak with the beard gets all the credit. Still it's my own fault for marrying her.

Don't eat turkey sandwiches, no matter what!

A little boy and a little girl attended the same school and became friends. Every day they would sit together to eat their lunch, and they discovered that they

both brought turkey sandwiches every day! This went on all through the fourth and fifth grades, until one day he noticed that her sandwich wasn't a turkey sandwich.

He said, 'Hey, how come you're not eating turkey, don't you like it anymore?' She said 'I love it but I have to stop eating it. 'Why?' he asked.

She pointed to her lap and said 'Cause I'm starting to grow little feathers down there!' 'Let me see' he said. 'Okay' and she showed him.

He looked and said, 'That's right. You are! Better not eat any more turkey.'

He kept eating his turkey sandwiches until one day he brought a peanut butter sandwich instead. He said to the little girl, 'I have to stop eating turkey sandwiches, I'm starting to get feathers down there too!'

She asked if she could look, so he showed her! She said, 'Oh, my God, it's too late for you! You've already got the NECK and Giblets!!!!!!

And finally, don't forget to take great care on the roads at this time of year. A lot of guys are having a few more than usual - so their wives are driving.

