



R-ns/trash #248 January 2018

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 | #NO | ON ON | Post Code | HARES |
|---|------|---------------------------------|-----------|------------------|
| 1st January 2018 | 2063 | Tiger Inn, East Dean | BN20 ODA | 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. Important: NOON START! | | | | |
| 8th January 2018 | 2064 | White Hart, Henfield | BN5 9HP | Prince Crashpian |
| Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins. | | | | |
| 15th January 2018 | 2065 | 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. | | | | |
| 22nd January 2018 | 2066 | Fox on the Downs, Brighton | BN2 3EA | Joe & Henna |
| Directions: South on A23 past Preston Park and round one-way system. Left at traffic lights Preston Circus, bear right but stay in left hand lane, then turn left over the top of the Level. At next set turn left but in right hand lane, then right up Elm Grove. Pub is on left at the top of the hill opposite Freshfield Road. Est. 10 mins. | | | | |
| 29th January 2018 | 2067 | Red Lion, Shoreham | BN43 5TE | Bouncer & Angel |
| Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Go left at next roundabout then first left for pub car park. Est. 10 mins. BURNS HASH - Tartan on the r*nl nb as no venue available, there will be an extended sip stop. | | | | |
| 5th February 2018 | 2068 | Lockhart Tavern, Haywards Heath | RH16 3AS | One Erection |
| Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next two roundabouts, left at next, then straight on for one-way system. Follow round to the right past the Star pub and park in council car park on right. Pub down the Broadway on left. Est 25 mins | | | | |

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

Um. It's beginning to look a lot like we need Hares. Is it your turn?

HASHING AROUND:

Hastings H3 10.66 (11.06am) Sunday 07/01/18

The Village Hall Church Road, Battle TN33 9DP Jobsworth and Old Fart

Surrey H3 Saturday 13/01/18 South Downs Winter Walk from Amberley

Station via the 09:55 train to Arundel. Book meals - 2-courses £15 a head

The Sportsman, Amberley, sh3winterwalk@

yahoo.com for orders and if interested in joining. OnOn, HashFlash

East Grinstead H3 10.45am Sunday 14/01/18

The Fountain Inn, Plumpton Green BN7 3BX Gromit

W&NK H3 11.00am Sunday 21/01/18

Wheatsheaf, Cuckfield. Hares: Keeps It Up and Wildbush.

Thought for the day (as everyone makes their resolutions):

Good health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die, and health nuts are going to feel pretty stupid someday, lying in the hospital, dying of nothing.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

18-20 May 2018 **UK Nash Bash 2018** Brighstone Holiday Centre. Hosts: Island Pedallers Bash H3 www.nashbash2018.co.uk/

18-20 May 2018 Barnes H3 Summer Ball - The Chase Hotel, Ross-on-Wye. *Save the date, details to follow.*

25-27 May 2018 World Interhash - Nadi, Fiji <http://fijiinterhash2018.com/>

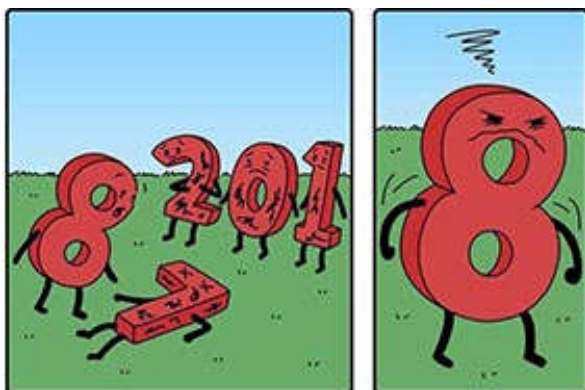
27-29 July 2018 UK Full Moon Nash Hash 2018 Buckingham Rugby Club Hosts: Milton Keynes H3 www.fmnh2018.co.uk/

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/>

[illegible]

BH7 40th Anniversary / CRAFT 10th Anniversary campout
Brighton Rugby Club - 8th-10th June 2018

Great to see so many registrations already received by 31st December - no doubt helped by the early bird rate, but proof were it needed, that last years event went down well, with many returning! Also good to see so many from our closest hash neighbours Hastings of course, but especially East Grinstead H3. It's important to remember though, that this is a Brighton Hash celebration, and as such it would be great if we could see a few more Brighton hashers registered. This may be the first hash weekend for many of our own hashers but anyone who went last year will tell you it was good value for money, and this year is even cheaper! And although it is hot on the heels of last years 2000th it may be a while before we put on another event. Full information and registration for this fantastic event are live on the website:

<http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/40-weekend/>

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 £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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Message from Ed (Not so fast, Heinz):

Happy New Year

Last year was quite eventful! In case you don't already know, we are Grandparents!

Wilbur Robert, born at 4 30 am Sunday 31st December 2017, to David and Abi.
All are well and Wilbur sounds great on the phone!

At 8 lb 6oz (3.8 kg) Wilbur is heavier than both David (7 lb 14 oz) and Andrew (7 lb 3 oz) were.

Love to all Granny and GrandEd

Congratulations to proud Grandparents Ed and Judith; parents David and Abi; and of course, hello to Wilbur on behalf of all at the hash!

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Barnes H3 Summer Ball - 18-20 May 2018 - 35th anniversary celebration in Ross-on-Wye at The Chase Hotel.

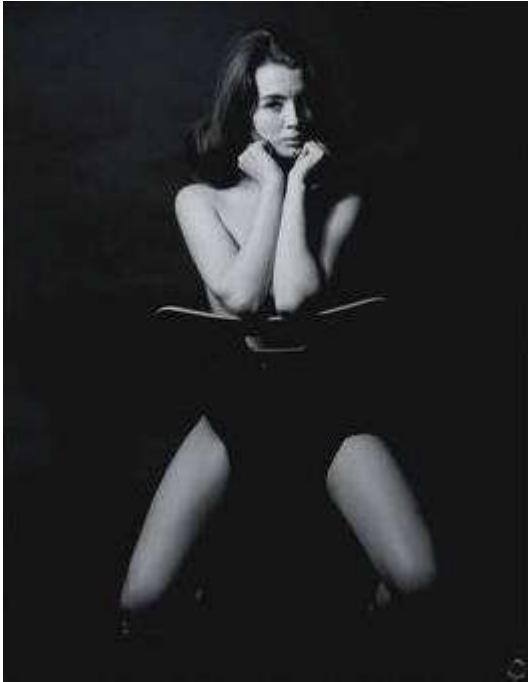
This will be a fairly, but not totally, familiar format ie some arriving Friday, some Saturday. A curry Friday evening, probably early-ish around 8pm followed by a bit of a pub crawl. Saturday morning free to look around Ross which is, as some of you already know, a very pretty and historic small town. 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.

Still awaiting final costs so will let you know as soon as form is available so you can book.

On on, Fetherlite



RIP Christine Keeler. If we can't pay tribute to possibly the most famous showgirl on page 3 where can we do it! The following is an abridged article from the Sun (but not Page 3) in the days after her death:



SEX, LIES & SPIES Christine Keeler on sex and secrets of Profumo affair – after former call girl dies aged 75

THE woman behind the infamous Profumo sex scandal of the Sixties, Christine Keeler, wrote her side of the story in a book, *Secrets and Lies*. The former call girl, who died on Monday aged 75, was just 19 when she bedded married Government minister John Profumo in 1961 – an affair that was to topple PM Harold Macmillan when it became public two years later. Living and working in London's then-seedy Soho, Christine witnessed the most sordid side of the swinging Sixties. Here, in an extract from her book, she reveals the sexual secrets of the rich and powerful in that decadent decade.

History says my story is about sex. But I think I might have been one of the most moral women of that frenzied decade. You might think you know about my life because you lived through it or have seen *Scandal*, the film made about me in 1989. I'm sorry, but that film was just a snapshot of what really went on. Believe me, the truth is stranger than fiction. I was set up by the authorities and branded in court as a prostitute but that was to keep me quiet, to stop me telling the truth. Ironically, it was sex for love or lust rather than for money that has always caused me more problems. I was recruited by a clever, charismatic but dangerous man who, even after his death, fooled the intelligence services of the West. Stephen Ward has been portrayed in court, in Government reports, in film and TV as an immoral rascal. He was dismissed as a communist sympathiser who was only of harm to himself, a silly, vain man. In reality, he was a spymaster who befriended hosts of prominent and powerful people in the Government, aristocracy and even members of

the Royal Family. Stephen was the man who knew too much. Through his web of vice he knew the sexual perversions of many of the people who ran the world. He had photos and drawings of people indulging in all sorts of sex games. Many of them were destroyed but I believe some are still locked away in Whitehall.

My story really starts at Murray's Cabaret Club in Beak Street, where I met Stephen. Downstairs, star showgirls like me walked bare-breasted on to the stage, and the hostesses, all cleavage and chat, moved among the wealthy, aristocratic middle-aged male diners and drinkers. The owner, Percy "Pops" Murray, boasted that the "crowned heads of Europe" sat at his tables, and many did, but most were the home-grown wealthy, the influential, and especially the aristocracy. Murray's was also where John Profumo took me, long after our affair was meant to be over. It was the night we made love in his car and he got me pregnant. I later had a termination.

John — or Jack, as I knew him — was a man with wandering eyes... and hands to match. I've had men hot for me but he was absolutely rampant. Nothing mattered to him but getting his way with me, a 19-year-old girl. We first met at Cliveden, the Astor



family's Buckinghamshire mansion, in July 1961. I was swimming naked in the pool when Bill Astor strolled in with Jack. There was a small towel at the deep end and I quickly splashed over there and grabbed it. I could either cover my breasts or my backside, but not both. I tried for somewhere in the middle and attempted to walk out without giving them the full Monty. They started trying to whip the tiny towel away from me. I ran around the pool with Lord Astor, head of a legendary family, and John Profumo, one of Macmillan's most important government ministers, chasing me. They invited me to the house. Jack suggested I look around with him. He said: "A kiss?" It got a little naughtier, with him stroking my back as we walked and then he was by now furiously chasing me around the furniture. The first time we made love was in Stephen's flat. He was being charming and flirting, and the next thing we were kissing and then he was leaping on top of me. I enjoyed it, for he was kind and loving afterwards. I never thought about the implications.

That summer I was happy having our affair. We went to his home in Regent's Park and as he'd done at Cliveden, he gave me a tour of the house. In the dining room he said: "We often have the Queen for dinner. She's my favourite girlfriend." He took me to his marital bed and made love to me. It seems incredible that our liaison resulted in so much tragedy and damage. It was no grand romance. I've felt sad for Jack, but never sorry for him. He was a grown-up, much older, and I was clearly not the first girl he chased. Or the last.

Adapted by MIKE RIDLEY from Secrets And Lies, by Christine Keeler with Douglas Thompson (John Blake, £7.99).

REHASHING

Moon, Storrington - You never know what to expect with a Wiggy hash, and hounds are well aware of this, however, it is exactly this sense of danger which adds the frisson of excitement some hashers crave. Things didn't bode well when it turned out that, as has become the norm after recent injury and operations, hare would not be joining pack, just taking the walkers instead. This coupled with having forgotten his torch, and his planned (but unaware) sweeper, Bouncer had done likewise, as well as opting to walk the trail, added to complications. Then there was the unadvertised decision to set-off from the car park, meaning trail had to be set from pub to car park. Realising that smarter hashers had found themselves High Street parking and the pack at the pub was considerably larger, hare called on from the pub anyway. This was of course followed rapidly by a regroup in the car park, where Just Julie (& Amber) enquired whether Wiggy was going to do a speech (never ask Wiggy to do a speech, just, never!). The hash finally getting under way, had us following a lovely trail up the side of the river (with backmarking being undertaken variously by Gotlost/Aunty Jo hashing in relay and whose benign influence had helped in the setting, and St. Bernard [although the rarely misplaced Charlie confessed to having no idea where he was until...*]), a brief road stretch, more river, fields through to West Chilington, finally popping out by the Five Bells at Smock Alley*. From here it was a fairly straightforward route home pretty well due south, to applaud hare on a most excellent trail! Hon sec On Don rarely partakes of the circle, which is a shame as his shoe loss on the walkers route made for a great story, however, once hare had downed (a process as rambling as his speeches), mention was made of others who'd prostrated themselves, notably Knightrider and, in particular, Bogeyman who had kept a careful eye on Roaming Pussy all evening, but the first time she was out of sight, had thrown himself at the feet of the lovely young doctors, for shame! RA, being somewhat bemused holder of the numpty award for not knowing his own car alarm, was sorely tempted to continue the "numpty tennis" by returning it to Wildbush after Angel revealed that we didn't even have a car alarm, but instead opted for JJ(a). Congratulations were given to Bosom Boy, for his recent victory in the Betws Coed 10k Bergen, a gruelling course requiring a pack of 15kg to be carried throughout, but his bottom lip was trembling when he realised there would be no beer for this feat (shouldn't have confessed to driving!). Another great hash!



Hare and hounds, Worthing - You never know what to expect with an Ivan hash! This was labelled the "Snow Dog" trail, and it wasn't just the weather report, as Fukarwe (fka Pondweed) had made no secret that we would be stopping at his office for a sip (which probably explains his promise of a mud-free r*n, can't upset the cleaners!), and "Worthy" (fka South Downs Snow Dog) sits outside, despite a close call with some tealeaves who'd attempted to steal him by undoing the bolts, and carrying him down the road balanced between them on a plank. Finding him too heavy to carry further they'd simply left him in the middle of the road prompting an early morning call to our hare, and some amusing CCTV footage! In the absence of hills, but apparently in response to a request from Peter Pansy, and no doubt taking a leaf out of Sussex trail events book (they organised a car park marathon in the Tarring car park now closed and set for demolition), hare promised a number of multi storey car parks would be included in the run! There were also a number of easy-to-miss twittens, and so within yards of the start, pack was called back for the first of these. At the bottom it was right, then left for the first of the car parks in Buckingham Road, which got a mixed reception. The roady run continued up to

Victoria Rec for a loop with hare claiming there was mud, if you went off piste. Popping out of the park we then followed a number of check-free roads to the seafront for a long check-free sprint along the prom to the 2nd car park by the bowling alley. While the main pack cut through towards the Guildbourne, those of us keeping an eye on the hare spotted an SCB to the pier and up South Street to meet the pack again on Warwick Street, before they headed back towards Splashpoint. This is where I made my mistake as, now well ahead of the pack, I climbed the 7 stories of the Ann Street car park to hurl abuse as they made their way, inexorably, towards me. Having been overtaken myself and Anybody missed the next twitten, spotted a likely underpass and ended up the wrong side of the railway with no marks. As Mike enlightened me as to who had introduced Ivan to the hash many years back (not himself but Whose Shout, apparently as they shared a religion. My look of askance that Pete should be of the Jewish faith was rewarded with "Seagulls!"), we opted for a direct charge to Fukarwe's office, but trail was again found after a 2nd underpass, and on we went to find the beer and snacks exhausted, doh! The pub had put on a spread of sandwiches and chips of the sort that would have been a free incentive in more enlightened times, but was pretty poor value at £6.50. Hare claimed it would only have been £5 if more had taken it up, but logically they would have had rather less food so "rip-off Britain" is the phrase that springs to mind! At least we got a bit of beer so hare was duly downed, followed by new boot Graeme on water having sunk his quota already. That got the RA 'cheapskate' abuse from Come Again, however, she was the one who had nicked the RA's chips instead of contributing, while poor old Penguin Shagger paid the full price just for chips (NLTGITWOAGS - subsequently discovered he'd been given a discount), so the pair of them were invited into the circle to down. The latter was familiar with circles having lost trail early on and run round the same block a number of times to make up his mileage(!). Eat My Cucumber was also called after OH Kim queried what 6 inches was (related to anticipated snow) as there appeared to be a big difference between male and female perceptions. Indeed, he seems to have been spoiling that girl if she thinks a cucumber is just 6 inches! Having taken an early bath, Keeps It Up managed to avoid the numpty award for the double whammy of asking where the next car park was while standing by the sign, as well as telling Moneypenny of Henfield H3 the wrong swan for Xmas eve. Another great car park hash!

I didn't believe it when they said we already had 6 inches of snow had to check for myself.



RESOLUTIONS & NEW YEAR - To Do's:

On New Years Eve Diane Abbott visited Cardinal Vincent Nichols, Archbishop of Westminster. She told the Archbishop that Jeremy Corbyn would be attending the New Years Day Mass and she asked if the Archbishop would kindly point him out to the congregation and say a few words that would include calling Jeremy a saint. The Archbishop replied, "No. I don't really like the man and there are issues of conflict with the Catholic church over certain of his views."

Abbott then said, "Look, I'll write a cheque here and now for a donation of £250,000 to your church if you'll just tell the congregation that you see Jeremy as a saint."

The Archbishop thought about it and said, "Well, the church can use the money, so I'll work your request into tomorrow's sermon."

As Abbott had indicated, Jeremy Corbyn appeared for the service and seated himself prominently at the forward left side of the centre aisle. As promised, at the start of his sermon, the Archbishop pointed out that Mr Corbyn was present. The Archbishop went on to explain to the congregation, "While Mr Corbyn's presence is probably an honour to some, the man is not numbered among my personal favourite personages. Some of his most egregious views are contrary to tenets of the Church and he tends to flip-flop on many other issues. Jeremy Corbyn is a petty, self-absorbed hypocrite, a thumb sucker and a nit-wit. He is also a serial liar, a cheat and a thief. I must say, Jeremy Corbyn is the worst example of a Christian I have ever personally witnessed. He falsely obtained Union money and is using this wealth to lie to the British People. He also has a reputation for shirking his representative obligations. The man is simply not to be trusted

The Archbishop concluded, "but compared to Diane Abbott, Jeremy Corbyn is a saint."



MY DIET PLAN:
MAKE ALL OF MY
FRIENDS
CUPCAKES.
THE
FATTER THEY
GET, THE
THINNER I LOOK...



WHAT DID I MISS?
So she said, "I think you should resolve to eat more greens"
I thought the best way to do that was go on a dye-it!
She didn't see the funny side.

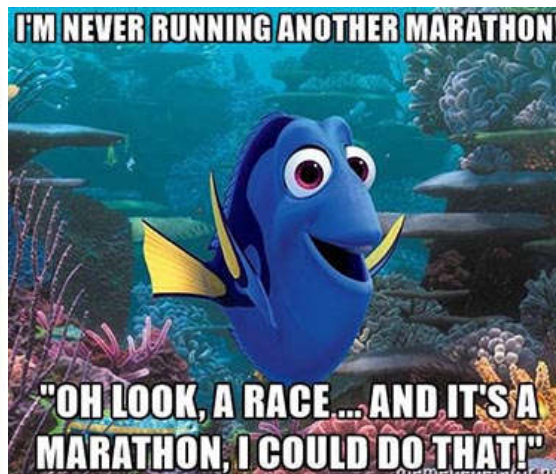
NEW YEAR EXERCISES FOR HASHERS!

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room on each side. With a 5-lb potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute, and then relax. Each day you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer. After a couple of weeks, move up to 10-lb potato bags. Then try 50-lb potato bags and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100-lb potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute. (I'm at this level).

After you feel confident at this level, put a potato in each bag.



Not happy...



Fukarwe & Bouncer get carried away
(Southend pier marathon 11/3/18)

I asked this young woman at my gym what her New Year's resolution was going to be.

She said, "Fuck You." So I'm pretty excited about the upcoming Year!



A.N.Other gets carried away

REHASHING (continued)

*Swan, Falmer - A Christmas day Monday meant thinking caps on to find something workable so up stepped Rebel Without His Keys with an offer to hare from the Swan which has frequently been denied to us as they don't always open on Mondays. There is also a seasonal connection with the swan as it's a big bird and tradition stated that the bigger the bird the greater the association with Christmas, particularly amongst the wealthy. Well, at least until the royal proclamation that the swan was the exclusive property of the crown and only royalty should be allowed to eat it. Actually, them and the 'fellows of St. John's College of Cambridge' for some bizarre reason. Anyhoo I seem to have digressed considerably! So votes were taken on the day for the hash and Christmas Eve was settled on (as Boxing Day has traditionally seen a W&NK H3 trail - although we have combined on occasion, this year they were too far away), followed by votes on the time, for which 11am was most popular, enabling Henfield H3 to gatehash our r*n! Hare opted to pass Bouncer (as Henfield H3 rep) the chalk for sweeping with, and called the respectably large pack to order for the words of wisdom and the off. Early running was through the University before we hit Stanmer Park. A long climb up the east side of the park brought us to a regroup at the pylons to skid down and head up Stanmer Down where late arrival, Thumper, came breezing past making the hill look very easy, which many will assure you it wasn't. It was a straightforward southerly return down to St. Marys Farm before the road took us up and over to the excellent sip by the sports centre. The walkers never quite made it though, and indeed, were quite some time behind the runners getting back to the pub, which blew Angel's theory that, in order to get away early for work, she'd be better off walking with youngest ET. Taking over the back bar we soon crowded out the non-hashers, and a circle was called. Beers for the trail and sip were awarded to RWHK and Jenny Greenteeth, before new boots were invited including Brian Friend and Butch the dog. Seasoned runner Brian has asked Wiggy consistently for the past two or three years down the pub on Sunday evening where "tomorrow's hash is", before remarking that he would be "washing my hair" to again evade it, an excuse that lacks something given the airing his scalp has been given for many a year now! The huge plethora of visitors meant Hash Flash failed to get the beer he clearly desired, but David Chase took one on their behalf, before Bollocks was called for declining to award anybody from the Henfield camp. A Merry Christmas was wished to one and all after another great hash! **Dave the Dog***

[illegible]

Parkrunning hashers...

Christmas is here and while some hashers move the day of the hash, other hashes find a more radical solution to get their members onto a trail on Christmas Day itself:

Christmas is here. And while some are preparing the dinner, others are out in Pollok Park, ready to do the Parkrun.

<http://www.parkrun.org.uk/pollok/>
(If you have not done a Parkrun before, then register on their website or you won't get a time)

"Pollok parkrun will be 'running' on Christmas Day 25th December at 9.30 in addition to the Saturday parkruns. On Christmas day tinsel or equivalent will be worn!"

Which seemed almost a daft enough idea that it can double up as a trail

Burrell Car Park, Pollok Park, Glasgow
BR= Pollokshaws West

Hare was questioned by Cockatool on how they planned on keeping the pack together, before he went on to remind us that this was not the first time Glasgow H3 had used an innovative approach, the following apparently being numbered as their trail 1672:

Beer lorry crashes with flour lorry 3 April 2014

A motorway carriageway has been closed after a crash between a lorry carrying beer and another carrying flour.

The accident happened on the M74 northbound between junction 13 Abington and junction 12 Millbank in South Lanarkshire at about 06:00.

Police are dealing with the incident, which is said to have left flour, beer and fuel on the road.

It is understood no-one was hurt in the crash. Diversions have been put in place.

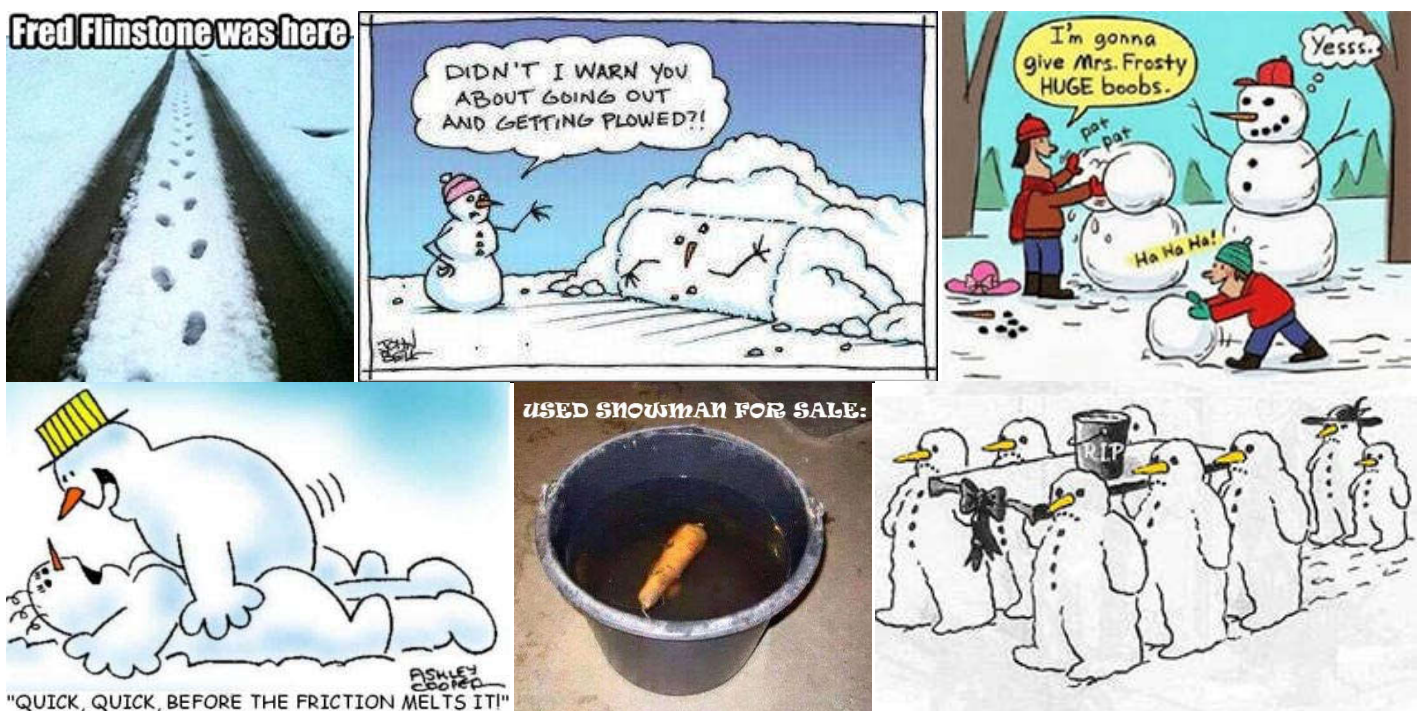


The Snowman

I am raging! I have had enough! I'll never help anyone again, EVER! Either I'm too kindhearted, too stupid or too gullible!! Out of the kindness of my heart and because it was so cold outside yesterday, I took a man into my home. I felt so sorry for him. Poor thing was frozen stiff and I had to carry him in. He had nowhere to stay and we had a spare bed. This morning he just vanished. Not a word, not even "goodbye" or "thank you" for sheltering him! The last straw? I realised he had pissed all over the living room floor! Like SERIOUSLY That's the "thank you" I get for being good to people?! Now, I'm going to warn me friends/family to watch out for him! He is heavy set and he's wearing nothing but a scarf. He has a nose that looks like a carrot, 2 black eyes and his arms are so skinny that they look like sticks! Don't bring him into your house! What a huge mess he made on our floor but he did leave me his scarf! He goes by the name of Mr Frosty!



The AA have warned that anyone travelling in icy conditions should take a shovel, blankets/sleeping bag, extra clothing (including scarf, hat and gloves), 24-hour supply of food and drink, de-icer, rock salt, torch, spare battery, petrol can, first aid kit and jump leads. I felt like a right idiot on the bus.



- Why does it take longer to build a Blonde snowman as opposed to a regular one? You have to hollow out the head.
- What's the difference between a Snowman and Snowwoman? Snowballs!
- While trekking in Nepal I saw a Yeti with an awesome six-pack. Must have been the abdominal snowman.

Rehashing the Christmas party and awards – Hassocks Hotel:

The usual early start and promise of a short r*n from **Ride-It Baby** as we gathered in our masses in the pub and car park, dressed up as usual in silly Santa gear. The initial surge had us all convinced trail was south on the railway line path, and so it was as far as a check. Vague calling meant there were a few who went too far, missed the call, then struggled to find the onward marks, as we were approaching from the wrong direction. A saunter round the houses and we were back onto the Keymer Road for the **On Inn**. Before we got carried away though, we remembered hares lovely words at the start: "sip stop" and so stuck to trail, now heading north, under the railway line, and round the block onto Stanford Avenue for the **On Inn**. The call came from the hare behind us, "You've missed the sip," and so a quick u-turn and on in to **Silver Fox** and **Blonde Vixen's** garden for the obligatory mulled wine and excellent nibbles to whet our appetite before, third time lucky, the **On Inn**!



staff endeavour to serve the grub. With the dream team of **Mudlark** and **Prof** handling the MC'ing for the awards again it was soon time to settle down and enjoy the show in-between courses. After thanking Pat for the trail, Tony and Jane for the sip

and Rik for the Disco, first up from those that can be remembered, and indeed probably in no particular order, was **One Erection** as "Beer Drinker" of the year. This was followed by "winner of the Strangest Award of the Year Award" to **Bouncer**, who had to down from a cup wedged inside an old exhaust pipe. "International hashers of the year" were **Roaming Pussy** & **Bogeyman** winning the ships wheel for their misadventures in their camper van which has seen action across Europe including much of Scandinavia. Prof & **Hash Gomi** took the "Wettest Hash" award, although **Anybody** ended up with the "mankini", and **Eat My Cucumber** was recognised as having been awarded the "Funniest Name" of the year. Audience participation was called for in deciding who should take home the "Buttock Shorts" that appear every so often, and Mudlark proposed that the best backsides to follow on trail



come from our group of young doctors. Ageism is just not a thing when many of us are of an age, and so the youth element of **Henna**, **Uman**, **Gina** and **Joe** were joined by the retirees **Bushsquatter** and **Anybody**, as well as inbetweenie **Random Sparkles**, who ended up receiving the popular vote, dancing the night away with

her plastic backside on display, before putting on her sensible head and sending begging messages that her photos were not tagged on social media! **Bogeyman** & **Roaming Pussy** were up again this time for the CRAFT hash of the year "Half Yard" award for their 12 beers of Christmas trail in Lewes just two days earlier, edging out **Lily the Pinks** fantastic 100th CRAFT trail in March. Still managing to put in an appearance most weeks, despite hauling an oxygen tank around with him, BH7 original **Chopper** was a very worthy and popular winner of the "On On" trophy, if only the previous winner hadn't left it at home. **Keeps It Up** and **Wildbush** took away the "Finger post award" for the immense work they put into the 2000th celebrations, and **Bosom Boy** got the "Best Sip stop" for his 2017 to the power of five trail: r*n #2017 in year 2017 at grid reference TQ 2017E 2017N which he cleverly managed to get us to reach bang on 20:17. **Bogeyman** had a special award for **Bushsquatter** to help with her ongoing battle with gravity, then **Airman** and **Pompette** were awarded "Hash couple" of the year. The hash Burka went to the lovely **Lisa**, and **Whose Shout** was also awarded for some forgotten reason. There's bound to be a few others overlooked so apologies from your scribe for that, but awards over it was time to clear the tables away, get some dancing in to **Psychlepaths** music, and eventually head home, **Local Knowledge's** Christmas 'card' plant firmly in hand. Another great Christmas hash!

A quick change into spruced up party gear and it's off to the bar for a beer! Having paid, and although we've been to this venue countless times for our Christmas party and awards thingy, few manage to remember year-to-year how the raffle ticket system operates with the result that first beers were soon disposed of and off to the bar for a beer! The theory of order from chaos comes into its own as raffle tickets and Christmas cards fly around; Hashers play catch-up chats with those seldom seen while fighting for seats; and the kitchen



BURNS HASH #11 – so here's some more Scottish humour:

An American was visiting Scotland on business. As he stepped off the plane at Prestwick airport, he noticed a wee Scotsman standing beside a long table on top of which was a selection of human skulls. "What are these?" asked the American. "They're the genuine skulls of the most famous Scotsmen that ever lived," came the reply. "Like who?"

"Well St Andrew, William Wallace, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Alexander Graham Bell, Arthur Conan Doyle, Rabbie Burns." "You have the genuine skull of Rabbie Burns himself?" queried the American. "Aye, that I do".

"Hey, my local barman in Maine is Scottish and always celebrates Burns night! imagine the looks on his face when I walk in with the skull of Rabbie Burns. I just gotta have it, how much?" The Scotsman thought for a moment. "Well laddie," he said. "I was told I'd be a fool to let it go for less than £2,500 pounds but seeing as ye seem so attached to it and it's no rainin' the day, I'll let ye have it for £2,499 pounds 99 pence. Ah canny be fairer than that". "It's a deal," said the American producing the money in cash and he left the airport happy with his purchase. Back in Maine the skull proved a real attraction at his local bar where he arranged for it to be hung on the wall. People with Scottish ancestry from all over North America came to gaze at it in wonder. Five years later the American returned to Scotland on another business trip and as he got off the plane at Prestwick Airport he noticed the same wee Scotsman with his table of skulls. "Hey, what have you got left?" asked the American. "I have got the genuine skulls of the most famous Scotsmen in history" came the reply. "Like who?"

"Well St Andrew, William Wallace, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Alexander Graham Bell, Arthur Conan Doyle, Rabbie Burns." "Wait a second" interrupted the American. "Did you say Rabbie Burns?" "Aye, that ah did".

"Well, I was here five years ago and you sold me a skull a lot bigger than that one there and you told me that skull was Rabbie Burns".

"Aye," said the wee Scotsman. "I remember ye now! You see this skull is Rabbie Burns when he was a wee boy."



IF YOU'RE COLD, THEY'RE COLD TOO.



BRING THEM INSIDE AND WARM THEM UP



side, she walks away to the other side." The Vet rubbed his chin thoughtfully and pondered this before asking, "Did you by chance, buy this cow in Scotland?" The people were dumbfounded, since no one had ever mentioned that they had brought the cow over from Scotland. "You are truly a wise Vet," they said. "How did you know we got the cow from Scotland?"

The Vet replied with a distant look in his eye "My wife is from Scotland."

Angus Broon of Glasgow comes to the little lady of the house exclaiming, "Maggie, cud ya be sewin on a wee button that's come off of me fly? I can't button me pants."

"Oh Angus, I've got me hands in the dishpan, go up the stairs and see if Mrs. MacDonald could be helpin' ya with it."

About 5 minutes later, there's a terrible crash, a bang, a bit of yelling and the sound of a body falling doon the stairs. Walking back in the door with a blackened eye and a bloody nose comes Angus. The little lady looks at him and says, "My god, what happened to ya? Did you ask her like I told you?"

"Aye," says Angus. "I asked her to sew on the wee button, an she did, everything was goin' fine but when she bent doon to bite off the wee thread, Mr MacDonald walked in!"

Two guys with lisps are plotting a break-in at a Scottish distillery. One says to the other 'Is it whisky?' 'yes' replies the other one 'but not as whisky as a bank wobbery'

THE SCOTTISH COW IN IRELAND

The only cow in a small town in Ireland stopped giving milk. The town folk found they could buy a cow in Scotland quite cheaply. They brought the cow from Scotland. It was wonderful, produced lots of milk every day and everyone was happy. Then they bought a bull to mate with the cow to get more cows, so they'd never have to worry about their milk supply again. They put the bull in the pasture with the cow but whenever the bull tried to mount the cow, the cow would move away. No matter what approach the bull tried, the cow would move away from the bull and he was never able to do the deed. The people were very upset and decided to go to the Vet, who was very wise, tell him what was happening and ask his advice. "Whenever the bull tries to mount our cow, she moves away. If he approaches from the back, she moves forward. When he approaches her from the front, she backs off. If he attempts from the one



Rehashing the CRAFT:

Our usual Mid-Sussex based Christmas pub crawl went on hold this year as Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy stole an idea from Stockholm/Oslo and London hashes to stage a "12 pubs of Christmas" crawl around Lewes. There was a precedent when we CRAFTed here a couple of years back during the ale trail and certain hounds went off trail to factor in extra pubs! It was clear beforehand that this idea had hit peoples hotspots, no doubt helped by the Saturday lunchtime start, and of course it was an unofficial BHJH3 prompting the wearing of the Christmas jumpers! Meticulous planning by the hares meant that the full pub list and suggested timetable was available before we even started and so the gathering hoards (*Come Again, Angel, RP, Queenfisher, Bogeyman, Proxy and Kingfisher at the front, plus Bouncer, Cyst Pit, Radio Soap, Coff, Louie the Lip, Wildbush,*



Keeps It Up, Shaun, and Testiculator out of shot) found themselves at **#1 Kings Head**. The stage was set with the barmaid wearing a 'normal people scare me' t-shirt, and the Wifi password suited my game plan 'Halfpint', with the caveat that Old or seasonal ale were worth a pint. Roaming Pussy found the Tom Cat gin, while Testiculator turned up in blue for the con club - actually Constitutional, but he thought Conservative! Proxy was claiming bragging rights having done his second ever parkrun before coming down, and Come Again won some glasses in the hares lucky dip. On the way to **#2 Royal Oak** we took advantage of the gates being open for a change to stroll through the gardens where



Coff and Louie the Lip let fly with their aeroplanes until one got stuck in a tree. Proxy quickly came to the rescue, using his scarf to attempt to flick it out, which would have been much more impressive, if not as funny, if he hadn't been standing on the scarf at the time, and he succeeded only in pulling himself off his feet! In the pub there were some hilarious and accurate disparaging remarks made by someone hairy who can't be named about someone else who can't be shamed, but whose behaviour would be addressed in the circle in normal hashes, if she wasn't above all that! RP's Christmas draw was won by Radio Soap who picked a snowball game. We'd been informed that it was National Hugging Day and that free hugs were available outside Waterstones between 12:00 and 14:00. I'm sure this was artistic licence but there was a Hug stop before **#3 John Harvey. A**

table had been reserved upstairs for our sizeable crowd to enjoy lunch, the first 16 being joined here by King & Queenfishers son Fox, with his Icelandic girlfriend, Owl (her real name!), as well as Cliffbanger, Bushsquatter and Muppet. Owl won the draw with some antlers, some naughty video's were shared on phones notably the bells of Christmas, and Bouncer found a hair in his risotto just as the waitress delivered other meals, earning a free replacement burger. On to **#4 Snowdrop** and Bushsquatter shared her knowledge of its name from Britain's worst ever avalanche, Christmas 1836, when at least 8 died [<http://www.historic-uk.com/HistoryUK/HistoryofBritain/Lewes-Snow-Drop-1836/>].

On a lighter note YT won an elf hat in the draw. Bob's Crutch and Indeed Bob, found us as we sauntered onto **#5 Dorset** so were able to join in the bear dance (best to look at the videos on the BH7 hash pages!), much to their own as well as the locals surprise! Meanwhile, Kingfisher won a Christmas tie. In **#6 Gardners** we found a startling character reminiscent of Windsock for those who know him, and Muppet won a Santa. Naturally



there was another Hug stop on the way to **#7 Lewes Arms**, where we had a quiz (details and winners lost in haze) and Boges won a naughty elf. Quite apt as it turned out, as both he and Proxy were refused service in **#8 Rights of Man**. So, as a few had started to drift away by now, we kept our visit short leaving soon after Shaun won the draw. In **#9 Brewers** a good crowd was gathered to watch the Brighton-Burnley game on the telly, so seating was hard to come by and talk difficult. Coff won some selfie stuff before the Pegleys took their leave, which was a shame as first Cyst Pit, then Louie the Lip were drawn in the raffle in **#10 Pelham Arms**, before finally RP won a beard! We were greeted by a lovely barmaid in **#11 Black Horse** who thought our mission worthy and hilarious. Or was that Testi's beard? Hard to say but there were just 7 of us left by **#12 Conshtitushional Club** (told them we would struggle to say it by this point of the evening!), to take up the invite by the Cliffe Bonfire Society to join them for their Xmas party. It was quiet when we arrived so a quick visit to the chippy for something to soak up the beer, before we returned to enjoy and dance to the excellent band "The Kondoms" (formerly known as "Dirty Dick And The Protectors") who offered an excellent selection of 'Teenage Kicks' style music, late 70's early 80's. Reckoning the football crowds to have died down the day finally drew to a close and we dispersed for our trains, resolving to do it all again next year! Another astoundingly great CRAFT Christmas hash, thank you hares!



IN THE (alternative) NEWS...

Is flour now a poison?

Warning over eating raw dough due to E. coli risk in flour

6 December 2017

The US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has warned against eating raw dough, batter or cake mixture because of the risk of E. coli from flour.

The FDA updated its guidelines following an investigation into an E. coli outbreak in the US in 2016 where flour was found to be the cause. Cooking the flour kills any bacteria that can cause infections.

The FDA says commercially made cookie dough ice-cream products are OK as manufacturers use treated flour.

In 2016, dozens of people across the US were made sick by a strain of bacteria called Shiga toxin-producing E. coli O121, that was linked to flour. A mill in Kansas City, Missouri, was found to be the probable source of the outbreak and ten million pounds of flour were recalled.

Previously there have been warnings about eating raw dough and cake mixture due to the presence of raw eggs that can pose a risk of salmonella.

The UK Food Standards Agency advises against eating raw dough "because it may not be safe". But Leslie Smoot, a senior adviser for the FDA, says flour alone is also a risk.

"Flour is derived from a grain that comes directly from the field and typically is not treated to kill bacteria." Bacteria from animal waste in the field could contaminate the grain, which is then harvested and milled into flour. E. coli O121 can cause abdominal cramps and diarrhoea (often bloody) but most people recover within a week. In rare cases it can cause a type of kidney failure called hemolytic uremic syndrome. Young and elderly people and those with weakened immune systems are most at risk of complications.

Tips to handle foods safely

- The FDA says we should not eat or taste any raw biscuit dough, cake mix, batter, or any other raw dough or batter product that is supposed to be cooked or baked.
- They advise carefully washing hands, work surfaces and utensils thoroughly after contact with flour and raw dough products
- When baking with children watch out for flour spreading easily
- Do not give play dough made with raw flour to children
- In the US, restaurants and retailers have been warned not to serve raw dough to customers or provide raw dough for children to play with
- Keep raw foods separate from other foods while preparing them to prevent any contamination that may be present from spreading
- They recommend following package directions for cooking products containing flour at proper temperatures and for specified times
- Follow label directions to chill products containing raw dough promptly after purchase until you bake them

The Food Standards Agency agrees "it is advisable to follow manufacturers' cooking instructions when using food ingredients. Cooking food at the right temperature will ensure any harmful bacteria are killed." However, it is believed that flour may still be used safely for setting hash trails, as long as it is not subsequently gathered up to use in food preparation. Where possible a warning notice should be placed by the flour to this effect, as well as to advise wildlife not to consume raw flour.



THE END

For those not aware, a Roomba is a branded robotic vacuum cleaner:

So, last week, something pretty tragic happened in our household. It's taken me until now to wrap my head around it and find the words to describe the horror. It started off simple enough - something that's probably happened to most of you.

Sometime between midnight and 1:30am, our puppy Evie pooped on our rug in the living room. This is the only time she's done this, so it's probably just because we forgot to let her out before we went to bed that night. Now, if you have a detective's mind, you may be wondering how we know the poop occurred between midnight and 1:30am. We were asleep, so how do I know that time frame? Why, friends, that's because our Roomba runs at 1:30am every night, while we sleep. And it found the poop. And so begins the Pooptastrophe. The poohpocalypse. The pooppening.

If you have a Roomba, please rid yourself of all distractions and absorb everything I'm about to tell you. Do not, under any circumstances, let your Roomba run over dog poop. If the unthinkable does happen, and your Roomba runs over dog poop, stop it immediately and do not let it continue the cleaning cycle. Because if that happens, it will spread the dog poop over every conceivable surface within its reach, resulting in a home that closely resembles a Jackson Pollock poop painting. It will be on your floorboards. It will be on your furniture legs. It will be on your carpets. It will be on your rugs. It will be on your kids' toy boxes. If it's near the floor, it will have poop on it. Those awesome wheels, which have a checkered surface for better traction, left 25-foot poop trails all over the house. Our lovable Roomba, who gets a careful cleaning every night, looked like it had been mudding. Yes, mudding - like what you do with a Jeep on a pipeline road. But in poop.

Then, when your four-year-old gets up at 3am to crawl into your bed, you'll wonder why he smells like dog poop. And you'll walk into the living room. And you'll wonder why the floor feels slightly gritty. And you'll see a brown-encrusted, vaguely Roomba-shaped thing sitting in the middle of the floor with a glowing green light, like everything's okay. Like it's proud of itself. You were still half-asleep until this point, but now you wake up pretty damn quickly.

And then the horror. Oh the horror. So, first you clean the child. You scrub the poop off his feet and put him back in bed. But you don't bother cleaning your own feet, because you know what's coming. It's inevitable, and it's coming at you like a freight train. Some folks would shrug their shoulders and get back in bed to deal with it in the morning. But you're not one of those people - you can't go to sleep with that war zone of poop in the living room. So you clean the Roomba. You toss it in the bathtub to let it soak. You pull it apart, piece-by-piece, wondering at what point you became an adult and assumed responsibility for 3:30am-Roomba-disassembly-poop-cleanups. By this point, the poop isn't just on your hands - it's smeared up to your elbows. You already heard the Roomba make that "whirlllllllllllllllllll-boop-hissssssss" noise that sounds like electronics dying, and you realize you forgot to pull the battery before getting it wet. Oh, and you're not just using profanity - you're inventing new types of profanity. You're saying things that would make Satan shudder in revulsion. You hope your kid stayed in bed, because if he hears you talking like this, there's no way he's not ending up in prison.

Then you get out the carpet shampooer. When you push it up to the rug - the rug that started it all - the shampooer just laughs at you. Because that rug is going in the trash, folks. But you shampoo it anyway, because your wife loved that damn rug, and you know she'll ask if you tried to clean it first. Then you get out the paper towel rolls, idly wondering if you should invest in paper towel stock, and you blow through three or four rolls wiping up poop. Then you get the spray bottle with bleach water and hose down the floor boards to let them soak, because the poop has already dried. Then out comes the steam mop, and you take care of those 25-ft poop trails. And then, because it's 6am, you go to bed. Let's finish this tomorrow, right?

The next day, you finish taking the Roomba apart, scraping out all the tiny flecks of poop, and after watching a few Youtube instructional videos, you remove the motherboard to wash it with a toothbrush. Then you bake it in the oven to dry. You put it all back together, and of course it doesn't work. Because you heard the "whirlllllllllllllllllll-boop-hissssssss" noise when it died its poopy death in the bathtub. But you hoped that maybe the Roomba gods would have mercy on you. But there's a light at the end of the tunnel. After spending a week researching how to fix this damn £350 Roomba without spending £350 again - including refurb units, new motherboards, and new batteries - you finally decide to call the place where you bought it. That place called Hammacher Schlemmer. They have a funny name, but they have an awesome warranty. They claim it's for life, and it's for any reason. So I called them and told the truth. My Roomba found dog poop and almost precipitated World War III.

And you know what they did? They offered to replace it. Yes, folks. They are replacing the Roomba that ran over dog poop and then died a poopy, watery death in the bathtub - by no fault of their own, of course. So, mad props to Hammacher Schlemmer. If you're buying anything expensive, and they sell it, I recommend buying it from them. And remember - don't let your Roomba run over dog poop...

Wife on the phone with husband:

👩: - I don't know what to do. It's so cold and the car doesn't turn on. And now the dashboard is showing a picture of a man taking a shit. Come quickly!

👨: - What?! Can you send me a photo?

👩: - Sure, here it goes:

