

R-ns/trash #258 November 2018

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

The hash started in 1938, so our hash starts at 19.38, unless otherwise indicated. All directions/timings are vague and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless they don't.

DATE #NO ON ON Post Code HARES

5th November 2018 2107 Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling BNG 8TN St. Bernard

Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. **15 mins**.

12th November 2018 2108 Kings Head, East Hoathly BN8 6QH On on Don!

Directions: 27 east to Lewes. Through Cuilfail tunnel, right on A26. Right on B2192 through Ringmer. At crossroads at Halland turn right for East Hoathly. Turn left in centre of Village pub on right. **Est. 30 mins.**

19th November 2018 2109 Telscombe tavern, Telscombe Cliffs BN10 7AD Hash Gomi & Mudlarks Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn right along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est. 10 mins.

26th November 2018 2110 Farmers, Scaynes Hill RH177NE Keeps It Up Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.

BOGEYMAN MEMORIAL FANCY DRESS HASH — no theme, just think, "What would Bogeyman wear?"

3rd December 2018 2111 Laughing Fish, Isfield TN22 5XB Cooperman & Whose Shout Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at

next roundabout, branch left for Isfield about 4 miles up. Turn left into village and pub is on right. Est. 20 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE:

10/12/18 2112 - Saddlescombe Farm - St. Bernard - Palindrome r*n

17/12/18 2113 - Hassocks hotel - Ride-It, Baby Xmas dinner & party - see inside

19.00 for 19.10 Run/Walk

20.30 till late for Christmas meal, annual awards, and dancing

24/12/18 2114 - Rebel Without His

Keys. LUNCHTIMERUN TBA!

HASHING AROUND SUSSEX:

31/10/18 19.30PM HASTINGS H3

Fancy dress Hallowe'en pub crawl

Hares: Bushsquatter & Cliffbanger

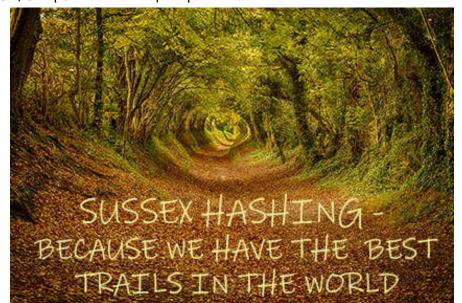
18/11/18 11.00am W&NK H3/ Henfield

H3 joint r*n

Tilgate Forest car park - Bouncer

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Thought for the day: HASHING - because heavy breathing shouldn't just be for perverts.



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

17-19/05/2019

Interscandi HALLSTAHAMMAR, SWEDEN - http://wagh3.vpsite.se/INTERSCANDI-2019.html

16-19/08/2019 23-26/08/2019 EURO HASH 2019 - On to cruise Scotland. https://eurohash2019.com/ Full: register for cancellations.

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

The Hassocks Station Approach East, Hassocks, West Sussex BN6 8HN

BRIGHTON HASH

CHRISTMAS MENU 2018

~~ STARTERS ~~

Carrot and Coriander Soup roll & butter Prawn Cocktail mixed leaves, brown bread & butter Pate of the Day mixed leaves & melba toast Rosemary & Garlic Breaded Brie mixed leaves & cranberry dip Spicy West Country Crab Cakes mixed leaves & sweet chilli dip

~~ MAINS ~~

all served with fresh vegetables & roast potatoes Roast Turkey in a rich gravy Roast Beef in a rich gravy Nut Roast in a rich gravy Cod Fillet, in a rich white wine sauce Chicken Breast in a mushroom sauce

~~ DESSERTS ~~

Christmas Pudding with custard Rich Chocolate Torte with cream **Ultimate Strawberry Tarte** with cream Lemon and Stem Ginger Cheesecake with cream Cheese and Biscuits (£2 extra)

Coffee & Mince Pies to follow

£22 per person includes, a pint, a glass of wine or soft drink All dinners must be ordered in advance. Please advise us of any dietary requirements.

BRIGHTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS XMAS PARTY AND AWARDS NIGHT

Please make your selections from the menu on the right and make booking via the Hash

http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/bh7 -xmas-run/

I will collect cash only from Luddites who do not have online banking on the condition that they bring the correct money, £22 for standard menu and £24 for cheese and biscuits.

Orders must be finalised by Monday 10th December to guarantee your meal etc.

Please also return any awards from last year by this date, or it won't be much of an awards ceremony!

Wooden Spoon

Harvest Crescent, Fleet,

Hampshire GUS1 2UZ

Tel: 01252 773720

Sentinel House, Ancells Business Park,

Email: membership@woodenspoon.org.uk

Thank you,

Ride-It, Baby

More from the Monday Group:

Are you able to stop long enough on your run to grab an exact grid reference of structures that need attention? A quick look at your hashmap shows that we cover most of the areas that you run in but not all. We operate in all parishes north and south of the B2116 between Hamsey and Hurstpierpoint including Hassocks and Ditchling. Ditchling is our centre and we have a workshop there. The best way to get an accurate grid reference is to upload the free app "Gridreferencefinder" on your 'phone - one click and it gives you a 10 digit grid reference which is accurate to a few centimetres. You could probably store the information without stopping almost and bring it back up at the end of your run. An accurate grid reference gets us to the right place without any guesswork.

Also, have you considered sponsoring a stile dedicated to the memory of Bogeyman? Firstly a suitable stile site has to be identified, one where the existing stile is in a poor state and needs to be replaced. It should be in a location that you and other runners in your group visit reasonably frequently. We then survey the site, make a stile and install it. We will affix a small stainless steel plaque with a dedication to Bogeyman. The cost of £250 covers the materials (we use only local green oak for the construction of stiles) delivery and installation plus a small donation to the Monday Group. Let me know if this appeals to you and your group.

With your help on and on we shall go.

Kind regards

Jim Edwards

This sounds like a great idea so a collection will be made towards the extra £150 needed on 26th. Ed.



Mr B Crowle 3 Hillside Walk Haywards Heath West Sussex **RH16 1NF**

21 September 2018

Dear Brent

I am writing to thank you for your recent kind gift of £100.00 to Wooden Spoon from Brighton Hash House Harriers. Through your generosity we are able to fund life-changing projects across the UK and Ireland to support children and young people with disabilities or facing disadvantage.

1 in 10 children in the UK have a disability and 3.5 million children in the UK are living in poverty. These numbers continue to rise and more and more children need our help. By 2022, we aim to have raised £30 million to change the lives of two million children and young adults with a disability or facing a disadvantage across the UK and Ireland.

Your donation will help us fund more projects, like the recent transformation of a science class room at Kingswode Hoe Community Special School in Colchester, which benefitted from a £25,000 grant, enabling its 120 pupils between the ages of five and 16 with moderate learning difficulties to explore science in a safe, fit-for- purpose environment. I have enclosed a copy of our members' magazine, Spoonews, where you can read more about this vital project on p.46.

You can also keep up to date with our work by signing up to our email newsletter at https://woodenspoon.org.uk/, or following us social media and continue to help us change more children's lives through the power of rugby. #helpingkidsthroughrugby

Best Wishes.



Nicola Randell Membership

Inside 3 Today

The first thing a man looks at in a woman is her heart.



The fact that her tits are in front of her heart is NOT OUR FAULT!



Specially selected models indicate the location of their hearts using poppies....











Friends are like boobs, Some are big Some are small Some are real & Some are fake



Ok, this has just got silly!

2nd time lucky!

Um...

REHASHING

Lindfield - Early advertising went out with the pub as the Bent Arms, but the vote at last weeks hash left those who'd attended certain it would be the Stand Up, which resulted in the Facebook event being set up as such. However, hare had remained unconvinced and used the angle of 'which pub would give us most free beer for the downers?' The Stand Up won, but this didn't get communicated on to the webfart with the result of a split pack, not helped by Bouncer confusing the Bent Arms with the much closer Red Lion! So a short delay to the start ensued as we awaited the arrival of pack B before we set off round the rec and down to the common, then heading east out into the countryside. Trail continued along the Ouse out to Mascalls before returning past the golf course for a surprise pop-up sip stop by Lindfield Bridge courtesy of Prince Crashpian. There was momentary confusion at Spring lane on the On Inn as the sip was initially scheduled to be there but the location was suspect, so Bouncer incurred the wrath of the walkers, who ultimately missed it, by shifting down the road. Wildbush Particularly was having a bad night after ordering at the Bent, cancelling, ordering at the Stand-Up and then being declined entry as her nephew wasn't old enough for the pub's rules! Others stayed with the Bent, but the lure of the Thai grub was too much, so pack was divided over the two pubs. Circle up and mention was made of the second Rainbow Ballsup but had our sympathy with the news that Geoffrey from our mans namesake TV programme Rainbow had passed. **Mudlark** and Lily were called for causing the confusion after forcing the vote last week, and Lily also earned tea and sympathy for his hash head injury (well some sort of brew anyway!). It was nice to welcome Thumper and Two Left Feet as quests from EGH3, RA claiming that Thumper must be his mum having been named by Thumper from Essex hash! As we were readying for the hash, excitement was high in parkrun world as the five millionth registration loomed, finally falling at 17.54 to one **Runny McRunface**. It had to be a hasher and his incredible improvement over the past few months led to the conclusion that it must be Eat My Cucumber under another name, but the charge also went out that he and Just Kickim (who incidentally live in Lindfield) had indulged in sex on the hash after disappearing from trail for just long enough. Karen Taub has achieved possibly the slowest 100 ever having taken over 30 years, but has also evaded a name thus far, something that needed sorting before we could arrange her tankard. Suggestions were offered of Keep it Clean, Cowgirl, and Better Half, but Local Knowledge's idea of SUMMER LADY won the vote due to her seasonal appearances! Our H&S specialist St. Bernard was reprimanded for not helping when Lily received his bang on the head while You Stupid Bastard ended up in the water, and the Numptynees for the Twat mug were Kick'im for freaking out at the cattle but rightly went to Rainbow Balls for many a thing but ultimately miscounting and getting caught by his own fishhook. Another great hash, with apologies to those who had a quieter time in the Bent Arms!

The Moon, Storrington – Over the years a certain expectation has become attached to a **wiggy** trail that adds weight to the importance of knowing your hare before you decide how to approach the hash. In Wiggy's case this means a mixture of trepidation (such as the Ashington 9 miler) and curiosity (this same pub a few years back when he confessed at the start that he'd made an almighty f*ck up) amongst the pack, while others have decided they don't need that element of surprise in their lives (thankfully he no longer insists on setting live) so stay away. I may be gullible but he always picks on me to assist in some way, and I therefore get the flak that his puppy-dog eyes discourage! One of our Sunday walks was therefore adapted by hare into a trail of sorts, having "been places we've never been before", and my injury was brushed aside to have me sweeping the pack while hare took the walkers to set the on inn. The usual confusion over pub or car park start was resolved by dragging everyone to the pub then running straight back round to the car park before taking the stream path out through the woods. The first new bit was a loop round Fryern farm to join Hurston Lane. Heading south the next path took us to the gliding field and on towards Wiggonholt, nicely bringing the pack back together as the leading group were convinced it would be Cootham. Staying south of the golf course the next check was a killer, the bulk of the pack heading east. I had no idea but St. Bernard risked all heading south and calling a single mark which made the pack turn and head that way. Still unconvinced I hung back until torchés were distant dots, so it was some time before I caught up and established that we were on! By the time we hit the road I was lost but Knightrider recognised it from the out trail unlike a large part of the pack who were now going round the Fryern loop again! We managed to coax a few back to join us for the on inn back up the stream, but as we imbibed more of Prince Crashpians leftover beer (just about drinkable), a beaming Local

Knowledge, usually our rear gunner these days, came in to the car park ahead of a dozen others! Off to the pub and Wiggy was as usual given his own Guinness to down while Belcher was recognised in absentia for his assistance setting. With too many to name-check on the Groundhog run, victims were selected for double whammy's notably Rainbow Balls who'd forgotten the twatmug, and NickO, whose name had been given to a new beer by Moorhouses. It was actually named after Nick'O Pendle hill near Burnley, famous for its cycling hill climbs which prompted Ride-It, Baby to confess that she'd actually ridden Nick'O, much to our man's surprise! Sam earned a naming after the Harveys brewery trip during the week, which RA initially cleaned up telling how he'd been unable to reach the barrels in the cellar room afterwards, so had poured from a plastic container on the right, being encouraged to down it by the hashers in the room. Realising it was the leavings he turned a funny shade not reverting to his jovial self until the Russian Imperial Stout was produced suggesting he'd been nobbled and the Russian stuff was the 'cure', hence Nobbychick. The truth later came out that he'd been orally pleasured by a Thai date from Tinder without any preamble, only considering gender halfway through the process, which resulted in a swift exit before he actually confirmed his worst suspicions! It was also an evening for sexual frustration in dogay world as You Stupid Bastard became extraordinarily interested in Freya, who'd just come into season, prompting Kel to lament the problems he was having as "she keeps jerking off". If only both Sam and Bentley had done the same earlier it probably wouldn't have been quite such an interesting evening or another great hash! Bx



war. What is it you're good for? Absolutely nothing.



1915

Opening lines of war poem In Flanders Fields - written by John McCrae - refer to poppies flowering over graves of fallen soldiers on churned-up battlefields

Moved by McCrae's poen US teacher Moina Michael began a campaign to sell handmade poppies as a way of raising funds for wounded Armistice Day first observed throughout Britain and Commonwealth, with

1919

two-minute silence at

day of eleventh month

eleventh hour of eleventh

1920 The American Legion is the first organisation to recognise the poppy as a symbol of remembrance. The day was named Veterans Day in the US in 1954

1921 Inspired by Moina Michael, Frenchwoman Anna Guerin brings poppy selling to Britain, where Royal British Legion begins "Poppy Appeal" tradition

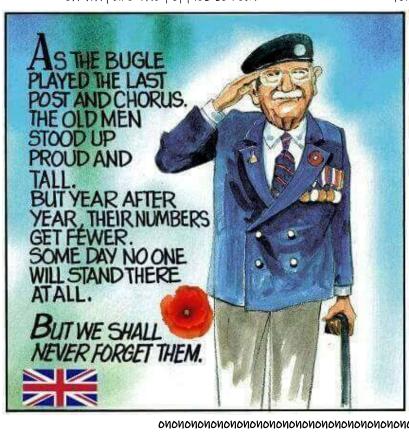
1922 British Army majo George Howson opens first poppy-making factory staffed by disabled soldiers

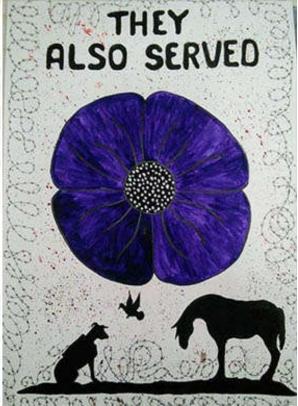


The Poppy

Why are they selling poppies Mummy selling poppies in the town today? The poppies my child are flowers of love for the men who marched away. But why have they chosen a poppy Mummy oh why not a beautiful rose? Because my child men fought and died in the fields where the poppies grow. But why are the poppies so red Mummy oh why are the poppies so red?

Because red is the colour of blood my child blood that the soldiers shed. The heart of the poppy is black Mummy oh why does it have to be black? Because black my child is the symbol of grief for so many that never came back. But why Mummy are you crying so your tears are causing you pain? My tears are my fear for you my child for the world is forgetting again!





Actual answer from 6th grade exam: The First World War, caused by the assignation of the Arch-Duck by an anahist, ushered in a new error in the anals of human history.

The commanding officer at the Russian Military Academy (the equivalent of a 4-star general in the U.S.) gave a lecture on "Potential Problems and Military Strategy."

At the end of the lecture, he asked are there questions?

An officer stood up and asked, "Will there be a third world war? And will Russia take part in it?"

The general answered both questions in the affirmative.

Another officer asked, "Who will be the enemy?"

The general replied, "All indications point to China."

Everyone in the audience was shocked. A third officer remarked, "General, we are a nation of only 150 million, compared to the 1.5 billion Chinese. Can we win at all, or even survive?"

The general answered, "Just think about this for a moment: In modern warfare, it is not the quantity of soldiers that matters but the quality of an army's capabilities. For example, in the Middle East we have had a few wars recently where 5 million Jews fought against 150 million Arabs, and Israel was always victorious."

After a small pause, yet another officer from the back of the auditorium asked: "Sir, do we have enough Jews?

REHASHING (continued)

Heath, Haywards Heath There is an expression that goes "spilling a full beer is the adult equivalent of losing a balloon", a good way to describe our disappointment back in August when we got all excited about having a new member of the 1000 club. Psychlepath was supposedly setting from this very pub, only for him to get dragged kicking and screaming by Karen to the West Country, leaving One Erection in charge of proceedings. He was contrite though, and offered to set trail the following week, but as it was again to be from the Heath, and we've had enough of that nonsense this year in Henfield, he was put off until now. And so off we set down the road to take the Kiln Wood footpath by surprise by creeping up through



the houses rather than the usual approach off the roundabout. The runners trail continued down towards Rocky Lane via a shouty woman, back east over Lunces Common, past the Fox and up through Hurstwood for a bit of a roady finish to the sip at Rik and Karens house. With the newly named Summer Lady anticipating her 100th award, she'd put a good deal of effort in to give the huge walkers pack a really lovely stroll over the railway to Bolnore and through the west of town past the impressive river of poppies, reaching the sip just a couple of minutes before the runners. Trail had got confusing towards the end and a fair proportion of the pack ended up at the pub before reaching the sip with some opting to stay there, to their loss. As usual the pub generously allowed us to bring takeaway grub in before we got to the highlight of the evening with the award to Psychlepath of the giant hip flask of friendship being passed around, and his own keepsake of an engraved personal flask, both of which showed the earlier date of 13th August! Revenge on Summer Lady for thwarting things then was unintentional, however, Chopper had been away and hadn't been able to procure her 100th tankard in time for tonight, a great shame given that many of the other seasonal walkers including Slippers, Silver Fox and Blonde Vixen, had all come out of the woodwork just for the occasion. C'est la vie I guess, but thanks to the hares for another great hash anyway!

Plough, Pyecombe — Usually the domain of **St. Bernard, Ride-it, Baby** and **Anybody** were the hares for a change, but we've hashed this area so often it was a case of seeing how they connected the well-known paths together. Hallowe'en fancy dress

was the order of the day for the closest Monday with a few making a notable effort including RiB, Angel and especially Lily the Pink who turned up with LED strips attached all over him including a special one dangling worryingly betwixt his legs. Trail was up to the church and on up the rugged path to the junction for Wolstonbury. Skirting the edge we picked up the footpath down to New Way Lane to turn for the Jack and Jill pub where we met a load of Hassocks Community Runners who were very taken by Lilys get up, so he happily posed for photos! The record is silent on whether anybody made it for an early beer, as we headed back to the lane via Coldharbour farm, where more than a few decided they fancied a quick look at Danny. On was called through the woods back up Wolstonbury, swerving the challenging vertical route to the tria, and over to meet the side path back down to finish along the road. With Bouncer moping in his sick bed, it took some persuasion by Keeps It Up to coax Mudlark into RA'ing after Lily the Pink came over all shy, but he did a good job awarding Simon for getting lost on trail and falling after grabbing a tree, Rebel without His Keys for playing with himself on trail (well, his phone but NLTHGITWOAGS), and Knightrider for making some comment about his balls when we met the Hassocks runners. Lily was the worthy winner (like it's a competition!) of the Numpty mug for devoting literally hours into his fancy dress outfit, and the Garmin art suggests hares successfully made a plough in a certain light to a twisted mind! Another great hash!



Unfortunately Trash was unable to procure a snap of Lily's outfit, but this should give you the idea.



Hastings H3 Halloween pub crawl – Wednesday 31/10/18
Arriving in Bexhill we found our way to Cliffbangers flat after a false start up the wrong tower, picked up Muppet and grabbed a cab to #1 the FILO (First In, Last Out), a lovely old style brewpub with a central fireplace. It was snug in the corner as Jobsworth, Poo Sticks and Gascock arrived to join us before we moved on to #2 the Stag where a bunch of lit-up witches were dancing to drummers. Once they'd left we secured a table to enjoy the spooky regular decor, being joined by the spooky Bushsquatter, whose make-up had run at Netball! Both #3 The Crown and #4 the London Trader had quizzes so we kept going, although I had a quick look in the former for regular and old EGH3 hasher Bullshit. Next beers came in the

unscheduled but excellent micropub #5 the Jolly Fisherman. Time was rushing on and we had a meal booked, so we also missed #6 the Anchor in busy George Street, but it would have been fun to see more of the dancing there. Still, I managed to find a nice beer in #7 the Italian Way and food was very enjoyable to round off a lovely evening! On on and thank you Cliffbanger!

IT'S A SNAIL'S LIFE:

Watchmakers Arms, Hove — A rare town r*n but with a good excuse of an opportunity to visit a number of the snails that have taken up residence about the area over the last couple of months, and who can turn down the deal from Wolfies of cod & chips for £3.50! This excellent boozer in itself, though, is reason enough to have the odd street r*n as evidenced by the amount of hounds getting early beers in, to mixed emotions from landlord Rick who once again was joining us on trail and wanted to crack on with it! The downside is without question the parking restrictions but Wiggy was swearing blind that the wardens would be in bed, so after ensuring that our sight-limited new boot Little Spurt formerly of Winchester H3 had a quide (step up Bushsquatter!) we were off down the steps towards the bus depot. With maps freely available of the snails

locations 2nd guessing was rife, but we've already visited #5 Persephone in Hove Park on Lily the Pinks r*n a few weeks back. Heading south, our host Rick then decided it must be #2 Home Sweet Home in Stoneham Park but also wrong as we headed down George Street to meet #4 the (hash?) Trail of Treasured Memories. From here it was down to the seafront where many had fun sitting in #3 I Ain't No Slug! No-one was tempted to check right for Fat Boy Slims #1 Mixtape at the Hove Lagoon but heading east we soon left the prom to run on the grass along Kings Lawns, deviating briefly for #7 the Leaf Snail Hunt, the idea being for kids to count just how many snails they could find. Ignoring St. Bernards

suggestion of #10 Emily's Journey at Norfolk Square we continued along Brunswick Lawns, pack being held by a

couple of effective snail hooks (like a fishhook, but the 6 to return made to look like a snail!). We were soon in the thick of it with #11 Life in the Slow Lane (a booby spotting opportunity) at the bandstand being swiftly followed by the target themed #12 Quadrosnailia at the i360, the ice-creamy #13 Scoopalicious at the spiral which set several running in circles, the Japanese wave art inspired #15 Hokusai, the LGBT rainbow of #14 Iris at the Wetropole, and the

cartoony #16 Arthur in the gardens in front of the Grand. After all that we'd deserved a bit of a

breather up the hill at Cannon Place, then cutting through to #18 Disco Snail which was little more than a mirror ball in snail form outside Churchill Square. Pack by now had mixed views, with some Kelljoys (go on guess who!) ready for a bit more of a run, while others were

wondering why trail headed up Dyke Road instead of back into town where there were many more snails to 'bag', but it was nice up through the churchyard and the snailhook just before Seven Dials won praise from Peter Pansy as 'best of the

night'. Regrouping at #39 Welcome Home, Bush-squatter was starting to flag keeping up with Little Spurt but gamely stuck with it through St. Anns Wells gardens before St. Bernard took over as we headed down to the stunning #8 Soraya at the floral clock by Palmeira Square. A tangle of dogs nearly caught both out as the pavements got busier close to our final snail of the night, #6 Potty, at Hove Town Hall, the pack also drawing amused comments as we passed a group of girls here. On inn was up to the station and round to claim the hard-earned fish and chips, fill up with very good ale, and enjoy the tales from RA Lily

the Pink. Keeping the theme going, hares Bouncer and Angel were entreated to "Be More Snail" and down slowly, but when does the former do anything but, and he was again beaten by a woman. Little Spurt received as newby, as well as his support crew of Bushsquatter ("should've called him Big Spurt, he's too fast!") and St. Bernard. Rainbow Balls passed the twat of the week to his formerly good mate Simon for wearing new shoes. Being told to make sure he drank out of the right shoe he did so, only to be told that the right shoe was the wrong shoe and the left shoe was the right shoe, so he had to repeat the process! With the circle out the way, Rebel finally felt comfortable approaching the hares to point out that they'd managed to create a snail shaped trail (as if they didn't know!). Thanks to Jaws for thinking ahead to obtain a donation pot for the Martletts, all those who generously contributed, and Bushsquatter for the Photos. Another great hash.













HALLOWEEN II

Best ever trick or treat idea:

I grew up in a college town, and one Halloween our doorbell rang and we opened the door expecting to see trick or treaters — but what was in front of our open door was another door! Like, a full-on wooden door, that had a sign that said "Please knock." So we did, and the door swung open to reveal a bunch of college dudes dressed as really old grandmothers, curlers in their hair, etc, who proceeded to coo over our "costumes" and tell us we were "such cute trick or treaters!" One even pinched my cheek. Then THEY gave US candy, closed their door, picked it up and walked to the next house.

Could it be that all those trick-or-treaters wearing sheets aren't going as ahosts but as mattresses?



'Oh how cute!! You're going as your mother this year!"

Can you find the potar bear hidden amongst these ghosts

I had my first ever trick-or-treater last night (This is not a common practice in Denmark). An American family recently moved into my apartment block and their 6 year old daughter wanted to go Trick-or-treating. So the Dad went to the supermarket and bought loads of different candies, and went round to each apartment explaining the situation and giving us candy to give to her! Parenting done right!



Keeping our area safe

We won't sell eggs and flour to anyone under 16



Throwing flour and eggs is not funny and you could end up in trouble.

Also no underage hash trail laying.

















Author Tess Dare's Tweet: My friend's 5-year-old just saw a crow and called it a "Halloween eagle." And a child shall lead us. It is known. This is the new name for the bird-formally-known-as-crow.







Tip: CAULIFLOWER makes a good brain alternative for vegetarian zombies.

Tip: Best defence in case of a zombie attack is to place running machines around the outside of your house.

REHASHING the CRAFT/parkrun.

Apologies for the overly wordiness of this issue brought about by the combination of your scribe being overly wordy, trying to catch-up, and an insanely busy autumn season with CRAFTies out in action across the country.

Septembers CRAFT #112 in Lewes was a last chance to grab a few stamps for this years ale trail, which sadly did not caught the imagination in the way of past years, however there were a few of us still out to enjoy the many wonderful pubs in Lewes whether doing the trail or not! #1 Rights of Man was the meeting point, where we found Keeps It Up and Wildbush wandering up and down the street seemingly shy to actually get a beer! In the glorious sunshine Angel and I found a small table outside as Radio Soap arrived, followed by Cyst Pit who'd run from home, all fired up after knocking out a PB at the Bevendean Down parkrun earlier. On to #2 the Brewers we again took up residence in a garden I didn't know they had! It was a fair walk to #3 Black Horse so we'd earned our beers, but moved on quickly to save Proxy a walk. as he'd announced he was on his way. After a quick chip shop visit for some (mainly Radio Soap and Proxy!) we headed on to #4 Lewes Arms getting comfortable upstairs. Mike left for his run home from here as the rest of us wandered on to #5 John Harvey. Everybody had already scored the Snowdrop, so we finished up with a visit to #6 the Gardeners Arms, where Angel poured her beer over herself in the traditional 'checking the time fashion'! Another great CRAFT!

In October CRAFT #113 in Redhill was a deferred visit from last year organised by Wooden Chew. After parking up at Wooden Chews place where we were staying, we made our way down to #1 the Junction near the station to see just who would actually be putting in an appearance. Ashley was already present and awaiting a snack so we opted to have a nibble too until KIU and Wildbush arrived swearing about a lack of marks - their bad having taken the wrong turn out of the station! With no sign of anyone else likely to join us we moved on to #2 the Garland, a previous CRAFT establishment from the very early days here, and were soon joined by Shortplank. to complete our very select group, but it's your loss as the beer

was excellent! Strolling on we found ourselves wandering through the back streets somewhat, as hare regaled us with the story of planned #3 White Lion which had sadly shut down in the last few days despite a local campaign to keep it open for the community. He did offer us another colour as an alternative but announced: White Lion shut, Red Lion Shit so we continued on to the excellent #4 The Hatch. As well as more good beer there was a large selection of games available right by where we sat, so it would have been rude not to play the dominoes. Distracted by the historical books on Reigate, I didn't notice that the table had taken a strange direction with dominoes spinning out from every double, and thus was introduced by Kayleen to Aussie rules dominoes! The highlight of our evening was next, #5 the Garibaldi, a community pub right next door to Wooden Chew and Shortplanks house so our hare is inevitably highly involved. The large crowd was a tribute to its



popularity but flexing his muscles, Ashley found us a spot before dashing home, reappearing a short time later with some fresh cooked pizzas for us all to enjoy. With time rushing on, the inevitable railway was calling for Brent and Kayleen, but the rest of us managed to slip in one more pint before time was called and we went to our beds. Another great CRAFT!



International parkrun day is the nearest Saturday to the anniversary of the very first parkrun on 2nd October 2004 in Bushy park London. It was labelled 'time-trial' in the early days, and it just happened to fall on the morning after the Reigate CRAFT so naturally we wanted to be involved. Angel and myself are also keen tourists, always looking out for an opportunity to visit other parkruns and compare courses (and there are a lot of very different and attractive routes out there now). Parkrun tourists have evolved many challenges to help them decide which one is worth the extra effort to get to at 9am on a Saturday morning, one of which is the parkrun alphabet. As there are no X's anywhere in the World at this point, only 25 letters can be attained but we both wanted a V so after leaving Alex and Caroline's place, we broke our journey to my Dad's in Kings Lynn to take part in the Valentines parkrun in Ilford. After the usual enthusiastic and welcoming briefing we set off, surprised to find ourselves racially in the minority, proving that the sport really does cross boundaries! As it was IPD, sponsors Vitality were out in force filming, Angel getting herself interviewed whilst doing her 'race walk'. I had assumed the gifts at

the end were being dished out everywhere but it turned out we had chosen well and it was actually only Valentines that we received a beany hat, a water bottle and not forgetting the cup-cake. Marvellous!

Bouncer



Parkrun volunteer bibs take on a spooky aspect in the dark!

Our Octoberfest of beer, hashing and parkrunning continued the following week with the Beer and Buses weekend on the Isle of Wight. Beerpump had been handing around flyers at the 40th anniversary do at Local Knowledges and the concept seemed a lot of fun. Bika organises a 'Hash Camra' weekend every year and this time had decided to key into the Beer and buses event which opens up loads of

establishments on the Isle of Wight and connects them up by a number of routes using vintage buses both from the Newport bus museum and visiting buses from the mainland. Accommodation was arranged at the Park resort in Shanklin, the weekend came recommended by Mrs Box and Butler; and T Bar Twin and P!ssticide announced their intention of going as well as Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger, Roaming Pussy, Muppet, Radió Soap, Cystpit and the boys, and we somehow persuaded Swallow and Spurtacus, and Wilds Thing to join us. The latter three were all in our car so made their way here for the journey to Portsmouth which took less than an hour, then things went wrong. Firstly we heard that folk had been arriving to discover that their ferry booking had been cancelled (we never did find out for sure if it was Wightlink, Park Resorts or Bika but the latter sorted us out and got us all rebooked on other ferries). We then took another 2 hours to crawl through town to get to the ferry terminal with traffic in gridlock. The



rumours varied from broken down ferry in the way to a tale of an inspector who'd exerted his power and grounded a ferry as its insurance had expired. Arriving at the ferry terminal we were greeted with the bonus news that the crew had now reached their limit and would be going home leaving the limited night service to clean up the mess, which of course meant another couple of hours hanging around before we could board. At least we were now in the presence of other hashers, and **T'quilover** produced his trumpet to 'entertain' us. At least he also produced a bottle of whisky and, since it was Wilds Things birthday, it would've been rude not to partake! Of course, by the time we made it to the island we'd long missed the pub crawl so just had a quick beer at the site bar before retiring. We were the lucky ones though, as Cyst Pit and family were scheduled a much later crossing due to Radio Soaps shifts and didn't arrive until well into the small hours. That meant that, come the morning, they weren't in a fit state to join us for the parkrun, which happened to be at the start of all the bus routes, the plan being to leave the car in Newport and collect Sunday before the hash. As well as the five of us — Bouncer, Angel, wilds Thing (forgot barcode!), Spurtacus and Swallow, we bumped into Maggot from IOW hash, while Marlow hash were also well represented. Spurfacus is used to winning these things but walking with injury Swállow took advantage to leave him dead in the last 100 yards!

Queues for the buses were already large but we had planned to meet the gang at Yarmouth, so seized our advantage to jump on early. Much debate ensued as we discussed the merits of the New Inn at Shalfleet on the way but as it started to get more heated, another passenger laughingly advised that it had shut since the programme was published, doh! And so our first stop became the Wheatsheaf in Yarmouth where we took advantage of the many discounts offered with the programme to enjoy the Butcombe best, while Swallow opted for coffee. Wilds Thing was hanging after the previous evening so was also taking it easy hoping to pace himself on a long day. It was fairly chaotic as the rest of the group arrived so we arranged to find them in the Kings Head a short walk up an alley away. Most opted for food and we really should have after the run, so when we left here I went in search whilst the rest went for a stroll up the pier. There was one more pub in Yarmouth, the Bugle which distracted me, but I found Cyst Pit in there already, but there was a bus due soon so we had to down and go. Our next port of call was a pop-up pub at the Piano in Freshwater Bay, for which the bus had to go head back towards Shalfleet and furn off but the driver missed the turn! Once he'd been corrected and indeed corrected our trajectory, we found a very busy little cafe bar so sat on the wall outside with the excellent selection. We opted to walk to the next pub, the Highdown and were led by Cliffbanger over the hills to find the pub completely mobbed which meant a fight for the bar. Plssticide was delighted to find beer from his next village here. Or something, can't remember the full story. This was followed by a fight for the bus and by excluding children from the calculations the driver was hoodwinked into letting us on, although half our number had already wandered on for a further walk over to the Needles. Before the beer we had a very pleasant stroll down to the sea for a close-up of the sand cliffs, mainly so that we could get the chair lift back up, although Coff was nervous of heights, so Radio Soap bought him the photo's at the booth. By dint of having proffered (very basic) financial advice, we managed to get our photo for free as well as a couple of medals for Vinnie and Louie, much to Cathy's chagrin! Marconi's was surprisingly quiet but we did see our only other hashers of the day so far here! As it was now getting on, and we were as far as we could be from Newport the buses were coming in full so, as the walkers descended to join us, we jumped on the scheduled service back to Newport reckoning it would be cheaper than cabs. No idea which way we went but things got somewhat urgent so I had to leave in order to relieve at another pub, but the queue of folk who had decided that public transport was the way to go held it up long enough I was actually able to get back on the same bus, to the amusement of the guys on the lower deck who'd sang "He's getting off the bus", and changed their tune to "He's got back on the bus"! Cyst Pit wasn't so lucky at a later point and ended up having to jog back in the last couple of miles to Newport. It looked like it was going to be a bit of a wait at the bus station for the next one back out to Shanklin so I fell through the door of the Prince of Wales for another beer, being joined by T-Bar Twin and Plssticide to be regaled with tales of the barfly's adventures with local hero Mark King of Level 42. Sean hadn't drank all day so was able to drive us back to base, but the bus crowd managed to get to the Crab ahead of us by which time I was grumpy and still hungry having managed to avoid food all day. I decided to track down Chunderous and T'quilover in King Harry's Bar where there was live music and ended up wearing a German oom pah costume! I popped in briefly to the Village Inn but didn't hang around, heading home via a kebab shop for some cheesy chips after an abortive attempt to join Warbler in the curry house as they were just closing.

It was high adventure in the morning as we woke to heavy rain and a power cut affecting half the site, but somehow managed to cobble together a bit of cooked breakfast and a cup of tea finishing just as the lights came back on. The Sunday hash was an A to B run from St. Johns Road station to Havenstreet, the rain deterring many but as ever it dried up before the pack set off. Our altered ferry time was a rather unfriendly 9pm so we'd changed to a 3.15 from Yarmouth which meant dropping the car off at the end. I didn't have time to get back to the start so jogged back along the trail until I found the sip stop manned by Oates, with Sherry of all things being provided by Beerpump. At the Havenstreet steam train terminus we found another pop-up, this time a full beer festival in a marquee. Every time a certain beer was sold a bell would ring which grabbed my attention and I realised they'd got the Ducks Follly on. Over the course of the weekend anyone buying 5 pints of this beer received a free tshirt. I'd managed 3 on Saturday but only managed one here before it ran out, however, the brewery rep was here and kindly gave me the shirt, a naughty anagram as a result of Anthony Goddard being comprehensively stuffed by Lloyds of London. We just about had time for the closing circle in which wilds thing found himself the recipient of a birthday sash to wear, and then it was time to rush off for our ferry, home and sleep after another great but challenging weekend!



IN THE (alternative) NEWS...

HOLD THE FRONT PAGE 'Rude' Meghan Markle and Prince Harry newspaper front page shocks

locals by Josie Griffiths 1st October 2018, 10:43 am

BRIGHTON'S local paper has run a cheeky front page to celebrate Meghan Markle and Prince Harry's upcoming visit - and it's raised a few eyebrows. The Duke and Duchess of Sussex are making their first royal visit to the county since taking on the title when they wed, but can you see what all the fuss is about?

The Argus' most recent front page shows a picture of Harry, 34, and Meghan, 37, grinning - and is headlined: "THEY'RE COMING". They may have just about got away with it, had someone not added the strap line: "Look at the smiles on their faces" underneath. The cheeky front page was posted on the Angry People in Local Newspapers Facebook group, under the caption: "The front page of today's Brighton Argus is very very special." Commenting on the snap, Anthony Cavanagh said: "LOL it took me a few mins. maybe my mind is not as much in the gutter as it used to be." While Ingrid Allen joked: "Please keep their personal lives off the front page! It's positively indecent!" Others tweeted that the "editor clearly has a cheeky sense of humour", and that there were "a few raised eyebrows" at the cover. Meghan and Harry are making their first official visit to Sussex on Wednesday, four-and-a-half months after taking on the title. They will see landmarks including Brighton's iconic Pavilion and will also visit Chichester, Peacehaven and Bognor Regis.





Lisa Hancox

Hi @Kleenex_UK. My 4yo son asked me what was written here. Then he asked, why are they called mansize? Can girls, boys & mummies use them? I said: I don't know & yes of course. He suggests you should call them "very large tissues". It is 2018



Kleenex to ditch Mansize tissues after gender inequality complaints



Hi Lisa, they are called mansize tissues because our research shows that men need larger tissues to wank into. Also, you're a massive liar and everything that's wrong with 2018. Thanks for getting in touch.

Lisa Hancox @LisaMHancox Hi @Kleenex_UK. My 4yo son asked me what was written here. Then he asked, why are they called mansize? Can girls, boys & mummles use them? I said: I don't know & yes of course. He suggests you should call them "very large ... Show this thread



Theresa Mays BREXIT plan
Provokes revolution

DELIVERIES

FIRST RIGHT





Bill Cosby sentenced to 3 to 10 years in prison for sexual assault



Good to see the US carrying on that whole Magic Roundabout weather theme started over here with Storms Brian and Dylan. #Hurricane Florence



"The Woman Who Fell to Earth" becomes the first full length episode with the first female Doctor Who





An episode of Rainbow which features the characters in a series of rude innuendos has been doing the rounds for a few years now. Trash proudly presents the transcript below.

The six-minute sketch was locked away in a vault after producers filmed it as a joke. "At the time they thought it could never be shown because it would cause such a storm. You could never imagine the Tweenies talking about getting their twangers out and playing with each others balls. But it is so funny we hope it will be screened on a late night programme like Graham Norton's chat show."

The sketch opens with Zippy and George slowly peeling a banana.

Zippy: "One skin, two skin, three skin, four."

George: "Zippy, where's Bungle?"

Zippy: "I think Geoffrey is trying to get him up."

Viewers then see a shot of the studio door and hear Bungle moaning behind.

Bungle: "I can't get it in, Geoffrey."

Geoffrey: "You managed it last night, Bungle."

Bungle: "I know, let's try it round the other way. Oooh, I've got it in." Then Bungle, carrying a wooden hammer and peg kit, enters with Geoffrey.

Bungle: "Would you stick this on the shelf, George?"

George: "I can't reach, you'll have to stick it up yourself, Bungle."

Geoffrey (to the camera): "Oh, hello everybody. Today we are going to talk about playing."

Bungle: "Playing with each other, Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey: "Yes, Bungle. Tell me, have you got a special friend who you like to play with?"

George: "Yesterday we played with each other's balls. Are we going to play with our friends' balls today?"

Bungle: "Yes, and we can play with our twangers as well." Geoffrey (to camera): "Have you seen Bungle's twanger?" Zippy: "Oh, I have. I showed him how to pluck with it."

Bungle: "Its my plucking instrument."

Geoffrey asks viewers: "Can you pluck like Bungle?"

Zippy: "I can, I'm the best plucker here."

George: "I'm good at banging. My peg's hard isn't it, Zippy?" Zippy: "Well of course it is. Your peg wouldn't go in if it was soft."

Geoffrey: "Let's get back to Bungle's twanger."

Bungle (excited): "Oooh, Geoffrey, we could all play with our twangers couldn't we? Let's play the plucking song. Rod and Roger can get their instruments out and Jane's got two lovely maracas."

Singers Rod, Jane and Roger enter.

Roger: "We could hear you all banging away."

Rod: "Banging can be fun."

Jane: "Oooh yes, and I was banging away all last night with Rod and Roger."

Roger (downcast): "Yes, but it broke my plucking instrument."

Rod (to Jane): "Do you want to blow my pipe while I'm twanging away?"

Jane: "Oh no, Rod. I was banging away with Roger last night. "But would you like to play my maracas?"



Zippy: "No, let's just pluck away with our twangers." George: "Yes it doesn't matter what size our twanger is."

Zippy: "I've got a big red one."

George: "I've only got a tiny twanger, but it works

well and I like to play with it."

Geoffrey (to viewers): "Well, have you got your twangers out? And remember, you can bang your balls at the same time. If you haven't got any, ask a friend if you can play with his. Now, let's all play the plucking song."

The whole cast: "Pluck, pluck, pluck along, we're going to pluck all day."

Geoffrey (waving): "It's time to go. But don't forget to get your twangers out and play with your balls."

