

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 **EURO HASH 2019** - On to cruise Scotland. <https://eurohash2019.com/> Full: register for cancellations.

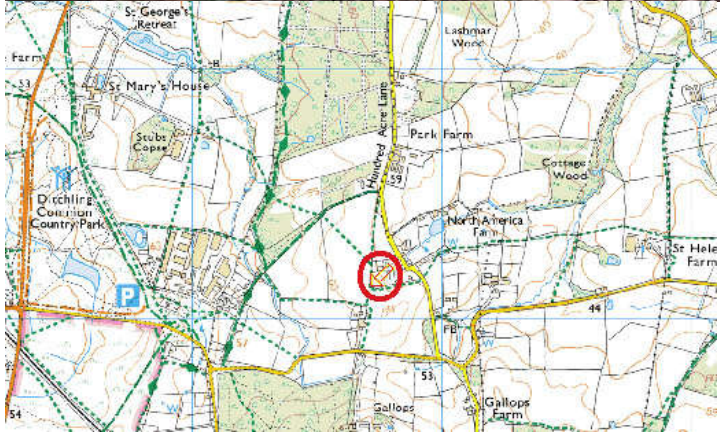
23-26/08/2019 UK Nash Hash 2019 - Caledonia H3 Kelso, Scottish Borders <http://www.uknashhash2019.co.uk/>

[illegible]

Bogeyman Stilç

Things moved very quickly on the idea mooted in the last trash to have a stile installed in Bogeymans memory. The collection for the balance needed to have it dedicated was very successful and the target reached quickly, so special thanks to all those who contributed, in particular our neighbours, East Grinstead Flash who dug deep in club funds! A tribute to the high regard our roving hasher was held in. The message below is as it appears on the website:

A stile has been installed 1 mile south of Wivelsfield Green, 1 mile west of Plumpton Green, and a few hundred yards east of Ditchling Common which has been dedicated to David "Bogeyman" Risby.



A donation has been made to The Monday Group who maintain foot paths in east and west Sussex.

A hash will be organised to visit the stile in the near future.

[illegible]

Here's a bit of Christmas fun! How many Christmas related films can you find in the picture? >>>>

onononononononononononon

Previously the Christmas Boggy Shoe has featured different cartoonists. This year it's changing direction, given the un-elfy obsession with Santa's little helpers and the brand-new tradition of having an elf on a shelf to make sure the little treasures are good in the lead up. So here's some groaning gnomers to start the Elfy Shoe:

*What's another name for Santa's helpers?
Subordinate clauses!*

Why did the elves ask the turkey to join the band?
Because he had the drum sticks!

*What kind of bread do elves make sandwiches with?
Why, shortbread of course!*

What do you call an elf who steals gift wrap from the rich and gives it to the poor? Ribbon Hood!

One elf said to another, "We had Grandma for Christmas dinner". The other elf said, "Really? We had turkey!"

Why did the elf put his bed into the fireplace?

He wanted to sleep like a log!

How many elves does it take to change a light bulb?
Ten! One to change the light bulb and nine to stand on each other's shoulders!

What kind of money do elves use? Jingle bills!

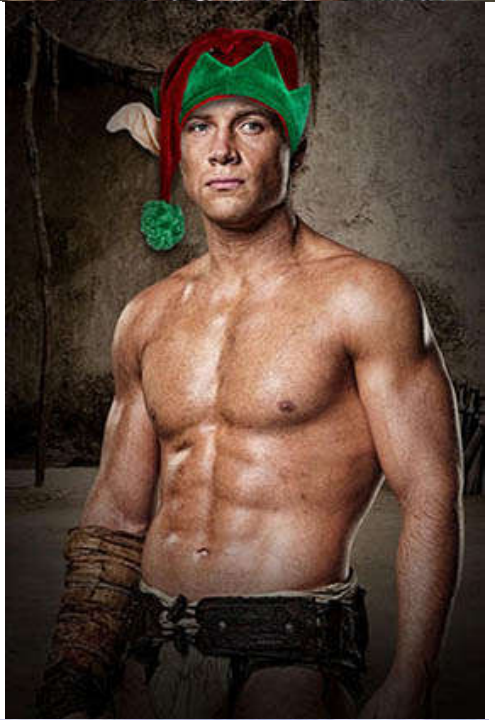
Rudolph didn't go to a regular school. He was "elf"-taught!



Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

Hey ladies,
Felice
Navidad!!

This is
your page
three!



REHASHING

Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling – Gathered once more here for the hash bonfire we were promised “BONFIRE – BEER – FOOD – FIREWORKS – FOR A FIVER!” by our host, which seemed reasonable. Keeps It Up announced pre-run that a site for the Bogzeman memorial stile had been agreed and that runners should be passing it tonight (which was a shame for the walkers). The runners set off for what looks from the Garmin art like a rather complicated trail, teasing the pack with Ditchling Common before settling on a route north of the Plumpton road, cutting back just before the Plough towards Stratz, staying north of the railway line to finish back across the common. Of course that only really reflects the direction that Keeps It Up took and as he ultimately failed to find the stile location he’d agreed on with the Monday Group, despite apparently crossing it, it may be best to stay silent on his navigational skills. Meanwhile, the walkers, guided by a cautious Bouncer having taken them too far the last time we were here, completed a very short nights work with a simple circuit of that section of the common south of the railway line and east of the road. Not without its hazards I’ll have you know, as much of it was untrodden other than by the cattle that consistently spook Summer Lady with its consequent side effects on the terrain, enough to concern Spartacus and Swallow who attempted a fairly futile short cut! So what, we’d earned the beer and bangers, and thoroughly enjoyed them as the pack took a huge length of time to finish St. Bernard’s latest saga. Whilst they were munching Roaming Pussu demonstrated the art of sky-writing with a clever app and some sparklers round the huge fire, then a firework display of mixed success was presented. Some great although the grand finale was a bit of a damp squib, but thanks to all who’d contributed, especially Airman and Pompette! Flare seemed quite delighted that some had been fazed by the length of his trail as he downed. Boges continued to make his mark having grown the pumpkin carved so effectively by Darul and the girls who



were thanked along with our hosts Local Knowledge and Marion. New boot Jake Curling should have had a beer but, as the product of Shoots Off Early, he had of course gone, as had Double Delight who was earlier lamenting that she would be out of the country for the Christmas hash, missing her first in years. Ah well, Dangleberry starts with a D so a nomination was made. After a long wait Prince Crashpian finally received his long overdue 250th tankard. Well if you will keep skipping hash just to master the role of pantomime horse (rear end) what do you expect?! Keeps It Up, Just Simon and incidentally Shoots Off Early were rebuked after returning from the hares proud claim as the longest fishhook ever, having still not managed to get to Psechlepath, then moments later as Ride-It, Baby was called to talk about the Christmas party, she inadvertently confessed to only making a half-hearted attempt to return. The twat cup was awol so things were wrapped up with Prof, who came just for the fireworks! Another great hash!

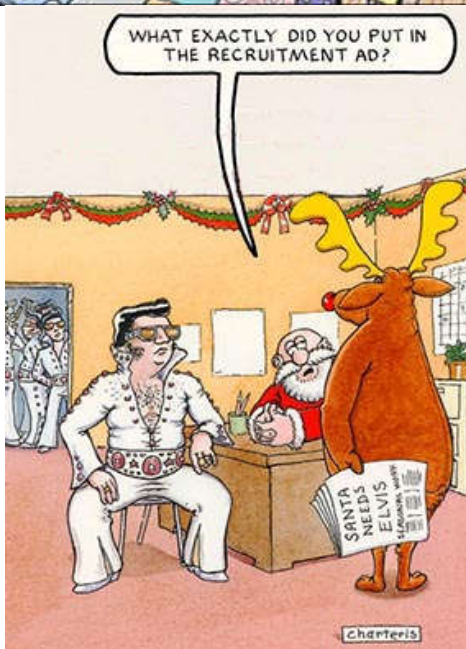
Kings Head, East Hoathly – Bodacious is a great word is it not? Our abode for the evening was this fine establishment, tap for the 1648 brewery next door, which meant a fair line up of beers from that outlet. Bodies gradually prised themselves from their cars but we were light on the ground after a day of heavy weather, although the evening seemed to have settled as the r*nners and wa*kers pack set off together. It didn’t take too long for the packs to separate and the walkers surged ahead as the runners were misled by hastily drafted assistant hare One Erctien, being stopped only by the unexpected appearance of the A22, while the other assistant, Cooperman was spotted running backwards along the trail having misread the map. Eventually the pack broke away for a clockwise route and the knitting circle inadvertently found themselves on their way in to the pub, the big clue being the appearance of Chopper, Airman and Pompette! Would’ve been rude not to enjoy a beer so we did and just in time as the skies opened, and all that had been boding (*oh, that’s what he meant!*) fell on those still out there. The moaning was much as they dripped back in dribs and drabs, prompting Rainbow Balls and One E to uncharacteristically change in the gents. Come the downers and blame hare, non-running Don had already disappeared having been in the pub for several hours before kick-off, so his curates Cooperman and One E took the beers. It was nice to see Random Sparkles back with us after a long absence, and Lily the Pink deserved his beer for the sheer brilliant deviousness of his method, insisting she should drive as his car tax expired and the renewal was thwarted by Her Majesty when it turned out his MOT had also expired. She is now seeking a new other half after discovering she is so close to 100 hashes! LTP’s mate Dave has apparently never heard the expression ‘fire-fighter’ used to describe Lily’s approach, saying he’d known him for years and never realised Lily would put his life at risk for his fellow man! RA had received a taste of his own medicine the day before getting stitched up by Two Left Feet for being pinned in the bar by the Remembrance day two minutes silence, and missing his son scoring a goal. As RA’s hash step-dad, that made him step-grandad to the same lad so a beer he had for the same lad (*um this does make sense, of a sort!*) At the same time vengeance was also meted out to Mudlark for grumbling about the RA nicking his Trafalgar run date after previously giving his blessing, but mainly he got beer for moaning about mud. Mud-lark, got it? And finally, a tired old joke failed to get it’s airing when Pompette complained about back ache after missing the dentist, and was questioned on which way she had the chair? Another great hash! **Bodhisattva**



Merry Christmas and an 'appy and 'elfy New Year!

DECEMBER IS ELF AWARENESS MONTH

- MAINTAIN A POSITIVE ELF IMAGE
- STRIVE FOR ELF IMPROVEMENT
- AVOID ELF ABUSE (YOU COULD GO BLIND)



Kids got a note home to dress as elves... school in Clondalkin

The black lad came in as Elvis ... I can't fucking breath 🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔



THE ELF IS NOT YOUR FRIEND

- > Any Elf seen outside approved workshop stations should be considered AWOL.
- > An AWOL Elf is a DANGEROUS Elf. Do NOT Approach.
- > REMEMBER: It only takes 12 HRS for the Elf's fangs to grow back and his poison sacks to refill.
- > With its jaw unhinged, the Elf's mouth can open wide enough to swallow a baby reindeer whole.
- > REMEMBER: Elves hunt in packs. Never assume the Elf you see is the only Elf in your home.
- > Elves DO NOT understand Thomas Kinkadee, DO NOT attempt to placate an angry Elf with art.
- > Elves wear red to hide the bloodstains.

NO ONE IS SAFE.
THE ELF BLIGHT MAY ALREADY BE IN YOUR HOME!
IF YOU SEE IT, KILL IT. KILL IT WITH FIRE

Brought to you by Society Against Wile Elves



Santa tries on a pair of Doc Marten Elf Stompers.

REHASHING (continued)

Talscombe Tavern The lure of the burger deal tempted everyone into the pub from the car park, nothing to do with the cold, but soon we were back outside ready to risk the cliff path. Prof was in the org leading the walkers but having directed us on an SCB, seemed to continue along the cliff edge. Soon enough we spotted the runners on a parallel trajectory as we headed up the Tye. Realising we weren't quite on the right path nevertheless it was tooches out in case the FRB's saw us, but we met the main pack at the next check anyway. No sip stop yet though as we took a dog leg back into civilisation while the runners completed the square to chase us down just before the excellent sip at chez Gomi with mulled something and cake etc. It was just a whoop and a holler to the on-inn where more eatin' occurred before circling up. Flash Gomi was claiming his long overdue 250th tankard, planning to claim his 500th next time out, but the hash officials had a different idea. Invoking the statute of limitations as it is over 6 years since he passed 250, he was presented with his 500th tankard here and now, a further snub being that it was back-dated to August 2017! A salutary lesson that if you don't keep an eye on the numbers you will miss out. Mudlark and Prof also received downers for their part in the trailmaking, before the recently presented gift from Malibog of Flashealibur was used to belatedly make a Dame of Pompette. The pack closed ranks to deny the RA further material claiming that everybody had been very well behaved, however, Peter Pansy made the mistake of hanging around in the pub instead of rushing home to cash in on his recent nuptials and the rewards that young love offers. An exhaustive but still incomplete list of misdemeanours was enthusiastically reeled off by those present to distract further from their own mischief, and you only need to check the back issues run reports for further info as to why he thoroughly earned the Twat mug! Belatedly mentioned in despatches afterwards, Angel had a narrow escape after keeping warm by Flash Gomi at the start when he said he'd got something hot for her later, although it was probably the mulled wine he was on about, but she should also have been downed for moaning about the 2nd fishhook. Another great hash!



The hare felt a right sausage missing his 250th tankard!



The Farmers, Seaynes Hill – the Bogeyman fancy dress

memorial r*n This hash was chosen to take place the day after what would have been Dave's 61st birthday, with the theme 'what would Bogeyman wear?' manifesting itself in the choice of outfits evident as we gathered outside. Clearly for many people this was 'a wig' but some other great efforts as well, particularly the flamingos! After words of welcome and wisdom (he promised a sip!) from the hare it was a slightly disjointed start as it dawned on the pack that we'd set off, and they immediately had to deal with the A272 crossing! Among those caught out was Little Spurt, so I found myself doing two unexpected things at once: having intended to walk tonight I had to r*n in order to be his eyes and guide him to the pack. Walking hare Wildbush was setting a cracking pace after the runners turned off to find some shiggy, only getting slightly disorientated when night field failed to resemble day field but

we soon found our way through to the road and on to rejoin the main trail, now conscious of the calls behind signalling the arrival of the running pack. Some good beers were in evidence at the sip as well as Rayleens delights then it was on inn with the runners taking a slightly longer route. Once inside the question of run or après for dressing up was swiftly



answered as the vast majority were back in civvies while Angel in her gorilla onesie, myself as a minion and Roaming Pussy in her roaming pussy outfit at least made the effort! Circling up hares Keeps It Up and Wildbush were awarded, before first timer Joe, then driver Laura (earlier dressed as a vodka bottle) who due to circumstance has not yet received her virgin downer was awarded a special new 'keep your spirits up' flask filled with vodka of course (vodka translates as water so artistic licence was used). I'd felt a little guilty not continuing the run with Little Spurt and just leaving him with Fukarwe, until it turned out that Ride-It, Baby and Anybody had press-ganged the latter into being guide runner tonight whilst driving up, a job he singularly failed at having not only abandoned his charge at the start, but by doing it again leaving Just Simon to continue the job. Keeps It Up was able to confirm that the stile was now all sorted ready to use and visit and thanks were given to everyone for the efforts made with the fancy dress. Apart, that is, from Rainbow Balls who wore his outstanding rainbow shorts both on the run and in the pub, just exactly like he always does. And finally, after the barmaid said "no-ones going to throw up are they?" when the down downs were announced, Seud managed to kick the dogs water bowl over leaving a massive puddle by the door! Another great hash in the spirit of Bogeyman! **Bounce**



Trending this Christmas - ELF ON A SHELF:

How many can you get? First one given to get you started:



REHASHING the SSSHHH... (there was no November CR@FT!)



As mentioned in the review of last year's Shite Shirts in Shrewsbury Shropshire, this year's difficult second gathering would be Shite Shirts in Shoreham-by-Sea. I had hoped that I could involve the CR@FT f13 in the Friday nights pub crawl, but discussing it with others from the SSSHHH it was felt that the cosy dynamic of a small group together for the weekend would be impacted, so attendance was by restricted invite only. It's been said many a time that trying to organise hashers is like trying to herd cats, but eventually after a couple of false starts a date was agreed and accommodation for 8 booked on the Beach, sadly having to let the extra sh.. Shieldsman houseboat go as we wanted exclusive use. As there were just 8 of us last year (although a few more were invited) and Angel and I had the fallback of our own home, that should have been fine but in the end we had an extra 5 so a second place was secured. We decided the format for last year worked really well so stuck with it, planning to meet at the Buckingham by the station. That promptly shut for refurb so we moved to **#1 the Crabtree** where Cl'Oysters (Edinburgh f13) was first to join me. Next up were Friction Burns and Crusty Ring (Milton Keynes f13) [as well as the SSSHH mascot gonk, which earned the nickname 'Audrey (long story!)] plus Angel and finally Nose Job and Mad Max (Birmingham f13) who'd



parked up at base. With no more expected for a while we moved on to **#2 Old Star** where the leis from the 40th weekend reappeared. Moving round to **#3 Royal Sovereign** I went to collect Twonk and Unmentionable (Norfolk f13) from the station, then it was on to **#4 Ferry Rigg Inn**, finally being joined by firstly Oral Sex and Megasaurs who'd been drinking their way down from Edinburgh by train, then Stretch & Pukahontas from Bristol who had literally driven directly from the airport after a birthday trip. The aperitif of a G&T was good last time so we headed to **#5 the Tap House** where Angel bumped into one-time Crafties Clive and Jenny for a chat. Despite the interesting gin menu perhaps we should have stopped at one as Friction was knocked for six, briefly disappearing for a walk as we headed for grub at **#6 the Bridge** before he and Crusty decided to call it a night. The survivors enjoyed the meal, then walked it off on the stretch to **#7 Duke of Wellington**. One of our favourites, sadly this pub wasn't as well received by the group, perhaps due to the busy night and loud band, so we moved on quickly for a relaxing nightcap at **#8 the Waterside Inn** before heading back to base to end a great evening with port and pool!

Like CR@FT, SSSHH is a non-running hash, however Megasaurs, who just missed joining us for parkrun on the Isle of Wight last month (separated by the Straits of Gosport), was easily persuaded to try the recently launched Laneing Beach parkrun with Angel and myself. That out of the way, it was back to the digs for the legendary and excellent Crusty breakfast, before the charity shop draw. All names in, we all drew to secretly buy something for your 'name' at about a fiver from the charity shops. Finally out of the house at gone midday, we were soon scattered across Shoreham on our mission, but myself and Cl'Oysters were done quickly and headed to **#1 the Marlipins! NJ**, Max and Angel appeared, then disappeared, so we moved on to **#2 Piston Broke** where we established a base with a good view of the telly for the Rugby. Before we could tell anyone about it though, we received word that everyone else was in **#3 the Crabtree** having established a base with a good view of the telly for the Rugby, so we decamped and settled down on the sofas to enjoy the Springboks defeat washed down with copious ales. Before the next pub, it was time for the exchange of gifts and I was first up with a lion t-shirt with a lift up flap to show its mouth



for one of the quietest in our group, Mad Max. Whenever she lifted the flap we all had to shout rrrrooaarr, which quickly turned to whenever we shouted RO@R she had to lift the flap, eventually turning to deafness on MM's part! We all had a highly amusing time both revealing and wearing our finds, until Angel realised **#4 the Buckingham Arms** had reopened and we finally upped sticks! Much debate took place on food, whether to stick with eat-in or get a take-out and scoff at the Villa, but we eventually went for it to **#5 Indian Cottage** still in our gear to order way too much food and drinks (the universal sign of happy drunks!) and entertain both ourselves, the staff and other diners, particularly with Cl'Oysters Mulligatawny Soup which never did arrive. Time was disappearing fast, and folk were starting to fall asleep so decision was made to head for home, although a few of us managed to grab a crafty drink in **#6 Crown & Anchor** on the way. There was still plenty of beer at base though, so a hardened element of myself, Twonk, NJ and Cl'Oysters settled back to playing pool, taking it in turns to select songs and it could've been a very long night if I hadn't messed up the signal sending the latter into a frenzy (doh!).

Sunday meant another Crusty breakfast, and the presentation of a mug left over from our 2000th weekend to Cl'Oysters, with his last words to me from the night before on it: F*ck you, you f*cking f*ck! It was necessary to spoof for next year - Stretch winning out with Shaldon over NJ's Shakespeare country (Stratford). Once we'd left the villa people were feeling jaded so were anxious to get going, but Mega, OS, Twonk and UM all talked a good walk before reality kicked in and we just had a short drive round, quick closing beer in the **Red Lion**, then off to the airport for planes and trains home. Driving onto the flyover we couldn't believe our eyes as it seemed the Shepherd (another Sh..) was dressed in a shite shirt! A fitting end to another great SSSHHH... **Bouncer**



HO HO HO

Christmas fails

HO HO HO



Something about Iceland's mince pies doesn't look quite right

Christmas gift wrapping tip...
Leave the Vacuum
INSIDE the box
before wrapping it.



Teddy Bear Turkey

£20 • Eastbourne, England

I can make 2 teddy bears per 1 turkey

I'm selling them at £15 a bear

Your kids will love them as part of their Xmas dinner.



DONT PUT LIGHTS

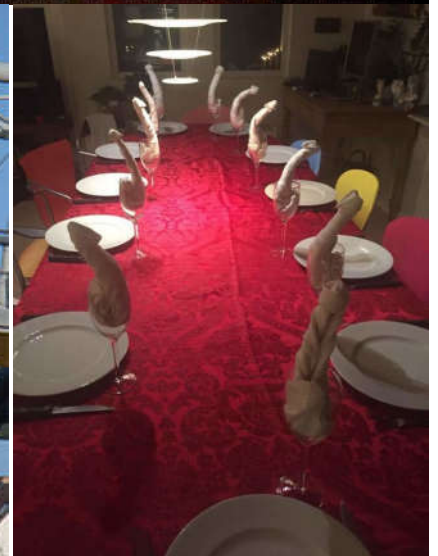


ON A PALM TREE



WHAT DID I MISS?

She's getting annoyed now. She said, "Surely you can't go wrong just baking some fucking cookies."



PAIN RELIEF CLINIC



What the hell is Frosty doing to Santa?



ALL THE BEST IN FAKE NEWS...

Dutchman, 69, brings lawsuit to lower his age 20 years 8 November 2018

A Dutch "positivity trainer" has launched a legal battle to change his age and boost his dating prospects. Emile Ratelband, 69, wants to shift his birthday from 11 March 1949 to 11 March 1969, comparing the change to identifying as being transgender. "We live in a time when you can change your name and change your gender. Why can't I decide my own age?" he said.

A local court in the eastern city of Arnhem is expected to rule on the case within four weeks. However officials were sceptical about the case, believing there was no legal mechanism allowing a person to change their birth date, local reports said. One of the judges wanted to know what would become of the 20 years that Mr Ratelband wanted to erase. "Who were your parents looking after then? Who was that little boy?" he was quoted as saying.

Mr Ratelband argues he feels discriminated against because of his age, and that it was affecting his employment chances and his success rate on the dating app, Tinder. "When I'm 69, I am limited. If I'm 49, then I can buy a new house, drive a different car. I can take up more work," he said. "When I'm on Tinder and it says I'm 69, I don't get an answer. When I'm 49, with the face I have, I will be in a luxurious position." Mr Ratelband further argued that according to his doctors he has the body of a 45-year-old, and described his last year to describe how he had made the decision one day standing in front of a mirror, he wanted to make the most of life for as long as possible. He also said he would renounce Netherlands' constitution expressly prohibits employment discrimination on the basis of age.

Mr Ratelband, a media personality and motivational guru, converted to Buddhism earlier this year and is a trainer in neurolinguistic programming. He voiced the character Vladimir Trunkov in the Dutch-language version of the Pixar film *Cars 2*.



Don't worry Teresa, even if they all resign they are easily replaced! Nip down to your local Homebase...



uokhun.uk

Please give £2 a month to help London's homeless

BREAKING NEWS: Tottenham Sign A New Player!

Tottenham Hotspur manager Mauricio Pochettino sits proudly next to Theresa May as she signs.

"This is perfect. We needed a right winger and she's already getting used to seeing an empty cabinet like us so we couldn't be happier!"



Resignations over Brexit plan

Spurs ground unlikely to be ready this season..

..but they finally sign someone!

After Nigel Farage declares Theresa May's Brexit agreement "the worst deal in history", Man Utd fans remind him they paid £75m for Romelu Lukaku.



Corbyn a doubt for Brexit TV debate after doctors advise against trying to balance on a fence for a full hour.

Keep your options
open with the... **door**
Brexit backstop



"These yokes
last forever"
L.V. Dublin



"Loada shite"
Mrs AF, Belfast



Only £350 million a pair. All proceeds to the NHS.

keep my cabinet doors open"
Mrs TM, London

Keep open the door
to the UK *and* the EU

Irish backstop causes problems

BREAKING NEWS



Finally a response to moped crime

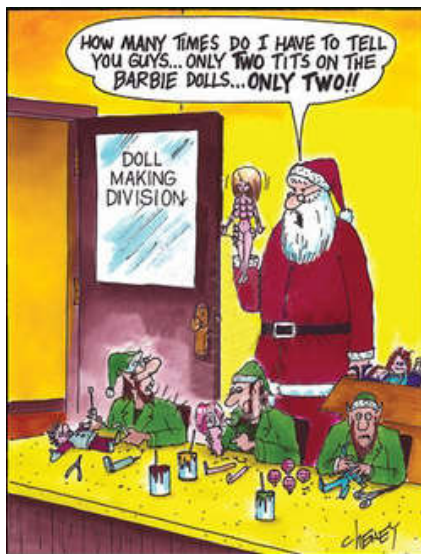


Falling Madonna up for grabs (?!)

THE



END



Just after Christmas Santa and his head elf take a holiday and go fishing at a peaceful lake.

Santa takes out a cigarette and lights it. The elf says, "Santa, Can I try one of your cigarettes?"

"Can you touch your asshole with your penis?" he says.

"No," says the little elf.

"Then you're not big enough."

A few more minutes pass, and Santa takes a beer out of his cooler and opens it. The little elf says, "Santa, can I have one of your beers?"

"Can you touch your asshole with your penis?", he says.

"No," says the little elf.

"Then you're not big enough."

Time passes and they continue to fish. The little elf gets hungry, reaches into his lunch box, takes out a bag of cookies and eats one. The old man looks at him and says, "Hey they look good. Can I have one of your cookies?"

"Can you touch your asshole with your penis?" says the little elf.

"I most certainly can!" says Santa.

"Then go fuck yourself," says the elf, "These are my cookies!"

A
Tale
of how the
Tradition of
placing Angels on
top of Christmas trees
came to pass.....

It was supposed to be a happy time, but it wasn't. Santa was really p**ed. It was Christmas Eve and NOTHING was going right. Mrs. Claus had burned all the Christmas cookies. The Elves were bitching about not getting paid for the overtime they had put in while making toys, and the reindeer had been drinking all afternoon and were dead drunk. They had taken the sleigh out for a spin earlier in the day and crashed it into a tree, breaking off one of the runners. Santa was beside himself with anger. "I CAN'T believe it! I've got to deliver millions of presents all over the world in just a few hours from now and all my reindeer are drunk and my Elves are on strike. I don't even have a Christmas tree! I sent that %\$@&(!? little Angel out FOUR hours ago to find a tree and he isn't even back yet! What am I going to do?" Just then the little Angel opened the front door and stepped in from the snowy night, dragging a Christmas Tree. He says: "So, Santa, where do you want me to stick the Christmas Tree this year?"

...and that is the Tale of how the Angel got to be at the top of the Tree.

