



R -ns/trash #263 April 2019



facebook

or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

All directions/ timings are vague and start from Betcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless they don't.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARCS
1st April 2019	2128	White Horse, Maplehurst	RH13 6LL	Pirate & Soggy Crack
Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T & 2nd right on A272 after Cowfold. After a mile turn right for pub. Est. 20 mins				
8th April 2019	2129	The Fox Inn, Patching	BN13 3UJ	NickO
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. At A280 Angmering turn-off take right at roundabout then left just over A27. Pub 1km on right. 25 mins.				
15th April 2019	2130	Royal Oak, Newick	BN8 4JU	Hot Fuzz/ Shoots Off Early
Directions: Take A27 to Lewes, A275 to Chailey. Turn right at junction with A272. Go through village and turn right at the green. Pub is on right hand side. Est. 25 mins.				

22nd April 2019	2131	The Cock, Wivelsfield	RH17 7RH	Keeps It Up
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. Take 2nd right B2112 through Ditchling. Turn right at third roundabout and pub is through village on the left. Est 25 mins. 7.00pm start - Joint EGH3				

29th April 2019	2132	The Flying Fish, Denton	BN9 0QB	Prof
Directions: A27 past Lewes. Right at Beddingham roundabout on A26. B2109 into Denton; 2nd left Denton Road. c.20 mins.				

6th May 2019 2133 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.

oo

RECEDING BARRELING:

13/05/19 Easter hare required!

20/05/19 Hampden Arms, South Heighton – Rebel WHK

27/05/19 The Lintot, Southwater – Wilds Thing

WASHING AROUND SUSSEX:

East Grinstead H3 have now moved to Mondays so won't be advertised in the trash as they clash with BH7, but see: <http://www.egh3.org/next-runs>

07/04/19 1066am HASTINGS H3
Quackers and Routemaster – Crowhurst Recreation Ground.

1 Sandrock Hill, Crowhurst, Battle TN33 9AS
Pub for on afters not yet decided upon.

21/04/19 11.00am W&NK H3 – Sticky Willy (*fka Hash Cash*)
The Red Lion & Cellar Room, Old Rd, Betchworth RH3 7DS

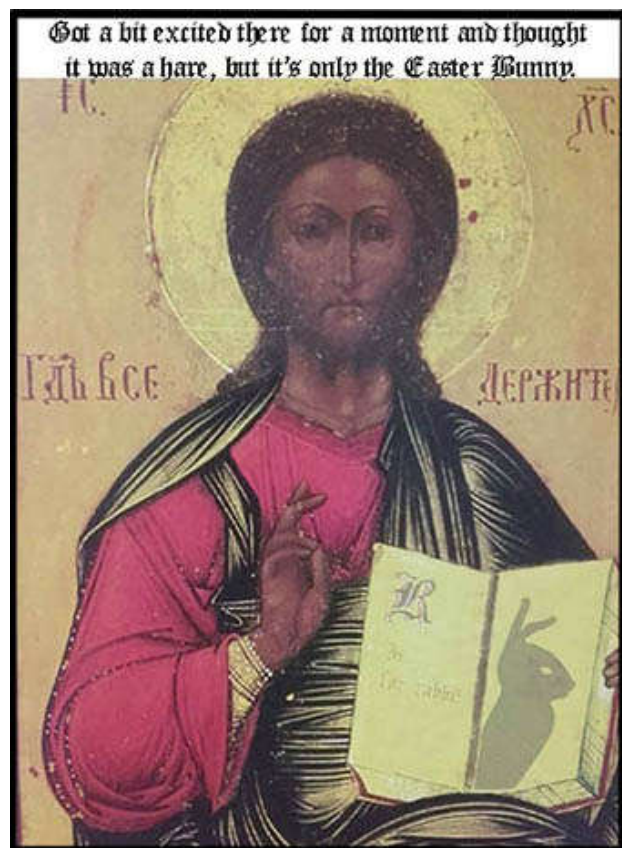
05/05/19 11.00am Henfield H3 – Tossers +/- Moneypenny [TBC]
Royal Oak, Wineham BN5 9AY GM Dave the Dog memorial r*n

oo

Thought for the day:

Is it possible carrot flavoured beer could put hares on the runsheet?

[Ed: yes, alright. The spring weather has brought the hares out of hiding and this is no longer quite so relevant, but I didn't want to waste it. Thank you hares! Usual nag about planning ahead please.]



BTH 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/>

24-26/04/2020 **Trinidad, Interhash** - <https://www.interhashtrinidad2020.com/>

Brighton marathon beer stop 14/4/19

Yes, once again the Brighton Hash will have a beer stop on the marathon for all hash participants. This will be located as usual near the bottom of Westbourne Gardens and Westbourne Villas on New Church Road (shortly before the 15 mile feed station). We will try and spot you but will have a hash banner up so please also try and spot us at approx. 14.75 and 17.5 miles. Once all known runners have gone through we will move through to the Brighton and Hove Bowls Club for a last chance at about 23.75 miles. Good luck to all, but please let us know if you are running so we can watch out for you. Bouncer



Adam DeMamp
@WorkaholicAdam

My favorite part of attending a Marathon is watching the reaction of runners who grab my plastic cup of vodka.

Henfield 150th France – 21st to 24th June 2019 (and CRAFT campout 2019)

**Friday 21st to Monday 24th June**

Big Camping area with fire pit - showers and loos in the house.
Possibility of using neighbour's whole house with 3 bedrooms for a small cost.



A gas barbie and gas ring available for cooking. Plus a fridge for food/beer. You will need food, beer and snacks for the weekend.

Itinerary

Friday - arrive, set up, chill, drink, evening veggie meal provided.

Saturday - short drive to late morning Hash.

Opportunity to stop off at Gorron SuperU for supplies on the way back. Evening barbeque, bring salad bits to share (happy to take orders for delicious sausages, burgers, ribs, kebabs etc from our amazing local butcher).

Sunday - Hangover run if needed, and a choice of :

- ☺ canoeing/rafting on small river or\and treetop adventure - high ropes.
- ☺ visit old town of Fougères with its large castle, some cafes and bars.

Monday - Leave or hang around.

Our address is 6 Le Haut Geray, Desertines 53190, Mayenne, France

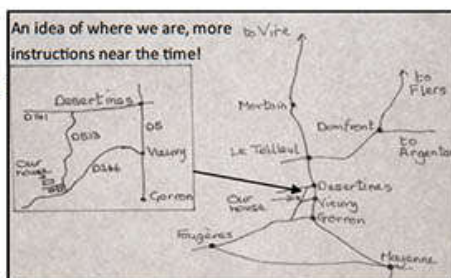
Getting to us

Newhaven to Dieppe cheapest crossing
(approximately a 4hr drive, 270 km with around 22
Euros in tolls)

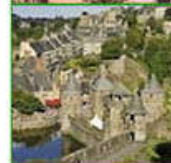
Portsmouth to Caen more expensive crossing
(approximately a 2 hr drive, 120 km with no tolls)

Check out www.viamichelin.co.uk for a range of routes and costs.

Let us or Bouncer know if
you are coming.
janelkirk@gmail.com
johnkirk33@hotmail.com



Drawn to scale—Le Teilleul to Desertines 8 km



Message from Eat my Cucumber who will be “doing the double” at the Brighton Marathon:

If anyone would like to sponsor me for my upcoming challenge of a 50km Brighton Bike Ride followed by the Brighton Marathon an hour or so after my sponsorship page details are:

<https://uk.virginmoneygiving.com/RossBarry>
I am raising money for The Evelina
Children's Hospital.

The Hospital does fantastic work and are responsible for saving my Daughters life in 2015 after she fell ill with an extremely rare condition. I am forever grateful of the care given to Liliana and thankful she has made a recovery due to their efforts.

Please dig deep and for this cause, they are truly deserving and I hope they can help many more children with your donations.

Thank you for all your support.

Classic SDW relay - reminder:

Don't forget to keep the 18th May free in your diaries for the re-launch of the Classic Hash relay on the South Downs Way following the 80 mile route from Buriton to Beachy Head.

Just as a reminder the hash version allows teams of up to 18 runners! At change-overs the runners are set off together making it much more social, and meaning that you get lost together. There are also the attractions of a number of pubs on the way, and always a great social afterwards to lie about how 'I just let you keep up with me' and I wasn't lost, just thought I'd recce a new hash trail' etc. Even if you can't make the whole day, you are welcome to make your own transport arrangements and dip in as and when you can. Chat to Prof if you want to know more or to put your name down. The more the merrier!

INSIDE PAGE 3 presents:

THE BOOBY TRAP (part 2 - Easter)

Looking back on St. Patrick's Day, and (every) hashers birthday sweet treat:



Looking forward to Easter, and here's to booby love in high places...



Gays are more interested in the other Madonna or bunny girls, but some choos for the ladies:



REFASHING

The Station, Preston Park – After completing his 100th marathon in 100 weeks the day before, the hare could be cut a certain amount of slack for announcing a short trail for tonight, especially when introducing those lovely words ‘sip stop’ into the chalk talk! So after Spurtacus’ battle had finally been resolved with the parking machines and we’d all dutifully paid the £1 required to take us up to the 8pm parking curfew, it was along the road and straight up someone’s driveway. Hare called us back for the mucky footpath up to take us through to the Dyke Road. On on was called into suburbia from which it was a familiar route across the Rec, Hove Park, and Three-Cornered Copse before falling into the sip for some lovely mallows and other nibbles, although the beer was limited to canned lager as the walkers had wolfed the decent ales. They seemed to have taken the short trail concept to heart with a direct route to the sip, and an only slightly longer route home having taken the horseshoe in the road, rather than the shorter trail through the woods back of Withdean used by the pack before the finish along the line path. Wilds Thing seemed to have been on a mission to receive a downer all night after first maligning the RA as we drew up, telling Bouncer to tear up his driving licence even though Angel had driven, then skipping the sip and going on to “win” the hash. When pack was asked what they thought of the trail his voice rang loud and clear above all, “It was shit”, which was the final straw. Fukarwe was awarded next for his 200th marathon in all, but 100 in 100 weeks is a highly commendable achievement only so far managed by a handful of the obsessed. Also celebrating 100 was Keeps It Up who’d had his 50th birthday a few weeks earlier but celebrated 50 again in style at his party on Saturday. $2 \times 50 = 100$ right? Lily the Pink ran a stormer of a Stinger at Steyning in the storm with a stinker of a hangover, but on a substantially street hash he sustained a stack, striving to startle Ride-It, Baby, so the stout was his own bloody fault! Kelvin has been a mixture of great patience and trembling anticipation as far as getting a hash tag goes, but Freya was first sharing her name with the wild weather from the weekend and so was borne StormDog. Dangleberry had a few inspired suggestions based on Kelvin’s vocation working with Asbestos, but with tonight being the eve of Pancake Day, it had to end up as Asbestosser. As he always makes Freya run with panniers it could so easily have been Bitch Abuser but in the current climate we let that go! Cyst Pit confessed to having over-engineered the latest repairs to the Twat mug, necessary after Radio Soap had an attack of butterfingers, so circle was wrapped up with a beer for our returners, Eccles visiting from up north, and Whose Shouts son Jim lad. Another great hash!



Originally in the Argus in 1999
this was reprinted on 30/3/19:
Talk about slow news day JJS!



Half Moon, Plumpton – It’s been a long while since I last set a trail for East Grinstead H3 but a regular school run to Plumpton College and an increase in our joining them on their winter Sunday runs combined for this to happen for my birthday run. On the whole that trail went reasonably well after an emergency dash to get beer for the sip, leaving Angel in charge of the runners, although there was much grumbling about not kicking the checks which came back to haunt me when the Late Dave Lewis got lost and had to be rescued by his daughter Candida. The less said about Chaos having an altercation with a horse rider, the better! A bit of re-marking and condensing was necessary for the Monday trail, but at least the weather had been kind and the water level had dropped a fair bit. Circling up at the start, Wilds Thing and Dangleberry, who had both been involved on Sunday, were hastily made co-hares, then it was off east towards Warningore woods before turning north. As we reached the East Chiltington road, Prof and myself took a shortcut to set the beer up while Angel again looked after the pack, and a good job too as Dangleberry had missed this part of the trail and promptly led the pack down the river! Well that explains why they took so long to reach the sip at the raceground where the mango flapjack was wolfed down. The big variation from the day before was coming off the Greensand Ridge straight after the sip, but the beer had inspired the pack and many of them ignored the check to return through the college picking up the EGH3 trail, rather than joining me on the new route. Dangleberry’s insistent calling at the next check finally convinced me that I’d turned one bridge too soon, so the pack was pretty bedraggled by the time they got back to the pub car park! Circling up, Lily the Pink took RA duties awarding me a birthday downer but missing Angel, apparently because I’d left her off the sheet and forgotten to mention her at the beginning. Oops. Rainbow Balls was sporting a rather magnificent Rugby injury which was taken to be make-up, and Dangleberry was briefly chastised for sending the pack into the river before redeeming himself by out calling the hare. Prof also received for taking the SCB to the sip, and Cinderfella for a

lack of dog control, the dog of course being the RA’s! And finally, Wildbush got into trouble with Swallow for not waiting at the sip for the key to turn up, as Local Knowledge was cold. Another great (dare I say it?) hash!

Bouncer

BH7 HASH PEOPLE - JUKARWE's 100 marathons in 100 weeks challenge

Let us run with endurance the race that is set before us – Hebrews 12.1



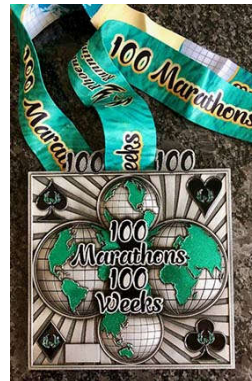
Delighted to inform the world that my 100 marathons in 100 weeks ordeal has FINISHED! Quite aptly less than 100 people in the UK have completed this challenge.

It has been an absolute blast. When I completed my 100th marathon 2 years ago (it took me 21 years to run 100 marathons) I never thought that I would be able to run another 100 marathons in less than 2 years. Fortunately, I have stayed injury free & not had any colds or bugs during the last 2 years - so there are health benefits!

The last 100 have taken me to Anchorage, USA, Valencia, Vienna, Faroe Is, Amsterdam, Cuba & Madeira and an awful lot of events run by Phoenix (Surrey) & Saxons, Vikings & Normans (Kent mainly). I have run in scorching temperatures of more than 30 degrees (never again), snow & rain and everything else in between. Only one race I had to pull out (we were stung by a swarm of hornets! - but quickly found another event a few days later). 8 of the marathons have been run under 4 hours including todays (106 laps of a 400 metre running track in Walton on Thames) in 3:55 whilst the slowest was Snowdon

7:30 (but then you do have to climb/amble up Wales biggest mountain to the top). Several thousand pounds have been raised for Tusk (we all love a rhino & an elephant) and I have met some fantastic people along the way and made new friends. Nina has been amazing in her support & carbo loading me every week and coming along to some events - she will now see me a bit more at weekends!

So what next? 200 marathons to my name. If you reach 300 then you get into the world rankings. In the meantime I will take a little rest - next marathon Brighton in April (that will be the 10th Brighton marathon & as one of the few people to have run all 9 previously I've got to keep running)



Brighton man runs 100 marathons in 100 weeks 03 Mar 2019 Frank le Duc

Brighton resident Ivan Lyons has completed his 100th marathon in 100 weeks. Lyons started running marathons (26.2 mile races) in 1996. 21 years later he completed his 100th marathon. Then at age 50 he decided to run a further 100 marathon races in 100 weeks. Each of Lyons's marathons were the official distance of 26.2 miles in race conditions, which also included 10 marathons in 10 days in Gravesend last August. He said: "This was the hardest event as not only was I running the same route every day but it was the only time when I thought my body would cave in – well, running 262 miles is quite a challenge."

Lyons marathon events took him to America, Spain, Austria, the Faroe Islands, the Netherlands, Cuba, Madeira and all corners of the UK. More than £6,000 was raised for the Tusk Charity. He is one of fewer than 100 people in the UK to have completed 100 marathons in 100 weeks. I asked Lyons how he found time to run so many marathons and a business, he said: "I am fortunate that I have two directors who are sporty themselves so they get it – not that they would run a marathon though!" As for Lyons, now that he has run 200 marathons will he stop running? "Of course not. I will have a little rest then in mid April I will be running the Brighton Marathon. This will be its 10th year and for those of us who have run all 10, we are going to be spoilt with an additional achievers medal I understand – so I must have that in my collection."

Mr Lyons has another challenge – running for election. He is standing as a candidate for Brighton and Hove City Council in Westbourne ward in Hove for the Conservatives on Thursday 2 May.




oo

BB7 HASH PEOPLE - The Antarctica diary of Prince Crashpian (abridged):



04/3/19 - Apologies for the lack of contact lately, having left Antarctica we headed north, but its a big ocean and we still at sea after 6 days with quite heavy weather in the roaring forties. Some amazing stories to tell, including our historians background with his grandfather on the Terra Nova and great Uncle on the Endurance. Had some lectures on everything from Hypothermia and frostbite to the life cycle of the Emperor penguin. Also learning a lot about the Antarctic Treaty and the impact of tourism. (is that a bit ironic?) Took over 60 photos in Scotts hut alone so plenty to choice from for the talk in April. I will also upload a full blog and photos if I can, when we dock at Christchurch, this will be quite a moment as its where Scott sailed from in 1910. I have learned so much on this expedition and feel quite humble in the shadow of these explorers from the 20th century. The conditions they put up with and survived are



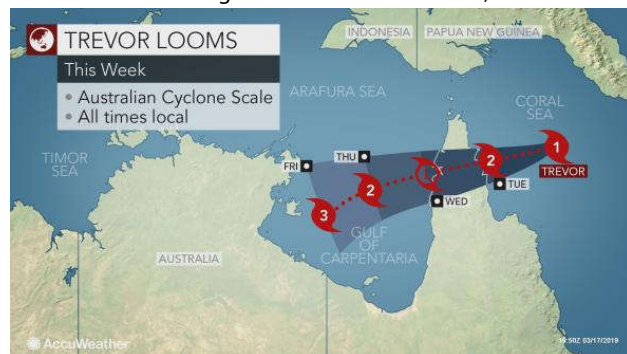
extraordinary. Last stops tomorrow and Wednesday on Campbell island and Auckland island for a last look at the wildlife of the subantarctic islands, and then on home to Christchurch on Sunday.

10/3/19 - I have now returned to New Zealand and apologise for the lack of blogs whilst in Antarctica. This has been a magical and inspiring trip and I look forward to sharing it with you on the 5th April. In the meantime I have restarted my blog with some pictures and will up date over the next few weeks. It can be found at Wordpress.com: <https://inthefootstepsofscott.wordpress.com>
See you all soon, Trevor / Prince Crashpian



REHASHING (continued)

Hangleton Manor – We love a good ole hash couple and current joint holders of the daftest hash name of the year award are a good ole couple! As we gathered in the rain outside a pub that should really be renamed the HangMan, hares revealed that r*nners and wa*kers had a hare apiece, which is always nice. Little time was wasted in getting on to the golf course before crossing the A27 and heading up to join the Monarchs Way the clever check keeping the packs together as we passed possibly the most Irish thing we could get on the St. Patricks day after trail – an upturned wheelbarrow called Pat but hares denied the plant. Main pack continued along Monarchs Way to Mile Oak farm, briefly flirting with Southwick Hill, before coming back through the Old Village, while knitters crossed back to go past Foredown Tower and down to the sip in Sainsbury's car park. Anybody, meanwhile, was seen SCB'ing back for his dinner! And what a sip it was with Rosemary of Tralee (Italian munchies taralli) and leprechaun bollocks (olives)! Back at the pub we'd already lost new boot Jake who'd rushed off to work after some wag added two hours onto the time check. With the late return of the pack, Rebel Without His Keys also had to make his apologies, however, the hash horn had somehow missed the words of wisdom at the start where hare requested noise to be kept to a minimum in the farmyard, and blew loud right beside the famer. Obviously driving, so green goo was in order which he attempted to sip before saying, "I'm not drinking that and I don't want a sticky head". RA had different ideas, and a pursuit through the car park finally resolved the issue as he drank more, spilled most of the rest but still ended up with sticky hair. Spurtacus and Swallow were given the usual mix of cheers and boos, and booze to down to a rotating 20 toes, before a wrong was righted. Angel was overlooked in the circle last week, something Lily the Pink assured us would be sorted tonight, but he was skiing so it was left to OH Bouncer (who's had a lot of earache about the omission!). She'd also had the ignominy of being missed from the East Brighton parkrun volunteer roster on Saturday, making her feel invisible (but we could bloody well hear her!), so between Bouncer and Swallow that one had already been sorted. St. Patricks Day gave us the chance to use up some of the green goo in the circle (shamrock!), and what could be more appropriate than to replenish the energy of those who'd taken part in the Moyleman – Peter Pansy, Penguin Shagger and Keeps It Up duly being summoned. The St. Patricks reference lead into Pat (obviously short for Patrick!) also being called as it was her birthday, and for leaving her wheelbarrow on the Downs! Penguin Shagger was back, having avoided us since letting the side down at the Running Man hash 6 weeks back due to rain that seemed less biblical than today's heavy pre-hash showers. Joining him were the two fallers, token Irishman



Cyst Pit (who was so keen to do the fishhook his u-turn literally whipped his feet from under him) and Little Spurt, who is remarkable by the fact that he manages to stay up week-in week-out, despite very limited vision. It was good to welcome back Prince Crashpian after his trip to Antarctica, and it was also good to welcome back the Twat mug which had been dropped again, this time by Radio Soap. Cyst Pit had managed a (sort of) repair by gluing the parts and sticking a beaker inside. "That doesn't deserve the Twat mug", protested PC, but his blog was called "In Search of Scott" and Scott was right here at the bar so that was money well-spent! The rain at the start of the hash, before RA got his act together, was explained by Wildbush who claimed Trevor had brought his namesake Cyclone Trevor back with him, that having also messed up Crackerjacks trip to Australia. The floor was offered despite no beer, but there was one more goo, which the baying mob decided to inflict upon RA. Another great hash!

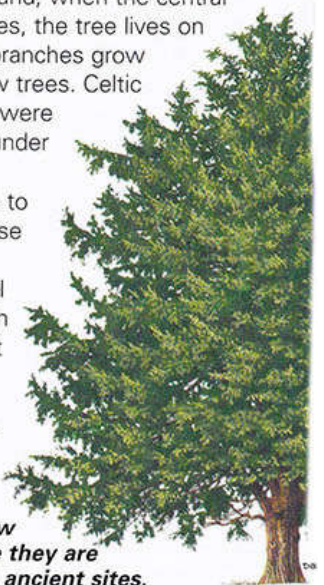
Yew Tree, Chalvington – We love a good ole hash couple, and we were accorded a special privilege this week as Bushsquatter forewent her usual Monday night netball (where she is the oldest member of her club by almost 50 years) in our favour. For some reason the published info focussed rather darkly on the ongoing Yew Tree Operation with 2 more ageing celebrities being identified as likely to abuse those younger than themselves (practically the entire pack!), but Cliffbanger informed us that his original plan, for a Yew Tree shaped trail (after Bogeyman), had been trimmed back as it was a bit long. While the main pack set off to knock out the trunk via the Vanguard Way, the knitting circle short-cut up the road, over a tricky stile and into a vast prairie with little clue of the direction. Naturally, as we found the exit, the path became blindingly obvious but we kept the pack at bay before another short-cut to the church in Ripe. A straightforward (ish) greenway took us to the other church at Chalvington, while the pack wandered around to the west via the other Yew Tree at Ripe! Much debate ensued at the locked sip stop car on EU or Clash lines, should we stay or should we go, eventually landing on the latter as the cold started to bite and the pub beckoned, though we were barely back when the first of the pack arrived. Lost hashers were a red herring though as the rest of the pack took a bit longer justifying our impatience. Warm again, and Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter were exonerated from the investigation as the trail was very much enjoyed, and it would hardly be fair to hang them on the 55th anniversary of their first date ☺. Cyst Pit had shared a story with the RA that absolutely warranted relating to the pack, so the circle were asked to take a step backwards if they had nothing to do with the poo stain on the back seat of his car - "Wildbush, where do you think you're going?". Initially blaming Angel, who was no more than the messenger, Cyst Pit explained that a humorous fake jelly poo passed on by Wildbush for his kids had melted in the sun and, despite their best efforts to remove the gooey poeey, had left said stain, theorising that this was a cunningly considered revenge after CoFF and Louie the Lip had a couple of 'interesting incidents' at KIU and Wildbush's place when they opened up their house to the hash! It was nice to see Shoots Off Early still in the pub at circle time, however, he was completely outdone last week by Mudlark who pulled into the HangMan car park, and promptly pulled out again without even doing the hash! He blamed it on illness but it seemed a long way to go just to drop Knightrider off, the latter having to take the beer as Nigel was driving again! And finally, much moaning had been made of Spurtacus failing to do the fishhooks as he was with the walkers, which really isn't good enough, what? Another great hash!

YEW Genus: *Laxus*

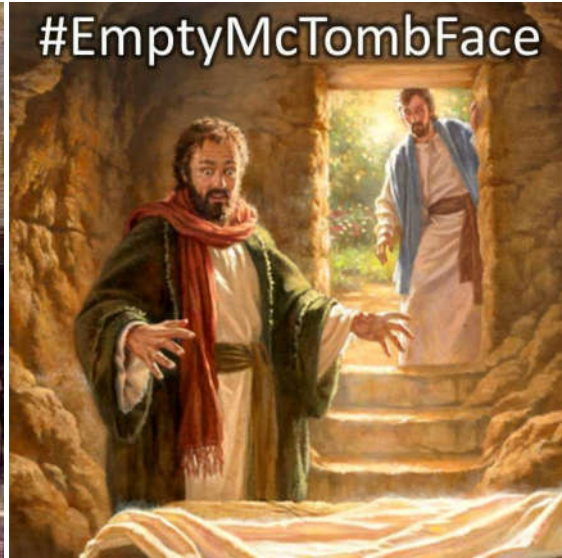
Yew symbolises death and rebirth in Celtic tradition. The branches of this unusual tree grow into the ground and, when the central trunk dies, the tree lives on as the branches grow into new trees. Celtic leaders were buried under yews, perhaps to symbolise their eventual rebirth in the next life.

Churchyards are filled with yew because they are built on ancient sites.

Well that explains a lot!



Let us not forget the meaning of Easter...



The editor may burn in hell, but Lindt & M&S will be with him:



REFASHION the CRAFT & other hash stuff

#117 Cuckfield - Although the idea had been brewing for a long time before, it was in 2008 that CRAFT H3 was finally set-up intended as a BH7 social arm. While the attendees are more Brighton than otherwise it's a real shame that we seldom get more than a handful from the club, and consequently it is frequently the same hares setting trail with the result that we end up in areas we've visited several times before. Not that that itself was a problem with Cuckfield, which we haven't graced for a while and the pubs have changed, however, it was rather sad that MeMe enthusiastically greeted the announcement of the hash, but decided not to come as there wasn't expected to be a big pack! Aside from the obvious "if everybody thought like that, there'd be no hash" angle, it would be nice to know what factors would affect BH7 folks likelihood to attend – timing, location, format? That said, we are fully inclusive and anyone is welcome to set a trail at any time, the hare being at liberty to choose all of the above! We had one other apology, from Bollocks, who announced he would be CRAFTing remotely in deepest darkest Wales, but he has also seldom joined us anyway.

On a lighter note though, we were joined by several new faces this evening, the first being Wilds Thing who arrived soon after Bouncer to join hares Wildbush and Keeps It Up in **#1 the Burrell Arms**. This busy commuter pub has featured many times for its location rather than its beer, but Eat My Cucumber and Just Kick'im were on their way so we hung back before moving on for greener pastures. It was a very long stretch before we reached them though and it meant going past **#5 Wheatsheaf** which therefore became #2 for Bouncer and #1 for EMC and JK. Thirsts were guiltily quenched quickly before we moved on to **#2 Rose & Crown** where old hash Landlord Bill from the Ship was greeted cheerfully so he could hold court over the sad demise of that establishment, which was rapidly turned into a Co-Op (instead of a cooperative as the good residents would have ensured had they been offered the choice) on his retirement. As a frequent local POTY (pub of the year) this may well be one of the contributory factors to the legislation change making it a requirement to exhaust other possibilities first. The Rose and Crown , meanwhile has grown in stature offering a good beer and food selection, both of which we took advantage of before wandering on to **#3 the Talbot**, collecting Angel on the way. The youth of Cuckfield held sway over this modern pub as well, but a great game of Jenga was enjoyed using at least two packs, thus creating some very tall towers and causing girls on the next table to scream when they collapsed, as well as our own Kim whose fault it generally was. It was only a short stroll to **#4 the White Harte** for some cheerful banter with the locals and the 'game for a laugh' landlord. Poor old Sean, who'd stayed sober as he had to drive home, received the brunt of the drunken humour, particularly when he found himself locked out after nipping out to use the loo! Ross & Kim may have arrived late but they hadn't wasted their time, enjoying a couple at home before joining us, with the result that they called a cab from here. Well, they'd already visited **#5 Wheatsheaf** where we were now off to, to enjoy one last beer. Although the pub showed no signs of closing, Angel particularly had had an early start and long day at work before joining us so it was time to wrap up another great CRAFT hash! See you next time!?

[illegible]

*Enough of all the poison flour reports! This is how **Thames Valley Police** dealt with it:*

RESIDENTS OF WADDESDON! This Sunday (10th) a local running group will be running about the village following a trail of flour. If you find some self raising on the pavement it does not mean a) Your house is going to be burgled or b) Your pedigree Cavalier King Charles is going to be stolen from your back garden. The worst you can expect is some sweaty people in tiny shorts tearing past your house.

[illegible]

parkrunning hashers



Just the one idiot locally decided to join in on pyjama day, 30th March, as Bevendean ran their route in reverse for April Fools!

Hi Bouncer,

Pic below of yesterdays hash with Porto H3 and report. For optional post to BH7 Facebook.



Great bunch, small but keen. It's all a bit different, Pit Stop instead of Sip Stop, port instead of beer, and check marks are red+white ribbon or a chalked rifle sight! Took me a while to get my 'eye in'. Oh, and after the circle there's a bash, which is a 2 hour 3 course in a local restaurant, no bicycle required.

There was a naming too. Fellow is a scientist, working with nano somethings, and sporting a massive beard. So it had to be Nano Bush. Which I guess, is just shy of a Brazilian Wax.

On on, Dangleberry 18th March 2019

IN THE NEWS...

Theresa May is upset that Scotland only took 90 minutes to leave Europe!

Kazakhstan 3-0 Scotland.
Scenes in Kazakhstan right now...



"it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Acts 9:5

Do you get it Hard, Soft, or Not At All?



Just in case any of you were wondering what ever became of Bucks Fizz 🤪🤪🤪



Blue Peter asks kids to send in their Brexit plans 28/3/2019

TV show Blue Peter has asked children to make a basic Brexit plan and send them in, with the best ones going to Parliament to be voted on. Presenter Lindsey Russell demonstrated how to draw a Brexit deal with felt tips, or make one from washing-up liquid bottles, kitchen foil and double-sided sticky tape. She said: "The best Brexit plans will be sent straight to the world-famous House of Commons, right next to Big Ben, where people called 'MPs' will put them through a series of 'indicative votes'. If your plan's good enough it could go all the way to becoming law and shaping our relationship with our neighbours for decades to come. You'll be invited on the show to meet Speaker of the House John Bercow and you'll get a very rare 'I Had a Plan for Brexit' Blue Peter badge. Sorry, this competition is not open to viewers in Northern Ireland at the DUP's request." Nine-year-old Nathan Muir said: "My dad helped me with it but the Irish backstop kept falling out. We just sent it in anyway. They won't notice."



A last look at St. Patrick's day:

It's too bad that alcohol isn't heavily discounted the day after St. Patrick's Day, the way chocolate is after St. Valentine's Day.

off the mark.com

by Mark Parisi



Three English guys are out drinking one night and decide that they want to have a fight. They stagger from pub to pub looking for a likely victim to pick on when they come across a single Irishman in this one bar.

"Watch this." Says the first Englishman, heading over toward the guy, "I hear that St Patrick was a shirtlifter."

"Really", says the Irishman, calmly continuing to drink.

With that the second English guy decides to join in, "Yeah, and here he was a pervert too."

"Is that so?" the still calm Irishman responds.

"I know how to rile this tosser." Says the third Englishman, staggering toward the Irishman, "Hey, did you know St Patrick was really an Englishman?"

The Irish guy casually looks up and says, "Yeah, your mates were saying."



Where does an Irish family go on vacation? A different bar.

TWO IRISH NUNS

Two Irish nuns have just arrived in USA by boat and one says to the other, "I hear that the people of this country actually eat dogs."

"Odd," her companion replies, "but if we shall live in America, we might as well do as the Americans do."

Nodding emphatically, the mother superior points to a hot dog vendor and they both walk towards the cart. "Two dogs, please," says one.

The vendor is very pleased to oblige, wraps both hot dogs in foil and hands them over. Excited, the nuns hurry to a bench and begin to unwrap their 'dogs'.

The mother superior is first to open hers. She begins to blush and then, staring at it for a moment, leans to the other nun and whispers cautiously, "What part did you get?"



The priest of a small Irish village was very fond of the ten chickens (plus one cock rooster) he kept in a hen house behind the parish manse. One Saturday night, the cock rooster was missing, and as that was the time the priest suspected cock fights occurred in the village, he decided to say something about it at church the next morning. At Mass, he asked the congregation, "Has anyone got a cock?" All the men stood up. "No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant. Has anybody seen a cock?" All the women stood up. "No, no," he said. "That wasn't what I meant, either. Has anyone seen a cock that doesn't belong to them?" Half the women stood up. "No, no," he said. "Perhaps I should rephrase the question: Has anybody here seen my cock?" All the choir boys stood up.

Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. One day the dog died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, "Father, my dog is dead. Could ya' be saying' a mass for the poor creature?"

Father Patrick replied, "I'm afraid not; we cannot have services in the church for an animal. However, there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature."

Muldoon said, "I'll go right away Father. Do ya 'think €5,000 is enough to donate to them for the service?"

Father Patrick exclaimed, "Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why didn't ya tell me the dog was Catholic?"

- How did the Irishman try to kill the bird? He threw it off the cliff!
- Have you heard about the Irish coyote? It got stuck in a trap, chewed off three legs and still was trapped!
- What did the Irishman name his pet zebra? Spot!
- Why did the Irishman want to become a veterinarian? Because he liked old war heroes!
- Did you hear that Paddy thought Sugar Diabetes was a Greek boxer!

Paddy went to the police station wishing to speak to the burglar who had broken into his house the night before.

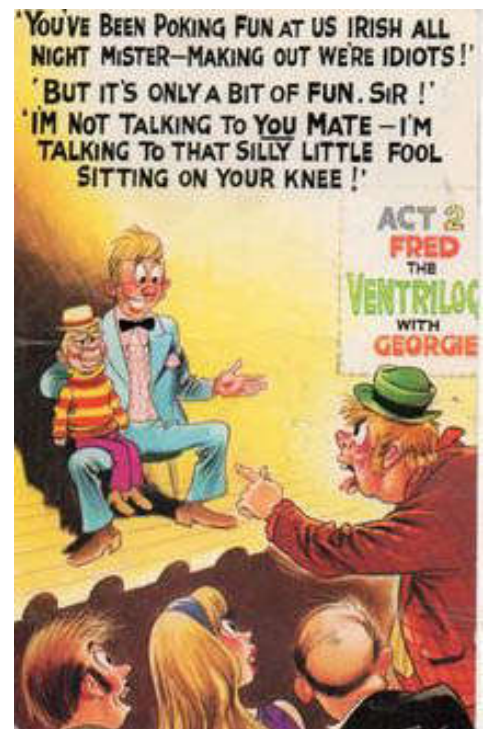
"You'll get your chance in court." Said the Desk Sergeant.

"No, no, no!" said Paddy. "I want to know how he got into the house without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for years!"

Mick: "What rhymes with orange?" Paddy: "No, it fecking doesn't!"

Paddy: "I can't remember the name of that historical Greek film Brad Pitt was in."

"Troy", said Mick: "I feekin' am, but I still can't remember!"



ANOTHER LOOK AT THE ALTERNATIVE NEWS...



The king wanted to go fishing, so he asked the royal weather forecaster the forecast for the next few hours. The palace meteorologist assured him that there was no chance of rain. So the king and the queen went fishing. On the way he met a man with a fishing pole riding on a donkey, and he asked the man if the fish were biting. The fisherman said, "Your Majesty, you should return to the palace! In just a short time I expect a huge rain storm."

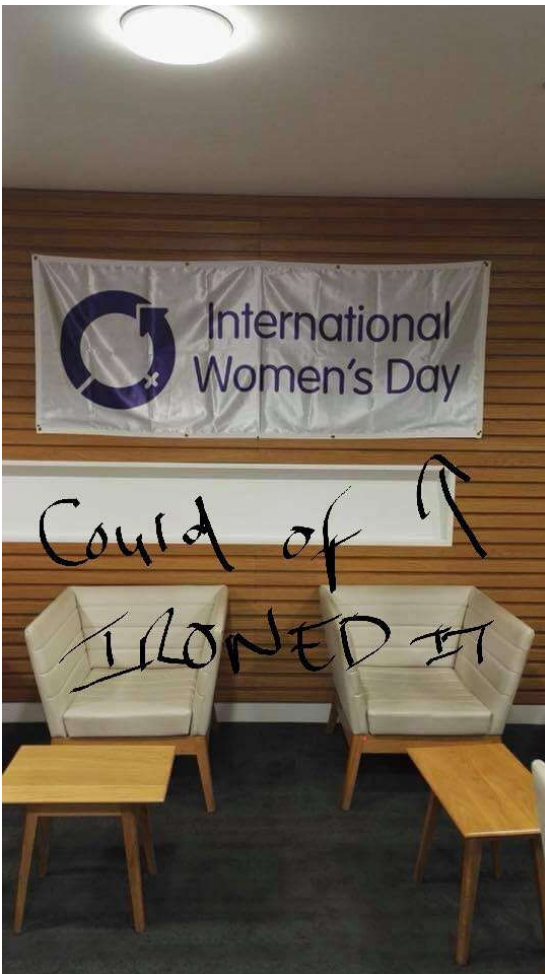
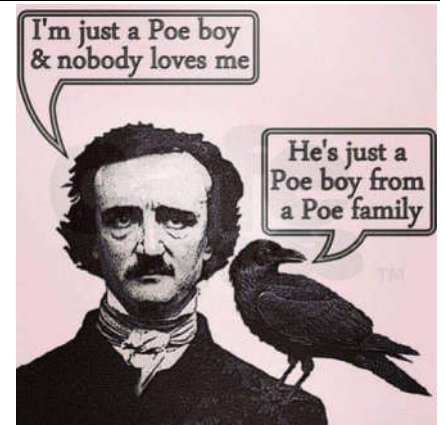
The king replied: "I hold the palace meteorologist in high regard. He is an educated and experienced professional. Besides, I pay him very high wages. He gave me a very different forecast. I trust him." So the king continued on his way.

However, in a short time a torrential rain fell from the sky. The King and Queen were totally soaked. Furious, the king returned to the palace and gave the order to fire the meteorologist. Then he summoned the fisherman and offered him the prestigious position of royal forecaster. The fisherman said, "Your Majesty, I do not know anything about forecasting. I obtain my information from my donkey. If I see my donkey's ears drooping, it means with certainty that...it will rain."

So the king hired the donkey. And thus began the practice of hiring dumb asses to work in influential positions of government. The practice is unbroken to this date.

Literary Historians Uncover Collection Of Breezy, Upbeat Edgar Allan Poe Writings Penned After Author Took Up Jogging

THE ONION 20/3/19 - BOSTON—In a discovery shedding light on the famous macabre author's less-acknowledged qualities, literary historians at Harvard University unearthed Wednesday dozens of uplifting poems and breezy short stories written by Edgar Allan Poe later in his life after he got into the habit of jogging. "Poe's later, much more optimistic work makes it clear that the simple act of going for a short run every morning really improved his outlook and completely altered his writing style," said researcher Dr. Bethany Smith, noting the author's simple, healthy lifestyle change had evidently inspired previously unheard-of titles like *The Joyous Day*, *The Happy Chickadee*, and *The Runner's High*, among dozens of other sparkingly cheerful works. "Though Poe may be known for his dark tone and gothic sensibility, these writings paint vivid pictures of young love's ability to triumph and life's small, beautiful moments. Diary entries from this period seem to indicate that he was in a better place and that he eventually even got down to a seven-minute mile." Poe died in 1849 at age 40, having reverted back to a dark, humourless style of writing following a disastrous ACL tear.



Bristol and Brighton ‘the same place’ 6th March 2019

THE cities of Bristol and Brighton have been discovered to be a single place. The city, which is posh, by the sea, and full of people who do London-type jobs, smoke weed, are radically left-wing and DJ as a hobby, has managed to get away with the subterfuge for centuries by using two different names. A team of land surveyors realised the supposedly geographically separate areas were one and the same when comparing maps, confirming that the 'Bristol' bit is just slightly further inland. Resident and hobbyist DJ Julian Cook said: "Bloody hell. Rumbled. I suppose someone was always going to realise there couldn't be two cities solely for former public schoolboys wearing red jeans. I'm surprised nobody guessed before. Come on, Banksy is the most Brighton thing ever. Conversely, The Levellers are the most Bristol thing ever. We tried to throw people off with the West Country accent, made up on the spot by a drunk former mayor, but it was completely obvious. Even the first three letters are the same." He added: "I suppose we got away with it because everyone avoids places full of twats. That was our secret weapon."

oo

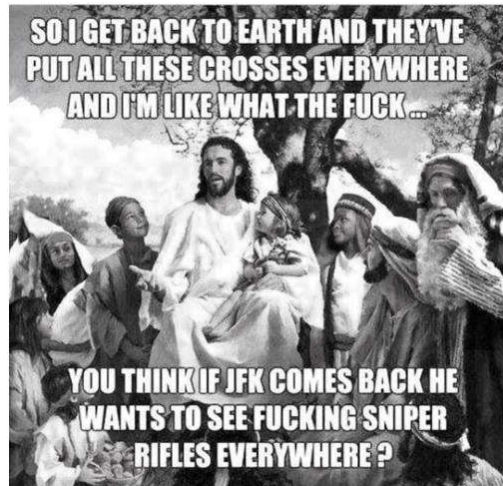


“Only a joke luv! Lighten up.”

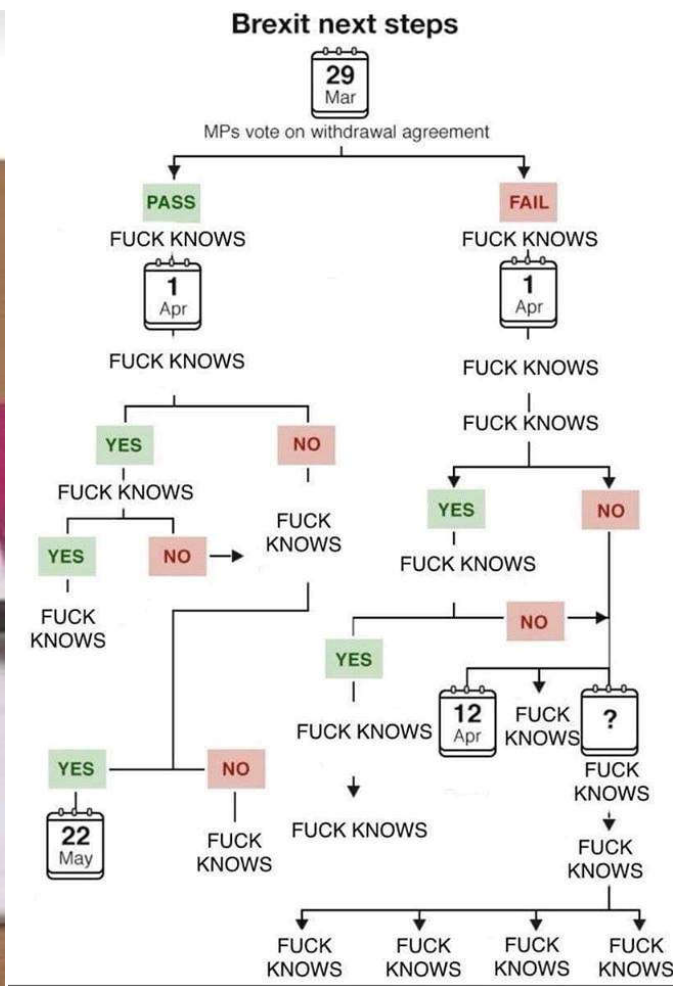
Yup, definitely burnin” in Hell. Sorry. Ed.

It's all about New:

Giving the Finger Salute - Before the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, the French, anticipating victory over the English, proposed to cut off the index and middle finger of all captured English archers. Without these fingers it would be impossible for the archer to draw the renowned English Longbow and therefore he would be incapable of fighting in the future. This famous weapon was made of the native English Yew tree, and the act of drawing the Longbow was known as "plucking the yew" (or "pluck yew"). Much to the bewilderment of the French, the English won a major upset and began mocking the French by waving their index and middle fingers at the defeated French, saying, "See, we can still pluck yew! "PLUCK YEW!" Since 'pluck yew' is rather difficult to say, the difficult consonant cluster at the beginning has gradually changed to a labiodental fricative 'F', and thus the words often used in conjunction with the one-finger-salute are mistakenly thought to have something to do with an intimate encounter. It is also because of the pheasant feathers on the arrows used with the longbow that the symbolic gesture is known as "giving the bird". And yew thought yew knew everything.



Fucking international women's day. Does anyone know the next step? I'm fucking hungry.



A left wing politician, a TV reporter and an SAS trooper were captured by ISIS.
They were sentenced to death by beheading.
The ISIS leader said they could have one last wish each before sentence was carried out.
The politician ask to hear a rendering of keep The Red Flag,
The reporter asked that the beheading to be televised; so that even when he was dead his face would be on TV,
The trooper asked to be kicked three times up his arse.
This was carried out, but as the last kick landed, the trooper pulled a hidden 9mm pistol out of his smock shot three terrorists
dead grabbed a fallen AK47 and killed the rest of the terrorists.
The other two were amazed, and asked why he requested to be kicked three times up the arse before drawing the gun.
Because, said the trooper, when we get back to the UK I don't want you pair of bastards saying it was an unprovoked attack.