



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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
3rd June 2019	2137	Gardeners Arms, Sompting	BN15 OAR	Fukarwe & Ride-it, Baby
Directions: A27 West, through tunnel, straight on at traffic lights, over roundabout at north Lancing to next lights. Straight on again, 2nd left opp. Sompting church and right at roundabout. Pub 100m. on left . Est. 15 mins.				
10th June 2019	2138	Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath	RH16 4DZ	Psychlepath
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. After Fox & Hounds go straight across next roundabout and pub is on right. Est. 25 mins.				
17th June 2019	2139	Queen Victoria, Rottingdean	BN2 7HF	Prof
Directions: FROM BRIGHTON PIER. Head along A259 east towards Newhaven. Turn left at 1st set of traffic lights after Rottingdean Windmill. Pub is on right hand side. Limited parking. Est. 10 mins.				
24th June 2019	2140	Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	BN6 8TN	Local Knowledge
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. Est. 15 mins.				
BBQ Run; Bring your tankards! <i>nb disclaimer on hare which will probably be St. Bernard. You have been warned!!!</i>				
1st July 2019	2141	Station, Uckfield	TN22 5DL	Trouble & Chaos
Directions: Head NE on A27 for 8.5 miles. Left at Southerham roundabout onto A26 for 7.5 miles. Cross A22, left on Newtown Road, pub on left. Use Waitrose car park (on the other side of the railway line). Est. 25 mins.				

08/07/19 Anchor, Ringmer - Whose Shout & Cooperman
15/07/19 Saddlescombe Farm - St. Bernard
22/07/19 TBA – JJ & Bo Peep
29/07/19 TBA - Rainbow Balls & Rich

08/06/19 12 noon SLASH HASH
Three Bridges BR - Please follow 'P' trail to the pub. This will be an A2B (bags will be transferred) Hared by Testi, Ging Gang & Lil Spew. Followed by a BBQ.

On afters at the Royal Oak, Whatlington.



And of course, don't forget: 21-24/06/2019 **Henfield H3 & CRAFT campout 2019** – Desertines, Mayenne, France
Lots of BH7 regulars already booked. Further details from Bouncer.

Thought for the day:

Imagine putting on the cape barbers make you wear and not pretending you're a superhero who got dressed in a hurry.

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

21-24/06/2019 **Henfield H3 & CRAFT campout 2019** – Desertines, Mayenne, France – [See Trash 263 April 2019](#)

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.interhashttrinidad2020.com/>

on

BEER LOVERS MARATHON – 9TH JUNE 2019 *Good luck to KIU, Wildbush, Wilds Thing, Dangleberry and Trouble!*
42 KILOMETERS OF FUN IN THE HEART OF LIEGE (BELGIUM)

The Beer Lovers' Marathon (Liege / Belgium) is a running race of 42.195 km, limited to a maximum time of 6.30 hours. This race is mainly meant to be fun, festive, and accessible to a motivated athlete. Preferably we even see you disguised: for more details see our theme. In addition to the usual water and food supply every 5 km, all runners can discover and taste 15 different Belgian beers along the way (without any obligation of course). Each stop will be accompanied by musical animation (bands, percussionists, DJs, ...) to guarantee an unforgettable atmosphere / experience and keep the marathon runners motivated throughout their effort!



THEME 2019: RUN AS A HERO (of your choice)!

on

MORE DATES FOR YOUR DIARY:

15th June 2019 – Bouncers 250th parkrun – 8.30am The Bevy pub, Bevendean for 9am start up the hill

Come and join me as I reach the next parkrun milestone of 250 runs! Free to enter (registration required) 5k off road jaunt (not a race and you won't be last!) followed by breakfast and beers at the Bevy pub. There will probably also be cake, and did I mention beer? If you can't/ don't want to run feel accomplished by volunteering! On on, Bouncer

13th July 2019 - BH7 takeover Bevendean parkrun – 8.30am The Bevy pub, Bevendean

Brighton Hash are once again taking over the management of the Bevendean parkrun and it would be great if as many as possible could either come along and help or take part in the run itself. Just like the hash, parkrun relies on volunteers so the more the merrier, but there is also plenty of scope for participants from the club. With Cyst Pit as Run Director and Bouncer as Volunteer co-ordinator, there are many more volunteer roles looking to be filled such as Course Check and Set-up, Marshals, Timers, Finish Tokens, Tail Walker, Barcode Scanning, Course clear down and Results Processor. Please let Bouncer know as soon as possible if you are able to assist, and if you wish to take part, visit the parkrun website to register for free: <https://www.parkrun.org.uk/register/>. We will also be welcoming members of the parkrun laughs Facebook page who will be attending for a South Coast meet-up!

Message from Mrs. Hash Gomi (Naomi):

David's 50th Birthday BBQ PARTAY! (UK)

Saturday, 14 September 2019 at 15:00

42 Telscombe Cliffs Way, Peacehaven, BN10 7DT.

We haven't had a 'proper' house party for a number of years now.. but it's time! He's ordered the beer so get your glad rags on and see what kind of trouble we can cause the neighbours...

ononononononononon

Caption competition from last issue:

'The 3 hares kept the pack of one thoroughly in check'. Dangleberry

As the two Bush's hug, Keeps It Up and Radio Soap realise they have nothing in common. Bouncer Great minds think alike, as Radio Soap and Keeps It Up simultaneously contemplate whether they left the gas on or off. Anon.

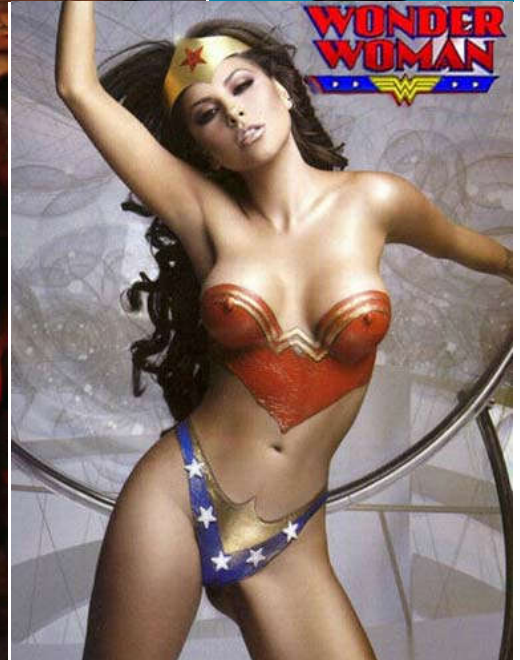
ononononononononon

If Iron Man and Silver Surfer teamed up, they'd be alloys!



THE SUPER-BOOBY TRAP

Lycra must be irritating, as all these super heroines have replaced it with body paint or can't wait to get out of it!



REHASHING the Toad in the Hole...

White Hart, Henfield – After the hare dragged a reluctant pack away from the bar he advised that, before the all-important sip, we would be visiting a brand new feature for Henfield which only had its official opening earlier in the day. Passing the walkers an A4 map with approximately 3cm of trail on it, Prince Crashpian suggested we get ourselves to the Sports Centre. As the runners set off up Furners Lane for a loop back round via the common, the walkers cut straight through the back of the houses, giving Lily the Pink directions to get back on trail on the way. After a bit of confusion we picked up marks again just south of Nep Town following clear dust briefly through a couple of twittens. Confident that with the map, marks would be obvious, we carried on to the Cat & Canary where Chopper had been forced to sit and rehydrate, then the Downs Link to come into the back of the Sports Centre using much of the Seven Stiles finish. We still hadn't seen any more marks or heard any calling, and were unsure what to look for so took Bollocks at his word when he assured us the skate park was brand new. Underwhelmed, we took the quickest route to the sip stop, strangely finally finding marks heading back the way we'd just been! Needless to say, after Wildbush received a phone call asking where we'd got to, our arrival at the sip was greeted with enthusiasm and derision in equal measure, but it turned out that the map bore no resemblance to the final trail! It was here we discovered that the new feature was in fact a frog carved into an old Ash tree trunk, the trail was a lot shorter than anticipated and that we'd missed the frog cup cakes! **see below.*

A group of about ten people are posing for a photo on a paved path. In the center, a man is wearing a full-body brown bear costume. To his left, a man in a dark jacket and cap holds a long pole. To the right, a man in a bright orange long-sleeved shirt is visible. The background shows a grassy area, some trees, and a building with a sign that says 'JIT'. The sky is overcast.

In the pub, Trevor was rebuked for misinformation before Knight rider and Cliffhanger were brought in for a sympathy beer after both fell off the branch over the stream to take a bath. After a ten mile run over with Lily the Pink, Cinderella was in no mood to go any further than strictly necessary on the hash, which explains, but does not justify,



his potty-mouth in front of the ladies as he, Bo-Peep, JJ and Angel all hit an on-back. He was joined by his running companion who went badly astray at the first check, before visitor Bollocks was called for new shoes. RA had amnesia and forgot that not only the latter, but also Cardinal Sinner, David Chase (thanks for the photos!) and most notably Keeps It Up, who'd caused a grid pile-up by tripping over the start line, had taken part in the Three Forts Marathon the day before. Remaining beer was offered out to the floor with a strange Q&A session from Prof directed at Hash Gomi, who had generously given up his seat at a show at the weekend, the former wondering just what Dave's impressive bargaining skills had negotiated in return but awarding him a free turnip anyway. Bizarre, but another great hash!

Bouncer

Bouncer

on

Toad-in-the-Hole

Henfield's newest attraction is now officially open for play! - May 6th 2019

When the old ash tree by the tennis courts sadly had to be felled in 2015, it left behind a large and rather unattractive stump. It was the brainwave of Liz and Trevor Hodgson to turn it into both an attractive art feature and a play adventure for children.

Christened, somewhat mysteriously 'Toad in the Hole', Liz and Trevor successfully fundraised the £2600 needed to employ specialist chainsaw sculptor David Lucas to create the work. The completed feature was kept under wraps until the last minute. Liz and Trevor looked on with satisfaction as schoolgirl Maddie Pieri made short work of removing the cover to reveal the missing toad.

Both the toad and the hole were an instant success, with a crowd of little.. and not so little... people keen to try them out.

The toad cupcakes that Liz baked specially for the occasion went down a treat too!

Mothers should beware though - if your walk to school each day takes you past the Toad in the Hole, the journey will now take a little longer!



Full article and photos at: <https://www.henfieldhub.com/hub-news/toad-in-the-hole->


The next time you're wife gets angry, drape a towel over her shoulders and say, "Now you're SUPER angry!" Maybe she'll laugh. Maybe you'll die.

commemorates the first Moon Landing, in 1969, fifty years ago



Blimey, we have an author on the hash! And on the most unlikely topic for a hasher. Steve used to run with us years ago before emigrating to Bristol where he was renamed from Queen Bea to, coincidentally, Cyclepath, given that our own Psychlepath's son Santa (aka Louis) is one of Steve's best mates.

“If you answer yes to any of these questions and you think you need help then this article is for you. In it the author covers his own decades of problem drinking and his eventual journey to sobriety. He highlights the many negative aspects to the consumption of alcohol in society today, before moving on to focus on the many false beliefs we have about this powerful and devious drug. By the end of this article you will not need to use willpower alone to finally break free from your dependence on alcohol; you will simply not want to be consuming it any longer as you can see absolutely no benefit in it whatsoever.”

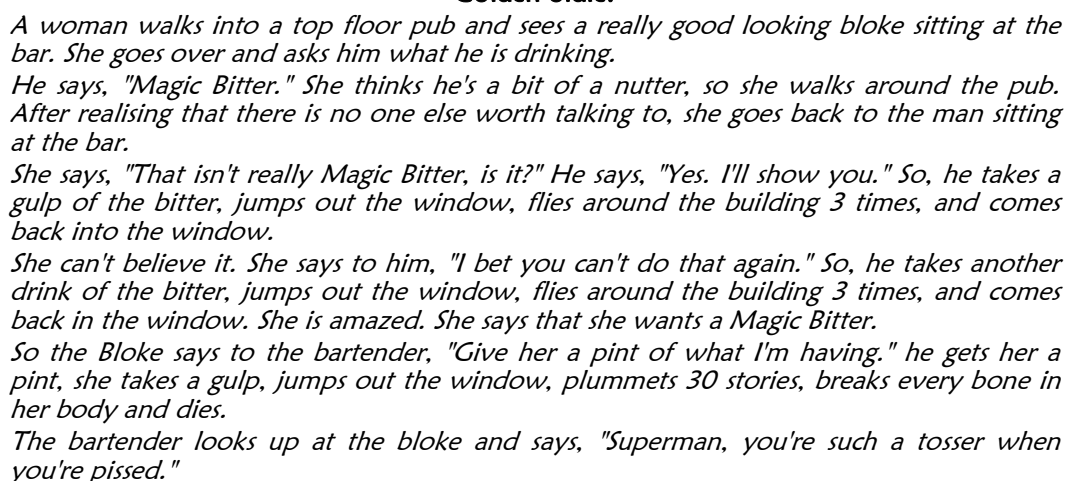


Yes You Can Quit Drinking Alcohol for Good

Discover the tools that will enable
you to stop, where willpower
alone has failed.

Steven Hannan

Golden oldie:



REHASHING (continued)

Plough & Harrow, Litlington – No review I'm afraid although Rainbow Balls, still convinced that Prof took the Running Men on a short-cut through Alfriston back in February, thinks he may just have passed his route over to the hares as it is almost a perfect reversal of the route Prof would have taken if the charge was true! It's difficult to be sure as, on the earlier occasion, the entire pack was cajoled into short-cutting by Bouncer, but this one took a short loop round the village before heading west to Alfriston. Trail continued along the riverbank and back over the bridge, then up the hill to CP2 on the Beachy Head marathon, followed the SDW up Windover Hill before winding round to drop down into Wilmington, finishing across the fields and along the track. Another great hash then and now!

Hamnden Arms, South Heighton – Even less information on this one other than, as with last weeks run, it reversed an earlier route (in this case the Denton run of a couple of weeks ago) and that Mudlark oversaw a circle to award Ride-It, Baby for accomplishing the enviable task of being out on trail on the Hash Relay on Saturday for 1.5 hours and covering zero distance! Well that's kind of exactly what we do every Monday, but in this case she was supposed to have made some progress east, and had the advantage of doing it by bike! GPX shows a long stretch towards Beddingham Hill, a long stretch down to Norton, a medium stretch up the hill, before another long stretch on in half through the houses. Still looks like a nice sip stop from Jenny Greenteeth's photo! Another great hash!



The Lintot, Southwater - After they came to our rescue a few months ago when the Cock let us down, Wilds Thing took us back to this pub to show our appreciation! As normal for a bank holiday, pack was smaller than usual but we were boosted by visitors Too Bright and Satisfaction Guaranteed from Guildford H3, and Two Can and Scandal possibly from Sunshine Coast H3 but definitely somewhere on East Coast Australia, who were staying in Southwater and knew their way around. Hare had generously drawn up a suggested walkers route which took us round Southwater Country Park following dinosaur footprints. Continuing along the Downs Link in the wake of the main pack we deviated for a short loop round Nutham Wood just enough for Pirate, Soggy Crack and Astrid to catch up, declining the proposed motorway crossing in favour of a safe return through the tunnel and left, then through some twittens up to Rascals for the on inn all guided by Scandal. Meanwhile the main pack had a long haul on the Downs Link, allegedly some getting close to the old railway station, before an adventurous easterly route through the woods and farms (of which more later), before returning on the out trail. Although there was a fishhook, WT had specified only Spurtacus need take part. 9 plan failed as he was walking after a heavy weekend recce'ing for the South Downs Way relay (of which more later). In the pub the duty manager seemed reluctant to make decisions on his own, so may not be suited to the role, but as Knightrider had mistakenly trusted Bouncer with subs collection, beer was eventually sorted out for the circle. In a week where Theresa announced her resignation as Conservative party leader, RA was surprised that his observation that it was the end of May didn't get more kudos. Still, the hare was soon downed (despite moaning that his marks on horse sh*t had been cleared away), and congratulated on his thus far unrecognised Brighton Marathon debut. The first time visitors were up next, Too Bright becoming an honorary Australian to join Two Can and Scandal, although the latter moaned "We did that one

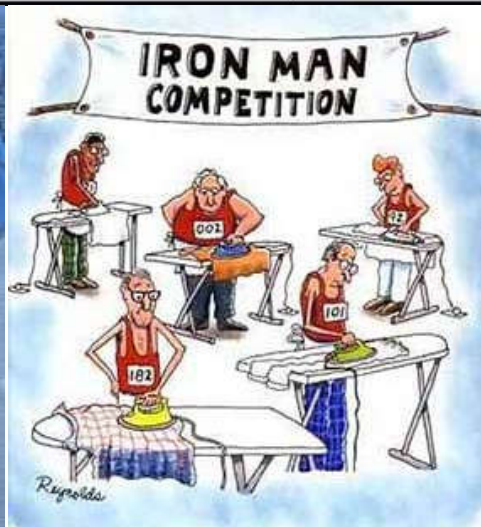
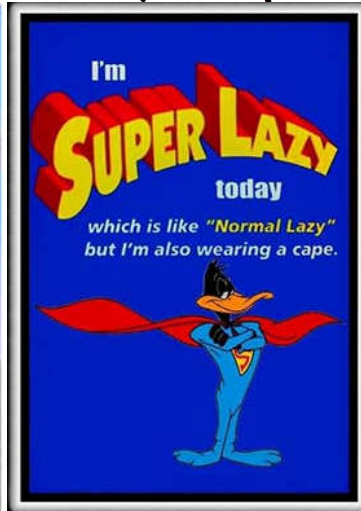


yesterdee.” We did. On the Henfield hash! RA then went rambling on about the unusual name Lintot being after 17th century Southwater publisher Barnaby Lintot and offering a beer to the most 17th century looking beard present, that of St. Bernard, which actually tied in nicely to the snippet that Barnaby was known to all as Bernard. Nobody had really been listening though and thought the award was tenuous! The walkers had endured Spurtacus’ trembling lower lip at the pre-hash news that the relay team was complete and, despite Lily the Pink allocating him legs, he’d missed the boat due to some mix-up, so the latter was called, but had redeemed himself thoroughly on trail when the pack found a stressed horse near Lockyers farm that had managed to get out of his paddock, but couldn’t get back in due to the ditch. Turns out that our Lily is something of a horse whisperer and calmed him completely before leading him home. You Stupid Bastard on the other hand, had patiently endured being chased round a field by a pony demonstrating his best gymkhana strut! Cliffbanger was also called in the absence of the Twat mug, after spending much of the last couple of weeks driving through Europe and Scandinavia, for getting flagged down by a villager in Wineham on their way home from the Henfield Hash while driving on the wrong side of the road! Circle was wrapped up and Everybody was about to go home when Somebody pointed out that Anybody had stayed expecting a birthday downer, so RA sacrificed the last of his own beer for the oversight. Nobody saw that coming! Another great hash!

Alexa is no hero, and not your friend Astrid!

[illegible]

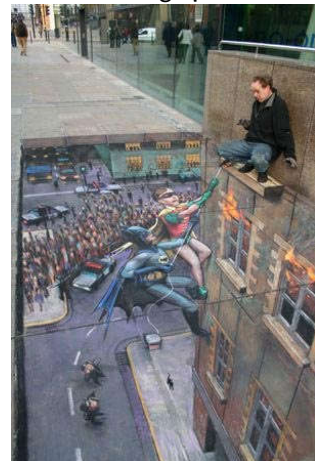
- *A doctor called in his next patient, an Italian immigrant with a strong accent he always had problems understanding. The man walked in and proudly put a model of Buzz Lightyear on the table. "I'm sorry? What's this for?" "You tell me bring specimen."*
- *What do you get if Batman and Robin get smashed by a steam roller? A: Flatman and ribbon.*
- *Advice to mums: Top bunk - Where you should never put a child wearing Superman jammies.*



er.. wrong Iron Man!



er.. wrong, Batman!



*See also back page.

ROAMING HASHERS...

Angel, Roaming Pussy, Radio Soap and Airhead joined Budapest hash recently:



We met up with four old boys by the Danube and caught the train out to the Buda hills. The start of the hash was spent in a bar (pic) while the hare, an octogenarian American who'd lived in Hungary for 20 years, set a live trail! Finally getting going we had a beautiful run up and down the hills, with lovely views and great conversation. The A-2-B run finished at a restaurant where we had down downs, lots of singing all washed down with a few pints and a goulash. The hare then invited us back to his place in town, via the cog railway tram and a bus, for a glass of wine. A great hash was concluded with a lovely soak in a hot spa, and a walk down the river home taking in the lights and sights. Their subsequent run report mentioned the rain before and after our visit but was lovely while there, so they asked us back anytime!

On on, Angel

Dangullivers Travels part 1: - Hashing with the Porto H3

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.

Dangullivers Travels part 2: - Hashing with the Lisbon H3

In a word, ballbreaker. 32 °C in the midday sun, in a fairly arid landscape. With some steep ascents and descents, and little shade. I had approached the hash with a degree of trepidation, hearing that Lisbon runners (Rambos) cover 7.5 miles, and walkers (Wimps) 4.5 miles. There had been a last minute change to the course, as forest fire risk in the area had closed the roads. The replacement course was west of Lisbon, near Cabo do Rocha, the westernmost point of continental Europe.

Given the sweltering conditions, hares Hot Dog and Light My Fire had taken pity, keeping the replacement Rambos trail to 6 miles. I'm told that Lisbon hashes are not usually in quite such challenging conditions. With Lisbon H3, Hash Trash has an additional pre-trail role. Namely, armed with giant bottled water containers, and a funnel, to ensure that all 60 or so attendees had filled water bottles. Which you sure needed on-trail. As for trail markings, a fairly familiar flour-based scheme: Checkpoints are the circle with a centre dot. False trails are unmarked. But true trails are marked with a single dot, and then next 2 dots together, and next 3 dots together in a triangle. Then reversion to a single dot, and arrows where needed. Marked enroute, were a few HV's (Hash Views). Appreciated equally, was a rare tree, with every spot of shade soon occupied by a hasher, or a hash dog. The hounds were kept well watered, but still panted like a shed full of steam engines. The pit stop (aka sip stop) was received like a desert oasis. It was ably run by Light My Fire, soon to be expecting a hash baby. The in-trail took a route above the coastal cliffs, encountering a gratefully received breeze. Post-trail, there was rapid consumption of the ice-cold beer and tasty snacks, all included in the €5 hash fee. Followed by circle-up hosted by GM Hoochi Coochi Man, who summoned first the virgins. Each agreed that it was long enough, hard enough, and that they would come again, probably more than once. It was likely also hot enough. Summoned next, were retornados (returnees), visitors, and some namings. And there the format differed a bit, from Brighton practise.

Namings happen after attending 5 hashes. And names are chosen there-and-then, rather than gradually deliberated. The unnamed hashers are summoned to centre circle. The GM then invites each to give a short bio, asking a few questions about hobbies and suchlike, while taking notes. Other hashers who have an idea for a name, are then invited to approach the GM with their suggestions. A rabble of 30 formed around the GM, and in an unclear but probably democratic process, a favourite name emerged for each. With which the GM then christened each hasher, not before listing the other received suggestions. And so, the hashing world has gained Fiasco da Gama (airline pilot), Polish My Tube (aluminium tube engineer), Techno Vibrator (DJ), and Vinyl Destination (traveller and musician).

A few pics from the hash below.

On On, Dangleberry



Navigating the in-trail thorn bushes

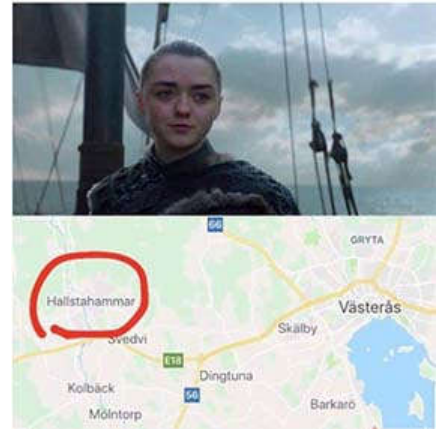


Post hash, all beers and snacks included in the €5 hash fee

Interscandi hash 2019 – Hallstahammar, Sweden

It took a cunning plan by Sir Malibog to finally get myself and Angel out to Sweden, by registering us for Interscandi hash 2019! We weren't entirely strangers to the idea as we had seriously considered a couple of earlier events but had logistical problems with the boys which had self-resolved this time so, along with Roaming Pussy, found ourselves on board the plane. Aside from Malibogs family, all occasional Brighton hashers, Keeps It Up and Wildbush were also heading out but driving as they were travelling on to another hash event, Killer Hill in Bergen. Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter were also driving out in their camper van, taking in Danish hashing on route. Transport logistics and costs to the fairly remote venue near Vasteras (pronounced Westeros for GOT fans) meant it made sense to hire a car which gave us the additional carrot of a Swedish parkrun! With Mali as Sat Nav we somehow located the venue, registered, grabbed a beer, and got stuck into the Norwegian snacks as it was the annual day for celebrating their independence from their Swedish overlords! Well, that's how they put it, and the irony was not lost, but the truth seems to be more complicated and Napoleonic so Google it yourself. Having persuaded organiser Mad Swede to shove us all in one cabin, the concept of actually providing beds for all seemed to have passed him by, so our next mission was to get that sorted, before we were all divided into teams to face a number of silly challenges around the site – welly whanging, ping pong shots, archery etc you get the picture. My team were doomed from the start when our leader took us the long way round, however the non-hash camper obliviously filling his watering can as it emptied out of the spout behind him was worth seeing. It's difficult to remember the order of things, thanks to the quantities of ale brewed by the team after they broke into a brewery, but at some stage we had dinner, and just in time for the light to start fading (as you might imagine, pretty late in these parts), headed out on a Berserkers hash from and near the site hared by Malibog (I declined to co-hare after a long day and with my knee playing up). We were all tired from the travelling so retired soon after our return.

What's west of Westeros? Hallstahammar. She will be so disappointed. 🙄🙄🙄



Angel and I had an early start Saturday with Orebro parkrun in mind, the closest to where we were staying but still a 50 mile drive on good motorway, but it was well worth the effort. Apart from the amusing translation of their web page into English which advised that we had to “jump for the first 400 metres” and the course was in fact a “Banana” (the Swedish word bana means path unless you're Google!), this was a beautiful run near lots of waterways, including a bridge and causeway, and they could not be more welcoming. There was a promotion on for the annual Blodomloppet (closest translation: blood circulation but also blood run) so everyone was given a free t-shirt to wear – a sea of red, not so much red dress as dress red! Thinking we had plenty of time as we planned the medium hash trail, we hung around to enjoy the free tea and coffee for runners, only getting the message on our way back that the squad had changed their minds and were now doing the earlier long run (including Wildbush, but with the obvious exception of KIU)! So we now had a rush to get back, and changed in time but

made it to see that Roamings energy levels hadn't been depleted by this early evidence of her front-running! Once more we were wandering around waterways through town and country, but the early exertions had taken their toll and meeting the medium trail at the first sip I decided to drop down. We were blessed with the weather so it was a very pleasant way to pass the day until we got back to the site for a simple lunch. Although we'd been advised to bring our swimming gear, the pool was not yet open for the season, however, it was to the pool that we retired for an elongated circle. I made a couple of small contributions, including our team captain for his foresight in showing us the camper but also received one myself for pointing. Didn't even know that wasn't a thing! I also suggested the name Santa for a Scandi hasher known for only coming once a year (much like our Louis, but their paths are unlikely to cross), but there was much confusion over Maricar's name of Red Horse locally, and Red Sausage in Sussex. A misunderstanding occurred between myself and Malibog, something to do with the Flying Horse pub at Gatwick being renamed the Flying Sausage, so I ran away and had another beer. There was no stated theme for the evening so we just dressed in yellow and blue which left Wildbush wearing the same shirt she'd hashed in earlier, when the rest of us had by chance all been wearing the pink Brighton shirts. Didn't tell her that of course, joking that she



just hadn't read the e-mail! A village hall had been secured for the evening, with a Norwegian hash band, and an impressive spread of food, all prepared by the Committee, but it was a good 2km walk which impacted on the dancing legs after a long day, which may explain the girls opting for kitchen duties instead. All good things must end though and so came the late night walk back in dribs and drabs, although the local Cabbie did a roaring trade. We thought we'd flagged down our own cab at one point as a police car pulled up to inform us in perfect English, and without us even speaking, that the phone light was insufficient to guarantee our safety. Get you! Sunday, as it so often is, was a much calmer affair – breakfast, packing up, hangover hash (which bore a marked resemblance to the Friday trail), closing circle and head home, in our case to drop the car off and on to Malibogs place in Stockholm for a Swedish feast prepared by Chris and Katrina.

ctd.

Bouncer

on

Hash Regal Relay - 18th May 2019

I was promised a review of the Hash relay by Prof but so far nothing has arrived, other than this photo of Dave Harris striking the heroes pose as Prof himself provides context. Sadly there were ultimately very few takers for this old mainstay of the hash calendar, but with Interscandi we are as guilty as everyone else. Let's all try and make a special effort to get organised for next year! As it is, it seems the day was enjoyed thoroughly by Pete, Dave, Nigel, Val, Stewart and Pat (whose attempt at cycling, as recorded elsewhere, went a bit awry when she fell off trail and used the map to get back on but turned the wrong way ending up back where she started after 1.5 hours effort!). Meanwhile, Lily the Pink has, against the odds, somehow managed to pull a squad together for the SDW 100 on 1st June. Good luck to all!

on

A heroes tale from the rank:

A man walks out to the street and catches a taxi just going by. He gets into the taxi, and the cabbie says, "Perfect timing. You're just like Frank." Passenger: "Who?"

Cabbie: "Frank Feldman. He's a guy who did everything right all the time. Like my coming along when you needed a cab, things happened like that to Frank Feldman every single time."

Passenger: "There are always a few clouds over everybody."

Cabbie: "Not Frank Feldman. He was a terrific athlete. He could have won the Grand Slam at tennis. He could golf with the pros. He sang like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star and you should have heard him play the piano. He was an amazing guy."

Passenger: Sounds like he was really something special."

Cabbie: "There's more. He had a memory like a computer. He remembered everybody's birthday. He knew all about wine, which foods to order and which fork to eat them with. He could fix anything. Not like me. I change a fuse, and the whole street blacks out. But Frank Feldman could do everything right."

Passenger: "Wow, what a guy!"

Cabbie: "He always knew the quickest way to go in traffic and avoid traffic jams Not like me, I always seem to get stuck in them. But Frank, he never made a mistake, and he really knew how to treat a woman and make her feel good. He would never answer her back even if she was in the wrong; and his clothing was always immaculate, shoes highly polished too. He was the perfect man! He never made a mistake No one could ever measure up to Frank Feldman."

Passenger: "How did you meet him?"

Cabbie: "I never actually met Frank. He died, and I married his wife."

A young Army officer was severely wounded in the head by a grenade, but the only visible, permanent injury was that both of his ears were amputated. But since his remaining hearing was sufficient, he remained in the Army. After many years he rose to the rank of Major General. He was, however, understandably sensitive about his appearance. One day the general was interviewing three servicemen who were candidates for his headquarters staff. The first was a captain, a tactical helicopter pilot, and it was a great interview until it got to the end. The last question the General asked was, 'Do you notice anything different about me?'

The young officer answered, 'Why, yes, sir, I couldn't help but notice that you don't have any ears.' The general was displeased with his lack of tact and marked him below the line.

The second interview was with a navy lieutenant, and he was even better until they got to the same question, 'Do you notice anything different about me?'

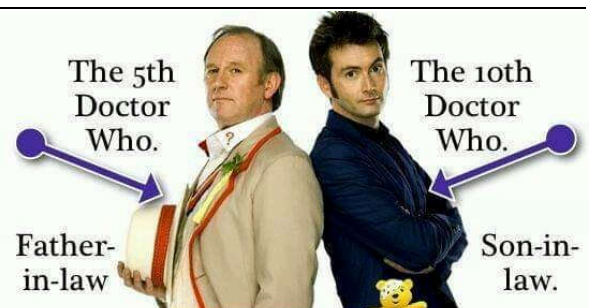
'Well, sir, you have no ears,' he answered sheepishly. The general rejected him too.

The third interview was with an old sergeant major, an infantryman and staff-trained NCO. He was smart, articulate, fit, and he too was impressive. He was also likeable, and it all depended upon the last question: 'Do you notice anything different about me, sergeant major?'

To his surprise the sergeant major replied, 'Yes, sir, you wear contact lenses.'

"How do you know that, Sergeant Major?"

'Well, sir,' the soldier replied, 'it's pretty hard to wear glasses with no f* ears.'



BUT WAIT - THERE'S MORE:

David Tennant (the 10th Doctor) met the daughter of Peter Davison (the 5th Doctor) on the set of the "Doctor Who" episode "The Doctor's Daughter", where she played... the Doctor's daughter. After they married, she gave birth to... a daughter

So essentially the Doctor married the Doctor's daughter after she played the Doctor's daughter, upon which she gave birth to the Doctor's daughter who is also the Doctor's granddaughter.

The lesson: TIME TRAVEL IS MESSED UP.

IN THE NEWS...

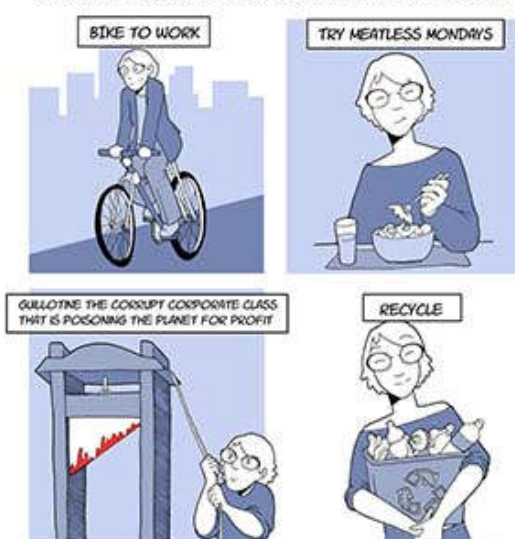
Just heard on the news that the Royal Baby is 'doing well'. 'Well'? He's only been on the planet five minutes, he's already a prince, absolutely loaded and will never have to work a day in his life. I'd say he's bloody smashing it!



RIP Doris Day and Chewbacca with a bit of philosophy on life from them both.

Not an RIP, but the end of May.

LITTLE THINGS YOU CAN DO TO SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT



Please keep an eye out for Grandad. He's been missing from his care home & was last seen wandering around Westminster making promises he can't keep, threatening to give away all our money & telling everyone he's Prime Minister.



THOSE MANIFESTOS IN FULL

Tory 1. This election shouldn't be taking place 2. We would have left Europe by now if it wasn't for the Conservative party 3. Vote Conservative to get rid of Mrs May	 Change UK (formerly the Independent Tigger Group) 1. Don't vote for us 2. Hang on, that's not right 3. Vote for us 4. Forget it, the candidate has pulled out anyway
Labour 1. This European election isn't about Europe 2. But if you wish either to remain in the EU or leave it, there is only one party to vote for 3. But don't vote for them. Vote Labour instead	 Brexit Party 1. Nigel Farage 2. See above 3. Ditto 4. Nigel Farage
Liberal Democrat 1. Bollocks to Brexit! 2. Bollocks to politeness! 3. Vote fucking Lib Dem!	 Green Party 1. We are against Brexit 2. We are worried that Brexit will lead to extinction 3. Of ourselves
	Ukip 1. Vote for us 2. That was just a tasteless joke 3. So was that 4. I'll come quietly, officer

In other political news, Extinction Rebellion continue to dominate. Elsewhere it was all about the local elections, but a favourite snippet came from the Guardian, where it was reported that amongst the hundreds of spoilt ballot papers was one that said simply 'wank' against each of the candidates other than Green, where it said 'not wank'. The vote counted! This was also good:

Royal Mail investigates fake Diane Abbott stamps

By Ajay Nair, news reporter Saturday 11 May 2019
Royal Mail is investigating fake stamps featuring Diane Abbott's face which are apparently making their way through the postal network. An anonymous man claiming to be a London postman shared images of the red stamps - one of which was franked - with several news outlets. It comes after Abbott, MP for Hackney North and Stoke Newington, became an internet sensation after she was seen sipping a canned mojito on a London tube train last month. The anonymous postie said the fake stamps were probably a "lighthearted stunt" despite it being a serious offence to send them. They told the Hackney Gazette: "I have spotted what apparently nobody else has... there's a Diane Abbott stamp making it through the mail. Obviously it's a serious offence to send fraudulent stamps through the mail, though I feel this might be a lighthearted stunt." But Royal Mail has said it is looking into the counterfeit stamps and is hoping to prosecute those behind them. A spokesperson said: "It is a crime to create or use counterfeit stamps. Royal Mail takes the necessary steps to protect stamp revenues which help fund the universal postal service which serves the UK's 30 million households and businesses. We will seek to prosecute where we find someone has created counterfeit stamps or knowingly sold used stamps for re-use. This matter is being investigated by our security team." Sky News has contacted Ms Abbott for comment.



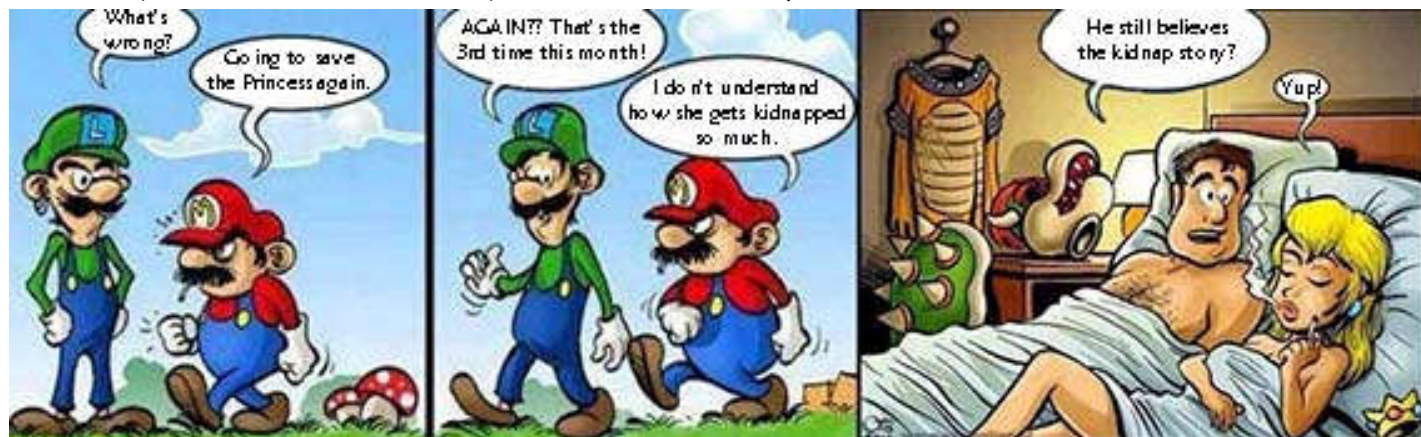
THE



END

SUPER SEX...

A little old lady was running up and down the halls in a nursing home. As she walked, she would flip up the hem of her nightgown and say, "Supersex!" She walked up to an elderly man in a wheelchair. Flipping her gown at him, she said, "Supersex!" He sat silently for a moment or two and finally answered, "I'll take the soup."



Superman was flying around thinking, "I need a shag". The Man of Steel was passing over Gotham City when he saw Batman, so he flew down for some advice. "Hey Bats, who's a good shag?" Batman replied, "Well Supe, everyone knows that Wonder Woman is the best sex in comic-land, why don't you try her?"

"I'd love to, but Wonder Woman and I are friends, so I don't really want to take advantage of her"

"Damn shame," said Batman, and waved goodbye to Superman as he flew off. Ten minutes later he was flying low over a city when he saw Spiderman swinging from rooftop to rooftop. He flew down. "Hey Spidey, I'm cruisin' for a bonk, who's the best shag?"

"Hey, Big S, everyone knows that Wonder Woman is far and away the best shag in comic-land, why don't you try her?"

"Well we are sort of friends," he said, "but I didn't realise she had gotten around so much" and he flew off in frustration.

Twenty minutes later he was flying over a field when he saw Wonder Woman lying naked, in the middle of the field, with her legs apart and up in the air. Superman was tempted. "Goddamn it!" he thought to himself, "I'm faster than a speeding bullet, I can be in and out of there before she even knows I'm here." So with a blur and a sonic boom he was down, in and gone.

Wonder Woman stared up into the sky with a glazed expression. "What the fuck was that?" she exclaimed.

"I don't know," said the Invisible Man, "but my arse is killing me."

** The invisible man loved to mess with Wonder Woman!*

