



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

The hash started in 1938, so our hash starts at 19.38, unless otherwise indicated.

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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
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.				
8th July 2019	2142	Anchor, Ringmer	BN8 5QE	Whose Shout & Cooperman
Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Take left at second roundabout through Cuilfail tunnel. Take right at next roundabout then right again onto B2192. Pub is opposite village green. Est. 15 mins.				
15th July 2019	2143	Saddlescombe Farm	BN45 7DE	St. Bernard
Directions: A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. Est. 10 mins.				
<u>Bring your tankards!</u>				
22nd July 2019	2144	Royal Oak, Lewes	BN7 2DA	JJ & Bo Peep
Directions: A27 east to Lewes roundabout. Up hill and straight on at traffic lights. Left after castle and first right for Needlemakers car park. Pub through alley, right and left Station St. Est. 15 mins.				
29th July 2019	2145	Stand-Up Inn, Lindfield	RH16 2HN	Rainbow Balls & Rich
Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. First left after pond for village car park. Pub slightly further up. 20 mins.				
5th August 2019	2146	Lockhart Tavern, Haywards Heath	RH16 3AS	One Erection
Directions: A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Left again still on A272, right at next two roundabouts, left at next, then straight on for one-way system. Follow round to the right past the Star pub and park in council car park on right. Pub down the Broadway on left. Est. 20 mins.				

on

RECEDING HARELINE:

12/08/19 Blacksmiths Arms, Offham - Shoots Off Early
19/08/19 Swan, Falmer - Fukarwe
26/08/19 Griffin, Fletching - Chaos (joint EGFz)
02/09/19 TBA - JAMS

HASHING AROUND SUSSEX.

W&NK H3 Sunday 21 July 2019 11:00am - Scud & Layby
Tilgate Park, Crawley RH11 9BQ. On inn Goffs Manor, Old Horsham
Rd, Crawley RH11 8PE

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Thought for the day: Money doesn't buy you happiness. Unless you spend it on beer (seen outside a Stockholm bar!)



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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/>

22-24/11/2019 *Barnes H3 Xmas Weekend - White Hart Hotel, Salisbury SP12SD* http://www.barnesh3.com/Xmas_19_Flyer.pdf

24-26/04/2020 Trinidad, Interhash - <https://www.interhashttrinidad2020.com/>

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MORE DATES FOR YOUR DIARY:

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

Final reminder that Brighton Hash are once again taking over the management of the Bevendean parkrun. Just like the hash, parkrun relies on volunteers so please let Bouncer know if you are able to assist, and 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 for a South Coast meet-up!

21st July 2019, 2pm onwards - ASTRID'S FIRST BIRTHDAY BRAAI

Come along to help us celebrate the first year of the birth of our beautiful daughter at our farm. Camping will be available or local alternative accommodation will be posted shortly. We can put up a few people in the house but not sure how many yet as we still need floor etc to go down.



Message from Mrs. Hash Gomi (Naomi):

David's 50th Birthday BBQ PARTY! (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...'

oo



On the 6th 7th & 8th September 2019 near Porlock
Only £60 per person till end of April £65 till end of June £70 after June

- 🍷 **Picnic Hash Saturday From Pool Bridge Campsite Near Porlock**
- 🎲 **Olde Worlde Organised Chaos With Fun And Games**
- 🍺 **Real Ales and Ciders Supplied**
- 🍴 **Lunch Breakfasts And Evening Meals Provided**
- 🏠 **Options on Bell Tent (additional charge applies)**
- 🔥 **Campfires And Singalong Bogs Style**
- 👑 **Knights, Dragons, Damsels And Jesters Fancy Dress**



London H3 2500th R*n!

Saturday 21st September 2019

Tickets - £30, excluding transport costs.

Ticket includes:

- Saturday Trains, Planes and Boats r*n with drinks stop
- Goody Bag including T-Shirt
- Food with drink token
- Sunday Hangover r*n (location TBC)

Programme:

Saturday 21st, The Paternoster, St Pauls

1100 - Registration

1230 - Trains, Planes and Boats r*n

1700 - Circle Up!

1800 - Food and Drinks

Sunday 22nd, Location TBC

1200 - Hangover R*n

Travel costs for Saturday - as the r*n name suggests, we will be taking several mode of transportation throughout the day, please ensure you have travel cards and/or bank cards with you.

Please see Ryde, Optimist, Grassy Arse and Road Runner to pay by cash.

Please note - T-Shirts sizes will only be guaranteed if registration is completed by 4th August. After this, we will try as best we can to get everybody their preferred sizes, but it will not be guaranteed, so register as soon as you can!

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLScDBTDeM0XS4uV6io8MOBHN57eaFMOtDG5wTMO_6Kq9v_k8jQ/viewform

THE BOOBY TRAP

On a serious note...

This American girl has a lot to say for herself, and a few pretty valid points. Not too sure how many guys would really have a problem with anything she says. But at the end of the day, it's still books. Books are nice.

Hey Facebook/IG. I noticed your community guidelines are awfully specific about when my naked body is appropriate and when it is not. I noticed that my nipples are appropriate when they are an act of protest, specifically, I also noticed you deem them appropriate if they are being used to feed a baby, or if I have breast cancer. But not any other time? Well, I am protesting.

I am protesting that society deems my body to be sexual when I am not doing anything sexual with it.

I am protesting that my boyfriend can lie outside in the park with his shirt off and I cannot.

I am protesting that lawmakers continue to take ownership of my body. In a country where we are supposed to be "free."

I am protesting that we have a president who would assault me if he could.

I am protesting that your guidelines don't make any sense.

I am protesting that you think my nipples are inherently sexual.

I am protesting that everybody seems to think they get a say about what I can and cannot do with my own body.

I hope you leave this photo up. Your guidelines are very specific, as I mentioned: "Where such intent is clear... we allow other images, including those depicting acts of protest. We understand that nudity can be shared for a variety of reasons, including as a form of protest, to raise awareness about a cause..."

I think that abortion bans are toward the top of a pyramid whose base is made up with cat-calling and my nipples being deemed too sexual to show in public.

I am protesting. I demand the same rights as men.



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On a lighter note...

When you lose your job in summer ☀️🌀



I am a 40 yo mom of 4, never go to the gym, and I dont diet... My secret?

Nothing! I am the one at the back...



Hey, I thought we'd finished with the protests!



We respect Ramadan,



no Bikinis

REHASHING

***Gardeners Arms, Sompting** – Did I miss it or did the hare really forget to mention the suicidal road crossing 200 yards into the hash at the chalk talk? At least there would be a sip! It would be a very townie run if we didn't cross the A27 but options on the Downs are also limited by the farmland to long straight stretches so it was nice to incorporate a look round Sompting church and out the back for a change. Heading up to Lambleys Barn the clear evening gave us impressive views out to the wind farm before the walkers split to go back down the road accompanied by lots of oohs and aahs as Pirate, whose current farm project involves fencing to keep the sheep in, spotted another example. The main pack carried on north round Lynchpole hill then south back to skirt the golf course and drop into Mr. Lyons sip at Lyons Farm Argos, while the walkers came round the back of the football ground (poignantly renamed the Matt Grimstone/ Jacob Schilt stadium after the players who lost their lives in the Shoreham Air Show tragedy) just a little too far ahead of the main pack for some who carried on inn and therefore missed the beers and munchies enjoyed by everyone else. Friendly host and locals always make this pub a pleasure, and of course the usual stories soon came out in the circle! With a notorious guest hitting our shores, new boot Rich P stood in to the usual questions after the hares beer, causing us to wonder just how the Trump would respond! Lily the Pink and Cinderella were the only members of the relay team hard enough to make it to the hash while the former related how we'd won under some obscure Chopper style rules. St. Bernard had been quite hare as the pack had to cross a gate to get back on trail, but Prince Crashpian saved himself 20 yards with a caught bickering with Rebel over her life changing scratches, but showed him the bottom of the glass in the end. And finally, the latest over-engineered version of the Twat mug went to Local Knowledge for his tight shirt bumps at the end. St Bernard was nominated to finish the beer but struggled with a cunningly placed flap un*



and Victoria Park, every potential SCB being greeted enthusiastically! The Thai grub from next door is another good reason to defy the weather but how does Lily do it - last in but gets the only plate the pub had. Must make a note to take one next time! In the circle, the RA made a grovelling apology for the heavy showers during the run with the decision to hold the Cricket World Cup in England in June being a wet weather certainty too great to overcome. Psychlepath had sensibly decided against his usual excellent sip as no-one would have enjoyed standing around in the deluge, but found himself beaten by Summer Lady with the down down. It was the ladies night as Wildbush had been credited as first Brighton Hasher home at the Beer Lovers Marathon, a result called into question by Keeps It Up and Wilds Thing. The former joined her for beer, after crashing both on the BLM and this evening (taking Cyst Pit out on the way), and the latter also for discarding his first beer in the race. Trouble, who left early this evening, and Dangleberry (still away) got mentioned in dispatches having also completed with Dangleberry who took the Angel award for most enthusiastic participation in the liquid side of things. The South Downs Way 100 was on at the weekend too, for which Bouncer had popped up in support of another hasher, Hummingbird. She was later joined by MeMe for the last 16 miles who joked that his Garmin didn't pick up a signal for the first 84 miles! Lily the Pink ran the last 30 miles with his brother Dom who motored home to 9th, and One Erection had also joined in as support for a friend for 22 miles. The Twat mug was resting in Local Knowledge's car but St. Bernard had driven this week. Another great hash!

on

In Spain on holiday I insisted that my children have an afternoon nap, as we were not eating till very late at night. The rest of the children at the hotel tended to spend the afternoon in and around the pool. One day they were kicking up lot more fuss than usual. In the middle of the tantrums, a friend came into the room. "What's all the commotion?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," I said. "Just the siesta resistance."



Heath, Haywards Heath – With the elements conspiring against us for once, the potential for some visitors from local running groups evaporated to leave a small pack prepared to regard the rain as a free post-run shower! Many of those who did turn up had gone extreme at the weekend in other ways so the short run promised was well received. Heading across and down the Ashenground road the main pack took a left heading out to Kiln Wood and Clearwaters Farm returning via Colwell Lane and the edge

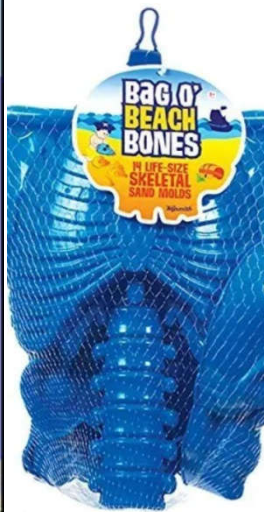
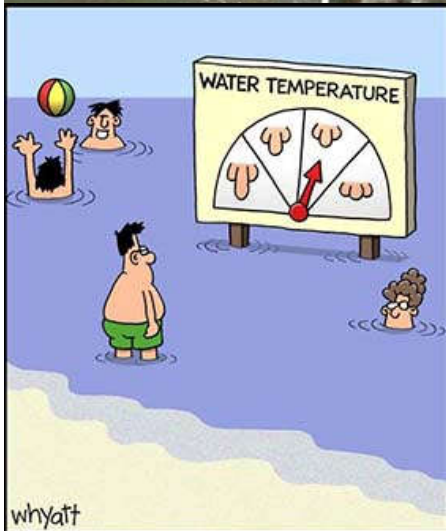
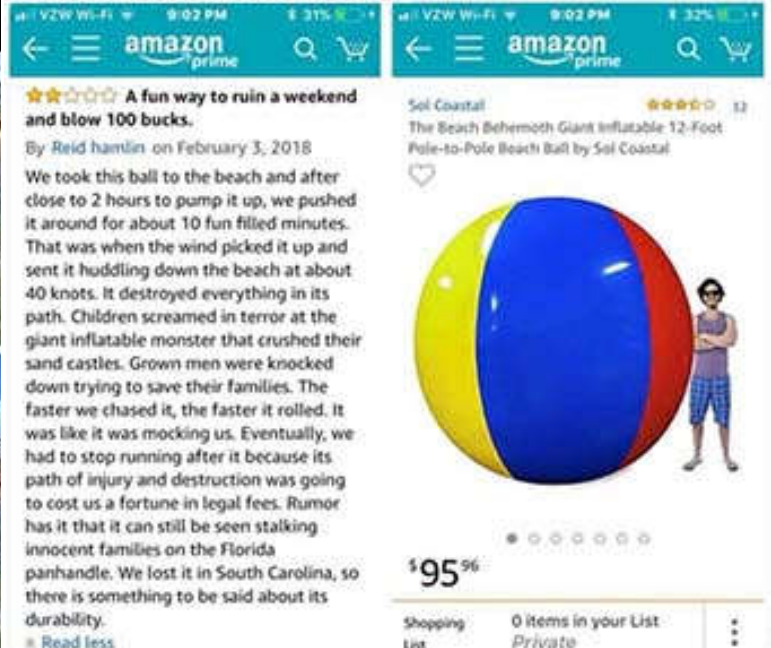


DOWN AT THE BEACH...

The awkward moment when you're so focused on taking a photo that you lose Nanna.



This Amazon review



A couple lived near the ocean and used to walk the beach a lot. One summer they noticed a girl who was at the beach almost every day. She wasn't unusual, nor was the travel bag she carried, except for one thing; she would approach people who were sitting on the beach, glance around and then speak to them. Generally, the people would respond negatively and she would wander off. But occasionally someone would nod and there would be a quick exchange of money and something that she carried in her bag. The couple assumed that she was selling drugs and debated calling the cops, but since they didn't know for sure, they decided to just continue watching her. After a couple of weeks the wife said, 'Honey, have you ever noticed that she only goes up to people with boom boxes and other electronic devices?' He hadn't and said so. Then she said, 'Tomorrow I want you to get a towel and our big radio and go lie out on the beach. Then we can find out what she's really doing.'

Well, the plan went off without a hitch and the wife was almost hopping up and down with anticipation when she saw the girl talk to her husband and then leave.. The man then walked up the beach and met his wife at the road. 'Well, is she selling drugs?' she asked excitedly.

'No, she's not,' he said, enjoying this probably more than he should have.

'Well, what is it then? What does she do?' his wife fairly shrieked. The man grinned and said, 'She's a battery salesperson.'

'Batteries?' cried the wife. 'Yes!' he replied. 'She Sells C Cells by the Seashore!'



REHASHING (continued)

***Queen Victoria, Rottingdean** – They came, they parked, then without any further ado, they hashed! A Prof solo trail saw the pack go up the usual alley, round the village pond and steadily ascend Beacon Hill on a northerly track before hitting the roads above Longhill school. A bridleway took us up Mount Pleasant and another down to Ovingdean, climbing again out past Roedean and down to the cliffs where trail was eventually located (despite the lure of the walkers on the clifftop path for some) on the undercliff walk. The weather was a marked improvement on recent days so, although it looked unappealing from the top with the tide*



seemingly out, quite a few made it into the sea for the splash hash, including the long lost Fridge returning for the first time in about 4 years! Drying off and squelching our way into the pub for the pie and a pint deal we were soon regaled with entertaining stories of the nights activities and a noticeable difference of opinion between Eat My Cucumber, who complained about the lack of marks, and Lily the Pink who arrived late and complimented the hare on how well trail was laid! Shoots Off Early hadn't made it this evening but had taken Burgess Hill Runners on a hash to the Bogeyman Stile on their Friday pub run, which new boot Thomas had enjoyed so much he decided to come along, and by the way he extricated himself from the barbed wire and necked his downer, we could have a natural! Next up were the clifftop SCB's starting with Cyst Pit, who'd run over but failed to complete trail; Whose Shout who'd failed to get a laugh from Ride-It, Baby despite wearing out his "There's a Cow, Pat" joke; and Psychlepath got the blame for Summer Lady's jitters at the cattle. Anybody had declined to join Bouncer's 250th parkrun celebration on Saturday as "it was too hilly", had suffered the hills this evening so also SCB'd but did the extra hill behind St. Dunstons instead of the flat sea front finish! It was Local Knowledge's turn to drive this week but he'd brought the wrong car so there was

still no Twat mug, which was a good job for our wildlife expert St. Bernard who'd called out "Hello girls" to the bull calves, but there was plenty of competition with Pirate justifying his tag by wearing an eye patch for most of the week after an H&S fail while welding. Dangleberry made it to receive his Angel of the year after getting 'vey vey drunk' at the beer marathon, and Rebel, returning from the swim had told the world about the crabs in his running gear. Another great hash!

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PEP, Ditchling - As you'd expect for the midsummer/ birthday bbq a large pack gathered in Local Knowledges garden, many of whom took advantage of the tapped ale to engage in a spot of early quality testing. Heading north from Petes the pack was soon off across Ditchling Common, a sight that brought a smile to the faces of the walkers as they caught up. They knew it wasn't that way, as we went west on Wellhouse, then south on Ockley Lane to pick up the Oldland Mill path. There had been rumours of a sip at some stage but Astrid announced an early one forcing the walkers to a stop. While the runners headed back into Keymer, picked up the path east for some amazing views of the South Downs then wriggled through Ditchling to find the sip along the path to the back of the Nursery for the on inn, the walkers short cut across towards Macs. With the time suggesting they were probably ahead of the pack, the sign for the sip ahead was encouraging, but there was nothing either here or at the next stile, and a phone call from Keeps It Up confirmed that we were behind. Having to deal with an overly friendly nag did nothing to speed our passage and so we arrived to find most of the food already being enthusiastically devoured. Circling up to the plaintive wittering of Wiggy who'd consequently missed out on the crumble, Pete and Marion were duly thanked along with the all their helpers, a group that is growing larger by the year. St Bernard was given a slightly hard time over the missing sip, before one of his volunteers, Darnot, received his virgin beer, dispatched in true Charlie style! Anybody was delighted to be reunited with his tankard, left behind some years earlier and having suffered a similar fate to the current Twat mug of Pete never knowing where it was! Resident pantomime horse Prince Crashpian was called to judge whether as Wildbush had thought, Heinz standing in for the former and her mistake being deemed downable. Controver receiving the blame for stopping dead and pretending to step over but he blamed Hash Gomi who in turn pointed Psychlepath and Spuratacus who were on the wrong end of the jape! Psychlepath was also accused of racism or blocking tactics. And finally the Twat mug, finally found, was offered to Rebel for removing the sip, then announced Hare St. Bernard was also called in for disappointing even though he passed the bottle round afterwards, but Bo to get there, Cooperman also decided to join in just because there was leftover beer! Another great midsummer birthday



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THE PRIDE OF SUSSEX

Yorkshire famously has its white rose, Lancashire has a red rose and Kent has the common hop, but did you know that Sussex has its very own county flower?!

The round-headed rampion was adopted as the county flower in 2002 but had been associated with Sussex for many centuries, locally known as the 'Pride of Sussex' since at least the 19th century,

The wildflower is scientifically known as the *Phyteuma orbiculare* and is a herbaceous perennial plant (a herb plant which lives for more than two years) of the genus *Phyteuma* (Rampion) belonging to the family *Campanulaceae* (bellflower family).

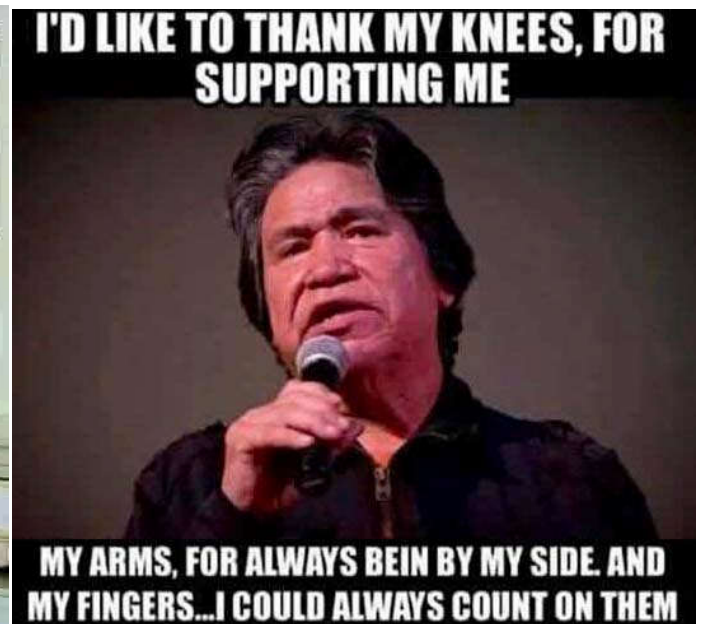
The plant with its 'sharp-blue' flowers lives on chalk grassland and is more common on the South Downs than anywhere else in the UK. Its appearance isn't as it seems though; each head, rather than being a single bloom, is actually a collection of smaller ones, huddled together. The round-headed rampion which can grow up to 19.7 inches (50cm) tall, flowers between July and August.

As Sussex's county flower, it appears on Ringmer's village sign, erected in 1923 and in 2011 its name was chosen for the Rampion Wind Farm, a wind farm off the coast of Sussex.

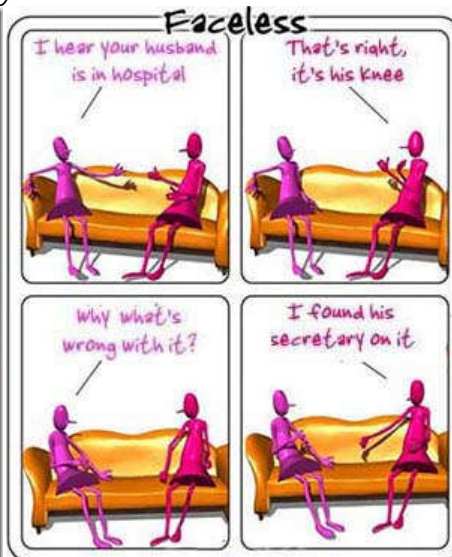


KNEES UP, MR BOUNCER, KNEES UP, MR BOUNCER

On the op table you must go, knee-i, knee-i, knee-i-o...



I had my leg X-rayed today. The doctor said: "Your patella measures 2.54cm".
I said "Inch-high knees?". He said: "你的髌骨长2.54厘米"



A man and woman got married, and as they were old-fashioned, they had never had sexual relations. On their wedding night, as the man began to get undressed, his twisted and mangled toes came into view, causing his new bride to gasp.

"Oh," he said, "I should have told you before now, I contracted Tolio as a child."

"Tolio," she said, "don't you mean Polio?"

"No," he said, "look at my toes, I had a severe case of Tolio." The wife agreed with that.

As he continued to undress, his multi-coloured and deformed knees came into view, again causing his new spouse to gasp. "After the Tolio, I contracted the Kneasles," the man said.

"Kneasles," his wife replied, "you don't mean Measles?"

"No," he said, "look at my knees, I had the Kneasles."

As he continued to undress, taking off his pants, his wife cried out loud, "Oh my GOD, you caught the Small Cox, too!!!"



If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would've put them on my knees.

ROAMING HASHES...

Dangullivers Travels part 3: - Hashing with the Algarve H3

In a word, bonkers. Clearly, the sun has got to the head of the hashers down here, in a nice way. And they have some unusual customs, perhaps inherited from elsewhere. Though I like to imagine the group having uniquely evolved, at this far flung corner of the continent. The meet started differently, with the option of an officially-sanctioned prelube beer/wine/water and watermelon slice, or two. These retrieved from several suitcase-sized iceboxes. The proceeding were opened by Grand Mattress Birdwoman, and RA Skid Marc, who introduced hare Wankernobi. The hare then proceeded to rather confuse the pack, with route options, and options upon options. Indeed, once underway, the 6 mile runner's trail looped back on itself, to join with the 4 mile walker's path. With the combined out-trail then crossing over and/or merging with the in-trail. Resulting in predictable



mayhem, and some parts of the route being run/walked 'backwards', for which the offending FRB scored a Down Down. The mayhem was compounded by markings often being on the right, despite Wankernobi informing us they would be on the left. With it transpiring later, that he did not actually know the difference between left and right. For which a Down Down was of course, awarded. The tree-shaded route passed through rocky terrain, between thorn bushes, gently ascending to the midway beer stop. The invite had suggested hashers might like to have swimming gear for the stop. And so it transpired, Wankernobi had brought us to a circular water reservoir, used by the fire brigade for extinguishing forest fires. Indeed, on recce, the hare had witnessed a procession of 3 helicopters, scooping out water with a dangle(berry)Id e whole pack. Floating was a door-sized piece of cork, which was naturally hash 'spa'. In-trailing back on parts of the out-trail, we reached our start, ie RA called the circle. Centre, there was a hash device I had heard about,

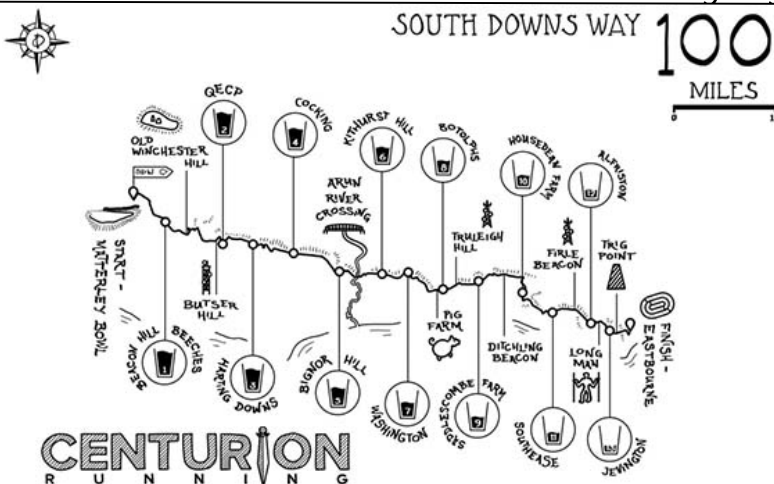
bucket. The reservoir, at about 10m wide and a metre deep, was ample for the appropriated as a lilo. And there we enjoyed ice-cold beers and crisps, in our where beer/wine/water/crisps/melon were enthusiastically consumed, before though never before seen: The Ice Seat. I'm told Algarve hash used to be a little wilder, and it was trousers down. But now it's sit as you are, to hear of your misdemeanours, and down your Down Down. And so a series of mostly trumped-up charges were heard and DD's downed. In the case of joint DD's, the seated miscreant was sat on or in one case straddled by the second. About half-way through all this, the entire pack suddenly and unexpectedly dropped to one knee. I did likewise. Turns out, this is to be done when a plush toy chicken, named Stretch the Cock, is thrown to the ground. And accompanied by all shouting something out. Last hasher standing, gets a DD. Stretch may be seen within the mis-management committee gallery at the link, <http://www.algarvehhh.org/home.html>. The connection being, that a painted Portuguese Cock is the Algarve H3 emblem, as pictured above.. The proceedings then turned to the awarding of 'the bones', for some paper-thin ch of the awarded hasher for a week, until the next hash. With the bones being which, I presume the awarded hasher is free to add. During this cavalcade of their neck, a toilet seat, with a gaudily-coloured faux-fur cover. Turns out, this a double award. So, deliberation then occurred as to whether the present badger more deserving cases, amongst the pack, to which the toilet seat should rightly pass other pass to harrier Shurley, I think it was. DD's and Awards complete, a custom is for the hare and assistants to cook a meal for the assembled pack. We to which we added spicy shredded beef, pearl onions, and stewed red and green recommend, a holiday in the Algarve, timed to coincide with a Wankernobi ha



proceedings then turned to the awarding of 'the bones', for some paper-thin charge. Much like the footie World Cup trophy, the bones are in the possession of the awarded hasher for a week, until the next hash. With the bones being a stack of 5 sheep vertebrae, and a collection of other accumulated junk. To which, I presume the awarded hasher is free to add. During this cavalcade of nonsense, I had been wondering why 2 of the pack each had hooped around their neck, a toilet seat, with a gaudily-coloured faux-fur cover. Turns out, this is the badge of 'shite-of-the-week'. And it would seem, there's enough shite for a double award. So, deliberation then occurred as to whether the present badge-holders were still shite / a shite / experiencing shite. Or whether there were more deserving cases, amongst the pack, to which the toilet seat should rightly pass. In a mixed result, it was concluded that one seat should stay put, and the other pass to harrier Shurley, I think it was. DD's and Awards complete, attention then turned to the dinner, included in the €5 hash fee. Algarve H3 custom is for the hare and assistants to cook a meal for the assembled pack. Wankernobi, as happens, is a chef. He treated us to a Mexican dish of soft tacos, to which we added spicy shredded beef, pearl onions, and stewed red and green pepper strips, with sides of tomato rice, bean sauce, and corn sauce. May I recommend, a holiday in the Algarve, timed to coincide with a Wankernobi hash?

On On, Dangleberry

On On, Dangleberry



A tale of two South Downs ways – our squad for the 100 mile relay 1st June, and map for the Centurion 100 miler which went the other way a week later.

FRANCE - a tale of four hashes...

Since Greyhound Niel sold up in Montreuil and himself moved off to the West Country, we haven't had any more of the BARMY French hashes so the kind invitation for BH7 folk to visit Split Pin and Bollocks of Henfield H3's new place near Desertines was enthusiastically received. The Summer Solstice made a logical choice but it was unfortunately still school time which limited the available visit length. That didn't bother Pirate and Soggy Crack as Astrid is a few years away from school so they went out on the Thursday and took an enviably relaxed drive down. Cyst Pit and Radio Soap with Coff and Louie the Lip were on the early Friday ferry so Angel, myself, Roaming Pussy and ET (whose developing French skills we hoped to utilize!) plus Dangleberry joined them, the latter as a foot passenger hiring a car in Dieppe. With rush hour looming as we got on the road it was every car for itself as we meandered down to Chez Kirk, a lovely place with enormous potential rapidly being realised by the impressive building skills of Bollocks, despite the ease he gets distracted by a stubby. Neighbours in their small community had kindly opened up their house for various folk to stay in, while Pirate and co were in a hidden caravan, and the rest tented. Jane had prepared, with assistance from Mrs Box and Butler (who also have a place about 40 minutes away), a fantastic curry for us soon after arrival which was inevitably washed down with beer. Any opportunity to avoid doing real organising meant that we leapt on the chance to make this the CRAFT H3 campout although the lack of pub opportunities in the sticks meant some sideways thinking was required. And so a number of pop-up pubs were planted around the site, along with a small trail for all to follow post meal. With Coff and Louie the lip leading the way pub#2 was "Tente des Videurs" where Old Ale and Lidl's finest beers were on offer along with petanque which kept people amused. On was soon called to a check, trail being located past Dangleberry's tent and down for noughts and crosses and, er, ring toss at #3 "Derrière la Grange". A few went off trail here before dust was located through the allotments and on to #4 "la Cour" where the by now fading light added a certain je ne c'est quoi to the games of skittles! On inn back to base a fire was soon lit in the excellent pit by our host and beers were consumed while fat was chewed into the stupidly small hours and pumping music kept those who'd had a long day awake, oops.



Saturday morning was a rare 'no parkrun day' for us even though I'd made my best effort to persuade Angel onto the red-eye so we could take in Rouen on the way, but the weather was fantastic as we leaped into cars and headed off to the pre-laid hash at Brece near Gorron. Driving in tandem we parked up and set off in the sun for a lovely run along the side of the Ruisseau de Saulnière, mostly following the Saup de Loup randonnee. Checks were invariably by an ooh and aah spot with mills and weirs in abundance and a poo sticks regroup at a bridge. I was determined to run for at least 5k but Dangleberry had set a formidable early pace, then we were all taken out by the hill away from the river and up to a sweaty road where we bumped into the walkers. Mistake number one was finding myself out front with Vinnie, so I had my work cut out to keep him safe then I checked on the Randonnee while the pack went off in search of a megalithic tomb from 2400 years BC. Regrouping again here breath was recovered and we picked up another road, then headed back down to the river before reaching a closed path and being forced back up the hill. Cyst Pit and Coff built a huge lead here, with Roaming Pussy close behind as I panicked about ET but trail was clear down through the farm and a couple of fields back to the river and finally the excellent sip stop at Pont à Bouty -

snacks and beers courtesy of the Beachy Head Jumpers hash! Gathering Dangleberry from the river he was lying in fatigued from his early efforts we headed on inn with a plan to have a beer in Gorron but unfortunately the pub was closed so it was just the Super U to stock up on wine and food for the evening BBQ. An excellent trail indeed! Back at base chillaxing was the order of the day before the maddest of meals as everybody seemed to be involved prepping or cooking something different! Somehow it all worked out and everybody got fed although Pirates full roast on a campfire took the biscuit. Another late night by the fire ensued accompanied by far better and democratic sounds.

The hoped for kayaking wasn't available Sunday morning so several went off to see a local manor house until it was time for us to leave. All very sad given that the photos from the afternoon kayaking looked like a good time was had by all who remained. Cultural pictures from the castle also looked impressive so we'll definitely have to find more time on our next visit! Huge thanks to John and Jane for their hospitality and we look forward to a return soon. Bx



The problems BH7 have in getting loo roll to set trail with in France!

IN THE NEWS...

Jamie Oliver forgetting that the generation he stole school dinners from would eventually become his client base.



Following his departure from ITV, Jeremy Kyle has started his first day at ASDA



Worst episode of Downton Abbey ever. The new butler looks like an insufferable asshole.



Worst vampire ever. Took him 11 years to turn into a bat

Variety @Variety · 7h

Warner Bros. has confirmed that Robert Pattinson is the new #Batman [trib.al/FPUqktK](https://twitter.com/variety/status/1011111111)

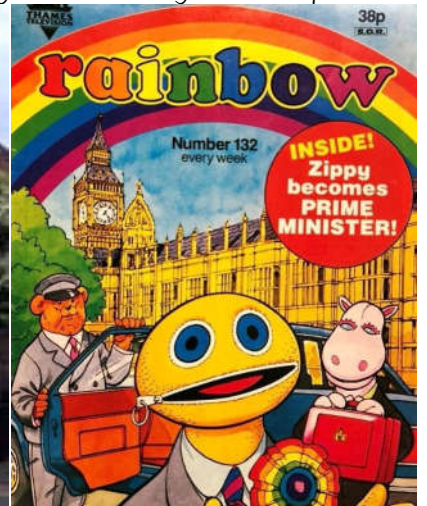


WORST PARENTING EVER!



This is actually disgusting. Forcing a child who doesn't know any better to do something just because you believe in it. No child should be made to wear Crocs in public please stop this.

Madrid police have raised concerns that Tottenham fans may take flares to the stadium on 1st June. Because that's what they wore the last time they were in a European final.



What's the difference between the Champions League streaker and Harry Kane? The streaker was actually fit!

"We scientists don't know how to do that"

"I used to think the top environmental problems were biodiversity loss, ecosystem collapse and climate change.

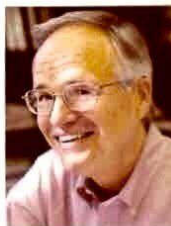
I thought that with 30 years of good science we could address those problems.

But I was wrong. The top environmental problems are selfishness, greed and apathy...

...and to deal with those we need a spiritual and cultural transformation

- and we scientists don't know how to do that."

Gus Speth



WHEN YOUR EX COLONY IS CELEBRATING IT'S FREEDOM



BUT THEY'RE LIVING UNDER DONALD TRUMP INSTEAD

Message from the wife: "For Fathers day I'm giving you the gift of alone time with the children. All weekend. No, no I insist!"



The first half of June...



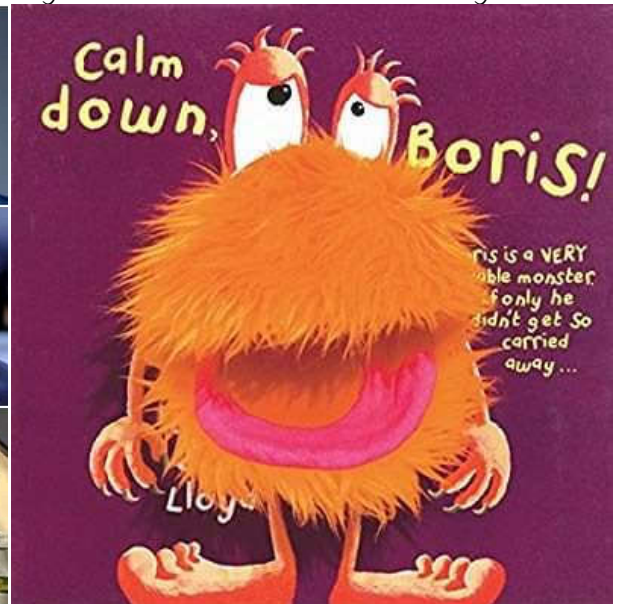
Neville Neville is the name of your Dad...



Three irons on my shirt...



Do you know your Jeremy Rimmer from your Arnold Hunt?



Guess who shopped him for rowing?



How June ended up...

POLICE RELEASE FIRST IMAGE OF FEMALE NEIGHBOUR WHO CALLED THE COPS ON BORIS..



Adrian Edmondson @Adrian... · 7h
That's one hell of a sombrero he's wearing. And I thought he didn't like Mexico?





END

My dad is Irish and my mum is Iranian, which meant that we spent most of our family holidays in Customs. - Patrick Monahan at the Gilded Balloon

A travel agent looked up from his desk to see an old lady and an old gentleman peering in the shop window at the posters showing the glamorous Destinations around the world. The agent had had a good week and the dejected couple looking in the window gave him a rare feeling of generosity.

He called them into his shop: 'I know that on your pension you could never hope to have a holiday, so I am sending you both off to a fabulous resort at my expense, and I won't take no for an answer.'

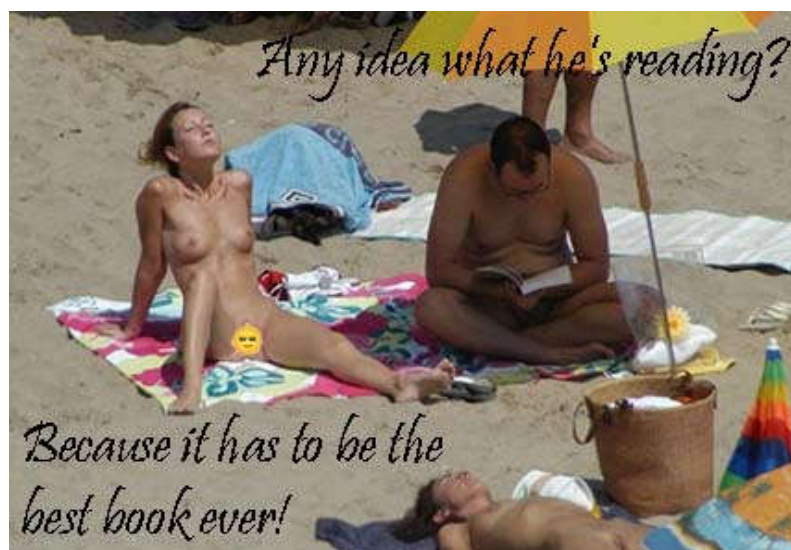
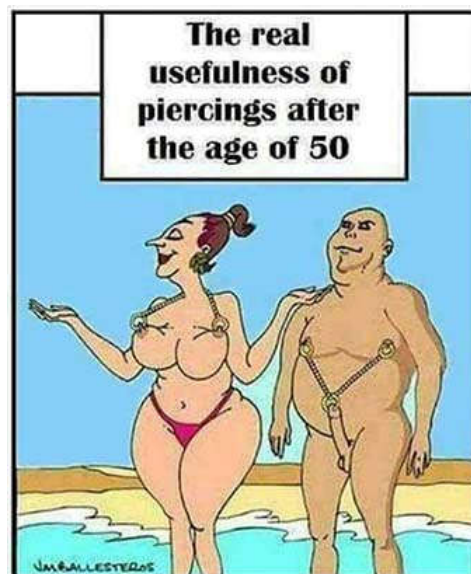
He took them inside and asked his secretary to write two flight tickets and book a room in a five star hotel. They, as can be expected, gladly accepted, and were off!

About a month later the little old lady came in to his shop.

'And how did you like your holiday?' he asked eagerly.

'The flight was exciting and the room was lovely,' she said. 'I've come to thank you but, one thing puzzled me.. Who was that old bugger I had to share the room with?'

- *Phoned Sea World and they asked me to say "Jump through the hoop" 3 times. Apparently my call may be used for training porpoises..*
- *Went on a mini break to Germany, bought some perfume with my credit card, and now suddenly there's lots of dodgy transactions showing on my account! I think my card has been Cologned..*



A mother and father take their 6-year old son to a family nude beach...

As the boy walks along the sand, he notices that many of the women have books bigger than his mother's, so he goes back to ask her why.

She tells her son, 'The bigger they are, the sillier the lady is.'

The boy, pleased with the answer, goes to play in the ocean but returns to tell his mother that many of the men have larger things than his dad does.

She replies, 'The bigger they are, the dumber the man is'

Again satisfied with her answer, the boy goes back to the ocean to play. Shortly thereafter, the boy returns and promptly tells his mother:

'Daddy is talking to the silliest lady on the beach, and the longer he talks, the dumber he gets.'

oo

Running or Fucking? That is the question. Aka exercise or sexercise!

Doing any kind of exercise is excellent for your health. But, for those who still have doubts when choosing, here you will find 7 good reasons to decide between Running or Fucking.

- 1.- When you run, you usually go alone. If you go with someone you just want to run faster than the other. Fucking? No. You always try to reach the goal together. Therefore, fuck "Develops teamwork and avoids selfishness."

- 2.- To run you have to buy a lot of clothes that, normally, is quite expensive. However, to fuck, just take off the one you're wearing. As you can see, fucking "encourages saving, and avoids consumerism"

- 3.- To run you have to get out of bed.
To fuck, its the opposite. We all know that bed is better than nowhere. Therefore while fucking, "We exercise while we are, where we are best"

- 4.- Running requires great effort and gives little pleasure.
Fucking gives enormous pleasure and the effort is minimal. So while fucking, we experience how to, "Make the most of it with the minimum effort"

- 5.- After running, you end up exhausted and your knees and legs hurt.
However, after fucking, you have a smile from ear to ear! It is clear that through fucking "we discover the joy of living"

- 6.- If they call you to run, you will almost never go.
Now, if they call you to fuck? ... Ahhhhhhhhhh! ... Right ?!!!. You will reach on time. It is clear, fuck "increases punctuality."

- 7.- Another very important reason is that after running you do not feel like repeating the race.
But, after fucking, you want to repeat again. Yes or no?!!! So, through fucking we achieve "true interest in what is done and promotes the value of perseverance." So the winner is Sexercise every time!
[Although it seems hashing provides a very nice middle ground! Ed.] ON ON!

[Although it seems hashing provides a very nice middle ground! Ed.] ON ON!