

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers
R-ns/trash #268 September 2019

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

2nd September 2019 2150 Prestonville Arms, Brighton BN1 5DN JAWS & JUGS

Directions: 1) From seafront head up A23 via London Road to Preston Circus, then left at lights. 2) From Patcham, south on A23 past Preston Park and stay right round one-way to lights. All: Under railway arch, right at lights and first right Hamilton Road. Pub 50m on left. Parking very difficult /limited so allow extra time. **Est. 15 mins. including finding a space!**

9th September 2019 2151 White Horse, Ditchling BN6 8TS Lily the Pink

Directions. A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Right at roundabout. Park in village car park on right. Est. 10 mins.

16th September 2019 2152 Telscombe Tavern BN10 7AD Hash Gomi

Directions. A23 south to pier. Turn left along A259. Pub is approx. 5 miles on right hand-side. Est. 10 mins.

23rd September 2019 2153 Plough, Pyecombe BN45 7FN St. Bernard

Directions. A23 north. Off at first exit A273. 1st left, pub on right. Est. 5 mins.

30th September 2019 2154 Snowdrop, Lindfield RH16 2QE Eat My Cucumber/ Just Kikkim

Directions. A23 north to Pyecombe, filter left onto the A273 then turn right onto the B2112 through Ditchling, past Wivelsfield to Fox and Hounds. At the next roundabout take the 4th exit onto the A272. At the next roundabout stay on the A272 (second exit). Third left into Snowdrop Lane. Pub 400 metres on left. **Est. 25 mins.**

7th October 2019 2155 Angel & Bollocks
Frankland Arms, Washington RH20 4AL

Directions. A27 to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning. Left into Village and pub is on right. **Est.** 25 mins.

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RECEDING HARELINE:

14/10/19 Giants Rest, Wilmington David Harris & Prof

21/10/19 Jolly 'Jack' Tanners - Mudlark

28/10/19 Eager hare required

04/11/19 Beard; field Nur; ery - Local Knowledge

HASHING AROUND SUSSEX:

W&NK H3 11:00am Sunday 15 Sept – Sir Ray - 70th birthday The farthest car park along the lane from The Fox, Fox Lane, Caterham CR3 5QS. Also birthday celebration for Lunchbox, Layby and Little Bear with a picnic in the car park!

Hastings H3 - OCH3 are having an away weekend in Winchelsea:

Run 1 will be on Sat Oct 5th and will be around 6 miles. Run 2 will be on Sun 6th and will be a typical Hangover run.

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Thought for the day: So if I go running on weekdays to burn enough calories to cover my drinking on weekends, does that make me a runner, an alcoholic or a hasher?



BH7 HA\$H EVENT\$ DIARY & NOTICE\$

DIARY DATES — see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashess

06-9/09/2019 **BOG\$ A\$\$ Hash** – nr. Porlock, Somerset http://www.bristolhash.org.uk/BogsASSRego2019.pdf

14/09/2019 Hash Gomi's 50th Birthday PARTAY! - from 15:00 - 42 Telscombe Cliffs Way, Peacehaven, BN10 7DT

21/09/2019 **Lendon H3 2500th R*n!** – Trains, Planes and Boats r*n – *see July trash for link.*

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

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

05-7/06/2020 **Jurassic UK Full Moon Nash Hash -** Swanage & Wareham RFC http://www.geoffkirby.co.uk/UKFullMoon2020

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Massive congratulations to **Bebs Crutch**, Anne Witney who came 2nd in the European Vets Sprint Triathlon Championships in Kazan, Russia:

Championships in Kazan, Russia:

Meanwhile things didn't go so well for the men's 4 x 400m relay team elsewhere:

Shambles as Great Britain disqualified from 4x400m relay final at the European Team Championships after accidentally naming SHOT PUTTER

- Rabah Yousif meant to run with Ethan Brown, Lee Thompson and Martyn Rooney
- Somehow British team officials contrived to instead enter Youcef Zatat
- Zatat is a shot putter who was a squad reserve and not in the country

By RIATH AL-SAMARRAI FOR THE DAILY MAIL PUBLISHED: 22:30, 11 August 2019 A shambolic administration error caused Britain to be disqualified from the 4x400m relay final at the European Team Championships on Sunday night after they inadvertently named a shot putter to run the first leg.

It had been planned that Rabah Yousif, a 2014 European relay gold medallist, would lead off Ethan Brown, Lee Thompson and Martyn Rooney in Poland. But somehow British team officials contrived to instead enter Youcef Zatat, a shot putter who was a squad reserve and not in the country. The team hierarchy were on Sunday night investigating how the gaffe happened.





Hash mismanagement — the latest who's who:

Joint GM's Phil 'Chopper' Mutton

Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood

On-Sec Don 'On-Don' Elwick

Webfart Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle Hash Cash Julia 'JJ' Madigan

Hare Raiser Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons Beer Monster Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson

RA's

John 'Bouncer' Biggins Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

Haberhash Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland

Hash Trash John 'Bouncer' Biggins Hash relay Pete 'Prof' Thomas

Christmas Hash Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt
Hash awards Nigel 'Mudlark' Wilce (resigned)

Performance director Neil Black said: 'It is gutting for the athletes involved. There was an error with the declaration process and we are exploring exactly what happened. We'll be reviewing with those involved in detail over the next day or so. The athletes were amazing. They were informed and took it on the chin. It is the worst way to finish the event and we apologise to those who were looking forward to seeing the GB men's 4x400m team doing battle as we know they would have competed with excellence.'

Britain finished the event in fifth place in the wake of the blunder, having started the final day of the three-day competition in fourth place. Poland took the title on home soil.

Britain only sent a moderate-strength team to Poland but the situation will be a significant disappointment to a set-up that invests heavily in its relay programme. Yousif has been part of 4x400m squads that took medals at each of the past three European Championships as well as bronze medals at the 2015 and 2017 World Championships.

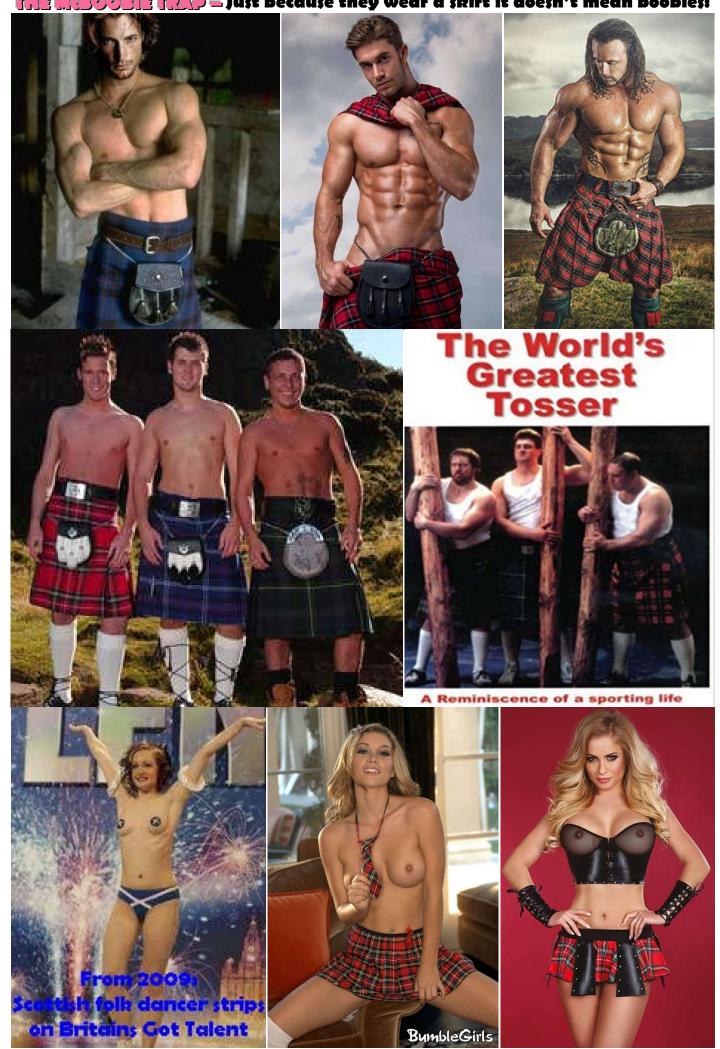
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Bouncer in Edinburgh: "Can I have a beer please?"

"Sir, this is a McDonalds."

"Oh sorry. Can I have a McBeer please?"

THE MIBOOBLE TRAP — Just because they wear a skirt it doesn't mean boobies:



REHASHING

Stand Up, Lindfield – Yes, this should have appeared last time, but trash was full and Rainbow Balls promised a report so a rollover gave him more time. Given that he still hasn't submitted a report you'll have to put up with my ailing memory making stuff up! Kudos to Roaming Pussy who made a quick mention on the Burgess Hill Runners website resulting in a huge pack outside the pub, along with occasional visitors. Putting the memories of our last disastrous visit to Lindfield behind us we headed off up the High Street and over the hill to some mild grumbling about the dangerous road. Crossing the Ouse, trail was picked up to the right through Paxhill Park, overlooked by the impressive house which no-one believed was my other place. Led by Wildbush the walkers took a short-cut to hit the road at East Mascalls at the end of the golf course while the runners pack played in Grove Wood. Back on trail heading west along the river, we soon lost Pirate, Soggy Crack, Astrid and Wiggy any one of whom could be to blame for their slow movement. Runners then headed off through Wanstead for a long road return while the knitting circle made their way on inn via the Church. Sadly this pub doesn't allow any child, even if they are only one, so several wandered over the road to keep Astrid company as she got her beer elsewhere, while the rest of us enjoyed the Thai grub on offer. Circling up and mention was made of Rainbow Balls setting trail on Pride weekend, although that was called into question by Angel moaning about a lack of marks. Chaos had gone one better after returning late claiming he was looking for the non-existent sip, by producing a bag of flour and can of beer for the hare! It's a bad

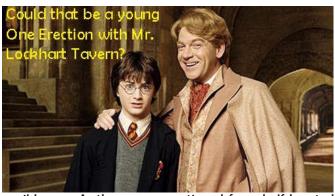


idea to draw attention to yourself when you've got new shoes quite blatantly on display complete with price tag and so Chaos found himself downing from the right shoe which was the wrong shoe which meant the left shoe also got blessed. The new boots



theme continued with the virgins Rob, plus representatives from the many Burgess Hill Runners - Anita, Matt, Kevin and Gale. Reported in the meeia this week was the news that as monkeys have learnt to use twigs as tools, their life expectancy has increased. The corollary to that is that, if you don't learn, your life expectancy must reduce, and Just Kikkim is our example here having once again struggled round with Stormdog. Eat My Cucumber had been whinging after a fall, but the beers went to Big Drawers and Cinderfella both of whom landed in the ditch after falling off the rope swing when the log snapped! Happy Ending arrived late but somehow managed to park immediately outside, then walked the hash having broken her ribs skiing in Norway, nominating hare to take the beer. The absent Soggy won quote of the week saying, "Everyone likes a nice pair", which got Trouble excited so she won the golf balls, and there was a final sympathy aah, after several cars drove past Psychlepath and Summer Lady walking down the latter missing the walk as a result. Another great hash!

Lockhart Tavern, Haywards Heath - Unable to find a reasonable explanation for the name of this pub, our Facebook fart thought it would be amusing to associate it with Gilderoy Lockhart from Harry Potter. Other than a seemingly unquenchable ego, his speciality was in Defence Against the Dark Arts, however if our hare had the gift of foresight he may well have discussed his planned trail with Keeps It Up, who was setting from Paiges Wood a few days later and ended up with a very similar route! So if these notes seem garbled blame your scribe for confusing the two. Gathering outside the pub for a few short words of wisdom were a motley bunch of returnees, visitors, first timers and the usual crowd, much to the amusement of the customers. The various packs splitting off to walk or run as necessary followed the same route through



Victoria Park, Ashenground Wood and Bolnore before hitting the wilderness. As the runners continued for a half-hearted attempt at circumnavigating Cuckfield, which ended up with them cutting past the church and using twittens to burst victorious out the other side, the walkers concluded that One Erections proposed SCB was wildly optimistic and cut back along Copyhold Lane to sidle up on the beer stop ahead of the pack. The excellent sip of wine and cheese was much appreciated, as the runners appeared from various directions some forsaking a small loop to guarantee comestibles. It was a short walk on inn to appreciate the ales and get stuck into the chips and Welsh rarebits on offer as we endeavoured to muscle other customers into a corner. With the hare downed, a big welcome was extended to new boots Trish and Toby, plus DJ and Jess who didn't join us for the après last week. Happy Ending had brought her son Billy Elliot along as they were flying early in the morning, and yes that is his hash name so he received a guest downer along with returnee Nobbychick who confessed that his reason for not hashing lately consisted not of injury or an unfriendly work schedule as he'd have us believe, but that he "couldn't be arsed". Charming! As the kitchen attempted to derail RA with bonus hash chips, it was revealed that a heated debate had occurred about trespass laws on the hash, the only true trail being the actual trail, so short-cutting to regain pack after going wrong at a check is therefore a trespass, Mudlark and Keeps It Up. Wilds Thing had also been involved but as

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Party	Candidate	Votes	%
Liberal Democrat	Jane Dodds	13,826	43.46
Conservative	Christopher Davies	12,401	38.98
Brexit Party	Des Parkinson	3,331	10.47
Labour	Tom Davies	1,680	5.28
Monster Raving Loony	Lady Lily the Pink	334	1.05
UKIP	Liz Phillips	242	0.76
	Majority	1,425	4.48
	Turnout	31.814	59.72

Mudlark and Keeps It Up. Wilds Thing had also been involved but as usual claimed an early start and shot off, despite RA Bouncer claiming a considerably earlier start! We try to avoid politics on the hash but the Brecon & Radnorshire by-election during the week had thrown up the snippet that the Monster Raving Loony Party, who pushed UKIP into 6th, had been represented by Lady Lily the Pink, presumably a nom de plume for Random explaining her absence lately, but Tim took the beer happily enough waving goodbye to his lift. Poor old Silver Fox was thoroughly looking forward to sampling the ales at the Lockhart so had planned to come by train but Slippers refused point blank to lower himself to public transport, meaning Tony was forced to drive to pick him up on the way through, foregoing the beer. Had it arrived, that would have been enough to earn the Twat whateverthehellitisthesedays award to wrap up another great hash!

800 hashers, one boat. What could possibly go wrong?



Took the boys for a holiday to Lanzarote in Spain, but Angel didn't really enjoy it because everyone could speak English and all the food was like the stuff we eat back at home. She said, "Next time I want to go somewhere where they eat weird shit and you can't understand a word they say." So I booked us for a fortnight in Scotland.





I came, I saw, I forgot what I was doing, retracted my steps, got distracted on my way back, have no idea what's going on and now I have to pee.

They'll bite ye oan yer erse







Rule Britannia, Marmalade and jam! Five Chinese crackers up yer asshole, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG! In wine, there is wisdom. In beer there is freedom. In water there is bacteria.

REHASHING (ctd)

Blacksmiths Arms, Offham – With hare Shoots Off Early confined to his sick bed it was down to Hot Fuzz to come to the rescue and set trail, dragging along his OH Julie and (considerably more parkrun obsessed than Bouncer) BH runner Dave Oldfield for moral support. Nobbychicks comeback continued and he even brought along a new boot, micro-medic Alice. It's been a very long time since we were here so a return visit was overdue, and no time was wasted in dragging the pack straight up the hill, then back along the contour to enjoy the view over the old Chalk Pit and beyond. Heading back past the site of the barons Battle of Lewes in 1264 to the old racecourse buildings, trail continued along the gallop to the dew pond, which Peter



Pansy, a constant derider of the length of the hash, decided to up his mileage by circumnavigating a number of times, and hang how bloody daft he looked! FRB's were caught out at the check which, instead of the obvious route to the prison, headed east and around the field edge to meet the A275. Crossing over, pack was ushered through Landport and down to the river briefly, before heading back under the railway on inn. The walkers route had gone directly to the viewpoint, then cut short over the road and on inn along the Landport Road/track, but the Bouncer route extended into town to catch a couple of cheeky ale trail stamps, cocked up the return having to navigate all four sides of a closed field before taking the runners route home, which meant a very late return in the dark, and probably no lessons learned! Still it gave everyone a good laugh when he finally stumbled through the door. Julie and Dave would not be persuaded to stay for the circle, which calls into question the standards of hashers we're attracting, a question that was answered very quickly after Hot Fuzz dispensed with his hares downer, by the diminutive new boot Alice, who necked her beer impressively! With no Just Kikkim this week, Asbestosser had passed Stormdogs lead over to Nobbychick who'd immediately passed it to Alice. As she is lighter than Freya she found herself experiencing the feeling of flight as our hound took off, which was enough to brand Sam with a tag of girl abuse. RA went off on one at this point mentioning Dave Oldfield, then tenuously linking 'talking of fields' to fabricate a story about Peter Pansy stopping dead at the top after going wrong at the check. Eventually Lily went back to see if he was alright to hear that he was hoping for a Nobel Prize for being outstanding in a field. Terrible joke, but he deserved his punishment for the dew pond incident. As we were arriving, access to the car park was restricted while Bosom Boy manoeuvred, prompting Prince Crashpian to yell out, "Call yourself a bus driver?" Ten seconds later, having engaged reverse, Crash crashed. St. Bernard decided that even that wasn't enough to overrule the numptiness of the RA who received the Twat rocket for getting lost. Another great hash!

Swan, Falmer – From one pub rarely hashed to another, although this one has been rather more accessible since the passing of old John and the reintroduction of Monday opening. On the Ale Trail, and according to the book, that was still the case, however, hare clearly hadn't done his homework and found out at very short notice that it wouldn't be open! Plan B was, oddly as will be seen, to have a pop up bar and food in the pub car park – "If it rains - we get wet!" Given the possibilities from this pub of a lovely run up to the SDW criss-crossing the Downs; a devilishly cunning wooded trail through Stanmer Park; or the sea views from Newmarket Hill and the wiggle through Balsdean and Castle Hill, it seems odd that the hare decided on a quick lap of the village pond and the Amex, then a run through the University and East Moulsecombe before finishing along Falmer Hill and the roadside path. Especially as the trail went within a very short distance of the Bevy and the same route could easily have been run from there! But he's not called Fukarwe for nothing although "where the..." was temporarily replaced with "why the...". With the (closed) pubs permission the sip was in the pub car park and was either very expensive (usually provided willingly by hares), or a rather unnecessary effort for an on inn, providing pizza, sandwiches and beer. Unless your scribes intelligence & the Garmin upload are wildly wrong! Another Ivan hash!

Griffin, Fletching – A Bank Holiday joint r*n with East Grinstead H3, while many of us were swanning around the Scottish Borders on Nash Hash, there were allegedly bijou packs from both Brighton and EGH3 who are used to Chaos trails, numbers being swelled by Crawley runners. Regulars will not be surprised that the walkers didn't return until 10.30 to Wildbush's intense annoyance, as hare had 'forgotten' to mark the on inn. Full report to follow, once someone from EGH3 writes one we can steal, but hare took the unusual step of publishing the trail beforehand:

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The Edinburgh festival was on while we were in town so here's a hash related starter and a few more blasts from the past:

You have to remember all the trivia that your girlfriend tells you, because eventually you get tested. She'll go: "What's my favourite flower?" And you murmur to yourself: "Sh*t, I wasn't listening ...Self-raising?" (Addy Van-Der-Borgh at the Assembly Rooms)

My mum and dad are Scottish but they moved down to Wolverhampton when I was two, 'cause they wanted me to sound like a tw*t. Susan Murray.

The dodo died. Then Dodi died, Di died and Dando died... Dido must be sh*tting herself. (Colin & Fergus at the Pleasance)

Is it fair to say that there'd be less litter in Britain if blind people were given pointed sticks? (Adam Bloom at the Pleasance)

I went to the airport to check in and they asked what I did because I looked like a terrorist. I said I was a comedian. They said, "Say something funny then." I told them I had just graduated from flying school. (Ahmed Ahmed at C34)

A lady with a clipboard stopped me in the street the other day. She said, "Can you spare a few minutes for cancer research?" I said, "All right, but we're not going to get much done." (Jimmy Carr at the ICC)

I realised I was dyslexic when I went to a toga party dressed as a goat. (Marcus Brigstocke at the Assembly Rooms)

Sleeping with prostitut*s is like making your cat dance with you on its hind legs. You know it's wrong, but you try to convince yourself that they're enjoying it as well. (Scott Capurro at the Pleasance)

My dad's dying wish was to have his family around him. I can't help thinking he would have been better off with more oxygen. (Jimmy Carr at the ICC)

My OH said he's leaving me because I installed CCTV all over the house. To be fair, I can see where he's coming from.

Just had an row about eggs with Patrick, an old b/f of mine who now lives in Spain. I had an egg spat with my expat ex Pat..

I was at my local watering hole last night when I thought to myself, 'Maybe this move to Ethiopia just wasn't for me.'

Why do bagpipers walk when they play? They're trying to get away from the noise.

A gentleman is someone who knows how to play the bagpipes and doesn't.



Eurohash 2019 - Cruising for a bruising

We had 9 registered Brighton hashers at Eurohash this year, as well as several other regulars that also run with other clubs, our best turn out since Krakow. Cockatools dream of a UK hash cruise materialised into a reality despite a few setbacks on the way, and 700 plus hashers from across the globe (really – there was a huge non-European take up from the US and the Antipodes!) descended on Edinburgh in the middle of the fringe festival for a humpday Red Dress prelube organised by Megasaurarse and Asbo. Trails were split into manageable numbers, setting off at roughly 30 minute intervals (each interval offering short, medium, long or ballbreaker options) so that pubs weren't overwhelmed, finishing at the Salisbury Arms with buses on to the Stewart Brewery for the opening party.

No Wildo as she was on a different trail, but there's a few BH7 folk in the picture right, occasional and more regular. Who can you see?











Day 2 Thursday and we made our way to Rosyth for our allotted boarding time, a slick process with Cockatool greeting us all as we arrived. A quick check to see if the Steward had managed to drop the right bags at our door and it was off to the buffet and bar for food and drink. We had to behave like normal people, rather than the drunken hashers we were, for a short while as we got marched in our lifejackets to the muster stations to run through the emergency procedures. Then back on deck Cockatool officially opened Eurohash by tapping a barrel of Stewarts ale, which Dongle and Bouncer were first to sample. It didn't take long in the beautiful sunshine as we left the Forth for us to find the Jacuzzi and break every rule on numbers (max 5), food and drink (but the waitresses were serving us!), and behaviour as songs were sung and chests were bared! After a formal dinner, it was back to the rooms to dress up in our seventies gear for the first night party, but there was also an Abba show, and later on, Black Lace to keep us in the party mood.







Arriving in Shetland there was a distinct threat that we would not be allowed to go ashore because of the swell anticipated as the weather had deteriorated overnight, but our on board organiser Bob (soon renamed Bend Over Backwards), took a view that we were all fit athletes (haha!) and a lot of people were waiting for us on land to coach us out to the run sites, trails were laid, food had been prepared, and pubs were primed and ready, so off to the tenders it was! While Keeps It Up and Cyst Pit headed off for the Ballbreaker, Wildbush wandered over for a stroll on Bressay, and Falling Madonna and Red Slapper found themselves on a mystery



tour due to an overwhelmed ferry operator, most of us headed for the Bigton trail as it included a sea swim at a Tombolo (basically a sandy spit connecting two bits of land). We passed some nice beaches and got close up to some seals but the rain came in and the end was miserable along a road to the beach. Shetland H3 is a relatively new hash consisting mostly of young ladies with a couple of old farts for balance, but they always swim and so we were expected to also! Out of the wet running gear it was actually quite warm but the sea temperature put paid to that, being bitterly cold. Oil money means a hall in every

village and the locals did a great job of warning us up with soup, sandwiches and cake, while the hash sorted out the beer. I was asked to do a small stint as RA and couldn't resist a Downer for one of the greatest hash names ever in Aye Tye Titty Titty Boom Boom Boom, mainly for wearing a hat in the circle which I offered to Roaming Pussy who'd lost hers overboard while getting on the tender, an incident which could result in a £30,000 littering fine from the EU for the boat! We were on the Marco Polo which was briefly famous a few years ago when a septuagenarian American couple were arrested for hash smuggling, arriving back on board



with a brand new suitcase. After going round the room, no-one better suited their description than our own Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger. Co-RA Talking Pussy from Yerkshire took a shine to Radio Soap so 'Pinky' found herself amply rewarded, as well as Angel for swimming in bra and pants then changing into her cossie back on the bus afterwards. After the circle it was back to Lerwick where a number of pubs were expecting us and had arranged live music, each offering a different musical style. Our pub was pop/rock while others were folky, jazzy, etc. and we were at liberty to move around the pubs in theory, however, the weather cut short the fun and we were recalled to the ship some hours earlier than planned.







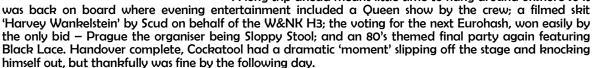
In the middle of dinner there was a surprise for us as a large group of Vikings did a circuit of the restaurant ahead of a show afterwards - Shetland being more Viking than Scottish. As plans for the evening had changed due to our early return, we found ourselves dancing to the disco but the ship was rolling quite a bit as we set off for Orkney, which made our moves fun

particularly for Gromit whose lankiness caused him to tumble at least 3 times! Saturday morning means parkrun and the opportunity to visit Britain's second most northerly location (the first being Bressay but they'd declined to put on a special for us) was not to be missed. In the end it was just 5 of us in the drizzle



prepared to hold back for a later hash, Angel and I being joined by Sh!tstirrer and Snake Hips from Hastings H3 and Dirty Dancer from

Stavanger, Norway. Slight panic afterwards when Radio Soap advised us that we'd been given the end point for our run, not the start, so a quick cab ride and off we went for a saunter over the hill through bogs back into Kirkwall. Not the most exciting hash, especially as the ball breaker had all but cleared the sip stop out leaving us two cans, but the après in the town hall was again very enjoyable, downers being led by Flying Dutchman who called myself and Angel up more than absolutely necessary! A long trip ahead meant little time to hang around onshore so it







Arriving back in Rosyth, there was little time to waste in the morning as we were bussed off to yet another series of hash run sites, many of us opting for Falkland and the Lomond hills above. Cyst Pit had left the booking of their choice to Radio Soap but they were driving to the hash as they were heading home straight after to relieve the child minder before school on Monday. Cathy had managed to choose an A to B run leaving Mike with the possibility of yet another Ballbreaker! Luckily they were able to change at the last minute. On trail the walkers amongst us were split when the hare left half the pack behind with no trail, but the route was stunning with waterfalls, tunnels and a palace! Finally reuniting at the bus it was on to Glenrothes for lunch at a Wetherspoons, before we were bussed on to Glasgow for the closing party in the old Fruitmarket. Keeps It Up and Wlldbush's flight was cancelled so they were able to join us but bad news for Dangleberry who missed his bus home after putting his bag in a van then losing the owner. With a pay bar and most of us having had enough over the previous few days the opportunity to get a free beer in the Eurohash down down competition was irresistible for Scud of W&NK who recorded the slowest ever time, while a Kiwi double was notched up by husband and wife The Worm and Birdtable, the latter later getting disqualified for spillage passing the honours to Shiva also of W&NK H3! The band Celtica were excellent exponents of that rare genre, Bagrock, and we were also entertained by an exotic dancer, but knackeration was complete so off to a reasonably early bed. etc. P10>









ANGEL'S CRUISE SHIP DIARY...



DEAR DIARY - DAY 1 - All packed for the cruise ship - all my nicest dresses, swimsuits, short sets. Really, really exciting. A group of us from the hash – 'The Late Bloomers' decided on this "all-girls" trip. It will be my first one - and I can't wait!

DEAR DIARY - DAY 2 - Entire day at sea, so beautiful. Saw whales and dolphins. Met the Captain today - seems like a very nice man.

DEAR DIARY - DAY 3 - At the pool today. Did some shuffleboard, hit golf balls off the deck. The Captain invited me to join him at his table for dinner. Felt honoured and had a wonderful time. He is very attractive and attentive.

DEAR DIARY - DAY 4 - Won £500 in the ship's Casino. The Captain asked me to have dinner with him in his own cabin. Had a scrumptious meal complete with caviar and champagne. He asked me to stay the night, but I declined. Told him I could not be unfaithful to my husband.

DEAR DIARY - DAY 5 - Pool again today. Got really sunburned, and I went inside for a drink at the piano-bar and to cool down; stayed there for rest of day. The Captain saw me, bought

me several large drinks. Really is quite charming. Again asked me to visit his cabin for the night. Again, I declined. He told me, if I did not let him have his way with me, he would sink the ship... I was shocked. DEAR DIARY - DAY 6 - Today I saved 1000 lives. Twice

A SHAGGY DOG - TRAMP ON A CRUISE STORY...

One cold winter's morning a tramp was walking along a country road, when he heard a cry for help from a nearby lake. Without a moment's hesitation he ran out onto the ice and slipped and slid over to a little girl. He managed to pull her out without breaking the ice further and carried her back to the road. He took off his coat and wrapped her in it then began looking for a car to flag down. Coincidentally the father drives up. "How can I ever thank you sir?" he says after putting his daughter into the warmth of the limo. "Just name your price - I'm a wealthy man." "Ah, well..." stammers the tramp, "... uh, I'm a little short of cash, perhaps you could help me out." "Oh dear," says the father, "I don't carry much cash with me, I only have ten pounds - but come home with me and I'll get more from the safe." "No! No!" says the tramp, "Why ten pounds is more money than I've seen in my whole life - that'll be plenty." 'Ten pounds,' thinks the tramp, 'I'm rich! I'm rich!' and off he goes to the town to buy himself a holiday.

He finds a travel agent, walks in - much to the disgust of the staff - and goes up to the desk. "I'll have one holiday please!" "Ahem, which holiday would sir like?" asked the girl at the desk, forcing a smile. "Oh, any holiday I don't mind, anything up to ten pounds," replies the tramp. "TEN POUNDS! You'll NEVER get a holiday for ten pounds," says the girl incredulously. She goes into the back of the shop, and searches in the deepest, dustiest filing drawers she can find. There - to her amazement - she finds an old file. "Well you'll never believe it," she says to the tramp, back in the shop. "I've got you a holiday - its a super-duper, ultra-hyper, mega-economy class round the world cruise - and it costs ten pounds." "Yippee!" exclaims the tramp, "I'll take it!"

A few days later he arrives at the port, and there in the dock is the most beautiful, most elaborately decorated, most expensive looking ocean-going liner he has ever seen. "Get off my ship ye dirty bum!" shouts a voice, and an irate captain storms down the gangplank and kicks the tramp down onto the dockside. "But I've got my ticket!", responds the tramp, "super-duper, ultra-hyper, mega-economy class, and I want on!" "Well okay," says the captain, "but you can't come on just now, I don't want my first-class passengers seeing you. Come back at midnight when it's dark and I'll let you on then." So the tramp finds himself a quiet spot among some cargo cases on the dockside, and he falls asleep. "Psst," says a voice, waking him with a start. It was the captain. "Hurry up, it's midnight, let's get you to your cabin." The tramp toddles after the captain, along the dockside, up the gangway, and onto the ship - and what a ship! First they went down through the first class level: Oriental carpets - 6" pile. A genuine Rembrandt on every wall. Leave your shoes outside for cleaning, and the steward brings a new pair. 24 ct gold trim everywhere. Then the second class: As above, but perhaps the carpets were only 3" deep, and so on... 3rd, 4th, 5th class, down past the casinos, and the ballrooms, down through the crew's quarters, down through the galleys, and the engine rooms, until finally, at the lowest point in the ship, against the very hull, the captain opens a watertight door into a tiny 7' x 4' cabin, with a hammock, a bedside table, and an alarm clock. "Sheer luxury!" exclaimed the tramp, "A room of my very own." "I'm glad you like it," replies the captain, "but there is one more thing... Your class of ticket only allows you to use the facilities of the ship, at night - when all the other passengers are asleep. So that's what the alarm clock is for. Enjoy your cruise."

Well the cruise began, and the tramp had a whale of a time. Sleeping by day, and up on deck at night - he loved it. One-man-tennis, clay pigeon shooting, more food than he'd ever seen... Then one morning, a week or so into the cruise, the tramp decided he'd have a go on the diving board of the pool. He had just enough time for one dive before he had to go below. He climbed up the ladder, stepped onto the board tip, bounced, and dived... ... and what a dive...! Perfectly poised in the air, he hit the water without so much as a ripple. Now unknown to him, the captain - who'd grown rather fond of the poor old tramp - was standing watching this. "That was amazing!" exclaimed the captain, "Where did you learn to dive like that?" "Um, well I've never actually dived before," replied the tramp. "Well that's incredible!" says the captain, "I've never seen..." He broke off. "Hey, I've got an idea", he started again. "How would you like to train a bit, and we'll put on a show for the other passengers. I'll pay you, and you can then afford to go first class!" "It's a deal!" says our man. For the next 3 weeks the tramp practices like he's never practiced before. Back-flips, front-flips, triple-back sideways axled dives, you name it he tried it. Then one morning the captain comes to talk. "Okay, I'd like you to stay in your cabin for the next 2 days. We're going to erect a high diving board for you." "Okay," agreed the tramp.

Two days passed, and the big day arrived. The ship was humming with excitement. Everyone wanted to see the mystery diver. The captain had provided the tramp with a new pair of swimming trunks and he wore these as he stepped out onto the sun-beaten deck. Gasps of astonishment from the crowd, and a hushed awe. Higher than the eye could see, towering up and up, rose a slender column of metal. "Well, tramp," said the captain, shaking his hand, "Let's see what you can do." And with that the Captain handed him a walkie talkie. And the tramp began to climb... up and up... below him the ship grew smaller... on and on... past a solitary albatross... and still higher... till the ship was but a speck on the ocean below... and on still further... / till the ocean grew dim... and the earth itself... began to shrink... past our moon... and Mars... and on... higher, and higher... through the asteroid belt... and on and on towards the diving board... past the outer planets, until... on the outermost reaches of the Solar System... he reached the board. He climbed on top and radioed the captain... and then... he jumped.

Slowly at first, but speeding up, faster, and faster, speeding past Pluto, and the other outer planets, through the asteroid belt, past Mars, and the moon, faster, and faster, faster - ever faster, and by now the earth was growing large in the distance, the oceans and land masses grew clear, faster, and faster, past the albatross, double-back somersault, and he could see the ship, tiny in the distance, hurtling down now, he posed, ready for the final 500 feet, Down on the ship the crew strained their necks, "I CAN SEE HIM!" yelled a passenger, "LOOK!!!" The tramp streaked down towards the pool, did a last triple flip, and dove... NOT A RIPPLE ON THE SURFACE! DOWN THROUGH THE WATER! SMASHED THROUGH THE POOL BOTTOM! DOWN THROUGH THE FIRST DECK! SMASHING THROUGH THE SECOND! DOWN! DOWN! THROUGH THE CREW'S QUARTERS! THROUGH THE ENGINE ROOMS! SMASHING THROUGH HIS OWN LITTLE CABIN! AND DOWN THROUGH THE DOUBLE-STRENGTH STEEL HULL OF THE SHIP! STILL DOWN...! DEEPER, DEEPER INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS, TILL........ SMASH! Into the sea bed, sinking a 37' shaft in the process. Desperate for air he struggle out of the shaft, his lungs bursting he swam frantically for the surface. Up and up, desperate, gasping... Out of the water, up the ladder onto the deck of the ship, into a throng wild with acclaim. "HERO!" "WONDERFUL!" "AMAZING!" "GOOD SHOW THAT!" And handing him a heated towel the captain spoke, as a hush fell over the crowd.

"Well tramp, I have NEVER seen anything like that, EVER. That was the most *STUPENDOUS* piece of diving I have ever seen." The tramp blushed. The captain went on, "but tell me, most amazing of all is how you survived smashing through this boat after you dived - how did you do it." And the tramp looked at the captain, and the crowd and replied modestly: "Well you see... I'm a just poor tramp... so you must understand...

I've been through many a hard ship in my life."

If it wasnae fur yer Wullies, where wid ye be?

Roaming Pussy left us early the next morning to join Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger in their camper van for a couple of days, while we opted for a look round Glasgow starting with an attempt to find the impressive Wetherspoons that Cliffbanger had recommended. Using the phone as a guide we had a fair walk to the nearest one to find a rather ordinary pub for breakfast, discovering on further investigation that we'd walked past about 3 others on the way that Google maps hadn't recognised for some odd reason! Oh well, it put us in a good place to follow a walking trail Angel had found in her guidebook which we combined with the Glasgow Oor Wullie* trail to see all the best in the city including the Kelvingrove Museum, Tall Ship and the Transport Museum. A thoroughly enjoyable day! *similar to the Snails in Brighton – Oor Wullie is a Scottish national treasure starting life as a cartoon in the Scotsman newspaper. On one visit with a friend he discovered old annuals in the charity shops, ended up buying so many he had no room in his case for his clothes so wore the lot on the flight, looking like the Michelin Man!











On Tuesday we moved on to friends near Falkirk going for my traditional Nash Hash visit to the Wallace Monument in the afternoon. I first went with Milton Keynes hashers after NH 1999 in the

Trossachs, then visited again after NH 2009 in Perth! Heading into Bridge of Allan for a beer we followed marks from one of the post Eurohash trails to discover the excellent Allanwater brewery, a hidden gem of a brewpub with a great display of Oor Wullie annuals. Afterwards we met up with Roaming Pussy, Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger for a meal in Stirling, finishing the night with a bizarre pub quiz round the corner. Then on Wednesday we headed into Edinburgh to catch some of the fringe, inevitably bumping into the odd hasher here and there as well as spotting a load more Wullies, but also fulfilling another of my Scottish traditions with a visit to the Guildford Arms where we discovered the BH7 slogan from the 40th weekend has been immortalised as a beer name by the Camper Van brewery! On Thursday it was time to move on to Kelso for the UK Nash Hash Red Dress Run and you can read on for more adventures in Scotland in the next issue!



More of Edinburgh Festival Best Jokes...

Walking down Princes Street, soaking up the atmosphere, I saw a big sign that said: "Bus tours, ten quid." So I thought I'd give it a try. What a rip off. Ten quid to have a look round a bus! (Seymour Mace at Café Royal)

I like to go into the Body Shop and shout out really loud "I've already got one!" (Norman Lovett at The Stand)

The right to bear arms is slightly less ludicrous than the right to arm bears. (Chris Addison at the Pleasance)

Ask people about God nowadays and they usually reply, "I'm not religious, but deep down, I'm a very spiritual person." What this phrase really means is: "I'm afraid of dying, but I can't be ars*ed going to church." (Colin Ramone at The Stand)

50 Cent, or as he's called over here, approximately 29p. (Sarah Kendall at the Pleasance)

I was walking the streets of Glasgow the other week and I saw this sign: "This door is alarmed." I said to myself: "How do you think I feel?" (Arnold Brown at The Stand)

My friend said to me: "You must be more American," so I went to have botox. The surgeon said to me: "That's \$8,000." I couldn't even look shocked. (Shazia Mirza the Pleasance) The world is a dangerous place; only yesterday I went into Boots and punched someone in the face. (Jeremy Limb, at the Trap)

Cats have nine lives. Which makes them ideal for experimentation. (Jimmy Carr)

I saw that show, 50 Things To Do Before You Die. I would have thought the obvious one was "Shout For Help". (Mark Watson, Rhod Gilbert at the Tron)

I went out with an Irish Catholic. Very frustrating. You can take the Girl out of Cork ... (Markus Birdman at the Pod Deco)

Got a phone call today to do a gig at a fire station. Went along. Turned out it was a bloody hoax. (Adrian Poynton at the Pleasance)

Employee of the month is a good example of how somebody can be both a winner and a loser at the same time. (Demetri Martin at the Assembly Rooms)

An American girl hit on me in a club and asked me to make her an Egyptian princess. So I threw a sheet over her head and told her to be quiet. (Ahmed Ahmed at C34)

A Scottish paedophile has raised a dispute with eBay. He claims that the Wii GameBoy he received isn't what he was expecting.



The Englishman wanted to go so they all had to leave.

IN THE NEWS...

The Out And Abouter @OutAndAbouter Breaking: Denmark says they plan to lend Greenland to Canada for a while just to fuck with Trump. CANADA Atlantic Ocean

President Donald Trump buys Poundland after mistaking it for Poland

POSTED BY: DAVID MARRS AUGUST 19, 2019

President Donald Trump has today bought Poundland for \$35 million to expand the United States, according to a press release from the White House.

After a failed bid for Greenland, Donald Trump turned his attention to his next target — Poundland. 'Greenland is, and now will always be, a country of losers. I only tried to buy it out of politeness. Poundland is much better. It's a beautiful country and we're proud to make it a part of America,' Trump told the press. Poundland will not become a new state of America, it will remain an unincorporated territory, much like Puerto Rico.

However, the acquisition has already proven to be a mistake after sources in the White House revealed that Trump thought he was purchasing Poland. 'He wanted to take over Poland, much like his biggest political hero. When he finds out his mistake, he's going to be very sad,' said one aide.



England win Cricket World Cup - August Hash Trash ignores it as no boobies involved!

Here's a cricketty ditty attributed to Bollywood star Anushka Sharma to make up for the oversight:

Come all ye fair young maidens, harken unto me! Never trust a cricketer, whoever he may be. Randier than a sailor who's been six months at sea. Never let a cricketer's hand an inch above your knee. First let's take the paceman, pure speed from first to last, My darlings do be careful; his balls are hard and fast. Then there's the medium pacer, his balls swing either way; He's really most persistent and can keep it up all day! Watch out for the off-spinner girls, another awkward chap. If you leave him half an opening, he will slip one through the gap! Then there's the wily 'slowy', pure cunning is his strength; He'll tempt you, then he'll trap you with his very subtle length. So ladies, do be careful, your mothers would agree. Never trust a cricketer, whoever he may be. And what about the opening bat, his struggles never cease! He has only one ambition, to spend all day at the crease. The number three is a dasher, he seldom prods and pokes. When he goes into action, he has a fine array of strokes. And do beware the slogger, not content with one or two; When he arrives at the crease then only six will do. Then there's the real stonewaller. Girls! He knows what he's about; And if you let him settle in, it's hard to get him out! We come now to the last man, I hope this will not shock, He doesn't mind if he's the last man in, as long as he gets a knock. So darlings, do be careful, and be well warned by me; Never trust a cricketer, whoever he may be.



And watch the wicket keeper. Girls! He's full of flair and dash; And if you raise your heel, he'll whip them off in a flash. If you take the field with the capt'n, you had better know the score; Or he'll have you in positions that you never knew before! The cricket commentator is a nasty sort of bloke, He watches all the action and describes it stroke by stroke. Even the kindly umpire, who looks as friendly as a pup; You'll quickly find you've had it, when he puts his finger up! So darlings, please remember and repeat it after me: "NEVER TRUST A CRICKETER, WHOEVER HE MAY BE!!"

More cricket - 2019 Ashes:

Ben Stokes given Permission by the Queen to punch whoever the fuck he wants on Saturday Nights after Ashes heroics





... and the wanter of best picture from this years Price goes to

Brighton Pride festival:





RIP John McCrirrick. Funeral service from the house at 10/1, followed by Graveyard burial at 5/2, then Refreshments at the working men's club at 5/4.



Rainbow Balls may be stealing Wiggy's crown (see page 4) but there's plenty of legging options still out there:

