

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers R-ns/trash #269 October 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

7th October 2019 2155 Frankland Arms. Washington RH20 4AL Angel & Bollocks Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning. Left into Village and pub is on right. Est. 25 mins.

14th October 2019 Giants Rest. Wilmington **David Harris & Prof** 2156 BN26 5S0

Directions: Follow A27 east and take 2nd right past Alfriston roundabout. Est. 25 mins.

21st October 2019 2157 Jolly (Jack) Tanners, Staplefield RH17 6EF Mudlark

Directions: A23 to Slaugham turn. Right at t-junction for 1km then left and pub opposite. Est. 25 mins. ### Traialgar day hash - Naval themed fancy dress, either on the r*n or for the pub afterwards, ###

28th October 2019 2158 Amsterdam, Shoreham BN43 5WQ **Bouncer**

Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Pub on next roundabout. Straight on for

small car park on left, or left at roundabout and first right for additional parking. Est. 10 mins.

4th November 2019 2159 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 bast Garden Pride. Est. 15 mins.

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RECEDING HARELINE:

11/11/19 Royal Oak, Poynings - Fukarwe & Ride-It, Baby!

18/11/19 Star. Stevning - Anybody

Cock, Wivelsfield – Shoots Off Early 25/11/19 Green Man. Horsted Kevnes – Keeps It Up 02/12/19

Hassocks Hotel – Christmas party and awards etc. 16/12/19

HASHING AROUND SUSSEX:

W&NK H3 11:00am Sunday 20 Oct - White Horse, Maplehurst Hare: Dick Knose. Enjoy the trail, then back to I&B cider orchard to help pick up the cider apples (from trees 'pruned' by our very own hashers!). Quench your thirst with some IB cider and subdue your hunger with some apple delicacies before returning to The White Horse for beer and live music!

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: The hash would like to offer their full support and encouragement to anyone taking part in Sober October by abstaining from alcoholic beverages. Anything to reduce the queue at the bar!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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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Brighton H7 Christmas party 2019 - Monday 16th December 1900 hours



Yes, once again we're returning to old favourite the Hassocks Hotel for this year's Hash party and awards. Following the vote it was agreed to go a week early as the Monday is so close to Christmas, but as usual in recent years, the r*n will start at the earlier time of 7pm.

Also as last year, please book via the website Google sheet selecting your orders from the drop down tab to the right of each course column, then arrange payment transfer. Non-tech folk can speak to Ride-It, Baby or Keeps It Up.

http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/bh7-xmas-run/https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1HeLnLWCRH Ewr5CBe97L2soLPdzGyIVBqEB-a4q0WqWs/edit#gid=0

If you have any awards from last or earlier years please could you return them on a Monday evening by the 9th December, while we work out who will MC following Mudlark's stated intention to step down. Thank you.

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Keeps It Up has sourced a batch of printed multiuse cups showing the hash logo, to replace plastic cups at the sip stops etc. They can be squished down to fit into pockets for ease of carrying, easy to wash and durable for long-term use. They are available in 4 colours at the moment – green, pink, blue and purple – selling at cost price £2.50 each. Belt hooks also available for an extra 20p. See Wildbush on hash night!



Barnes H3 Summer Ball - May 1st/2nd 2020

Hi Bouncer, Could you let Brighton know about this please? Ta muchly

Yes, 2020 sees the return of the famous Barnes H3 Summer Ball. Sadly not at the Chase in Ross as they've decided to convert it into flats and build houses in the grounds - boo hoo.

However, we've found The Castle of Brecon hotel in Brecon. Lovely garden and views, on the edge of town and on the edge of lots of great hashing territory. Plenty of pubs, a cathedral, market and lots of other stuff.

NB next year's early May bank holiday has been moved to Friday 8 May so the Summer Ball is not on a bank holiday weekend. However, if you know of anything else important that's happening that would be a serious clash please let me know. Otherwise, look out for booking forms available later in the year.

On On. Fetherlite



Euro Hash Prague 2021

Why Prague? We're located right in the centre of Europe, with easy links whether you're coming by plane, train, or automobile. Being easy to get to is always a bonus as it means you don't waste valuable drinking time on a too-long journey!

What's the plan?

The event will take place from Thursday 19th to Sunday 22nd August, 2021.

We will have a Red Dress Run and party on Thursday, Bike Hash and party on Friday, multiple trails and party on Saturday, and finish all the beer party on Sunday.

Do you get the impression we like to party? Well, with the best beer in the world, and beer as cheap as it is here, it would be silly to do anything else!

What's the price? Price will be 250 Euros per person if you pay before December 31st 2019, rising to 280 Euros until April 30th 2020, and 300 Euros per person thereafter. This will include;

- ALL beer, wine and soft drinks
- Accommodation in a private two bed room from Thursday to Sunday (extended stay possible for a slight extra cost)
- Dinner Thursday, breakfast and dinner Friday, breakfast, lunch, and dinner Saturday, and breakfast Sunday
- Transport to trails, and any 'refreshments' that may be found on said trails
- Haberdashery, of course. Yes, probably another f*cking t-shirt, plus a goody bag filled with all manner of fantastic things...
- Entertainment in the party tent Live music from far and wide, plus the usual Hash shenanigans!

<u>https://eurohashprague.com/registration</u> - nb. First 700 places already sold out but there is a waiting list which unpaid registrations will make way for after 31st December, and a very high likelihood of more availability. Once again, there are 9 already registered for BH7 so join us for what promises to be a great weekend!

SURREY H3 LATE GLITZ & GLAMOUR CHRISTMAS BASH 17th – 19th January 2020



Location: Ardington Hotel, Worthing, West Sussex BN11 3DZ

PRICE INCLUDES: BED & BREAKFAST ON FRIDAY & SATURDAY <u>OR</u> FOR SATURDAY ONLY.

SATURDAY MIDDAY RUN [LIGHT LUNCH AND CIRCLE TO FOLLOW]
SATURDAY EVENING FIZZ RECEPTION, FESTIVE DINNER and MUSIC
[1/3 bottle of WINE per person with the meal]
SUNDAY SURREY RUN WITH CHIP BUTTIES TO FOLLOW

*Friday Evening Pub Crawl and curry (optional) at your own expense

SINGLE, DOUBLE OR TWIN ROOM [B&B]

INCLUDING SATURDAY RUN & DINNER DANCE based on 2 people sharing a Double or Twin Room OR one person in a single.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY: £150 pp (£160pp non-members)
SATURDAY ONLY: £110 pp (£120pp non-members)

Please note NO SINGLE supplement. Up to 15 single rooms available.

https://www.dropbox.com/s/7sgd6e6wko727qd/SURREY%20H3%20CHRISTMAS%20BALL%202020.pdf?dl=0





REHASHING



Prestonville Arms, Brighton — There was a brave attempt by hare Jaws to get us to the Holler Brewery at Preston Circus which failed due to the food situation, but this excellent little boozer is always worth a visit as well as being ale trail. In spite of the limited

parking, the change of pub, and the website shutting down, a good crowd gathered splitting three ways into r*nners, wa*kers and barflys for a surprisingly pleasant town hash up to Seven Dials, wriggling through to St. Nicholas Church, down past the station to pick up the greenway and on to Preston Park. While the runners went on an extended navigation of the park, the walkers SCB'd up Lovers Walk, over the bridge to reconvene at the on inn. Jaws and Big Jugs (of Sangria) were duly rewarded for a fine trail, before



new boot John was introduced. Keeps It Up pleaded his innocence in letting the web licence lapse, having reminded Lily the Pink, but was happy to take the free beer, along with Spurtacus who'd walked after coming a cropper the day before when his knees decided to fight it out for dominance. Regularly mentioned in postrun reports it's rare for Wilds Thing to still be around to take his punishment so, despite not doing anything especially noteworthy this evening, he earned the Twat space rocket on past offences. The 50 years since the moon landing thing has kind of passed so it seemed time for the rocket to re-enter the Earth's orbit, which in real terms meant we turned the thing upside down and made him down for each of the cups forming the blasters on the base, all caught by Ride-It, Baby on video – see the Facebook page. Another great hash!

White Horse, Ditchling – There was a touch of precipitation in the air but the hash being in denial (never rains...) had a reasonable pack lined up for this popular old Ale Trail pub, despite a certain amount of trepidation as the location had been decided by committee in the hares absence the previous week! Our fears were unfounded though as the hare arrived back from setting, press-ganging Eats My Cucumber in as co-hare, with a good three minutes to spare, but became remarkably sharpened again by the warning that the trail had been cut short due to tree-felling and to watch out for the bees nest! Alex, returning from injury, stated his expectation of joining the walkers but got left behind at the start somehow and found himself having to race to catch Chief who was on a charge as we set off across the field and up the Nye. Runners and walkers split at Underhill Lane, the former turning right and cutting across to pick up the tank track to the top of the Downs, then on the South Downs Way where someone decided to r*n all the way to Jack & Jill, and will no doubt be happy that their name is confined to the annals due to your scribes memory loss. Continuing east past Ditchling Beacon trail picked up the bostal down to Westmeston for a finish across the fields via an excellent sip at the rec. The walkers, meanwhile, had stuck to the road along to Westmeston before being persuaded by Bouncer to follow the Jubilee pathway meandering close to the Lewes Road round to arrive at the sip well ahead of the pack

but, nevertheless, close to the 9pm watershed so decided to continue on inn. Circling up and we learnt that Cucumber had discovered the bees nest the hard way and attempted a pact with Lily, "You don't tell about the bees, and I won't tell them about your poor excuse for cutting the trail short", but Lily was having none of it thinking the whole bee (wasps!) thing too funny not to pass on. It's not quite clear what the pack who suffered as a result thought, particularly Wilds Sting and St. Bernard (who momentarily thought it was mozzies having a go), but You Stupid Bastard had apparently attempted to get rid of the stings by rolling in the grass. When you do that on a 60 degree gradient gravity likes to get involved and Tim witnessed his dog disappearing out of control down the hill. We welcomed new boot Laura, introduced by Nobbychick as a micromedic, and Fred, and returnee Alex was nearly named Under My Paw. Ride it Baby called on a leaf to lead the pack astray, but as driver, got Little Spurt to take it for her. Not sure why Lawrence and Rob got mentioned but it's probably a bee thing again. although we were spared the Twat award as Wilds Thing was away on the Croatia wine marathon. Another great hash which, it later transpired, was in fact Lily the Pinks 250th! Oh well, mug to follow!



Plough, Pyecombe - Originally booked for David Harris (who seems to invariably be 'volunteered' by Prof with the latter standing in at short notice when the former gets overridden by his wife), we found ourselves with no hare the week before as both he and Prof claimed prior commitments. An appeal fell on mainly deaf ears so it was down to our rescue dog. St Bernard to stand in, although with 20/20 hindsight I think even he may well have baulked at setting a trail in the weather conditions we were faced with! Needless to say it was a fairly small pack braving the elements, but despite that a sip was promised, as we set off up the hill by the pub then down School Lane for a tricky crossing over the A273. It was a truly biblical climb up to the golf course where trees offered brief respite, before we picked up the Sussex Border Path on to the South Downs Way. At Keymer Post trail dropped down towards Underhill Lane before back was dragged straight back up. no doubt while the hare laughed away inside! The return mostly took the South Downs Way but bypassing lack and lill to the sip stop at what is probably a lovely bench in more clement weather. Conditions dictated that we pause only briefly here so hoisting bags between us it was straight back to try and dry off with the traditional reward of beer, the excellent Plough pizzas and Charlies nuts. Circling up and hare was justly rewarded for his efforts while questions were asked as to why Prof was in the pack after all, so he deserved his punishment. Our guest, the Health and Safety conscious Gromit from EGH3, was then summoned and we were advised to look out for his comprehensive equipment checklist and guidance for walkers as used on Gromitours walking holidays. Jaws had to leave early but got a mention in despatches for turning up in his swimmers for the run, so Angel who as previously reported had swum in her running gear off Shetland then changed into her dry swimming costume afterwards, stood in. An honourable mention also went to Chopper who was present having missed 'the lads' bike ride for the first time in well over 20 years. Wilds Thing asked Fukarwe for a marathon training program then promptly got injured, so as he was also present, Fukarwe received the Twat mug for breaking him as well as taking us to a closed pub when there was a perfectly good one on trail! Another great hash!

THE BOOBOO TRAP





Jacob Rees-Mogg MP House Of Commons Westminster London SW1A OAA BEANO

3rd April 2018

Dear Sir.

It has been brought to our attention that you have been infringing the intellectual property rights of one of our cartoon characters and masquerading as Walter Brown.

It is evident that there are numerous instances whereby you have adopted trademarked imagery and brand essences of the character to the benefit of enhancing your career and popularity.

This constitutes a clear infringement of our copyright and we draw your attention to numerous instances of you distinctly copying the following attributes of the character Walter Brown, as your own invention including:

- 1. The character's hair parting and style
- 2. The character's distinctive round reading glasses
- 3. The character's choice of spotty ties and vintage apparel
- The character's enjoyment of classical music (because he thinks it makes him seem clever)
- The character's bullish behaviour with peers and stopping others from having fun
- 6. The character's insistence to remind others of his father's successful career
- 7. Snootiness

We firmly request that you cease and desist in your ongoing impersonation of the character, which remains the exclusive property of Beano Studios.

A swift response on this matter would be greatly appreciated to avoid getting Teacher involved.

Yours faithfully,

ecre July

Mike Stirling Head of Beano Studios Scotland







REHASHING - Hash Gomi's vijftigste verjaardag Hashlopen!

Telscombe — After an excellent party to celebrate hares 50th birthday on Saturday, a last minute and barely noticeable change of venue from the Telscombe Tavern to Dave's house was made in a bid to finish off the beer which, of course, those gathered made an early start on pre-r*n. On a fine night the trail meandered through the streets and park up to join the Downs, passed through the old village and returned via the Tye, overhauling the walkers on the on inn. Flipping Fukarwe's last effort of a sip stop turned into a pub on its head by turning the on inn into a sip stop, no fee was asked by the very generous hare, and his missus Naomi, for the substantial post-hash barbecue of salmon, burgers etc. washed down with plenty of beer. Apparently it's something of a tradition in the Bos family to rewrite a well known tune to suit special occasions and it seemed a waste not to share Naomi's effort from Saturday, paraphrasing Abba's Voulez Vous, with the gathered hash crowd for the benefit of those who missed it, so Lily the Pink was hastily drafted in on the rap to join Naomi and Bouncer with the rendition:

(Verse 1)

Boxes everywhere! The smell of parcel tape is hanging in the air. Giving out a spark, across the room your laptop's glowing in the dark.

[Pre-Chorus 1]

And here we go again: we know the start, we know the end. Am-a-zon's on screen!
You've sold it all before and now you're back to sell some more. You know what I mean ...

[Chorus 1]

Buy more stock! (ah-ha) Take it now, don't leave it (ah-ha)
Bargain's all you get (ah-ha) If you leave it, there's regret.
Hash Gomi! (ah-ha), Take it now, don't leave it (ah-ha)
You know what to do (ah-ha), La question c'est: 'where's the stock?' - Hash Gomi!

[Verse 2]

I know what you think: "As well as business ... David likes to run and drink"
Mondays with the crowd, the Hash is 'on on' & the Harveys beer goes down ('down down')

IPre-Chorus 21

And when he's home again, the football starts, it never ends: Ars-en-al's on screen. He's watched it all before and now he's out to play some more. You know what I mean!

IChorus 21

Hash Gomi! (ah-ha), 'Youth Coach Of The Year' (ah-ha)
Football's all you get (ah-ha), When Holland loses, there's regret ⊗
Hash Gomi! (ah-ha), Take it now, don't leave it (ah-ha)
You know what to do (ah-ha), There is no question you're the boss ...

[Lily's rap]

The room is shouting loud for David Bos, You know you'll never see him selling at a loss, He's got three great kids and they all call him papa, But none of the bossmen wants to be a rapper, Yung boss wot a mad one, watermelon eaten whole, Bumps his head on every doorway, he is tall Speaks German, Japanese ... and the language of 'food', Could call him a 'polyglot' - but that would sound rude. An absolute don, our hasher is nifty, And now we're celebrating 'cos he has reached 50!

A rousing hashy birthday was sung to our hare as he downed, and a thank you for the gift to the parkrunning hashers present as HQ this week announced that Netherlands parkrun would be coming very soon. Staying on that topic, Spurtacus was called for winning the inaugural Westerham and North Kent parkrun (aka W&NK, but they rejected the suggestion to follow the hash convention and called it Squerryes Winery), although he was actually the only W&NK hasher present. Visitor Beer Pump was over from the Isle of Wight and saw there was free food and drink so cycled over the Downs to find us, realised he'd not made a note of the address so tried to find the trail to locate us, then got a puncture so gave up and rang Bouncer! Bosom Boy and Drambulie hadn't brought their tankards, so washed out the dogs bowls as a substitute! We're not quite sure what reasoning Wilds Thing was applying in the battle for the Numpty/Twat mug/rocket between Angel and JJ but it all seemed enormous fun, before Alice was called forward to receive a name. There was no shortage of suggestions after she'd been sea-swimming and discovered that a fish, in its final act on this earth, had got into her costume, with the winner being the excellent Titty Fish Bang! As Prof announced his absence, St. Bernard was inveigled into taking over as next week's hare to conclude the circle so that we could descend on the beer and carry on enjoying the food, fire and company. Another great vijitigste verjaardag hash party, thanks Dave & Naomi!

From Bouncer: Big Jugs of Sangria took me aside after the circle to advise that she had, in her occasional role as a guide at the Brighton Pavilion, spotted Hong Kong Hash House Harriers on the tour list, so I dropped them a message to invite them to hook up as they were in town. Sadly their schedule, a trip to celebrate their 50th year hashing, was already rather packed with "outings for the elderly", but the responder, one Paul Collier (A number of people have hash associated nicknames but we don't use hash handles nor do we sing. It just wasn't done when we started and we haven't changed), lives in West Sussex but had set the previous weeks run in Hong Kong and kindly forwarded the run report. The full review is available on request and is an informative account full of photos, maps, aerial views, course profiles, and if there's a hasher that didn't get a downer, I'd be very surprised! An enjoyable read nevertheless and my appetite to join them when the dust settles out there has certainly been whetted:



Date: 17th September, 2019; Location: Cricket Club....A to A; Hares: Paul Collier & Tim Thane; Shamrocks: 8/10, sensible run, nice weather and views, curry on site, all good There was also some interesting and thought provoking background into: We have a longstanding arrangement with Carlsberg whereby they send beer, ice and a van to wherever we start the run from. I'm sure they wouldn't do it if you asked them now - but they have grandfathered it as a gesture of goodwill. We also have a bus that picks us up in the central business area at 1715 hrs and takes us wherever and back for 6 quid a head (drink driving avoided). We then either arrange for food to be delivered on site or go to a local restaurant after the down downs. One of the runners on Monday was Jack Mallee, who was GM in 1974 and who recently celebrated his 80th birthday by setting a run. He is there most weeks. The run may not seem particularly long - but the temperature was 34C with 95% humidity! On on, Paul HK hash

Write up Run: 2622 – Collier returns to bash the hash into shape

TALES FROM THE RANK AND PROGRESS:

1998 - Don't get in a car with strangers

2008 - Don't meet people from the internet alone

2018 – UBER... order yourself a stranger from the internet to get into a car with alone *More Hallowe'en stuff next issue. Sorry, just ran out of room! Ed.*



SH HASH 2019 — "and I would hash 163 miles..."

That's not quite an arbitrary figure, as this year's Nash Hash was organised by Aberdeen H3, but down on the borders near Kelso, which caused a bit of controversy and a small split in the ranks of AH3! Little Shit and Sharnie won out over Leeky Willie with an excellent venue at the Borders Showground and the argument that it was more about Caledonia than Aberdeen, which is true when the year ends in 9 - Edinburgh 89, Glasgow in the Trossachs 99, Perth 2009! A small advance guard from BH7, led by Come Again and consolidated by Roaming Pussy with Bushsquatter and Cliffbanger, had secured an excellent location midway between the bars and the bogs so all we had to do on arrival was look bemusedly at our tent until someone came along to help us with the erection. Hashers being hashers that wasn't long and soon we had a base complete with tables, gradually attracting arrivals from other local groups Barnes, Old Coulsdon etc. Proxy's ears pricked up when I mentioned I was popping into town to grab some bits for lunch but when we got there he claimed to have misheard and thought I was going for a pub lunch. Never mind, we found Scotland's first micropub, the excellent Rutherfords to calm him down, in the company of the Herts boys already well into their beer. Back at the site it was soon time to circle up

for the charity red dress run in aid of the Doddie Weir foundation for Motor Neurone Disease. With a couple of hundred hashers there was always going to be a rush for the bars so I lost our lot until the first pub, then

somehow ended up acquiring a collecting pot. With Knead we decided the best bet for our next pint was the Rutherford again as it was off trail, and it was worth waving the pot around but I was overwhelmed by the generosity of one punter who, after saying someone had already been round, still called me over and stuck £20 in, and it was a

similar story at the Cross Keys Hotel next door! Relieved that I wouldn't be handing in

an empty pot, we relaxed to enjoy the rest of the evening ending up at the Rugby Club for chat and dancing (very strange in Spingo's

case!), until the beer ran out or maybe we were dismissed.

The founder - My Names Doddie

Doddie Weir OBE is one of rugby's most recognizable personalities. He earned 61 caps for Scotland during a

successful playing career, represented the British and Irish Lions on their successful tour to South Africa in 1997, and

won championships with his two club sides, Melrose and Newcastle Falcons.

June 2017 the Scot revealed he was suffering from Motor

eurone Disease. From the outset, Doddie has been driven to help fellow sufferers and seek ways to further research into this, as yet, incurable disease.

https://www.myname5doddie.co.uk/

Having been away for a few days already we were unaware of many of the last minute emails, so it was cheering news to find that there was a breakfast available for us, given that the official opening wasn't until this evening. With a free day many had plans to do a bit of tourism so, although we had nothing in mind ourselves, we soon had a carload and headed off to Lindisfarne and the Holy Island, via Kirk Yetholm - the end of the Pennine Way, which Angel and I had walked 20 years earlier and which was now marked with a plough covered in deceased walking boots! Kelso not being the easiest place to get to, folk had been asking for suggestions online so I told them to get to Edale by train and bus and walk the 270 miles! There'd been an ongoing thing on the boat where by chance most of us wore the same colour shirts (pink day, blue day etc.), although Wildbush always seemed to be out of sync, but after a

red dress day, Roaming and myself did it again so this was a green day! Excitement had been high on Shetland when we spotted seals, but there were a lot more here with special basking beaches visible through the telescopes. Naturally having seen the castle and priory we soon gravitated to the pub for lunch, followed by a quick visit to St. Aidans Winery to try the local Mead before the threat of the Causeway flooding and the promise of beer lured us back for the opening ceremony. MC Hoggy put on his, as usual, highly enthusiastic show, waving flags from all the nations present (except Sweden, just an oversight, as they were there in force) around to the tune of Loch Lomond, prompting Roaming to say we needed to get the Sussex flag up there. I've since looked into it and it seems our flag features 7 martlets, a fictional heraldic bird with no feet based loosely on the swift, so it may not be the natural choice for hashers! With a rousing "500 miles" the opening ceremony was concluded and we proceeded to get 'vey vey drunk' whilst catching up with those who hadn't been able to wangle an extra day off for the RDR. I made a bit of

How far the Proclaimers were willing to walk. Don't pretend you've never wondered



a miscalculation Saturday having decided that, as we were on the nearest and shortest trail, getting to the nearest parkrun would be quite feasible pre-hash, I found out at the opening ceremony that all the buses were leaving at the same time and we would miss them. Plan B was to drive from parkrun to the start of the trail and pick the car up on Sunday, but fuzzy headed on Saturday morning I forgot that and the idea of plan C, to simply not drink after the hash, negated the point of pre-booking the BRAS and Pants trail given that it stands for Brewery Runs Around Scotland, so something had to give! To be fair the post-op knee was still tender so it might have been too much but I managed the fairly short trail, walking with Arseover and Doggy Bag through the houses, then along the river and out through the woods with Hoggy who told me a story about Deuchars beer (see below). The short/long split occurred at the road so I was surprised to find Angel beside me – she'd missed it and had to go back! A quick port sip and on inn we went to grab our packed lunches and head over to the Tempest brewery Tweedbank for our first free beer, and taste others, which may explain why I can't remember any of the wonderful stories from the circle up by the buses afterwards. Back at the site it was cocktail time with quite a few mini parties springing up while hashers drifted from one to another. The big one for us was London and the celebration of Hash royalty Urine's $70^{
m f}$ birthday. That was followed by the Cheese and Wine party, a new tradition from the last Nash Hash in Norfolk. After that we got dressed up in our "Farmyard frolics" fancy dress outfits, some quite frankly scarier than others, but Angel's goldfish outfit (fish farm!) drew a few comments!







Oh Flour of Scotland, When will we see, The hares again, That hashed and drank for, Your wee bit beer and gin And sent them bar-ward. Proud Gispert's Hounds. And made them down down. To hash again...

When a small town such as Kelso receives an influx of 700 plus hashers it is inevitably going to draw a bit of attention, so the local radio station interviewed Oral Sex to find out a bit about hashing. Audrey likes a wine and with a spot of courtesy 'Dutch Courage' beforehand, the presenter liked what he was hearing about our antics so plied her with more wine, with the inevitable tongue-loosening effect. Unbeknownst to all, the Director of the Agricultural Showground hosting us heard this and became concerned at some of the more colourful stories to such a degree that he imposed a midnight curfew on the bar. By Saturday we'd sourced plenty of water containers from the camp site which were simply pre-filled with beer, as well as adopting a thirstier approach while the bar was open, which had the effect of concentrating the alcohol. So after enjoying the band, the Guilty Pleasures, there was the inevitable naked hash led by Milton Keynes H3, followed by a return to the various party sites from earlier (for me at Guernsey HQ, always good value!) with our booty, to continue chat, singing and other antics long into the night!

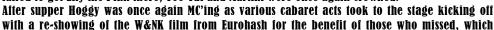
Sunday dawned and some hours later, hashers stirred to break their fast and get ready to do it all again. A few of us selected the Eildon Hill trail near Melrose, and here's what I mean about poor planning as the run finished within spitting distance of the Tempest Brewery, so parkrun Plan B would have been perfect, don! Suffice to say this was a stunning trail circling round the back of Eildon, a triple peaked hill in the Marilyn category (peaks have a prominence above 150metres and with mid and north peaks so close together probably deserves the nod to Norma Jean more than any other!), predominantly meandering left or right off a single track as we climbed up. Somehow I missed the short-cut with Halfway And Glen but used that discovery to make my own and catch up with the back of the pack as we made our way through the cleavage to descend the north face to the sip. As the pack continued our hare kindly gave me a lift into Newstead to pick up

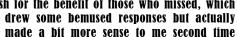




the on home past the interesting remains of Trimontium (literally three hills), a Roman outpost occupied and abandoned a number of times as they failed to bring the Celts in line. The trail finished at a spectacular spot on the River Tweed under the Leaderfoot viaduct, where the hot day and the strong current had hashers enjoying the drift down the river. Circling up and Septic Sporran asked for RA's so I offered a couple including the hare that gave me a lift who'd found a quantity of dogs mess the hard way, all over the beer as we were loading the car with the leftovers from the sip. Up came all those with dogs (quite a few!). Then Bushsquatter who had drawn the curtains in her van to get changed but to our horror left the door open revealing everything below the waist, so she downed with a kilted elderly local hasher who'd sat in the river to freshen up revealing to our horror everything below the waist. Eventually the captive audience was tiring so it was back to base accompanied by

the usual singing. Whilst the general rabble amused themselves with more pop-up cocktail parties, Sumo wrestling and a haggis tossing competition, the various GM's registered did what hashers do worst and tried to act serious and responsible. UK on Sec Dishy Goolies and Event GM Little Shit did their best to get us to focus on issues such as disposal of surplus funds from UKNH2004 (prompting a huge debate), attracting new hashers to clubs for sustainability (both Dishy and P Rick from IOW suggesting parkrun as a good source of new runners who may enjoy the social/ non-competitive side that hashing offers), and finally, vote on the next Nash Hash. Bids were presented on behalf of Swansea Jack by Gadget, who virtually threw in the towel straight away as none from the club were even at the event, and Yorkshire who did a kind of YH3 haka — Ey Oop, Where's me ferret, Where's me pigeon etc., and were unanimously voted in! That done, it was on out for the Down Down competition with challenges from Milton Keynes, New Zealand and even W&NK's Spingo in the ladies competition before inevitably, since we once again failed to get Lily the Pink there. Too Tuf and Martini were once again crowned.









around. Acts as well as standards were varied with several stand out offerings including the excellent 'Jeely Piece Song' telling the story of how Glaswegian mums would toss wrapped sandwiches (pieces) from the tenement buildings to the kids below, and what happened when they got shifted to Corporation high rise buildings, something I could relate to from my own childhood visits! Naturally there was a crowd-pleasing Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson number, this time "Do you F*ck on first dates?", a number about why dogs sniff each others arses, as well as several from Hoggy. During Saturdays hash he'd told me of the time Adonis had visited him in Edinburgh and asked for a pint of Dutchie. which turned out to be Deuchars (doo-kers) beer. So it was a bit of an in-joke that he, Adonis and Cums Dancing from MKH3 danced to Musical Youth's "Pass the Dutchie" on the left-hand side, handing round cans of Deuchars instead of a spliff. As Confucius said, 'they can't all be gems!' Cabarets over, the floor was cleared for an evening dancing to a DJ, but Vicky Vomit and I were comfortable so, until our beers ran out, the mob danced round us as we stayed sat! With a long journey home in Bank Holiday traffic we weren't staying for the hangover hash in the morning so took an early night ready to just pack up and go, which we did after breakfast, the long goodbyes to many whom we probably won't see for another two years, and cramming a few of the leftover beers into what little space we had in the car. A big thank you to the committee of the so-named Caledonian H3 on another great Scottish UK Nash Hash! On On to Yorkshire 2021! Bouncer

"WARNING TO VISITORS TO SCOTLAND" HAGGIS LAYING SEASON

We have been asked by the SHPS (Scottish Haggis Protection Society) to warn people about the dangers of Haggis Laying Season.

The last two weeks of July and the month of August are when Haggi are particularly dangerous, while protecting their newly hatched Hagglets.

If you spot a brood while you are out and about exploring , please do KEEPA SAFE DISTANCE!

Coastal Haggi can be particularly vicious and give you a Nasty peck, they are very fast swimmers.

But the worst ones are the rarely seen Banchory Belted Haggi , they live in the hills and can run particularly quickly for the species.

Also watch out now for Turra Haggi that due to changes in modern agricultural practice, come into the town's and villages to look for turnips, (their favourite food).

There are many rumours that Avon skin so soft is a good Haggi Repellent - THIS IS NOT TRUE, Every one locally knows the only thing that keeps them way is if you suck plenty of Moffat Toffee or play loud Bagpipe music!

PLEASE DO BE CAREFUL.

'Another warning, Scottish people love nothing more than a good laugh'



I'm a skyscraper wean; I live on the nineteenth flair, But I'm no' gaun oot tae play ony mair, 'Cause since we moved tae Castlemilk, I'm wastin' away 'Cause I'm getting' wan meal less every day:

Oh ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty story flat, Seven hundred hungry weans will testify to that. If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan, The odds against it reaching earth are ninety-nine tae wan.

On the first day ma maw flung oot a daud o' Hovis broon; It came skytin' oot the windae and went up insteld o' doon. Noo every twenty-seven hours it comes back intae sight 'Cause ma piece went intae orbit and became a satellite.

On the second day ma maw flung me a piece oot wance again. It went and hut the pilot in a fast low-flying plane. He scraped it aff his goggles, shouting through the intercom, "The Clydeside Reds huv goat me wi' a breid-an-jeely bomb."

On the third day ma maw thought she would try another throw. The Salvation Army band was staunin' doon below.
"Onward Christian Soldiers" was the piece they should've player

"Onward Christian Soldiers" was the piece they should've played But the oompahman was playing a piece an' marmalade.

We've wrote away to Oxiam to try an' get some aid, An a' the weans in Castlemilk have formed a 'piece-brigade'. We're gonnae march to George's Square demanding civil rights Like nae mair hooses ower piece-flinging height.

Adam McNaughton, 1967

Just saw a French potato playing the bagpipes. It was a Paris Piper.

Wee Jimmy walks into a bar in condon and orders five treble whisky's. So the barman pours the whisky's and Wee Jimmy drinks all 5 in less than 30 seconds.

"Wow, you drunk those fast!" Says the stunned barman.

"Och aye." Replied wee Jimmy,
"But so wid you if ye had whit I've got!"

"I'm very sorry." says the barman.
"What is it that you've got?"

Wee Jimmy just laughs and says...

"A Scottish bank note!"



Do you know the old Scottish legend of how the thistle came to be the flower of Scotland?



The story goes that an invading Norse army planned to ambush the Scots by slaughtering them while they slept.
This attack required as much stealth as possible so the invaders attacked barefoot.
Unfortunately for them, one of the attackers stepped on a thistle, and his cries of pain were enough to wake the sleeping Scotsmen, who charged into battle and defeated their enemies.

And so the thistle was named The Flower of Scotland

This is a story to inspire you to reach for your dreams and never give up:

A few years ago my mates missus came a close second in the Miss England 2003 competition. Later that year she was beset by a long period of bad luck. She suffered years of drug and alcohol abuse and a series of eating disorders. She lost a leg and needed facial reconstruction surgery after a road traffic accident. Later she suffered 90% burns in an unprovoked acid attack. Several of her teeth were knocked out and an eye gouged in a fight outside KFC in Whitehawk. The stress caused her severe hair loss and facial warfs. But she never stopped believing.

HAGIS
CULRY

Bully Know Linus Ya Bawbags

Two girls are walking along when they hear. "Psst! Down here!" They both look down and see a frog sitting beside the road. The frog says to them, "Hey, if you kiss me I'll turn into a world famous bagpiper and make you both rich and famous!" The two girls looked at each other, and one of them reached down and grabbed the frog and stuffed it in her pocket. The other girl said, "What did you do that for?" The first replied, "I'm not stupid. I know a talking frog is worth heaps more than a famous bagpiper any day.

IN THE NEWS...

Churchill's toilet stolen from Blenheim Palace (if ever a news item belonged in the Boggy Shoe!). Toilet



£10,000,000

Ask for Details



Robin Pob Adlem

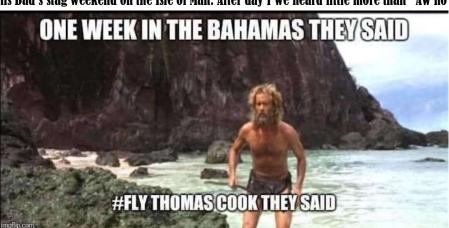
Bicester, England - 6 minutes ago

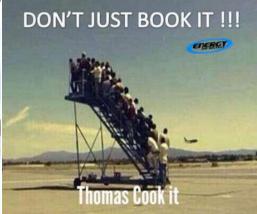
UPDATE lots of interest in this item, this is a genuine sale, not interested in anyone just wanting to, er, take the piss

Feeling flush? Fuck the cistern and buy a Solid Gold bog, ordered by mistake, need gone quickly hence price, prone to unwanted attention.. buyer to meet me in a field for exchange. Non returnable



"Police say they've nothing to go on!" Oh no indeed, but in a side story Churchill from Edinburgh H3 was so-named after we broke him on his Dad's stag weekend on the Isle of Man. After day 1 we heard little more than "Aw no" from him as he again headed for the porcelain.







Retro chocolate bar lovers rejoice, Marathon bars are coming back

We all remember with fondness a time when a Snickers bar was called Marathon. Mars changed the name in 1990 to be consistent worldwide, but the company has now re-registered Marathon as a UK trademark to celebrate 85 years of chocolate making in the UK. For a limited time, middle aged snackers will enjoy a dose of nostalgia with their sugar rush. "Bringing the Marathon bar branding back for a limited time was a no brainer," said brand director Gemma Buggins. "It's a great way to celebrate over 85 years of Mars making chocolate in the UK and we hope this serves as a wonderful treat for fans of Snickers who remember when it was called Marathon." On social media, the prevailing response has been one of sincere gratitude. One Ivan Lyons said it had "made his day", as he has had to run bloody miles to satisfy his marathon craving and can now hang up his trainers for a short while to binge on the chocolaty snacks while still being able to boast at the hash of 'doing a marathon'. Marathon bars will be produced to the same recipe as Snickers and sold at Morrisons for 12 weeks (starting from September 9) before it goes back to Snickers. Four will cost £1, and at 25p per bar that's actually some pretty retro pricing too.





How they put the clocks back in Liverpool

IN THE (PisstakeaLITICAL) NEWS...







Labour will campaign for a Schrödinger's Brexit - Wednesday September 11th 2019

The Labour Party will campaign to simultaneously leave the EU while staying in it, overturn the Brexit referendum while enacting the will of the people, and hold a second referendum before or after a general election, which they may or may not decide to support.

With a general election almost bound to happen at some point, the Labour Party began setting out their stall yesterday, or rather, a large farmer's market of stalls each selling very different misshapen organic produce.

Deputy leader Tom Watson was praised by the Labour membership for declaring that his party would seek to reverse Brexit before accepting Boris Johnson's demands for a general election.

Conversely Labour leader Jeremy Corbyn, who recently formed an opinion on Brexit, reversed the sequence of voting opportunities. Corbyn told the TUC conference that if his party first won a general election he would then call for a referendum on a "credible Leave option" versus remain.

Momentum activist Geoff Fishlove clarified Labour's position: "It's really simple, the country is divided over Brexit, so we are going to divide our manifesto to please everyone and also no-one. Fifty-two per cent of the manifesto will be dedicated to leaving the EU, and the rest will be dedicated to staying in the European Union. That way everyone can vote Labour and get exactly what they want, and also exactly what they don't want."

The mixed messages have predictably been compared to Erwin Schrödinger's famous thought experiment where a hypothetical cat voted Leave in 2016 but changed its mind after listening to James O'Brien on LBC.





After Jeremy Corbyn offered to be a Caretaker Prime Minister, it was confirmed that he could definitely do one of those jobs...

BREAKING NEWS

John Bercow has been found dead after trying to rewire a plug. Initial police reports state: "He had no concept of what neutral was..."



In order to prove you are not a robot, please tick every box containing a cunt.





Every time Messiah *(see picture below of him walking on water on the Bras and Pants H3 pre-lube to Nash Hash)* put in an appearance at UKNH19 someone would start this song off. It's oddly compelling but every level of wrong, which is why it's confined to the back page, but you'll hear it around:

IESUS CAN'T GO HASHING

Melody - Battle Hymn of the Republic

SAMPLE VERSE:

Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's nailed upon the cross (x3) Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

CHARIIC.

Free beer for all the hashers (x3) Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves!

FINAL VERSE (pack falls to knees in supplication).

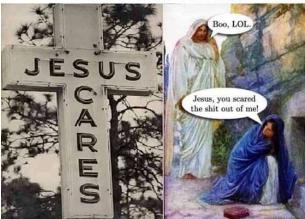
Sorry Jesus, we're only kidding! (x3)

Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

ADDITIONAL VERSES:

Jesus can't go hashing 'cause his feet are tied together! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause his dad knows all the trails! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's busy getting nailed! Jesus don't need flour 'cause he lays the trail in blood; Jesus can't go hashing 'cause Judas pissed him off! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's only got 12 friends! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause his wood is just too big! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause his girlfriend is a whore! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he turns the beer to wine! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's stuck behind a rock! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he shortcuts across the lake! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause a Jew won't pay his quid! Iesus can't go hashing 'cause the flour falls through his hands! Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's mowing my front lawn! All the girls love Jesus 'cause he's hung like this! (spread out arms) All the girls love Jesus 'cause they know he'll cum again!

Jesus Scares





A muscular bloke walks into a bar, and a lady recognizes him as a famous Rugby player. They start to talk and eventually go back to his place. As they start to kiss she takes off his shirt and sees that, on his arm, he has a tattoo that says REEBOK. "What's that for?" the lady questions.

"Oh, I have this so that when I'm on TV, people will see my tattoo, and Reebok pays me."

She then takes off his trousers, and on his leg, he has a tattoo that says NIKE. 'What's that?', she asks...

"Just like the Reebok tattoo, I get paid when this tattoo is seen on TV."

Then the man drops his underwear and on his penis he has a tattoo that says AIDS. The lady screams: "Don't tell me you have AIDS!"

The man replies: "No, no...!!! CALM DOWN!!! It will say ADIDAS in a minute."



Ahead of the Rugby World Cup why not try your name in Japanese: A= ka, B= tu, C= mi, D= te, E= ku, F= lu, g= ji, H= ri, I= ki, J= zu, K= me, L= ta, M= rin, N= to, O= mo, P= no, Q= ke, R= shi, S= ari, T= chi, U= do, V= ru, W= mei, X= na, Y= fu, Z= zi. On on Tumodotomikushi