



R-ns/trash #273 February 2020

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
3rd February 2020	2172	The Beer Engine, Southwick	BN42 4FJ	Bouncer & Angel
Directions: Head 2.5 miles west on A27, take the A293 exit for 1 mile, turn right on the A270 for 1 mile, and left on Southwick Street. Pub is 0.5 miles on the right; Est. 10 mins				
10th February 2020	2173	The Swan Inn, Lewes	BN7 1HU	Peter Pansy & Co.
Directions: A27 to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout, then right at traffic lights. Follow round and pub is on right just before junction. Est 15 minutes.				
17th February 2020	2174	Saddlescombe Farm	BN45 7DE	St. Bernard
Directions: A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. Est. 10 minutes				
24th February 2020	2175	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	BN5 9LT	Ride-It, Baby
Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. 10 mins.				
2nd March 2020	2176	Red Lion, Lindfield	RH16 2HL	Eat My Cucumber/ Just Kikkim
Directions: Follow A23 north to Bolney junction with A272. Turn left and back under A23 to Ansty. Stay on A272 until Haywards Heath then left towards the station. Straight on at station roundabout and left at the next into village. First left after pond for village car park. Pub slightly further up on opposite side. 20 mins.				

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RECEDING HARELINE:

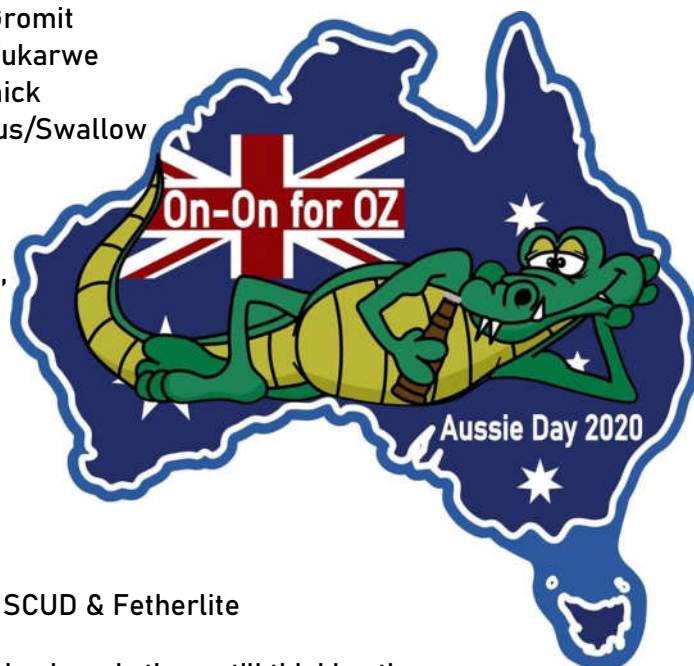
09/03/2020	2177	Testcombe Tavern, Telscombe	Prof
16/03/2020	2178	The Royal Oak, Poynings	Gromit
23/03/2020	2179	Long Man of Wilmington, Patcham	Fukarwe
30/03/2020	2180	The Dyke, Brighton	Nobbychick
06/04/2020	2181	Watchmakers Arms, Hove	Spurtacus/Swallow

HASHING AROUND SUSSEX:

CRAP H3 are going for a number two on 02/02/2020
11am Dragon, Colgate – Sticky Balls and I Need One
Hastings H3 #354 02/02/20 11.06am –The Three Oaks PH,
Three Oaks. TN35 4NH – Shit Stirrer and Snake Hips
East Grinstead H3 09/02/2020 10:45am
The Fox and Hounds, Fox Hill, Haywards Heath
RH16 4QY Iron Bru & Joy of Specs

CRAFT H3 14/02/20 7pm – Foghorn, Portslade –
 'P' trail from station. Valentines trail wear pink or red!
 ## A to B trail finishing near Southwick Station ##

Westerham & North Kent H3 16/02/2020 11am



Thought for the day: The leading cause of injury among old hashers is them still thinking they are young hashers.

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

24-26/4/2020 Trinidad, Interhash - <https://www.interhashtrinidad2020.com/>

1-3/5/2020 Barnes H3 Summer Ball – The Castle of Brecon hotel, Brecon – for booking: <http://www.barnesh3.com>

5-7/6/2020 Jurassic UK Full Moon Nash Hash – Swanage/Wareham RFC <http://www.geoffkirby.co.uk/UKFullMoon2020>

19-21/6/2020 Mad Mid-Summer Kirk Hash – CRAFT H3/ Beachy Head H3/ Henfield H3 French trip. See Trash #273.

19-22/08 2021 Eurohash Prague – Waiting list: <https://eurohashprague.com/registration>

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29TH FEBRUARY 2020 LEAP YEAR HASH R*N #9 - The Feathers, St James's Park from 1200. On out & chalk talk is at 1245, before heading to Parliament Square for 1300 and then on for a suitably challenging & cunning trail around some famous London landmarks, before heading on inn! For those who are more mature, lame or just plain lazy, there will be a short pub crawl... The LYH3 Mis-Management look forward to seeing you all soon. Cheers & On On! *Bonnie, Urine, Pope, Spare Rib and all*

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Very WORTHY WINCHESTER H3 - 7TH ANNUAL CARAVAN WEEKEND

13-16TH MARCH 2020 LOCATION:-

HOBURNE CARAVAN PARK, HOBURNE LANE, CHRISTCHURCH, DORSET. BH23 4HP

As always it is the weekend of the final matches of the 6 Nations Rugby, with THREE matches. Easy access to the TOWN & 15 minute walk to Steamer Point Nature Reserve & BEACH. The site has a Indoor Pool, Gym, Sauna & Steam Room, Crazy Golf & Tennis Court, also all the things we expect Entertainment, Hall, Bars and Large TV for Sports Viewing!!

PROGRAMME

Friday 13th March - Arrive from 16.00. 7pm - A short Social run with DH4 Hare – Turn Up Tony taking in a pub (or 2) in Christchurch. 9pm Cabaret on-site Entertainment.

Saturday 14th March - 11am - Hash run starting from the camp site - with a picnic lunch on completion. **RUGBY SIX NATIONS ROUND 5, SATURDAY 14th MARCH 14:15hrs – WALES v SCOTLAND 16:45hrs - ITALY v ENGLAND 20:00hrs – FRANCE v IRELAND**

Sunday 15th March - 11am - Hash. Wessex TBA – PM Site facilities available for use. Evening – Caravan Party.

Monday 16th March - Vacate Caravan by 10am.

See separate Booking Form for Booking & Payment Details

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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
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Christmas Hash Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt

Hash awards Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

COVER STORY – On On for Oz:

Huge thanks to all those who so generously contributed to the collection for On On for Oz held on our Burns hash evening. The total raised, including a small amount left over from the meal after the sip and staff tips were deducted, came to £220. I have now transferred AU\$280 to the animal charity Wires:

[<https://www.wires.org.au/donate/thank-you-emergency-fund?EID=24453648&CID=9309696>], plus a further AU\$150 to the Belowra Fire Service, where hasher Colin 'Rover' Burns, who lost his life in the fires, volunteered.

[\[https://www.dailytelegraph.com.au/news/nsw/nsw-bushfires-colin-burns-seventh-person-confirmed-dead-by-fires-in-south-coast/news-story/c192935cfd0bdb51522670fc0f24ff36\]](https://www.dailytelegraph.com.au/news/nsw/nsw-bushfires-colin-burns-seventh-person-confirmed-dead-by-fires-in-south-coast/news-story/c192935cfd0bdb51522670fc0f24ff36)

Many thanks to Julia once again for her work as Hash Cash and accounts for 2019, which are available on request, show a pretty healthy balance!

Dear Brighton Hash House Harriers,

We would like to sincerely thank you for your recent gift.

Our wildlife is being impacted by recent bushfires, the ongoing drought and food shortages created by these ongoing events. Countless animals will have lost their lives, their homes and their food sources our work will stretch beyond the immediate emergency situation to supporting impacted wildlife in the days, weeks and months to come. Your generous support will help us in our work to support the surviving wildlife in the bushfire areas and the tens of thousands we continue to assist each year.

Thank you again for your kind donation and ongoing support.

Yours sincerely,

Leanne Taylor - WIRES CEO

Summary of web form submission: Case Number: 9309696 Company: BH7 Hash House Harriers



WEDDING DRESS FAILS (part 2) - THE BOOBY TRAP

It's a Leap Year ladies. What wedding wear will you offer to get him to say yes on Valentine's Day?

Terrible TOWIE's

That catwalk look

Body paint nude

Or just the veil?



The throw – oopsie Jordan..

Don't look at your new bride!

Guests should be ready, such as this photographer



When the gown slips down... do you laugh or do you frown?



REHASHING...

George Hotel Henfield - Blah blah chalk talk, blah blah sip stop, blah blah usual route out the back to the common, blah blah usual innovation trying to catch us all out. Yes a teaser of a run had the FRB's heading off into the murk several times as we stuck to the firmer ground over to the Downs Link, then through the new builds and off up Stonepit Lane to the river where we got proper mud at last. That was relatively short-lived and we were soon heading back to town on better tracks, crossing the Link again to pick up the Seven Stiles route on to Trevors Toad and the sip at Trevors abode. Walkers were able to keep up for the most part with some well chosen SCB's but lost pack and missed the river, but unlike last time made it to the sip just ahead of the pack, a couple even actually seeing the toad this time! Circling up RA went on about some bronze, silver or gold obsessive thing from parkrun suggesting it as a challenge for hashers to try and hit 30, 40 or 50 r*ns in one calendar year as tonight was the first of 2020. Then mentioned how the year had gone so far with the sun shining and the announcement that Ed Sheeran would not be making any more music for a while heralding a bright start on the 1st, before Australia caught fire on the 2nd, then the Donald initiated WWII on the 3rd. Oh well! Down downs went to Prince Crashpian as hare, Fukarwe for a fall, Asbestosser going skiing on the bridge as Stormdog stormed it, Spurtacus for an attempted shortcut straight through shiggy, and Hash Gomi coming just as far as the free food at the sip. There might have been a bit of bad taste about the Burns hash and Australia but at least we were sending BH7's finest, Local Knowledge, over to project manage the fire control. Another great hash!



Griffin, Fletching - Just two weeks after the Belle Tout visit Lily was back in action, assisting virgin hare Cinderfella on an absolutely bitter evening. Sensibly forgoing a sip meant that there was little incentive for the wa*kers to put themselves through the torture so some stayed back in the warmth of the pub, others took a walk around the village, while OnDon turned back at the first sign of shiggy, and most of the balance returning when the ice started piercing their skin - only Anybody toughing it out by opting for a road walk to keep his mileage up. No such luxury was available to the r*nners, however, and out of respect to the new hare they braved the elements out past the rec and across several shiggy filled fields and the A272 to Sharps Bridge where the clockwise decision was made. Oozing along the Ouse there was some road relief through Newick before more misery across Fletching Common and a final road stretch On Inn. Circling up, hares were rewarded before a flurry of punishments were dished out to the likes of Peter Pansy for complimenting Cinderfella on the best hash this year (which made no sense as we were only two in, and it was his first!), Fukarwe who asked Bouncer how to spell Beer (Engine), Hot Stuff for following the setting hares by car to get trail, Nobbychick for posting the hash on social media before the circle, and Spreadsheet for falling above and beyond the call of duty. Another great hash, with a happy little postscript: PP was moping in the pub after losing his favourite hat out there but Chaos arrived late and had doggedly followed trail, finding said hat on his solo journey. You will have to buy him a beer or two Adrian!



Queen Victoria, Rottingdean - A rescue mission by Knight rider, with Mudlark assisting, saved the day when the r*nlist went out bare for this date, but although no sip was initially planned, a rescue mission by Come Again of a large consignment of scotch eggs from the food bank meant hares had to hurriedly consider an option. The early trail headed east up to the top of Saltdean before dropping back to the church, along the road for a way, then up again and over Ovingdean to Greenway Bottom. FRB's were tempted by the climb to Roedean but trail was out past St. Dunstons up (again) Beacon Hill where the walkers were spotted tempting the pack the wrong way. We still had another climb to negotiate, however, dropping down to the rec, then

back up to the windmill for the sip, the scotch eggs being supplemented by a bottle of rum and Hash Gomi's excellent rescue mission curry bread. After various routes were taken on inn, we soon warmed up by the fire enjoying the pie and pints before our ever generous hosts supplied a jug of ale for the down downs. Nothing but Grand Old Duke would suffice after so many ups and downs, then Hash Gomi, who normally ensures there are no leftovers, was congratulated for not scoffing the entire sip before the pack arrived with a leftover gravy downer! New boot Kit's neighbour Ian was next up claiming to have enjoyed himself despite an altercation with some barbed wire, before Swallow, actually wearing about 7 layers, was called for her blue top layer as this was, you may laugh, Blue Monday, the saddest day of the year! We were also in the middle of the highest pressure systems recorded, which may be responsible for headaches but in Profs case had brought on the sweats. And finally, Bo Peep bared all to Hot Fuzz while changing; Lily had his rubber cup returned after buying the previous week then leaving it in the pub as well as missing his training swim because "the trail didn't go that way"; and Wilds Thing had been threatening life and limb with the most dangerous finishers medal ever seen after his latest marathon - a lightning bolt! Another great hash!



REHASHING the Burns hash...

Partridge, Partridge Green – The last time we held a Burns hash celebration here Wilds Thing was but a twinkle in Wildbush's eye, but after a bit of a non-event two years ago when there was a temporary manager and the haggis was shifted to Shoreham without any recitals, the new landlord and chef were keen to put on a good night for us. Back when he was plain old non-hashing Sean, Wilds Thing used to live in the village and had put down to set trail from this pub the following week but was easily persuaded to set the Burns trail, and easily persuaded to make it a bit shorter than originally planned! Then, while setting, took the initiative to cut it even shorter omitting the post sip trail for an SCB home, although, bizarrely, the original route has found its way onto the website! So where we went was a quick flirt with the Downs Link, picking up the track out past Lloyds farm to the river through slushy fields, where a cheeky on-back confused the pack who'd forgotten about those with the



advent of the fishhook. Cutting north along the river for a short way, we left it for a lovely wooded trail before some serious shiggy to re-cross the Downs Link towards Jolesfield. The path to Littleworth Lane was naught but a river, with Reeds not a whole lot better but we were soon at the sip for some Scottish delights of whisky, Irn Bru, Highland Spring water and shortbread before a dry return back up the High Street on inn. There had been a suggestion of some Scottish Dancing from Shiva of Barnes H3 but she had to pull out after her dentist removed her capacity for speech, however, Prince Crashpian had been able to locate Slash Gordon and, given that it was a Chinese Burns, twisted his arm to reprise his excellent haggis slashing performance of past years. The address out of the way, and the chef duly thanked with the traditional tot, Bouncer reminded us all of Terry Jones poem, *Horace*, the composer having passed during the week, and the latter having a rather grim relevance (*see trash #3,#38 or #71 for the full rendition*), then we filled our plates from the bountiful and excellent spread before us, including all home-made haggis. Swollen bellies well and truly bent like drums, it was time to move on to the evening's entertainment and honouring of Rabbie with a toast by Wilds Thing taking his hare beer at the same time. With a nod to another Burns, hasher Colin 'Rover' Burns, who had sadly lost his life in the bush fires, we were educated in the international hash effort to raise money for

those worst affected through On On for Oz as an Australia Day collection was passed round, and Wildbush read out a poem called *'We Had A Bloody Fire Mate'* by Colin Baxter. A particular highlight of the Burns celebrations is always when Ride-It, Baby attempts to get her Sheffield accent round the vernacular, but she'd chosen her contribution wisely this year, *'O saw ye bonnie Lesley'*, which didn't require too much tongue twisting. Then Slash was back up and, having noticed how



Chinese New Year coincided with Australia Day on the 26th, decided that the Year of the Rat warranted a spirited and hilarious rendition of *Tae a Moose* complete with a recalcitrant clockwork fella that kept sliding off the table! Prof was next with a couple of excerpts by William McGonagall, arguably Scotland's worst ever poet as the antidote to arguably their best ever, offering a brief extract from *Tay Bridge* first before a piece called *The Burns Statue*, which must have irked being erected in his home town of Dundee while he didn't get so much as an invitation to the unveiling. The usual circle being set aside for one week, there was nevertheless a connection in each of our readers that warranted a down down, and so our next went to Cliffbanger who'd had to endure the harsh tongue of Bushsquatter blaming him for her weekly fall. Being put rather on the spot he did well to recall a spot of Burns with *"O my Luve is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung between your toes: If I give you half a crown, will you take your knickers down!"*, although I'm not entirely sure the original went quite like that! A bit of confusion had the bar jumping in too early with Auld Lang Syne, just as Slash dragged out the accordion to give us a rendition of the Skye Boat Song as well as a couple of other sing-a-long snippets. After that there was more confusion when they got it right, as Bouncer invited everybody to stand up and link arms for the closing number, but soon enough everyone was up and joining in for the final course of another great Burns hash!





*O saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.*

*To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!*

*Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects, we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.*

*The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say- "I canna wrang thee!"*

*The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.*

*Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.*

To a Mouse - BY ROBERT BURNS
*Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin brattle!*
*I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle!*
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!
*I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't!*
Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!
*Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coultter past
Out thro' thy cell.*
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!
*But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!*
Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

*The Burns Statue -
Poem by William Topaz McGonagall*

*This Statue. I must confess,
Is magnificent to see,
And I hope will long be appreciated
by the people of Dundee;
It has been beautifully made
by Sir John Steell.
And I hope the pangs of hunger
he will never feel.*

*This statue is most elegant
in its design.
And I hope will defv all weathers
for a very long time;
And I hope strangers from afar
with admiration will stare
On this beautiful statue of thee,
Immortal Bard of Ayr.*

*Fellow-citizens,
this Statue seems most beautiful to
the eye,
Which would cause Kings and
Queens
for such a one to sigh,
And make them feel envious
while passing by
In fear of not getting such
a beautiful Statue after they die.*



Flying Haggis' Cause Mayhem in Dumfries & Galloway

Jan 21, 2020

Well, it's that time of year again folks, as we head towards Burns Nicht on the 25th of January!

It's also the time of year that the rare breed of flying haggis migrates down from the Highlands and Islands to nest and breed here in the very heart of Dumfries and Galloway.

As everyone knows, the flying Haggis like to normally nest on the banks of the region's rivers, but this year due to all the recent flooding, much of their nesting habitat is too sodden and these beautiful creatures have taken to building their nests on rooftops and buildings in the towns and villages, where they are safe from being washed away to sea.

There have already been complaints to the local council from people who are hearing the deep drone of the haggis as they make their mating calls, normally not a problem when they are down on the banks of the Nith, Cree and River Dee. But as one local Lady reported, "it's not much fun listening tae that noise coming doon yer Lum all nicht. "

A spokesperson for D&G council has stated that Tartan Umbrellas or a woolly hat are recommended for safety reasons as these flying haggis can be messy critters when they get a fright.

Take care folks and if you look up, watch oot!



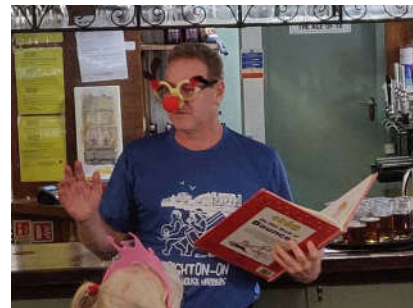
REHASHING the CRAFT H3 and Surrey hash visit...

Angel and myself thoroughly enjoyed last years belated Surrey hash Christmas weekend in Kings Lynn, tying in to a visit to my father, and were pleased to see this years belated Surrey hash Christmas weekend was here in Worthing. Even better was that GM Speedy Humper asked at Nash Hash if I could organise the Friday night pub crawl, so naturally it became a CRAFT H3. Despite some confusion along the way resulting in Sticky Willy (now back to Hash Flash in SH3 circles) and Petal taking over, I made it along to an enjoyable recce evening where we checked out The Egremont, The Old Bike Store, the Cow & Oak, Selden Arms, New Amsterdam, and the Hare and Hounds before a curry at Mahaan. Come the day this route was altered drastically to allow for the more elderly SH3 contingent, and an early start from the Aldrinton hotel led to the pack gathering at #1 the Rose and Crown at 6pm (although a few early birds had already investigated the hotel bar and the Old Bike Store). Making our way in by train, a P trail was marked from the station for any CRAFTies following on (with some of the usual suspects unavailable, we weren't expecting many extras, but were delighted to see Dangleberry make it), then we caught up with loads of old friends among the 60 odd attendees for the weekend which actually included a number of CRAFTY folk anyway. Theoretically I was still on Dry January (albeit, as this was technically a Christmas weekend I was in a December bubble so claimed a pre-booked piss-up exemption on top of my usual Old Ale exemption), but I was very happy to see the Old Ale on tap at #2 Hare and Hounds, so enjoyed a couple of pints here while messing about with wind up penguins! With an early Thai meal booked for 8.30pm, we baled on the grim #3 Thieves Kitchen (although it seems several had gone straight from the hotel thus missing the two better pubs earlier) to go straight to #4 49 Tasty. Food was adequate and plentiful, but not really true Thai, all washed down with bottled beers. The final pub of the evening, just over the road, was #5 The Egremont and we were in for a treat with live music from the Ramonas, a female and faithful Ramones tribute act. Our group had whittled down after the meal, and again as those who found the music too brash departed, but we were joined here briefly by Chaos and daughter Jess as well as Big and Mrs. Richard from the Old Star, although the last train cut short another great Craft hash!



Come the morning, an invitation had been extended to BH7 to join in the main trail from the Fox at Patching, hared by Sticky Vicky and RHUM, and it was good to see Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter make the long journey from Bexhill, as well as Keeps It Up, Wildbush and Dangleberry again joining in. Even on a good day shiqqv is pretty well guaranteed here, and recent wets ensured that no-one escaped the mud but nice weather and an excellent sip stop at the Dover car park kept everyone happy. Back at the pub a substantial amount of sandwiches and chips were available for the £5 run fee before Speedy opened proceedings, then handing over to guest RA's One In The Eye and myself. It was a good team effort, alternating the awards, and the big book of Bouncer came out (good job I remembered my glasses!) from which came the

information that Sussex borders have been left unprotected by the departure of our Duke and Duchess, making us vulnerable to these incursions from neighbouring counties. The last time such a considerable force came down from Surrey was in 1981 when the first UK Nash Hash was held at Ravenswood Manor, and founder Gerry Gurney was part of this weekends task force, as well as Dormouse who has actually attended every UKNH since! Other awards went to Simple, SBJ, Bonn Bugle and Bodyshop for SCB'ing; Veqgie Queen who'd turned up in full gear at breakfast but changed again when she heard about the trail; Yogi who'd travelled furthest to get here; checking chicken (sweeper) Popeye who got lost while checking; and finally for comment of the day, Master Bates who said, "I can't stay erect I've been sucked off so much." The weekend continued back at the hotel with room parties followed by a glitzy dinner dance accompanied by Proxy's band. There was, of course, a hangover r*n around town on the Sunday, which once again caused a social media stir as we connected up the parks with flour, but Jess is a reporter for the Worthing Herald and was able to publish something to calm the panic (*see next page*). Worthing has a strict policy on open drink containers so we had to go down the beach, then further down the beach, for the circle and I was surprised to find I was once again in the chair. Gurney has been known to exert a certain amount of pride in his creation of the UK Nash Hash, to the extent of calling himself 'God'. "I don't call myself God, I



am God" he said walking right into my trap, for it was he, the all-seeing all-knowing ineffable omnipotent and omnipresent who, the night before, had lost his jacket, accusing everybody of having it! Popeye it was who had inadvertently picked it up but he'd slipped the wallet out before returning the jacket. Other downs went to One in the Eye, who was so busy making notes on trail that she ended up crashing into real people twice; Jolly Green Giant had led the pack astray calling on seaquill lime; and Proxy joined the breakaway group to see Worthy the Snowdog at Fukarwe's office, only to get cold feet and head back to pack 10 feet before we reached it. Closing circle concluded, it was back into the hotel for chip butties and to say our farewells after another great Surrey hash weekend!

Bouncer



A mystery white powder reported by council officers in 63 locations on Worthing seafront has been identified.

Adur and Worthing Councils released a tweet on Tuesday (January 21) announcing that it had identified a number of piles of white powder. It said foreshore inspectors removed 63 of the small piles which were found by Worthing Pier and along the promenade and dog wardens were alerted to the find. This caused some alarm on social media as Worthing residents reported finding similar white powder.

A close-up photograph showing a dark, textured surface, possibly a wall or ceiling corner, heavily infested with white, powdery mold. The mold is concentrated in a large, irregular patch in the center and smaller spots around it. A dark, rectangular object, likely a door frame or baseboard, is visible in the upper right corner, partially covered by the mold. The overall appearance is one of significant water damage and mold growth.

Mr Biggins explained the group used flour as it is 'cheap; washes away with the next rain if not already eaten by animals, birds, insects or gastropods; and is visible in all but chalk and snow. In the early days trails were marked in squares of, or shredded, paper, a cheap and available commodity, but nowadays it not only looks ugly but is recognised as being harmful to the environment on many levels, so alternative mediums have been identified," he said. "Although there seems to be no perfect option, flour is cheap; although it has occasionally been mistaken as toxic, Anthrax, cocaine or even target markers for terrorists in the City of London." Some 'Hashers' use chalk to mark out their trails. The group is part of a worldwide network of Hash House Harriers, established in 1938, which take part in non-competitive running and often socialise at local pubs following the activities. "So in essence, no need to panic, and in fact the best thing you could do is follow the trail as it will invariably lead to a pub!" John Biggins said. Local groups include Brighton, Chichester, and Henfield chapters which set runs across Sussex. Worthing Borough Council, which reposted news of the discovery at the weekend, has been contacted for comment. More information about Surrey Hash House Harriers can be found [at its website](#).

I nearly got knocked off my bike by a council salt lorry tonight. "You idiot!", I shouted, through gritted teeth.



A rough time for Australia day:

A moment of silence for all the lil' creatures who lost their lives in the fires...
#australia



Brilliant sand-art by Breathe a Blue Ocean.



Well played Stockholm Hash! #ONONFOROZ



Geeky Sex Toys
@Geeky_Sex_Toys

Our country has been devastated by bushfires & we need your help! 🙏 So that's why we're proud to announce The Down-Under Donation Dildo! 🍆 A new toy where 100% of the profits will be donated directly to the relief efforts 🇦🇺 🇺🇸 geekysextoys.com/bushfire-appeal... #BushFireCrisisAustralia



And a rough time for Chinese New Year – year of the rat:



JUST GOING TO
PICKUP A CHINESE

CORONA BEER CHANGES THEIR NAME
TO AVOID ASSOCIATION WITH THE
CORONA VIRUS OUTBREAK

Corona
@corona

Again, you don't get the coronavirus by drinking our beer! Coronavirus symptoms include fever, runny nose and coughing. Symptoms of drinking Corona include gagging, craving Taco Bell and waking up next to someone you wish you wouldn't have.



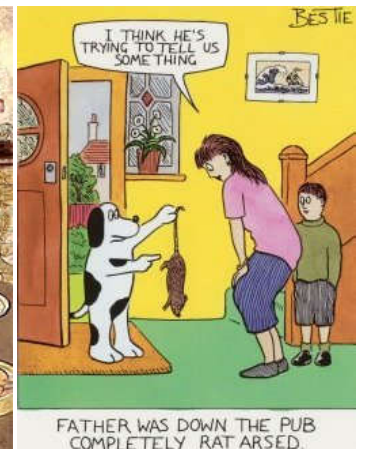
27/01/2020, 01:46 PM



The cat is not a part
of the Zodiac



I ate the rat.



A bloke from the bush walked into a Sydney antique shop, and saw a life-like bronze statue of a rat. He took it to the owner and said: 'How much for this bronze rat?' The owner replied: 'It's \$12 for the rat, and \$100 for the story.' The fellow gave the owner his \$12 and said: 'I'll just take the rat, you can keep the story!' As he walked out, a few real rats began following him, so he walked a bit faster, but within a couple of blocks the swarm had grown to hundreds, all squealing and screeching in a very menacing way. He ran on towards Sydney Harbour but looking behind he saw the rats now numbered in their MILLIONS, and were running faster and faster. By now very concerned, he ran down to the pier and threw the bronze rat as far out into the water as he could. Amazingly, the millions of real rats jumped into the water after it and were all drowned. The man walked back to relate all this to the shop owner, who said, 'Ah, you've come back for the story then?' 'Shit no!' said the bloke, 'I came back to see if you've got a bronze Muslim, a couple of Asians, a Poof, and an Indian spin bowler. (only the messenger – Ed!)

IN THE NEWS – Brexit, Megxit and WWII

**NATIONAL LOVE IT
OR HATE IT DAY.**



Dividing the nation since 1902.



Dad joke of the day: How much space will Brexit free up in the European Union? 1 GB.

"And the Duchess, sirrah?"
"She doth join by Skype milord"



you'll do as i say



you tell him som



...yone has a right to be mad at
...y and Meghan it's the people
...ussex, who have been left
...erless without their Duke and
...are now defenseless against
...ursions from Hampshire and
...t.

11:13 PM · Jan 12, 2020 · Twitter for Android

11.1K Retweets 75.7K Likes



oo

Alexa: Okay, sending missiles to Iran today



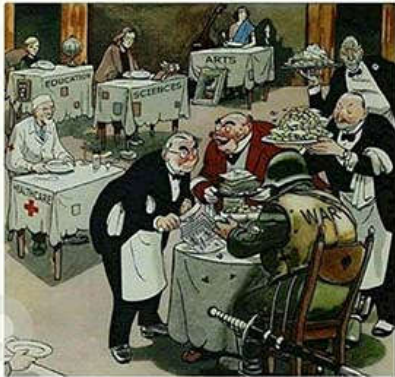
Cloudy

22° 23° 27° 19° 1400

Nobody knew Suleimani a few days ago. He got famous fast, literally blew up overnight!

IN THE NEWS *(continued)*

This comic is over 80 years old and yet you don't have to change a thing about it. It's every bit as relevant today as the day it was drawn.



Iranians preparing their air force for WWII

[illegible]

IN MEMORIUM - REST IN PEACE...



I don't know what to say, I'm so desperately sad. 😞😞
🐱 such times we had, rest in peace Mr Derek, my best
friend forever #DerekFowlds #BasilBrushshow



11:14 AM · Jan 17, 2020 · Twitter for iPhone

Derek Fowlds

"I can worship Nature, and that fulfills my need for miracles and beauty. Art gives a spiritual depth to existence – I can find worlds bigger and deeper than my own in music, paintings, and books. And from my friends and family I receive the highest benediction, emotional contact, and personal affirmation. I can bow before the works of Man, from buildings to babies, and that fulfills my need for wonder. I can believe in the sanctity of Life, and that becomes the Revealed Word, to live my life as I believe it should be, not as I'm told to by self-appointed guides."

Neil Peart



Neil Peart from RUSH



A tasting that's completely different

TERRY JONES, Monty Python star and director of Britain's newest real ale brewery at Penrhos Court, Herefordshire, opened CAMRA's Great British Beer Festival in style last month: beer tasting should be different to wine tasting, he declared —

Terry Jones

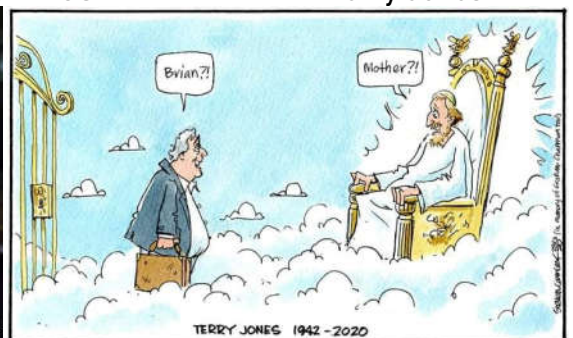


That new guy is annoying!

... and Kobe Bryant



Animal mourns



...but a happy reunion.

THE END



LOOKING FOR LOVE ON THE BUSES

One day, a well-endowed, attractive young lady is sitting on the bus, when a good-looking fellow gets on and sits opposite her. Attracted to him, she starts smiling flirtatiously. Yet it is to no avail. The man ignores her.

Surprised and frustrated, the young woman unbuttons her blouse further to reveal her bounteous cleavage and hitches her skirt up to show her stocking-tops. However, there is still no reaction. Frustrated beyond belief, she tries a last-ditch attempt to capture his attention: she whips off her knickers, jumps onto his seat and straddles his face.

Showing the first signs of emotion, the man smiles and shouts out, 'I may be blind, but I know that smell anywhere - it's Grimsby Port, my stop!'

SIMPLE TRUTH 1:

Lovers help each other undress before sex; however, after sex, they always dress on their own.

Moral of the story: In life, no one helps you once you're screwed.

LOOKING FOR LOVE ON THE HIGH SEAS

A young man is captured by pirates and is persuaded to join the crew rather than walk the plank. After a few weeks at sea the Captain speaks to the man and asks him how he is getting on. The man replies that on the whole he is enjoying things, the rum-soaked drinking binges, the plundering, etc - but there was one thing missing.

"Arrr! What's that?" asks the Captain.

"Well, there are no women" replies the young man.

"Arrr!" says the Captain "Follow me!"

The man follows the captain to what appears to be a barrel, on top of the barrel stands a coconut with a face drawn on and a few strands of wispy straw for hair. On the barrel is a crude outline of a woman's body and between the legs is a bung hole. "We calls her Carmen," says the Captain, "and ye may take her as ya will".

The man explains that he was unlikely to make use of her and goes on his way. However, as the long months at sea drag by with no respite, Carmen appears more and more attractive to the horny young man. Finally he can resist her no longer and he has his wicked way with the barrel. To his amazement the experience is far more satisfying than he could ever have imagined!

The next day the Captain makes a point to greet him again. "How did ya get on with Carmen then, laddie?" he asks eagerly.

The man replies "Rather better than I thought... actually, it was rather good!"

"Argh!," says the Captain, with a great beaming smile on his black-bearded face. "Then it be yer turn in the barrel tomorrow matey!"

SIMPLE TRUTH 2:

When a lady is pregnant, all her friends touch the stomach and say, "Congrats."

But, none of them go up to the man, touch his penis and say, "Good job"

Moral of the story: Hard work is rarely appreciated.

Wild Party

One Monday morning the milkman is doing his rounds when he notices that, unusually, both cars were in the driveway of one of the homes. His wonder was cut short by Bob, the homeowner, coming out with a load of empty beer and liquor bottles. "Wow Bob, looks like you guys had one hell of a party last night," the milkman says. Bob, in obvious pain, replies "Actually we had it Saturday night. This is the first I have felt like moving since 4:00 am Sunday morning. We had about fifteen couples from around the neighbourhood over for some weekend fun and it got a bit wild. Hell, we all got so drunk that around midnight we started playing WHO AM I."

The milkman thinks a moment then says, "How do you play WHO AM I?"

"Well, all the guys go in the bedroom and we come out one at a time with a sheet covering us with only our 'privates' showing through a hole in the sheet and the women try to guess who it is."

The milkman laughs and says, "I think I'm glad I missed that."

"You should be," Bob responded. "Your name came up seven times..."

Is blowjob one word or is it blow-job? I bloody hate writing Valentine cards!

AND FINALLY: Condoms do not guarantee safe sex! A friend of mine was wearing one when he was shot by her husband.



It's the last dance