



Trash #309 February 2022

Unless indicated, all r*ns are on Mondays at 19.00pm and all directions/ timings are approximate starting from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction. Please adjust journey time accordingly from your location.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
7th February 2022	2243	Plough & Harrow, Litlington	BN26 5RE	Mudlark
Directions: A27 east past Lewes and Beddingham. Take 2nd right after Alfriston roundabout past the Giants Rest pub. Pub approx. 2.5 miles on right. Est. 30 mins.				
14th February 2022	2244	Elephant & Castle, Lewes	BN7 2DJ	Bo Peep
Directions: A27 east to Lewes roundabout. Left up hill and straight on at traffic lights. Left after castle, left again and pub is on right. Est. 15 mins. ♥♥♥♥♥♥ <i>special Valentine's Day sip stop</i> ♥♥♥♥♥♥				
21st February 2022	2245	Jolly Tanners, Staplefield	RH17 6EF	T-Bone
Directions: A23 to Slaugham turn. Right at t-junction for 1km then left and pub opposite. Est. 25 mins.				
28th February 2022	2246	The Moon, Storrington	RH20 4DR	Off With Her Head & Angel
Directions: A27 west to Shoreham. A283 north past Steyning. Straight on at Washington roundabout 2.5 miles. Park in village c/p round the back, pub on High Street. Est 25 mins. Please pre-order food at https://themoonpub.co.uk/menu/				
7th March 2022	2247	Roebuck, Laughton	BN8 6BG	Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at second roundabout onto the A26 through the tunnel. Right onto Malling Street (staying on A26) then right again onto B2192 through Ringmer. Right again on Laughton Rd / B2124. Pub on left approx. 2.5 miles. Est.25 mins. A somewhat overdue joint 100th hash celebration!				

18/02/2022 19:00 'P' trail from Lewes station to pub #1 tba.

11/04/2022 360 Brewery, Sheffield Park – Two Left Feet. EGH3 joint.
ononononononononononononononononon

Thought for the day: If only Tony the Tiger could describe Frosties in one word... that'd be great.



Did you know (1) that the collective noun for a group of tigers is a streak?

Which is enough of an excuse for London Zoo to host a naked hash, er, run every year, called Streak For Tigers.



Did you know (2) that Tigers have striped skin, not just striped fur? So bodypaint or skin – you decide!



REHASHING



Run 2238 Saddlescombe Farm, Saddlescombe – Ghostly dayglo figures flitted around the faintly-lit precincts of hare St Bernard's nerve centre, doubtless nervous of another trail contoured like a rollercoaster. And so it seemed, as the r*nners found chalk east uphill past the Donkey Wheel, and then a steep ascent toward the West Hill summit. Though 'twas not to be, as the trail slung a right on a more moderate gradient toward Varncombe Hill. Only to then make a near-complete switchback, to now head north on an even more moderate gradient toward the aforementioned summit. The pack then flew across the elevated heights of the Newtimber Hill plateau, before making for the Texaco Pyecombe. Though the descent was interrupted, firstly by claggy shin deep clay that threatened to glue hashers to the hillside. And secondly by another switchback, to ascend 100 steps, give-or-take, to the fabulous undulating path skirting the northern escarpment of Newtimber Hill. A descent to Shagger's I mean Beggar's Lane was cut short by a less undulating traverse south across open grassland, to the object of the hash: The new occupants of High Tops, who've objected to use of the permissive pathway descending to Saddlescombe Road, despite at least 35 years in common use. So

naturally, the trail took this path, with our hare requesting quiet, perhaps tongue-in-cheek. The pack of course hollered variously at top volume making plain that we were coming through. So it was a crying shame that nobody seemed in :-/ The in-trail then paralleled the road south, with dogleg via The Street, before customarily repairing to the marvellous medieval kitchen in the bowels of Bernard HQ. To be refreshed with a cask each of Best and Pale, and a veritable cauldron of vegetable stew, all at the keenest of coin. And thence circle was called, to bring the sinners to book, starting with a trio of hares, St. Bernard being joined by last weeks deluge omitted brace of Keeps It Up and Ride-It, Baby. We had a virgin tonight as Local Knowledge's grandson Edgar, on a visit from down under, joined us for his first hash. Pete had diplomatically spirited him away pre-circle, but as it seemed like 'bring a kid' week with Whose Shout's daughter Sarah (admittedly now a full grown adult!) also returning (and also gone before the circle), Astrid insisted that Pirate and Soggy Crack should be the representatives, just as soon as she'd finished her game of chase me, although daddy thought the ginger beer mingier than regular beer! Psychlepaths flask mix-up went unpunished because, guess what, he'd gone too! But the story bears a quick retell – with Bouncers 1000th looming Rik had said he would return the flask, and duly brought it along this evening. Meanwhile Mudlark had done likewise, the following interrogation revealing that he had the progressive giant hip flask award, while Psychlepath had brought back his own permanent regular size! As so often happens, Dangleberry was reunited with a lost hat and a beer to accompany it, then Gromit, barely recovered from THE virus, was dragged in for nurturing a computer virus on messenger! Whilst there he took the opportunity to pass on the Numpty mug MIA since before Christmas, nominating Lily the Pink for a spectacular slide while presenting aloft a bag of Bentleys arse product, but deciding that hare had transported in every bit of National Trust shiggy possible to make this an unnecessarily muddy trail. Charlie grumbling that the charge was unwarranted promptly shifted the mug on to Bouncer for an unnecessarily muddy description of next weeks hash, both charges somehow omitting the fact that Angel had managed to run half the trail with only one shoe, the sole of the other having taken the route ultimately of all souls and departed. And finally, Hash Gomi received a beer to the tune of "he's the meanest" in an ironic nod to his purchase of 80 close-dated turkeys for the homeless. Another great hash! **On On, Dangleberry**

Run 2240 Greyhound, Keymer –By the time I'd managed to steal a space at the front of the pub (Pirate redeeming his comments about cabs by checking ok with the landlord) the pack were already setting off. At least the walkers had a map to give our bickering a focus as we took the path opposite the pub but it took no time at all to realise that the runners had absolutely and maliciously churned up the mud so that we were sinking to our shins, which was naturally the ideal time for my torch to give out! Heading up what is amusingly described on the map as ROMAN ROAD, the guide fences either side brought the continuing shiggy into sharp relief so our progress was slow until we had the blessed relief of a road section through Ditchling. The temptation was there to cut really short and head for the sip, but we relented and kept following the runners route a little longer until their trail headed off for an extended loop out to Spatham Lane while we questioned Local Knowledge's local knowledge as he tried to get the lame and lazy to vault a gate. Fortuitously there was a clear 'W' slightly further on to take us up Lodge Hill but the sip took a little longer to locate. The heart shaped grub turned out to be cheesy gonads with caraway pubes for a reason that escapes me, then off we set again convinced that the field route would keep us dry. A correct surmising rather marred by the fact that we still had to rejoin the mud before reaching Oldland Mill, by which time we were again caked. Hey ho, at least it was definite road all the way on inn, and we beat the r*nners by seconds, Ginger Nuts arriving just behind, but he spotted the fishhook used by Dangleberry to demonstrate trail marks, said, "It would be rude not to" and disappeared again! Dangleberry was, of course, made-up with some assuming he was a werewolf in tribute to the full moon which always brings the best out in him, but he was just a greyhound. An excellent shiggy trail was duly rewarded before belated first footer, Dipstick, was given a visitor beer, and could well have earned the Numpty after failing to exploit Dangleberry sending him the trail map! The eating club with a running problem tag BH7 have earned continues unabated as St. Bernard set off on trail with a pack of hash chips, and it was only a shame that he was already the Numpty holder. In amongst the slurry Keeps It Up proudly announced, "I've got wood", but a shortfall of harriettes falling over themselves left him to do the job as he tripped over a mole hill into the sludge, to the collected mirth of the pack! It seemed only right to recognise our four-legged hounds given the pub name, but both Rico and You Stupid Bastard are under 18, so it fell to Bosom Boy and Lily the Pink to take a beer for dog abuse, before I attempted to realign the planets after failing to reach 1000 hashes on my 1000 hash celebration. The idea was to finish the flask whisky to the correct tune of 'Get A Life', but the car failure meant I was driving so it was a token swig and finished at home later. And finally, St. Bernard had two excellent candidates for the Bogyman award with I Need One pointing out the swans only for Charlie to observe that they were in fact sheep on account of the things in the corners being legs. But, even if she hadn't already left, there could be only one winner as Angel rather forlornly tried offering lager round at the sip stop. Lager on a hash, I ask you! Another great hash!

When your landlord says no dogs allowed





We all know how Dangleberry likes to cover up!

Bouncer

When tigers think they're cougars (see also #274):




How much do boobs weigh in pancake batter?

- A-cups: 11 pancakes
- B-cups: 15 pancakes
- C-cups: 18 pancakes
- D-cups: 25 pancakes
- E-cups: 34 pancakes
- F-cups: 39 pancakes

Most useful information I never thought I needed



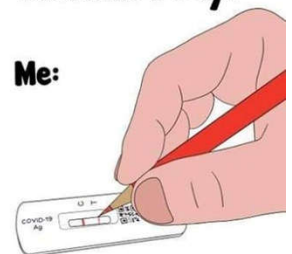
After seeing his doctor, a man is rushed to hospital for tests and wakes up in a private room. The phone by his bed rings and the doctor says, "You have an extremely nasty variation of COVID!" "My gosh, doctor! What are you going to do?" "We're going to put you on a diet of pitta bread, pizzas and pancakes." "Will that cure me?" "Well no, but it's the only food we can get under the door."

MY PRIORITIES IN FEBRUARY

Valentine's Day coming up, options are limited

Her: Did you book somewhere for Valentine's Day?

Me:



REHASHING Bouncers 999th!

2239 Duke of Wellington, Shoreham – Even before trail had been completed there were rantings on social media about dog poisonings, with one lady whose dog had become ill after eating the white powder being particularly distressed*. The voice of reason was a local councillor who explained that it was simply a runners trail, but not before people had been spotted washing the marks away with water. Gathering in the pub it was a bit of a bunfight to order the £9 curry deal, before we were ushered round to the side of the pub to hear about the Shoreham Poplar Front's efforts to save the tree from being removed for more building. Resident expert St. Bernard pronounced it a lime, rather spoiling the reference to Citizen Smith, before changing his mind after a closer inspection, and off we set to cross the footbridge and head to the boardwalk on the beach. Cutting down the side of Beach Green, trail continued along the houseboats, crossed the rec and along the new path twixt airport and river, with a liberal scattering of fishhooks to contend with. Over the tollbridge we passed St. Nicolas church to climb up the back of Old Shoreham to find our way to Chez Bouncer for a sip stop of starter samosas washed down with Come Agains rum and coke. The walkers had taken a shorter route omitting the boardwalk and airport, but Thing, which caused a bit of concern, but he'd just been called away and was fine. Our route, while main pack headed home via Buckingham Park and Road. Curry duly distributed and cutlery after all, Mudlark kindly collected the dosh, however, was without change quite a few (**see page 2**). Lily the Pink presided over down downs with an Angel sandwich myself; then some handbag mix-up involving Broccoli and Trouble; and Angel again downer. There may have been others but tempus forget! Mudlark then went on a firstly awarding a new (and very full with a poky whisky) engraved hip flask to down for banter of its early, it's next week! Despite being unable to complete this mission, it was a big celebration and, presumably due to the effects of the covid that caused them (furiously!), I again failed to complete in one. More practice needed, but I'm very grateful which had its first outing on Burns night, and again on Australia Day. Given his subsequent Bernards faux pas with the tree earlier was feeble enough excuse for me to re-present supposed to have it for a minimum week, rather than something under 3 minutes (see

** Our first thoughts were that the dog, a Labrador, had eaten something else that didn't agree with it, but we later found out that it had a previously unidentified gluten allergy. She claimed the vet said it was very common in dogs, but this is the first case I've heard of, so think we can continue to use flour (but 'stripe' the marks in town rather than blobs) and be grateful that she has learned about her dogs needs from the experience.*



on



At his recent 500th Rebel put together some words to make a small speech which ultimately didn't really see the light of day. Still, he did send me a picture of his award which sadly missed the cut last issue.

This led me to reflect that maybe I should have been better prepared with some sort of career summary and Oscar style thank you's for all who've been involved in my rather marvellous hash journey with Brighton since joining 30 years ago - the memories we've made; the great times we've had on Mondays, the 100 mile and hash relays, French trips, weekend events, CRAFT hashes and campouts, and family hashes; the life adjustments and the wonderful reasons to really start to appreciate Mondays in a way that non-hashers just don't have the chance to. Yes, I could have gone on to pay tribute to lost friends, those who no longer hash and are missed as life takes their journey away, the many co-hares I've had such laughs with as we endeavoured to befuddle the following pack, and all those beers, so many beers! And to thank you all for coming along on my special celebration, the hashers with us now, and the bright future for BH7 with such positivity in our members, and a closeness to other local chapters better than ever. But I couldn't be arsed.

Bouncer

Bouncer

Identifying a tiger

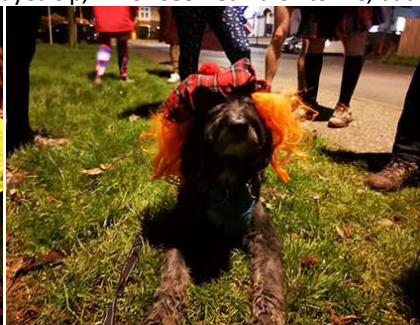


Only some people will get this...lol



REHASHING the 'NOT THE BURNS HASH' HASH

Middle class English people on Burns Night



on

***** PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE WARNING *****

It is important to remember that in order to maintain freshness, a haggis needs to be caught and killed within the last 8 days if it is to be consumed on Burns Night. The Haggis are killed, shot with a silver bullet, and then hung under the eaves of the But and Ben to mature ready to be eaten on Burns Night . Here is the traditional Haggis Hunting song passed down through generations in our family.

Step we gaily on we go
Arm in arm and row on row
Sticks and spears, guns and bows
Hunting for the Haggis
Over hillways up and down
Hunt the muckle scunner down
Sell his skin for half-crown
Hunting for the Haggis
Hunting Haggis is no sin
Eat his kith and eat his kin

Boil em up in their own skin
Hunting for the Haggis
Afore the eve of Hogmanay
Huntsmen dressed in fine array
Wi their kilts and Glengarr—ay
Hunting for the Haggis
Claymores, dirks & black sgean
Targs & bucklers, twelve bores
Ma Chieftain Tank is coming thr
Hunting for the Haggis

Two legs shorter on the left
To navigate the rocky cleft
Watch them vanish, nothing left
Hunting for the Haggis

Rabbie Burns and poets braw
Even the Great Magonagall
Doff their poets caps and call
Gie us bonnie haggis

Stalkin' Haggis calls fer guile
Trackin' them for mile on mile

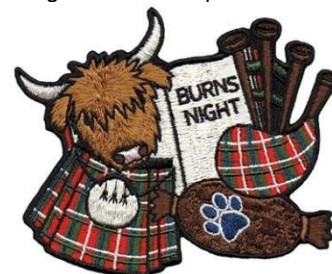
Let's stop in the pub a while
Hunting for the Haggis
Let's tak a dram or mebee two
Three or four will see us through
Laphroig, Glenlivet and Cardhu
Hunting for the Haggis
Hunting Haggis sport o Kings
See them run-a-round in rings
Crivens, Help ma Boab and Jings
Hunting for the Haggis

Whisky is a spirit and spirits are considered to be ghosts.

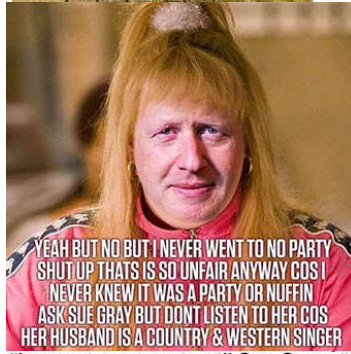
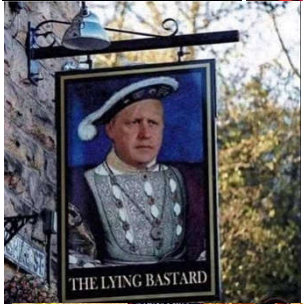
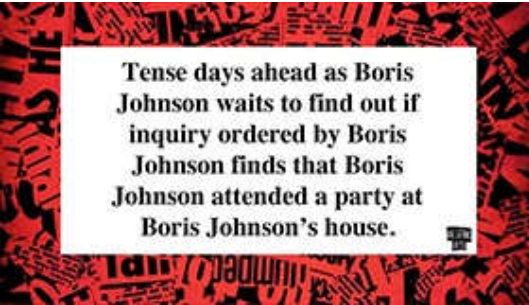


**So I am not an alcoholic.
I'm a fucking ghostbuster.**

As an important zoological note, you should realise that there are in fact, two sub-species of Haggis, the left-handed and the right-handed, which have longer legs on that respective side. Their Latin names are Haggi Sinister, and Haggi Dexter. This is, of course, to allow them to run around the sides of mountains, but only in one direction. This of course makes them very easy to catch, as they cannot turn and run away. Scottish scientists have tried for years without success to cross-breed the two sub-species to get a creature with all four legs the same length. Alas, their experiments have only resulted in two further sub-species, the front-dipping and the rear-dipping, who are able to run up and down hills respectively, but not the other way. Other uses for Haggis include using the skin for bagpipe pouches.



STILL IN THE NEWS – the party that loves to party...



Sportsman, Withdean – Not the first choice pub for most but understandable as Fukarwe only needs to fall up the hill to get home, but the BOGOF deal on the burgers and pizzas was certainly an attraction. As numbers built up inside the pub for this slightly belated Australian themed hash, there was no hare in evidence until a call from outside revealed that the muster point was on the far side of the car park. The quick chalk talk revealed that we were already at the sip which included Fosters(!), a threat sufficient enough to encourage the pack to run away even as hare unwisely lobbed the key to Bouncer after last weeks backpack cock up! Anybody was sweeping but on the walkers, which went wrong when Don took charge of the map and route swiftly hauling us on a short-cut up Peacock Lane to knock on Choppers door and sing Waltzing Matilda, as Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter attempted to claim their belated 100th tankards in person, all while the pack took a route around Withdean Park. The walkers were now on the reverse of the main trail which is how they met the pack heading up as they continued down Surrenden Crescent, but a quick left on London Road

on

BREAKING: The English Cricket Board have appointed tennis world number 1 Novak Djokovic as a temporary batting coach. "We acknowledge he doesn't have a background in our sport, but couldn't overlook that it took two weeks for Australia to get him out!" Just got back from my mate's funeral. He died after being hit on the head with a tennis ball. It was a lovely service. I caught a man trying to break into my house last night. He was wearing rugby scrum cap, swimming trunks, ice skates and holding a cricket bat. I said, "Oi, what's your game?"

IN OTHER NEWS – Sad RIP's; Sport; and the Royals

Sad news that **Archbishop Tutu** didn't quite make it to 2022.

Here's a local connection from May 2007:

Last Updated: Tuesday, 22 May 2007, 14:08 GMT 15:08 UK

Tutu salute to late bishop friend

Archbishop Desmond Tutu has dedicated a stained glass window to the late anti-apartheid activist, Bishop Trevor Huddleston, at his former school.



The memorial is located in the chapel of Lancing College, West Sussex.

Bishop Trevor Huddleston died in West Yorkshire in 1998

He died in 1998 at the age of 84 after campaigning against apartheid in South Africa for much of his life.

Speaking at a dedication service at the college on Tuesday, Archbishop Tutu said: "If you could say that anybody single-handedly made apartheid a world issue, then that person was Trevor Huddleston."

Bishop Huddleston, who was an Anglican priest, went to South Africa in 1941, where his work led to him ultimately becoming president of the Anti-Apartheid Movement.

He was a friend of Arch
for more than 50 years.

The Huddleston Memorial Window features the roofs of a shanty town and a depiction of the bishop himself.



It was created by Chichester-based artist Mel Howse, a member of the British Society of Master Glass Painters.

Tuesday's service was also attended by members of the Huddleston family, other anti-apartheid campaigners and senior school and church representatives.

The ceremony also saw the announcement of Lancing College's new Trevor Huddleston Scholarship, a free two-year Sixth Form placement for a pupil from south London.

*On one hand Golden Girl **Betty White** was 99 years 348 days old when she died.*



"IT SAYS SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR LIFE and LEGACY IF PEOPLE THINK YOU DIED TOO SOON at 99."

On the other hand she lived through 24 leap years, i.e. 24 extra days. So mathematically she lived 100 years and 7 days.

Elsewhere, the artist formerly known as Meat Loaf is now to be known as Brown Bread, after ironically checking out in Veganuary.



on

Women's football gets noticed by the Sun:
When Cuthbert just ain't giving it to you right

African Cup of Nations:

The Nigerian football team were so disappointed with Saturday's performance that they have said they will personally refund all expenses to fans who travelled to support them. All they need to do is send bank details, sort codes & PINs, & they will transfer the money directly...

And the teams gear up for...



on

Queen forces Prince Andrew to drop HRH as he's "run out of road":



Royal Medals:
one previous owner



P.Andrew
99.7% positive Feedback

£320.00 + £7.50 postage

Est. delivery Thu, 20 Jan - Fri, 21 Jan

Buy it now

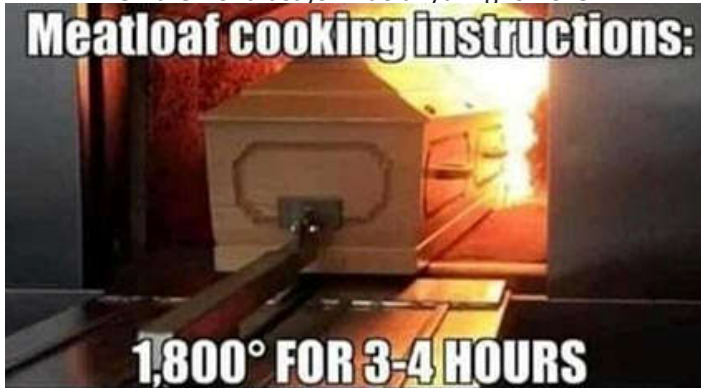
"We currently have no Duke of Edinburgh, York or Sussex. I don't want to alarm anyone, but we are again exposed to Viking marauders on the Eastern flank."

- Viking raids on Anglo-Saxon London: <https://lostcityoflondon.co.uk/2014/06/17/viking-raids-on-anglo-saxon-london/>



THE END

As a mark of respect my wife is wearing her Meatloaf knickers.
On the front it says I'll do anything for love.



On the back it says, But I won't do that.

"Me too, I thought I was at a charity function for twenty-five minutes, turned out it was a sex trafficker's house."



When you need help with sweating use Mum



Brighton shops & Brighton graffiti:

Repeat after me, "Retinal." One more time, "Retinal."



To be fair, this was Brighton Specsavers so the sign may be correct.



Sue Gray's report simplified; the flask Bouncer really wanted; and a few more lovely tigers to finish up with:

