

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers Trash #309 February 2022

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

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 ♥♥♥♥♥♥ special Valentine's Day sip stop ♥♥♥♥♥♥ pub is on right. Est. 15 mins.

2245 Jolly Tanners, Staplefield 21st February 2022

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

T-Bone

RH17 6EF

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!

CRAFT H3 #124:

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

Receding Hareline:

14/03/2022 BN6 Bar, Hassocks - Dangleberry

21/03/2022 Eager hare required.

28/03/2022 Anyone?

04/04/2022 Please?

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

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Hashing around Sussex:

CRAP UK H3 - r*ns start at 11.00am unless indicated

06/02/2022 Ardingly Inn, Street Lane RH17 6UA Nominator

Hastings H3 - r*ns start at 10.66am (11.06am) unless indicated

13/02/2022 Pett Village Hall, Pett Mr. Orgasmic

EGH3 - r*ns start at 10.45am unless indicated

13/02/2022 Blackboys Inn, Blackboys TN22 5LG Joy of Specs/Irn Bru 27/02/2022 The Plough, Crowhurst TN33 9AW Bagman & Diane

W&NK H3 - r*ns start at 11.00am unless indicated

20/02/2022 Tilgate Golf Centre c/p, Crawley RH10 5LP Scud/ Fetherlite onononononononononononon

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



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

29/4- 1/5/2022 Trinidad, Interhash - https://www.interhashtrinidad2020.com/

13/5-15/5/2022Friday 13th H3 Away weekend in Exeter – *see flyer below*.

17-20/8/2023 Eurohash - Baarlo, The Netherlands at The Dutch Castle de Berckt – Full.

25-28/8/2023 UK Nash Hash Beverley, Yorkshire – registration details in due course.

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Bob's stile – Despite difficulties in finding a location for a stile to remember Bob, on account of his needing to walk places where he didn't have to climb in his final years, one has been identified near the Cock Inn, Ringmer (see KIU's message below). If you would like to contribute to the costs, donations are welcome. Please transfer funds to:

Account Name: Brighton Hash House Harriers

Sort Code: 30-67-72 (Lloyds Bank) Account Number: 31893463 Reference: Airman Bob

All contributions will be forwarded to the Monday Group.

If anyone who overpaid at the curry hash needs the change please catch me on Monday nights, otherwise the surplus will be added to our donation for the stile. On on, Bouncer

HHHi All,

I am pleased to announce the plaque has been put up on Airman's stile. It is the closest stile to the Cock Inn, Ringmer (off Old Uckfield Rd). Photos & maps are on the website. And if you are wondering why the "2021 200" gold inlay it is because this is Monday Group's 200th stile!

Pompette and I will set a hash in May (date to be agreed) to christen it.

Cheers and on on, Keeps It Up.

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who: Joint GM's Phil 'Chopper' Mutton

Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood

On-Sec Don 'On-Don' Elwick Webfart/Zoom Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle **Hare Raiser** Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons **Beer Monster** Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson RA's John 'Bouncer' Biggins

Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones Dave 'Dangleberry' King

Hash Cash Julia 'JJ' Madigan Hash Sash Dave 'Dangleberry' King **Hash Trash** John 'Bouncer' Biggins Haberhash Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland **Hash Horn** Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer

Hash relay Pete 'Prof' Thomas Hashtorian David 'Spreadsheet' Evans **Christmas Hash** Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt

Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones Hash awards Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

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Due to popular demand (ok, 2 requests), we are looking to put in another order shortly so the same process as last time if you want something specific or with your name on it.

1. Put your order onto the spreadsheet –

https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1roY98XwmnbEeZeb116dxNcXb 8i2BUyHTVyIIFif70aY/edit#gid=0 (or email me)

2. Put your money into the Brighton hash bank account - details on the spreadsheet.

We will lock the spreadsheet on 15 February and collate an order, so don't delay.

If you have spoken to me about an order recently, I have added it to the spreadsheet. Please check I have the details correct as I may have been drinking at the time (and I'm sure you are all size small!).

If you need to check sizing, colour, etc, click on the link to get the details:

Short sleeved t-shirt: Men http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=JC001;

Women http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=JC005

Long sleeved t-shirt: Men http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=JC002; Women http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=JC012

Men http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=JC007;

Vest: Women http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=JC015

Men http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=RG122;

Fleece: Women http://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=RG123

Shorts: Men https://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=LV830; Women https://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=LV831 Skort: https://www.our-catalogue.com/SPIN/?p=BB904

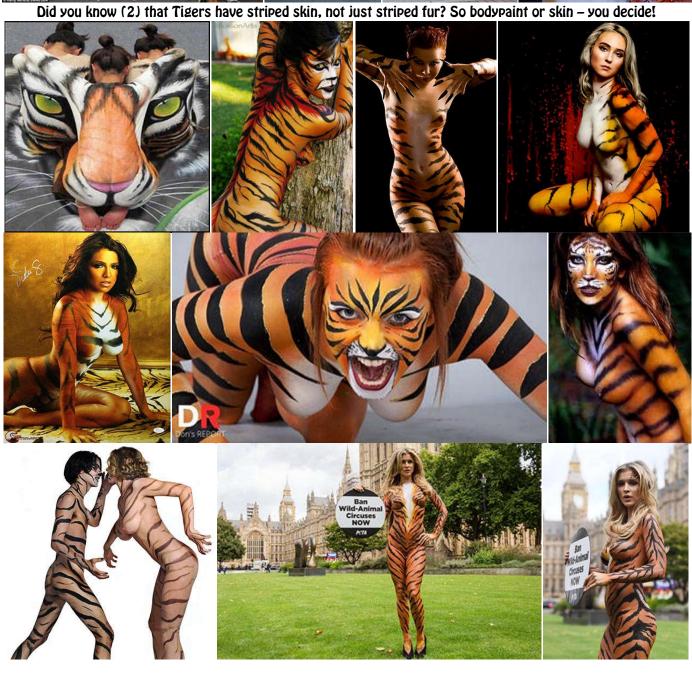
The running jacket on our list is no longer available so we need to pick a new one. Let me know if you see anything in the catalogue that might work.

If you haven't had a chance to see the new items with the logo and you need to so you can decide, get to a run! Otherwise, let me know and I can send pictures. We can now put the small logo on t-shirts/vests so add this in the comments field if you want this. If you want anything different from the above, please contact me to discuss. On On, Kayleen/Wildbush

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.





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

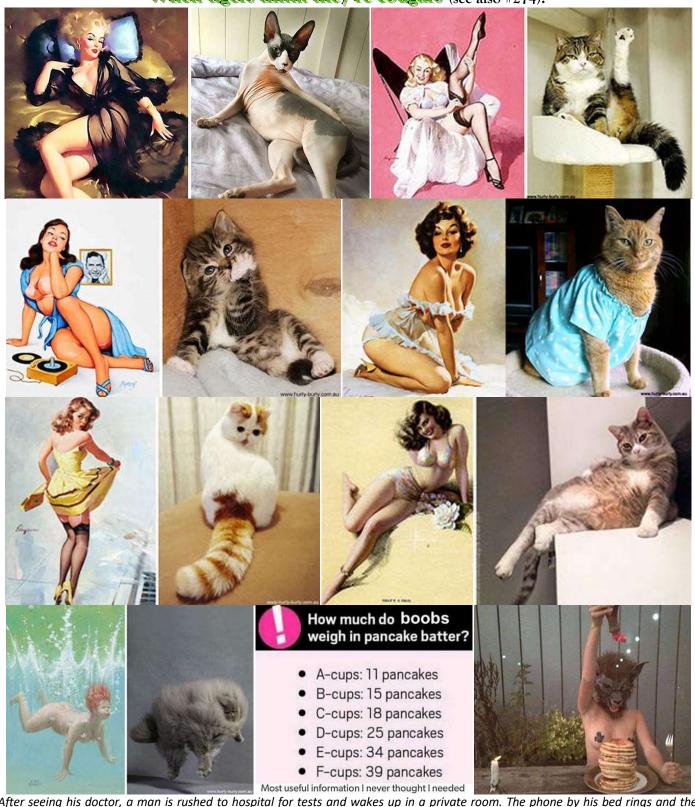
When your landlord says no dogs allowed



We all know how Dangleberry likes to cover up!

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 Bogeyman 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! **Bouncer**

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



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."



Valentine's Day coming up, options are limited









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



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 had managed to shake off Wilds Thing, which caused a bit of concern, but he'd just been called away and was fine. Post sip the walkers took the direct route, while main pack headed home via Buckingham Park and Road. Curry duly distributed, with the pub supplying plates and cutlery after all, Mudlark kindly collected the dosh, however, was without change so an extra £1 was grabbed from quite a few (see page 2). Lily the Pink presided over down downs with an Angel sandwich as she received for haring with myself; then some handbag mix-up involving Broccoli and Trouble; and Angel again for the delayed hole in her sole downer. There may have been others but tempus forget! Mudlark then went on a mission to get me vey vey drunk by firstly awarding a new (and very full with a poky whisky) engraved hip flask to down for my 1000th celebration, amidst the banter of its early, it's next week! Despite being unable to complete this mission, it was chased with a full pint of APA as it was a big celebration and, presumably due to the effects of the covid that caused the numbering error (he said mugging furiously!), I again failed to complete in one. More practice needed, but I'm very grateful for the Antipodean Malt Whisky which had its first outing on Burns night, and again on Australia Day. Given his supposed expertise in the woods, St. Bernards faux pas with the tree earlier was feeble enough excuse for me to re-present him with the Numpty mug, as he's supposed to have it for a minimum week, rather than something under 3 minutes (see review 2238)! Another great hash! * 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.

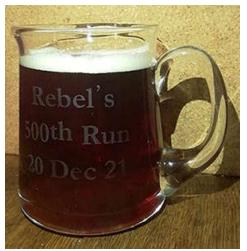








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At his recent 500th Rebel put together some words to make a small speech which ultimately didn't really see the light of day. Still, he did send me a picture of his award which sadly missed the cut last issue.

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

CHINESE NEW YEAR – Year of the Water Tiger The REALITY Identifying a tiger

The EXPECTATION







HEY, TAKE IT EASY TIGER! A tiger that mauled Las Vegas entertainer Roy Horn by almost ripping out his throat was protecting him rather than attacking him, says Horn's stage partner Siegfried Fischbacher. He told a US TV show that Horn slipped on stage and the tiger was just trying to pull him back up. Horn, who is critically ill in hospital, can only communicate through hand signals. Let's hope he's learned the signal for "For God's sake, don't help me."

ROME - A man who kept wild animals in his home in southern Italy was found dead - eaten by a lion, Italian news reports said Sunday. Police said the man kept a lion, tigers and a panther in the basement of his house, as well as many dogs and cats. Authorities said they were investigating if the 50-year-old man was alive when attacked by the lion or if he had died a natural death a few days earlier while in the cage and the animal, with no one to feed it, then ate the body. The reports said the man apparently didn't have the permits necessary to keep exotic animals as house pets. [Ah-ha! If he only had the permit this tragedy might have been avoided.]







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"The Tigers" is a very popular name for sports teams of all sorts with Hull City using it as a nickname, Leicester Tigers rugby union club, and from 1935-1965 the Brighton Tigers ice hockey team, but in USA it's almost the go to name for college athletics! Let's see how they all get on in the year of the tiger!









So I just mashed up some Kellogg's Frosties into a paste & used it between my bathroom tiles. They're Grrrrrout!

My mate texted me "Who sang 'That's neat, that's neat, that's neat, that's neat, I really love your tiger feet'" I replied "Mud". He texted back: "That's right, that's right, that's right, that's right...." What are a woman's four favorite animals? A mink in the closet, a Jaguar in the

I went for a Chinese Meal the other day, and all of a sudden the restaurant went into darkness. The waiter came running over saying 'everyone please clap hands' 'Bit weird' I thought, but I joined in and all of a sudden the lights came back on! The waiter says' see old Chinese Proverb work...'Many hands make light work!'

garage, a tiger in the bedroom, and an ass to pay for it all.

Just seen a load of Chinese bears having a scuffle in the town centre! It was total pandamonium.

I went to our local Chinese takeaway last night and asked for the specials. They gave me too much foo yung.



REHASHING the 'NOT THE BURNS HASH' HASH

2241 Partridge, Partridge Green — This being the scene for several past Burns celebrations it was first choice for this year but Wilds Thing had trouble trying to seal the deal with an underling insisting that we had to eat at 8pm. Eventually the manager was contacted and agreed to a later sit down but on the basis of a set menu, not the haggis. Times are hard for pubs, so we had to accept it and postpone our biennial celebration to next year after the very boozy one on Zoom in 2021, but Fukarwe has plans to mark Australia Day next week anyway. Wilds Things troubles didn't end there unfortunately as co-hare Trouble had car trouble, and then he got caught in an online conference call as hash time grew ever closer. Finally mustered, he'd managed to set half the hash with a plan to set the remainder live, so after a quick chalk talk, chucked a bottle of co-op whisky in the Bouncer back pack with instructions on the sip location. It was perhaps wildly optimistic to think that I was going to manage the walk and still beat the pack, but wasn't helped by missing the turn, then coming to a confusing section which ended up with the walkers finding several dead ends before escaping. Meanwhile, the pack were heard in full flow cutting round the top of our labyrinth so I

Middle class English people on Burns



took a quick decision to abandon the walkers and make haste to the sip. A good call as I had a call from Angel to say they'd arrived, shortly before I realised I was following the trail the wrong way, so suggested a relocation to the green opposite the pub. Before the grabbing hands were allowed at the haggis bonbons a quick toast was made to the bard, even as more hounds arrived, so it wasn't long before all was demolished and we relocated to our usual back room. Appetites duly sated and thirsts quenched, we circled up with hare Sean receiving for failing to clear his diary, as the pack swung between dubious marking (7pm) or brilliantly clear trail (7.30pm), and the missing Trouble was toasted on her birthday. Comments on the walkers trail were switched off pending the full Sue Gray enquiry, then Prince Crash and Slash were downed after losing trail, finding the hare and claiming they'd fallen off the front. You had to be there! The presence of tartan was duly noted both on trail and in the pub, before Ginger Nuts did the usual double on new shoes having been overlooked at the Old Coulsdon Sunday run, and it's not our fault that he'd changed into slippers after the hash! Another previously unrecognised sin was Gromit drinking rum and coke at the Shoreham hash, thinking it was beer, an omission soon rectified, and then Slash Gordon gave an enthusiastic and slightly OTT recital of Burns 52 verse epic "Tam O'Shanter", painting a vivid picture of Ayr's drinking classes, assisted by Come Again as a witch, Prince Crashpian, Angel as Tam's wife Kate, and myself as the devil. The full poem can be found here: http://www.robertburns.org.uk/Assets/Poems Songs/tamoshanter.htm complete with translation, but for the evening, Come Again was called on several times to bare teeth and nails while hissing, and I was for some reason required to dance up and down with a three legged stool for bagpipes inventing new lines to our old favourite, such as "Slasher the hasher was a bishop basher, just like Wee Willie Wankie..." etc. Enormous fun! The evening was concluded with the returning of the Numpty mug to the Bouncer household in spite of a strong claim by Prof, but the pack voted based solely on the delayed sip, which seemed harsh to me, but there you go. Another great Burns hash!







**** 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 dubh Targs & bucklers, twelve bores too Ma Chieftain Tank is coming through 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

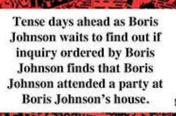
As an important zoological note, you should realise that there are in fact, two sub-species of Haggis, the left-handed and the right-handed, which have longer legs on that respective side.

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 subspecies 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...



















OK, WE ADMIT WE MISJUDGED BORIS JOHNSON TURNS OUT HE CAN ORGANISE A PISS-UP! Otherspulled



trying his best! Leave him alone! He's exhausted" but really he was on a come down from the house party he threw the night before



throwback to 2020 when people were Not everyone had the energy posting this picture and saying "he's for a cheese and wine after work.



No 10s refurbishment is complete then

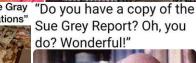




Least I owned up to all the people in my garden!



"I cannot comment until Sue Gray has completed her investigations"



'It is with great regret I have to tell you our dog Dilyn ate the Sue Gray report before I had a chance to read it."









So, you're the Downing St gardener. Sue Gray "I'M A BIT OF A WORK EVENT ANIMAL" wants some answers ...



While Keir Starmer was drinking beer I was isolating with Covid. Having seen that photo, I think I was having more fun'



'As we're going to Downing St, I thought I'd bring a bottle'



'Adele has posted a tearful message saying that she's sick of waiting for the Sue Gray report'



'SURPRISE!!!!'

REHASHING AUSTRALIA DAY...



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

and they were once again on trail up Cedars Gardens and along Station Road. It was at this point Anybody remembered his responsibilities adding through marks at the checks oblivious to the fact that he was now ahead of the hash! Don finally let us off the tarmac through lovely Withdean Woods but nearing the top Lily the Pink and Spurtacus caught up so were passed the key. It was another few minutes before the rest of the pack arrived and it turned out they'd still got another big loop to go, so no sip for the walkers as they headed in to get food sorted. This being the 31st, RA's comment that January had been a tough year went over the heads of the circle, and fared little better with Terry Pratchetts description of a typical Aussie recipe, the meat pie floater, so cracked on with the hare trying hard to divert comments on the trail to the positive! Trouble had left her sports bottle at the Duke of Wellington, but waited patiently for its return as lost property as it sat on the table in front of her. Of course it needed to be filled with beer first despite her protestations that it had previously held Wilds Things fisting, whatever the hell that is in a liquid form! With our resident Sheila, Wildbush, judging, Fukarwe was back in the circle for the best fancy dress on trail with his spongy Fosters style tinny costume, so we'll never know what the special prize was. Gromit had made a great effort in the pub with his swagman's get up, spoilt only by his shirt being from New Zealand (if we meant ANZAC we'd have said!), but Mudlark was a worthy winner of the beer. There should have been a beer for On On Don for mucking up the hares walkers plan, or Anybody for overly enthusiastic marking which caused the 7.30 runners more confusion as they criss-crossed the back markers, or even Bouncer for offloading the sip key too soon, but the popular vote went to Fukarwe (good job he's walking tonight!) for making the pack re-run earlier trail as they'd missed a bit, as well as entrusting all the aforementioned in the first place. Barfly Drambulie should really, given the connection of her hash name, have attended the Burns night but work got in the way and her driving got in the way of the downer so Bosom Boy happily accepted the nomination, before a slightly bizarre circle, to follow a slightly bizarre trail, was wrapped up with Fukarwe (again!) receiving the Bogeyman cup for the bizarre idea that Fosters was a good idea for the sip! Despite the griping and punishment dealt out to the hare, it seems that, on the whole, it was a very well received trail, so another great Aussie hash!

onononononononononononononononon

Novak Djokovic becomes the first professional athlete in history to be banned from a major sporting competition for not taking drugs, and the first tennis player to be knocked out of a grand slam tournament after missing only 2 shots.



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:

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 Huddleston studied there between 1927 and 1931, describing Youthern I 1998 it as "a place that allowed me to grow very much to be what I wanted to

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

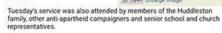
Speaking at a dedication service at the college on Tuesday, Archbishop Tutu said: "If you could say that anybody single-handedly made apartheid a world issue, then that person was Trevor Huddleston."

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 Archbishop Tutu for more than 50 years.

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

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



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.

years 348 days old when she died.

On one hand Golden Girl Betty White was 99

"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.





WELCOME TO PARADISE, MR. WAF.

Mourning world may never know what Meatloaf wouldn't do for love



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Women's football gets noticed by the Sun:

When Cuthbert just ain't giving it to you right

THE FA WOMEN'S LEAGUE CUP Chelsea Women FT Harder, Cuthbert, Harder, Harder HT 1-1

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.





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





Royal Medals:



£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-raidson-anglo-saxon-london/





As a mark of respect my wife is wearing her Meatloaf knickers.

On the front it says I'll do anything for love. Meatloaf cooking instructions:

Brighton shops & Brighton graffiti:





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."

















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

