



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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
2nd May 2022	2255	Juggs Inn, Kingston	BN7 3NT	Peter Pansy
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout, turn right. Pub on right in centre of village. 10 mins.				
9th May 2022	2256	Swallows Return, Worthing	BN12 6PB	Fukarwe
Directions: A27 west past Worthing. Take first turn-off after road reverts to dual carriageway (Angmering), then left at roundabout on Titnore Lane. Turning for pub is on right after 1 mile. Park in layby's on slip road. Est. 20 mins.				
16th May 2022	2257	Frankland Arms, Washington	RH20 4AL	Bouncer
Directions: A27 to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning. Left into Village and pub is on right. Est 25 mins.				
23rd May 2022	2258	Cock Inn, Ringmer	BN8 5RX	Keeps It Up, Pompette & Don
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx. 2 miles. Est. 15 mins. <i>Airman memorial run and visit to the new stile.</i>				
30th May 2022	2259	Ringles Cross, Uckfield	TN22 1HG	Trouble
Directions: East 8 miles on A27, At Southerham roundabout take 1st exit onto A26 for 10.5 miles. At Little Horsted Roundabout take the 1st exit onto Uckfield Bypass/A22 for 3 miles. At Budletts roundabout take the third exit onto the A272 and continue along London Rd. Pub on right side after .7 miles. Park on Snatts Road. Est 30 mins. <i>Joint with EGH3</i>				
6th June 2022	2260	The Nevill, Hangleton TBC	BN3 7QQ	Ride-It, Baby
Directions: A27 west and take first exit; 3rd exit from roundabout on King George VI Ave. 2nd left is Nevill Road. Pub on right. 5 mins.				

nononononononononononononononon

onononononononononononononononononon

From West Sussex Martlets

The image shows a heraldic shield divided horizontally. The upper half is yellow and contains the text 'From West Sussex Martlets'. The lower half is blue and features six yellow martlets (birds) arranged in two rows of three. The birds are stylized with pointed wings and tails, facing left.

[continued inside...

The PIRATE PATCH PARTYBOOBYTRAP

"Women in the past were modest and had more respect for themselves."

Here's Agnes Sorel, who had her gowns tailored to expose her favorite boob in the 1440s.



Guys wake up with a boner I wonder how girls wake up 🤔🤔

Ryan Hunter
@tyro180

With an attitude, messy hair, and a tit hanging out.



When you realize you were wrong mid-argument so you whip out a titty to distract him



A man is walking down the street when he sees a woman coming towards him with one boob hanging out! Unsure of how to react, he coughs as she passes, and mutters, "ahem, your boob is hanging out". "Oh feck it", she says. "I've left the baby on the bloody bus!"



Boobie trap

Don't go for it.

It's from a blow up doll. It's probably going to explode.



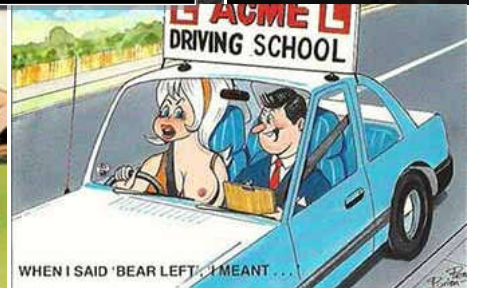
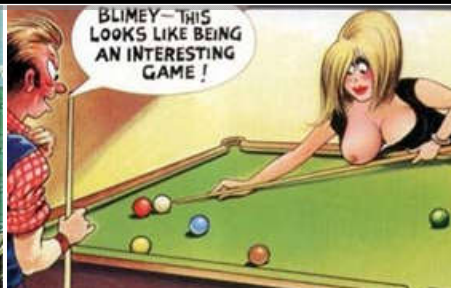
How a titty feels when you only suck the other one



Calm your tit. Just one tit. Leave the other one crazy. That's your party tit.



The Pirelli girls showing off their party tits. Do you prefer left or right?



REHASHING:

Run 2251 The Ladies Mile, Patcham – well the snarfed sipstop will have this one go down in the annals :-\ Seems the first time most of the pack had experienced such refreshment rock-bottom :-/ And while reading, a moment's silence if you will for hare Gromit's forty homemade scones :-\ And a second moment for the sponged tipples+tupperware:-\ This low-point lay ahead though, as the pack's high-point beckoned, northward across the Vale Avenue Rec. The far-end T had the pack scatter, before a floury ON INN spied right gave the game away left. That had 2 and 4 legged panting uphill like an overworked Himalayan railway. Over the A27, and north along the Sussex Border Path. And with our dayglo procession piquing the curiosity of 100+ cows ranked behind the parallel fence. Several westward checks had the pack doubting our Chattri Indian War Memorial terminus. While a few FRBs disappeared into the distance. And all credit to the hare for reducing the pack to universal stationary distanced confusion. With everyone quizzically inspecting everyone else, for anyone that 'had a clue'! Stalemate was broken, improbably, by Bouncer's call for a group photoshoot, in front of the memorial. Which presumably allowed Gromit to 'give a clue', that onward was indeed upward, to the elevated Holt Hill crossway. Still further FRB action ensued northward. Before their effort was proved in vain, by trail in fact heading eastward. Namely via switchback curves, to Lower Standean farm, minus pigs regrettably. And thence, to the Wonderhill



plantation location of the ex-sipstop. After much ferreting in the undergrowth, and the hare's confirmation that 'it's not where I left it', the parched pack continued east, passing New Barn. Before finding trail south-west, past the Tegdown Hill Tumuli, over the A27 footbridge, and thence on inn. After emergency refreshment, and sustenance, circle was called, with DD for the hare. Though not for sipstop loss. Nor excessive flour use, near Chattri. Nor for driving halfway to the lay, before heading back to double-check that his front door was locked. No, eclipsing all three was getting 'lost' on his own fishhook. Well miscounting the 10 as 11. Next up were retournados Thomas the Tangled Engine, and David. Who on earlier quiz as to hash name, replied 'Keep Running Off, so I haven't been named'. That'll do! Thence Bouncer was called for his pre-hash remark 'I'll run tonight, as I'm sick of missing the



sipstop' – oops. Lastly Lily The Pink and Penguin Shagger were called, for the former's presumptive announcement to the latter of new athletics category 'PB with Dog'. Turns out it's quicker than without. LTP then concluded with Numpty award to Gromit for keeping his ski-lift pass 'safe', by hole-punching and neck-cording. Except that he holed the chip, rendering the pass inoperable. **Another great hash! Dangleberry**



Run 2252 360 Brewery, Sheffield Park – Given that the hash were running from a brewery and given that this was also a joint r*n with EGH3, it was little surprise to see a huge pack gathering as I arrived, several already sampling the product, a move which I attempted to emulate! But first priority was to pre-order food from the burger van offering flatbreads and steaks. Given that our hares, Two Left Feet and Thumper, are EG regulars we conceded to a slightly later start time, however, their GM Irn Bru was absent injured, so Bumper asked if I would open the chalk talk. Hash Gomi and Mudlark had left their cash in their car 50 yards away, so I was dragged to the bar, negotiations over which led to a restless pack and Bumper taking charge of the welcome and to introduce the hares before we set off over the brambles to the paths beyond. Early trail took us through the WoWo campsite where a family were

returning from some adventure leading to speculation of a very muddy trail ahead given that three of them were smilingly caked head to toe in shiggy! In actual fact, trail was on the whole relatively dry, with just a couple of small muddy sections, through fields and tracks, offering views of the Sussex countryside unfamiliar to both packs by all accounts. The SCB split was probably not as effective as it might have been given that, despite a good pace by the knitting circle, the runners had completed their loop before we got there! Mudlarks rescue mission of a lamb that had somehow got the wrong side of the fence held them up sufficiently that there were still some of the fresh batch of Gromits scones (to make up for the theft last week, and the cheese and wild garlic being particularly worth the wait) left at the sip at Butterbox Lane for the walkers. Concern was expressed over Cliffbangers absence but a quick call established that he'd run the SCB with Dic Doc and A.N.Other, neither of the latter two being missed, oops. To Airheads horror, that just left Wapsbourne Wood to negotiate, as she thought we were almost back, then a quick trip over the brambles again and into the brewery. Beers were available in multiple sizes from 1/3; 1/2; 2/3 and pints making it possible to try the full menu during the course of the evening, although our hosts were more than generous with tastings. Angel



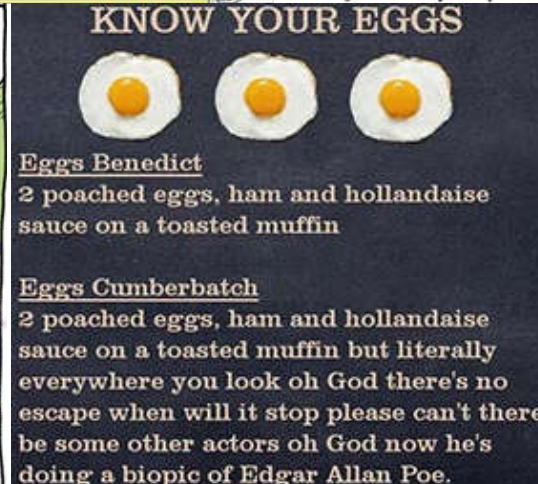
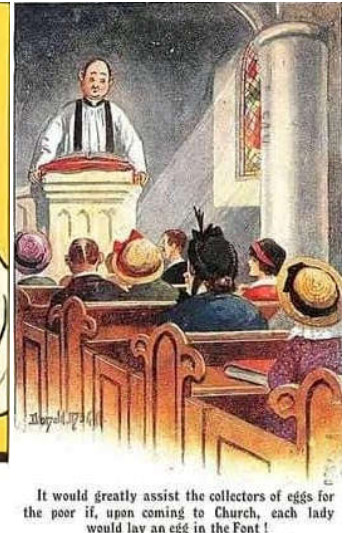
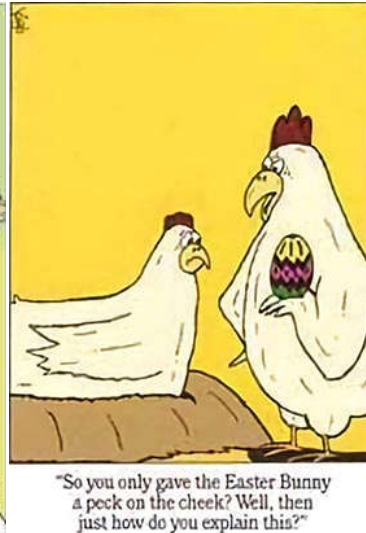
particularly enjoyed the Summer Sour while my preference was the Sussex Haze. Flashing Johnny took on RA responsibilities, with my occasional interruptions, downing first the hares, although Thumper sipped and walked with hers. It was good of EGH3 to buy the DD beer, particularly as all the sinners were BH7, with Lily getting called for emptying his dog then carrying the bag to dump the dump at the campsite, but a side mention went to Just Elle who conveniently for Lily found herself driving this week as he was running on a spacesaver; last week was no washing fluid and a myriad other excuses! Mudlark was rewarded for his lamb rescue, and Ginger Nuts for running the fishhooks twice, and probably adding 2 km over any other runner! I observed that BH7 had a reputation as racers, awarding Little Swinger for her sub-4 Brighton marathon, and Fukarwe for finally arranging a lift so he could drink post marathon, although I thought changing his beer was rude! Finally, Trouble kindly offered to

woman the Brighton hash marathon beer stop, but drank the beer in the car park before even getting it in place. Gromit still seemed mystified as to how he ended up with the Numpty mug but was happy to pass it on to Mudlark for sheep-worrying, as mum was bleating for junior as he rescued, while You Stupid Bastard looked on grumbling something like 'dinner' in dogspeak. One In the Eye couldn't make up her mind whether to register as BH7 or EGH3 but decided that she never wins the raffle so might as well go Brighton. She obviously had a change of heart as she actually did win the raffle! **Another great joint BH7/ EGH3/ Brewery hash! Bouncer**

ALL I need to know I learned
from the
Easter bunny...



- DON'T PUT ALL YOUR EGGS
IN ONE BASKET.
- EVERYONE NEEDS A FRIEND
WHO IS ALL EARS.
- SOME BODY PARTS
SHOULD BE FLOPPY.
- ALL WORK AND NO PLAY
CAN MAKE YOU A BASKET CASE.
- LET HAPPY THOUGHTS
MULTIPLY LIKE RABBITS.
- EVERYONE IS ENTITLED TO
A BAD "HARE" DAY.
- KEEP YOUR PAWS OFF OTHER
PEOPLES JELLY BEANS.



HAPPY EASTER to our Christian Friends
HAPPY PASSOVER to our Jewish Friends
To our atheist Friends...
Good Luck



Obi Wan: "Yoda, why did the Star Wars movies come out 4,5,6,1,2,3?" **Yoda:** "In charge of scheduling I was"



Saw a guy in Tesco yesterday buying 7 boxes of tortillas, 3 sombreros and a poncho. "Ah!" I thought, "Hispanic buying!"

REHASHING the jills (*that's a female hare!*)



Eight Bells, Bolney - Bank holidays are never easy, either finding hares or hashers, and the hardest of these is always the long Easter break when spouses seem to insist on prioritising hashers as if hashing is a job and should be forsaken 'just because'. So it was a relief that Little Swinger chose to deliver her first trail, but it wasn't without complications as she announced that she was on call at work (a sip stop being sacrificed for the same reason) so Nominator stepped in as co-hare. Then she announced that trail would be at a prime-time 11am, after struggling to get the Half Moon, Balcombe to put on food and relocating. With 24 hours to go there were just 3 names on the board including hares, so it was encouraging to find a pretty full car park on arrival, albeit predominately visitors. Walkers and runners alike set off up the road to find the path out to the vineyard over Foxhole Lane and up past the alpacas and very friendly donkey to meet Cross Colwood Lane. Here there was a R/W split for a loop reuniting at Colwood Lane before cutting through Sherlocks garden, a turn unfortunately missed by Scud and Fetherlite walking ahead, so they also missed Little Swingers treat for the pack of the Big Swing! The main group caught the other walkers here



and we were treated to the sight of Sticky Balls and Shoots Off Early heading up the field completely the wrong way until they spotted the other hashers joyfully playing. Fun and games over, it wasn't long before the pack shot past the knitting circle again as we cut down the footpath at the top of The Street for the on inn. Circling up on the veranda in the sun hares were duly downed with Emma sticking to her customary water as Jas aced it. Flashing Johnny had brought along a recent EGH3 new boot, Just Pete who received a first timer beer with Little Swingers other half Simon, who'd made the mistake of bringing their litt'un along before circle-up. At the CRAP hash the previous week a toy rabbit was found fly-tipped on trail and, as it was Easter, claimed for the hash. On that occasion it was awarded to hare MeMe, theoretically for 10 years, for bragging his historical Swiss hare-of-the-year award. It mysteriously found its way into Angel's car and thence to Scud at the W&NK hash the previous day, who presented it to Sticky Balls for FRB'ing after just a week. He'd enjoyed playing with it, adding batteries, and discovered that it chewed paper when fed into the mouth, expelling it below the tail, as well as seemingly orgasming when its tummy was rubbed. It seems we now have a new award as it was promptly passed on to Shoots Off Early again for front-running, while Sticky joined Errol for demonising it. The final beer was a Scud nomination to Wiggy for sending him to sleep and causing him to miss trail (*never let the truth...*), which was unilaterally bounced to Bouncer for a date error on the Facebook event page! Circle over, food and beers devoured, the spouses finally got their way for the gathered and folk left, which was the cue for Chopper to arrive, oops! Another great hash!



Royal George, Shoreham - Well last time this twosome set trail I got in trouble as Angel set while Come Again designed, so that's what I put out this time, only to get in trouble as Come Again said Angel was just the bag holder. Although lacking in the beer department, with just the questionable Doom on offer, there were some good food deals to be had. Gathering outside for the chalk talk, CA drew a circle and said "Check it out!" causing Hashers to set off in all directions until the hare cracked and called them back on to trail as, having not been told about sawdust, it wasn't recognised at first. Order restored we set off through the suburbs to finally emerge on the Downs where Southwicks finest prompted a discussion among the walkers of what folk who leave burnt out cans in heaps should be known as, concluding with aerosol arse'oles. CA had already left us by now and the runners were far ahead, but we'd been boosted by the arrival of Pompette and Don, although they, with Local Knowledge, chose to SCB the SCB, closely followed by Prince Crashpian and Where's My Broccoli, so myself and Malibog had little choice but to follow. There was a quick

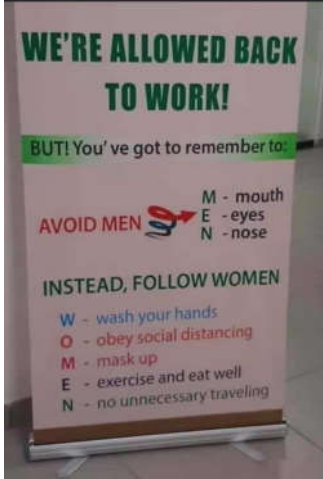
regroup at Rest and Be Thankful for a mini history as well as to retell how Ginger Nuts and KIU had used it to vault the fence and go off trail on our last visit, and on inn to the sip. An excellent selection of breads drizzled with olive oil, cheese and pickled onions was supplemented with a lovely Sloe red wine, the berries being previously used for gin, and Malibogs Swedish Aquavit - not for the drivers! The runners soon joined us after a route out via Southwick Hill and Happy Valley and a merry time was had by all. Back at the pub the mystery of the expected but absent Cliffbanger and Bushsquatter was solved - having trained all the way over from Bexhill they went to the wrong pub, didn't have time to reach us, so had a McDonalds and went home! Post grub circle was conducted upside down as Wilds Thing earned the Numpty award from Mudlark for buying haribos on the hash, but needed to get away. The scary rabbit was awarded to Angel for keeping the sawdust to herself before adding extra marks halfway round. A reminder about the sign up board was a gentle prod at St. Bernard who arrived late wandered far and wide and found almost half the trail, before Malibog was recognised for 39 years of service, halfway to his first tankard. And finally the hares! Somehow Hash Gomi's bullying of Knightrider, in which he came off worse in the photo stop was overlooked but there's always another week. And then I got in trouble for not being excited enough at CA supplying a back up bogeyman cup. And again for not buying her a beer! Otherwise, another great hash!



THE STONKER FUNNIES looks back at reopening & other Covid issues (remember this stuff?):



How to ease lockdown boredom by re-enacting the Olympics at home:



People being asked to go back to the office after working from home for months



BROTHELS RE-OPEN IN WALES

Furloughed Scousers being forced back to work



1938: France held World Cup
1939: Australia bushfire
1940: Cancellation of Tokyo Olympics
1941: Japan attacked Pearl Harbour

2018: Franch won World Cup
2019: Australia bushfire
2020: Cancellation of Tokyo Olympics
2021:



BLACK BAGS MATTER



My boyfriend told me there are special proteins and nutrients in sperm that can inhibit COVID-19, but that for it to work it must be administered orally or anally. Is this right?



REHASHING... a “Last of the Summer Wine” tour up north! (in lieu of an April CRAFT!)

The annual Testicle Trail (an invitational gathering of aging hashers from across these isles) was, like everything else, postponed from 2020 eventually to occur in 2022, chosen stomping ground being ‘Uddersfield. Not the most enticing of locations on first thoughts, but Cuckoo is always a reliable hare and assured us that, having completed reconnaissance with his better half Jools (Blow Job), the area would provide an interesting, diverse, and, a key part of every TT, culture! Travelodge eventually came good on refunding our original bookings when the previously issued vouchers passed expiry, and so, re-booked we found ourselves mustering, with a slightly lighter pack than originally anticipated due to fellow TT’ers having prior commitments, at **#1 the Yorkshire Rose** Marstons pub in the Travelodge car park, a process that took a couple of hours and indeed, beers. Day one plan was to visit Holmfirth in the afternoon, then hit the Huddy hot spots in the evening, and the very idea of our group stomping the streets made famous by the sitcom used to title this article seemed much in keeping with our own



dynamic. With just my roomie Flying Dutchman absent, we strolled up to **#2 Kings Head** by the station to avail ourselves of the substantial beer menu, before leaping into a couple of cabs. First stop in Holmfirth was **#3 Old Bridge Inn**, where we were joined by Flying Dutchman just a couple of minutes after arriving. This was a pleasant enough, but busy, boozer giving no hint of ever hosting Foggy, Clegg or the rest, and immediately challenging new boot Jools’ brother Darren, who’d been persuaded to hold the cash kitty, by insisting on card only! Far more Holmfirth was **#4 the Nook Brewery** which had a number of premises brews on offer as well as a trio of exceptional dips with breads and et ceteras. **#5 The Elephant & Castle** was very close to Nora Batty’s tea house, cue photos, but the **Winking Stag** was closed so we moved on to **#6 O’Briens**, successfully persuading a chippy to remain open just a few minutes longer to supply several substantial portions, on the way. Cuckoo was determined that we visited **#7 Magic Rock Brewery Tap** which had another excellent range of on-site brews. Grabbing cabs we headed back to Huddersfield to conclude the evening with a nightcap in **#8 Rat and Ratchet** before an entertaining walk along the canal back to the digs, which tested Hairsprays resolve, especially given our merry state and the clarity of the water appearing to show a great deal of depth.

The morning plan was to breakfast in the Cherry Tree, a Wetherspoons pub predictably, but I had other ideas with a short drive to Woodhouse Moor parkrun in Leeds, one of the original ten Time Trials that led to the worldwide Saturday morning activity so many enjoy today, and a new UK region for me to boot! This was a busy 3 lapper so I ran the first lap and fartlek’d the rest recording my best time since the knee replacement, so there’s obviously something in 10 pints the night before! The rest of the day we would be joining the Trans Pennine Real Ale train trail, a well documented route between Leeds and Manchester hopping on and off the trains and taking in real ale pubs within a short walk of the stations along the line. I was playing catch up so caught the train after the rest of the group towards Manchester for **#1 Stalybridge Buffet Bar**, a superb establishment literally on the platform of the station, but despite the half hour delay was under ten minutes behind them as they’d had to wait for opening. Fighting through the crowds, to the back bar where the TT were established, many in shite shirts, it quickly became apparent that this trail was quite a thing locally, and chatting to others, it seems undertaken by some enthusiasts on almost a weekly basis! Some confusion over the time and platform for the next train led to a rush for the toilets, which in turn led to Hairspray getting a bollocking from the guard for holding the door for Mongoose (“you wait for the train, it doesn’t wait for you!”), and Dragon getting left on the platform gazing at the board as we pulled away! We’d already planned an extra stop to the normal trail by leaping off at **Mossley** to sample the excellent dark beers in **#2 the Britannia**, so Dragon soon caught up, as did I, breakfasting belatedly on a loaded pizza for just £6.50. A train cancellation affected our next decision to fall through the door of **#3 The Commercial hotel**, an almost starkly modernised bar inside belying the charming exterior. Tickets covered Yorkshire buses as well as trains, so we decided to take the bus on to **Greenfield**, however, we were still in Lancashire. The bus driver of somewhat indeterminate persuasion, nevertheless took pity on us, waving us all on as they had no change when presented with the kitty, until Scrapper arrived, at which they said, “Well, it would be nice if someone bloody paid!” Views down the valley from **#4 the**



Railway were impressive, and we were inspired to attempt a bit of crowd avoidance by heading to another bonus pub, the somewhat bijou **#5 Wellington**, a sobering walk there and back. Back at the station, we were starting to recognise our fellow Ale trainers, exchanging banter with a group as we travelled on to **Marsden**. There was quite a crowd by now, but a few of them erroneously fell through the doors of the Railway, so it had thinned out a bit by **#6 Riverhead Brewery Tap**, certainly the most attractive location of our trip, and with the sun shining, made for a very pleasant way to pass time overlooking the weir. The final port of call before returning to Huddersfield was **#7 The Commercial** (common name!), in **Slaithwaite** (pronounced Sla-wit), rather than the recommended Swan, and the shite shirts were instantly popular leading me to become a sounding board for some lasses eternal woes, so I was glad when we headed back to the station for the train back to **Huddersfield**. Having visited the Kings Head on the east side of the station the night before, our destination this time was **#8 the Head of Steam** on the



opposite corner of this imposing building. The optimistic plan had been to return to the train and carry on to Mirfield and Dewsbury, but people were getting hungry so that idea was aborted and we headed off for Chinese grub, leaving Dragon (again!) who’d fallen into a round with a local. Suitably and substantially sated, we were then led on a long trek to the extraordinary **#9 The Grove**, a pub with a great beer menu but the most bizarre product of a local artist with rabbit heads on bird bodies, homemade fairies and God alone knows what other nightmare inducing oddities! Fortunately all was forgotten by the time we concluded the evening at **#10 the Vulcan**, and we were inspired to head for bed by the appearance of the karaoke, and the closure of the Yorkshire Rose as we reached base. Another great TT had reached its conclusion and farewells were said in the morning after a breakfast in the Northern Tea House, thank you all for a cracking weekend and Cuckoo for pulling it all together! On On to the next.



IN THE PARTY POLITICAL NEWS



English Nursery Rhyme

They hang the man and flog the woman
That steal the goose from off the common,
But let the greater villain loose
That steals the common from the goose.

The law demands that we atone
When we take things we do not own,
But leaves the lords and ladies fine
Who take things that are yours and mine.

- circa 1764



lime, copper, and iron. Use a balanced rock fertilizer if your soil is deficient in the necessary elements.

Cucumbers can be planted any time in May after danger of frost is past. Folklore has it that, to protect them from insects, they should be planted on May 1st (the old pagan holiday of Beltane) before sunup—for best results, they should be planted by a naked young man.

Weird Cartoon logic - Is Disney World a people trap operated by a mouse?

Disney logic:



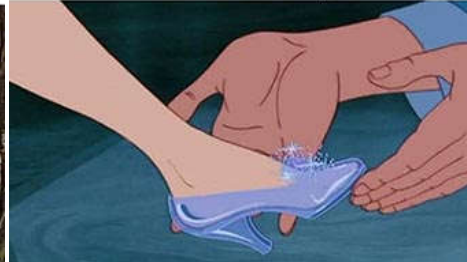
The three little pigs have their father hanging on the wall



Minnie Mouse gets afraid of mice she's also a mouse



QI facts: Donald Duck comics were banned in Finland because he doesn't wear pants. Also, Walt Disney was afraid of mice. Disney. Teaching you not to talk to Nobody in the whole kingdom has the same shoe size. Seriously. American accent (and why no beard?)

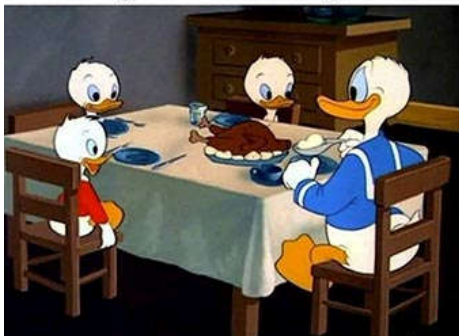


Why did Cinderella get kicked off of the football team? Because she kept running from the ball!

R.I.P. logic: ducks eating chicken

Both are dogs. One is a pet and the other one is the owner

Do you realise that my arms are still free?



We called our Grandad "Spiderman" No special powers, he just had a lot of trouble getting out of the bath.

Celebrated Christmas before the birth of Christ

Gravity won't work until you look down

Want to make it obvious that two characters are married? Make them look like brother and sister



QI fact: The first couple to be shown in bed together on prime time TV were: Fred and Wilma Flintstone.

So did they have hair or not?

Spongebob physics

Naked all day, wearing clothes at the beach



I went to see a psychiatrist about my compulsion of quoting cartoon characters. He suggested I join a support group, but in today's Covid-19 distancing times I should use a social media app. I said "WhatsApp Doc?"

IN UKRAINE NEWS

The sinking of the Moskva:

Sputnik @Sputnik_Not · 1d
BREAKING: Russian Black Sea Fleet flagship Moskva successfully intercepts two Ukrainian Neptune anti-ship missiles



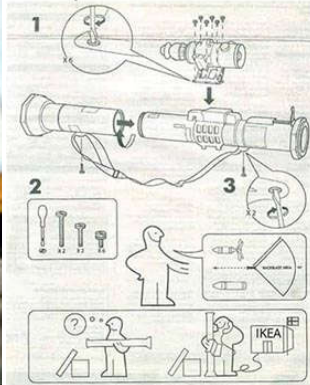
HEROIC CRUISER MOSKVA



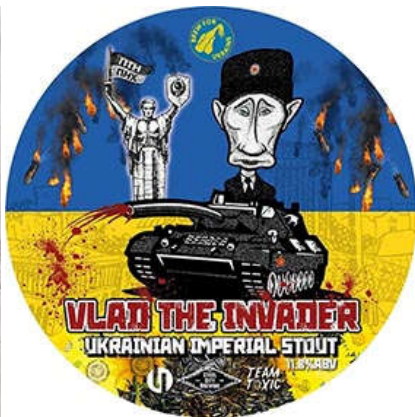
PROMOTED TO SUBMARINE



Sweden sending weapons to Ukraine



Putins bluff and bluster:



Art and the artless for Ukraine:



THE



END



While the trash hits new lows with its tasteless back page, there's a double whammy in the house as Angela Rayner distracts the PM, while others are caught looking at porn and reading the Boggy Shoe and Playboy when they should be working.

