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DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
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. Est. 5 mins.				
13th June 2022	2261	Farmers, Scaynes Hill	RH17 7NE	Hot Fuzz & Shoots Off Early
Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 25 mins.				
20th June 2022	2262	Sussex Ox, Milton Street	BN26 5RL	Lily the Pink
Directions: A27 east past Lewes, over Beddingham crossing and on to Alfriston roundabout. Straight across and next right is Milton Street. Pub 1/2 mile on right. Est. 25 mins.				
27th June 2022	2263	The Heath, Haywards Heath	RH16 4DZ	Psychlepath & Summer Lady
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. After Fox & Hounds go straight across next roundabout and pub is on right. Est. 25 mins				
4th July 2022	2264	Swan, Lewes	BN7 1HU	Peter Pansy
Directions: A27 to Lewes. Left at 1st roundabout, then right at traffic lights. Follow round and pub is on right just before junction. Est 15 minutes. <i>Get shot of the Yanks celebration day!</i>				

[illegible][illegible]

**Thought for the day:** Congratulations to Her Majesty on the 69, that being the anniversary of her Coronation! And we thank her for the royal seal and the bestowing of a coat of arms for loyal trash service to the lesser royals including the ex-Sussexes.

# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

02-04/07/2022 InterScandihash – Tallin – *Rushing up but loads of transfer regos available!*

03-06/11/2022 Goa Interhash - <https://goainterhash2022.godaddysites.com/>

17-20/08/2023 Eurohash - Baarlo, The Netherlands at The Dutch Castle de Berckt – *Full.*

25-28/08/2023 UK Nash Hash Beverley, Yorkshire – registration details in due course.

oo

**TIME FOR A BIT OF UNAPOLOGETIC RANTING!** There are no rules on the hash, but there are a number of guidelines, all of which are designed to enhance the hashing experience and inclusivity. The socials occasionally flag up times when hashers have overstepped the mark with familiarity towards members of the opposite sex; a naming has caused so much trauma that great hashers have gone so far as to stop; or even physical torment being handed out on trail or in the circle in the name of punishing sins. There will always be gentle ribbing and fortunately we have not witnessed excess in our hash, but please do have a quiet word if you feel uncomfortable.

That said, we do have small expectations for those who join us on a regular basis, namely that everyone takes their turn at setting trail at least once (and preferably twice given our numbers) a year. Recently the sheet has looked very bare so please always be looking towards your next trail, and ask if you'll need assistance on the day!

More recently, as a post covid response to increasing the accuracy of numbers to pubs who are finding it harder to justify opening or serving food on Mondays or later in the evening, has been the sign up sheet. Yet week on week we are seeing double or triple the numbers on the night over the advance sign ups. Whilst we do want to keep the door open in welcoming all, there are many regulars that do not sign until the day. We will have more clout if the numbers are higher so it is better to sign up and remove yourself if something crops up, rather than leave it until the last minute to add. Another good reason presented itself recently when a hare announced that they'd only catered for 9 at the sip stop as that was all that had signed up. Beer for thought!

## Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

## Joint GM's

## Phil 'Chopper' Mutton

## Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood

**On-Sec**      **Don 'On-Don' Elwick**

## Webfarm      Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle

<b>Hare Raiser</b>	<b>Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons</b>
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**Beer Monster      Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson**

RA's John 'Bouncer' Biggins

**Dave 'Dangleberry' King**

Hash Cash Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson

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

**SDW relay** Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

**Hashtorian** David 'Spreadsheet' Evans

**Christmas Hash** Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt

Hash awards Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

**Something to offer? Chat to any of the above!**

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**Midsummer Camp**

THE RANK ORGANISATION presents  
**A Wessex Hash  
House Harriers  
Production**

Three Days of No Law and Plenty Of Disorder  
Pull Out Your Truncheons and Handcuffs

24th / 25th / 26th June 2022  
£50 per person camping  
£35 per person if in B&B  
Under 14s £25 Includes Evening Meal Friday & Saturday  
Dorchester Cricket Club DT1 2RY  
This Years Theme **'Law & Order'**



**CARRY ON CAMPING**

Friday - **Red Dress Hash** plus Pyjama / Onesie Party  
Saturday - Bash (Hashing by bike) - Treasure Hunt - Music - Skits - Lip Sync  
Sunday - Hangover Hash - Go Home

Email Tall Paul for a registration form [tphovh3@gmail.com](mailto:tphovh3@gmail.com)

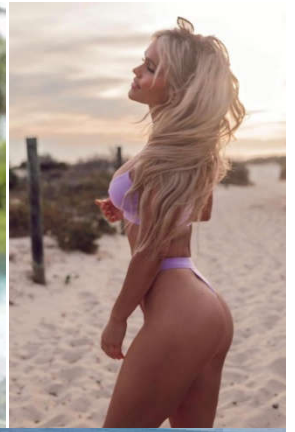
It's been six months since I joined the gym and still no progress! I'm going down there in person tomorrow to see what's going on...



# NEVER MIND LOCAL ELECTIONS, HERE'S BIKINI DEMOCRACY



Bikini is the greatest symbol of democracy, because it separates the left from the right, protects the center, changes everyone's "point of view" and forces all the people to look in the same direction with the same goal.



Weather Channel's New Feature  
Weather Predictions for Lake Dwellers



IF YOU NOTICED THE STUPID ASS POKEMON FIRST...

YOU'RE PROBABLY A 25-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN!





## REHASHING by DANGLEBERRY:



THE TIMES—"WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE THE SUBLIME WAY  
VERMEER HAS DEPICTED THE EARTHENWARE  
IN THIS MASTERPIECE"  
BOGGYSHOE—"NICE JUGS!"

arithmetic error, per Gromit's run 2251 mistaking of ten for eleven. Brighton Hash, do we need a kindergarten-level maths refresher day? Walkers headed southeast, along the escarpment ridge, while runners headed southwest along the Jugg's Road track, with checks right then left. Until the latter's descent into Falmer Bottom aka Death Valley aka Snake Pass, and the semi-derelict farm building goal at the base of this beautiful isolated downland valley. It was then steady ascent out of Balsdean Bottom, to remeet with walkers, scene of Sir Malibog's DD-earning mile-long false descent then ascent of the Breach Road track toward Swanborough Manor. And scene also of FRB Penguin Shagger's DD-earning run through of a fishhook six, remarking 'I don't need to do this', whereas the truth is that Penguin's speed means he could've run the fishhook twice. So from this mayhem revealed the true trail north back to Kingston, descent steep and slippery, before reaching the sipstop car. Where Malibog generously plied shots of the Swedish caraway-flavoured grain-distilled Aquavita. And Bouncer handed out bottles of Corona Extra, for which DD was earned for bottle-top littering, though immediately reversed to myself as RA in a bewildering deft move that cited ignored requests to grab the tops, and the usual forbidden hat-wearing within the circle. At which, after the usual refreshment+sustenance, other sinners shamed were KIU for a fortnight's wife-abandonment in Barbados. But what a place to be abandoned, seems Wildbush got the better end of the bargain! And then Hash Gomi's brush-with-the-law, well a sleeping policeman that nearly caused 'oh sh\*t' trip, on glance-back to check for a following pack. For another great hash, harriers and harriets alike, we lift our jugs. **Dangleberry**

[illegible]

Some say he was an eccentric, given that he built his own tomb at age 56, keeping his coffin on casters under his bed. Others contend that the floury one was of sound mind, and built the tomb as a location for hiding contraband, his own and that of other local tea leaf's. Without time to consider, or shovel to settle the matter, trail continued west before looping back to proceed south past Highdown Hill Farm. Thence crossing the Littlehampton Road to arc first south via Langbury Lane, then oblong south beside the West Coastway railway to Goring-by-Sea (it's not) station. Before on inn via Goring Street. Back at the barn, the pack picked the most pub-like part, under the mezz, and below the ensuing cocktail party, foregoing the cavernous centre. After the usual refreshment+sustenance, circle was called, bringing first Fukarweed for trail appraisal, and thence Hash Gomi and Knightrider for this charming cameo: It's the last fishhook 6, and five have gone, but this pair couldn't decide who should be sixth: It was a 'you go first' glance. Then a no 'you go first' glance. And repeat, until the pair decided to go together, line dance looping to the back of the pack and return, a distance of approximately 10 feet. Of course it had to be 10 toes up and 10 toes down, for this swallowing pair. Next up, Lily The Pink for being a stickler for rules, despite there being none: On Back was called diagonally across a square open field, and a straight line return to the check would be usual. But no, LTP retrod the two sides of the field. Fukarweed was then recalled, for leading the pack to a summit, on which was erected a building that can only be described as cock-shaped. And then informing your scribe that cock was for sale, DD for that impropriety. Performing phone drop was Wild's Thing on the in, but also your scribe on the out, so DD for littering. Then Prince Crashpian for doing none of the fishhooks. Though note this second-hand charge may be unsafe, as PC informs he wasn't actually within the first 6 of any of the fishhooks, which were all 6. Intervening, numpty holder Wild's Thing listed his many charges against KIU: Running a marathon after testing Covid-positive (though the gap between wasn't cited), temporary wife abandonment in Barbados (due to Wildbush testing Covid-positive), being an SCB, leading the pack the wrong way, and complaining about having too much in the bank (we can help by converting into pints !). Though with KIU about to neck from the nostrils, the award was turned back to WT, for citing the invalid shortcutting excuse of marathon running. And lastly in a 'surprise' citing from the floor, Off With Her Head called your scribe for nearly mistaking her T-shirt rear reflective dots for a split in her running leggings. Your scribe's embarrassment was saved though by OWHH's revelation that the exact same mis-identification had been made by another hasher, Knightrider. And so a second DD. Pants! **Dangleberry**

**#2255 Juggs Inn, Kingston** - Given that it was a Bank Holiday Monday with many folks away, it was pleasing to see a still-decent sized pack of 21 assemble at this quintessential English country pub. Dating from the 1400s, gaining entry was duck or grouse, were folks really that short ? Or was the establishment created for the exclusive refreshment of gnomes? Circling-up, hare Peter Pansy delivered a comprehensive chaltalk, minus mention of sipstop that I think we'd all heard about anyway, though just to be sure Lily The Pink rhetorically prompted 'is there a sipstop?' PP confirmed, saying lookout for a car with Baby-On-Board sticker. For which PP earned DD for seemingly leaving a baby running a bar. So it was On Out northwest along Ashcombe Lane, before reaching check choice of ups left or right, or down ahead. Where our hare volubly announced 'it won't be down', raising the inevitable suspicion that it was. But per PP's trail form, it was up left toward Kingston Ridge, encountering on the right an opportunity to purchase homemade flapjacks and cans of Sanpellegrino Limonata, ya class Kingston!

At a Y fork, FRB Hash Gomi opted right. I arrived second, with PP announcing with borderline-masochistic glee, that the more mountainous left fork had yet to be checked. Mudlark followed, but we were soon proved wrong, and so cross-country contour-tracked to rejoin the right fork. Mudlark took a higher line, and so bypassed the summit fishhook five. A fishhook for which I was fifth, but PP said I'd escaped and so I did. With PP earning DD for this basic



## MALTBOG LOOKS FOR BEER AMONGST

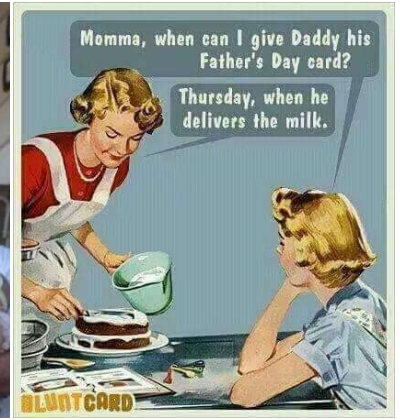
**WILDBUSH SUFFERING WITH COVID - POOR LOVE!**





## THE STONKER FUNNIES looks at...

### Fathers day

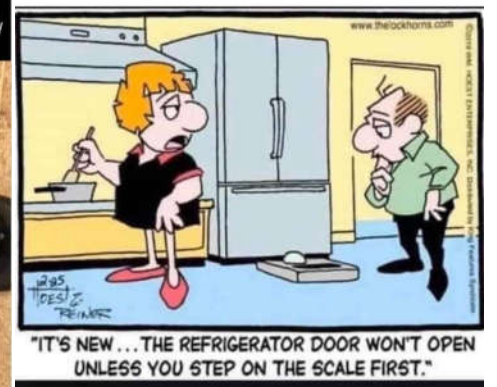


### Growing up



### Drinking

#### The south vs the north



### Male problems

Pee on the electric fence they said...  
It will be fun they said...



Finally a bathroom for me AND MY ENORMOUS PENIS



I'm no good at push ups and sit ups, but piss ups... that's a whole different story



## RE-REHASHING

"I TOLD HER WE WERE GOING TO THE WOODS TO PICK BLUEBELLS—BUT THERE WERE SO MANY PEOPLE THERE—WE HAD TO!"



East, we skirted the pit, then through Rock Common to cross open fields and the A24 to hit the Ashington city limits. There trail did a 180, to now head south via Mitchbourne and Malthouse Farm, passing Angel's seeming side-hustle, Gabi's Grill. For which DD was earned for possible conflict of interest – just doctor the relish, and there's your patient supply! Trail thence segued West past nurseries to cross Rock Road and enter the likewise soft-going beech-wooded and nut-carpeted Washington Common. Not that Psychlepath worried with his nearly-new shoes. He informed that as usual, he'd ordered fish+chips. With the shoes of course earning DD, with water not beer as driving, and from glass not shoe which we may instead batter. Off-piste through the wood, trail then underpassed the A24, with On Inn via The Pike and Washington Bostal roads. After the usual refreshment+sustenance, circle was called, bringing Angel as cited, plus for counting hounds in a fishhook 6, and on-trail dining by swallowing a bee. Also Hash Gomi, for a sin worse than shopping on-trail, namely skip-rummaging, a charge that learnt your scribe Japanese for Garbage, Gomi. Other sinners had scarpered, though for the record and possible DD next week, Fukarwe expressed near trail start that having set three r\*ns in the area, he was supremely confident which way we'd be going, but got it wrong, in part at least. And just as well, as it was another great trail. On On! **Dangleberry**



Remembering Airman Bob...



**#2258 Cock Inn, Ringmer – Pre-ramble:** A goodly but ungodly crowd gathered outside for the Airman memorial, which was encouraging as the pub had opened up especially for us and hadn't even told Google which insisted we might like to try a different destination as they were closed! Bedraggled in the setting our hares had eschewed a sip but the news that Pompette would be subbing the first pint received many hurrahs, and so off we set en masse round the corner and up a twitten to find the memorial stile at the far end where we regrouped to give Chopper a chance to catch up. With both plaque and muster space aplenty on the far side it was all over, even Phil proving he's still got it when necessary, for a photo opportunity, a few words on why we were there and to thank Airman for his great contribution to the hash, as well as all those who'd contributed to the funding of the stile, with an air beer! KIU went on to reveal that Bob's stile was embellished with a painted gold inlay to mark the Monday groups historic 200<sup>th</sup> erection, something I'm sure Airman will appreciate! Then we went on the hash...

The hash itself consisted of a return back up the Twitten and a right turn along the pubs access road to the footpath cut-through to cross the A26 where a large contingent were led astray by Peter Pansy, claiming local knowledge, before picking up the east route through to Norlington Lane. At Little Norlington farm we then headed west to again cross the A26 past the house with an interesting wicket fence, namely using real wickets, bails and cricket bats! Trail continued towards Barcombe Reservoir coming out at the weir car park before continuing on inn via Upper Wellingham farm and the stile and Twitten. We can only hope that we haven't ruined the timetable for the locals in the corner who probably thought it was still Sunday or already Tuesday, but the bar staff did an admirable job of lining up the Harveys thanks again to Pompette, and we wandered through to the back room for the eaters. Acutely aware of Shoots Off's previous, the Numpty mug was presented first at the circle after Hot Fuzz, clearly in great need but unhappy about the possibility of losing the pack, performed the remarkable feat of peeing while r\*nnng, much to One Erections surprise immediately behind him! The hares KIU, Pompette and Wildbush, were then congratulated on a fine job in bringing a nice short hash after getting a couple of drenchings while reccyng. Next up was new boot Abby who'd been recommended the hash by Dangleberry as a way out of her hedonistic lifestyle! At least she declined the alcohol but his advice hadn't included spare shoes, and a cow pat just before the finish was a quick education! Also forgetting spare shoes, Spurtacus was sporting a lovely pink pair which must've been Swallows. A tech charge was levelled at returnee Bollocks, while Dangleberry, who has recently made a point of losing his phone at the hash, got it out the way and lost it earlier in the week. Tech charges were also levelled at Peter Pansy and Lily, the latter arriving late failed to pick up the formers screenshot until getting back to the pub, although both deserved more with PP completing fishhooks that didn't exist and then filming Lily and One E as they endeavoured to unravel You Stupid Bastards new harness. Circle was concluded with a cheery hashy birthday to Rebel Without His Keys, and a round of respectful applause for Bob, Chris and indeed the pub. Another great hash, **Bouncer**





## EXTRA-CURRICULAR HASH ACTIVITY



## PARKRUN TAKE-OVER #4

Well this was a bit different, and I hope the muggles, as we hashers term our more upstanding fellow runners, enjoyed it! Or, so as not to swear, r\*nners. It was the day of the hash takeover, where the Brighton Hash House Harriers (BH7) filled all the usual park\*r\*n volunteering roles, I hope in a vaguely recognisable fashion. And so in hash-writeup style, I have the following notable events to commit to the official record. On which note, may I congratulate the individuals concerned for display of their respective personal bests – though not in a numerical sense.

First up, we have Colin, who went over-and-above the conventional vertical undertaking of a park\*r\*n, by laying on an acrobatic roll soon after the off (round of applause, please). And

on the subject of aerial motion, hasher Bouncer skillfully caught your author's baseball cap from a throw skyward while passing the start/finish. This in response to a misunderstanding of Bouncer's passing remark 'you don't need that'. He was actually referring to the volunteer pink hi-viz waistcoat. And its unnecessary nature if, in fact, r\*nnng. Rather that the nature of the volunteering was to write this drivel. Once that was cleared up, I over-the-head jettisoned the waistcoat – and it landed behind in a cowpat. Er, sorry whoever does the Bev waistcoat laundry :-/. And on the subject of doffed outerwear, hasher Angel, mid-tail-r\*n, jettisoned skyward her jacket. Which somewhat improbably landed on Bouncer's head such that it entirely obscured his vision. Although rumours exist that a degree of theatrical enhancement was in play.



Talking of theatrical enhancement, Bev

parkr\*n welcomed Hull parkr\*ner Katy, who revealed firstly some w\*lking on the steepest section of the challenging back ascent. But secondly the presence of wildfowl on her home parkrun, for which Katy gifted Jeff and me with an 'all-the-hand-moves' exposé of the pertinent features of peacocks. And also peahens, and how the two differ.

And to round out the divergent happenings, park\*r\*n welcomed an attending lady and her son who informed us they would absolutely not be doing the second lap. And then they did.

And then finally we have the hash volunteer tail walkers. Who were r\*nnng.

Will hash be invited back?!

## On On, Dangleberry

*PS. Grateful thanks to Colin, our regular volunteer and chief photographer, for all the photos!*

[illegible]

## SOUTH DOWNS WAY 100 MILE RELAY

Well the golden era of the hash's involvement (when we made up the majority of the teams with hash A, hash B, vets, ladies, Sparrowfahrt, Rustrack and PeP teams; and the year we even broke the course record for 20 minutes) may be gone, but fantastic work by Lily the Pink to ensure that we once again fielded a team for this years event. It was touch and go as two of the team pulled out at short notice, one due to shift patterns, and the other, Ginger Nuts, fearing the wrath of his other half given that it was an anniversary. Fortunately she is a hasher too, albeit a different chapter,



and was relaxed enough about six months together to let him play after all! Although we still have some

very good quality on the team, we sadly seem to lack the strength in depth necessary to provide the recommended 8 with two reserves, so a couple of late ringers were pulled in to complete the squad, assisted by other clubs also struggling with numbers having to pull out. Sadly Penguin Shagger's availability after Steyning baled was just too late as he may have made the difference in getting the team to the cut-off in time, but great to see Ginger Nuts and Nasty Nips making their debut for the team. Yes, they just missed the cut-off, but were kindly allowed to continue by the race director, and it seems a great day was had by all, with Lily chugging a beer in the middle of the longest leg in true hash tradition. The captain had even gone so far to make exclusive hash medals which quickly became the envy of the other teams! Look out for next years call to arms for an always excellent and enjoyable day!





**#259 Ringles Cross, Uckfield** – Our second joint hash of the year with East Grinstead had us choosing the start time of 7pm, and the news that their GM Irn Bru has decided to move to 7pm so that we are in line in the future. The landlord and chef was celebrating his birthday and didn't want to cook but after we were promised a byo curry, the pub let us down by finding a guest chef for the eaters! A substantial pack gathered in the car park as Trouble immediately attempted to shift blame for the trail (never a good sign at the start of the r\*n!) on to co-hare Lyn, requesting that, after 5 years hashing, she should have a name, and that name should be confused.com! Words of Wisdom "Wait, what was that again?" out of the way we wasted little time setting off through the houses opposite, into the woods then through the back of the rugby field. At the first fishhook the more experienced BH7 hashers dallied as Little Swinger counted her way back but a second quick one meant the back of the field got caught, causing Shiva to lament that she's not a front runner! Things started to go very wrong here as superfit Worth Way r\*nners were hacking through the checks, back checks left unmarked had a few of us rechecking, and finally a check on Pound Green Lane appeared to point on down the road with the result that some of us went very wrong indeed. Returning to find trail marked down into Buxted Park a tactical SCB was called for, where we stumbled across wa\*kers going the wrong way. Unfortunately a Strava path turned out to be private, so we had to continue only to find in-trail already marked through, but a call from the hare got us to the sip where a lift offer home was accepted! Troubles lament that her co-hare had altered marks meant a naming of Fiddler on the Hash for Lyn, outvoting Confused.Com, but OITE's interruptions had her called up next, along with Chunderwoman, for waving the Union hats and flags for the Queens Platty Jubby, and, much to her surprise, Jan Paul as the only royal purple wearer present. Dic Doc not only knows her National Anthem but also her Crown Jewels so was called to perform her art on Dipstick who'd joined the walkers after a Sussex locust shot up one leg of his shorts when reclining in Pavilion Gardens, took a bite, then shot out the other leg, leaving him with a substantially expanded single bollock. Fortunately for the pack his fly jammed, despite Dic Doc's claims that he was chicken, but as he was also responsible for damaging the Dominica flagpole at Falmer pond's Jubilee showpiece was appropriately downed to What A Wank. The plethora of EGH3 sinners was in part down to Flashing Johnny only awarding BH7 folk at the 360 so revenge was sweetly dispensed who downed with Little Swinger for her poor fishhook etiquette! Rather belatedly, visitors Hot Doggy Style and Fucoffee were called, the latter announcing they had a Doggy Style in Saigon, which was enough for the doggy down down song, before some hash terminology was clarified: A Pedophile is a hasher who collects things with feet on; Formication is that summer feeling when bare legs meet the nettles on trail; and Racists are hashers who also partake in organised events! Some of them were introduced now by Lily the Pink with a quick recap of the hash team's efforts in the South Downs Relay starting with Ginger Nuts who'd attempted to flake off due to an anniversary which turned out to be 6 months with Bear Bear of Weybridge H3, not such a big event really! With strict guidance on kit, Nasty Nips bought the BH7 fluorescent, but then went on to add his name on the reverse almost causing a diplomatic incident. Also present was One Erection maintaining a low profile, but Lily had crafted wooden medals for the team and showed hash spirit by accepting a pint in the middle of his 3<sup>rd</sup> leg. Another racist, Wilds Thing, was celebrating completing his 100<sup>th</sup> marathon on Saturday by wearing the 100 club shirt, but he'd been so keen to exercise bragging rights he'd actually borrowed it from Fukarwe! To the collective relief of all present, circle was finally concluded with the EGH3 raffle, despite an attempted coup by Big Yin to get Bouncer the winning ticket, and the revelation that both chapters would be hashing from pubs called Nevill next week – Hangleton and Eridge! Another great hash!



*At one point, given the issue of food availability, hare Trouble was considering a change of venue to the Station in town, a Greene King pub that we have visited in the past, however, I successfully talked her out of it. 20/20 hindsight and all that as Paul Heaton from the Housemartins and Beautiful South announced a donation of £1,000 behind the bar of each of his favourite 60 pubs throughout the British Isles to celebrate his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday on this very Monday, including, naturally, The Station, Uckfield. B\*gger.*



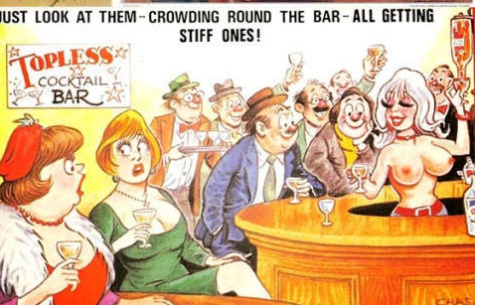
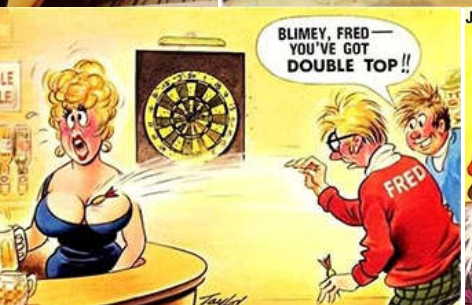
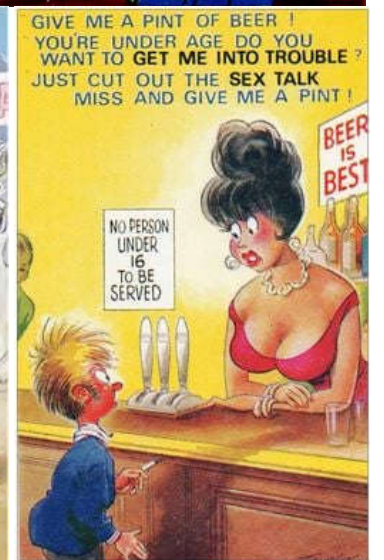
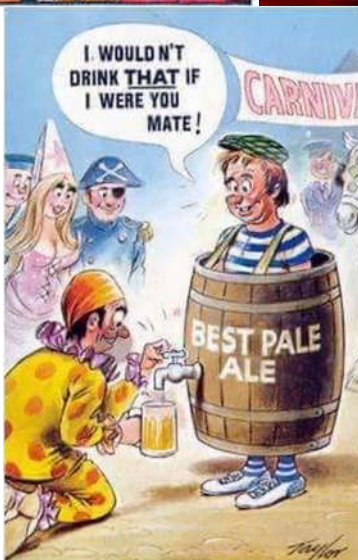
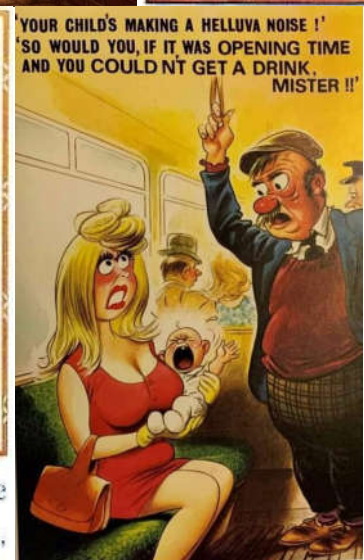
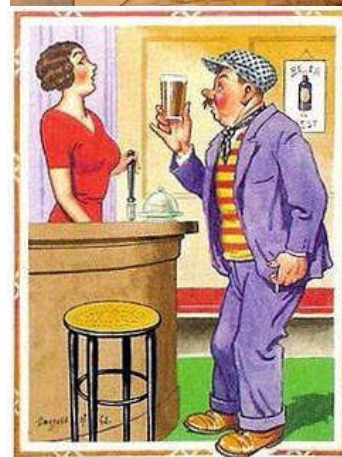
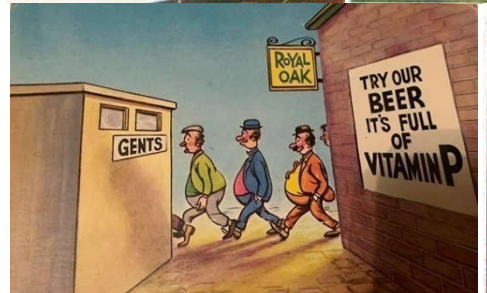
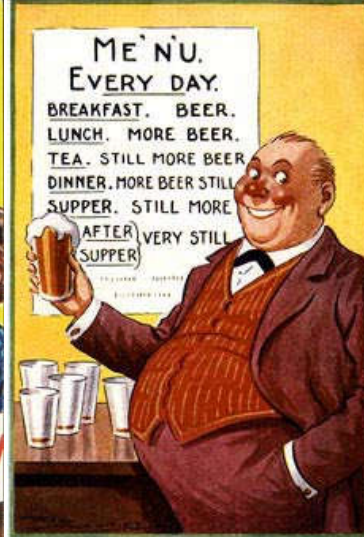
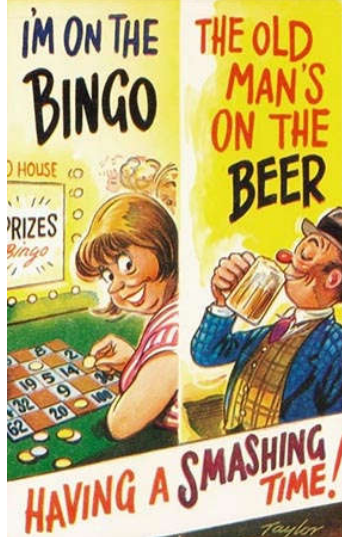
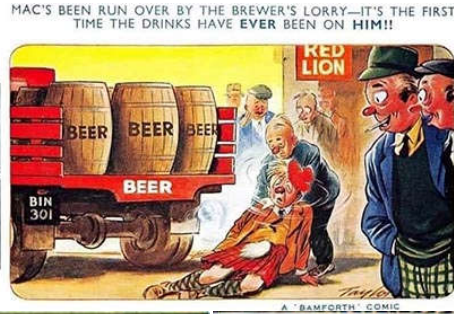
*In another of Paul Heaton's favourites, the Duke of Wellington in Shoreham, Wellington Wailer Steve Lowry raises his glass to Paul as landlady Hannah and staff look on.*



*While elsewhere Widdy from Downlands brewery gets his timing spot on by releasing his latest brew, Sue Gray Report, just before Sue Grays Sue Gray Report!*



# Saucy seaside postcards on the brew and at the boozer...





## REHASHING the Roadtrips:

Dangleberry has made such an impressive contribution to this issue that at one point I was considering calling it the Dangleboggie shoe! All of that and an extensive road trip to Faro for the annual Full Moon H3 Easter weekend away trip with Dipstick for which there is such a diverting 28 page account that justice could barely be served by editing it for your amusement, and so I would simply refer you directly to the blog:

[www.rdconsultants.co.uk/farout\\_roadtrip/farout\\_roadtrip.pdf](http://www.rdconsultants.co.uk/farout_roadtrip/farout_roadtrip.pdf)

**on**

Angel and myself also had a little road trip week starting with the Surrey hash weekend in Farnham. Based at the Bush Hotel in town we arrived to find a host of hashers enjoying the sunshine in the impressive grounds, ahead of a very casual Gurney pub crawl which



Surrey hash weekend in Kings Lynn), caught me out by giving me a Surrey hash name of Kerb Crawler as I'm frequently seen along the seafront in my cab (never let the truth etc.). Back at the hotel there were of course several spontaneous hash fizz sessions before the dinner dance with the ladies all looking very fine,



while the chaps were given leeway and allowed a blazer and boater look, which several of us supplemented with Shite Shirts! In a very rare win I received a bottle of wine in the free raffle only to have it snatched away as the plan had been to 'fix' it so that each table got a free bottle and we already had one, doh! The Sunday hangover hash took us up to Farnham park where we got confused with a real r\*nnng event including K-Nine from Old Coulsdon H3. The Surrey RA, Le Pro, decided to dump responsibility for the circle on my shoulders as he had missed the night before, so I waffled on for a while with some amusing dancing anecdotes, got side-footed when a Surrey regular stepped forward as a virgin on account of being only 10, reintroduced lost souls Saddlesniffer and Groin Biter missing in action for several years, and presented organiser Gurney with a Boris Duck for his piffing approach as well as pulling the alarm cord instead of the flush in the disabled toilet! While others concluded the weekend whiling away the afternoon in the Hop Blossom from Friday night, we cracked on to spend a very pleasant afternoon and overnight visiting T-Bar Twin and P!ssticide.

The next few days would see us tackling a bit of the South West Coastal Path, although our location near Bigbury On Sea was not well served with transport so we had to rewire our plans to circular routes. Day one was a trawl west to the River Erme, one of 5 in the area and the only one without a ferry so you have to ford at low tide. We declined, turning inland for a quick picnic before reaching the Dolphin pub at Kingston only to be informed it was shut. Re-routing again to Ringmore we found the Journeys End, allegedly the oldest pub in Devon, was also shut so cracked on to the Pilchard on Burgh Island. That one had been unable to

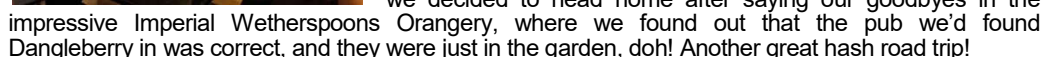


open due to a power cut that day, and so in desperation we reached the Waterfront at the caravan park, which only offered Doom Bar, to find it devoid of staff or customers. Unbelievably they'd just had a fire alarm, but we did finally get a beer! Returning from Plymouth (where we spotted an ice cream van repurposed as a beer truck!) via the Journeys End the following day we spotted a Hashers Menu chalkboard which confused as I'd checked the South West hash list and seen nothing near, so contacted the webpart Busby who explained South Hams don't play. Being a short walk from our caravan it would be rude not to and we had a lovely evening with a huge pack of 60 plus! In a sad postscript Roaming Pussy reminded us that it was following a South Hams hash evening that Bogeyman was lost to us. The original catalyst for mine and Angel's trip had been Robocop organising the Friday 13<sup>th</sup> weekend in Devon although it helped that it was close to our anniversary, and in hindsight, marked our first trip with just the two of us since we got married, making it effectively our honeymoon! As ever with Friday 13<sup>th</sup>

there was a loyal following descending on Exeter from all over the place, notably Herts, London and even Emu from Edinburgh hash, so the pre hash catch up at the Mill On the Exe was great fun. As usual we were treated to stories of murder and mayhem, supplemented by eager volunteers getting covered with all manner of props and product, whilst making a pretty good pub crawl of it. With parkrun looming we retired sensibly early. The morning had us moving hotel having cocked up the booking before joining the crowds at the Samuel Jones. Saturdays Full Moon/ Devon Lunatics hash started from Topsham Brewery and Taproom but a confusion over times meant we missed the start. Angel and Dangleberry



Double Locks, while I joined Adonis and others on a Black Nose Taxi hash which consisted of a very short pub crawl out and back to the Topsham. Testiculator had been caught up in a work call but was keen to get to the Double Locks so I joined him, leaving the rest of the pack at the Prospect Inn, having visited many years ago. Rain forced us into a couple more pubs on the long return but when we tried to find the rest, the best we could manage was a very merry Dangleberry claiming they'd all gone, so we wandered on via a Brewdog establishment before eventually making a strategic withdrawal, and I found Angel back at the B&B. Mr X had organised some sort of train thing for Sunday but we decided to head home after saying our goodbyes in the Orangery, where we found out that the pub we'd found were just in the garden, doh! Another great hash road trip!





## IN THE NEWS

**First off, THANK YOU EVERYONE for your concern.** I'm ok, just a little shaken up, but I'll be fine. For those of you who don't know, I was robbed this afternoon at the petrol station at Tesco. I gathered myself together, my hands were still shaking, I was dizzy and I honestly think I was in shock. My money was gone. I called the police, they were fantastic and called for medical assistance as my blood pressure was through the roof. The police asked me if I knew who did it, and I told them: "Yes, it was pump number 2."

### In court:

"What are you doing here?"  
"I gotta pay Johnny Depp"



### In sport:

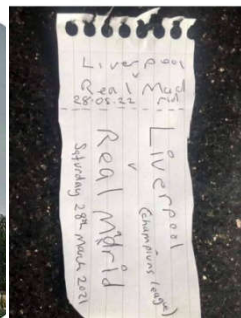
*This trend of idiots running onto football pitches needs to stop sharpish.  
It's only a matter of time before someone does it at Old Trafford and gets Man of the Match!!*



The thieving b\*stards have been there one feckin night!!!!



Police have just released one the forged tickets which were used by Liverpool fans at the champions league final



*I haven't seen so many disappointed Liverpool fans since the invention of the locking wheel nut!*

### Monkey pox:

I thought Monkee Pox was a hoax  
Then I saw their face, Now I'm a believer



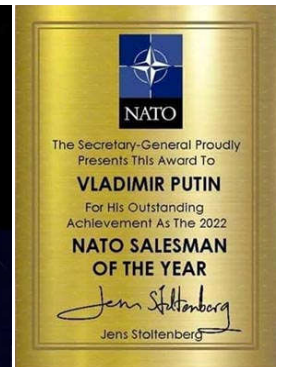
Brace yourselves, you know it's coming 🙄🙄🙄



### The cost of living, dying, and war:

*I told my boss I needed a pay rise, and that 3 other companies were after me.*

*Boss: "Which ones?" Me: "Gas, Electric and Water."*



**Inflation in the US is so bad right now that:** I received a predeclined credit card in the mail; CEO's are now playing miniature golf; Exxon-Mobil laid off 25 Congressmen; McDonald's is selling the 1/4 ounce; Angelina Jolie adopted a child from America; A truckload of Americans were caught sneaking into Mexico; The Treasure Island casino in Las Vegas is now managed by Somali pirates; I called a car dealer to get the book value on my used car and they asked if the gas tank was full or empty.

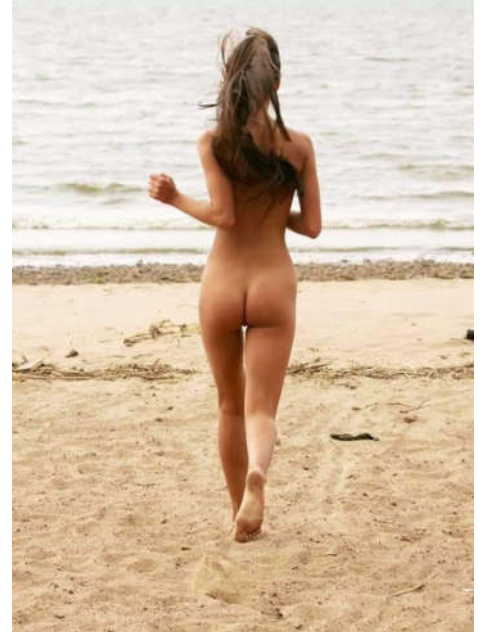


# THE END

## **BEACH BUMS ON THE BACKSIDE OF THE TRASH**



Seven years of misfortune to the one who doesn't share the picture of this beautiful beach



This is what rock bottom looks like



*"We will, we will rock you" Awe inspiring lyrics when sung by Freddie Mercury.  
A terrifying sentence when handed down by a Saudi judge to a hooker!*