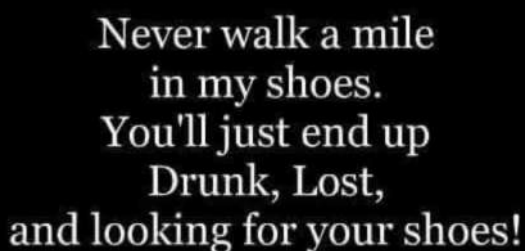




Find us on **facebook** or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
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, and Peter Pansy's 250th run!</i>				
11th July 2022	2265	The Plough, Henfield	BN5 9HP	Prince Crashpian
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins.				
18th July 2022	2266	Shepherd & Dog, Fulking	BN5 9LT	Fukarwe
Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left. Straight on over 2 roundabouts, Pub 1.5 miles on left. Est.10 mins.				
25th July 2022	2267	White Horse, Ditchling	BN6 8TS	Anybody
Directions: A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Right at roundabout. Park in village car park on right. Est. 10 mins.				
1st August 2022	2268	Paiges Wood Car Park, Haywards Heath		Keeps It Up
Directions: A23 N to A272 for Haywards Heath. Left at Miller & Carter onto Paddockhall Rd, next left onto Sergison Rd. At T junction, left onto Lucastes Ave. At T Junction left onto Blunts Wood Road then 2nd rt into Blunts Wood Crescent for car park. Est 25 mins. <i>Run followed by BBQ at the Hares' house. Please let hares know you are coming for catering purposes.</i>				

Thought for the day: Keep your friends close, and your beer closer. Especially if your friends are hashers, because those f*ckers will drink all your beer.



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 very soon.

oo

A BARBED APOLOGY... Apologies to regular readers for the late arrival of the latest edition of the Boggy Shoe on the magazine racks of all good stockists- / ~~through your letter boxes / to pick up on hash nights / in your inboxes~~ on the hash trash page of the website <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/hash-trashes/> , but you only have yourself to blame! Well I suppose that's not entirely true as your editor is invariably running late on the schedule, however, the job could be made a lot easier with a bit of assistance from you lot, in a number of ways. For some years now the deleted options above have not been available (okay, the first two never were, other than a couple of exceptional postal cases back in the day), and only the run and occasionally diary pages have been e-mailed, leaving you to seek out the rest of the trash online via the content warning of misogyny and political incorrectness. Although I have strived to maintain at least monthly issues (doubled during COVID to stave of boredom for you and I alike, dear readers, and because we had extra content with the weekly Zooms) sending out the run list is often the catalyst to complete the rest of the pages. And without r*ns, I can't do that. Ne'er worry, our Hare Raiser has finally bought a new clipboard and started getting some commitment, but per-lease(!) can you confirm venues as soon as possible so I can do my part! I am always very grateful for r*n reviews and am delighted to include recent scribes by Dangleberry. Please join him to correct any misinformation on both our parts by submitting your own from time-to-time. And finally, any other articles, anecdotes, comedy nonsense, photos, suggestions etc are also always very welcome! Thanks in advance, **Bouncer**

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

Joint GM's	Phil 'Chopper' Mutton
	Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle
Hare Raiser	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons
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!

ononononononononononononononon

INTERHASH 2022

As mentioned previously, following the cancellation of Interhash Trinidad & Tobago at very short notice, the Interhash council stepped in to approve Interhash in Goa in November 2022, to avoid a 6 year gap between Interhashes, and Queenstown New Zealand in 2024. Registration is now open for both:

Come be part of an epic Interhash!

The pandemic took away one whole Interhash from us, the last one being a distant memory in 2018. It's time to make up for this and that's exactly what we are set out to do with the Interhash 2022 in Goa this November!

We are confident that there is no better place for such redemption than Goa, the land of spectacular beaches, sparkling blue waters, white churches resting against green paddy fields and coconut trees lining the coastal streets. And while we have just a few months on hand to put it all together, we are going all out with the support of the Indian government to pull off an Interhash that will be talked about for years to come. We are super proud to be bringing Interhash to Goa after exactly 20 years and invite all hashers to come experience this ultimate hashing territory in all its glory.

Our Hash hub and hotel is the Dona Sylvia – Novotel which is in the south of Goa in Cavelossim. The property is by the beach and spread across 20 acres of beautifully secluded landscaped gardens, just the perfect setting for our post run evening piss ups.

The trails we have planned are going to take you through often unexplored parts of Goa, through quaint villages, on to beaches, forts at times and what not, we promise you are going to have a tough time picking the ones you want to do.

The pre and post lubes planned are such that you will see the best of north, west and south of India in this one momentous visit to the country, an opportunity no hashier should miss.

Come one, come all, this is GOANNA be one hell of an Interhash, one we all so deserve!

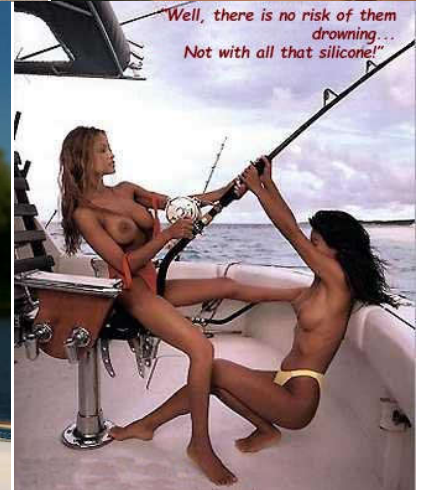
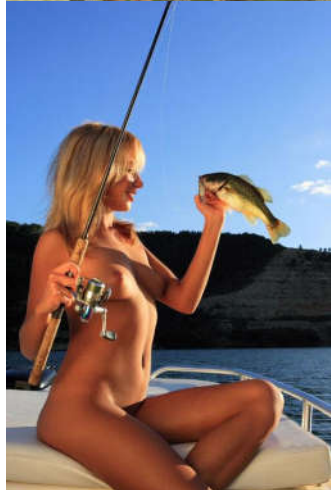
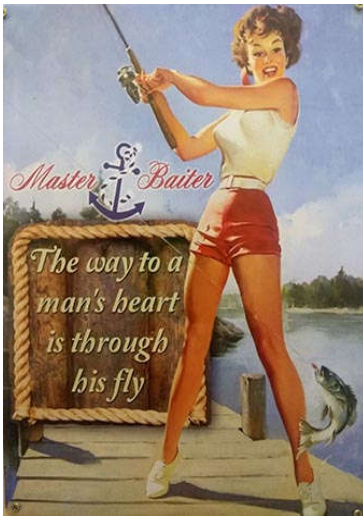
<https://goainterhash2022.com/>



BOOBIES CAUGHT IN THE FISHNETS

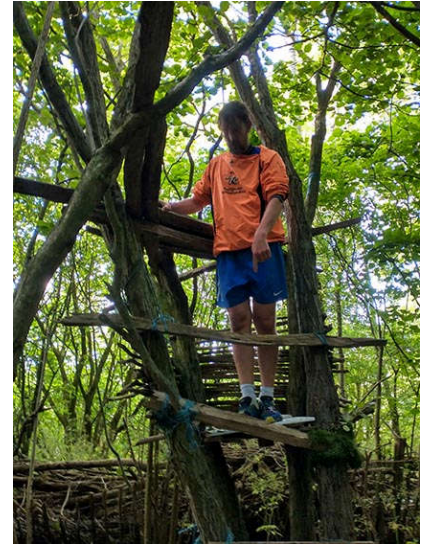
Dear Dr. Phil, When I retired, I could hardly wait to spend time enjoying my favourite pastime - fishing. I got my own little boat and tried to get my wife to join me, but she just never liked fishing. Then, one day at the Bait & Tackle Shop, I got talking to Sam the shop owner who loves fishing as much as I do. We quickly became fishing buddies. As I said the wife doesn't care about fishing. She not only refuses to join us she always complains that I spend too much time fishing. A few weeks ago Sam and I had the best fishing trip ever. Not only did I catch the most beautiful bass you've ever seen, only a few minutes later Sam must have caught his twin brother! So I took a picture of Sam holding up the two nice bass that we caught and showed the picture to the wife hoping that maybe she'd get interested. Instead she says she doesn't want me to go fishing at all anymore! And she wants me to sell the boat! I think she just doesn't like to see me enjoying myself. What would you do? Tell the wife to forget it and continue my hobby or quit fishing and sell the boat? Thanks, Prince Crashpian. P.S. Enclosed is a picture of Sam with the two bass we caught. ---->>>>

Dear PC, Get rid of that narrow minded wife. That's a nice pair of fish! Dr. Phil (*with apologies to PC's lovely better half, Liz. All meant in jest!*)



REHASHING:

#2260 Nevill, Hangleton - Now that she's retired Ride-It, Baby likes to make it easy for herself - not a lot! As the pub don't do grub she struck a deal to get some pizzas delivered and was frantically taking orders before we set off, only to find the order wasn't big enough to deliver and she would have to collect later. Setting off up the road and crossing on to Downland Drive, there was a certain inevitability of us falling into the rough land known variously as Snaky Hill or Toads Hole Valley. Although frequented by bikers, this privately owned area with some excellent paths through, has been shut off with rigorous 'no trespassing' measures in the past, but the owners are currently seeking planning for almost 900 homes, so it may be our last visit! The pack had become a bit fragmented through the woods but regrouped just over the bypass before setting off across the golf club. Murmurs of a sip at St. Bernard's place seemed a step too far but it did feel like we were overdoing it when we crossed the Dyke road. As various FRB's frolicked in all corners of the field St. Bernard guided the rest of us to the logical stile to cross to the old golf club where Prof and Lily the Pink not only ran through the fishhook but a goodly way beyond, also missing the check and therefore the return uphill to rejoin the SCB'ing Bouncer. A proper regroup was called at the Hilltop café before the lovely jaunt down Three-fingered copse and the wriggle through to the sip stop on Goldstone Way. Despite Anybody's proclamation that he'd only catered for the 9 who'd signed up by the morning of the hash, there was plenty of beer to wash down RiB's excellent homemade cake before a short sharp staircase home. Sadly the cloudy Harveys was far from good, as it was the only option, and Prince Crashpian later reported an unstable reaction which could've been pizza, or his birthday down down, but we think not despite the barmans protestations that there was nothing wrong with it. As everyone was dispatching their pizza, RA was trying to persuade new boot Ann to stay long enough for the circle, but she eventually succumbed to the shivers as the empty bar impacted efforts to get the beer in. Hares RiB and Anybody finally got their reward as well as a ticking off for confessing she'd utilised the bike in the creation of the trail, which was banned years ago. Prof had returned to the pub grumbling about the length of the hash oblivious to his fishhook breach and extra mile, while Lily muttered that he'd gone with him on purpose. Both were called but the former had gone to soak his feet so Bouncer's SCB through the fence was recognised, before we all sang a merry hashy birthday to PC and discussed Keeps It Ups stile disaster. Dangleberry had been limited to barfly following a bizarre incident at the Glastonwick festival which had him putting his back out while stretching across the tent to make breakfast, an activity deemed worthy of Numptyism, and Psychlepath rightly protested that his glaringly new shoes had already been christened. And so, we fell into the usual post hash banter while keeping a watchful eye on the progress of Lily the Pinks Chinese delivery as she made her way up and down the seafont before finally reaching our inland location. Another great hash!



Butterbox Lane. The only unused farm-related item I could find in my vast library of pictures amusingly referred to a small cattle ranch, but in a bizarre coincidence, before reaching Clearwater Lane and the On Inn, we passed a field of miniature Dexter cows, allegedly bred small for shipboard transit to Argentina according to our resident authority Rebel, although Angel feels I got just a little over-excited at our find. It would be a waste of summer and the good weather if we didn't enjoy al fresco dining and drinking at this time of year, but seeing the table numbers it seemed 'nice' to conduct the circle from Table 69. Angel challenged this, "Why?", but some quick thinking calmed her icy look with the explanation of the yin and yang, the very symbol she had on her necklace, representing the interconnectedness of the hash! Sadly, despite every number either side, the target didn't have a number as, according to the waitress, it keeps getting nicked. Hot Fuzz and Shoots Off were rewarded for an excellent and original trail, but once again new boot Ann had escaped, so Big



#2261 The Farmers, Scaynes Hill - Which came first the chicken or the egg? An eternal question, but applied to the availability of pubs to host groups of our dynamic, it was almost certainly the hash, even if Burgess Hill Runners Friday pub runs are now showing us the way as our hares demonstrated this evening, plundering a recent visit by BHR. The new norm is for a significantly larger group than registered to come together (*shame on you!*), reorganise into strollers and stretchers, and off we set across the recreation ground to find some new territory, the ancient woodland and designated area of wildlife importance known as Costells Wood, to blunder and crash around in. Breaking free onto familiar footpaths an epic fail at the fishhook had yours truly caught, despite generally languishing at the rear of the pack nowadays, which was the cue for Prince Crashpian and Knightrider to fake runism with a Steve Austin impression until they spotted names being taken down.

On down past the Sloop Inn, trail continued up through Wapsbourne Wood, past Kitts Camp (*cue Knightrider photo opp!*) and onto



Drawers was welcomed back. The Six Million Dollar theme was extended to include repair of Prince Crashpian's panda eyes after he had an epic crash from last weeks bad beer, as well as rebuilding Wildbush post op, and of course we had to include Knightrider for Camp Kitt. Other sinners included Keeps It Up, who had made a remark about being led astray at one of the checks. which was rich after he led a substantial part of the pack on a wild goose chase to find the Bogeyman stile yesterday, despite being some miles away; Little Swinger taking a wild pee right by a flood warning sign; and Rebel touching the rubber on Thomas the Tanker Engine's car, the latter being called for being ultra-sensitive as the former had already departed. The absence of a Numpty mug is no deterrent to the award, especially when Local Knowledge threw himself into the circle with the same vigour he'd applied in getting to the beer when he crashed over the pub threshold, but it seemed one story had escaped your RA's moles, that of One Erections epic 83 mile r*n at the weekend! And so, after that final beer, concluded another great hash! **Bouncer**

THE STONKER FUNNIES looks at the last of the Stonker funnies...



Is this the real life, or just a



How pianists dry their socks



"What's the quickest way to Cork?" I asked the Irish farmer.

"Are you walking or driving?" he said.

"Driving," I replied.

"Yes, that will be the quickest."



Unusual to find a shop that deals in all three... 🤔



The Best Hospital Sign Well Done, Northampton !!!



THE BEST HOSPITAL SIGN EVER? Where else but the National Health in the UK ?



The British Broadcasting Corporation

MEDIA RELEASE

In response to a number of complaints that there are not enough African, Caribbean, Asian and Eastern Europeans appearing on TV, BBC Television have decided that in future, 'Crimewatch' will be shown TWICE weekly.



"I DON'T JUDGE PEOPLE ON COLOUR, RACE, RELIGION, SEXUALITY, GENDER, ABILITY OR SIZE....I BASE IT ON WHETHER OR NOT THEY'RE A TWAT."

- @LennyTheGeeza



I was standing in a queue behind a very fat woman with a huge arse, when her phone starts to bleep. A little boy behind her says 'f*ck me look out, she's reversing!'

RE-REHASHING



Run 2262 The Sussex Ox, Milton Street – All due thanks to last week's RA Bouncer for blessing the pack with glowing evening's sunshine and gentle breeze, on arrival at this idyllically-situated pub nestling at the foot of Windover Hill, and loomed over by a 20ft penis. To expand, pranksters daubed the eager appendage upon the 235ft tall Long Man of Wilmington 12 years ago almost to the day. Circling the pack, hares Lily The Pink and Just Elle with 4-legged assistance from Bentley welcomed all to the longest hash of the year, before correcting to longest day of the year per next day's Summer Solstice. Long Man bound we seemed as LTP pointed on-out east, but then spun 180. So with the pack backlit by descending sun making a shadow long person of us all, the 24-strong throng made SW for the marshes bordering the Cuckmere river. Crossing via Long Bridge then tracking riverside, we shot for the spired St Andrew's Church of Alfrinton, dubbed the Cathedral of the Downs. But before reaching the city limits, it was left to re-traverse the river, enjoying views to the Old Clergy

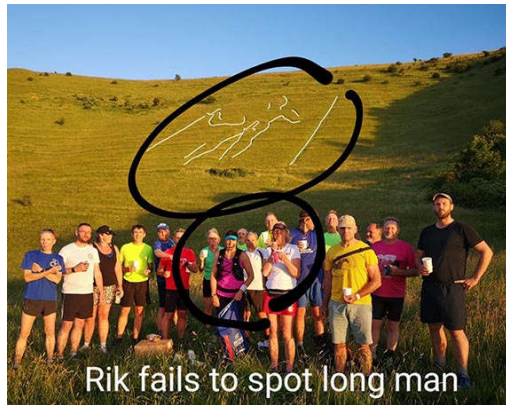
House. Thence ahead SE to Plonk Barn, yes really! Riverside grazing, with a Bulls In Field warning, spooked Just Abby. Though as befits name, Knightrider gallantly allayed fears, with the remark that you just needed to outrun Bouncer, who was sporting bull-baiting pink. For which Abby+Bouncer were called for DD, though Knightrider should have been also. Passing Lullington Manor and Court, it was then Keeps It Up's turn to transgress, allegedly, for 5-bar gate-hop shortcut. Though whence called, photographic evidence proved the second-hand charge unsafe, picturing KIU backtracking, and instead the following 4 sinners gate-hopping, duly DD'd: Knightrider (just deserts), Mudlark, Angel and Davek. Ascent thence commenced, to reach forked check, where LTP and Elle ably steeled poker eyes. But per subsequent charge, they'd omitted to train Bentley in poker ears, that were 99% pointed fork right, enthusiastically awaiting corresponding OnOn call. Bounding on, the pack skirted the Cross Dyke Tumulus to enter the Lullington Heath nature reserve, where apparently myriad airborne creatures are joined by rusty metal cannisters with fins, a still-explosive relic of the WW2 training ground there. Rocketing single-file down an overgrown path, the pack doglegged into Clay Bottom, before w*lk*ers split to shortcut north for the glorious sheltered path arc around the Deep Dean valley head. R*nners meanwhile launched ascent NE to Jevington Holt, switch-backing NW via the South Downs Way to continue climb via the aforementioned arc, to a summit close to the big fellow's right ear. Where a succession of salacious outbursts recounted here and earning a 4-strong DD had your author wonder if he was still on the just-done space-porn-outfit-themed London City hash weekend: Fukarwe opened with the revelation that Davek is desperately 'gagging for one'. A hash handle, it turned out. 'Gagging For One' any good? And then, Ride It Baby, in reference to Mr Big, blurted out 'are we going on the head?' The one on the shoulders RIB, or the one about halfway down? To the latter, Just Abby responded 'Woah I'm not doing that, I know what happens after 9-months!'. Fukarwe meanwhile turned that on



its head by assuming position 6 in the Kama Sutra I mean reverse r*nners at all three fishhook-sixes, and so describing the sorcerous 666 mark of the devil, you devil ! This was overlooked for DD, so a charge for the following week ? An east then west dogleg descent of Wilmington Hill yielded fabulous views north across the Low Weald, culminating below the overblown bloke at a plateau sipstop, where our hares excelled with a most generous box of Downland Brewery's Return To Flight, paired with ample snacks. Infact with refreshment excess, irregular circle was called at this charmed spot. Though overlooked also, and suggested for the following week and indeed hare, was Psycepaths's exclamation that he'd not once spied the Long Man, despite so-exclaiming while stood directly beneath the 72m high geezer. This turned the pack to drink, back at the pub, and also enroute from the still-flowing pale ale box. A great trail, showcasing all the best views and paths of this giant of a location. **On On ! Dangleberry**

[illegible]

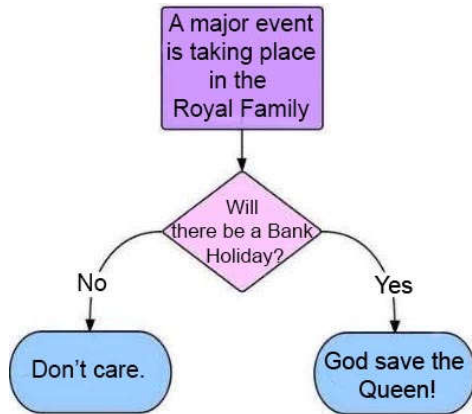
#2263 The Heath, Haywards Heath - Past visits to this pub have been enhanced by the Thai food from next door, but we arrived to find that they no longer open Mondays so the options were Fish & Chips or kebabs. As usual the pack far outweighed the sign up sheet with a couple of Burgess Hill Runners returning, but it was good to see Eat My Cucumber and Just Kick'im on an increasingly rare visit. Trail set off down the Wivelsfield Road before diving headlong into Anscombe Wood, where confident local knowledge lead half the pack the wrong way. Continuing across Hurstwood Lane we eventually reached Slugwash to head north, despite Hash Gomi's conviction it was south, then turned back in to work our way up to the Lewes Road. Once again a substantial section of the pack decided on straight across, which admittedly did look tempting, but true trail was left then left again to follow a wide track back south again. Your scribe had come adrift at this point, partly due to the conviction that Abs was behind when she'd actually shot past when we erred, and partly due to locals asking how to sign up, but some judicious calling was enough to get me back in touch at the sip stop at Psychlepaths latest pad. Karen's brilliant brownies washed down with beer there was a lot more walking as we made our way back to the pub, with hashers choosing two options on inn – trail or the Knight rider/ Prince Crashpian SCB! The bar remained eerily quiet but the chippie must have thought it was his birthday as the queue stretched out the door and of holding back when the fryer realised she was last but he'd just put another batch on to cook the hares, then have a themed 'Should've gone...' set of downs downs. After missing the blood Psychlepath had jokingly pointed out his Specsavers dribble dropper (Should've gone...), a s marking. Then, getting caught at his 2nd successive fishhook, Sticky Balls lamented that he'd birthday trail. Talking of fishhooks, responsibility for same falls largely on the shoulders of An the pack as she frequently lurked towards the rear, but got caught tonight and immediately b gone back like the rest of them! Wilds Thing is maturing as a hasher, finally moving on to dri hash, then asked hare if he could utilise his lavatorial facilities as the sip was at his home. Sh mention of his parkrun mid-marathon, then wine tasting mid-marathon on Saturday got mi Nips (having been caught using high-tech during the r*)n the latter was also called up after event on Sunday, when he should've gone to the pub instead. Hash Gomi was also in the mix a to divert attention from the small national debt he'd squandered on gaffer tape when he shou beseeching the hashers on feeding station duty (we were represented at no less than 3 of the and held out for him as he neared, Lily the Pink declined forcing Keeps It Up to step up to d which arrived in the form of a pickled egg in the beer, which he duly despatched, only for the e Circled was then wrapped up only for Abs to present us with an ideal naming opportunity. Ano



down the street! Ging Gang Goolie did very well out
so hash chips all round before we circled up to thank
y great chalk outline in the hill behind him last week,
timint echoed by the pack in view of the sporadic
ould've gone to EGH3", where Chaos was laying a
el who spotted a great way to maintain contact with
nt the ear of the nearest hasher when she should've
beer, but arrived early this evening, had a pint pre-
ld've used a tree like the rest of us mate! Somehow
ed, but after he'd been budget bragging with Nasty
letting his first marathon, the inaugural Brighton Trail
er pointing out new shoes, new socks, new anything
ve gone and got new ones himself! And finally, after
points) to ensure there was beer, which they poured
n it. That was enough to warrant the Numpty mug
g to reappear a few seconds later. Shame on you Lily!
her great hash, to be continued...

The Jubilee in pictures:

Put my bun tin up today ready for the jubilee .



If the Bishop moves forward, the Queen can take him.



Paddington Bear spotted leaving Buckingham Palace after Priti Patel found out he was a refugee



Drawing by Eleanor Tomlinson

After the Party

"Well," said the Queen to the little bear "where do you go from here"
 "I am not sure your majesty"
 Paddington bear answered with a tear, "You see the Browns have all grown up and gone on their separate way", Paddington continued "I am now homeless as I have nowhere else to stay"
 "Well, my little friend" the Queen replied to him "this will never do at all. I too am all alone you can move into my palace I'm sure we will have a ball"
 The little bear looked up and asked "will there be marmalade dear Queen"

Of course, she replied "the biggest spread of sandwiches you've ever seen. And cups of tea and crockery that you can drop and I will never never mind"

The little bear replied "your majesty I accept your offer you are very very kind" By John Sullivan

SUSSEX DAY June 16th

THE SUSSEX CHARTER

At 12 noon every Sussex Day, the Sussex Charter is read aloud, usually by a town crier, in towns and villages across the county.

"For all the people of the ancient kingdom of Sussex!

Let it be known: the 16th of June of each and every year shall be known as Sussex Day.

Sussex day shall be celebrated according to the rites and traditions of Sussex.

Let it be known all the people of Sussex shall be responsible for the maintenance of those boundaries that join to those of our neighbours. Let it be known all the people of Sussex shall be responsible for all the environs within those boundaries.

Let it be known, the people of Sussex shall recognise the inshore waters that lie inside a line drawn from Beachy Head, and extending to Selsey Bill as being, the Bay of Sussex.

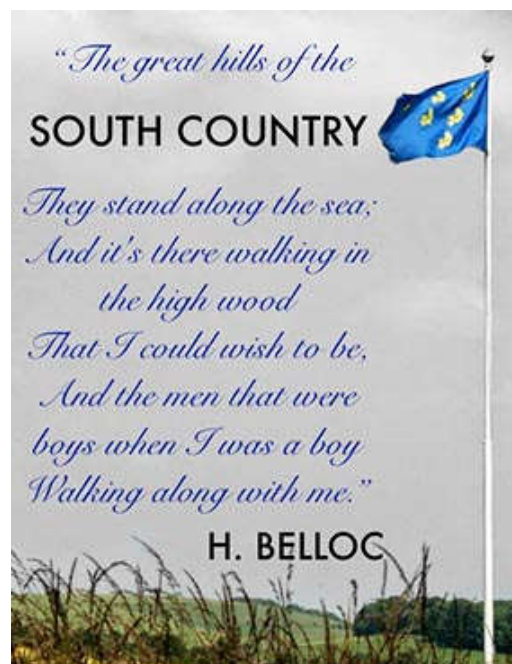
Let it be known, the people of Sussex will undertake responsibility for the general well being of our neighbours.

Let it be known the people of Sussex shall be guardians of our wildlife.

Let it be known the people of Sussex will, through custom support all local business.

Finally, let it be known, as guardians of Sussex, we all know Sussex is Sussex ... and Sussex wunt be druv!

In God we trust. God Save the Queen! "



on

The South Downs Way at 50

Yes, once described as the world's longest pub crawl in these very pages, the South Downs Way (the first National Trail to be envisaged in 1931, trumping the Pennine Way by 4 years) opened at Beachy Head on July 15th 1972, the route being finally approved 9 years earlier. But actually people have been following the high dry ridge of chalk for 8000 years, and it's riddled with ancient dykes and tumuli from Neolithic and Bronze Age visitors, Iron Age hill forts, Roman roads, prehistoric dew ponds, and beacon signal summits famously ignited in 1588 when the Spanish Armada appeared off Cornwall. Near Mill Hill Rodmell, you cross between the eastern and western hemispheres with a fingerpost marking the exact location of the Greenwich Prime Meridian; and of course, it boasts the longest, deepest and widest dry valley in Britain at Devils Dyke, the v-shaped chasm being blamed on Old Nick's attempts to drown the Christian Weald until being foiled by St. Cuthmann of Steyning. Another legend allows that he would offer soup in exchange for your soul if you ran round Chanctonbury Ring 7 times, and he has a further presence at the 3000 year old Devils Jumps iron age fort on Treyford Hill. Other notable landmarks include the Jack and Jill windmills; the chalk carving of the Long Man of Wilmington; and the first National Trust building, Alfriston Clergy House. The South Downs profusion of flora and fauna has inspired many great wordsmiths including Tennyson, Blake, Swinburne, Belloc, Thomas, Kipling and Virginia Woolf, who pronounced the Downs as 'too much for one pair of eyes'. Initially the SDW was Sussex only, running from Eastbourne to Buriton on the Hampshire border, the extension to Winchester added in 1987 to create a gentle 8-9 day walk, or Mark Perkins frantic 14 hours 4 minutes record on foot, not bad considering the total ascent is almost three times the height of Ben Nevis! The SDW crosses 6 rivers – Cuckmere, Ouse, Adur, Arun, Meon and Itchen, these last two classed as chalk streams being among the rarest habitats on earth, and it is also classed as one of 20 International Dark Sky Reserves. All of which ignores its role as spiritual home to Brighton Hash House Harriers, so returning to the pub crawl, Aaron Millar of Great British Life magazine decided to do just that on the opening of the South Downs National Park on 1st April 2011, heavily edited here:

*"Each night staying in the best pubs on the trail – and stopping off at a few good ones en route too, crawling 100-miles was worth every inch of the effort because the Sussex of the South Downs is overflowing with rich history, gentle landscapes and warm welcoming people. Not to mention a good pint or two. From Eastbourne first stop was the **Plough & Harrow in Litlington**, a 17th Century ale-house where locals drink real ale from their own pewters hanging on the back wall. **The George Inn, Alfriston** first received its licence over 600 years ago. Home for the night was the **Ram Inn, Firle**, where you can play traditional Sussex game Toad in the Hole - a slanted leaden table with a thin coin slot on top, scoring two points if the coin goes into the hole; one if it lands on top, and working down from 31 to zero. First stop on day two was the **Abergavenny Arms in Rodmell**, to have a pint and throw a coin into the 10m deep well inside the pub itself, making a wish for good travelling adventures to come. Day two ended at **Jack and Jill, Clayton**. For lunch at the **Devils Dyke pub**, I admired what the painter John Constable described as "the grandest view in the world", then on to Steyning to stop for the night at the **Chequers Inn** – a 15th century coaching inn. Next up was **The Frankland Arms in Washington**, then on to **The Sportsman, Rackham** for the best view of any bar stool – the vast flat plain and meandering streams of the Amberley wild brooks in panorama. This stretch is fairly bereft of pubs en route but the **Blue Bell at Cocking** came good for the night, then on to the haunted **Royal Oak in Hooksway**, a tiny 15th century pub tucked away in a sunlit hamlet, the final stop in the Sussex part of the trail. Walking the South Downs Way, whether in whole or in part, is a tremendous experience and one I wholeheartedly recommend, but it's even better stopping for a few drinks on route."*

Part-timer. He's definitely missed a few on the route out and there's others only a short hop away:

Start at The Pilot Eastbourne – our go-to pub at the end of the Beachy Head Marathon and closest to the SDW start; The Beachy Head Tavern; Cuckmere Inn at Exceat; Eight Bells, Jevington; Ye Olde Smugglers at Alfriston; Jiggs, Kingston; Plough, Pyecombe; Shepherd & Dog, Fulking; Rising Sun, Upper Beeding; George & Dragon, Houghton; finishing at Five Bells, Buriton, just over the border and the original finish point.

So all that remains to decide is, when, in the name of CRAFT H3, are we going to do this?!

Miniature Life...

Following on from the small cattle ranch, this is a bit of fun:

Tatsuya Tanaka is a miniature photographer and mitate artist born in 1981 in Kumamoto, Japan. In 2011, he started "MINIATURE CALENDAR," an art project in which he reimagines, from the miniature perspective, everyday objects as something else. Since then, he has been presenting his creations every day on the Internet. He is currently holding exhibitions in Japan and abroad, including "MINIATURE LIFE: Tatsuya Tanaka's World of Miniatures," which has attracted a total of over 1.8 million visitors (as of June 2022). <https://miniature-calendar.com/about/>



IN THE NEWS



Outside Katie Prices house on Father's Day...



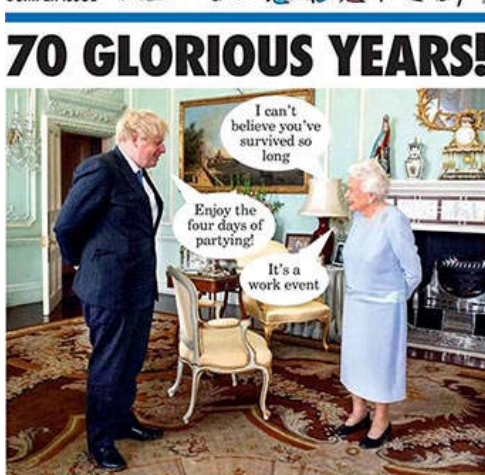
Live shots of that flight to Rwanda



Scott Bryan 
@scottygb

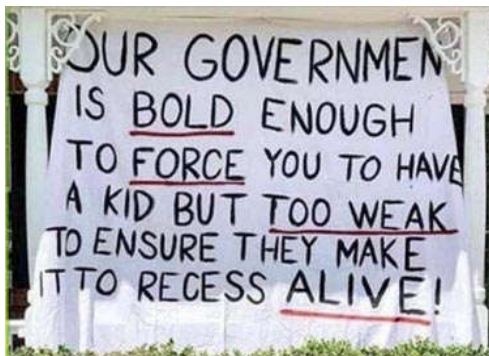
Best flag at Glastonbury so far.

"This is a work event."



"HE WHO HATH NOT A UTERUS SHOULD SHUT THE FUCKETH UP." FALLOPIANS 13:13

Time zones are crazy! In Australia it's 9am. In Rome it's 1am. And in America it's 1942 where minorities and women are still controlled by old white men.



If every time men had sex, they risked death, physical disability, social shunning, a life altering interruption of their education or career, and the sudden life-long responsibility for another being, I think they'd expect a choice in the matter.



How Google is advancing the end of civilisation, courtesy of Local Knowledge:

Ordering a pizza 2022

CALLER: Is this Pizza Hut?

GOOGLE: No sir, it's Google Pizza.

CALLER: I must have dialled a wrong number, sorry.

GOOGLE: No sir, Google bought Pizza Hut last month.

CALLER: OK. I would like to order a pizza.

GOOGLE: Do you want your usual, sir?

CALLER: My usual? You know me?

GOOGLE: According to our caller ID data sheet, the last 12 times you called you ordered an extra-large pizza with three cheeses, sausage, pepperoni, mushrooms and meatballs on a thick crust.

CALLER: Super! That's what I'll have.

GOOGLE: May I suggest that this time you order a pizza with ricotta, arugula, sun-dried tomatoes and olives on a whole wheat gluten-free thin crust?



When was the exact moment you realized humans were not going to make it as a species?



CALLER: What? I don't want a vegetarian pizza!

GOOGLE: Your cholesterol is not good, sir.

CALLER: How the hell do you know that?

GOOGLE: Well, we cross-referenced your home phone number with your medical records. We have the result of your blood tests for the last 7 years.

CALLER: Okay, but I do not want your rotten vegetarian pizza! I already take medication for my cholesterol.

GOOGLE: Excuse me sir, but you have not taken your medication regularly. According to our database, you purchased only a box of 30 cholesterol tablets once at Lloyds Pharmacy, 4 months ago.

CALLER: I bought more from another Pharmacy.

GOOGLE: That doesn't show on your credit card statement.

CALLER: I paid in cash.

GOOGLE: But you did not withdraw enough cash according to your bank statement.

CALLER: I have other sources of cash.

GOOGLE: That doesn't show on your latest tax returns, unless you bought them using an undeclared income source, which is against the law!

CALLER: WHAT THE HELL!

GOOGLE: I'm sorry sir, we use such information only with the sole intention of helping you.

CALLER: Enough already! I'm sick to death of Google, Facebook, Twitter, WhatsApp and all the others. I'm going to an island without the internet, TV, where there is no phone service and no one to watch me or spy on me.

GOOGLE: I understand sir, but you need to renew your passport first. It expired 6 weeks ago... Welcome to the future!

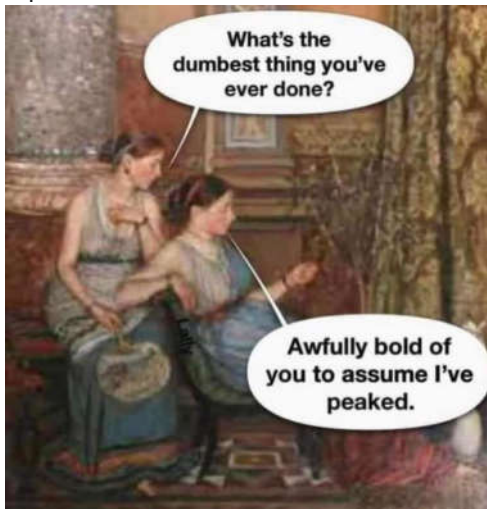
what is the biggest

what is the biggest planet on earth



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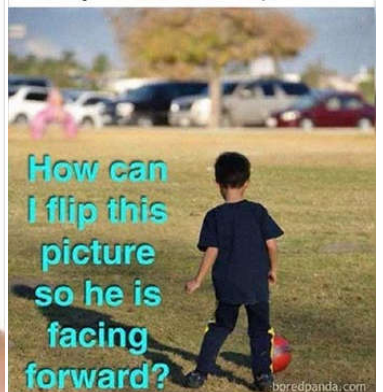
I have a theory that, when we breathe out, we breathe out some of the stupid that naturally accumulates in us over time, then the stupid just dissipates into the atmosphere. In lockdown many people were not getting out and not opening windows. Therefore they just accumulated and concentrated the stupid in their own body. It is the only rational explanation for the state of the world at the moment.



IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT NICE MAN WHO DISCOVERED ELECTRICITY



First time posting. Please be gentle. How can I flip this image so my son is facing the camera? I've tried using the "Flip Canvas Horizontal" and also "Image Invert" but nothing seems to work! Please help!



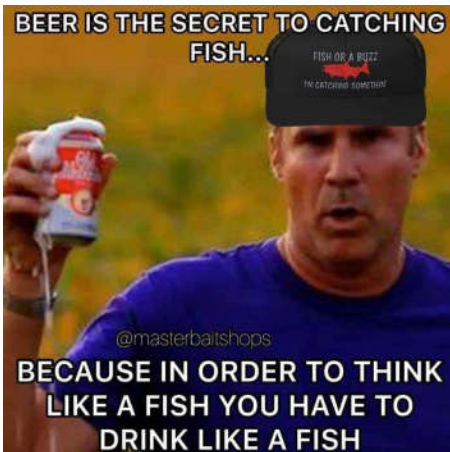
WARNING. The following observation does not apply to hashers:

THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING OVER 60 IS THAT WE DID ALL OUR STUPID STUFF BEFORE THE INVENTION OF THE INTERNET, SO THERE'S NO PROOF!

THE



END



Finally, a woman who understands fishing.



Having arrived at the edge of the river, a fisherman soon realized he had forgotten to bring any bait. Just then he happened to see a little snake passing by who had caught a worm. The fisherman snatched up the snake and robbed him of his worm. Feeling sorry for the little snake with no lunch, he snatched him up again and poured a little beer down his throat. Then he went about his fishing. An hour or so later, the fisherman felt a tug on his trouser leg. Looking down, he saw the same snake with three more worms in his mouth...

[invention of fish net stockings]

fisherman 1: Help! I got caught in the fish net!

fisherman 2: is it just me or is dave looking a little ... hot?

fisherman 3: no dave is definitely being hot rn



A woman goes to buy a rod and reel for her grandson's birthday. She doesn't know which one to get, so she just picks one and goes over to the counter. The salesman is standing there, wearing dark shades. She says, "Excuse me. Can you tell me anything about this rod and reel?" He says, "Madam, I'm completely blind; but if you'll drop it on the counter, I can tell you everything you need to know about it from the sound it makes." She doesn't believe him but drops it on the counter anyway. He says, "That's a six-foot Shakespeare graphite rod with a Zebco 404 reel and 10-lb...Test line. It's a good all around combination, and it's actually on sale this week for \$44." She says, "That's amazing that you can tell all that, just by the sound of it dropping on the counter. I'll take it!" As she opens her purse, her credit card drops on the floor. "Oh, that sounds like a Visa card," he says. As the lady bends down to pick up the card, she accidentally farts. At first she's really embarrassed, but then realizes there is no way the blind salesman would tell exactly who had farted. The man rings up the sale and says, "That'll be \$58.50 please." The woman is totally confused by this and asks, "Didn't you tell me it was on sale for \$44. How did you get \$58.50?" "The Duck Caller is \$11, and the Fish Bait is \$3.50"

