



## Trash #319 November 2022



facebook

or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

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

### Receding Hareline:

02/01/2023 2290 TBC – Nasty Nips – unless...?

## 03/12/2022 - 12 pubs of Christmas #5 – A return to Lewes

12.00 meet - P trail from the station to pub #1

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

04/12/22 Comet, Harleyshute Road, Hastings – **Bushsquatter**

***This will be our Xmas Hash. Please let me know by Sunday***

***November 27th if you will be eating.***

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

04/12/22 Shelley Arms, Broadbridge Heath – **Chaos**

**EGH3/ W&NK H3 – 10.45am – followed by EGH3 Christmas party**

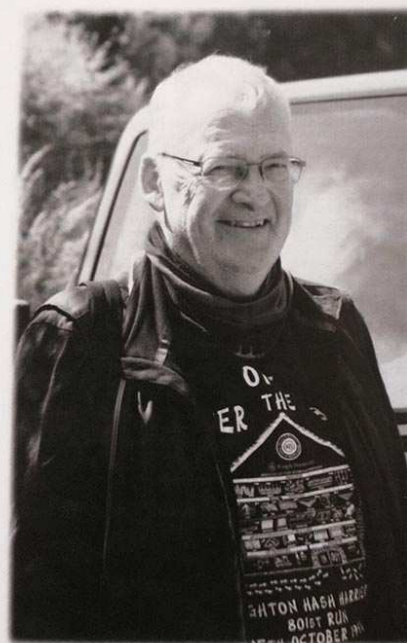
18/12/22 Groombridge Village Hall TN3 9QX

Tickets are £10 each - pay at a forthcoming EGH3 hash or email [doug.barr@btinternet.com](mailto:doug.barr@btinternet.com) to book. Tickets can be cancelled up to a

week before the event by emailing Doug.

**ononononononononononononononon**

***Thought for the day:*** "Waggle your torches, they'll think we're running!"

16<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1946 - 21<sup>ST</sup> OCTOBER 2022

# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

25-27/11/2022 Barnes H3 Xmas weekend Crown Hotel, Weymouth

13-15/01/2023 Friday 13<sup>th</sup> part 52 – Edinburgh

30/6-2/7/2023 Funny French Weekend at the Kirks near Gorron

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.

08-10/03/2024 Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand - <https://www.interhash2024.com/>

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

**GM**                      **Pete ‘Local Knowledge’ Eastwood**

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

## Webfarm      Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle

**Hare Raiser**      **Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons**

**Beer Monster      Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson**

**RA's** **Dave 'Dangleberry' King**

**John 'Bouncer' Biggins**

**Hash Cash      Kit 'Knhtrdr' Dawson**

## Hash Trash

## Haberhash

## Hash Horn

## Hash relay

SDW relay

## Hashtorian

## Christmas Hash

## Hash awards

## John 'Bouncer' Biggins

## Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland

## Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer

## Pete 'Prof' Thomas

### Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

## David 'Spreadsheet' Evans

## Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt

### Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones

## Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

**onononononononononononononononon**

**Phil 'Chopper' Mutton** – Phil's funeral was held on Monday 14<sup>th</sup> November and it was a great pleasure to see so many old hashers, including a few from a very distant past, but plenty from more recent years. Aside from lovely tributes from Phil's son and grandson, there were some nice memories from Simon Eastwood, representing the cycling group, and Pete 'Whose Shout' Beard on behalf of the hash which, needless to say, featured strongly throughout.

I had intended to make this a special tribute edition of the Boggy Shoe (and indeed there are a few nods included), however, have regrettably not had time to trawl through back issues and sadly requests for contributions have resulted in nothing more than a couple of verbal anecdotes, so will defer and put in occasional pieces over the next few editions.

In the meantime, there has also been some discussion on a permanent hash tribute to Chopper as we did with Bogeyman and Airman for their great contributions to the chapter. This is likely to take the form of a stile or gate which may potentially be near Devils Dyke where the first hash took part with both Phil and Pete. Costings and logistics are being reviewed and fundraising will take place once we have an idea how much we will need. On on Chopper! **Bouncer**

## 2022 Christmas hash party and awards:

Last chance to sign up for this years hash party and awards on Monday 19<sup>th</sup> from the Hassocks 19:00 start time.

The cost is £23.95 per person (£18.95 for annual subscribers). The Pork Belly is an extra £2.50 and the cheese & biscuit £2.

The [full menu is here](#) and the [order form is here](#). Orders and monies (to Brighton Hash House Harriers -- 30-67-72 / 31893463 ) please and orders & payments **must be** received by the 11<sup>th</sup> of December. Further details are available at [bh7-xmas-run](#) and any queries to Ride It Baby. ***As usual, if you are the current holder of one of the prestigious hash awards, please ensure you return them by Monday 12<sup>th</sup> December!***

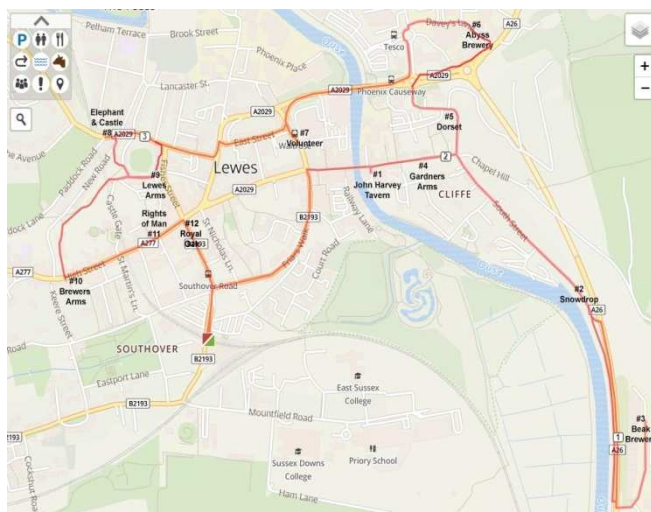
**onononononononononononononononononon**

## CRAFT 12 pubs #5 – Return to Lewes

There've been slim pickings from CRAFT H3 this year but the return of the 12 Pubs of Christmas gives us an ideal chance to reboot! We had a Lewes Craft aborted due to weather in February so where better to start than with a return to where the 12 pubs all started 5 years ago. There will of course be a Christmas Jumper theme, and feel free to dip in and out of the day as your schedule permits. Don't forget your tankards!



	<b>Pub</b>	<b>ETA</b>
1	John Harvey Tavern	12.00
2	Snowdrop	12.45
3	Beak Brewery	13.30
4	Gardners Arms	14.30
5	Dorset Arms	15.15
6	Abyss Brewery	16.00
7	Volunteer	16.50
8	Elephant & Castle	17.35
9	Lewes Arms	18.20
10	Brewers Arms	19.10
11	Rights of Man	20.00
12	Royal Oak	21.00





# Riding It, Baby!

'Chopper' was Phil's cycle group nickname, of which he was a keen member going as support even when he could no longer ride, but he was also briefly known as Saddleshaft after a bike fail. He kindly sent me a few pictures for inclusion in the Shoe.

I took lessons in bicycle riding. But I could only afford half of them. Now I can ride a unicycle.



Which one of your friends or family could you totally see riding this?



I saw a sign that said 'Think Bike' whilst driving home today. Must have hit about 20 cyclists thinking about that Goldwing. If removing something from your life makes you happy, go for it



A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle. - Gloria Steinem



FUN TIP: Ride a bicycle with an empty baby seat down a busy street whilst loudly saying "You're being VERY well behaved."



I've just been mugged by a couple of blokes riding a bicycle made for two. Police said they were probably working in tandem.



## REHASHING the Halloween hash:



**Run 2281 The Crown and Anchor, Preston Park** – Trick or Treat? Both I'd say, as our Halloween Hash haring team didn't miss a trick in treating us to another theatrical masterpiece suitably befitting Monday falling on the 31st. Another Lily The Pink production, he was assisted by Just Elle, Nasty Nips and family, Bonking Queen, Just Pinks, and of course 4-legged help from Bentley tailing. And so a splendidly varied, ghoulishly-attired pack, numbering an impressive 33, assembled at this pub of appropriately grisly association: being the venue for the 1831 Coroner's inquest into the notorious murder of Celia Bashford by her husband John Holloway, a crime for which he hung. Her torso buried in a shallow grave in nearby Lover's Walk. Her remains re-buried in the churchyard of St. John the Evangelist, just 100m to the north. The on-out was through the Edwardian Preston Manor where LTP regrouped the pack, to recount tales of some of the manor's ghostly sightings: Sister Agnes, the medieval nun,

who helped travellers on their way. A body buried under the patio. A disembodied hand, floating by the four-poster bed. The White Nun. The elegant Lady in Grey, who descends the grand staircase with nowhere to go. The reports continue with modern day sightings of non-existent visitors, doors locking themselves, and lights turning off for no reason, and a ghostly hand holding onto a doorknob. There's even a friendly ghost, like Casper, that plays with a child's toy tractor. Suitably spooked, the pack exited a stone arch, where they had the fright of their lives, as the White Nun leapt out from the shadows. Oddly, Pinks hadn't been seen for some time. Without a moment to mull, trail zig-zagged east, via Lime Tree Walk, The Gallop, Preston Drove, Waldegrave Rd, and Lucerne Rd. Before traversing Blakers Park, up to Fiveways. And then along Hollingbury Park Av, and the nether regions of the park, to ascend to Hollingbury Hillfort for a second regroup. Here, with torches off, LTP recounted the experience had at that very spot by he and NN while laying trail, as a knife-wielding individual, with bloodied trousers, confronted the pair with the challenge 'are you the FEDs?' Clearly not a Halloween a day early, LTP defused with the reply 'Yes, and what are you smoking?' Before the pair wisely deployed the valuable hash skill of being able to dash cross-country faster than most, to call in the matter to the cops. With that cue, the pack legged down the hill and onto Cuckmere Way, slaloming down via Rotherfield Cres, Hartfield Av, some connecting steps, and homes with creative Halloween illuminations, to reach Chez NN on Eastfield Cres. where a welcome sweet stop treat was kindly offered by NN's family. Re-caloried, the pack continued descent via Northfield Wy, Larkfield Wy, and Beechwood Av. To then ascend the scarily inclined Friar Rd, to Ditchling Rd. Before again descending, via



Balfour Rd and Loder Rd, to the second stop, at Chez BQ. Here an appreciated keg of beer was provided, together with soft drinks, paired naturally with giant monster munch, and eerily white rocky-road, all served beside a glowing fire. It was then but a short on-inn, via Surrenden Rd, and appropriately past the Pumpkin Patch nursery. After the usual refreshment+sustenance, which was today a tasty delivery of pre-ordered Fato o Mano's pizzas, circle was called, with DDs for LTP, and Pinks representing Team Halloween. Before welcoming Merseyside hash expats, returnee Eccles, and with a DD, Brighton virgin Hansel. It was then DDs for Bouncer+Angel, on account of varied exploits on Bristol hash legend Stretch's 50 pubs in 4 days 50th birthday crawl-athon. Firstly Bouncer who, following flying saucer chat at one pub just had to have the UFO beer on tap

at the next, The Apple (a cider specialist pub with a clue in the name), only to exclaim 'It's A Cider!' Angel meanwhile was witnessed floored at her pub 27 (39 overall), with head rested upon table and sound asleep, only to leap up and start dancing in a matter of seconds! Next up was a ghost DD, as sinner Fukarwe had scarpered. The charge was threefold, firstly emailing various individuals, thanking them for volunteering to hare, including the RA despite him not volunteering. Secondly, signing the email with his name misspelt, Fuckarewe rather than Fukarwe. And thirdly, for doing the exact same two things a year ago. Oh, and on-trail, for dropping not one but two balls, namely pumpkins from his illuminated garland. For this fulsome list, Fukarwe was deemed worthy, in absentia, of the numpty mug. It was then time for a somewhat overdue naming, as Just Elle has now co-hared on several occasions. Today's haring offered a suitable name, as Just Elle almost got the 'drinking club with a running problem' mantra the wrong way round, before being prompted by the RA. A near slip-up, or booby, you might say. So condensing Just Elle, we could have Jelle, or Jelly, perhaps Jelly Baby, or how about Jelly Booby?! The latter seemed to mildly content the pack, and so formalities were so-concluded, with mild dousing with flour by the RA, and beer by fumbling new assistant Hashrick. Which was then corrected with copious dousing by AnneRKey, as applied at her naming, by Trouble. Per last week's quote of the night, tonight's was OnOnDon's that Bouncer's ghoulish mask made him 'finally look like Wiggy'. Wiggy, the challenge is on to mask-up scarier than Bouncer without! Lastly Andy P was called for a pre-hash dash home to collect his forgotten torch. Paired with a commiseration DD for Wildbush on behalf of the walkers for missing the fabulous beerstop :-/ And lastly a spare DD went to Eccles. Team Halloween, you were scarily good. **Dangleberry.** Ed. I suspect we'll see the bumbling Hashrick who consistently called RA Mr. Blackberry, again on occasion.



## Memories of Chopper - a great hashman

**I have some very sad news. One of our founding Brighton hashers, Phil Mutton, has passed away. He suffered for so many years with illness but was always so positive and carried on when many would have given in. He will, I'm sure, be remembered with love and affection by all who knew him. Pete Beard/ Whose Shout [via Facebook]**

Deeply saddened to hear the news. 25 years I have known Phil. A true gentleman. Will miss our BHA chats Ivan/ Fukarwe  
Sad news indeed. I remember him being a front runner before his health prevented him from joining the pack, and then the many years as chief bar fly. OnOn Phil. It was a privilege to have known you. Red Slapper. xx Sweeping the BHM tomorrow in honour of Phil.  
Very sad news to hear tonight. Phil was a true gentleman and such excellent company. He always had a smile for everyone and a twinkle in his eye. I loved his spirit, continuing to hash despite obstacles. My ♥ to his family. Phil gave me my first hash t-shirt in my early hashing days, I will miss him. OnOn Chopper. Roaming Pussy. xx



Sorry to hear this sad news x Lis/ Falling Madonna

I don't think I met him, but sad news for the hash, thinking of you all AnneRKey

Thanks for letting us know, Peter. So sorry to hear this. He was so determined. One of the best. X RiB

Thanks for all the laughs over the years Phil. You will be greatly missed. On on Hash Gomi  
When I first joined the hash 43 years ago if you wanted to know where the hash was you had to phone Phil at his work number. How things have changed. Remember him with great admiration. Anybody

So sorry - Bushsquatter

Sorry to hear this x Sarah Russell

Sorry to hear the sad news. Phil was a stalwart of the hash even when he was in such poor health. Have fond memories of him when I first joined the Hash all those years ago . Rik/ Psychlepath

This was Phil's farewell message to us, so typical, he knew it would be his last: "Just to let you know I am in hospital and may well be some time." A true Hasher, a dear friend and a gentleman to the end. Whose Shout

**Hi All, Pam has asked me to pass on some very sad news. Phil, Chopper was taken into hospital on Tuesday and died on Friday with his family around him. He was our friend and neighbour in Brighton, when five of us got together and ran the original Hash from the Dyke all those years ago. He has still clocked up the most runs! We will all miss him being there to greet us back to the pub after the runs on Mondays. On On, Peter, Local Knowledge [via e-mail]**

Kindly pass on my deep sympathy regarding the very sad loss of Dear Phil; to his Relatives plus old BH7 member who may remember me. He was the 'Father of BH7'. On On Niel.

A lovely man & good friend who will be sadly missed. Remembering the late night Mondays in the pub & some of us seeing who would be last to leave. He has gone to join Bob so they will be keeping an eye on us. My Condolences to Pam. Chris T/ Pompette  
Very sorry to hear about the passing of one of our original Hashers. RIP Phil. Nicola/Black Stockings

*Dear all, For those of you who may have not picked up Pete Beard's message on the Facebook page, it is my sad and awful responsibility to pass on the news that Phil Mutton aka Chopper aka Saddleshaft has finally lost his battle with the health issues that have plagued him for some years now. Phil was on the very first Brighton hash run back in 1978 and has been colossal in the effort he has put in for the club ever since, looking after the finances for so long, organising the annual hash relays, and being a voice of reason whenever the club was being pulled in different directions. I'm afraid, despite his failing health in recent years evidenced by his continued presence until COVID drove us apart, but still whenever locality and vaccinations allowed, I am shocked and lost for words that we will never again enjoy Phil's presence on a hash evening. Please join me in raising whatever glass is nearest and raising a toast to one whose like we will never see again, and who touched the hearts of all those who knew him. To Chopper, rest easy dear friend. On on, Bouncer*

Well said Bouncer. Cooperman

Hello everyone, that is very sad news about Phil, he was such a good man and always laughing, except when he was on a squash court! Rest in peace Phil and On On! Love and Hugs from us all, Julia xxxxx

Hi Bouncer, I'm really sorry to hear the news about Phil - although we don't hash with Brighton that often, he seemed to be a constant presence and I know you will all miss him lots. It seemed he had a lot of health issues in the last few years which must have been very hard for him to cope with, so hopefully he is now at peace. Go gentle and look after yourself. Big hugs, Phil / Layby

Very sad day. Bless you Phil. Trevor/ Prince Crashpian

So sorry to hear this sad news. Phil was such a great friend, a stalwart of the Hash, always ready for fun such as pushing each other into the river etc. He will be/already is missed. Don.

Hi Bouncer. Terribly sad news about Chopper. Another BH7 legend on-out :- ( On On, DB





## REHASHING:

Ed Dixon  
4d · 🌐

halloween special: a guy named eric lind captured these photos of an owl at his parent's house. it has stolen a child's stick horse and is flying around the neighborhood with it.



**2282 The Windmill, Littleworth** – I always thought it was optimistic to expect the Bull to host us after one of the staff recently informed that they “are a restaurant not a drinking pub” to explain the reduction in hours. A real shame as another popular pub falls off our radar, but plan B clearly is popular given the amount of cars parked up the road! Parking up, Bonking Queen introduced us to Sister Charlotte, apparently biological as opposed to our first nun on the hash. Prince Crashpian waxed lyrical, clearly with the upcoming awards in mind, on the prizewinning merits of his trail (shortest/ wettest), which certainly had one of the slowest starts ever as r\*nners and wa\*kers alike stumbled over the stile to head west. Faced with a high stile Local Knowledge needed assistance getting over which Pompette provided with one hand on each buttock, but declined my similar offer at the next, choosing to get wedged in the middle a la Winnie the Pooh instead, which prompted a potential circle up game where we blindfold Pete and he has to identify the sex of the owner of the hands! Trail continued south to Mill Lane for a bit of road relief where we joined the B2135 to be overtaken at speed by an unknown hasher. Hare emailed myself and Keeps It Up stating that wa\*kers would need welly's but altered trail so that we were on road all the way, continuing down to the High Street, along and on inn back up Littleworth Lane. Meanwhile, the main pack enjoyed splashing around on the footpaths in between, one of which Dangleberry had

hoped to avoid until we sent him on the correct route. With paths being removed and others underwater PC had not had an easy job so ended up with a considerably reduced trail out to Greentrees Lane, through the rec and back up the Rise, rejoining Littleworth Lane to overtake the walkers before the FRB's, clearly disorientated, picked up the out arrows and attempted to go round again! Although busy, pub gradually cleared as we lined up at the bar to claim the customary reward including, glory be, Harveys Old, and the food, which they had worryingly asked be pre-ordered by Friday, was despatched efficiently. Circling up, hare was congratulated on his 5k hash, before Charlotte was given the customary questions, but didn't conform! Not long enough? Well as she'd face-planted early doors and had to be escorted back by Wilds Thing, it wouldn't be. Neither was it hard enough apparently, although the twisted ankle may influence that decision come the morning. At least she aims to return when hopefully she'll have a proper beer! Sister Bonking Queen (not a nun never) had swerved her responsibility of passing on the Numpty mug last week, but was still mulling over possibilities. We had to rib Ride It Baby (aka RIB for short) following an amusing conversation the previous week as folk had slid down from Hollingbury camp, when she expressed her delight at finding some ribbed paving slabs, prompting Bathe-It Daily to ask if she liked them ribbed, and Nasty Nips could bear witness! There is a series of bizarre marathons organised by Sussex Trail Events one of the most insane of which, the Green Mile, had its final outing the day before with 78 laps of Shepton Mallet prison, a decommissioned Victorian penitentiary. Wilds Thing's first comment on arriving tonight had been to complain about prison bullying by Wildbush, the benchmark being Mr. McKay from Porridge and I spotted the Kay in both McKay and Kayleen prompting further comparison to the show, conferring Fletch on Keeps It Up with Wilds Thing coming in as Godber. The latter two both had additional charges with the former tech mastermind having broken the onboard computer in WT's new car on the way down, while WT himself (on water having gorged a pint pre-hash) introduced us to the concept of being 'ethically sick' by bananas in conversation with Off With Her Head who said you need to push them in hard prompting the lad to admit he does like a bit of vanilla cream. Oh to be a fly on the hash! WT featured yet again in BQ's summary of options, having joined her and one or two others on a long off-trail before saying, “well they did say right at the check”. But her prize went to Just Paula for a tactical short-cut which had them all entangled in brash and brambles before her leadership was called into question with an impressive spread eagle fall! Although allegedly sister Charlotte had also impressed with pirouettes and arabesques before her earlier tumble! By now LK had finally made it to the pub after losing his car on his return, and was joined in the 'stuck at stiles' category by Mudlark whose diminutive size had caused him to balk at a high bar [“how the f\*ck do I get over that?”], and the unknown hasher who turned out to be St. Bernard on a late charge to catch up. Summing up, details of Choppers funeral were shared, before I announced my run next week, but we still had one beer left. Bang on cue Psychlepath said, “where is it next week?” for almost the entire hash to remark, “he's just told you!” Being nominated driver he needed a nominated drinker and Nasty Nips was all too happy to oblige with a countdown. Another great hash!



**HM Government**  
**Situations Vacant**

**New job opportunities for prisoners**

**DUE** to an unforeseeable shortfall in the UK labour market, there are plenty of exciting vacancies for those currently being held at Her Majesty's pleasure.

- Ever handled a knife? Then help out at a meat processing plant.
- Ever driven a getaway car? Then train up and drive an HGV.
- Ever picked a pocket? Then try picking some fruit for a change.
- Ever committed daylight robbery? Then set up another PCR testing company.

**APPLY NOW!**





## REHASHING:

Physical therapists: How's your knee doing? Did you drop your running distance like we discussed? Bouncer:



the steamed-up car atop might have wished, when the pack encountered at a check, and torchlit the formerly intimate encounter. Finding onward trail fortunately fast, the pack unbridged the bypass and then traced out a route resembling Africa's coastline. First it was a hilltop path loop, from Morocco to the Gold Coast. Then southward to Cape Town, via The Street, Erringham Rd, and Mill Ln. Before twisty return to the Kenya parcark, via Windlesham Gardens, and roads Windlesham, Buckingham and Old Shoreham. Most then hopped in their cars for the relocate to the Chez. Where perfect for the autumnal chill, a fabulous spread



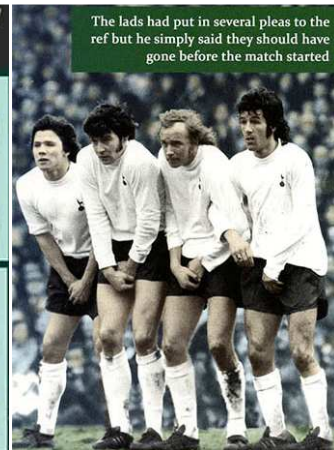
including some challenging Swedish Aquavit, which was polished off shot-wise while playing snap. Long before though, circle was called, prising the garden-dwellers from the gas patio-heater, to firstly thank B+A for being such generous hosts. And also for the seemingly impossible preparation of the awesome spread, despite both haring. And indeed Bouncer's daytime presence at the funeral+wake for sadly departed Phil 'Chopper' Mutton, one of the BH7 originals. The day was well-attended by BH7 and other hashers, present+lapsed. The impossible was made possible by Bouncer foregoing his usual Sunday pilgrimage to The Wellington, a most appreciated gesture.

As was Come Again's for her kitchen wizardry while we were all out on-trail. As is custom, the quizzed circle supplied a sharp critique of that infact excellent trail. And then it was time for welcome-back DD for 4 years absent Saddle Sore. Returnee Rob J brought newboots Ellie+Nathan, though the threesome scarpered pre-circle. And so Nathan escaped recognition for his tread-less gym-shoes, and consequent 4 on-trail falls. If he comes back, we'd best name him 'Fall Guy'! Checkless might have regretted his appearance, as on-trail sprained-ankle forced pre-circle scarper. And possible refrain from co-haring with Fridge of the following week's hash from the Fox On The Downs pub. As for DD sins, we had Hash Gomi twice holler 'too much light'. Apparently your author's headtorch caused spectacle glare. Joining HG for DD was Off With Her Head, for 'too little light'. Apparently her torch recharge spirts were too short. Next up for DD was w\*lker Just Pinks, for r\*nnng, on her accidental tagging the r\*nners pack for a stretch. Joining Pinks for DD was Testiculator, who managed to lose himself on-trail, together with scarpered Pondweed/Fukarwe. And lastly and appropriately, B+A took DDs in the recently introduced category of 'quote of the week'. Bouncer, for his mid-trail remark 'I haven't really set it yet'. Angel, for her query to Bouncer at apres 'does this lemonade include alcohol'. And talking of apres, I think we broke records with a hardcore continuing till 2am, in a blur of conferred spirit shots. Plus the ambushing of your author's phone, capturing these photographic greetings:





# WHEN IT WENT TO QATAR, SHOULD'VE CHECKED U.A.R. - FIFA WORLD CUP FROM 20/11



Quotes that will go down in history:

Martin Luther King "I have a dream"

Neil Armstrong "One small step for man"

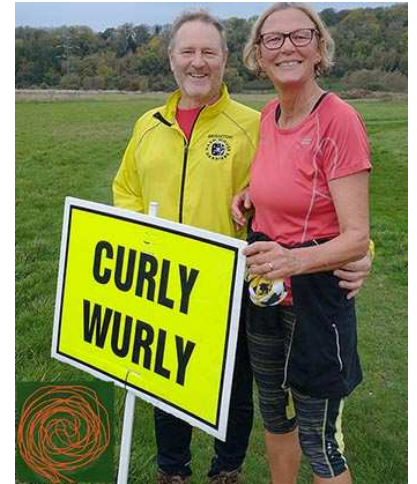
Nigel Owens "This is not soccer"





## CRAFT REHASHING - 50 pubs for 50 years:

Okay, I'll confess. One reason for a shortage of CRAFT hashes this year has been down to clashing occasions. That's not to say that anybody else couldn't put something together and we're always grateful for hares taking on the task of organising a CRAFT whether it be pub crawl, brewery visit or just all meeting up at a beer festival somewhere. Occasional Crafty player, well known UK hasher and all round nice guy Stretch had intended to celebrate his 50<sup>th</sup> birthday in Florida as part of an extended trip Stateside. Various factors effectively curtailed travel so a plan B was formed to hit 50 pubs in Bristol over 4 days on the weekend leading up to his Halloween birthday. We were unable to join Friday's crawl due to Angel's work shifts, and of course we had to fit in a parkrun, so an early start was called for Saturday a.m. to take in the infamously silly Somerdale Pavilion course, aka the Curly Wurly, for the dual reasons of being set on a cyclocross course (which means probably the wriggliest route out there incorporating an in and out spiral 3 times), as well as being on the site of the Cadbury plant where Curly Wurly bars were first made for many years. By all accounts, it seems Friday was a merry occasion with a plethora of folk joining in, although some could improve their pacing skills (who else but Dipstick, as well as Stretch's dad Coach Bob), so hangovers needed to be addressed with the old reliable Wetherspoons breakfast, pub 13 for Stretch and #1 for us, at the **W.G. Grace** near Clifton. It was good to find my old mate Swiss Tony here as well as renew several other hash acquaintances such as Sweatmonster, and meet some new folk including Biggus Dickus and Pecker Shaker from The Hague. Moving on to **#2 The Good Measure** micropub, a replacement for Chums which didn't open until much later, I was surprised to see that they'd had a tap takeover by Beak brewery from Lewes! Good beer but sadly card only and landlords decision that there would be no receipts. Moving on we came to **#3 Clyde Arms** where we were joined by Stretch's brother Paul, and Dirty Stop Out and Swampy Adrian Spink from Bull Moon H3, who immediately took on responsibility for educating the Dutch in British pub snacks starting with the season appropriate Monster Munch – pickled eyeball, er, onion flavour. I also really enjoyed **#4 Port of Call**, where our numbers were further swelled with the arrival of Nose Job, as well as several others, but it was a short sharp climb to the pub! Arriving at **#5 Alma Tavern** after a good long walk we were nearly mown down by Splash and Creeper whizzing past on electric scooters, so it wasn't long before they too joined us as the more sensible folk ordered food. We had



another long walk ahead of us to get to **#6 The Mall**, a less homely pub than so far, but with a nice but busy garden. Our plan had been to dip in and out of the pubs and try and take in a few of the sights of Bristol along the way, but I'd been lazy about checking the route beforehand, with a little bit of uncertainty over whether I'd be ready to drive after the latest knee procedure. However, the realisation that we were just a short distance from the Clifton Suspension Bridge was enough for us to step away for a photo opportunity and to follow the one-way system across one side and back the other. Returning to **#7 Royal Oak** we were surprised to find the gang still there, so I managed to bolt a quick half before we covered the 30 second walk to **#8 the Brunel**. A few of us grabbed a bite on the way to **#9 the Quadrant**, which may be why I fell into a state of confusion at the latter and had to return to #8 in search of my jacket, only to realise I'd actually hooked it under the bar at #9, all the while checking up on Angel who'd stopped for a burger. Naturally this meant some ribbing by Nose Job who hid my jacket in **#10 Albion**, thinking I'd go walkies! In **#11 Clifton**, I found myself talking to someone who recognised me as much as I recognised them but just couldn't place, although Angel insisted he was Daniel Craig, but after some chat we realised it was Lightning who, with Iron Maiden, we knew from Lundy Island hashes many years ago! An attempt to beat the rush to **#12 The Lansdown** failed miserably when we found the bar 5 deep in students in fancy dress for a Halloween party in the garden. There was a jar of trick or treat suggestions on the counter which added a bit of fun until I started colouring in. That led to a birthday



card for Stretch which was soon doing the rounds to be signed by all, while I ended up chatting to very late arrivals Flying Dutchman and Mrs Myf. We caught up with the pack at **#13 Hope & Anchor** for a presentation to Stretch which included a smelly umbrella hat we'd found earlier! It was here that I ran into trouble in the loos when the girl in front walked into the first door so I kept going, only to find they were gender neutral toilets with the result that Creeper walked in on me as I hadn't shut the inner door, doh! Our final pub for the day was **#14 Brewdog**, which I found a bit clinical and what remained of the party had split into little groups so just sat and chatted for a while until they started encouraging us to the door. A great day which I would've been happy to end on the higher note of an earlier pub, and I suspect Angel a few pubs before that, but we carried on the party a bit longer back at Stretch's place tucking into cheese on toast or fish finger sarnies being limited to the grill for cooking purposes.





Sunday morning dawned and thanks to the clocks changing we were able to enjoy an extra hours recovery before heading off to join the Bristol Hash from, aptly, a pub called the **Angel** [#1] at Long Ashton, which we realised meant a substantial walk back towards town via more pubs of course! The hash itself started with some pretty extreme farmyard shiggy heading south of the village before looping back in, at which point the walkers made up of myself, Biggus Dickus and Pecker Shaker (the latter two having failed to read the advance info and didn't realise they'd be hashing both started in smart white day shoes) took a shorter return via the stream, while the pack had a scenic

route just to the north of the main road. Nestling in the covered area outside as the rain turned biblical, an excellent circle was conducted by Lightning, I guess known as much for his quickfire jokes as being an FRB, including obvious downers to Stretch, for cramming a hashers year of beer into one weekend, and Angel, for the pub name. Consequently Angel decided to forego **#2 The Ashton** and take a walk over the Ashton Court estate, where a parkrun route can be found, to enjoy the dinosaur sculptures, and a good move it was as this gastropub had little to offer aside from a stepping stone on our route back to town, although it was good to chat to some of the BH3 who'd come on a little further including previous acquaintances Dr. Zhivago and Walkie Talkie. As anticipated it was a good stretch (sic!) to **#3 Coopers Arms**, so I enjoyed the beer there coaxing all to the seats round the back, but having squandered all that time on the hash, the schedule, which started with an hour per pub on Friday when they were in town, reduced to 45 mins on Saturday as they upped the number, was further reduced to 30 mins with, at times, some considerably longer distances to cover! Fortunately **#4 Bristol Beer Factory**, a very busy tap room with interesting Halloween decor, wasn't far, nor was **#5 Tobacco Factory**, which served excellent vegetarian food, and had an impressive beer garden incorporating an outdoor theatre. Moving on, our next port of call was to be **#6 Nova Scotia** but our leader suffered a brain fade taking us on an extra mile and a half walk out and back to a closed bridge to get onto Spike Island, which sadly meant we didn't have time, or by now the light, to take a quick look at the SS Great Britain. Still a nice little local apparently scene of many a BH3 hash, and there was evidence of a recent trail still present on the way to and from. Dutch snack education continued with a thumbs up for Scampi Fries, but having haemorrhaged so much time we soon had to crack on to **#7 the Cottage** on Baltic Wharf. I liked this pub but again we were playing catch up so had to bolt the beer and head on via the Hand of the River God sculpture and Banksies Girl with Pierced Eardrum graffarti, as well as some excellent boats and



the old railway along Wapping Wharf. Just our luck that after a mile walk we found the Wild Beer was closed, so an attempt was made to grab a catch up shot at another place, but they had a service only and outside policy so we gave up and headed to the next pub on the schedule, **#8 the Ostrich**, another enjoyable pub not least for it's location. I realised part way on to the next pub that I'd forgotten the umbrella I'd been doubling up as a walking stick, so had to head back which meant **#9 Shakespeare**, was again a flying visit before we headed on to **#10 Hole in the Wall**. I just missed the talk but Angel caught me up with the history, that it was

named after a spy hole, still visible, that enabled 18th century sailors and smugglers to keep watch for customs men and press gangs, following sight of which there'd be a warning and they'd all scarper! Chatting to Swampy I mentioned we were heading to Rendlesham Forest for the parkrun in a couple of weeks, famous as the location of perhaps the UK's most famous UFO incident, although DSO had quickly refuted there was nearly enough evidence and the Yanks reporting it had probably been smoking some funny stuff that weekend in 1981.



Despite her denial there is actually a UFO on course, albeit likely a figment replica! Leaving the Hole I caught up with Dipstick who announced that they'd opted for another pub to replace the the Wild Beer at Wapping but it took a couple of phone calls to discover that it was on a boat and called **the Apple** [#11]. We were close enough though but imagine my surprise when I spotted one of the beers was called UFO, so of course I had to have it, only to realise, and imagine my surprise, that it was in fact a cider, the Apple being a small clue that it was a cider bar! Back on track our penultimate stop was at the marvellous



Restoration era pub **#12 Llandoger Trow** in King Street, where Daniel Defoe met Alexander Selkirk, his inspiration for Robinson Crusoe, and also inspiration for the Admiral Benbow Inn in Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island. From here it was the width of the road to **#13 The Old Duke** opposite, a worthy final pub with some great jazz going down. We finally got our Jager shot here which may be the reason I was inspired to educate the Dutch further with Twiglets, but Angel had reached capacity so four of us baled out to head home, leaving the rest to keep drinking, finally making it back some three hours later! I'm very grateful to Dipstick for the lift over to collect our car in the morning as we had to get home for Lily's hash, but sadly he was also unable to join the final day for a crawl around Portishead after car trouble. A great weekend and I'm already looking forward to a return at the end of November. Many hashy returns Stretch!

**On on, Bouncer**



## IN THE NEWS – remembering:



Everything's been going up this month with Rishi's rise, inflation, leaders to COP27 and Black History:



With the cost of energy now the best place to sit in your room is in the corner, it's always 90 degrees there.

### Scrutiny on the Bounty, Budweiser, beer and early World Cup controversy:

They shouldn't mess with Celebrations by taking Bounty's out, these kind of things upset people. I swapped the wrappers around once and my wife really got her Snickers in a Twix. Older readers may recall from #271 that the letters are made up of the chocolates inside which suggests a ventriloquist-friendly rebranding of the name to Celegrations.

how old were you when you realised that each letter of celebrations is one of the chocolates inside?



Elsewhere, Qatar won't be allowing Budweiser to be sold in stadiums at the World Cup. Apparently they've also banned beer!

Simply Red have teamed up with Budweiser to release the official Qatar World Cup soccer anthem: "Holding back the beers".

BREAKING NEWS.... Harry Kane said to be upset because he's not allowed to wear the one love armband at the World Cup in Qatar, especially as he spent all weekend colouring it in.

After unquestioningly obeying FIFA's rule that players not wear one love armbands, the FA update the England badge



### FIFA-approved armband



### How to dodge fifa.



Rain expected in Qatar tomorrow, FIFA has postponed all matches in case there is a rainbow.



Outside a second-hand shop: We exchange anything - bicycles, washing machines, etc. Why not bring your wife along and get a wonderful bargain?

An Indian and a priest are walking through the woods. The priest is teaching the Indian the English language. As they walk along, the priest sees a tree and says to the Indian, "Tree." They continue walking along and come upon a bush, and the priest says to the Indian, "Bush". They keep walking and eventually come out into a small clearing, where they come upon a man and a woman having sex. The priest is so upset that he's not sure what he should tell the Indian. The only thing he can think of to say is, "Man riding a bicycle." The Indian then pulls out his bow and arrow, aims and instantly kills the man. The priest turns to the Indian and says, "What'd you do that for?" The Indian replies, "My bicycle!!"

Cletus walks into a singles bar, hoping to get a little action. After about 15 minutes, he makes eyes at this gorgeous blonde across the way and she makes eyes back. Finally he gets the nerve to go over to her and strike up a conversation. After a good while of teasing and chatting, he asks her if she wants to have sex. She says "No, I can't, I am on my menstrual cycle.' Cletus replies, "That's ok, babe! I'll follow you on my Moped!"

The pastor asked if anyone in the congregation would like to express praise for answered prayers. Suzie Smith stood and walked to the podium. She said, "I have a praise. Two months ago, my husband, Tom, had a terrible bicycle wreck and his scrotum was completely crushed. The pain was excruciating and the doctors didn't know if they could help him." You could hear a muffled gasp from the men in the congregation as they imagine the pain that poor Tom must have experienced. "Tom was unable to hold me or the children," she went on, "and every move caused him terrible pain." We prayed as the doctors performed a delicate operation, and it turned out they were able to piece together the crushed remnants of Tom's scrotum, and wrap wire around it to hold it in place." Again, the men in the congregation cringed and squirmed uncomfortably as they imagined the horrible surgery performed on Tom. "Now," she announced in a quivering voice, "thank the Lord, Tom is out of the hospital and the doctors say that with time, his scrotum should recover completely." All the men sighed with unified relief. The pastor rose and tentatively asked if anyone else had something to say. A man stood up and walked slowly to the podium. He said, "I'm Tom Smith." The entire congregation held its breath. "I just want to tell my wife the word is sternum."

Little Johnny came home from school one day slightly confused. His mother was Indian and his father was black. So Johnny asks, "Mummy, am I more Indian or more black?"

"What does it really matter? If you want to know for sure you'll just have to ask your father," his mother tells him.

So, when his father arrived home from work, Little Johnny asks the same question, "Daddy, am I more Indian or more black?"

"What kind of a question is that? Why do you want to know if you're more Indian or black?" asks his dad.

"Well, it's like this dad... Tommy down the street wants to sell his bicycle for £50, and I don't know whether to talk him down to £40, or wait until its dark and steal the f\*##king thing."

on



New rules on priorities continue to inhibit drivers progress as cyclists shove it in our faces. Had to follow this one home!