

**Trash #323 March 2023**

facebook

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

**Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction. Please adjust journey time accordingly from your location.**

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
6th March 2023	2299	White Horse, Ditchling	BN6 8TS	Anybody
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A273. B2112 to Ditchling. Right at roundabout. Park in village car park on right. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>				
13th March 2023	2300	Kings Head, Upper Beeding	BN44 3HZ	Bouncer & Angel
<b>Directions:</b> A27 to Shoreham; A283 north then right on to A2037 at next roundabout. Left at next roundabout and pub is 1/2 mile on left hand side. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>				
20th March 2023	2301	Royal Oak, Poynings	BN45 7AA	Gromit
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north, 2nd exit on A281. Straight over mini roundabout follow round left to pub on right. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>				
27th March 2023	2302	Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath	RH16 4DZ	Psychlepath
<b>Directions:</b> 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. <b>Est. 25 mins.</b>				
3rd April 2023	2303	Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell	BN7 3EZ	Peter Pansy
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Kingston roundabout. Right through Kingston then right at t-junction. Pub 2 miles on left. <b>Est. 15 mins.</b>				

**10/04/23 TBC**

**Keeps It Up & Wildbush – Bank Holiday Easter Monday**

**17/04/23 TBC**

### Lily the Pink

**24/04/23 Rising Sun, Upper Beeding**

### Ride-It, Baby – St. George's Day + 1

01/05/23 TBC

## Angel & Roaming Pussy

**Saturday 15/04/2023 12.00 P trail from Wor**

**Don't forget your tankards!**

**CRAP UK H3 - r\*ns start at 11am unless indicated:**

**02/04/2023 Royal Oak, Newick**

## Hare: Hot Fuzz

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

**unless indicated**

**02/04/2023 Pett Village Hall, then Two Sawyers**

**Hares: Mr. Orgasmic**

**W&NK H3- r\*ns start at 11am unless indicated:**

**19/02/2023 TBC**

### Hares: Radio Soap & Angel

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

**Thought for the day:** I couldn't open the front door with all the Valentine's Day cards the other week. So I stopped messing about and used the key instead.



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

## DIARY DATES – see full list of events being attended by

### Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:

06-10/04/2023 Sloshed in Sitges with FUK FMH3  
 30/6-2/7/2023 Funny French Weekend at the Kirks near Gorrion – see flier in #322 and let us know you're coming  
 07-09/07/2023 St. Bernard's 60th party weekend  
 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 January  
 08-10/03/2024 Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand - <https://www.interhash2024.com/>

## BRIGHTON MARATHON – Sunday 2nd April 2023

No doubt there are a few hashers taking part again this year, so good luck to you all!

If you're planning on watching, we have a tradition of providing a hash beer stop, usually along New Church Road where we get to see the runners twice, and would be very grateful of any volunteers to man it, even if only for an hour or so. Please let us know on hash nights! TIA

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

GM	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	Dave 'Dangleberry' King
	Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle
	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash Cash	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
Hash Trash	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Haberhash	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland
Hash Horn	Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer
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

## WESSEX HASH HOUSE HARRIERS SUMMER CAMP

4pm Friday 16<sup>th</sup> June to 3pm Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> June 2023

A few of us have been to the Wessex Hash Summer Camps in the past and had a very warm welcome and a great weekend.

Lemony Tart has again extended a welcome to BH7 hashers to join them, details as per flyer on the right, and a few are already registered.

This offers an ideal opportunity to experience the extended fun to be had from meeting up with hashers from other chapters, but on a smaller scale than one of the National or International meet ups, which makes it the perfect introduction, so why not give it a try? Hashers are never strangers, just friends you haven't met yet!

On on!



Hooray! It's finally On On...



Registration will open at 10 am GMT on March 11th, 2023. This will hopefully give Hashers in all time zones a chance to plan for that time. I really thank you for your patience. **Easy Access and the team.**

*With Eurohash in the Netherlands the week before, and a lot of American and Antipodean guests coming over for that, very high demand is anticipated. However, there is a limit of 500 places. So any BH7 hashers wishing to get to Nash Hash need to be ready fingers on the button at 10am on 11th March to ensure registration! You have been warned... On on!*

As Yorkshire Nash hash rego's open, the theme is announced as Vikings, very appropriately as Hagar reaches 50, as reported last issue. But also apt with the sad news that a very well known figure in hash circles, "Eric the Viking" Sutherland, passed away on 2<sup>nd</sup> March after a short illness. Eric was a lovely, genuine, guy who joined us on a few occasions from Brent and Kayleen's, and the first rugby club weekend in 2005 for West London's 1000th weekend. **RIP Eric the Viking**

## A stile for Phil:

We have made contact with the National Trust officer responsible for Devils Dyke area, where the first Brighton hash trail took place, and they are looking out for a suitable location. If you spot something that could be suitable please do let myself, KIU or St. Bernard know. Thank you,

**Bouncer**



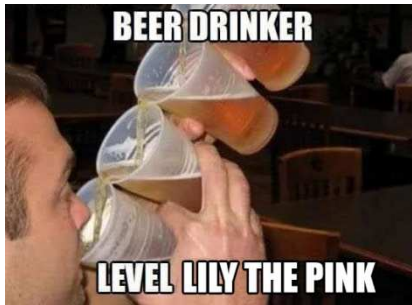
PAGE  
**Inside 3 Today**

After last issues Hagar the Horrible theme, the Yorkshire Nash Hash has announced that the theme for the weekend will be Vikings, reflecting the local heritage! So to balance the girls last time, here's some Viking guys:





## REHASHING:



**2295 The Horse, Hurstpierpoint** – Gathering in the pub pre-hash Dangleberry's reticence at ordering food could be put down to our last visit, when his 'for a laugh' ordering of every dish backfired spectacularly! On out and we headed down Policeman's Lane opposite for a big teaser of a check which very much suggested the distant hills but actually navigated the cities southern limits before heading north up St. George's Lane. Lily was recounting his youth when these fields were his playground, but lamented the building bringing Burgess Hill and Hurstpierpoint ever nearer each other as we closed in on the Iden Hurst development. Edging Fairfield rec. we flirted briefly with more urbanisation before heading out to find shiggy on the way over the A23 towards Sayers Common. Returning after a straight woods run a bit further south, the run through West Town Farm brought us back

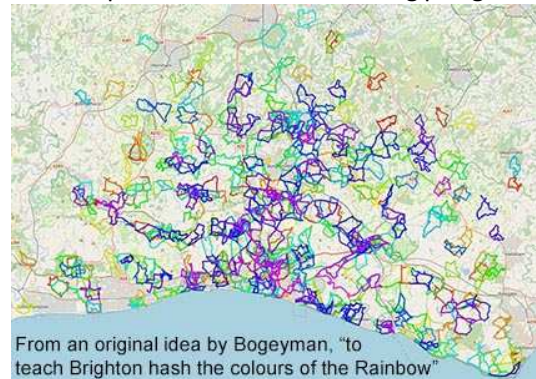
onto the Albourne road, but the anticipated on inn was deferred briefly as we picked up Bullfinch Lane to complete our navigation of the southern footpaths. Circling up and RA compared trail to an old student description of “Sir Francis Drake circumcising the world with a 100-foot clipper”, observing that Lily the Pink and Jellybooby had circumnavigated Hurst with a four footed Bentley! With the England six nations campaign starting with a defeat to Scotland, a re-enactment with down downs was called for with superfan Mudlark representing England being pitted against Trouble, as South Africans are apparently now Scottish following van der Merwe’s dominant display. He fared no better than the national squad as Trouble, who’d been trying to get away before the circle, necked impressively to retain the Calcutta cup to the tune of the banned Delilah (*see page 9*)! Fishhook sinners were called next, starting with Prince Crashpian who thought Little Swinger’s low torch was a dog, but she joined him due to weekend racism. Another racist, Wilds Thing, who recently completed 100 marathons in well under his target of 100 weeks, had further demonstrated his inability to count by being the 8th returner at a FH for 7, but fortunately Dangleberry similarly was number 9 at an 8! Counting is clearly a thing we don’t do. WT should also have been there for his repeated (sic!) botty burping at the RA, but again he had a proxy as Gromit was also suffering and had positioned himself slightly in front of Bouncer before letting rip. A brace of lost causes from last week warranted mention next, with Rebel, aka diplomatt, kindly offering his phone to Tripsy when she lived up to her name but he didn’t even have it with him, and Angel for sending the pub into a frenzied search for her bag which was in the car. And finally, after his trail the day before created some dodgy strava art, Dangleberry thought he’d show a giant size version to the pack, but forgot to bring it, earning the Numpty mug which had mysteriously reappeared. Another great hash! **Bouncer**



Faraway, on a hillside, a very specialized breed of dog heard the cry of distress.\*  
(\*also available for BH7 hares!)

**Run 2296 Saddlescombe Farm** – A St Bernard special is ever a popular fixture in the BH7 calendar, for the three monster ascents that are sure to feature! I mean for the bargain apres, this time a vegan chilli-con-carne and rice with keg of Downlands Brewery Best and snacks, all for a fiver! Plus adds-ins of wine, non-alco beers and juices. But first we had to earn it, as the pack numbering a generous 36 departed the comfort of the log fire, within the capacious inglenook of the farm's 17th century scullery, to head on-out E. Though not for long, as the first ascent commenced N up the saddle-shaped combe between hills West, Newtimber and North, rounding the pommel anticlock, to descend back toward the farm, already ?! Of course not, it was then NW over the Saddlescombe Rd, making for Poynings, before doglegging S to Devil's Dyke's erstwhile icy outflow, finding the second ascent W along a permissive path. A short footpath descent N likewise toward Poynings was interrupted by further permissive path action W through the foothill woods of the Devil's Dyke northern escarpment, before finding the third and most monstrous ascent, S to the South Downs Way. Crossing and making SE for the Devil's Dyke Rd, the road was followed N toward the summit pub, though before attained it was E toward the appealingly-named Summer Down. Before finding in-trail down the Dyke's SE inner escarpment, to a permissive path E to the farm. Where post sustenance+refreshment, circle was called

thanking first the hare for the 'too flat' trail, according Fukarwe/Pondweed. And then welcoming visitor Oral B (Sam), virgin Amanda, and returnees James, Laura+Jack. Before bringing to the attention of the pack, warmed by the now-roaring fire, Rebel Without His Key's revelation that StB 'prefers 2 mediums and 1 large'. RWHK said he couldn't possibly flesh that out. And then StB's self-revelation that he likes small ones at the top, steps it transpired. Unlike West Sussex County Council, that prefer the perverse opposite, on evidence of their path's descent. Earning his DD, StB was joined by Ride It Baby, for forgetting her running shoes (Drambulie lent spares), though not forgetting her spare undergarments, because in her words, 'it's always wet on a StB run', blurted Fukarweed. It was then his turn for DD, after complaining the start+end place differed on the last Brighton Marathon, then signing up for one with the same deficiency, comprising 105-and-a-half laps of a 400m track. Joining him was another overachiever, Bosom Boy, for his on-trail spiel about recovery from operation and yet, managing a half marathon in 1h 52m. The pack must have been missing pub games, because they gamed some on-trail dominoes on the descents: With the runners, scarpered Little Swinger nearly took-out BQ. While Wiggy nearly took out all the walkers, which earned him DD, together with Shirker Ninezing nominee StB, for SN leading the walkers down a false trail descent while repeatedly reassuring 'we're nearly there'. With flowing Best, DD's continued apace, next Pirate for his attempted punt of his fishhook 7 last position to You Stupid Bastard (Bentley), who's a dog, and so exempt. This anarchy was predictably joined by AnnRKey, for arriving late, instead of leaving early, and walking, instead of running. We look forward ARK, with low expectation, to your just running a hash normally! And then it was time to recognise Keeps It Up's unstinting behind-the-scenes IT efforts, including creating the 'Where We Hash' map. That in its 13-years-worth guise resembles so many multi-coloured rubber bands cast down upon a mid-Sussex map, so that was KIU's framed 'award'! **Dangleberry**

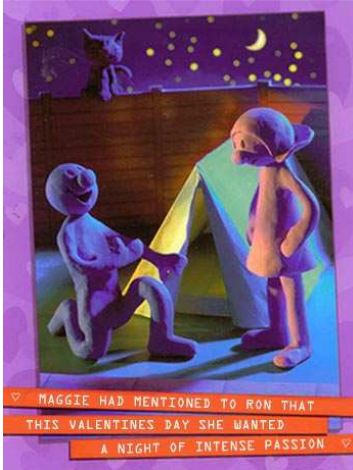


From an original idea by Bogeyman, "to teach Brighton hash the colours of the Rainbow"



## Looking back and laughing at Valentine's Day...

**Valentine's Day plan:** 1. Breakfast in bed; 2. Chocolates; 3. Watch movie; 4. Dinner for two.; 5. Regret eating two dinners.



- Last night I held a lovely hand, a hand so soft and sweet/ I thought my heart would burst with joy so madly did it beat/no other hand unto my heart could greater comfort bring/ than that dear hand I held last night- 4 aces and a king...
- In the Supermarket last night, I saw a man and woman wrapped together in a barcode. I wonder if they were an item?
- I've been chasing this girl for months. Everyone told me I'd never get her, but I never gave up, finally today I got her, and said the words I'd waited so long to say...'TAG! YOU'RE IT!'

**TO MAKE A WOMAN HAPPY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO BE:** a friend; a companion; a lover; a brother; a father figure; a teacher; an educator; a cook; a gardener; a carpenter; a driver; an engineer; a mechanic; an interior decorator; a stylist; a sex therapist; a gynaecologist/obstetrician; a psychologist; a psychiatrist; a therapist; a good father; a gentleman; well organised; tidy; very clean; athletic; affectionate; affable; attentive; ambitious; amenable; articulate; bold; brave; creative; courageous; complimentary; capable; decisive; intelligent; imaginative; interesting; prudent; patient; polite; passionate; respectful; sweet; strong; skilful; supportive; sympathetic; tolerant; understanding; someone who loves shopping; someone who doesn't make problems; someone who never looks at other women; very rich; wants to skydive and/or will let me skydive without a lecture on medical aid and insurance!

**AT THE SAME TIME, YOU MUST PAY ATTENTION TO MAKE SURE YOU:** Are neither jealous nor disinterested; Get on well with her family, but don't spend more time with them than with her; Give her her space, but show interest and concern in where she goes.

**ABOVE ALL IT IS VERY IMPORTANT TO:** Not forget the dates of: anniversaries (wedding, engagement, first date...); birthday. However, even if you observe the above instructions perfectly, you are not 100% guaranteed that she will be happy, as she could one day feel overcome with the suffocating perfection of her life with you and run off with the first wild b@stard-bohemian-drunk-bon voyeur she meets...

**HOW TO MAKE A MAN HAPPY:** Let him have sex with you.

- My wife asked me to take her to one of those restaurants where they make the food right in front of you for Valentine's Day. So I took her to Subway, *and that's how the fight started.*
- I have never understood why women love cats. Cats are independent, they don't listen, they don't come when you call, they like to stay out all night, and when they're home they like to be left alone and sleep. In other words, every quality that women hate in a man, they love in a cat.
- My wife always wanted to get married in a castle. We had a lovely day and things were going so well until the vicar got bounced over the side!!
- I tried to impress a cute guy the other day by putting my foot down on the pedal. Turns out he'd seen a bin open like that before.
- I've been asked out on a Valentine's date with a Puppet maker! I agreed as long as there's no strings attached.
- I took my new girlfriend out on our first date, to the ice rink and entry was half price. She called me a cheap skate.
- Bob and his wife are dieting but she decides they are doing well so says "Let's have a cheat day". She brought home KFC and McDonald's. Bob brought home his secretary. From his hospital bed Bob was wondering if men will ever understand women.
- I told my girlfriend her eyebrows were too high..... She seemed surprised.
- Last Valentine's Day I asked my childhood sweetheart, my best friend, and the most beautiful woman in the world to marry me. All three said no.
- I was born a female. I identify as female. But according to Tesco's sticky toffee pudding, I am a family of 4.
- I identify sexually as a microwave meal. I'm ready in 3 minutes and look nothing like my picture!





## REHASHING with Nasty Nips:



IT MAY NOT BE VERY SAFE FOR MY SAVINGS, BUT IT CREATES MORE INTEREST

**Run 2297 The Cuckmere Inn (formerly The Golden Galleon), Exceat** - 20 hashers and the hare Black Stockings circled up at 7pm on the dot in the car park of The Cuckmere Inn when Lily The Pink turned the corner, arriving uncharacteristically late. With the circle quickly disbanding and reforming to let LTP through, they then headed off south through the car park and in the general direction of the cliffs, with LTP quick to catch up after borrowing a pre-arranged headtorch from Nasty Nips. And so on to the first of the checks where the pack split E, S and W around the numerous branches of the Cuckmere River. True trail was finally called on S by the hare who attempted, struggled and ultimately failed to mark the trail on when their bottle would not provide the flour. The trail continued south along the footpath, straight through another check, and on towards the Coastguard Cottages near the cliff edge. For those FRBs unaware, the memorial cairn for Canadian soldiers killed in that field during World War II was pointed out, with NN reading the plaque for those unable to; a rather sombre moment on the hash before the pack caught up and the next check was called. With another straight on call along the coastline and cliffs, it was remarked that perhaps this was a hash where all the checks were to be straight, and so it was at the next check for the trail right (through the woods) was not the route to take and the pack continued W along the coastline. Being overtaken up the hill, Peter Pansy was heard to say 'I can't have that' before sprinting off to catch up, whence he and the other FRBs were called back having missed the turn to the right (N) uphill and inland and then

left (WNW) to South Hill Barn Car Park. The trail proceeded left (WSW) along the track towards the end before turning right (N) down the hill and through the woods. The hare had earlier been heard to say that the drizzle had washed many of their marks away, and so the pack descended the hill ever attentive and with many a false trail before finally picking up true trail at the bottom when suburbia was encountered once again in the form of Chyngton Way, Seaford. Turning right at this check and following Chyngton Way E all the way to Chyngton Lane, the pack turned left (N) running by all the houses to the right and taking the footpath E at the field. Continuing E along the footpath and with Ride It, Baby at the front, the hash arrived back at the first check and On Inn N to the pub. With the pack split, several hashers were seen running around the car park to get to a nice round distance whilst waiting for fellow hashers (with car keys) to arrive. But apparently even keys foiled some as Bouncer repeatedly set off Wiggy's car alarm, must to the (very vocal) amusement of the rest of the hash. For the Down Downs, the obligatory hare call was held to a rendition of "Here's to the Hare". Next called were LTP (for forgetting his headtorch and contacting NN before the run), Black Stockings (for bringing flour that wouldn't come out of the bottle - re-enacted by NN for those that missed it) and Bouncer (for setting off the car alarm at the end of the hash - you would think a cabbie would know better!) - all lumped under a group of 'Technical Malfunctions' the group were sung the rather apt "You're Stupid". Next up was PP for racing/racism (in this case, heard to be needing to beat people to the front on several occasions) - a quick DD was had to "10,9,8". 'Overheard on the hash' featured calls out to Spreadsheet (overheard in the pub saying to Angel "Would you like to sit next to PP - he has a rather large... pizza"), Fukarwe (when Angel and Bushsquatter were sat next to each other on a bench and they were compared to each other as Mother and Daughter, Fukarwe was overheard to say "...or sisters"; not sure how Angel felt about that!), and Angel (for saying to NN at the start of the hash, and after missing his first RA'ing a few weeks prior, that she "had never seen him perform"). DDs were held to the tune of "Meet the hashers". Bushsquatter was then called up again, this time for a (near) mishap on hash, running into (or almost, depending on whose version you hear) a gate at a check. DD was held to "Flat Jessie". For the final DD, Bouncer was again called up, in part because the RA felt he deserved a DD for RA'ing regularly, and in part for another count of racing/racism, this time with Bouncer being observed doing laps in the car park at the end of the hash to get his distance up - with numerous hashers pointing out that maybe he just needed to check more. Another DD to the tune of "10,9,8". Next week's hash was announced - the promise of free curry with a pint at The New Oak (Brighton) was met by some confusion by hashers. Yes, FREE GRUB! Anecdotaly, it was pointed out that (if records were to be believed) the hash had not run from The County Oak (as it was named previously) since the early 80s! A call for hares over the April / May / June period was announced; Fukarwe had been rounding up names during the evening and already had only a few dates left. Finally, the evening was closed with a toast to the hash.

**NASTY NIPS**

*It was good to see Prof back out on trail, albeit just with the walkers and on a strict "run & go" card as he is still undergoing treatment. Look forward to seeing you properly soon mate! Somehow it being the eve of Shrove Tuesday got missed, so here you go:*

A mother was preparing pancakes for her sons Kevin, 5, and Ryan, 3. The boys began to argue over who would get the first pancake. Their mother saw the opportunity for a moral lesson; "If Jesus were sitting here, He would say 'Let my brother have the first pancake, I can wait.'" Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, "Ryan, you be Jesus!"



St John Ambulance

**TOSSING CAN LEAD TO WRIST STRAIN**

Treat a strain with RICE. Rest it, ice it, give it comfortable support, and elevate it.

#pancakeday  
stjohns.org.uk



Of my two lovers, one makes incredible pancakes, the other writes beautiful poetry. Do I marry for batter or for verse?



# “Goodbye Sam, Hello Samantha” - Sir Cliff’s 1970 hit takes on a sinister turn as we present the Muppet of the Month – Sam Smith:

The movie “Zardoz” takes place in 2023, so get ready for everyone to start dressing like this



Clearly they didn't factor in Sam Smith!

THE DFS SPRING SALE

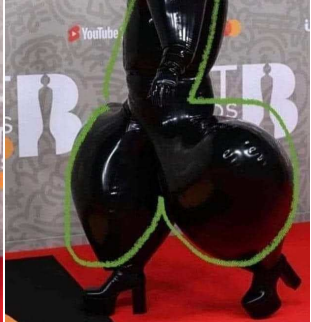


NOW ON

When I've been isolating myself from society for the last 6 months but my friends insist that I come out with them on this weekend.



BRIT AWARDS 2023



Bowie did it better



Me walking into movie theatre with pocket full of snacks.



Sam Smith rocking up to this years Brit Awards in a chicken costume. #Brits #SamSmith



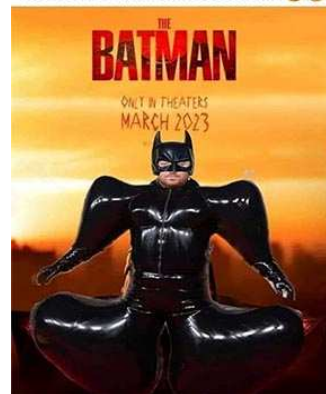
Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a Chinese weather balloon? Nah, just Sam Smith.



Balloon companies after inventing China and Sam Smith:



The new Batman film looks shit



What the scorpion costume you ordered from Wish looked like



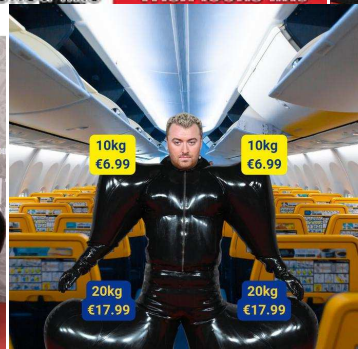
What the scorpion costume you received from Wish looks like



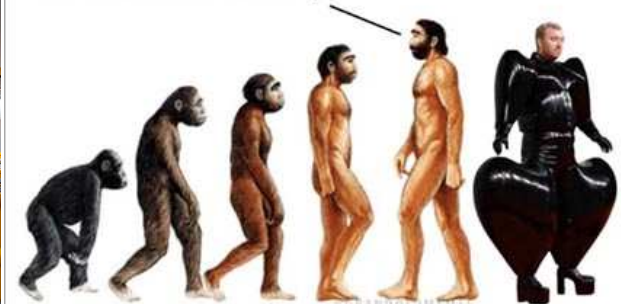
Sam smith in another ridiculous outfit



Every masterpiece Has its cheap copy



Go back. We f\*cked up.





## REHASHING a rusty oldie:

**Run 2298 The New Oak, Patcham** – Not likely! At least that would be the refrain a few years back, before this once-framed ‘worst pub in Brighton’ saw its handle changed from The County Oak. In fact under that name you’d understand why after a quick read of the glorious 2017 review, reproduced in separate box by kind un-permission of The Argus. And so perhaps unsurprisingly, the last time BH7 hashed from this venue was run 169, over forty-one years ago on 14 Sep 1981! The hares are unnamed, per BH7 records at that time, rather than their wishing to remain anonymous! Fast-forward though to 27 Feb 2023, and our hares Drambulie and Bosom Boy introduced us to a venue transformed – we had our own spacious and well-appointed room, with hosts that couldn’t have been more generous with their promised complementary veggie curry with rice and naan for each hasher purchasing booze! And with that appealing prospect, it was out into the freezing conditions to hear BB’s succinct chalk talk, before heading on-out S up County Oak Ave. T-ing W onto Carden Hill, a snook S to Fernhurst Cres was scene of first sin, with Mudlark’s ‘hashalete coming through’ holler, arresting the r\*nners to allow his w\*lking self past! This earned him DD, with mention too of Rebel Without His Keys and Little Swinger’s on-trail Garmin stat trading. Curving from E to N, a snook to Rotherfield Cl thence Cres brought us to T with Cuckmere Wy, there heading E toward Elsted Cres. Curving S, trail turfed SE to cross Ditchling Rd, making S for Moulsecomb Wild Park, and encountering first fishhook, a 7. Which though there are no rules on the hash, apparently didn’t apply to seventh-placed RWHK, on account of his ‘gammy knee, and bad back’ – sick note next time please. With his consequent DD temporarily withdrawn mere moments before downing in case ‘medically unadvised’. It was administered eventually, joined by another who apparently r\*ns by his own rules, Nasty Nips, for oft seen shortcutting from false trail to true without returning to the check. Though slipping up on one occasion by doing the right thing, as animatedly recounted by Drambulie, an observation thought initially aimed at BB. Continuing, it was an anticlock loop of the Iron Age Hollingbury Hillfort, finding the surrounding golf course, with stray ball that later served as snowball prop. This for Tripsy Daisy’s DD-earning and prescient use of snow sticks, given the piste-like slopes, and sleet in the air. The stick use in fact was to aid her ankle injury recovery. Talking of stray balls, Fukarwe/Pondweed joined TD in DD for dropping a pair on the Xmas bash hash. Specifically plastic orange pumpkins, so only 2 months late for Halloween! Fukarweed was correct though in his ironic ‘too flat’ circle-up opinion, with the route’s black run slopes rivalling even a St Bernard trail. Descending W in wide slaloms via woods Bursted+Hollingbury, allotments Lower Roedale and Roedale Valley, and Roedale Cottages and a second fishhook, Ditchling Rd was re-crossed. The pack then re-entered the burbs via Surrenden Pk+Rd, except for yet another hasher that apparently writes his own rulebook, DD-re-earning Fukarweed. This for taking the ‘more attractive’ false trail right fork, in clear earshot of hare’s left fork direction, whilst likewise luring On On Don astray. Fukarweed’s later 5m ‘long loop’ outside The Long Man of course failed to make amends. Joining Fukarweed in DD was the even more luring Bushsquatter, who was flashing the whole trail. She thought it due to on-the-blink batteries, but by trail’s end had pin-pointed to ‘flash mode’, on her torch that is. Heading N via Beechwood Ave and snooks to Church Cl, it was this steep descent that saw a rather nasty accident. With Keeps It Up and Dangleberry running abreast in the gloom down the narrow pavement, parked bins came too quickly into view, requiring both to make for a gap wide enough for only one. KIU clipped DB’s shoe, causing the former to slam into the bin, and send the next bin dominoing. Upshot, KIUs torch broken, and where it impacted, a nasty scratch to the bin, I mean an inflamed wound to the head and bruise to the cheek. So limping back to the pub, KIU and the accompanying pack found trail NE at the T to Carden Ave, before taking Denton Dr E, via Birch Grove Cres, to T SE onto County Oak Ave for the on-inn. After the unusually gratis and also rather tasty sustenance that accompanied refreshments, circle was called. Opening with RA DB’s observation that the hares’ sash trail around these parts had BB’s sanguine ‘on-left’ etc audible announcements indelibly ringing in RA’s ears. Thanking the hares for reintroducing us to the Oak, and with their DD’s and the others covered, it was then DD’s for the ‘fall’ guys: For DB’s complicity, a regular DD, and for KIU, a medicinal one. A Red Bull was considered, on account of KIU’s bull-like bin-butt and consequent bloody wound. Instead though, our friendly bartender said she favoured Jägermeister, with its inflammation-reducing clove oil ingredient. The pack cited also DB’s bar-queue-jumping, and his DD over-ordering by one, which earned him that too. With the RA at last remembering to recognise those KIU+DB DD’s by asking the pack while pointing at an as-yet undrunk DD, ‘What’s This?’ To which the pack after practice resoundingly sung back ‘It’s The Final Down Down’, to the tune of Europe’s 1986 belter ‘It’s The Final Countdown’. And with RA’s recall restored, he urged ‘May The Hash Go In Peace’, to which they equally resoundingly responded ‘May The Hash Go In Pieces’. As indeed some were after more visits to the bar of this now un-unruly pub, at least on our Mon eve’s visit.

Naan Bed for sale, comes with 2 Pilau Cases.



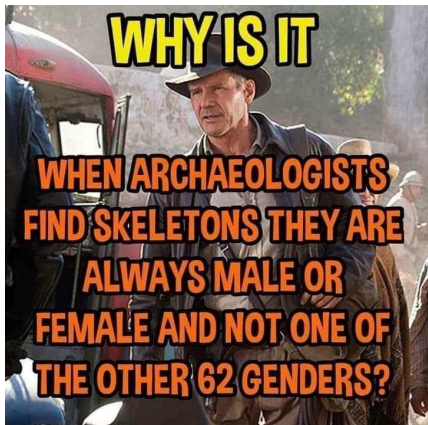
**The Pub Spy reviews: The County Oak, County Oak Avenue, Brighton.** This place is not for the faint-hearted and surely the worst pub in Brighton. Date 21st April 2017. 'I'm not narrow-minded and don't think I'm squeamish, but getting my shoes covered in vomit before I even got through the door should have provided all the warning I needed. I'd already fought my way through the scaffolding yard masquerading as a car park by the time a huge beast lurched out of The County Oak and threw up over my feet. By the time the fully track-suited barmaid, with a bandage on her right hand, served me a pint of Kronenbourg. I realised this was Shameless meets Celebrity Juice – but without the class of either of these programmes. The noise and chaos in the main bar was so intense – not to mention the potentially lethal mix of a child chucking darts and an American bulldog that looked like a shire horse – I headed for the deserted middle bar purely on safety grounds. Sadly it was not a safe zone as one of the neanderthals decided to hurl a red ball into this middle bar and the 26-week-old bulldog, affectionately named RJ, followed it to cause total mayhem. Things went further downhill when its inebriated owner lurched in to apologise. Worse still, the inebriated man's even more drunk mate in an horrendous pink shirt thrust himself forward and demanded to know "What the \*\*\*\* I was doing in his bar?" To be fair this was exactly what I was thinking too! Demanding to know what I was doing here for a second time, he then collapsed across a chair and I took my chance to escape back to the main bar. The darts had been confiscated and RJ had sneaked behind the counter, so it seemed a safer option. The noise level was still phenomenal and everyone was completely annihilated by 7pm. A reddish-headed barmaid supping a Bud ejected RJ from behind the bar and whilst the massive bulldog was by far the friendliest thing in here, and probably the most intelligent, he wasn't chatty so I had a word with the child who was tearing about. He slowed down just long enough to tell me his name, that he was seven years old and that his nan owned the pub. By now the desperate locals had started a game which involved them trying to touch their toes. The first consequence saw RJ being blamed for a massive fart. The next saw several collapse to the floor before the man in the offensive pink shirt loudly declared he'd torn something and pulled his trousers down to check. What happened next must go unreported. I really don't think there is much more I can say about The County Oak – there are two pool tables and darts though I wouldn't recommend either as they can only add potential weapons to an already volatile atmosphere. There is a third bar, which I think can be hired out, but this was closed and locked when I visited – otherwise it might have provided a temporary hiding place. The colour scheme throughout is horrible, in fact, come to think of it, it may have been this that upset poor RJ's stomach. I briefly visited the facilities to leave my calling card and quickly realised it was indeed the only safe haven in the place. There was no soap in the dispenser but that's the least of your worries here. By the time I left someone had thrown a bucket of water over the vomit and Emmerdale had replaced the horse racing on the telly, but what certainly hadn't changed was the atmosphere in the pub. It felt just as dangerous and threatening as when I first went in. You get the distinct impression the locals have been drinking right through the day and probably the night before too. I've been in some rough dives in my time, but I don't think I've ever been anywhere that I thought it was more likely to kick off at any moment. If you're planning a visit here leave your common sense at home and take a couple of minders. Decor 2 stars (the colour scheme's not great, but it hides the worst excesses). Drink 2 stars (very little on tap, no decent ale worth considering). Price 1 star (£4.20 for a pint of Kronie is expensive). Atmosphere 0 stars (terrifying beyond belief). Food 0 stars (it's dangerous enough without introducing knives and forks).'

Source: <https://www.theargus.co.uk/news/15238299.the-pub-spy-reviews-the-county-oak-county-oak-avenue-brighton/>.

*Having seen today's news about the police searching for the missing baby and hearing the police helicopter above Hollingbury last night and today did anyone see anything on the hash last night that could help the police in their search? Did anyone stumble upon a tent or the parents in the dark around the golf course, castle or allotments? The parents were arrested shortly after our run from the place where many hashers went off trail as we came off the golf course. **Drambulie***



## Boggy Shoe, daring to ask the questions others fear...



*'Your son is falling behind in Sex Education. He could only name 47 of the 100 different genders.'*



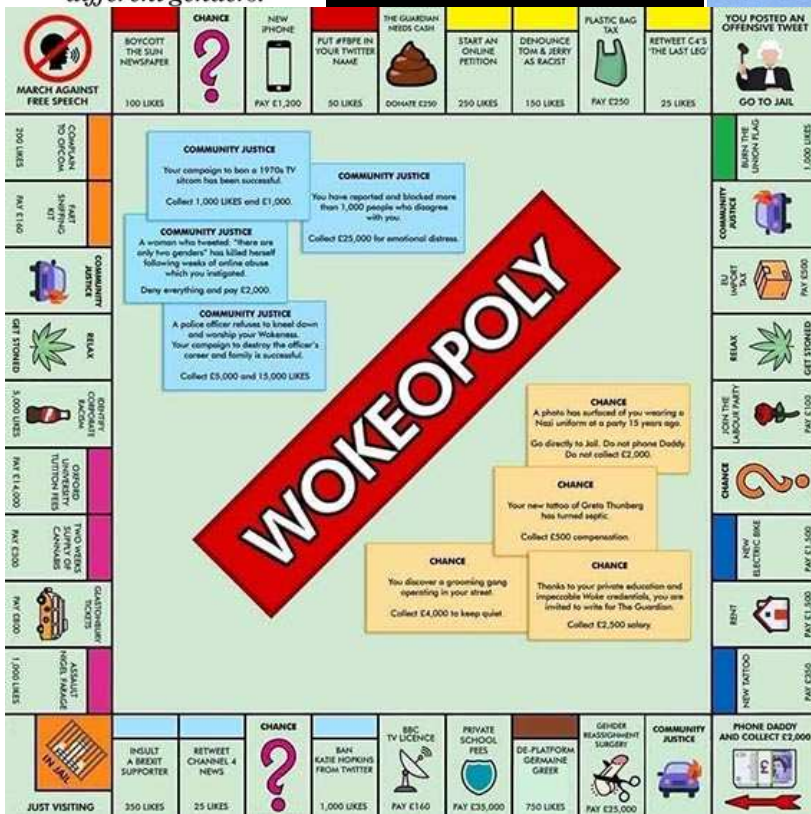
She/him/her/them stood there laughing, I, me him, her, them, felt the knife in my hand, and she/him/her/ them laughed no more.



## WHY ASSIGN GENDER ROLES TO ELECTRICAL THE CIRCUITS DECIDE THEIR OWN IDENTITIES



*'Can you tell from the scan whether Nicola Sturgeon would call it a girl or a boy?'*



I was invited to a sex party. Do you want to go with me?



**No, you misunderstood.  
It's a gender reveal party.**

Oh....



A "GENDER REVEAL PARTY" REFERS TO THE BABY, BOB.

*So that's how it all started!*

## FIND THE Trans person



## CAN'T FIND THEM?

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY LIVE AMONG US,  
LOOKING LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE.

Because they are normal people



NON-BINARY

GENDER NEUTRAL

Tampons

• JUST FIND A HOLE AND HOPE FOR THE BEST



## CRAFT REHASHING – Hash & Burn

In honour of the Patron Saint of Pyromania, and with the January wages well in, Brighton's CRAFT H3 are hosting on Friday 10th February at 6pm, a 3.7 mile walking tour of seven pubs that are blessed with an open fire, anticipating a chilly beginning to 2023. The trail will start and end at Brighton train station, to be blessed with actual moving trains, unlike the original planned date a week earlier. The trail will take in the main sights, including the seaside :-). And as usual, will be chalk-marked with P for pub arrows. Per a roaring fire, dress code is **dayglo orange**!



Thus read the dangleblurb introducing the pub list for a trail inspired by the welovebrighton website which highlighted Brighton's best fireplace pubs and sowed the idea for a crawl of them in Dangleberry's noggin. With the hope of enticing a few from City Hash down our hare had prepared a comprehensive trail guide with map and timings offering a best of Brighton sightseeing route on the side, and enabling folk to pop in or leave at any point if they were unable to make the whole evening. Gathering in appropriate orange apparel in **#1 Prince Albert** were regulars DB, Angel, Bouncer, Roaming Pussy and Testiculator; occasional CRAFT'ers Mudlark and Knight rider; plus surprise guest appearances from Ab Fab and Wankel from EGH3, and Osteopuff from Surrey H3, and hare quickly passed out a sheet showing the 'Icons' mural on the side of the pub, by renowned Brighton graffiti-ists REQ and Sinna One, for us to attempt recognition of all the artists shown. A theme for the evening would be the fireplace shot, not always in focus, but a fake fire had been engineered by DB by the simple expedient of inverting his orange/red hessian Rabbie Burns beard, for any that weren't actually lit, as long as we could get close enough! This

came out in **#2 the Lord Nelson**, the Harveys Brighton tap, but as we were getting stuck into the Olds and Bests, Wankel said hare should've made it a Burning Sky pub crawl! As we approached **#3 the White Rabbit**, who should we see but Lily the Pink and Jelly Booby, the latter fittingly wearing orange, and the former wearing a pained expression at being hurried away from joining us! The distraction hit DB too, as he almost forgot he needed a p outside the pub. Not bladder relief you understand but to mark where we were in much the same way as dogs, er, well you get the ~~pic~~ gist! This pub thankfully marked the end of a worrying trend so far when Angel, who was up beyond her bedtime after 3 consecutive night duties didn't spill her beer having managed it in the first two venues! The fake fire came into play again in **#4 Fountainhead** but shifted to another level with the addition of phone torches, although the sharing peanuts for some odd reason prompted one Lady to ask if we were a cult. Well I guess hash is kinda underground but we responded in the affirmative because of the orange for the fires! It was here that DB gave us the mural answers, and the realisation that some of us should've read the blurb beforehand, as the mural's theme is that they were all deceased. With all the pub and route info being to hand, we hadn't been sticking rigidly as a pack with some going on ahead and regrouping at the pubs, but for the next two pubs there was a marked split as the hare first led several on his sightseeing tour of the Royal Pavilion and the Lanes, while Bouncer cracked on (via a wild wee) to **#5 Royal Sovereign** to report a Doris in the grate! Such east-end lingo caused some confusion until pack arrived to find that the pub singer had set herself up right where we wanted the photo opp, but fortunately a break in her act allowed us ingress, although the idea that Bouncer should actually use her guitar as a prop was rightly trounced. DB travels continued with a stroll down to the i360 and upside down house, while again a breakaway group could smell the hops from **#6 Lion and Lobster** so were not for touring! Tankards charged we were gradually led skywards to the amazing roof garden for views and another photo, but this is where things went a bit Benny Hill as we realised people had been left behind, so some went in search, people turned up, others went to call back the first and so it went as we discovered just what a rat run the L&L actually is eventually settling for a 90% picture. Angel had already gone way past her bedtime, but her insistence that, having made it this far we should really do the final pub, broke Bouncers train plans list! A few more enlightened folk did take the option and depart for food, trains or buses, while we hauled ourselves on the long stretch over to **#7 Prestonville Arms** to celebrate our goal and drink to another 'grate' CRAFT hash! [full info on pubs available from the flyer on request]

**Bouncer**

**Fireplace shots from Lord Nelson, White Rabbit, Fountainhead and Bouncer as flames in the Royal Sovereign:**





## IN THE NEWS

## Six Nations kicks off; Man City in disgrace; Tanks to Ukraine; veg shortages and Nicola Sturgeon resigns!

When the Welsh flag is beyond your artistic capabilities. (The Druids pub, Brighton)



**Never Ask A Woman**  
**Her Age**



1st Leopard tank has arrived in Ukraine 🇺🇦



## A Man, His Salary



## MANCHESTER CITY

### THEIR BOOKS FROM 2009 TO 2018

**Manchester City charged by Premier League with numerous alleged breaches of financial rules**

## Lettuce and tomato shortage leads to debate over whether Brexit is to blame, sparking angry exchanges on Facebook between leaf and romaine supporters.



WE ASKED 100 PEOPLE:  
'WHAT DOES BREXIT GIVE YOU?'



## Sturgeon prepared to hold second resignation if this one doesn't work



**on**

**Bedtime humour:** John woke up one morning with an enormous erection so he turned over to his wife's side of the bed. His wife, Heather, had already awakened though, and she was downstairs preparing breakfast in the kitchen. Afraid that he might spoil things by getting up, John called his little boy into the room and asked him to bring it to his wife. The note read:

The Tent Pole Is Up, The Canvas Is Spread, The Hell With Breakfast, Come Back To Bed.

Heather answered the note and then asked her son to bring it to her husband. The note read:

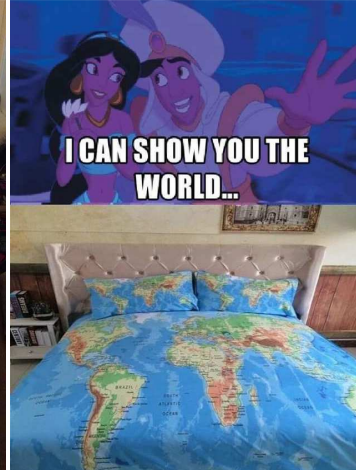
Take The Tent Pole Down, Put The Canvas Away, The Monkey Had A Hemorrhage, No Circus Today.

John read the note and quickly scribbled a reply. Then, he asked his son to bring it to his wife. The note read:

The Tent Pole's Still Up, And The Canvas Still Spread, So Drop What You're Doing, And Come Give Me Some Head.

Heather answered the note and then asked her son to bring it to her husband. The note read:

I'm Sure That Your Pole's the Best In The Land. But I'm Busy Right Now, So Do It By Hand!





# THE END

Scientists have discovered what may be the World's largest bedsheet. More on this as it unfolds...



My wife thought I bought the restraints for some fun in the bedroom. Guess who didn't steal the covers and stayed on her side of the bed last night.



If you're alone and hungry, please cook something or else order food online but don't eat bedsheets. It affects your health

