

**Trash #325 May 2023**

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:

05/06/23	Loder Road, Brighton	Bonking Queen
12/06/23	Blacksmiths Arms, Offham	Knightrider
19/06/23	Cuckmere Inn, Exceat Bridge	Black Stockings
26/06/23	Plough Inn, Pyecombe	Pondweed

Hashing around Sussex:

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

04/05/2023 Car park, Sidley Hares: Asbo & Muppet

IMPORTANT: Thursday run at 6pm. On Inn: Kings Arms, Ninfield

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

Regrettably there will be no CRAP run this month!

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

21/05/23 – 360 degree brewery. Sheffield Park TN22 3HQ

Hares: Two Left Feet & Thumper

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Thought for the day – His Majesty King Charles III was left saddened by the death of his good friend - the late great Barry Humphries, whom he had only spoken to shortly before he passed away, and sent this message of support for the Boggy Shoe from Barry:

"I defend to the ultimate my right to give deep and profound offence . . . so long as people laugh while they're being offended."



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

16-18/06/2023 Wessex H3 Summer Camp
30/6-2/7/2023 Funny French Weekend at the Kirks near
Gorron – *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 –
08-10/03/2024 Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand -
<https://www.interhash2024.com/>

EXCITING NEWS: 2023 marks the 45th anniversary of the founding of Brighton H7 and since 2008 we have celebrated our 5 year birthdays by taking part en masse and along with CRAFT H3 in the CAMRA Brighton & South Downs branches Ale Trail, an annual trail visiting pubs in our run area over the course of four months. This year's event starts on 2nd June running through to 30th September and the usual format is to visit a minimum of 20 pubs to get a free t-shirt with other prizes for a greater commitment. There will be a launch event on 3rd June from the Evening Star near Brighton station and further details, including full list of participating pubs and planned Craft hashes, in the next issue of the trash.

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

Think you can do better or just want to be involved in making a contribution? Please let any of the above know and an AGPU will be arranged shortly!



A stile for Phil 'Chopper' Mutton

A Stile is to be installed in the Devil's Dyke area by The National Trust in memory of Phil 'Chopper' Mutton who passed away in November '22. The exact location is still to be confirmed.

Phil clocked up over 1700 hashes with BH7 and, with Local Knowledge, another member of the original 5, ran the very first run in June 1978, from Devil's Dyke.

A donation will be made to The National Trust who maintain foot paths around Devil's Dyke. If you would like to contribute please either give money at the next hash or transfer funds into the Brighton Hash House Harriers Account with a payment reference of "Phil" (Lloyds Bank : 30-67-72 / 31893463)

Cheers and on on

Keeps It Up

Pam has kindly passed on Phil's collection of hash t-shirts. While some have historic significance, there are others available so I will hopefully be arranging a mini-auction of these in order to raise more funds for the stile. BH7 have traditionally been very relaxed about hash haberhash, but with many chapters you may find yourself in the circle for not wearing a hash shirt, and almost guaranteed if there is

any suggestion that you've been involved in non-hash r*bbing events! The auction would be an ideal opportunity to snap up a bargain, as well as a chance for more experienced hashers to upcycle their surplus shirts. **On on, Bouncer**

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Classic quotations from the late, great Barry Humphries

- I always thought motion capture was something you did when you were taking a specimen to the doctor.
- To Jeffrey Archer (a good friend): "If you can't laugh at yourself you might be missing the joke of the century."
- When Donald Trump was promoting a book, Dame Edna was on the same Parky show and said, "I particularly like the photo of you caressing your skyscraper!"
- And I'll never forget the pensive look on Dame Edna's face when she asked KD Lang "When did you first realise you were Canadian?"
- When Dame Edna was asked why Australians were so good at sport she replied she could only put it down to a complete lack of intellectual distractions.
- He flirted with outrage throughout his career before finally going for broke in 2016 by calling gender realignment surgery "self-mutilation" and Caitlyn Jenner "a publicity-seeking ratbag".



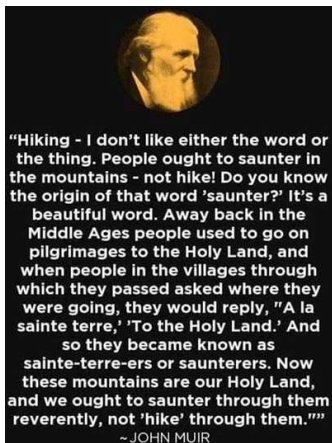
The coronation mugs are out...

PAGE
Inside 3 Today

Raising a glass to King Charles on his Coronation! What's your tittle?



REHASHING with Bouncer:



the check, but it did mean we arrived at the sip as a pack. With bargain burgers promised at the pub (*including, glory be, a GF spesh as I passed on wheat during Lent!*), ultimately dispensed with Hash Gomi's BYO Frites Saus, we tarried but briefly over the cans before returning to imbibe. Peter Pansy had done an excellent job in finding a virtually mud-free trail, and the blue chalk created enough confusion to stop certain folk getting too carried away so was duly rewarded, but was joined by Hot Fuzz who'd hared the circle-free CRAP hash the day before and gone unpunished for his suggestion that, as there was no wa*kers map they could just follow trail half way then return on the out trail – missing the logical contradiction! Unsurprisingly, given that others had observed the sparkle, Whose Shout had eschewed the après and taken his shiny new shoes home early, so we moved on to welcome back old faces Jaws, Big Jugs of Sangria, Anarchy (*who explained her absence as she'd been following a Garmin program requiring 1.5 Mile drills on a Monday*), and Penguin Shagger on his 'flake' r*n #99, so we can expect a trail from him for his tankard soon. In theory it seemed a good idea to line up those present from the previous days Brighton marathon as per Dangleberry's recent post-Moyleman RA'ing, but using the fishhook instead of beer. With a certain amount of sympathy for the absent Covid hit Fukarwe, who had not missed Brighton in its previous 12 incarnations, marathon partakers stacked up so: Lily the Pink claimed to have had no agenda but led the hash home in 3.49; Nasty Nips claimed at the start of the hash to be suffering the leg pain of his excellent 4.23; and Keeps It Up following in 4.48 blamed London hasher Princess Albert's Caffeine Bullet for having to walk at times. It was noticeable at the fishhooks that NN was storming to the front, closely followed by LTP, while KIU uncharacteristically didn't even make a fishhook, suggesting that he was the only one who'd actually put any real effort in the day before. It should've been bang KIU start, bang NN start, bang LTP start on the downers to create a handicap on LTP but didn't quite work out when he nominated NN as he was driving, so NN had to down, then immediately down again! Oh well, best laid plans, but it now came time for Peter Pansy to return the Numpty mug and award to... Nasty Nips to down a third time, for declining beer at the hash beer stop at the marathon. Hasher most likely to succeed, my arse! Another great hash!



through to meet Underhill Lane. Picking up the path up from the Bostal car park we were soon on a gradually inclining track through the access land below the Downs with various checks doing their best to take the wind out of PP's sails with their hint of the top, although most of us were bemused by the actual route through a barbed wire fence a few feet above an obvious stile, of which more later. Complaints about there not being a sausage on trail brought the obvious response from Shoots Off Early that we weren't looking for sausages and weren't on trail, but we did all find a fabulous viewpoint with mostly sunset and photo opps before heading back down the same way and Ann-R-Key's calling a large part of the pack on-on on an on-one which meant a bit of roadwork to find true trail past the lake Air BnB to the excellent sip. Back at the pub we found St. Bernard who'd arrived very late but lost trail before the barbed wire, where hare had admitted he didn't know a lot about rights of way! Fukarwe, on his return from COVID, received a bit of a finger wag for guilting Lily into setting trail, but escaped punishment. We had an excellent new boot tonight with Jeremy who Lily had found in the pub after setting, but who also knew St. Bernard and Local Knowledge through the Morris, and he took to the hash like a duck to water giving even PP a run for his money and getting the hang of it straight away. His drinking skills proved very adequate too as he downed with guest returnee Dynorod from OCH3, who faltered early doors! Nearly men Lily the Pink and Peter Pansy didn't quite make the cut for Numpty as Nasty Nips decided One Erection's special order of frozen peanut cheesecake at WB & KIU's last week, while enjoyed by the pack, wasn't by One E who didn't turn up! Mind you, Nasty Nips himself also had a charge against him from last week, having led the entire pack astray, including the hare Keeps It Up, who had been in troublesome mood tonight. Early on he'd counted himself as #6 at the fishhook, despite Hash Gomi taking that last returnee position, as he had serious FOMO, then later on insisted that trail wouldn't be <that way> which of course it was. Psychlepath's shoelace tying at an early stile to block the pack was a worthy mention, but ultimately left as RA did much the same later on, so KIU's better half Wildbush was called as representative of the wa*kers who were heard to be deciding their own route, definitely not hashing! She argued that it wasn't her but refused to shop the guilty party, although On Don could've been to blame and had also deliberately misdirected the r*nners early on, but had made a strategic withdrawal. So the final Down Down went instead to St. Bernard joining KIU & WB, somehow those responsible for the pre-sip trail error getting away with it. Another great hash was concluded with a mass debate about the location of next week's Hairy Dog tap joint with EGH3!

2303 Abergavenny Arms, Rodmell – Post-marathon excuses were coming out early pre-hash, as if excellence is expected and a failure to provide is punishable! Think some of our racists have muddled their focus on what is important in hash circles (sic!), but more about Nasty Nips in a while. Seeing Penguin Shagger in the pub led to the usual jokes about the famous out and back trail set by these two in Small Dole, when Scott hadn't turned up to set the second half so we literally retraced our steps, but Peter Pansy said he would accept all blame today as a solo hare. Some of us got the message to ignore the sip stop on the way out, but Hash Gomi was clearly hungry and tried to stop the hash after 200 yards as we reached Adrian's car, but on was called right at Monks House past the school and up to follow the new roadside path to Southease. Crossing the road, hare advised those of us lurking at the back of an impending fishhook and the long farm track definitely lent itself, but it wasn't until we were grumbling our way up Mill Hill that FRB's started to return, all the advantage being undone by a twilight photo opp as we crossed the Prime Meridian on the SDW, before heading down White Way to Northease. Penguin Shagger was, despite no inside knowledge, frequently the caller at checks, so must also take the flak for leading a somewhat bemused pack towards the river past a likely stile; although as light faded the blue chalk was near invisible so he'd missed

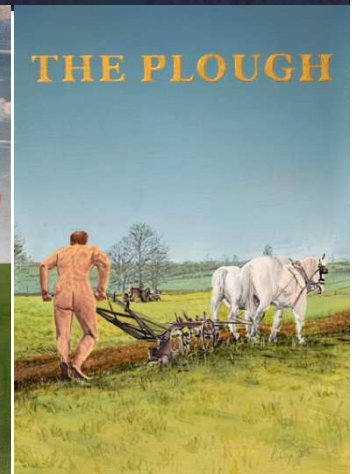
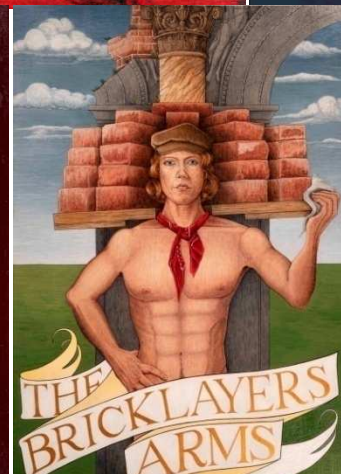
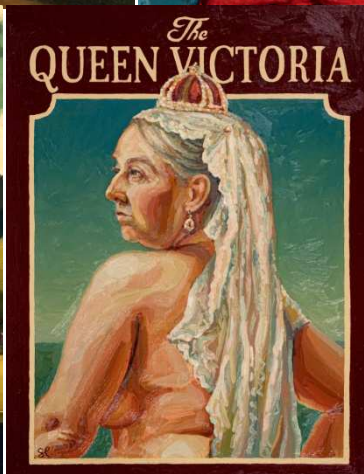
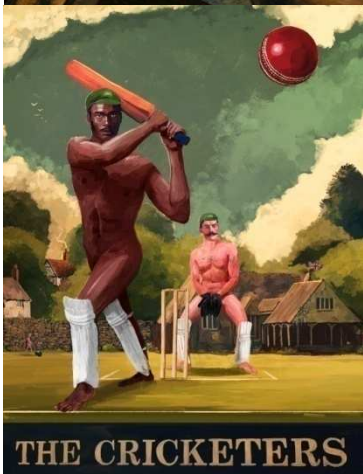
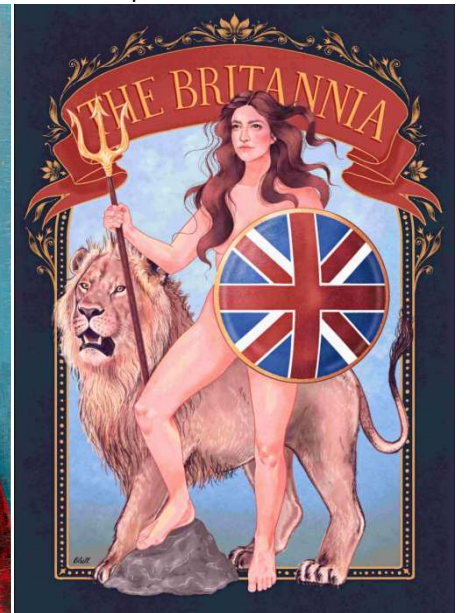
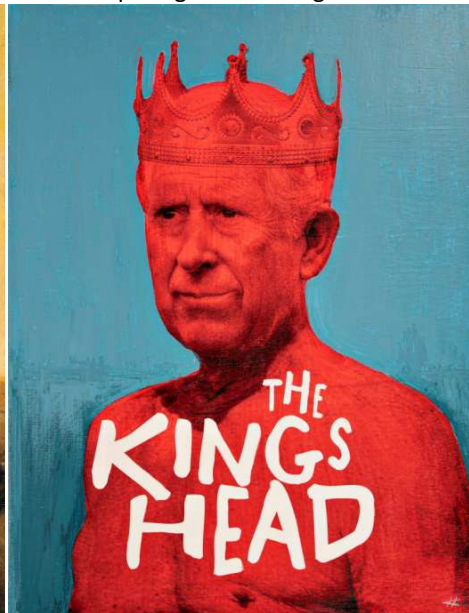
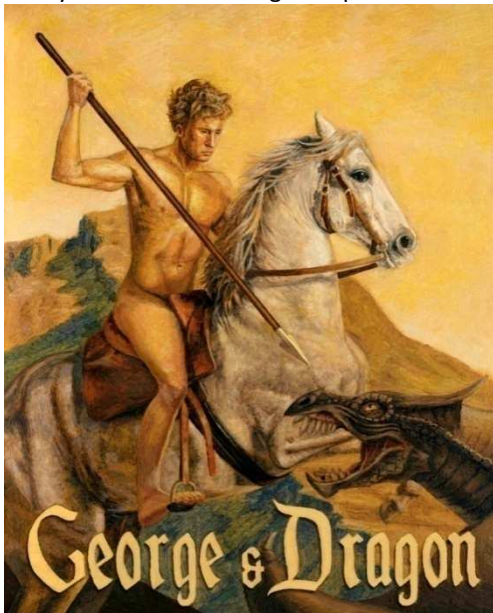


2305 Greyhound, Keymer – The downside of having an enthusiastic and persuasive Hare raiser is that, sometimes, names get added to lists before they've had a chance to check. While some hares will apologise and bail out, others show an insane level of commitment, even to the extent of planning a 7 hour return trip breaking up a boating holiday to set the hash, as was almost the case this evening before Lily saw sense and deferred the former! This pub doesn't usually do food on a Monday but Lily had enthusiastically persuaded them to open for us, slightly to Anybody's chagrin as he only lives over the road and had spoken about using it previously, and we were met by an enthusiastic and persuasive landlady (?) who wouldn't take "no thanks" for an answer, as the price of the nut roast dropped from £15 to £12 to £10 according to who was eating, but once agreed the price was set! At the chalk talk we learned there wasn't much mud and there would be one fishhook, but every check would be a fishhook for Peter Pansy, which seems reasonable, and fair play to the lad, he did mostly comply! It didn't take long before we were knee deep in shiggy north of the Keymer road as we headed east, and hilariously there was of course a fishhook, Knightrider finding himself unceremoniously Bounced off the bridge as we passed. Dropping down Lodge Hill, YSB was given the instruction 'no barking', apparently an altered sign by the pond, and over we went up the Drove and on to the B2112 to find the path round the back of the houses



Jodie Kidd poses in the buff to make new pub sign for her local

Model-turned-publican Jodie Kidd gave regulars at her country boozer a shock – by posing in the buff for a new pub sign. Drinkers at The Half Moon, in West Sussex, were surprised to see a new addition of her cheeky portrait hanging outside the picture-perfect pub. Kidd, who swapped the catwalks in Paris to pull pints, is supporting a new campaign to raise awareness and funds for the hospitality industry. Her portrait is part of a series of cheeky pub signs, including 'The Cricketers', reimagined by artist Reuben Dangoor, starring a batsman saving his blushes with a strategically placed bat. The eleven-piece collection includes a new view of 'Queen Victoria', created by Sam Rees-Price, and a new portrait of HRH King Charles for 'The Kings Head' by Heath Kane, that has been unveiled ahead of the coronation in May. The nude signs are available for online auction, and prints of each are also available to buy, with all profits being donated to Hospitality Action to assist pubs with rising energy bills. Funds raised by the collection, inspired by Stella Artois Unfiltered, will also see up to £50,000 donated in matched funds by the lager brand. Jodie Kidd said: "As a landlord myself, I'm very aware of the struggles that pubs and the whole of the hospitality industry are facing. My pub is fittingly called The Half Moon, and I can't wait to see the new sign in all its glory – all for a good cause." The lager brand also commissioned research which revealed the pub is still at the heart of the community for 55 per cent of Brits. In the poll of 2,000 adults, 77 per cent said it is 'sad to see' so many nearby watering holes closing down in recent years – as data, from Hospitality Action, revealed applications for financial support are up by 29 per cent from the previous year. More than four in 10 (43 per cent) think pubs can be a lifeline for members of their community, and 42 per cent feel they are a great place for everyone to come together. But with so many struggling, one in three pop in to do their bit to keep their local afloat, and 55 per cent have called on the Government to do more to support the hospitality industry. Meg Chadwick, from Stella Artois, said: "As a brand committed to tackling big issues within our communities, we wanted to offer our support to pubs during this challenging time. "As bastions of British culture, pubs deserve to be valued as much as any piece of art hanging in a gallery, which is why we wanted to use this traditional medium – albeit with a cheeky twist – to support them. We want to raise as much money as possible so art and pub lovers – buy nude art, help pubs." The research also revealed the memorable moments the nation has had in pubs, with 27 per cent trying to impress someone on a first date in a free house. New friendships blossomed over a drink for 35 per cent, as well as new relationships for 25 per cent. While 12 per cent even went on to marry someone they met at a nearby tavern. It also emerged 41 per cent think it is a rite of passage to watch significant cultural events in a pub.



Thank you to Dangleberry for this feature, but you have to ask yourself what internet rabbit hole he was headed down when he discovered it! Was it naked pictures of Jodie Kidd, King Charles or Queen Victoria? Or was he planning another CRAFT hash for us, perhaps involving popular pub signs? Or was he just Googling wife-beater beer for some nefarious reason? Answers on a postcard to Trash Towers by 31/5/23.

REHASHING with Nasty Nips:

2304 Paiges Meadow Car Park, Haywards Heath 10 r*nners, 8 w*lkrs and 1 hare gathered again in the Car Park by Blunts Wood, Haywards Heath, on Monday 10th May at the slightly earlier time of 6pm to begin an Easter Monday hash. This earlier start time would, it transpire, be needed as the route laid by Keeps It Up took a whole 2 hours to complete, with an earlier heavy downpour of rain guaranteeing a muddy hash.

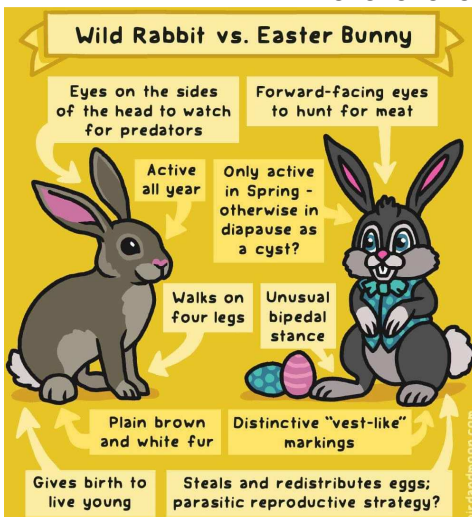
With a quick circle held, and no idea of the distance before them, the hash set off N from the car park and into the woods, with You Stupid Bastard including a customary early-hash... stop; not something I'd usually include, but it becomes relevant shortly! Turning E at the intersection check and following Scrase Stream, the hash made slow progress as the ground underfoot proved incredibly slippery. Another check with a false trail N found the pack separating slightly with the true trail continuing E and remaining adjacent to the stream. With barely a kilometre under their belts, the first of the hashers to fall over was Lily The Pink, who on standing up was seen beaming ear-to-ear - the reason for this, it transpired, was the little black bag of Y! Barely another hundred metres saw Nasty Nips also succumbing to th

Crossing over a N-S contributory to the stream, Rebel Without His Keys was seen to be hanging back, preparing to join the w'lkers. And so the r'nners went from 11 (inc. hare) to 10. Turning N and into a short clearing, LTP diverted to dispose of YSB's little black bag in a nearby doggy bin before rejoining the group at the first of three fishhooks (all 10 in number). The pack then continued on the footpath into the woods, turning E around Harlands Primary School playing fields, then turning N / NW and joining Mallard Gardens before turning back S onto Penland Road and Balcombe Road. A short run SE along Balcombe Road then found the hash joining Old Wickham Lane E, crossing over the railway tracks before turning N onto the footpath at the end and proceeding towards (and through) the golf course. Turning back into the woods NW, the hash continued along the rail towards Copyhold Lane, marked with a check, before proceeding W along said Lane. Just as the group started to progress a little faster with tarmac now underfoot, the second fishhook was encountered at the bridge of the railway; in what was seen as a blatant effort to not perform the fishhook, Psychlepath stopped just short to relieve himself in the nearby field instead. The pack continued W along the lane to the junction of Borde Hill Lane where another check found the group turning N and then back W a short distance later at the footpath; this footpath, without any obvious other exits, would find the group navigating around the northern edge of Borde Hill Gardens, entering the grounds at the top of the hill before the road (and where the final of the three fishhooks was to be encountered). This Borde Hill Garden road was followed W / SW all the way to the end at Hanlye Lane. A check here found LTP and NN calling quickly to the right (W) turning S at the Ardingly Road roundabout before losing all marks. With the hare only a short distance behind, a check was clarified (read that more as 'added') at the Longacre Crescent footpath - with other routes already effectively eliminated, the pack quickly headed E on to the open grassland and then S towards (and joining) Horsgate Lane. Nearly back now, Hot Fuzz (spotted sporting a rather nifty little flower-patterned bumbag) called on E along Broad Street (B2184) and the NE onto Hatchgate Lane, following the footpath all the way back to Blunts Wood and the car park. With the r'nners returning to Hillside Tavern (aka KIU and Wildbush's house) and assembling in part in the kitchen and in part in the garage space, the hares had provided seats, liquid refreshment (a selection of ales, bitters, soft drinks and even a few lagers for those so-inclined) and food in the form of cous-cous and a vegetable stew and a frozen cheesecake dessert as specifically asked for by 1 Erection; 1E's absence was noted for a future DD. After a brief period and allowing everyone to grab some grub, everyone was gathered into the garage, NN welcomed everyone to this 'egg-stra special' hash, this poor excuse for an Easter pun met with groans, quickly followed by being glad that the weather meant no-one 'chickened' out; more groans. With the remaining 72 puns discarded (much to everyone's gratitude), the hares were called up and those assembled asked what they thought of tonight's hash - the usual sarcastic responses were thrown out (including 'too dry' on probably the wettest hash of the year, and 'too short' on definitely the longest hash of the year). DDs were awarded, with ale and bitter options available, to the tune of 'Here's to the hare'. Next up, RWHK for not just departing from the r'nners but then from the w'lkers, being the first hasher to arrive at the hares' house; DD was awarded, although RWHK instead took a large glass of water, and (for being quick back) was given a quick '10,9,8' to go with his quick hash. Trouble, having constantly been heckling, was then called up for the RA had been shown footage of her attempts to straddle a log over the stream and had



heard tale of her going through a dog gate instead of a stile... DD was held to 'You're stupid...'. Almost done, Psychlepath was called up for his 'Pee stop' and avoiding the fishhook, with the hash providing a rendition of 'Why was he born so beautiful'. And finally, LTP + Tripsy Daisy were called up for both having spectacular falls on the hash - LTP for the aforementioned black bag, and TD for getting almost all the way through the hash before becoming the third and final hasher to fall in such deep mud that it was more akin to swimming than running; DD was held to '20 toes' (after tripping over the words - rather apt one could say). Except, this wasn't the final DD with LTP pointing out a missed DD on the table (in RA hindsight, due to RWHK taking a water instead) - Off With Her Head was nominated as a returnee and also for technology on the hash (videoing Trouble straddling the log), and DD was held to the tune of 'It's the Final Down Down'. LTP provided details for the next hash (The Greyhound at Keymer), the hares were once again thanked for their hospitality, and the circle closed with a toast to the hash.

on



Never cook whilst drunk...
tried to make Cadbury's
creme eggs last night



**DAY #3.
SO FAR, THEY SUSPECT
NOTHING.**



REHASHING a joint:

Run 2306 Hairy Dog Brewery, Wivelsfield –Hairy hares more like, as below, for this joint with East Grinstead hash. So-arranged by Thumper and Two Left Feet to swell numbers sufficient to warrant the brewery opening door. Through which the arriving hounds bounded, escaping the farmyard parcar's pelting rain. Once inside, the 24 of us and however many of EGH3 plus the hares found ourselves surrounded by shiny stainless steel vats, containing a cornucopia of brews having dog-themed names. Of which the thirstier were heard to contemplate completing full flight. Amply pre-lubed, the pack were directed on-out NW, through the More House Farm Business Estate, to cross Ditchling Rd's Lunce's Hill, and thence turn S along the verge. Where a worrying discovery was made – a dropped almost-full bag of flour. Persisting, the pack found trail W along Church Ln, to take snook S between picturesque Tapestry Cottage and 11th century Wivelsfield parish church, Wifel's Feld back then. And here it was that we first encountered Wifel's waterlogged fields, of slippery grass and sloppery shiggy, that were to be hallmark of the trail. Zig-zagging SE through Springfields Fm and E out to Ditchling Rd, a short road-stretch S resumed turf-trail opposite Double Bars, a hashers house ?! Reaching Eastern Rd, trail turned SW toward Jack of Clubs Cottage, by which point the pack were remarking that while there were just-sufficient EGH3 flour-line marks, checks were notably absent. Navigating W through woodland, Ditchling Rd was re-crossed at the sharp corner notorious for vehicles instead continuing straight. And also notorious for the 1734 murder by highway robber Jacob Harris of wife and maid of landlord of the historic Royal Oak pub. That corner-sited pub was demolished 2017, together with its Jacob's Post, so-named because from the post's original, the hanged Mr Harris was re-dangled within a gibbet. About which you might enjoy the article within separate panel on the next page, reproduced by kind un-permission of the Middy. Back to mid-trail, it traversed woodland SW to Janes Ln, crossing and making for the Burgess Hill city-limits, before turning N and re-crossing the lane at Ote Hall Fm. It was then NW back toward the church, where at churchyard wall corner there was mystical mark that was apparently the fishhook promised to placate BH7, a feature spurned by EGH3. It was then reverse on-inn back to the brewery, where after on-tap refreshment and delicious sustenance from the laid-on burger van, circle was called by EGH3's Big Yin, bringing first the hares for imagined check-free sin. It

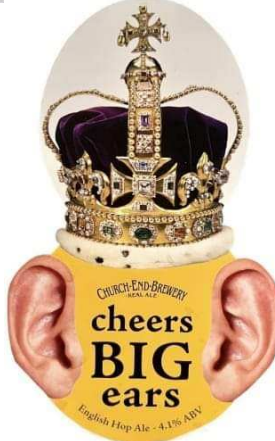


transpired however that an early r*nners/w*lkrs split was found by Nasty Nips, whom pack then erroneously called on-back, causing most of the r*nners to do the check-free 4 mile w*lkrs route, with the w*lkrs somehow conversely doing the 5 mile r*nners route. Fearing however that mass role-reversal DD would drain the brewery of beer and the hash coffers of funds, BY instead called the few r*nners that actually did the r*nners route, for showing off ! Namely EGH3's ChunderWoman+Lampy, and BH7's Bushsquatter + Cliffbanger. Hence with just those 4 encountering checks, Lampy's complaint was that "none of the checks had been marked, so I had to do all the work !". BY then called Just Pinks, for commencing her w*lk as an apparition, emerging from a cloud of ciggy smoke. Angel was reminded about the NHS Net Zero target, given her cab ride all the way from Brighton to Penshurst – in Bouncer's cab. And Wankel was advised that popping painkillers in a bid to emulate Michael Jackson was probably inadvisable. Chaos received

honourable mention for being reliably late. And Dangleberry was cited for serving at his recent bluebell-themed party a blue tea made from flowers enjoying the Latin name *Clitorea Ternatea*. Otherwise known as butterfly pea flowers. BY then thanked the brewery's owner+son for their smiling service behind the bar, before handing over to DB who re-called the hares for the dropped flour bag, and now-spurious charge of check-scarcity. Infact the writing was on the wall, or rather the brewery's trestle blackboard, as instead of reading 'Hash House Harriers', for which checks are expected, it read 'Hash House *Runners*', for which they aren't. Spreadsheet was called for a 10K r*n in which he came 1st in the Over 75's category, a clear case of racism – at his age he should know better! Then Wildbush was cited for fashionistaism – for raising a parasol to protect her abundant bush. Before handing over to One Erection to award Numpty Mug to Shirker Ninezing for the final DD, which wasn't because he didn't do a fish hook (not numpty behaviour). Nor because he saw the FH and ignored it (lots didn't). Nor even because he listened to others when they said it wasn't a FH. No, it was because Shirker needs to learn when to deny all knowledge! Closing circle with suggestion to EGH3+BH7 alike that the "hash go in peace", the pack customarily indicated they preferred to go in pieces. Perhaps so for some, with Hairy Dog's brew abundance likely calling for next-day hair-of-the-dog. And so to end on a doggy note, special mention goes to Lily The Pink, who upon challenge as to who led the sprint, cited actual hound Bentley aka You Stupid Bastard, saying "I was following him". YSB for his part was idolising the burgers, with the look of the penniless yet famished.

SPREADSHEET BE LIKE:





It's easy to complain about the rain – and we often do – but if it wasn't for a sudden downpour in 1734, a multiple murderer may have escaped justice. Jacob Harris was a highway robber who attacked Richard Miles – landlord of the old Royal Oak pub, in Wivelsfield – on May 26, after learning the pub had taken the princely sum of £20 that night. The greedy rogue, determined to steal the money, slashed poor Richard in the neck and ran for the till. But a serving maid who saw him also felt victim to his greed, as did the unfortunate innkeeper's wife – Dorothy – who did no more than call out in alarm from her sick bed upstairs. After ransacking the inn, Harris fled empty handed, unaware that the dying landlord had managed to raise the alarm. He was sheltering with his ill-gotten gains at The Cat, in West Hoathly – a well-known smugglers' haunt – where he heard the hunt for his capture was on. He moved on to Selsfield House, at Turners Hill, where he hid in the wide parlour chimney. But for a chance shower of rain he might never have been found. The officers hunting him called at the house and lit a fire in the parlour to dry their uniforms. The smoke was too much for Harris who soon fell, spluttering, into the room. After a fierce struggle, he was captured. Meanwhile, Richard Miles, his wife and the serving girl, had died from their wounds and Harris was now a multiple murderer. He was duly tried and, on August 31 1734, was hanged at Horsham gaol. In keeping with the policy that justice should be seen to be done, his body was returned to the scene of the crime for public contempt. His corpse was hanged from a gibbet near the Royal Oak and left to disintegrate. The gibbet was dubbed Jacob's Post and soon became an object of local superstition. It was said to be haunted, and slivers of the wood were prized for their curative powers. It was said that to touch the post would cure any ailment and any 'believer' who visited the pub would find a small part of the original gibbet – with its 'curative powers' – hanging on the wall close to the bar. So many slivers were sliced off that the post was reduced to a stump and replaced at the end of the 19th century by a wooden post bearing an iron rooster with the fatal date. This rooster was itself replaced by a copy made by pupils of Uckfield Comprehensive School, and the original was given to the care of Ditchling Parish Council. Many might think that would have been the end of the tragic tale of the Royal Oak murders – but it was said the voice of the serving girl could sometimes be heard in the rear corridor of the pub, screaming "Mr Miles, Mr Miles...". Rumour has it the poor lass still stokes the fire in the main bar, and some of the older regulars say the innkeeper's wife has been spotted upstairs. Speaking to the Mid Sussex Times in 1989, landlord John Perkins said: "It intrigues the customers and is always a great talking point. I am quite happy to have some history to the place, even if it is a bit gruesome." A contributor to the website Ye Olde Sussex Page (www.yosp.co.uk) shared part of a rather long ballad which was written after Jacob Harris was hanged. Titled 'A dreadful murder done at Eventide in Ditchling just by the Common side' it concludes: "And where he did the crime they took the pains / To bring him back and hang him up in chains / That there he might be seen by all that passed by / I wish all people who will cast an eye / It is a dismal sight for to behold / Enough to make a heart of stone run cold / So to conclude I hope you will take care / And of all wilful sin, I pray, beware / Let's serve the Lord with all our might / And he will guard us day and night." The contributor added a tale of alcohol-fuelled daring, which left one Royal Oak punter trembling. He wrote: "Jacob's Post is supposed to be haunted and has since been the basis for many tales of dreadful happenings. "Local folk were not keen to pass it after dark and always gave it a wide berth if they had to pass by it, even in the daylight. "One night a drinker at a local pub was dared to go and stand by the memorial at midnight. Unknown to him, one of his mates had slipped out first and hidden himself nearby. "When the decidedly nervous hero got to the spot, he did his best to keep up his courage by talking to the ghost 'Hello Jacob, how are you tonight?' "From the shadows came the reply 'Very wet and cold'. "The poor quivering man turned and ran, and didn't stop until he had reached the safety of the bar parlour and was again surrounded by his friends. "When the joke was explained to him, he failed to appreciate the humour of it – although it kept the regulars at the pub entertained for weeks."

#128 Worthing Tap Takeover 15th April 2023 – I first became aware of this annual event when Rick of the Watchmakers posted pics of his wander last year, and was reminded when the Winter 22 Sussex Drinker featured plans to repeat the event this year, so thought what a great concept for the CRAFT hash! Despite what I thought to be plenty of publicity in various hash groups and mentioning it on hash nights and at the previous CRAFT, I realised that numbers were going to be severely down, even Angel getting taken away to set her hash the following day, so headed out expecting a solo pub crawl after a two day visit to see my dad in hospital right on top of the First UK Full Moon Sitges weekend. Arriving at **#1 Brooksteed**, featuring Merekai brews, I found Cliffbanger already there getting stuck into the Gourmet Stout, and thus encouraged grabbed a Shake and Bake IPA, both received well. It was a short stroll to **#2 Bottle & Jug** (Pamona Island), where we got chatting to a chap down to watch the mighty Worthing Town, and I discovered that my Blackcurrant Gose was a variation of the sour beers popular in the US, while CB enjoyed a citrus. Heading on to **#3 Anchored**, we found Widdie, head brewer of Downlands, holding court outside and enjoyed his tales



A photograph of two plates of food and two glasses of beer on a wooden table. The food consists of a salad with various meats, vegetables, and cheese. The beer is served in glasses with labels, one of which says "ADNAP".

A photograph of three people, two men and one woman, sitting at a table in a pub. They are all smiling and holding beer glasses. The man on the left is wearing a dark jacket and a watch. The woman in the middle is wearing glasses and a dark top. The man on the right is wearing a dark jacket and is holding a large glass of beer with a thick head of foam. In the background, there are shelves with various bottles and a window looking out onto a street.

WORTHING 20 23
TAP TAKEOVER

17 VENUES 17 BREWERIES

ONE TOWN

1. THE GOOSE
60 SANDHILL RD, WORTHING BN1 3PT

2. GOAST
80 WORTHING RD, WORTHING BN1 3JG

3. ANCHORED
27 W BALDWIN RD, WORTHING BN1 3BS

4. BEER NO EVIL
85 BROADWAY, WORTHING BN1 3DA

5. BOTTLE & JUG DEPT.
25 ALEXANDER RD, WORTHING BN1 3JQ

6. THE FOX & FENCH
81-83 WORTHING RD, WORTHING BN1 3JG

7. THE OLD BIKER STORE
45 ODEON ST, WORTHING BN1 3EE

8. WAK GAGTUS
14 HOLLYWOOD RD, WORTHING BN1 3DA

9. THE BROOKSTEED
263 A PARADE, WORTHING BN1 3AE

10. THE EGREMENT
45 BROADWAY, WORTHING BN1 3DA

11. THE GOLDEN ARMS
13 WEAVER ST, WORTHING BN1 3DE

12. THE TOAD IN THE HOLE
100A WORTHING RD, WORTHING BN1 3JG

13. THE CORNER HOUSE
80 ROAD ST, WORTHING BN1 3L

14. DICE
24-26 WORTHING RD, WORTHING BN1 3JG

15. THE TASTING ROOM
WORTHING ST, WORTHING BN1 3EE

16. THE GEORGINA
24 BROADWAY, WORTHING BN1 3DA

17. THE BEACH HOUSE
25 SANDHILL PARADE, WORTHING BN1 3JG

King Charles has authorized a new Royal Ceremony that the Guards' regiments will perform anytime that Prince Harry is in the country. It will be called "The Changing of the Locks."

The king rides forth... into some bad dad jokes!

At a psychiatric hospital:

Doctor: - What is this?

Mad Woman:- This is a book I wrote. It has a total of 500 pages.

Doctor:- You wrote 500 pages! Wow, what did you write?

Mad Woman:- On the first page I wrote 'The king rode forth on a horse and went towards the highlands'.

And on the last page I wrote 'The king reached the highlands'.

Doctor:- So what did you write in the remaining 498 pages?

Mad Woman:- I wrote:

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Doctor:- (interrupting) And what's that?

Mad Woman:- That's the sound of the horse running...The hooves digging the terrain.

Doctor:- And who will read your story?

Mad Woman:- I will put it in the Boggy Shoe. Plenty of Mad people will definitely read it... One of them is reading it as we speak!



Take the horse they
said



Wait, it gets worse!

A king was trying to find his daughter a birthday gift when he saw a poor man with a beautiful white horse. He told the man that he would give him £500 for the horse. The poor man replied, "I don't know mister, it don't look so good," and walked away.

The next day the king came back and offered the poor man £1000 for the horse.

The poor man said, "I don't know mister, it don't look so good."

On the third day the king offered the poor man £2000 for the horse, and said he wouldn't take no for an answer. The poor man agreed, and the king took the horse home. The king's daughter loved her present. She climbed onto the horse, then galloped right into a tree.

The king rushed back over to the poor man's house, demanding an explanation for the horse's blindness. The poor man replied, "I told you. It don't look so good!!!"

Where did the king keep his armies? A: Up his sleeves

The King of the Potato People had 3 daughters.

When they came of age, the 1st daughter said to her father, "Dad I want to marry."

So the King of the Potato People asks, "Who do you wish to marry?"

"He's a King Edward.", she replied.

"Oh he's a King? Of course, my child". The marriage went ahead.

When the 2nd daughter came of age, she said, "Dad I want to marry."

"Well, who is it?", her father asked.

"He's a Jersey Royal", she replied.

"Oh, he's a Royal? Well of course my child", & the marriage duly went ahead.

When the 3rd daughter came of age she said, "Dad I want to marry."

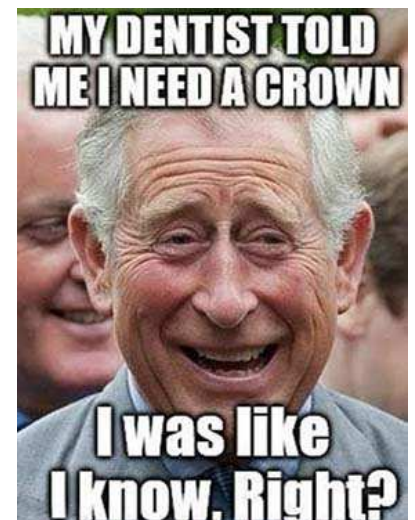
"Well who is he?"

She replied "It's Des Lynham."

"Des Lynham!!!", he said. "You can't marry him."

"Why not?", she asked.

The King of the Potato People replied, "Because he's a Commontater."



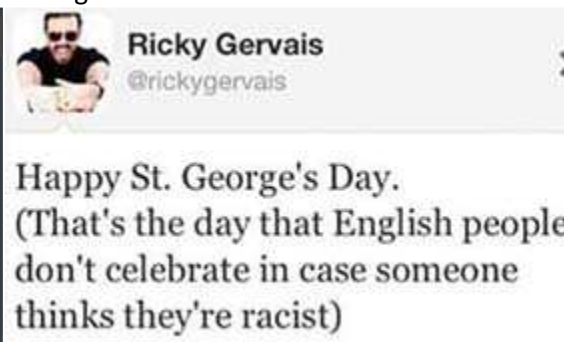
IN THE NEWS

SNP finances under the spotlight:

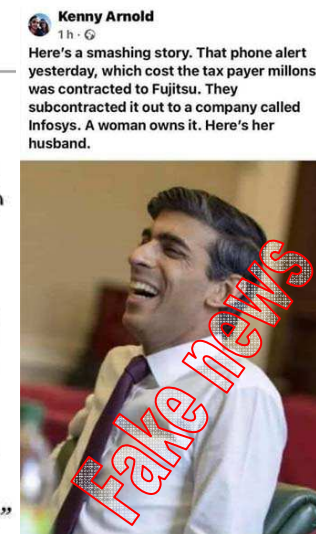
Cost of living crisis:



As the Coronation gets closer – never a truer word from Ricky Gervais...



Emergency phone test alert sets off conspiracy theorists. Never a falsier word from Kenny Arnold...



RIP's, and one foot in the grave as Biden stands for another term and UK oldies get the vote...



Italian proverb - After the game, the King and the pawn go into the same box.

Have you been pictured wearing a Britain First t-shirt? If, like the pub landlord at the centre of the row, you choose to wear a Britain First t-shirt it's a pretty good indicator that you're a fascist and a racist without even discussing golliwogs. And don't make pathetic excuses - as his wife did - about wearing it solely because it was 'convenient at the time'. Were all his Martin Luther King t-shirts in the wash?

