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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.

DATE #NO ON ON Post Code HARES

5th February 2024 2347 The Bull, Newick BN8 4LA Hot Fuzz

Directions: Take A27 to Lewes, A275 to Chailey. Turn right at junction with A272. Go through village and turn right at the green. Pub is on right hand side. **Est. 25 mins.**

12th February 2024 2348 Toad-in-the Hole, Worthing BN11 1JR Bathe-it-Daily

Directions: A27 west through Lancing to Lyons Farm. Left at lights on Sompting Road. Right at roundabout Sompting Avenue. Left at lights on A24. Turn left after railway bridge and pub is on left. Street parking. **Est. 20 mins.**

19th February 2024 2349 Greyhound, Keymer

BN6 8QT ZZTopless & Just Jeremy

Directions: A23 to A273, then right at Stone Pound traffic lights. Pub on right about 1.25 miles. Est 10 mins.

26th February 2024 2350 Ye Olde Smugglers Inne, Alfriston BN26 5UE Mudlark

Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Straight on at Beddingham roundabout. Right at next into village, car park just off Sloe Lane. Pub short walk to south. **Est. 20 mins.**

Side Lane. Pub Short walk to South. Est. 20 mins.

4th March 2024 2351 Pig & Butcher, Uckfield

TN22 3AN Chaos

Directions: A27 east to second Lewes roundabout. Left on A26 through tunnel, right at roundabout still on A26 to A22. Left and stay on A22 past Uckfield to rejoin A26. Take 2nd right after roundabout and pub on left. **Est 25 mins.**

Receding Hareline:

11/03/2024 2352 Red Lion, Lindfield - KIU & Wildbush

18/03/2024 2353 Eager hare required!

25/03/2024 2354 TBC - Balinor & Formicator

02/04/2024 2355 Eager hare required!

Upcoming CRAFT hashes (7pm start unless shown):

16/02/2024 Shoreham – P trail from station

06/04/2024 1pm Worthing Tap takeover – P trail from

station. See website: https://worthingtaptakeover.co.uk/
We will be selecting a number of pubs once announced,

according to the venue itself or the brewery involved. Any requests, advise Bouncer.

Hashing around Sussex:

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

04/02/2024 Frogshole Farm, Maidenbower - Testiculator

Hastings H3 - r*ns start at 1066 (11.06am):

04/02/2024 The Wheatsheaf Pub Willingdon - Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter

EGH3 are back on winter timetable - r*ns at 10.45am:

11/02/2024 Snowdrop, Walstead – Joy of Specs & Irn Bru

25/02/2024 TBC - Richard & Margie

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

Teachers: The homework isn't hard." The Homework:



18/02/2024 Sportsman, Mogador (TBC) – Made Marion Memorial trail - joint with Old Coulsdon H3

Thought for the day: "Look out there's a flock of hashers coming!" "Surely, it's herd of hashers?" "Of course I've heard of hashers, there's a flock of them coming now, and don't call me Shirley!" [nb: works better with cows. Sorry. Ed.]

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

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

28/3-01/04/2024 FUK Easter Migration Athens, Greece - *see #330* 04-08/07/2024 Bollocks birthday hash Mayenne, France - *see #333* 26-28/07/2024 Interscandi Hash Hamburg (*full – waiting list*) https://mermaidsh3.wixsite.com/interscandi-2024

LEAP YEAR HASH 2024:

Yes it's been 4 Years & Covid Lockdowns since the last one!

Run 1978 WLH3; 10 LYH3: Hare – New Balls Please

29 February 2024 – The Admiralty, 66 Trafalgar Sq, St. James's, London WC2N 5DS ///search.zealous.coins

The nearest station is Charing Cross. Meeting from 18.30, on out 19:30 and you should be back in the bar by 8.15pm for a well earned ale, or two, or three, whilst catching up with friends old & new.

This will be the leap year day run, brought to you by the joint efforts of West London Hash and the Leap Year Hash (yes, there is such an entity!). There will be a limited number of t-shirts (1 per person) sold on a first come basis.

On On! Bonnie (UK Nash Hash 2025 GM & organiser)

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 Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland Haberhash **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

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Paular Manuary B Taranta Co.

Worthing pub offers Leap Year birthday drink to give 72-year-olds 'first legal pint' for free

A Worthing pub is offering a free birthday drink to anyone turning 72 on February 29 – as, in Leap Day terms, it will be their 18th birthday. **By Elaine Hammond**

The Brooksteed, in South Farm Road, thought it would be a fun way to celebrate in the build up to spring and manager David Villiers is hoping to get a collection of customer photos.

He said: "Anyone who is 72 on February 29 will actually be turning 18 and we are offering them their first legal pint for free. We will be checking ID, that is the point, and would love to get photos of them showing it while we pass them a pint, or any drink of their choosing."

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EELS AWAY WEEKEND 2024

Join us in Eastbourne, 26th to 28th July

Friday: Pub crawl

Saturday: Run with a food and drink stop Sunday: Hangover run with optional lunch

Also optional post lube with the 17:00 ferry from Newhaven to Dieppe, France on the Sunday, returning Monday or Tuesday

More details to follow on Whatsapp

Cost: £15 for the drink stop

You'll need to arrange your own transport and accommodation

Recommended hotel is the Burlington

Sign up here:

https://docs.google.com/.../1FAIpQLSdBokLHtWA.../viewform...

Group chat here:

https://chat.whatsapp.com/LUjpBl99AT1IdhCrYgmfqt

Any problems, contact Sort Yourself Out on: 07816098290.



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After coming home sad from a date, a young woman told her mother "I proposed to Tom tonight, and he said 'Yes'."

[&]quot;So, why are you unhappy?" her mother asked.

[&]quot;Because he told me he's an atheist. Mum, he doesn't even believe there's a Hell."

[&]quot;Marry him anyway," her mother said. "Between the two of us, we'll show him how wrong he is."

Inside 3 Today

It may look cold but these winter warmers should cheer you up:



American criminals at their finest - Florida: Wearing a ski mask and carrying a gun, a thief burst into the bank one day. Aiming his gun at the guard, the thief yelled, "FREEZE, MOTHER-STICKERS, THIS IS A ****-UP!" For a moment, everyone was silent. Then the snickers started. The guard completely lost it and doubled over laughing. It probably saved his life, because he'd been about to draw his gun. He couldn't have drawn and fired before the thief got him. The would-be thief ran away and is still at large.

REHASHING New Years Day

I'm looking to buy an old disused lighthouse. You know... nothing too flashy.



"Alexa, give me three New Year's resolutions that I won't break, and eight that I will."

2342 Tiger Tavern, East Dean —It was no surprise why we were this far east of our usual stomping ground, however, it was a surprise to hear that our esteemed hare raiser Fukarwe, so oft guilty of press-ganging hashers to a trail date, declined to accept Lily the Pink's offer as he was "only taking runs to the end of the year", before disappearing off to do councilly stuff and leaving us an urgent hole to fill. Peter Pansy's suggestion that he grabbed a bag of flour and lobbed it on the ground whilst running the Peacehaven New Years Day parkrun, while mildly tempting, was nothing to LTP's suggestion that the offer might possibly still be on the table to incorporate a visit to the iconic Belle Tout lighthouse. And so the two combined with PP setting while LTP joined much of the rest of the pack in nursing an NYD hangover. To assuage that effect, as well as maximise daylight, a 2pm kick

off was proposed and so a merry pack gathered for the chalk talk. The boundless Tigger like energy of PP as we started off up Friston Hill in light rain was the opposite of the few poor souls caught by the two fishhooks in the first third of a mile boding for the rest of the trail, but a cunning check at Friston

Hare Peter Pansy gives Spreadsheet
a laugh as Rebel poses for the camera

Church, where Bushsquatter again regaled us of the exclusively Sussex pivoted coffin gate, gathered the pack. On was called down Crowlink lane throwing those with a semblance of local knowledge, and knowing the sip

destination, off course, and hare cleverly kept the ruse up keeping us west at every turn until eventually we hit the South Downs Way beyond which lay obstacles such as a sheer cliff drop and wide ocean. Inevitably pack got splintered as we dropped down from the last of the Seven Sisters,

through Birling Gap, and on the haul up to Belle Tout*, meaning we arrived in dribs and drabs so no overcrowding on the narrow stairs as we removed mucky shoes and took logs up for the fire as 'tax' by Lily's dad. Excellent Downlands beer was dispensed halfway up,



and Hash Gomi and Naomi provided some superb comestibles to enjoy in the lantern room as we took in the views, the weather

much improved after our battering by hail over Crowlink. Having secured wa*kers, r*nners, and *beer* in one location it made sense to conduct circle so that early departees could get away quickly, and Lily's Dad was dispatched to find a jug, returning with something that in 20/20 hindsight would've made a perfect Numpty substitute (the original being in the car!) After PP and LTP downed, the tartan tarts Duracell, Angel and Bushsquatter were called in (with a nod to EGH3's earlier run today where the Scots took over) as they were all sporting kilts or tartan leggings, rapidly followed by Scatty Pot (Scotty Pat) as our only Caledonian present. Keeps It Up had announced at the start that Wildbush didn't get any last night before going on to admit that she'd got some in the car on the return home from a New Years Eve party in London only that morning, and again on the drive down to the hash. The sympathy beer went to Wildbush with our



sincere hope that she properly catches up on her <u>sleep</u> later! Returnee Helen declined her beer getting OH OE to take it instead, but later happily ordered varying pints at the pub gainsaying her non-drinking reason - have a word Rob! And finally, some confusion between late arrival Knightrider and Gomi had meant Naomi had to cook the Dutch wosnames. Re-booting and exiting the Lighthouse, many turned right to join the walkers route past Cornish Farm, which meant a depleted pack returned on trail to Birling Gap to follow the road on in to the pub.

We were soon joined by a couple of visitors from Friends of the Mole, Oral B and 69 Virgins to Paradise, who'd arrived late, managed to find part of the trail, then gave up and returned for the après. Anxiety was high amongst the Bouncer household, when the

realisation that the Wiggy had the car key and was lost in the descending darkness, which was not helped by Lily turning up and saying he'd left the key on the side at the lighthouse. Jolly banter chaps, but thankfully it was proven to be rubbish when Wiggy returned, despite him initially sticking to the story. Another great hash, thanks to all involved!

* Not to be confused with Beachy Head lighthouse on the rocks below the famous suicide hotspot, Belle Tout is a decommissioned landmark frequently used in film and television. Famously moved in one piece in 1999 to prevent it succumbing to coastal erosion, Lily informs us that the estimated 50 years life has been rapidly eroded so that another move is on the cards after just 25 years. This will involve building a new café in the courtyard below before the building is seamlessly slid on top. Watch this space! Bouncer



iittle bit of History — It's all Angels fault?

In 1752 Great Britain transitioned from the Julian Calendar to the Gregorian calendar. Because there was an eleven-day difference in the two calendars, it was necessary for the British to skip eleven days in order to "catch up." So, by act of Parliament, in Great Britain and the British colonies, in 1752 the day after September 2 was September 14, not September 3. The change is said to have caused widescale rioting across England, as people demanded the return of the eleven "stolen" days. How did this all come about? For 600 years, in England the first day of the new year was not January 1, but rather March 25, which was popularly known as "Lady Day." Officially the "Feast of the Annunciation," Lady Day celebrated the angel Gabriel's announcement to the Virgin Mary that she was to give birth to the Messiah. Even as the rest of the Western World celebrated New Year's Day on the first day of January, England stubbornly held on To the practice of beginning the new year on Lady Day, in part because it coincided with the beginning of an agricultural year.

But in 1750 England finally succumbed to the pressure to conform to the practice of the rest of the world, and made January 1 the first day of the year (Scotland having done so 150 years earlier), replacing the Julian Calendar with the Gregorian Calendar at the same time. In England the year 1751 began, as usual, on March 25,

but ended on December 31, making the English year of 1751 only 282 days long.

Skirl yer pipes and beat yer drums, The happiest days are

Happy New Year 2024

still tae come!

The transition to the "New Style" calendar required that another inconsistency be resolved as well. The old Julian Calendar, which had been implemented in 46 B.C., had a built-in error, caused by miscalculating the solar year by 11 minutes. The error caused the calendar to "lose" a day every 128 years. The Gregorian Calendar had solved the problem by making the last leap year of a century a leap year only it was evenly divisible by 400. Over the passing centuries, therefore, the Gregorian calendar gradually gained days on the Julian calendar, so that by the time Great Britain got on board, the date there was 11 days earlier than the date in the rest of the West (i.e. January 1 in England was January 13 elsewhere). It was this misalignment that was solved by the elimination of the eleven days in September. The

dates September 3-13, 1752 simply never occurred in Great Britain and the British colonies.

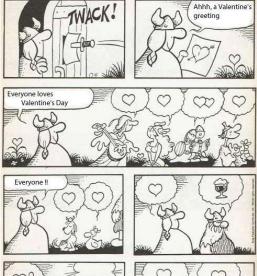
My New Year's resolution is to simply write 2024 Instead of 2023.

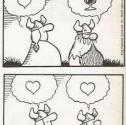


Although it has long been claimed that when the change occurred there were riots across Britain, demanding the return of the eleven "stolen" days, most historians now believe the "calendar riots" are a myth. But there was non-riotous resistance to the change. For example, many British people complained about and were suspicious of the change in dates of religious holidays, so that many continued to celebrate Christmas on the traditional day, which under the new calendar fell on January 6 rather than December 25. And some did fear that the law had shortened their lives by eleven days. There are also consequences when dating things that occurred during the period of change. When George Washington was born, for example, the date of his birth was February 11, 1731. But by sliding the calendar forward 11 days and changing New Year's Day, his birthday under the New Style Calendar Act became February 22, 1732, the date we currently recognize. Anyone researching dates during this period will see them often referred to as "1731/32," for example.

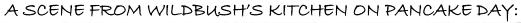
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2343 Ladies Mile, Patcham – Hash 2343 saw everyone headed out of the pub and straight across the road and up Vale Ave, headed N. Trail turned W down the footpath and on to the first check; true trail continued N along the footpath turning W into Patcham's All Saints Church and then S onto Church Hill, heading towards the A23 / London Rd. Crossing over London Rd and into Patcham Place Recreation Ground, the trail skirted around the treeline, passing the Cricket Ground pavilion before picking up the public footpath W into Coney Wood. Another check found true trail being the right fork, up the hill and then down the steps onto Mill Rd. Check here found FRBs Just Jeremy and Nasty Nips splitting high and low respectively. Trail continued E and then under the A27 on Waterhall Rd, turning right at the junction and then back onto the footpath up toward Sweet Hill, with the first fishhook encountered at the gate in the hedges. Trail continue up Sweet Hill, over crossroads at the farm, passing the lesser-known trig point (hidden by bushes on the left and just off the trail), and then taking the public

footpath to the left / W. Trail through the field here became a little less obvious, even the hare commented how it all looked different in the dark, with the trailing headed in a W direction through one set of trees, through the next field and then S at the far end of the third field. A 3-way check here found many parallel and intertwining paths afforded by the right-most two options, with true trail being left, following footpath passing Waterhall Dew Pond, towards and then beyond Waterhall 3G Football and Rugby pitches. A check here found FRBs JJ taking the low option and NN taking the high option, with true trail being the higher route to take, up the footpath and over the A27 and Mill Road, coming out the woods just by Green Ridge Dew Pond (where, Mudlark informed those nearby, Fukarwe's rechristening to Pondweed had occurred some years prior!). On E passed the windmill, taking the footpath into the top of Coney Woods.

A long downhill trail run followed with the only real option being the main trail, well-marked nonetheless and with a solitary 'X' mark (intended to keep out and in legs separate) the only point at which hashers would need to ensure they remained on the correct path. A fishhook, perhaps predictably, awaited those FRBs at the bottom of the steps out of Coney Woods and onto the A23 / London Rd. From there, hash would be On Inn via Old London Rd / Ladies Mile Rd. Once back inside, NN (RAing) imparted some random facts on those gathered, including that today was National Bubble Bath Day, Earth's Rotation Day (that raised a few eyebrows and 'what!' comments from those gather), and Clean Your Desk Day. On to the DDs, Hares Shirker Ninezing and Tripsy Daisy were called up for the obligatory "Here's to the Hare" (much to Bouncer's chagrin as he had shouted out for "20 Toes"). Next up were called Angel for a 'Lazy January fishhook' (spotted at the bottom of Coney Woods waiting for others to catch up) and Bouncer (for running through the 'X' in Coney Woods), with DDs to the tune of "20 Toes". Finally, the Walkers were all called up as they had ventured into Patcham Place (the flats, not the Rec Ground) and had had to climb the gates to get out! With many already gone, Wildbush and Bouncer in their stead were called up, with DD to (predictably) "You're Stupid".

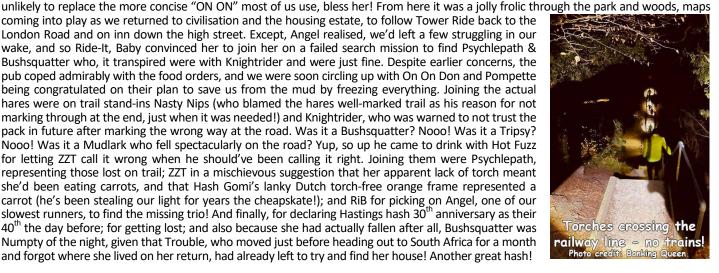


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2344 Station, Uckfield - Hot on the heels of his Xmas party award for saving the day with a timely trail, On On Don saved the day with a timely trail! It's been over 4 years since we were last at this pub (other than a brief pod visit in 2020) and a change of management seemed a bit nervous about having customers, but the deal was done and Don gave us the words of wisdom that trail was pretty mucky in places. Anyhoo, off we set for a long dash through the Waitrose car park and the Hempstead Meadow nature reserve in pursuit of Mudlark before finally finding first check. Mudlark continued 'lucky' causing suspicion that he was referring to one of the maps our non running hare had dispensed at the beginning, but a bit of a regroup occurred in Hempstead Wood after crossing the railway when trail got vague, and Nasty Nips was seen with a firm grip on Don's dribble dropper. The promise of mud had largely been denied due to the extreme cold freezing it into ankle turning clumps, but reaching the road, the pack shot past the obvious check seemingly unable to stop themselves on the downhill ice until Mudlark (him again) threw himself bodily to the ground. Knightrider also had Don's stick in his hand, assuming the role of backmarker, and had already marked through so a call back was required to get all back on trail to re-cross the tracks with a steep staircase and an obvious each way check up or down the railway line. Continuing into Buxted Park, ZZ Topless called us on with a shout of "there's a bit of toilet tissue tied to this tree here", which is

coming into play as we returned to civilisation and the housing estate, to follow Tower Ride back to the London Road and on inn down the high street. Except, Angel realised, we'd left a few struggling in our wake, and so Ride-It, Baby convinced her to join her on a failed search mission to find Psychlepath & Bushsquatter who, it transpired were with Knightrider and were just fine. Despite earlier concerns, the pub coped admirably with the food orders, and we were soon circling up with On On Don and Pompette being congratulated on their plan to save us from the mud by freezing everything. Joining the actual hares were on trail stand-ins Nasty Nips (who blamed the hares well-marked trail as his reason for not marking through at the end, just when it was needed!) and Knightrider, who was warned to not trust the pack in future after marking the wrong way at the road. Was it a Bushsquatter? Nooo! Was it a Tripsy? Nooo! Was it a Mudlark who fell spectacularly on the road? Yup, so up he came to drink with Hot Fuzz for letting ZZT call it wrong when he should've been calling it right. Joining them were Psychlepath, representing those lost on trail; ZZT in a mischievous suggestion that her apparent lack of torch meant she'd been eating carrots, and that Hash Gomi's lanky Dutch torch-free orange frame represented a carrot (he's been stealing our light for years the cheapskate!); and RiB for picking on Angel, one of our slowest runners, to find the missing trio! And finally, for declaring Hastings hash 30th anniversary as their 40th the day before; for getting lost; and also because she had actually fallen after all, Bushsquatter was Numpty of the night, given that Trouble, who moved just before heading out to South Africa for a month and forgot where she lived on her return, had already left to try and find her house! Another great hash!



of gargoyles & grotesques THEM: DON'T YOU JUST LOVE WINTER?

The mooning gargoyle of Freiburg minster.

Legend has it that a disgruntled stonemason created this gargoyle and positioned it in the direction of the city council building. Council members had commissioned him for some of the stonework of the minster and had not paid him for his work.

Did you know...? Gargoyles are so named because of the gargling noise heavy rainfall makes as it rushes down their spout. The Polish, however, translates more literally as 'vomiting'! If it doesn't redirect rainwater, it is simply decorative, and is called a Grotesque, which doesn't mean disgusting. It means 'cave-like', from the same etymology as the word grotto.

Top tip: The best way to cure a sore throat is rainwater from a church roof. Just gargoyle with it!

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REHASHING the Burns hash:

O Scotia! my dear,
my native soi!
For whom my
warmest wish to
heaven is sent;
Long may thy hardy
sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health,
and peace, and
sweet content.

Robert Burns

2345 The White Hart, Henfield - Burns Night Hash - Led out of the pub by the side door, the hash crossed over London Rd and down Church St, turning right (N) onto Martyn Cl, footpath to Parsonage Rd and around (N then W) to Charity Cl. N on Clarity Cl taking footpath by the play park N to Mallard Wy. Right (E) here and around to Deer Park. Proceeding E over London Rd onto Wantley Hill Estate and down the footpath by the garages, with trail indicated by an arrow with a Question Mark (we never got to the bottom of that mark). Continuing E and over Wantley Hill Estate (again) and off



the tarmac into the fields. Trail continued E, following the footpath S to Furners Ln, turning E at Furners Ln then turning S at the footpath before the field and power pylons. Footpath / track /

road followed S until just before A281 Brighton Rd, turning R (W) into the field and following the footpath 100m, curving S and over A281 at finger post. Continuing S between the houses and then R (W) before turning downhill (S) and onto A2037 Barrow Hill. Footpath followed to and onto Broadmere Common (SW), turning W at the end / Dagbrook Ln. Next footpath R (N) taken through shiggy all the way to King James's Ln, onto S View Terrace, N at the end following footpath bending W to Windmill Ln and N once more over Mill End and on to Broomfield Rd. The first public footpath taken R (E) on to The Hooks, crossing straight over and to Cagefoot Ln, then turning immediately N passing by Corpus Christi Catholic Church, on to Church Ln and then into and around St Peter's Church in a clockwise fashion, exiting via the NE entrance and on to Sip Stop at Casa de Crashpian. Nasty Nips called circle at the Sip Stop once walkers had arrived, starting with the random fact of the day - January 22nd marks (US) National Polka Dot Day. It was noted that no-one had arrived in polka dots and instead seemed to be wearing tartan, although several hashers were heard to state they had polka dot underwear on (no proof of this was offered though). And then, some Burns Night facts - January 25th marked Burns' birth (in 1759), and the tradition of Burns' Night started when 9 of his close friends gathered (in 1801) to commemorate the death of their friend in 1795. And then the toast 'Slainte Mhath' - pronounced 'Slan-cha va' and meaning "Good Health" was held (with NN apologising in advance for any potential mispronunciation). DDs were then held with hares Prince Crashpian & Slash Gordon called up first and DD to "Here's to the Hares". Next up Bouncer, Bathe It Daily, Angel and Ride It Baby for their stellar outfits, with DD to I know a Lassie with a wee hairy assie. Then another group of hashers were called up for their 'stupid' antics - Gomi for clear and obvious SCBing, On On Don (gone, so given to Wildbush) for completely not reading the map provided, Gromit (for his bicycle accident, which saw him in sling but otherwise relatively unharmed) and Rebel WHK for horn trouble - DDs to "You're Stupid". Then finally, with One Erection noting the hats in the circle (noted as a veritable sea of tartan), Bouncer was called to take one for the hash and DD to "10,9,8". Circle closed for a very short On Inn to pub E along Church St, and onto the evening's entertainment. Opening the evening Slash Gordon held the "Toast To Haggis", the haggis (and chef) steered to the front of the assembled mass. SG, reciting, called upon Bouncer as the 'Old head of the table, most like to burst', Shirker as the 'Poor Devil', and Knightrider as the 'Rustic, Haggis-fed', each bringing out a laugh or cheer from the crowd. And then, glasses were raised to the haggis (and the chef). Following on from the meal (where, it was noted, Shirker Ninezing and Tripsy Daisy has opted for, instead of Haggis (or Vegi Haggis)... Ham, egg and chips... at Burns Night!) OOD's Just Pat read out the poem "To A Mouse" by Burns, followed by Scud reading the poem "Tae a Fert", the true author unknown but definitely a take on "To A Mouse" and then regaled all with his harmonica skills. Fetherlite then stood, injecting humour with a Burns (Ward) joke and Bathe It Daily followed suit with another joke but proceeding to fluff up the punchline! And finally, SG called upon those seated to join in for the song "Wild Mountain Thyme", with the hash all joining in using the word sheets provided earlier. Nasty Nips



again!

IN THE NEWS

Never ask a woman her age. Never ask a man his salary. Never ask the British Museum where they got all the stuff.







And never, ever, ever ask Boeing about their quality control and safety checks!





MATT



Luke Littler fever hits the nation, even as questions are asked about his real age:

offering Luke Littler inspired

pizzas

ASDA stores in Warrington are Luke Littlers dad (38) has just announced how proud he is of his son

his 20th consecutive world title. He is just 36 years old.

The year is 2043 and Luke Littler has just won 4-2 up in the final and lost 7-4. It all makes

* Tottenham Hotspur @ @SpursOfficial - 3d







I've taken three kids to football and rugby in the tipping rain, sat through swimming lessons, cheerleading rainbows and scouts!! Luke Littlers Dad took him to the pub. Let that sink in folks!



'Thank you for using a Fujitsu computer. Will you take a moment to rate





Postmasters will eventually be offered £75,000 - or a book of first class stamps, whichever is worth more'



RIP David Soul

TV programme on the post office scandal finally prompts Government action! onononononononononononon

REHASHING the longest month...



2346 Cricketers, Southwick - Bouncer called the hash circle to order, explaining that tonight's hash would feature a number of 'Culture Stops' (generally silence punctuated with a few 'what?' comments from the crowd), a 'Sip Stop' (that, of course, got a cheer), possible trespass (!) and reintroducing the hash symbol - On Back - which was indicated by a horizontal line with an arrow pointing backwards, and which Bouncer drew on the floor. For newer hashers who may not have seen this before, the 'on back' operates similar to a fishhook, but instead of everyone running to the on back symbol, the FRBs would inform subsequent hashers as they passed them and the pack would peel back with the FRBs (RA rehash comment: in other words, only those right at the front would actually encounter this mythical symbol). Sounds simple...;) And so, with some still confused, the hash headed S out of pub on The Grn, turning into and through Green Court complex and out onto Watling Rd. W to Grange Rd then S to Albion St and into Shoreham Port. South following the Monarch's Way (see symbol left used to mark the whole route from the battle tree in Worcester, but criminally the end is not marked in any way, sense or fashion! Imagine walking 625 miles without having a proper conclusion. Ed.) over the Southwick Ship Canal / River Adur locks, onto Basin Rd S and S again to Southwick Beach and all the

way to the end of the promenade where Bouncer's 'On Back' mark was found by FRBs Mudlark and Nasty Nips - of course it was to be here, because proceeding any further would find the hash in the deep-channel / ship-traversable section of the River Adur. ML and NN turned back along the promenade, calling hashers back as they passed them, the gathered group proceeding to the westerly of the two wind turbines and Culture Stop #1. Here Bouncer explained that the turbines were called 'Gusty' and 'Spinny', the names chosen by local school children (RA rehash comment: I checked this. It is true) and that the path we had followed earlier

was the Monarch's Way, a 625-mile long distance trail from Worcester to Southwick and approximates the route taken by King Charles II after his defeat at the Battle of Worcester. Hash then continued E along the promenade, dropping down onto the beach onto shingle and then (unbelievably) sand. Here was to be Bouncer's downfall. Literally. Having hit the narrow stretch of sand the hare had not realised that some of the stretch had deeper water-filled sections, proceeding to take a dramatic tumble and ending up soaked in the process. As if this wasn't enough, Bouncer proceeded to stand, start off again and immediately fall into another 'runnel' (RA rehash comment: I just had to look up the term for this - how ironic that it has 'run' in it when it stopped Bouncer doing exactly that!). Vertical once more, Bouncer then led everyone back up onto the promenade path, with the hash continuing E off trail to the end of Carats car park where marks were again found turning back W* and the reverse of the route in until crossing the locks where the trail now turned E into



Shoreham Port, onto Shoreham Prt Rd / Riverside, and continued E alongside the waterfront following the footpath until up the grass bank, N onto Gardner Rd, NW onto Eastbrook Way, over the railway line and turning back to W. Following the footpath towards Southwick Rec Skatepark and on to Culture Stop #2, an information board detailing the 1956 Valiant Crash site (having damaged houses in Croft Ave and killing three of the four crew, with only the co-pilot managing to eject). Trail then carried out around the W edge of Southwick Rec Ground, N around Southwick Bowling Club and over the green at Glebe Cl following the road out of the NW corner, crossing Southwick St and onto the possible trespass on Southwick Wy. On W at Roman Cres, over the green to Oldfield Cres (noting that the trail followed the long route around the 'roundabout') and on to fishhook - of those assembled, almost all were noted to SCB and not take the marked trail. S on to Church Ln, into and through the church grounds and stopping at Culture Stop #3 - the 'Tapsel Gate', with Knightrider noting it was made by his Uncle Arthur (RA rehash comment: for those reading this afterward, NOT a true fact!); the Tapsel Gate is unique to Sussex and it is believed that only 6 now survive (Bouncer noted to NN that he was also going to note that it was designed to allow for the efficient passage of coffins, but thought Uncle Arthur was better!) (RA rehash comment: The coffin thing is also a true fact). Hash then proceeded W out of the church and onto Church Ln and straight on to Culture Stop #4 - Max Miller's House complete with blue plaque (the only blue plaque in Southwick perhaps?) but sadly now fenced-off. Trail continued S on Kingston Ln, W on A259 and onto the Sip Stop at the car park by Shoreham Lighthouse, on paper Culture Stop #5 but hare had no time to investigate further! After a nice sip of Come Agains home pimped hooch, olives and random nibbles, On Inn was back E along A259, N at Victoria Rd and then over the green straight

ging you the Network

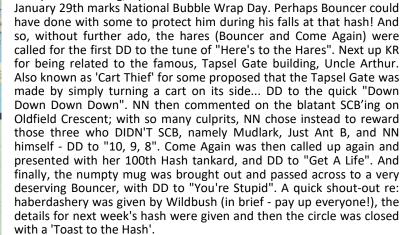
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King Charles II

After his defeat at the Battle of Worcester on September 3rd 1651, Charles II was a wanted man with a price on his head. With the help of loyal Catholic Royalists he fled from Worcester, and via a circuitous route, made his way to Shoreham where he escaped to France.



into pub. NN RAing, opened with another useless and random fact -

* this was a bit of an SCB as trail should have arrived at the footpath from the beach where a check marked the location of surfing spot - the hot pipes.

bit more from the news...

Japanese monkey, Honshu, takes short vacation from the Highland Wildlife Park in the Cairngorms:

Fantastic shot of the escaped Japanese macaque in Scotland.







One man announces that his work here is done, while another is only just getting started, and strikes continue to frustrate:



Klopp's replacement has been announced. It's his brother,





Enough Of That Now

Well they should stop reading to the bloody bear and get the trains moving instead!

📴 BBC News (UK) 🧼 @BBCNews · 19h Reading to Paddington rail disruption continues bbc.in/3SaVO1V

10:51 · 08/01/2024 from Earth · 930K Views



Tm doing No Patients January. I sleep better, I have more energy and my mood has improved'

Before the flooding even starts to subside, along comes the snow:

Me checking to see if my lawn needs cutting.





Tll try to repair it in time for you to get stuck in the snow'



'The draught in the hall is so bad that the Met Office is planning to give it a name'



The sun has got his hat on his wellies and his mac. He's buggered off to Tenerife 'cos the British Weather's crap!

Still at least dry January is over, as we look forward to Valentines Day:

January the 107th and everyone is wondering how long they can make £3.61 last.







If I make you breakfast in bed, all I need is a simple 'thank you'! Not all this "How did you get into my house?" business!! Marriage Counsellor: "Your wife says you never buy her flowers." Is that true?" Me: "To be honest, I never knew she sold flowers." Does anybody know what sort of tea they drink in Greece and Turkey? Every time I offer to make my wife a coffee she says she'd rather have Aegean Tea.

Big mistake. I accidentally got my Viagra confused with my sleeping pills. So it wasn't 40 winks I ended up having.....

Nick the Dragon Slayer was an official in King Arthur's court. He had a long-standing obsession to nuzzle the beautiful Queen's voluptuous breasts, but he knew the penalty for this would be death. One day he revealed his secret desire to his colleague, Horatio the Physician, who was the King's chief doctor. Horatio the Physician exclaimed that he could arrange for Nick the Dragon Slayer to satisfy his desire, but it would cost him 1,000 gold coins to arrange it. Without pause, Nick the Dragon Slayer readily agreed to the scheme.

The next day, Horatio the Physician made a batch of itching powder and poured a little bit into the Queen's brassiere while she bathed. Soon after she dressed, the itching commenced and grew intense. Upon being summoned to the Royal Chambers to address this incident, Horatio the Physician informed the King and Queen that only a special saliva, if applied for four hours, would cure this type of itch, and that tests had shown that only the saliva of Nick the Dragon Slayer would work as the antidote to cure the itch. The King quickly summoned Nick the Dragon Slayer. Horatio the Physician then slipped Nick the Dragon Slayer the antidote for the itching powder, which he quickly put it into his mouth, and for the next four hours, Nick worked passionately on the Queen's voluptuous and magnificent breasts. The Queen's itching was eventually relieved, and Nick the Dragon Slayer left satisfied and touted as a hero.

Upon returning to his chamber, Nick the Dragon Slayer found Horatio the Physician demanding his payment of 1,000 gold coins. With his obsession now satisfied, Nick the Dragon Slayer could not have cared less, and knowing that Horatio the Physician could never report this matter to the King shooed him away with no payment made.

The next day, Horatio the Physician slipped a massive dose of the same itching powder into the King's loincloth. The King quickly summoned Nick the Dragon Slayer...

MORAL OF THE STORY......

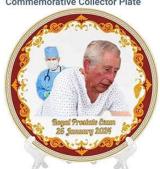








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PAY YOUR BILLS!

In recognition of Burns night - An Ode tae Piles Author: The Scribbler

While sittin oan the lavvy, contemplatin life, Ah tried gettin tae the bottom ae mah latest source ae strife. Ah've been itchin tae resolve it fur many a long week, Squirmin in mah armchair as Ah shift fae cheek tae cheek.

Somethin's no quite right wi the part Ah sit upon. The very cause is varicose like a newly peeled prawn. The inner tube is peekin oot like a puncture oan a bike, It's a throbbin wee reminder ae the cauld stane dyke.

It goat sae bad the wife went oot an ordered me a taxi. "Git yer coat oan, comb yer hair, an see aboot yer jacksie!" She's no a wummin tae mess wi, her words are sharp an terse, So Ah went an saw the doacter, an presented mah bare erse.

"Hell-fire, that looks angry!", the doacter said tae me, "Jist as well ye cannae see the sight that Ah can see. Wi mah troosers roond mah ankles, an mah knees pulled up high, Ah'd huv gied him a look sae fearsome, if we were only eye tae eye.

"Preparation H will take yer clusters aff the boil, It's been used by kings an lords an contains shark liver oil. It shrinks human tissue withoot leavin any traces, That's why wrinkly auld dears like tae pit it oan their faces."

Turns oot he wis right, an mah piles are fadin fast. Mah new lease ae life hus goat the family aghast. Ah've started playin fitba, swervin doon the pitch. Ah can run aboot fur ages, withoot the slightest itch.

In the annals ae history piles huv played their part. They ended the empire ae Napoleon Bonaparte. At Waterloo he hesitated fae launchin an attack, In his tent upon the battlefield he wis liein oan his back.

His moans ae pain were interspersed wi cries ae deep remorse, The emperor's throbbin derriere wisnae fit tae ride a horse. Nixt day the Duke ae Wellington wis oan the winnin side, Aw because Napoleon hud a helluva sair backside.

So mah advice tae young an auld is simple and clear cut; As they say in the guid auld USA, don't be let down by your butt. Ye might be predisposed tae this, as determined by yer genes. So dinnae wear yer jeans too tight, an eat plenty raw green beans.