



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

Trash #345 January 2025

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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
6th January 2025	2395	Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath	RH16 4DZ	Keeps It Up, WB & Psychlepath
Directions: 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. Est. 25 mins				
13th January 2025	2396	Refreshment Rooms, High Salvington BN13 3BE	BN13 3BE	Bouncer & Angel
Directions: Follow A27 west through Lancing and past Lyons Farm. Continue on A27 at next two roundabouts, then after 1/2 mile turn right on Salvington Hill. Pub is on left before the bend 1/2 mile up. Street parking. Est 25 mins.				
20th January 2025	2397	Jack & Jill, Clayton	BN6 9PD	Private Dancer & Oral Hooker
Directions: North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. Est. 5 mins.				
27th January 2025	2398	Stanley Arms, Portslade	BN41 1SS	Ride-It, Baby & Tripsy Daisy
Directions: A27 west to 2nd exit, Hangleton link. At traffic lights turn right on Old Shoreham Road. Through next traffic lights then left just before Texaco garage into Wolseley Road. Pub on right but parking can be tricky. Est. 10 mins.				
3rd February 2025	2399	Farmers, Scaynes Hill	RH17 7NE	OOD, Pompette & Beat the Barman
Directions: A23 north to A272 turn. Head through Haywards Heath. Pub is on right. Est. 25 mins.				

Receding Hareline:

10/02/25 Old Boot Inn, Seaford – Not So Fast & Mudlark

17/02/25 Cleveland Inn, Brighton – Nasty Nips & Little Swinger

24/02/25 Horse Inn, Hurstpierpoint – Beat the Barman, Psychlepath & On On Don

03/03/25 George Payne, Hove - KnuSSSKnacker

Hashing around Sussex:

EGH3: 01/01/25 11.00am Tartan Hash

Traditional dress (tartan) is encouraged –
Gunpit Road car park, Gunpit Lane, Lingfield
RH7 6EP. Opposite the village pond
TQ385435 On Inn Greyhound pub.
Hares: Big Yin & Neil

CRAP UK H3: Sunday 05/01/25 11am

No hash – joining OCH3 The Plough, Church Road, Leigh RH2 8NJ Hare: 'Legolas'.

Hastings H3: Sunday 10.66am (11.06am)

Harrier Lane, Battle (park on LHD side near Marley Lane). Founders Run.

Hares: Jobsworth & Kingfisher

W&NK H3: Sunday 11am

No hash this month

Thought for the day: Apparently it's difficult to eat 4 crackers in under a minute. As I'm always up for a challenge I thought I'd give it a go. I managed 3 before I choked on a plastic moustache...



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

<p>DIARY DATES – see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:</p> <p>05-09/02/2025 NZ Nash Hash – YMCA Camp Adair Hunua, near Auckland. https://nashhash.akcity.nz/</p>	<p>Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:</p> <p>GM Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood</p>
<p>28-30/03/2025 Aussie Nash Hash (Freo) – Fremantle Prison WA https://www.freonashhash2025.com/registration</p>	<p>On-Sec Don 'On-Don' Elwick</p>
<p>22-26/08/2026 UK Nash Hash – Twickenham, London https://www.uknashhash.run/registration</p>	<p>Webfart Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle</p>
<p>08-10/05/2026 Interhash Yogyakarta, Central Java, Indonesia https://interhash2026.com/</p>	<p>Hare Raiser Nigel 'Mudlark' Wilce</p>
<p>This month in the On On Hash History magazine:</p>	<p>Beer Monster Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson</p>
<p>BEST QUOTE ON HASHING - "I think this could be the biggest threat to croquet in a long time" Mike Lambert</p>	<p>RA's Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle</p>
<p>Why do we cry On On and not Tally-Ho? It was in 69 when navigating a herd of cows at La Somme in France, the cry of Tally Ho Forward" was replied with "O Non" as French Hash legend, She Hon She Hon She Hon, landed in another cow pat. "O Non, O Non, O Non" repeated at regular intervals by She Hon She Hon She Hon, evo-gagged into On On! Tib's Kin Port Vila H3</p>	<p>Hash Cash Abs 'Bonking Queen'</p>
<p>This is a true account. Honest. I mean, would we lie to you? Thanks and On On Tib's Kin!</p>	<p>John 'Bouncer' Biggins</p>
<p><i>Back issues can be found here:</i> https://gotothehash.net/history/shakes.html</p>	<p>Haberhash Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland</p>
	<p>Hash Horn Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer</p>
	<p>SDW relay Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones</p>
	<p>Hashtorian David 'Spreadsheet' Evans</p>
	<p>Christmas Hash Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt</p>
	<p>Hash awards Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle</p>
	<p>Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones</p>
	<p>Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons</p>
	<p><i>If you are able to step up to help us with any of these roles, please chat with anyone above for a brief outline of what's involved – always appreciated!</i></p>

HHHi Local Knowledge,
As discussed at the hash tonight, Hazukashii, cc'd is looking for some information which outlines the history of Brighton H7. Bouncer has provided a bit of info but as one of the original 6 hopefully you can add further details. We know Rob Salter started the hash on the 5th of June 1978 and it was originally called the Vale of Sussex H3. For example, where did Rob originally hash?; who were the original 6?; what was the format of the first hash?; when did the hash get renamed to Brighton H7; and anything else you can think of and I'm sure Haz will have a few questions too. Cheers and on on. **KIU**

Rob originally hashed in Islamabad and in Kyber Pass. The original six were Myself; Phil Mutton (Chopper); Peter Price; Rob Salton; And two other IOs [Immigration Officers. Ed.]. I will look at some old photos and try to remember. I think Rodger Goodall who lived next to the India Garden in Burgess Hill and moved to Friar Road in Brighton. I think also a Chief IO from Hayward Heath who had two daughters with ginger curly hair.

Some of the most memorable early hashes were a trip to the departure lounge at Gatwick! We got in via the Immigration offices but left via the departures against the flow. One of the IOs flashed a pass and said "these gentleman are with me" to the policeman on the gate. The policeman took one look at a dozen drunken hashes and said "very well sir"!

On another occasion we had a trip to North West Scotland for the October half term using Persil Tickets, and took over a Youth Hostel at Achmelvick, near Innerwick. The nearest pub was two miles away across the sand dunes. After we got back from the pub one night someone suggested we played charades which became a bit noisy! The warden came downstairs and asked what was going on. He took one look and said Ok and went off back to bed.

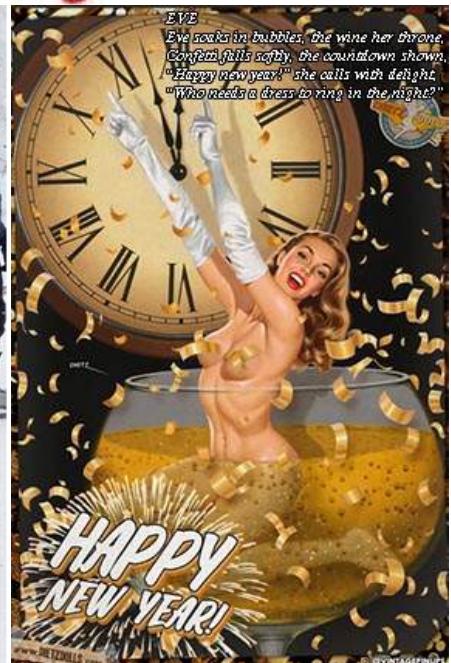
Another time we had a reporter from the Evening Argus joined us on a run from the Devil's Dyke and she reported that we "ran round the countryside shouting Away-Away."

We have had a couple of "one way hashes. Simon Brown (Beat the Barman) was an Airport Bus Driver at Gatwick. He laid Hash which went about half way round the airport, some three plus miles and then organised an airport bus to take us back to the start.

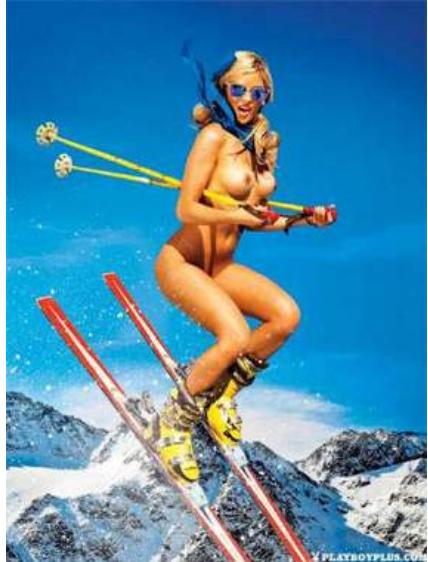
On another occasion we had a run from my house at Ditchling to the Winning Post in Plumpton where we were met by Wives and Friends who had driven there and bought us drinks before giving us a ride back here. Unfortunately by the time we got to Plumpton Railway Station some people got fed up and turned around and made their own way back. Nick Cheyney wasn't very amused!

On On, Local Knowledge

Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today



Don't forget as winter is upon us our native birds are finding food scarce, please go to the pet shop and buy a bag of nuts for our feathered friends. There is no finer sight on a winter's morning than a pair of tits around your nutbag. Just remember however, it's a bit too late in the year to expect a swallow. **Now here's a few more winter birds for you to enjoy:**



REHASHING



2390 John Harvey Tavern, Lewes – It never bodes well when the hare starts tapping people up to assist at the 11th hour, but original co-hare Spreadsheet had to opt out due to Significant Other having an op, so JAWS had agreed to stand-in. He then contracted a particularly enthusiastic bout of COVID and also stood down. So naturally the hare himself dun his ankle and so YT agreed to provide support. Rebel is a worrier though and on the night SS came through and RWHK's ankle settled enough to set trail with Jenny Greenteeth, although her comment on the enthusiastic greeting of news of a sip, "If I haven't drunk it all before you get there..." was a red rag to a bull meaning the hash set off at pace. Trail was through the twitten and along the river up past Tesco, cutting through the first check like a hot knife through butter, over the bridge and continuing along the river northwards. Recalling my first BH7 hash in 92 when we were knee deep in shuggy at the same point I was struck by how good the surface was, and thought hashers these days don't know their born! I'm not a fan of fishhooks too close to the check as it means the FRB's get out of the dirty work but with a well stretched pack it was overdue. The brief glimpse I'd had of the map before being

relieved of back hare duties had imparted the certain knowledge that trail was further along the river bank, however, the brain fade of age meant that I'd confused the Chalk Pit Inn with the Blacksmiths Arms so found myself astern and playing catch up on the unforgivingly steep Landport hill. A regroup at the Offham Road brought us back in touch but there were definitely a few missing, leading to the obvious conclusion that the front end had ignored the RG, so hare called it on down the road, then up the steps and on to another check where, to my surprise, a few of the missing front end appeared from behind complaining about being abandoned! Angel was particularly aggrieved having been caught up in the enthusiasm at a check that had already been marked on before I got there, and had taken a nasty fall warranting TLC, and new blood free Tikiboo on her Xmas list. With what hare would describe as a 'silly' section we were amongst the houses for a while along Gundreda, Ferrers, Leicester and Western Roads before slipping across to cut through the council car park. A discrete diversion to utilise the facilities in the Black Horse, where I was oddly greeted as an old friend getting a handshake from the entire Toad-in-the-Hole team, meant I was once again playing catch up, but quite excellent marking and a chance encounter with Keeps It Up made light work of that and we soon found both hares on Cockshut Road, Spreadsheet confessing to having lost the pack! And so we were but a handful as we tore past the Priory, cutting through to cross the railway and through the Railway Land where, oh joy, we found pack mooching at the sip. JG had been limited by what she could carry, but even though signed up numbers had doubled during the course of the day, there was plenty of Old Speckled Hen, crisps and shorties to go round, before the on inn over Cliffe bridge.



Disappointingly, given that the pub was carrying the full Harveys range as their brewery tap, Angels injury meant I would have to drive, but Anton came through with the down down beers so RWHK and JG could neck to 20 toes. Spreadsheet had already returned to his carer duties, although it had to be mentioned that he'd actually gone to the wrong pub initially! Peter Pansy always gets a downer but was certain he'd behaved tonight. I'd missed him at the RG so, given that all the rest were ultimately accounted for, decided to blame him for the regroup breach only to be corrected, so decided he could hand the beer on to Angel who was roundly blaming Dyke Diver for her fall. Other lost souls joining her were Half Moon and Nasty Nips, the victims being decided by the absence of Private Dancer and DD, with all downing to the tune of Last Christmas, and the words, given JJ's presence this evening, "Last decade Prof gave you a pint, you opened the door and threw it away, this year to save wasting beer we'll give it to someone better." *[For those unfamiliar with the story see trash #341 page 6!]* A first for the UK occurred on Saturday with the always unconventional Sussex Trail Events Underground marathon in D-Day tunnels near Portsmouth. We had two representatives



for the 91 lap race which meant that Fukarwe didn't have to shout wheredafukarwe for long as even he could recognise the route after the first couple of laps, even though it had 22 turns per lap, and of course, as my financial advisor, it was a given that I showed surprise at his ability to count! My ability to count was also called into question here as I had to donate from my own pint, however, it turned out that PP had decided to down after all leaving me a beer short! After having to quell the crowd, the reason KIU hadn't immediately been called up became clear as Nasty Nips stepped up to award him the Numpty mug for double booking with the Barnes hash weekend, so he'd driven to Weymouth Friday, back to Portsmouth Saturday morning, and back to Weymouth again Saturday afternoon! He didn't even avoid the rain we had on the Barnes Hash as it was quite wet in the tunnels, and the low ceiling necessitated cycle helmets. And so the planned Get A Life turned into What A Wank to the same tune!

Announcements included the CRAFT Hash at 6pm on Friday 6th from the Evening Star (but KIU wouldn't be there as he'd double booked); Hastings Xmas hash from Herstmonceux at 1066 on Sunday; KIU's own hash next week from the Green Man, Horsted Keynes; and finally the Christmas hash on 23rd from the Ladies Mile. Sign up now for another great hash!

onononononononononononononon

- *£7.50 to see Father Christmas! Waited in the queue for ages for a ONE minute meeting and a proper rubbish toy, what a rip-off, FUMING!! So glad I never took the kids.*
- *Does anybody else feel the need to clean the house from top to bottom before the big day? As if Santa is actually coming for a home inspection?*

REHASHING (includes a carol service)



2391 The Green Man, Horsted Keynes – This hash was brought to you by Keeps It Up, Wildbush, and (Storm) Darragh - what had originally been a 5 mile hash would be closer to 4 due to several trees down on trail. And given the mud plastered up KIU's legs it was certainly going to be a muddy one. So, with a brief chalk talk given, the hash set of W along Station Rd before turning N onto Church Ln and then back W/NE into the fields and onto check. A long stint checking SW along the trail would find me coming across marks back in, so evidently on the wrong trail - true trail had continued NW. Hanging around towards the back of the pack with few passing places available, I was witness to Ride It Baby stumbling on the few rocks that lay buried in the mud - of all the soft landings that could be afforded her, RIB instead planted herself firmly onto said rocks. In her own words "she went down on both knees"! With hare and myself checking on her, RIB continued on before head torches could be seen coming back - FH#1 had been encountered by the FRBs. And so trail moved on through the industrial park at Cinder Hill Ln, turning S along the road before turning back W/NW onto woods once more and FH#2 - a little confusion here as (now back with FRBs) Little Swinger,

Mudlark and myself found ourselves deciding true trail should have been the other side of the fence and so returned askew of the pack. And with a little uncertainty over numbers LS and I repeated FH again (all 5 metres of it!). A check here would find LS and myself relying on her knowledge of the area and deciding to head down to the station where we were greeted with sights and sounds of Christmas and carolling. Following Station Approach SW and turning into the field SW just before the bridge, a sizeable gap formed after trail was lost with only one (very faint) mark at the top of the hill and none evident through the farm; fearing this was one of the changed parts, LS and I turned around - lights were coming this way and hare informed we were correct, he had just marked the check on the back of the post. We were also informed that (back at the station) Gomi had taken the opportunity to commit a little B&E and entered the station via the side gate, encouraging others to do the same - LS and I had already continued on trail but apparently there was carolling and mulled wine and mince pies could have been had! Oh well, the pub wasn't too far away now anyway. Trail continued up to check at junction of Cinder Hill Ln and Waterbury Hill where (on wrong check) the walkers would be encountered also coming back from the station; true trail lay SE on Waterbury Hill, turning (at a check) NE onto trail just after the woods. Ah, here were the marks I had come across earlier - a quick run back now. But wait, the hare had been hanging around after my earlier check and had added FH#3. Retracing earlier steps, hash would continue back E to Church Ln, then S and On Inn.

Back at the pub, with log fire roaring, and with hash hush called, Bouncer commented how he had worn the wrong shoes and was expecting more roads and roundabouts - spoiling his punchline a bit, I mentioned how he must have confused Milton Keynes (pronounced 'Keens') and Horsted Keynes (pronounced 'Canes', although I used the 'Keens' style and had much of the pub correct me!). So, on to the DDs: called up first would be hares KIU and WB. Thoughts about tonight's hash included the obvious 'wet' and 'muddy' responses; DDs to "Here's to the Hares". Next, RIB (for here stumble and quote of "I went down on both knees" and Tripsy Daisy for falling over on the walkers trail a number of times... no, wait - it WASN'T Tripsy who had stumbled, but rather the hare! And so WB would be called back up again. DDs to "They're alright". And finally, Gomi for effectively going off trail at the station and KIU for missing the sip opportunity; DDs to "The Grand Ol' Duke of York". No numpty mug this week because KIU had forgotten it at home! Hopefully we see it again before they travel away over Christmas...The evening closed out with a toast to the hash. NN

nononononononononononononon

Andrew Ridgeley from Wham! cites Harvey's beer as "love of my life"

22nd December 2024 By Annabel Stock

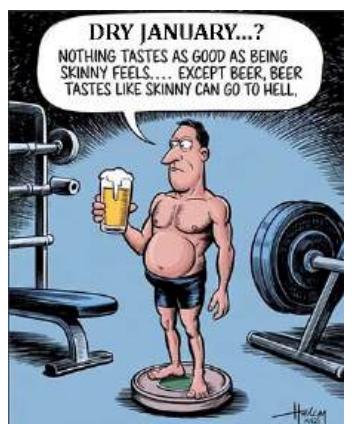
A musician has cited a Sussex beer as the "greatest love" of his life. Andrew Ridgeley, who was one half of Wham!, recently named Harvey's Sussex Best Bitter when asked "What or who is the greatest love of your life?" by The Guardian. The answer came as part of the national newspaper's The Q&A series in which stars are asked a succession of quick-fire questions ranging from "Who would play you in the film of your life?" to "When did you last cry, and why?"

you in the film or your life? to whom did you last cry, and why?
Harvey's Brewery, in Lewes, is the oldest independent brewery in Sussex. It is a family business, having been in the custodianship of John Harvey's descendants since 1790, with five family members from the seventh and eighth generations working at the brewery today. A spokesman for Harvey's said: "We were flattered to read that Andrew Ridgeley of Wham! revealed in a weekend interview in the Guardian that our Sussex Best Bitter is the love of his life! "It's great to know we have our very own hit that's Top of the Hops!"

The BBC has produced a new programme called *Wham! Last Christmas Unwrapped* to celebrate the "special" song's 40th anniversary. The hour-long film brings together artists, producers and music experts to give the story of *Last Christmas*'s creation and its enduring appeal. Ridgeley returns to Saas-Fee in Switzerland, where the song's video was shot, visiting the ski lift and alpine chalet which feature in it. The mayor of Saas-Fee, who was the band's driver during the shoot, was interviewed and fans discover what happened to the diamante brooch which featured in the video.

Ridgeley, 61, reflected on the ongoing appeal of the hit while speaking to Vernon Kay on BBC Radio 2 show *Tracks Of My Years*. After Kay said the song "typifies everything" he wants Christmas to be, Ridgeley said: "And I'm pretty sure George would be thrilled to pieces to hear you say that because that was his intention when he wrote it, to define Christmas in some way for people and it has come to do that. "It is so evocative of an idea of Christmas. The keyboard part is reminiscent of sleigh bells, of course there are sleigh bells in it. Allied to the video which as you said represents an ideal Christmas, it has all the elements of cheer and so it has established itself as part of the fabric of Christmas." George Michael died on Christmas Day in 2016 at the age of 53.

Speaking about whether he listens to the song with a smile, Ridgeley said: "I do, I didn't for a year or two post his death, it was difficult listening to it." He added: "But now it represents a joyful time, it's Christmas and also, in regard to our career together as Wham!, it represents really good times."



REHASHING a hash engagement...

Hi Folks, hope you are all well and managing to get out a bit. Got some news, Jayne and I got engaged last week, it seemed high time to make the commitment clearer, after a very enjoyable 21 months together. No further immediate plans at present. I am hoping Jayne will be around to help with my run on Monday. (It's) been recce'd twice so far, but will need another one shortly before, so I can work out how many paths are still under three feet of water (not kidding, actually, the floodplain of the River Adur does what it says on the tin). All the best and On On, Pete Gromit



#2392 Old Railway, Henfield – Although primarily an East Grinstead hasher, it feels like Gromit has been part of the furniture at Brighton hash for quite some time, despite only really running with us during the winter months when EGH3 go to Sunday's, so it was no real surprise that he has actually clocked up 100 runs with us. More on that later, but being a detail person he deliberately avoided BH7 until he could actually hare, and so we found ourselves at the Old Railway where it was good to see veteran hasher Elaine 'Trikerider' Scott (who used to call the pub her local) putting in an appearance. Gromit always makes a great effort for a sip (albeit many will recall the occasion when the pikeys nicked it), and that is mostly what folk took away from the drawn-out words of wisdom allegedly read from a script, before we set off norf on the Downs Link. With 3 possible deviations left, the shortest walkers route went first, followed by myself and Elaine as Anybody was dragged back to the pub by Local Knowledge because

of the early mud, so it can't have been much of a surprise to the main pack when the check further on also chose that direction. The next check took the pack south again where we briefly crossed paths as hare tipped us the nod to continue to the corner and turn right on Stonewall Lane. A cunning Rocks On falsie had us catching up again and a little SCB meant we were still with the pack at the bridge for Bathe-It, Daily's photo opp. From here the main pack crossed to continue south on the west bank while we reunited with the SCB walkers thanks to a plodding gully avoiding manoeuvre by Wiggy. On On Don was surprisingly on it guiding us through to West End Lane where we again met pack, this time as they went the opposite direction, and we continued through to Hollands Lane and the barn sip of EGH3 Xmas leftover ale from Sunday and canned OSH, plus crisps, biscuits and lush homemade flapjack, inevitably being joined quickly by the main pack. Continuing on Hollands Lane pack were (mostly) thwarted by an angry man who objected to the hash using the public footpath as he'd put a horse on it. His aggressive manner cut no dice with our resident countryman St. Bernard who stayed on trail with Nobbychick and a couple of others while Blue Bell End picked up the lollipop to encourage the balance to take the next right and wriggle through to the southern end of the Downs Link for the on inn.

New boots Greg and Laura had made the trip up from Bognor at Rocks On's suggestion but had an early start so faced pre-circle downers and questions. The basket meals found favour with many which could explain the surplus chips being offered around, and soon we got to the circle proper, with Gromit & RO downing to the hares song. Returnee visitor Serbian Bomber of Hong Kong H3 was next but added we are likely to see more of him as he now lives in the area, then Peter Pansy's daughters gran Trikerider took an H₂O along with RO, this time as she was presented with her first Granddaughter this week, to 'they're alright'. And so we came to the main event, the awarding of the tankard, which for once did not feature a full pint as Gromit by his own admission is notoriously slow! So slow in fact, that he missed his own 100th, as OOD got it engraved with 2nd December on it, intending actual date rather than presentation date (see note above and Get A Life!). There is a certain satisfaction in giving RA's

a DD, witness the frequent calling of each other to the circle by myself and Nips, and RO did her time in Cambodia as RA, so it was with some relish that I invited the hares back into the circle to celebrate the announcement of their engagement. As we sang, the caveat from Hash Gomi was that they should of course wait until they are married before joining in the game that's played all over town. My warped RA mind thought it would be rather funny to award practically all the beers to the hares, and I confess I forgot to make mention of the fact that this was Nobbychicks last hash for some months as he takes up a posting to Cyprus, leaving Half Moon in our charge. But then the hares did rather deserve it, including receiving both nominations for the Numpty mug, brought along by Psychlepath from Keeps It Up. Gromit had gone to great pains to ensure Henfield was aware we would be out r*ning the footpaths tonight, however, was heard to lament the fact that Angry Man clearly wasn't on Facebook. The winning entry though, was decidedly Rocks On, who had thrown her toys out the pram at

everyone for not doing her fishhook, only to discover it was the next stile on and they just hadn't reached it! An RA should know better than to abuse an RA by chucking the dregs over him, and so she found herself also receiving a beer shampoo after the toast, to pretty well conclude another great hash.

Bouncer



*Atop a timber bridge
Across the mighty Adur
There gathered there
One fine winters eve
A motley crew of Hashers.
All crowded close,
And there and then,
And all as one,
They cried
A very, very merry,
And Hashy Christmas to you all*

*...and then the bridge collapsed
Whose Shout*



REHASHING the Christmas hash, party and awards:



on Baransraig Ave. However, the pack missed an X laid out on Braeside and ended up at the next check early; failing to follow S9 (who had called On On) and Bouncer and the hare (who had called On Back), the three set off on true trail hoping they would realise their error; alas reader, they did not and instead found the subsequent marks. Trail would continue E on Braeside Ave to Lomond Ave, down and then up The Deeside - at this point the three (technically FRBs) of NN, Bouncer and S9 encountered everyone running back down Mackie Ave, apparently having not found the marks on The Deeside. Now mostly reassembled, pack continued on The Deeside, up the path to Ladies Mile Rd turning E. Here the last remnants of the pack would be encountered, some having gone through the Nature Reserve (how? why?) and LTP, NSSS and the girls way out in front having got The Deeside check correct. Turning into Windmill View and the footpath to Carden Ave, check here would find hashers in all directions before On called down Carden Ave before turning up the footpath opposite Darcey Dr. A climb up to Denton Dr and Birch Grove Cres would then find anyone wearing a costume rewarded with a slight shortcut (spoiler alert: everyone took the shortcut). Continuing uphill up Warnham Rise, through the footpaths to Carden Hill, trail turned S then onto Woodbourne Ave before turning into Eastfield Cres and finally the sip stop; greeting the hashers would be a selection of mulled wine, bottled ales, mince pies, homemade brownies, a choccies, all served by NNs family.

With sip lasting a little longer than planned, and this author replenishing a little liquid as the suit was hot to run in, On was called downhill (thankfully there's not much uphill from there anyway) down Woodbourne Ave, Beechwood Ave, through footpaths to Mayfield Cres and Church Cl, before turning onto the wa*kers route back to the pub via Warmdene Rd / bottom of Ladies Mile Rd.



Before the awards and dinner would get underway, Bouncer raised a glass to lost hashers, all recognising the sad loss of several popular and prevalent hashers this year.

Moving swiftly on to the Christmas dinner and awards; a number of awards had been spread out and on display this year and, with regular award-winner KIU away in sunny climates, there were a number up for the taking. Topped up with a number of T-shirts of various sizes, prize winners were invited to help themselves to one; noted was the fact that Hash Gomi was already eyeing them up! Stepping up as host first would be Bouncer, presenting the International Hasher of the Year (the ships wheel) to Sex Toy; DD to "Get A Life".

Moving swiftly on, the longest hash (the 'Trail Blazer' footpath award) should have gone to KIU & WB, following that Balinor & Formicator/Dyke Diver, but they weren't there to

collect and so went to Prince Crashpian (for #2361 @ The Friar's Oak, Hassocks and coming in at 11.78km after checks/FHs). Joining PC would be Whose Shout for the Best Sip (Cheeseboard award) - although not technically a sip it was a lovely home BBQ instead; DD for both to "Why Were They Born So Beautiful".

Next up, more data-driven awards, this time for the Shortest Hash (a new 'Any Way' double-headed footpath award) and Hilliest hash (the return of the Straight Arm), awarded to Bouncer (& Bollocks) for hash #2360 (The Star Inn, Steyning) clocking in at a mere 6.07km and Spreadsheet (& Mudlark) for hash #2359 (The Plough & Harrow Litlington) yielding 252.1m cumulative elevation gain; DDs to "The Grand Ol' Duke of York".



Handing back over to Bouncer, the (Laurel and Hardy) Couples Award had been intended for Gromit & Rocks On in light of their recent engagement. However, in their absence, Bouncer decided instead to award to newly-single Chaos (*given that all 3 are more usually associated with EGH3! Ed.*). The (Rubber Duck) Wettest Hash award would go to Come Again under a dubious fact that Bouncer (and by all accounts, ONLY Bouncer) got soaked on that r*n - it was noted that Bathe It Daily's Worthing Pier low tide run was the original contender which saw late arrivals getting just a little wetter than the rest! And rounding off this threesome would be Hash Gomi for the Most Shuggy (Shuggy Jar); DDs for these three to "Oh the Seagulls they Fly High in Brighton Town".

NN back on the reigns next, announcing the Most Broken and Best Hash awards. Most Broken (Exhaust Pipe) was originally intended for Dyke Diver, having had such a spectacular at Devil's Dyke that had earned her new name. However, in her absence, Ride It Baby was called up for having fallen over twice on the last two hashes, both also spectacular in managing first to find the hard path in an entire shuggy-filled footpath and then on the next hash face-planting in the field. Best Hash (almost undeniably) went to Lily the Pink, managing to actually blow the Hash Bugle hash; DDs for both to "10/9/8".

With more of a gap than intended, and several awards still to get through, Private Dancer was then called up for the Lost Award, a newly donated compass with most of the numbers missing. PD had been chosen for leading the FRBs astray on a hash earlier in the year set the day after a steeplechase run through Ditchling - having run in the steeplechase, and with others querying the marks several times, PD still managed to take a number of hashes a good 700m of trail following the wrong marks! DD also to "10/9/8". Next up, PC would award the Christmas Pudding to LTP and family; no DD or song for some reason.



A new Dangleberry memorial item (a double-ended Lightsabre) would be awarded to BQ, who would later show off her impressive dancing and circus skills with it on the dancefloor; DD to "She's alright." Fluffy Pink Slippers would be awarded to returnee Black Stockings and Most Hashes (Male) (one of a pair of golden shoes) would be awarded to NN; DD to "20 Toes". NN would then take the mic back from Bouncer to award the Most Hashes (Female) (another golden shoe), this one going to Pompette; DD to "Get a Life", with Bouncer then extending it to include "Her Left Tit".



Next up, not awards but notable mentions - Tripsy Daisy (for initially suggesting the pub and not falling so much this year, but most of that was because she was in a cast and unable to hash!), Pondweed (for yet another year of an insane amount of marathons run) and On On Don (for helping to organise both this pub and many others); DDs to "Here's to Fellow Hashers". Nearly there! Best Fancy Dress - an award that obviously cannot be assigned before the day - would be awarded to Head Mistress for dressing up as the well-known, Christmas-cnetric character of... She-Ra! :D DD to "This is your Down Down song". And, finally (as is tradition) the Burkha; RIB proceeded to inform everyone gathered how the Burkha has been with Brighton hash for over two decades and would this year be awarded to Half Moon to 'protect her modesty'; DD to "A Spoonful of Harvey's..." before leading us into the dance.



With a change in venue and the more suburban-setting, the night would only proceed on to 11pm, and so Psyklepath hit the decks with a mere 30-minutes of tunes and dancing filling the close of the night.

REHASHING a lighthouse hash...

YEAH WE DO OKAY FROM SELLING BEER
TO THE HASH AT NEW YEARS, BUT THE
REAL MONEY IS IN FROSTED FLAKES.



2394 - **Tiger Inn, East Dean** – Who was haring? Where were we going? What time? Confusion reigned over the hash after Lily the Pink was going to be unable to set and Hash Gomi stepped up but then had to step back down after sustaining a shin injury during football. In the end, a collaborative effort would find Oral Hooker and Private Dancer setting the first 2/3rds of the hash (to the sip) with LTP, NuSSSknacke, Marionette, and Matilda setting the route back to the pub.

And so, setting off at the slightly earlier time of 6pm, a small pack of runners and walkers headed out into the night once more. Up to Upper St and the first check, trail turned left to Lower St / Went Way before turning W up the footpath between The Old Bakehouse and Went House. OS maps and aerial photos show a lovely flat, perhaps well-trodden footpath up to the woods, but instead OH and PD chose to take the hash truly off-track, running along an incline, runners and walkers alike sliding all over the place; OH even commented later about the trail at this point and perhaps

some useful features - maybe a stile would've been a good one to include since everyone ended up clambering over a 4ft wall to get out of the wood! Back into the open, trail continued now in NW direction, turning SW and then (at least according to the flour arrow on the floor) SE. FRBs NN, Little Swinger, Shirker Ninezing and visitor Sixty-Nine Virgins took this route, checking all potential paths all the way to the gates and fence line; true trail was (in a manner unbeknownst to me since I was one of those lost) actually over to Crowlink Lane. (OH did also admit later to being a little turned around when setting the route only a hour beforehand and in the dark). And so onto FH#1 just after the houses on Crowlink Ln, with FH#2 encountered a little further on. Onwards to the SDW and FH#3. Turning left (E) along the SDW and towards Belle Tout lighthouse would find FH#4 at the top of the climb and FH#5 just before the houses on the W edge of Birling Gap. Continuing through Birling Gap the r*nners would encounter the wa*kers just coming off Birling Gap Rd / Beachy Head Rd, with a (fairly) straight line for all to Belle Tout. And so, taking the entry fee of a log apiece up the stairs, the hash made their way up to the top of the lighthouse for sip. With the pub expecting everyone back before 8pm (owing to the kitchen closing), a brief set of DDs were held for the hares - LTP, Gomi, NSSS, OH and PD - with DD to "Here's to the Hares". Now full of homemade Oliebollen (Dutch Doughnuts, courtesy of Gomi/Naomi) and beer (courtesy of LTP), and with the wind picking up, everyone set forth on the trail (now in trademark pink flour / chalk and tissue paper) down to Beachy Head Rd, following it briefly N/W until the trail N all the way back to Gilberts Dr / Lower St on On Inn. With an earlier finish but a longer run (and lovely sip), and no pre-orders (!) the pub was descended upon by hungry and thirsty hashers. No DDs at the pub sadly owing to me having to leave early - a bit remiss as we had a visitor and (unknown to me until I was saying goodbye and Happy New Year to fellow hashers) a hash virgin. But nonetheless another great evening was had by all.

Nasty Nips



At the back-end of November we joined Barnes on their annual Christmas trip. OITE asked me to review the hash, after the usual Friday night pub crawl and us doing the Poundbury parkrun in King Charles III's back yard. Obviously there was also an excellent evening party and hangover hash, all in all a thoroughly enjoyable weekend away. Maybe we could try this for BH7 one day?

Barnes Xmas hash – Cerne Abbas Brewery. Any doubt that P!sscide and T-Bar Twin could organise a P!ss up in a brewery was quickly dispelled as the hordes rolled up to park in the mud and quickly charge their glasses from the array of beer available (well the Blonde at least, but the full range was available later). 1pm arrived and we were implored to leave the glasses and muster for the welcome and chalk talk where we learned that the hares had drafted in assistance from Legolas, Stonker and First Lady, and that it would start pretty muddy! The first check was reached after a thrash up the side of a field and hashers duly dispersed in various directions, but local knowledge from Rosie joining from the Hardy's hash suggested left. That made sense given the volume of mud there which quickly claimed a number of victims including Popeye who lamented that he was stuck. Reaching out a paw to free him I was soon stuck myself but at least I didn't fall like one lady whose name escapes me, but she carried the muddy evidence with her the rest of the hash! Orange sawdust marking trail was eventually found as Rosie moaned about the autumnal colour hiding it in the leaves, and on we charged, some of us taking the Cook's tour to seek trail at the next check, getting that one wrong as well. Amongst the houses for a short while we continued down Back Lane, turning left on the wonderfully named Piddle Lane for another check on Long Street, right leading to the first fishhook before we left the road to start crossing fields. Stonker announced a short-cut ahead but it was straight up rather than the obvious diagonal that would bring us back in touch with the front of the pack, so I found my legs getting cut up in a field of rather harsh foliage as I followed Bananaman off piste. From here a short steep section led to a long narrow slippy path which continued our ascent for a considerable distance, pack being well and truly strung out as Ringpull led the revolt against the second fishhook. Various signs had been teasing us with the Cerne Abbas Giant chalk figure so a left at the next check seemed obvious, but dust led us down the hill to a false trail mark. The rear guard had been directed along the field edge where we encountered a potential Wanksy entry as each of the many fence post sported a flint hat! The check that followed took a bit of finding as marks were off to the left rather than on the obvious footpath, leading to another long, but very pleasant stretch, the (probably usually amazing) views being rather obscured by the muzzle. Reaching a strenuous fence, word came through that this was protection for the Giant, although he appeared to be in possession of a couple of sizable weapons when we looked back after the steep descent. There was a distinct sense of 'sip ahead' as we neared the Kettle Bridge car park, but hares had teased and it was along another narrow muddy path to the viewpoint before we got our beer and snacks supported by any number of spirits, the Schnapps proving highly popular. After a photo opportunity, on inn was back to the bridge and along a pleasant stream leading to Mill Lane in the village, past the New Inn and on home through a couple more tree lined fields to the brewery. **Bouncer**

REHASHING the Christmas Craft with 12 half pints!

CRAFT #136 has been a long time coming! As has the Dangleberry Toad-in-the-Hole hash but even before the date was finalised people were coming through with apologies, so no Testi or KIU due to Xmas parties. No King or Queenfisher, even though they voted for the date, along with Trouble who also no-showed. "Don't worry", said Angel, "We'll have a nice time, even if it's just the two of us." Well who else would you want on a date night than Dipstick with a late crash request, or Tony the Albanian who was texting to ask where everyone was a full 20 minutes before the 6pm meet time at **#1 Evening Star**. And then came the surprises, as Lydia in her pom-pom hat was waiting outside the pub ahead of Kieran; Nasty Nips appeared far earlier than the 7pm he suggested (although given his history with CRAFT I'd not held out much hope!), and Cliffbanger made the epic trip from Bexhill to take us up to a respectable 8 on trail. Not all had taken note of the festive attire notes but a handful of Guinness beer mats and safety pins meant that we were all soon dressed appropriately in Christmas jumpers, of sorts! With 6 pubs my mathematical brain had managed to work out that the two halves system would mean 12 beers of Christmas could replace the 12 pubs of former years with a certain seasonal roundness, but questions were being asked of the start location until the Toad table was located and we were off. TTA demonstrated reasonable adeptness, my own efforts were predominantly non-scoring, but Lydia's 'f*ck it just chuck it' system paid dividends potting a toad immediately! Moving on to **#2 the Foundry Arms** we found the table in use, however, the original suggestion was to visit pubs, not that we played the game, so we relaxed into the usual hash chat as I rummaged in the bag to see that everyone was now also sporting a hat. There was only one beer on cask but Lydia came to the rescue after deciding that her bottled gluten free Wadworth 6X was not to her liking so I could tick 3 & 4 beers. Heading to **#3 Hole in the Wall**, Google suggested the extremely blowy seafront route which NN queried as he thought there must be a cut-through and as a cabbie I should know. Well, a) how would a cabbie know the twittens, and b) Shoreham not Brighton, but we found the pub (a first visit for me, having missed the ale trail visit last year), charged the glasses from the excellent selection on offer and squeezed round the table for another attempt at TitHole, my form being rather better on the proper rounded surface than the previous flat table. Another new pub was **#4 the Rook** in Dean Street, found after a small diversion when YT misread the phone map. Cliffbanger made good his escape here with understandable concerns about trains after things got nasty following the Lord Nelson hash a few weeks back. TTA was rather excited at the ability of the experts playing here as one player potted 3 and left the other flat prompting a regular to say, "he's having an off-day then", which was enough for us to step away and concentrate on the other games as NN introduced the ring toss on a rope thing which defied my understanding. It was here that Kieran started threatening, I mean challenging, us to Connect 4, his terms being that we paid a £2 stake and he bought us a pint if we beat him. Apparently he remained unbeaten for 6 hours in a pub last week, and he remained unbeaten the entire evening here too, on account of no mugs taking him up on it. 'Twas but a short stroll to the **#5 Windmill** where a DJ was spinning the vinyl, not that that stopped a large group of decidedly mixed ability at the table which dominated potential dancing space for TTA who swayed happily regardless. We could do no more than watch and learn! And so to our final establishment, **#6 Caxton Arms**. Once again the table was occupied so no go on the toads, however, there was a good selection of other entertainment to be had including a game called Disturbed Friends which amused and revolted in roughly equal measure with the off the wall questions. And thus endeth another great 12 half's Christmas Craft!



Improvised beer mat jumpers



'f*ck it just chuck it'



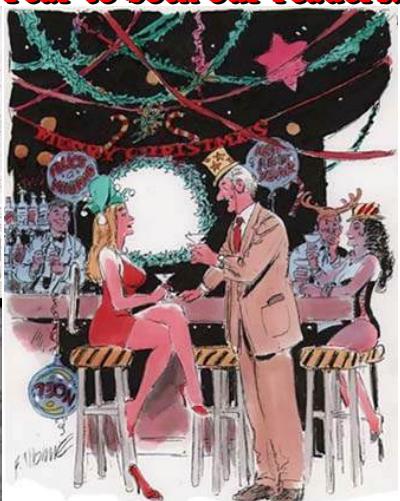
A group of four people, three men and one woman, are standing together outdoors at night. They are all wearing winter clothing, including jackets, pants, and various styles of hats (knit caps and Santa hats). Each person is holding a metal mug, likely containing a hot beverage. They are positioned in front of a building with a blue-framed window and a string of lights above the entrance. The scene is lit by the ambient light from the building and the flash of the camera.

A photograph of a man sitting at a table, wearing a Santa hat and a grey sweater with a cartoon character on it. He is looking towards the camera. To his right, a person wearing a large LEGO head (a Minifigure with a smiling face) is also seated at the table. The table is covered with various items, including a large glass, a mug, and a small red book. In the background, there is a shelf with various items and a poster on the wall. The setting appears to be a casual indoor gathering.

The Monkey Stole My Beer! A man walks into a bar and orders a beer. He takes his first sip and sets it down. While he is looking around the bar, a monkey swings down and steals the pint of beer from him before he is able to stop the monkey. The man asks the barman who owns the monkey. The barman replies the piano player. The man walks over to the piano player and says "Do you know your monkey stole my beer." The pianist replies "No, but if you hum it, I'll play it."

THE END

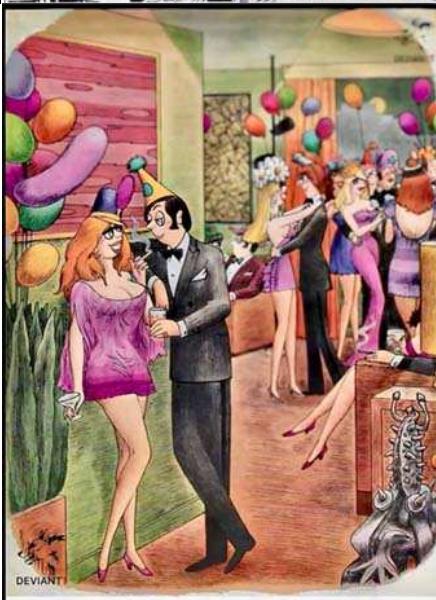
We'd like to take this opportunity to wish a very Happy New Year to both our readers!



"I don't want to have sex with a complete stranger either, so let's spend the next ten minutes getting to know each other."



"Wait a minute! Didn't I break my New's resolutions with you last year?"



"My last two resolutions were to lose my inhibitions and focus on personal development. I'm feeling pretty uninhibited and well developed so I thought maybe this next year I could try to dedicate my life to the service of others. Need any servicing?"

It was only a winters tail...

