

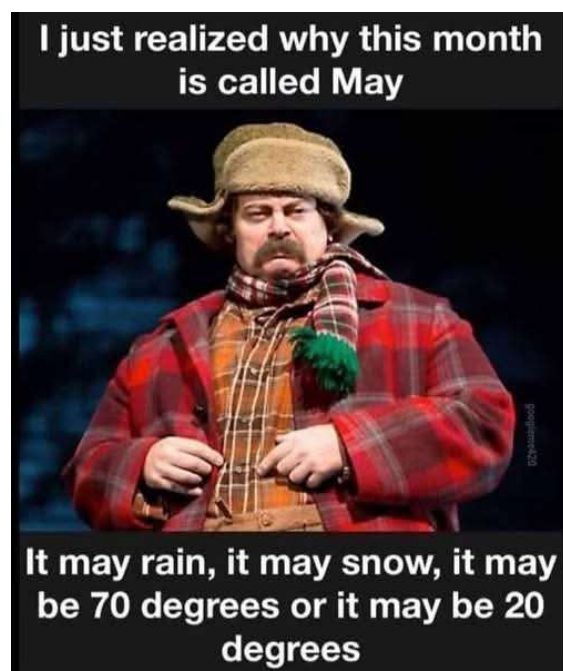


Find us on  facebook or at <http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/>

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:

**Thought for the day:** April showers bring May flowers mud, they bring mud!



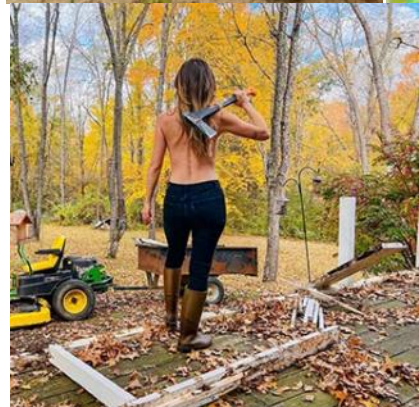
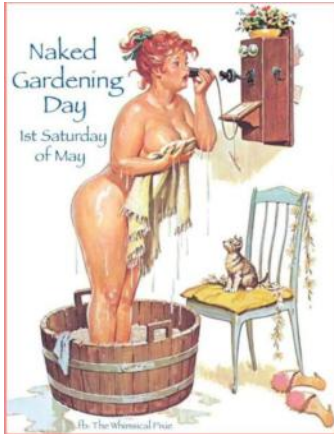






# Inside <sup>PAGE</sup> 3 Today

**World Naked Gardening Day - featuring the Naked Gardener (see #311 for male WNGD)**

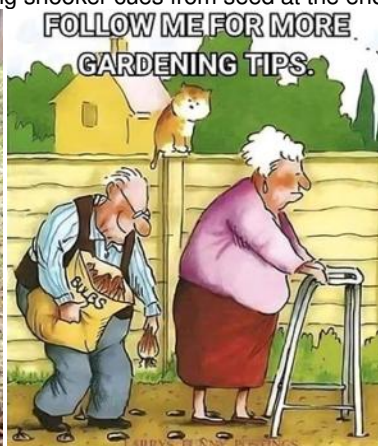


Did you know that if you garden in your back yard naked, your neighbors will build you a privacy fence for absolutely no cost to you.





I've started growing snooker cues from seed at the end of my garden. You should see my potting shed.



BROCCOLI! CAULIFLOWER !....sorry I have, florets...



## **Bouncer & Angel's hashing odyssey: Last leg, home of the hash – Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia...**

...which makes it all the odder that we struggled to find any information about when any of the many clubs in the area would be meeting! But with just 48 hours before our homeward flight, it would probably have been a bit too much for us to hash anyway. Not to say there wasn't hashing experience to be had regardless, and our first port of call was to the hash museum. We arrived to find the doors open but no-one home, founder Neptunus being in his native Netherlands. Spread over three floors, he has managed to accumulate a vast collection of hash t-shirts and paraphernalia and they're well presented for casual browsing and photographing. We didn't find any BH7 shirts but know he has some so maybe not sorted yet. We did find shirts from many of our neighbours in Sussex though and left some of Chopper's souvenirs from the earliest days of Brighton hash, so hopefully future visitors will have more success. From here, I thought it would be a good idea to head to the home of the hash to complete the pilgrimage. Merdeka Square was very photogenic but not much as I remembered from 1998 and I'd forgotten that the Royal Selangor Club was for private members only, to which we were granted temporary access back then, so Angel's visit was restricted to an external photo only.



So no hash this time but I'm sure we'll return, and we did at least manage a parkrun the following morning at Putrajaya (having also walked a freedom route at Garvey Park just before leaving Australia). No rest for the wicked though, and after 16 hours we were home but straight out of the door to watch Gooley/ Kieran in the Brighton marathon. Knackering!

*As a rather sad postscript to our visit we discovered that the fortunes of the Hash museum hang rather in the balance, with the following emails awaiting our return. Unfortunately the deadline has passed but perhaps we could consider a donation from BH7 hash funds.*

HHH Museum \*\*\*\*Poll Results on Gisbert Memorial Day Feb 11th\*\*\*\*

HHHi all, Firstly thank you all for taking part in the Poll which was 96% positive about having the HHH Museum. Today on Gisbert Memorial Day we are requesting donations or hash event support for the Museum. There were many questions by Poll respondents about the Museum, here are the main facts to be aware of before deciding to support or not the HHH Museum.

The plan going forward is to move the Museum in mid 2027 to a new building which will be built on the Hash Heritage site recently acquired by the Hash Heritage committee in Kuala Lumpur (K.L.), also by successful fund raising. As Neptunus has over more than 16 years with haberdashery from more than 470 hash kennels, clubs, built up a very large collection, it is currently housed in a very large rented building, he has mainly funded rental and other costs himself, both in the original Museum in The Hague in The Netherlands and since 2019 in K.L. but now is retired and much less income then in his working days. So we need to use Museum mainly rental costs and utility to bridge the time until the Hash Heritage building is constructed estimated to be ready by mid 2027. Bridge time costs estimated to be circ Eur 35,000 to Eur 40,000. Ideally we would prefer to raise the funding by donations from Hash Events, but this takes time to get organised, so we are initially looking for donations to help bridge the gap until event donations can flow. There will be full transparency to ensure the money goes where donors intended, and MTM will provide audit oversight. For more details check out the Q&A attached based on Pollsters questions. The Donors will be recognised with a listing categorised as follows with a wall display in the Museum for hash eternity. \$20 Friend of the Museum; \$50 Bronze donor; \$100 Silver donor; \$250 Gold donor; \$500+ Platinum donor

Pink Panther in Brussels has kindly reconstructed the website which is going live this evening, there photos and other information about the Museum can be seen, he sent this message today. The website is ready. Without any notice to the contrary, it will be launched this evening (Europe time). This means <https://www.hhhmuseum.org/new> will just be <https://www.hhhmuseum.org>

The winner of the Poll draw is a Harriette named Tangerine Dream, from Sek Kong H3, living in France, Neptunus will post video of the free and fair draw on FB later today or tomorrow on the HHH Museum page. So that's it, please only donate what you feel comfortable with and really appreciate your support. Details for donations in USD, GBP and EUR as well as Paypal, Wise and IBAN are attached.

On On, Moose Diver - On Behalf of the HHH Museum Committee

Hi Bouncer, Following our message on 11 February we received a total of \$125 through 3 donations which is very disappointing. Looking at our previous mail, we might not have stressed enough the current situation and deadline to the 500 poll respondents. Since Neptunus lost 2 of his 3 sources of income a year ago, he is now facing financial problems to pay the rent for the museum. So if you are still willing and able to support this initiative, we would appreciate it if you could remit what you can afford before the end of March.

Donations can be sent to Wise or PayPal. Let us know what you prefer. Thanks in advance for keeping the HHH Museum project alive,  
The HHH Museum Committee & Neptunus




# REHASHING#2



### BRENT WAS A BIT GREEN WHEN IT CAME TO TRYING TO IMPRESS HIS LOVE

**2409 – The Green Man, Horsted Keynes** – As Keeps It Up called us to order for the chalk talk, noting that it was 6.59pm (*"Time for another pint", quipped Hash Gomi*), a distant Knight rider could be seen nonchalantly easing his way towards us. By the time discussion had been concluded on rogue markings due to KIU & Wildbush setting from this very establishment just 8 days ago, he'd reached us to confirm that he would in fact be r\*nnng this evening. Who'd have thought? Bouncer was quick to hobble to the front of the pack at the off to claim pole position very briefly, as Private Dancer cajoled others into a canter, but he was then seen disappearing into a phone box library. Which made it a bit of a surprise to the wa\*kers to find him bringing up the rear shortly after the left split from the runners trail, the moonboot showing little sign of impeding his progress as he joined them on the route past St. Giles church, down past the Old Mill House, then on the supposed short cut back up to Church Lane and on inn. The runners, meanwhile, had also gone past the village hall, then up to Birchgrove Road turning right then heading east at the care home and into the woods, eventually popping out at Danehill. Continuing down Church Lane trail turned right at Mount Noddy and on to cross Freshfield Lane, wriggling through Sandpits Wood to finish on Wyatts and Chapel Lane.



Busy for a Monday, the hash was scattered throughout the pub with their scoff and ales, so circle up was held in the presence of a group of three who were duly warned about our antics to reveal that the patriarch, Dave, was a 92 year old former UK mile record holder at the tender age of 18! Ultimately they thoroughly enjoyed

the entertainment, as a great distraction from a sombre day scattering Dave's wife's ashes, said entertainment kicking off with the usual hares downers for KIU & Wildbush to 20 toes, and applause for a great trail. Mention was made of Sticky Balls and Psychlepath hoping to capitalise on their presence at the CRAP hash the week before, the former having gone, and the latter claiming his memory had gone, prompting the comment to Dave that he had that to look forward to once he reached Rik's age! Returnees welcomes were then extended to Off With Her Head (who'd also gone, but it's a start); Serbian Bomber, who got a special mention for throwing his toys out of his lovely new green car at the had also been spotted dropping to a walk at the sight of fishhook returnees ("I dun two already, ain't



Rodean accent). No dice but downers to both to “Why were they...”. KIU’s hash here had severely depleted numbers at the Brighton Marathon, hitting the charity where it hurt after they robbed him, in the ‘never let the truth...’ section, but someone who did deserve a mention, and a beer, was Nasty Nips, finally cracking that 12 seconds over to smash the 4 hour barrier even if he did pay the price having to miss last week’s hash – Get A Life! With a beer to spare, Half Moon won the comment of the night. Usually an FRB, she was heard gasping, “I’m coming, oh God, I’m coming” from a side track to trail, before returning looking hot and flustered, apparently after a severe self-admitted bit of trail abuse (just a number 1 not a number 3), but she’s still flat chested. And so it came to the Numpty mug, KIU again receiving special mention, as was the exceedingly rarely spotted trail checking Hash Gomi suspected of going in search of mince pies again. However, there could only be one winner, for holding up proceedings earlier as well as sporting new shoes from a pub with a carpet, step up latecomer Knightrider, and make sure there’s no spillage.



Shoots Off Early had the courtesy to hang around and confirm the Easter Monday hash would be a noon start but food may be hard to come by, before a special bonus award by the hares tonight. Having recently returned from Bhutan, allegedly the happiest people on earth, they awarded poky Bhutan beers to the happiest hashers of the night. KIU awarding happiest wa\*ker Pompette, who wisely chose the 6%, leaving WB to award Nasty Nips the happiest r\*nnner a 9% brew, which makes up for the 0% he'd been drinking earlier when there's perfectly good Harveys on tap. Another great hash, verified by our server barman Ian, aka Smooth Talking Bar Steward! **Unomi**

**ononononononononononononononon**

A note from a compassionate, loving and caring Aussie husband...

LOOK AFTER YOUR WIFE!

A couple of weeks ago, I was sitting on the patio, drinking beer and watching my wife mow the lawn. Cheryl from next door saw us and was so upset that she came over and yelled at me, "You lazy prick! Sitting there drinking beer while your poor wife pushes that ancient lawn mower around! Get up off your fat arse and give her a break!"

I thought 'Shit women!' Took another swig from my stubby, wiped the cold foam from my lips, lifted my sunnies, stared directly



at this nosey cow and told her in no uncertain terms to sod off and mind her own business. I told her my wife had green fingers and that she really enjoyed gardening. After a few days I felt really bad, so I went out and bought her a ride-on mower to show my sensitive side. I'm really proud of the deal I got and also very proud that my wife can now sit down while mowing the lawn. Yes guys, we should take good care of our wives... then maybe they'll take good care of us.

I KNOW.I'M TOO BLOODY SOFT WITH HER. SHE'LL PROBABLY WANT GEAR'S ON IT NEXT

*- I got so fed up with my neighbour's dog barking all night in their garden that I got up and put it in ours, see how they like it.*

- I've been putting fluorescent dye in the cat's food and I have to say the neighbour's garden looks awesome in the moonlight.



You may have spotted the recent AI action figure trend. There is of course a hasher, although Sticky Balls offering wins for me!

The image displays four action figures in their original packaging. From left to right:
 

- Drinker:** A black action figure of a man in a red t-shirt and black shorts, holding a can. The packaging is red and yellow, with the text "AGES 21+", "ACTION FIGURE", and "DRINKER with a running problem".
- Sticky Hasher:** A tan action figure of a bearded man in a black tank top and shorts. The packaging is tan and brown, with the text "Sticky Hasher" and a "MATTEL" logo. Accessories include a glass of beer, a bottle, a shoe, and a bag of flour.
- British Bloke:** A tan action figure of a man in a flat cap and a light-colored shirt, holding a bottle. The packaging is red and blue, featuring a Union Jack and the text "THE UNCANNY BRITISH BLOKE" and "WITH INTERCHANGEABLE ACCENT!". Accessories include an umbrella and a curry box.
- Madeleine McCann:** A red action figure of a young girl. The packaging is red and yellow, with the text "Madeleine McCann".

## My Wife the Gardener

Bouncer was staggering along the road, much the worse for the drink, throwing empty beer cans into the street and falling into people's gardens. His singing gained the attention of a passing policeman who decided to question him. "What do you think you're doing there?" the policeman asked. "I'm on my works outing" came the slurred reply. "Then" the policeman queried, "where are all the others?" "Ah" our man grinned, "You see officer, I'm self employed!"



*You know you're a hasher when, rather than throw a knackered pair of trainers out, you keep them because they'll be good for the garden.*



## Bouncer



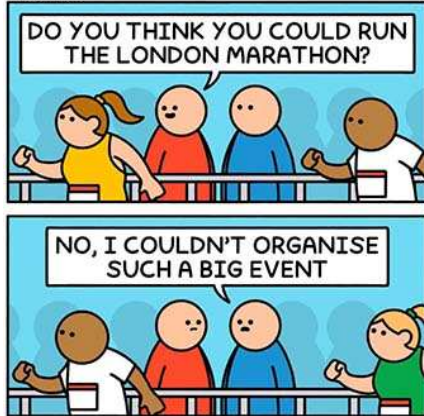
My favourite new factoid is that they hit dead popes on the head three times with a special dead-pope hammer. Just to ensure they are, in fact, dead





# My fitness instructor: "Have you ever done a marathon?" "What, like on Netflix?"

TWONKS



Last year I entered the London marathon. I finished last. It was embarrassing. And the guy who was in front of me, second to last, was making fun of me. He said, "Hey buddy, how does it feel to be last?" I replied: "Do you want to know?" and I dropped out. Nasty Nips' hobby was marathon running; he spent all his weekends on trails, paying no attention to weather. One Sunday, early in the morning, he went off to race as usual. It was still dark, cold and raining, so he decided to bottle it and return back to the house. He came in, went to his bedroom, undressed and laid near Amy. "What terrible weather today honey," he said to her. "Yes" she replied "but my idiot husband still went running!"



*'Ed Miliband has introduced some regional variations. A marathon in the north is 15 miles and in the south 45 miles'*

I wish my mate would stop talking about how he just ran his fastest ever marathon. Sounds like a broken record!

We work out too much. We waste time. A friend of mine runs marathons. He always talks about this "Runner's high". But he has to go twenty-six miles for it. That's why I smoke and drink. I get the same feeling from a flight of stairs.

Deciding to take up jogging, the man was astounded by the wide selection of jogging shoes available at the local sports shoe store. While trying on a basic pair of jogging shoe, he noticed a minor feature and asked the clerk: "What is this little pocket thing here on the side for?" And the clerk: "Oh, that's to carry spare change so you can call your wife to come pick you up when you've jogged too far".

A man had been driving all night and by morning was still far from his destination. He decided to stop at the next city he came to, and park somewhere quiet so he could get an hour or two of sleep. As luck would have it, the quiet place he chose happened to be on one of the city's major jogging routes. No sooner had he settled back to snooze when there came a knocking on his window. He looked out and saw a jogger running in place. "Yes?" "Excuse me, sir", the jogger said, "do you have the time?" The man looked at the car clock and answered, "8:15" The jogger said thanks and left. The man settled back again, and was just dozing off when there was another knock on the window and another jogger. "Excuse me, sir, do you have the time?" "8:25!" The jogger said thanks and left. Now the man could see other joggers passing by and he knew it was only a matter of time before another one disturbed him. To avoid the problem, he got out a pen and paper and put a sign in his window saying "I do not know the time!" Once again he settled back to sleep. He was just dozing off when there was another knock on the window. "Sir, sir? It's 8:45!"



Two gas company servicemen, a senior training supervisor and a young trainee, were out checking meters in a suburban neighbourhood. They parked their truck at the end of the alley and worked their way to the other end. At the last house a woman looking out her kitchen window watched the two men as they checked her gas meter. Finishing the meter check, the senior supervisor challenged his younger co-worker to a foot race down the alley back to the truck to prove that an older guy could outrun a younger one. As they came running up to the truck, they realized the lady from that last house was huffing and puffing right behind them. They stopped and asked her what was wrong. Gasping for breath, she replied "When I see two gas men running as hard as you two were, I figured I'd better run too!"



**WARNING: Old jokes alert!** For the younger readers, Marathon was the original name for Snickers.

I did a marathon once in 2 minutes 30 seconds!! Took another 5 minutes get the nuts out of me teeth though!

Just finished a half Marathon. I decided to have a Mars Bar instead.



**2411 Saddlescombe Farm** – "Fairly flat," said St Bernard, "and only 4 miles." To which one quick-witted hasher asked if that was vertical distance? Given that this ranks... \*checks phone\*... as the second-hilliest hash of this year, I doth call St Bernard a fibber! The hare was also heard to remark that "there's one bit that'll slow you down." Cryptic but made clear once on trail (more on that shortly) but at least he rewarded some of us with port (more on that later too) and, for those of us partaking in grub, some lovely jacket potatoes, chilli, and beer. And so, the hash set forth W straight over Saddlescombe Rd, following the foot around to Poynings with a quick left at the road then right through The Royal Oak car park and footpath back to the road. Straight over and through the fields to the roundabout of Poynings Rd / Saddlescombe Rd / A281, and the first fishhook (for 10) and a nice surprise - those fishhooking crossed back over the field to return back to the hare who greeted the fishhookers with a shot of port (or optional alcohol-free fruit punch) - what a lovely treat. Oddly, only 9 seemed to have



I can't help feeling St. Bernard rather missed the point about St. George's Day! Normally celebrated on April 23<sup>rd</sup>, this year saw a deviation due to Church of England rules that prevent saint's days from being celebrated in the week before or after Easter, and thus today, April 28<sup>th</sup>, was in fact St. George's Day. "It'll always be 23<sup>rd</sup> for me, and I'm not having any religion getting in the way", uttered our hare, a saint himself - a religious accolade! **Ed.**





## IN THE NEWS...



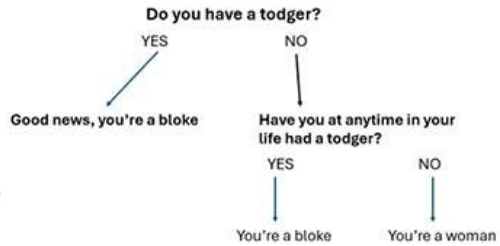
## U.K. border force steps up its game at Dover.



## The most useless things ever



## The UK Supreme Court Ruling



**onononononononononononononon**



**We've done this mass tariff thing  
3 times in American history.**



**All spaced about 100 years apart because everyone who remembers the last one needs to be dead for the next one to happen.**

**The last two caused depressions. This one will totally make us rich though.**

**The stock market has lost over \$5 TRILLION in value in the last 2 days and your 401k is in the shitter.**



## Trump's tariff announcement includes uninhabited islands



**April 25 - China has admitted they drastically underestimated how high Donald Trump could count after the US president announced new tariffs of 125% against them.**

Whilst some countries saw a 90-day pause to tariffs sanctioned by Trump, China were hit with an increase in tariffs against them, rising from 104% to 125%. “We honestly didn’t know he could count that high,” admitted Chinese president Xi Jinping. “Trump is the sort of guy who likes to count on his fingers. By our calculations, he would’ve needed 25 hands before he arrived at the tariff figure of 125. That means he invited all those staff members into the Oval Office just to fuck us over. Say what you want about him, but that takes a lot of dedication. I have to admit, our intelligence really let us down this time. I was informed that 104 was the absolute peak of his numeracy powers. Now they’re telling me he’s reaching heights of 125, possibly even 130. We really need to up our game if we’re going to compete with Einstein over there in Washington.



*"Hang in there everyone. There's no cause for alarm. Be strong. The guy who went bankrupt six times is gonna steer us through this disaster he created for no reason at all," Jimmy Kimmel said on Tuesday, before referring to Trump as "Panican Skywalker," who "has wiped out \$11 trillion since inauguration day. Gone. Just into thin air. But at least we won't have tampons in the boys' bathrooms." "Remember when he told us to inject bleach to get rid of Covid? Turns out, those were the good ideas," Kimmel added.*



# THE END

Wrapping up this issue with a final look at the news and gardens...

Blue Origin's rocket: boldly going where no sex toy has gone before! 🚀🍆

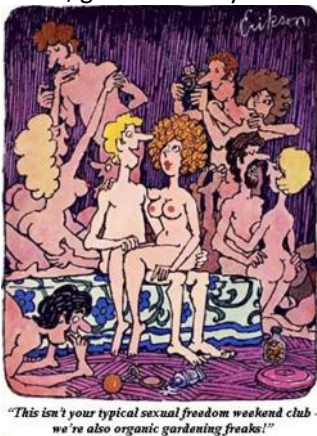
MATT



Jeff Bezo's Blue Origin 'rocket' taking 6 women, including 2 renowned scientists and Katy Perry, to the edge of space was truly a gift to memesters everywhere, but Japanese medias simple pixellation was the winner!



Crotchless panties are the most impractical and irrelevant piece of lingerie out there. Lingerie is supposed to tease, hide, and hint at what's behind. These do the opposite: frame your bits in superfluous material that still has to be removed, or, if left on, get in the way. Besides that, they provide absolutely no support for your bollocks.



Twelve Italian priests were about to be ordained. The final test was for them to line up in a straight row, totally nude, in a garden while a sexy, beautiful, big breasted, nude model danced before them. Each priest had a small bell attached to his weenie, and they were told that anyone whose bell rang when she danced in front of them would not be ordained because he had not reached a state of spiritual purity. The beautiful model danced before the first candidate with no reaction. She proceeded down the line with the same response from all the priests until she got to the final priest, Carlos. Poor Carlos. As she danced, his bell began to ring so loudly that it flew off, clattering across the ground and laid to rest in nearby foliage. Embarrassed, Carlos quickly scrambled to where the bell came to rest. He bent over to pick it up... and all the other bells started to ring.

