



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

Trash #351 July 2025

Find us on  [facebook](https://www.facebook.com/brightonhash) 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.

DATE	#NO	ON	ON	Post Code	HARES
7th July 2025	2421	Cock Inn, Ringmer		BN8 5RX	Pompette
Directions: A27 east to Lewes. Left at 2nd roundabout through Cuilfail Tunnel then right on to A26. Pub on left approx. 2 miles. Est. 15 mins. <i>Airman memorial hash.</i>					
14th July 2025	2422	Half Moon, Plumpton		BN7 3AF	Balinor & Dyke Diver
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout turn right on B2116. Take turning on left just past the pub for the car park. Est. 20 mins.					
21st July 2025	2423	White Horse, Maplehurst		RH13 6LL	Gromit & Rocks On
Directions: A23 north to A272. Right at T and 2nd right on A272 after Cowfold. After a mile turn right for pub. Est. 20 mins. <i>Gromits big birthday hash! Joint with EGH3 - parking in field behind pub.</i>					
28th July 2025	2424	Chez Gomi, Saltdean		BN10 7DT	Mudlark, Gomi & Knightrider
Directions: A23 south to pier. Turn left on A259. After 5 miles turn left on Telscombe Cliffs Way. House 100 yards on left, #42. <i>Prof Memorial Run - to see the gate!</i>					
4th August 2025	2425	Chez Bouncer, Shoreham		BN43 5GN	Bouncer & Angel
Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Left at Red Lion roundabout, then 4th left onto Downsway. Street parking for #57 beyond Dovecote green. Est. 10 mins. <i>Angels big birthday hash!</i>					

Receding Hareline:

11/08/25 2426 Stanley Alehouse, Lancing – Pussy Galore & Head Mistress

18/08/25 2427 Plough, Pyecombe – Tripsy Daisy & Shirker Ninezing

25/08/25 2428 Heath, Haywards Heath – Psychlepath & SL

01/09/25 2429 Gun Inn, Findon – Trouble & Bathe It, Daily

Upcoming CRAFT hashes:

(7pm start unless shown)

Nothing planned. If you're doing the Ale Trail – crack on!

Hashing around Sussex:

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

06/07/25 Hastings Scouts Club, Parkstone Road - Airhead & Cliffbanger

London Hash away weekend – see #350 for full details

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

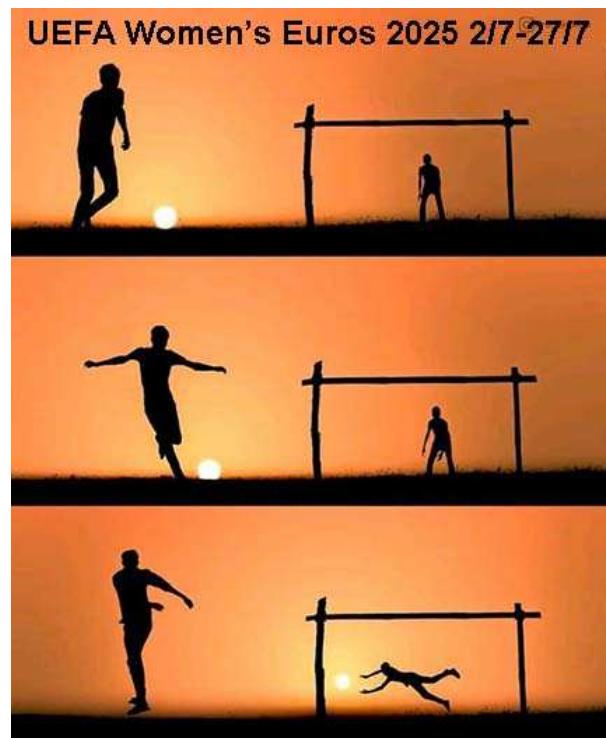
06/07/25 Missing Link Brewery, Old Dairy, Chiddinglye, Selsfield Rd, RH19 4QS West Hoathly - Chaos

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

No hash this month as W&NK H3 are on their summer holidays!

Thought for the day:

Whatever women must do they must do twice as well as men to be thought half as good. Luckily, this is not difficult - Charlotte Whitton



Inside ^{PAGE} 3 Today

PROF seems to have been the Master of the overheard innuendo in the saucy seaside postcard industry:



Disclaimer: Er... sorry but this is probably not OUR Prof as many of the postcards pre-dated even him. Sorry. Ed.

REHASHING a septuagenarian birthday trail



#2416 - **Chez Jaws and Sangria, Brighton** - How lovely it was to see Jaws for the chalk talk and circle, especially since we saw so little of him on the r*n - more on that in a bit! Yes, another Jaws and Sangria hash welcomed us into their home, out their back gate and onto Varndean College fields, but not before Tripsy Daisy had to quickly run to the front of the house where the walkers were setting off from. And so, on trail, the r*nners would head up and over Ditchling Road, behind the Tennis Courts (where some players would be confused by our calls of On On, which let's face it makes as much sense as 'Love' meaning 'zero' and tennis scoring in general), around to Golf Dr, the bottom of the golf course and then down behind Homewood College and down to Mouslecoomb station. A number of quick and correct checks had the pack strung out somewhat, but all that was about to be flipped on its head as the check just after Queensdown School Rd / just before Home Farm Rd would find me checking up the hill towards the top of Wild Park - having only found one (false trail) mark, a few of us

ventured up and up as more hashers continued out of the woods, but still no hare in sight... After a few minutes, the decision was made (with much annoyance) to turn around and check the other direction - something it appears only Psyclepath (and the hares) had done. True trail was in fact down Home Farm Rd, and the pack was much confused to find a fishhook 8 at the junction with Lewes Rd as no-one had come back; it turns out that the hares thought that we had failed to come back to them, not realising we had all gone left (wrong) at the check! So, being good little hashers, a confused 8 of us did the fishhook anyway. Following the grass at the bottom of Wild Park, the trail would then turn sharply left and uphill following a footpath where another fishhook (for 4) awaited partway up the hill and then a final fishhook (for 6) was met at the dew pond. Trail continued over Hollingbury Hillfort and On Inn (or, rather, On Home) down Ditchling Rd and back to Jaws' place.

Back in the garden, BQ thought I had been joking when I had asked her to RA and so you all ended up stuck with me again. With a number of newbies / returnees to welcome and a keg of beer to drink, DDs were plentiful (as was the food, including jackets and homemade goat's cheese). First up, of course, Jaws and Rebel (Sangria refused even when asked several times); and so, DD to "20 toes" took a very Brighton turn as Jaws and Rebel linked arms, with Rebel downing before Jaws, earning the comment "I thought Jaws had a big mouth?" from Bouncer! Next up, visitors / neighbours Jo and Simon who had accompanied us on the r*n route, answering yes to hard and long enough, and then finally getting the double-entendre when asked who made them come. And yes, they would come again; DDs to "Virgins". Returnees / visitors up next, with PG Tits, Bedpan, Dynarod and Shirker all called up (I missed last week so hadn't realised Shirker had attended, but still called him up nonetheless); DDs for all to "The Grand Ol' Duke of York". Next, a racism charge against my running buddy / other wife Little Swinger, for doing the London2Brighton 100k the week before - it is important to note that this was my first 100km run, but she was stupid enough to have done one before! DD to "10,9,8". Then, at request of a few people, Tripsy (for nearly joining the r*nners accidentally at the start) and River (for harassing hashers with a big stick, for talking non-stop, and for holding Angel's hand across the road); DD NOT to "Little Flat Jessies" (!) as Bouncer almost suggested, but instead to "Get A Life". Nearly there now, Bouncer would be called up for a missed call from two weeks before (and my last RAing) when he had been the only wa*ker to make it to the Sip Stop at Rebel's hash; DD to "Stupid". And then Bouncer joined by Angel for a belated Anniversary celebration, where they had Parkrun together; DD to a more traditional "20 Toes" this time. And lastly, and saving a few up here, the hares (Jaws and Rebel) and Psyclepath would be called up for that disastrous check at Mouslecoomb Station and failing to run back on the fishhooks (or at least scrub them out); of course, they thought we were far ahead but luckily, they had continued to back mark well. DD for these three to "B*llshit". However, during the course of the DD, Jaws had relayed that it was not only his Birthday, but also Sangria's. And the 50th anniversary of when they first met at Ditchling Beacon. And their recent-ish 40th anniversary of hashing, with Cairo H3 in 1985. And so, DDs to "This is your Down Down song". Another great hash and another great evening saw the circle closed with the traditional toast. On On, and until next time.

Nasty Nips



Above: the alternative JAWS; highest point in BN; rocket launcher wood burner; TD & Shirker get cosy; and the hares with the spread.

Below: It took a while to locate the Harveys but eventual drinks table, and the hares downers.



BODYSHOP – from the On On magazine and personal reflections...

As announced at JAWS hash, a good hasher went missing on a Surrey H3 trail at the beginning of June. 6 days on he was found deceased. Nigel 'Body Shop' Ward was a long time friend of ours and leaves many fond memories of good times shared. A stark reminder to watch out for everyone and buddy up on the hash.

The search for Bodyshop

Sunday, June 1st

- *Bodyshop* made his own way to Guildford and was picked up by a Surrey hasher.
- He set off with the pack but took an early tumble. He seemed okay.
- *Bodyshop* was seen on the trail on his own, and a Surrey hasher attempted to guide him to the cars. This good Samaritan left *Bodyshop* at a check while he worked out the best way home. When he returned, *Bodyshop* was missing.
- The pack held the circle with no sign of *Bodyshop*. They hoped he would get a lift and make it to the pub, which he had done on previous occasions.
- With no sign of *Bodyshop*, the hash called the police and reported their concerns.
- Some hashers went back to the trail and searched for the missing hasher.
- By 6 pm police, drones, and a police dog had joined the search. A helicopter joined later in the evening and mentioned he could see patches of flour.
- Evening saw the Surrey Search and Rescue team joined in.

Monday 2nd - Friday 6th

- Each day hashers went out searching the trail.

Saturday 7th

- At 8.14 am the police contacted representatives of the hash to call off the search. A sniffer dog, trained to smell SIM cards, had found *Bodyshop*'s phone and shortly afterwards his body was recovered.

When the kids were very young we stayed with *Bodyshop* and his wife Birthing Blanket, and their daughters babysat for us 2 or 3 years in a row, so that we could join the Guildford Hash Christmas party. There seemed to be nothing slowing Bods down and, as I lost my fitness with several knee operations, he would still be surging ahead on trail, so I was very surprised on the Leap Year hash in 2020, shortly before lockdown, that he suggested we fall through the doors of the first pub we came to. Nothing unusual for a hasher, and indeed there were several hashers already at the bar, however, exchanging his signature bad dad jokes, one pub led to another, which led to another, until Angel called to ask where we were as she was back at base! Sending her the pin, it turned out we were at the furthest point on the trail, so a strategic quickest route home possible was called for.

I think the last time we properly saw Bods was in Sitges in 2023. Some of the early signs of his dementia were beginning to show, although we weren't aware at the time, only finding out some months later. He'd got quite cross with people accusing various folk of hiding his aviators. A bit later, I was looking back at my phone, and found a video I'd taken of him nodding off as we sat at the rooftop hotel bar in which I could clearly see his sunnies slide off the back of his head. Sure enough he found them behind the chair, which was cue for a down down charge in the beach circle after the Sunday run!

His loss will be felt by all his many friends and hashers, even if there was a feeling we were already losing him, however, we must take away from this the importance of looking out for each other, especially the vulnerable, while on trail. **Bouncer**



MISSING PERSON

We are urgently seeking help to locate Nigel Ward, who has been missing since 12.30 on Sunday 1st June. Nigel has dementia and we are concerned for his wellbeing.

Last Seen : Puttenham Common	Height : 5'8"
Time : Around 12.30PM	Eyes : Blue
Clothing : Long shorts grey top	Hair : Bald/white sides with a white/grey beard
Age : 69	

If you have any information, please contact:

101 (Surrey police) [Surrey.police.uk/Guildford](https://www.surrey.police.uk/Guildford)

Crime reference: SPP-00206/01/04/21



The tip of the bad Bods joke mountain:

- I got some good advice today. Don't set a run from The Stradivarius Arms... it's a vile inn.
- Before crow bars were invented, crows had to drink alone at home.
- My insurance company said if my tent is stolen while I'm camping, I won't be covered.
- I keep having dreams that I'm a horse; it's five nights on the trot now.
- When my brother was sent to jail he went on hunger strike and smeared excrement on the walls.... We don't play Monopoly with him anymore.
- For years now, I've been getting a Valentine's card from the same secret admirer. So I'm pretty sad I've not got one this year... First my granny dies, now this?

REHASHING a scenic trail in the Far East

BIRD HIKES



#2417 - **Ringles Cross, Uckfield** ... A slightly slower hash for myself as I took it easy, back-marked the route and enjoyed the promised outstanding and varied scenery :D And whilst I undoubtedly didn't catch a number of misdemeanours I did witness some cows taking rather a liking to Psyclepath! Yes, another On On Don / Pompette special (and aided by Beat The Barman) would find us hareless on the r*nners trail, and so KIU and myself would be armed with OS maps. I do love a good OS map, and at least this time OODs marking on trail matched his map (re: hash #2365). Of course, that doesn't mean it all went according to plan either...



not before Psyklepath and I would find ourselves cut-off from the rest of the pack by the herd of cows moving between us and true trail, with one mother and a calf particularly blocking our way; a short detour would find us crossing a stile over a barbed-wire fence and into a boggy area just S of the farm, before crossing back out via more barbed-wire adjacent to true trail, at which point the calf noticed us and seemed to take more interest in PsyP again! Bovine bothers now out of the way, trail turned SW towards and then under the A22, but not before a pair of fishhooks would catch most (but not all) of the FRBs, who faced quite a r*n back due to PsyP and my delay. Passing under the A22, trail would continue SW following the N banks of the lakes at Furnacebank Wood and Powdermill, into Park Wood, and then SE at a check into Fairhazel Wood. The lake at the bottom of Fairhazel Wood would find the pack missing a less-than-obvious gap in the hedge and ending up a little too far around the lake; confused, in the wrong field, and cut-off by Shortbridge Stream, a quick consultation of the maps (along with some technology and some digging around) would reveal the gap in the hedge at the SW corner of the lake, back on a recognised footpath and complete with a pair of footbridges over the stream, continuing all the way down to Rocks Rd, over the A22, and then around Lake Wood, eventually coming out into Uckfield back nr Snatts Rd. A final few turns S onto Downland Copse, then around to The Dr, and lastly N onto Cambridge Way would then find the final turn back onto Snatts Rd and On Inn.

Back in the Ringles Cross, RA duties would again fall to myself as BQ was absent and Bouncer was at EGH3's hash! (And that's not the first time he's forsaken us, either...) But before the evening's circle would be started proper, it was with a sad heart that the news was broken that the search parties had found Nigel 'Body Shop' Ward a few days prior but sadly he had passed away; and so, a glass was raised to fallen hashers. Moving on to the evening's events, the hares (OOD, Pompette and BTB) were called up and DDs to "Here's to the Hare", much had been said about the stingers and thorns on trail this evening and OOD waxed lyrical about having taken out his cutters



Inspiring! FRB Who Pulled Muscle 10 Feet Before Fish Hook Makes Miraculous Recovery Minutes Later

and sickle, to which it was commented how the local Uckfield press would undoubtedly be reporting a madman with a scythe in the next few days! Next up, having had to ask a few people for their reports, I commented on how two names had repeatedly been mentioned; firstly, KIU, for being stood right next to a large chalk arrow and asking Little Swinger if she had seen any signs(!), for missing a fishhook (although he was certainly not alone in that charge tonight), and for reportedly pulling up on Snatts Rd failing to indicate, being at a jaunty angle and annoying the locals! This earned him a comment from Wildbush that I missed but definitely seemed like a 'I told you so' :D And joining him would be 'Real runners coming through!'; yes, something you shouldn't shout unless you're looking for a DD! Half Moon, laughing away, stood up to join KIU, and DD for both to "Get a Life". And finally, and the only other charge that wasn't one of the several for missing fishhooks (those being KIU (again), Knightrider, Hot Fuzz, Shoots Off Early, and a few other names to boot), would be Rebel WHK, who had been dobbled in by OH for falling over on trail, to which she had commented 'but it was probably my fault as I was talking to him and distracted him!' DD to RWHK to "10/9/8".

Any other business would conclude the evening with a reminder for hash haberdashery (GET THOSE ORDERS IN!), Prof's gate (now installed, with plaque, and monies are still being taken), and finally next week's hash which will be The Boot, Seaford, with OH commenting that we should all bring swimming clothes as the end will include a dip in the sea; parking recommended down near the Seaford Head end of the front (only 5-10 minutes from the pub), bring sip cups, and please pre-order food if possible. And then the evening was closed out with a toast to the hash. As promised, a lovely hash with varied and outstanding scenery :) On On until next time, **Nasty Nips**

Nasty Nips



“Unhappy Birthday to Me” by Brian Bilston

It's important to share, or so I've been taught, to show kindness to others, to be a good sport.

But all of those teachings have taken a bump - for I share my birthday with Donald Trump.

For years I knew not of this dark, dreadful fate, and with ignorant bliss I honoured the date —

But then it got hijacked, sullied, gazumped by a self-serving bigot, a foul gibberlump.

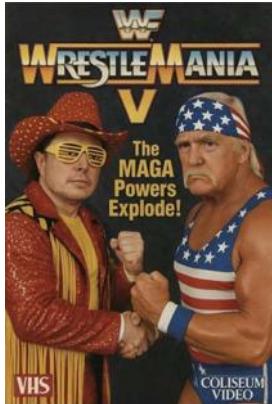
With him, I would share an infectious disease, a mouldy bread roll, an infestation of fleas, a romantic weekend at a toxic waste dump - but please, not my birthday, Mr. Tangerine Chump.

Alternative dates he's welcome to try - 12th Febtember, 33rd July.

But 14th June? In a lake, take a jump and find a new date, you deranged sewage pump.

What's Donald Going to do Today?

3rd June – very public bromance break-up with Elon Musk via a social media spat:



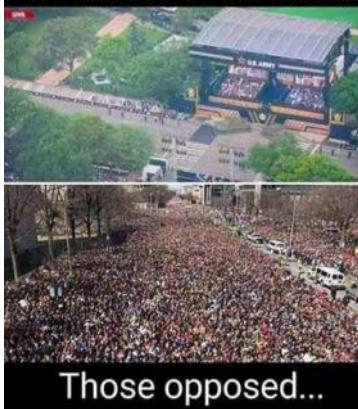
BREAKING: President Zelenskyy has offered to negotiate a peace deal between Donald Trump and Elon Musk. "I know Trump well. I know Musk well. I would get that war ended in a period of 24 hours. One hundred per cent, it would be easy. That deal would be easy."

14th June - A parade in Washington to celebrate the U.S. Army's 250th year coincided with Donald's 79th birthday.
To which very few turned up, while across the USA millions marched against the administration in 'No Kings' protests.

The smaller the penis, the bigger the birthday parade.



All in favor of fascism...



C'MON HURRY UP & DIE...

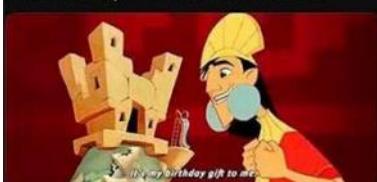


A presidential aide says to Trump; "Sir, I had a dream about your parade yesterday night."

"Was it yuge?" Trump asked, visibly interested. "Oh, yes," said the aide, "there were millions of cheering people turning out to celebrate all along the streets." "Was it tremendous? Trump asked, visibly excited. "Oh, yes," the aid replied; "You were in a huge carriage, flanked by all the members of your family and cabinet. They were also very proud and happy, particularly your wife." Trembling with excitement and rubbing his little orange hands together, Trump questions the aide: "And tell me, was I looking good?" The aide replies: "I didn't know, sir. The casket was closed."

The whole tariff thing rumbles on and on, while the stock markets ignore the TACO and carry on as usual:

Personally, I think telling kids they'll have less toys for Christmas because of your tariffs while having yourself a ten million dollar military birthday parade is kind of a dick move, but what do I know



kevin smith @kevin.smith45

What about this is complicated???

If you buy American. There is no tariff.

Explain to me what democrats don't understand

Zac B @ZacB_MN

How exactly am I supposed to buy American coffee



—Today's Stock Market Report—

Helium was up. Paper was stationary

Feathers were down

Fluorescent tubing was dimmed in light trading

Knives were up sharply. Pencils lost a few points

Hiking equipment was trailing

Elevators rose, while escalators continued their slow decline.

Weights were up in heavy trading

Mining equipment hit rock bottom

Diapers remained unchanged.

The market for raisins dried up

Balloon prices were inflated.

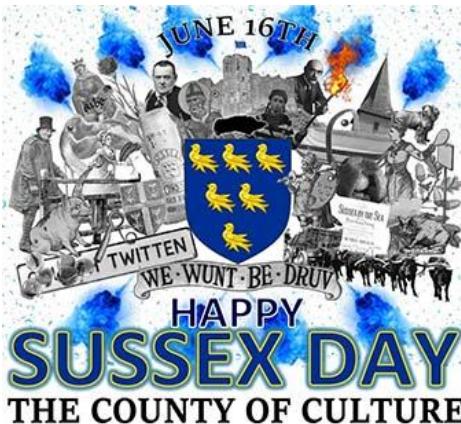
And toilet paper touched a new bottom.

The Stock Exchange (Ferdinand Brutt) 1891

America is full of Brilliant People



REHASHING the SUSSEX DAY splash hash



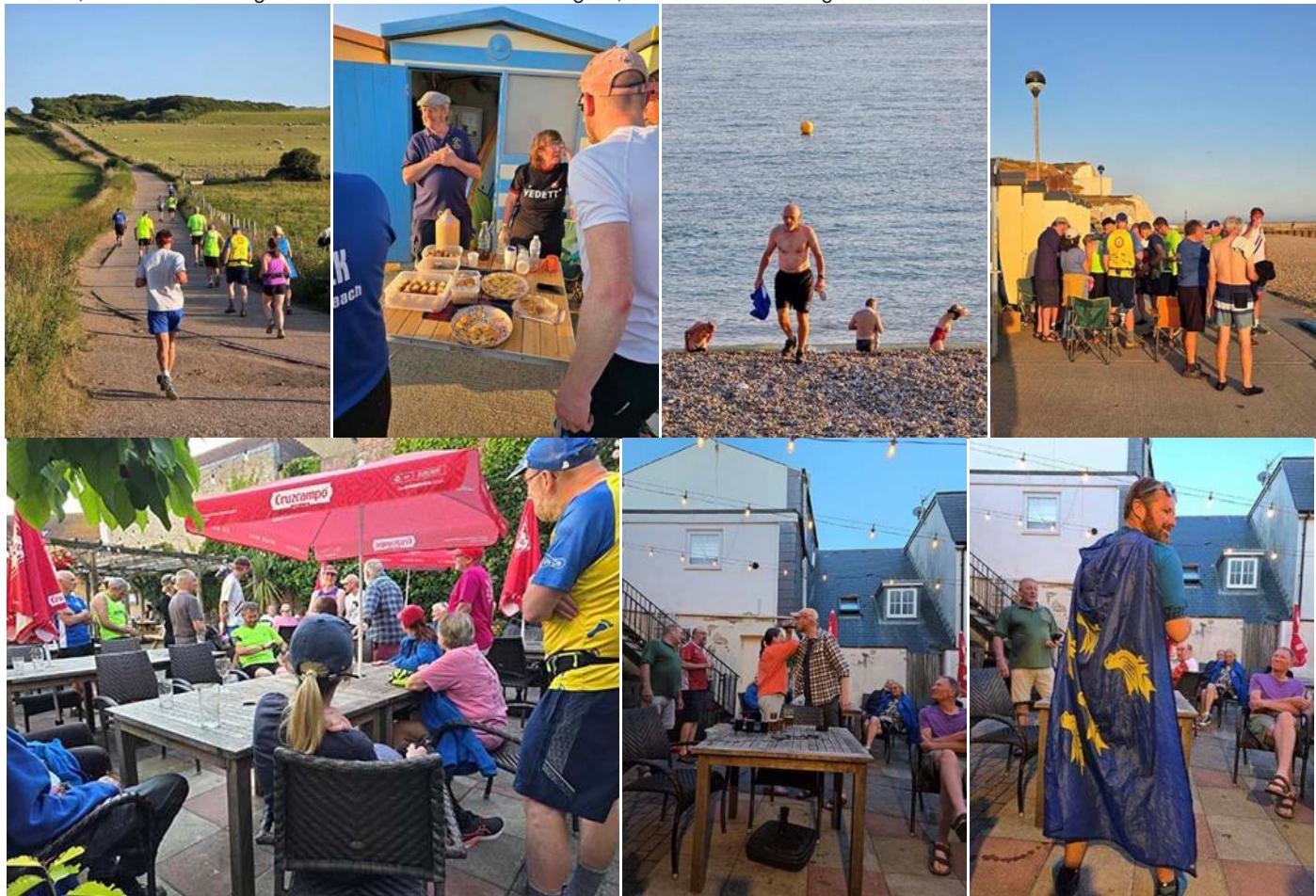
HAPPY SUSSEX DAY THE COUNTY OF CULTURE

bits from PD's daughter. The weather and tide combined to make it perfect for the advertised swim, the only hiccup being the long wait for the r*nners to arrive after a long stretch along the cliff path, so that there were only ever a few at a time in the sea, but beer FOMO likely had a part to play! Various methods were employed to get back to the pub after drying off, depending on just where you'd left your vehicle, and we were soon into the usual post-hash refuelling, rehydrating and talking utter nonsense.

Circling up in the garden, there was a short wait while those inside made their way out to take their seats, then another while our most travelled hounds cleared their phone messages, prompting RA to remark on the uniqueness of the BH7 circle, while Lily the Pink unconvincingly muttered 'lost control' soto voce! But finally we showed our appreciation for a jolly good evening in time honoured 1/4 pint way to hares PD and OH to 20 toes, before recognising the efforts of Naomi and Robin, the latter necking a virgins downer as we mused on possible reversed hash monikers of Imoan and Nobir (no beer!). LTP was congratulated on his commitment to Sussex Day, wearing the flag with the 7 Martlets like a cape throughout the r*n. Well over half the pack had enjoyed the swim, with four making it out to the buoy and one doing it twice, just saying, however, Bathe-It, Daily joined LTP for not bathing despite his name. He also deserved a charge for unnerving the hash by going awol, but the far eastern element (arguably Korean or Japanese) he'd asked to take his picture panicked when his phone started ringing, which earned NN a tech charge. All three were dispatched to a hastily rewritten and tunefully questionable (thanks for the help Whose Shout!) rendition of Sussex by the Sea. And finally, as earlier discussion had failed to procure the Numpty mug once again, KIU had been walking funny at the start blaming his knees after running a marathon in the lovely sun, while warrior Shirker uncomplainingly cracked out a bog hopping 115k in the Swiss mountains against strong winds, thunderstorms and very heavy rain. Also recognising Tripsy's category winning (knee brace section!) 16km effort, the pair of them were downed to Get a Life. And so with the toast, and reminders again about kit orders and Prof's gate, concluded another great hash!

*Now is the time for hashing
Now hash the Brighton way
Hark to the merry bugle
Sounding along our way
So let your voices ring my boys
And take the time from me
And we'll sing you a song as we hash along
Of Sussex by the sea*

Bouncer



#2418 – Old Boot Inn, Seaford – Some slight confusion in the instructions had cars scattered anywhere between the Martello tower and the pub but a good crowd had worked it out and were gathered outside the Old Boot for the chalk talk, sip reveal and some old guff about fishhooks and a distance iro 6.5k/ 4 miles from hare Oral Hooker. With the wa*kers charged with a 2k out and back to the top of the Head, the burden fell on the r*nners pack to find a trail so off they set up the High Street and through Crouch Gardens. A Sussex roady section followed along Heathfield and Bramber before the Chyngtons both Road and Way. Finally leaving the tarmac behind trail continued to South Hill, then along Hope Bottom where Bathe-It, Daily decided to go solo to snap the Coastguard Cottages, much to Nips chagrin as he held pack to call him and demand explanation. Meanwhile, co-hare Private Dancer had short circuited (his words!) to meet the wa*kers at his beach hut where Naomi and Robin from Harveys had set up some of the same along with cheese straws, sausage rolls, crisps and lovely baked

SUMMER FUN part 1 - good clean fun:

SUMMER SOLSTICE

JUNE 20, 2025 07:41 PM

Are you concerned about having ugly feet this summer... no worries, we got you covered!



Bread is like the sun. It rises in the yeast and sets in the waist!

BREAKING NEWS: The RAF have confirmed that Typhoon jets were launched to intercept a UFO seen over much of the UK. After chasing the object for almost an hour it was identified as a rare but natural phenomenon called the Sun.



Almost a foot of sun at my place.
Probably not gonna make it to work.
Ya'll stay safe out there!

If I click my ruby flip-flops together 3 times, will I end up on the beach?



Worst film I've ever seen. Sid James wasn't even in it



BREAKING NEWS

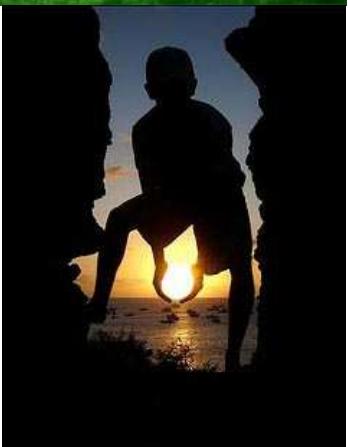
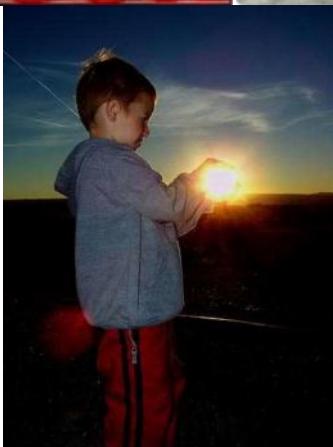
"Sad Thing About This Joe... Is In 70 Years
We'll Be Doing The Same Thing and
Still Be Bald and No Teeth and Wearing Diapers":



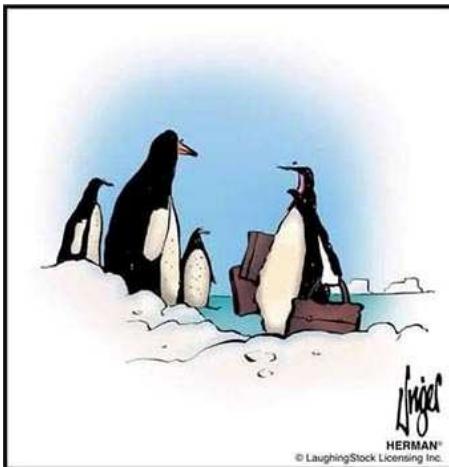
Decided to go for a walk on the beach and got freaked out when I thought I ran into a KKK meeting...turns out they're just closed beach umbrellas



SCOUSE SUNLOUNGER



REHASHING a fishhook hash!



#2419 – The Royal Oak, Poynings - Sat in the Blind Busker back in April after Brighton Marathon, hares Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger had concocted the idea of a no-check and lots-of-fishhooks hash, sharing it with Little Swinger and myself. I think we were mis-sold this hash though as, having promised no checks, they bottled it and included 2 checks and an impromptu third one... Mind you, I made it that there were 11 fishhooks! Yes dear hashers, welcome to another PP & PS special! Or, as Sticky Balls put it, "There's more fishhooks here than in a Grimsby tackle shop!"

And so, on a lovely June evening, the pack set forth out of The Royal Oak, W along Poynings Rd and turned N just after Dyke Cl and FH#1 (setting the manner for the rest of the evening). Continuing N to Mill Ln FH#2 would greet the FRBs before trail turned W along to Clappers Ln (and check #1) but not before FH#3 and FH#4 would be encountered. S now on Clappers Ln, a poorly timed tractor reversing would cover up FH#5 for the FRBs (including myself, OH and PS (who was doing all his own fishhooks!)) who luckily weren't too far ahead and returned to FH. Turning off Clappers Ln down the driveway and S to Poynings Rd would see FH#6 picked up. Straight over at Poynings Rd, FH#7 lay in wait for everyone as the hares had decided to use the number 35 to ensure everyone would get caught! Ouch! Winding their way up through the woods to the SDW and through check #2, a regroup at the top would find everyone enjoying the view before PS zoomed away E along the SDW, the pack following some way

behind. FH#8 would be placed along the route and FH#9 at the crossing of the road to Devil's Dyke, the latter finding a number of hashers slowly weaving their way back through the cows before turning up the road and into the woods besides The Devil's Dyke pub and (impromptu) check #3. Trail continued E through the longest, deepest, and widest dry valley in Britain, but not before hares had laid in FH#10, winding down through the trees where the pack would suddenly come across Bouncer (dressed in black and white) headed in the opposite direction. FH#11, at the bottom of the valley and just before the On Inn stretch, would find FRB Little Swinger being the only one caught for hares had laid a FH for 1! Ouch again! On Inn NW back to the pub.



Back at the pub, and enjoying the outdoors seating on such a beautiful day, first up, (as usual) the hares, with a quick DD to "Here's to the hares" and necked in record time by PS, but not before being stopped from prematurely going to down it; it had been 18 months since he last hashed, obviously he's forgotten what to do! Next up, PP & PS again, for bottling it and including checks on their otherwise fishhook-only hash, and also to PS for doing his own fishhooks and for going to drink his DD before the previous song had begun; DDs to "Stupid." Then, a group call for Bathe It Daily (for arriving late and in a state of undress not having his shoelaces tied up until the first check (jokingly, about 10km by my accounts!)), Bouncer (for looking like the Milk Tray Man according to OH, and like a professional darts player according to me), Pirate (for arriving at the end), and Elaine (as a welcome back); DDs to all to "This is your Down Down song". And finally, PS once again, this time to receive his 100th hash tankard; DD to "Get a life." It was noted that BID had commented that the days would now be getting shorter and we were on a countdown to Christmas! But, as it happens, that had recently been a subject of email and people were asked to think about where we might want to consider for this year's Christmas Hash. And, much sooner in the future, next week would be hared by me from The Cleveland, Brighton with the usual notes re: parking (it's rubbish - use Preston Drove). And so, another memorable evening was closed with a toast to the hash. **Nasty Nips**



IN THE NEWS

Russian air mechanic goes to supply department and says "Can I have a new fire extinguisher for my aircraft?" "That's a fair swap"



The audacious drone raid took place 29 years to the day that Ukraine physically handed over to Russia dozens of the same strategic bombers, along with 1,500-2,000 strategic nuclear warheads and 176 intercontinental ballistic missiles, giving up the arsenal inherited from the USSR's collapse, in exchange, under the Budapest memorandum, for a promise not to be attacked.



Israel border security far superior to UK as it extends well beyond their borders!



The guy on the left was arrested and convicted for illegally selling missiles to Iran during the Reagan Administration. The guy on the right is a Fox News "military analyst" who thinks Iran shouldn't have missiles. They're the same guy.



OLIVER L. NORTH
"WAR STORIES" HOST
FOX NEWS ALERT

Follow
@JoJoFromJerz

If Donald Trump actually gave a shit about violence against law enforcement he wouldn't have pardoned every single one of the scumbags who attacked the officers who defended our Capitol on January 6th.

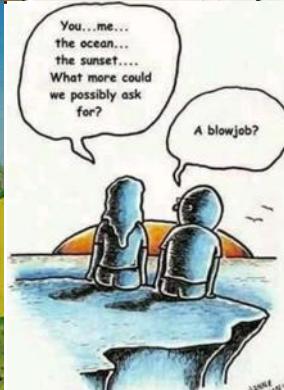
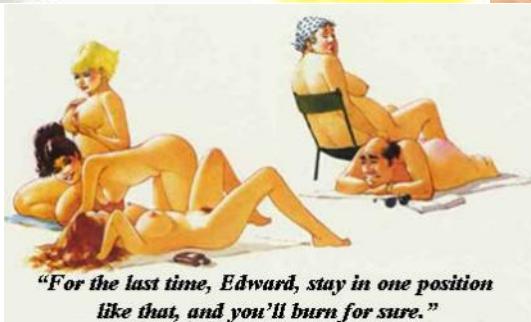
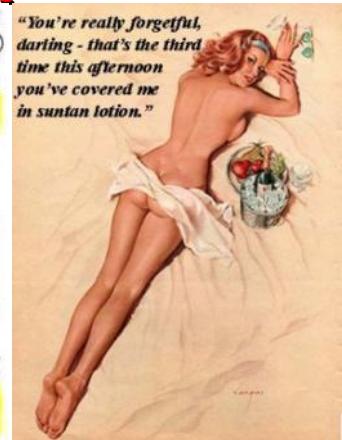
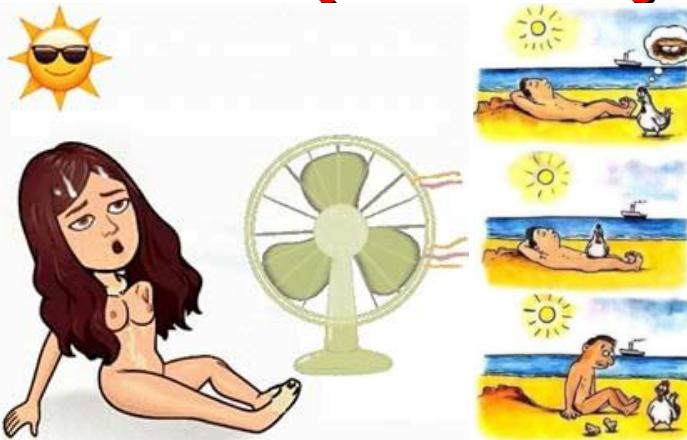
Violence against the police is permitted, so long as you're doing it for him.



THE END

SUMMER FUN part 2 - heating up!

Can't wait To go swimming today with my new floaties



A number of Primary Schools were doing a project on "The Sea". Kids were asked to draw pictures, or write about their experiences. Teachers got together to compare the results, and put together some of the comments that were funny, and some that were sad. Here are some of them. The kids were all aged between 5 and 8 years.

- Whales are animals, not fish. If they don't get air they can drown, like my brother did last summer. (David age 7)
- I don't like the sea. It makes me sick on the ferry. (Peter age 6)
- My goldfish died. Why? (Katie age 5)
- When me and Sarah went to the sea side in the summer holidays, we hid in the sand dunes and watched my big sister doing it with her boy friend. It was fun. (Lauren age 7)
- A submarine goes under the water like a fish, but it has lots of seamen inside. (Emma age 5)
- When I grow up, I want to be captain of a big ship, and have lots of sailors (Valerie age 6). *And I want a summer job like this:* couple: "can you take our picture?" me: "sure. can you move a little to your right? a little more. perfect."

Respect to my mate Gloria!

