



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

Trash #352 August 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
4th August 2025	2425	Chez Bouncer, Shoreham	BN43 5GN	Bouncer
		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. #### Angels big 0th birthday hash! ####		
11th August 2025	2426	Stanley Alehouse, Lancing	BN15 9AY	Pussy Galore & Head Mistress
		Directions: Take A27 West 8 miles, At Lancing roundabout take the 1st exit onto Grinstead Ln/A2025. Turn right onto Grinstead Ave. At the roundabout take the 1st exit onto North Rd, go through one roundabout and turn left onto Queensway. Pub on left. Est 12 mins.		
18th August 2025	2427	The Plough, Pyecombe	BN45 75N	Tripsy Daisy & Shirker Ninezing
		Directions: Take A23 north and take first exit onto A273. Turn left toward Church Lane. Pub car park on right. Est 5 mins.		
25th August 2025	2428	Heath Tavern, Haywards Heath	RH16 4DZ	Psychlepath
		Directions: A23 N to Pyecombe, Filter left on to Ditchling. Straight on to Haywards Heath 1 mile past the Fox. Est 25 mins. #### Psychlepath big 0th birthday hash! ####		
1st September 2025	2429	The Top House, Burgess Hill	RH15 0AD	Trouble & Beat the Barman
		Directions: North on A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Straight on at Stone Pound lights to next roundabout. 3rd exit on B2036, then right at next roundabout on Queen Elizabeth Ave. Right again at next on Station Road and pub is 1/2 mile on left. Street parking. Est 15 mins.		

Receding Hareline:

08/09/25 2430 Trevor Arms, Glynde – Prince Crashpian
 15/09/25 2431 TBA - Little Swinger
 22/09/25 2432 Eager hare required!
 29/09/25 2433 Eager hare required!
 06/10/25 2434 Eager hare required!

why tf is there a birthday candle for 0

 nobody turns zero years old lol



Upcoming CRAFT hashes:

Friday 08/08/2025 6pm Carfax, Horsham for Elvis tribute and recce for September.

Advance notice:

Saturday 06/09/2025 2pm onwards:

Horsham Tap & Vine takeover

<https://www.yourhorsham.com/tap-and-vine-beer-wine-and-cider-tap-takeover/>

Hashing around Sussex:

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

03/08/25 Downsway, Shoreham – Bouncer (as 4th)

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

03/08/25 Sidley, Bexhill - Cliffbanger

W&NK H3- r*ns start at 11am (please arrive by 10.45 for parking):

10/08/25 Shoreham Rd, Otford, Kent TN14 5RW

The official hash wedding for C&ckhead and Hot Lips - we'd love all to come dressed as a bridesmaid (male & female)! Please email to simon@featherstones.net if coming for BBQ catering.

Thought for the day: Beer is like a nurse. You don't really know what they do to you, but you know it's very good.

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DAMN THOSE SEXY CARTOON NURSES!



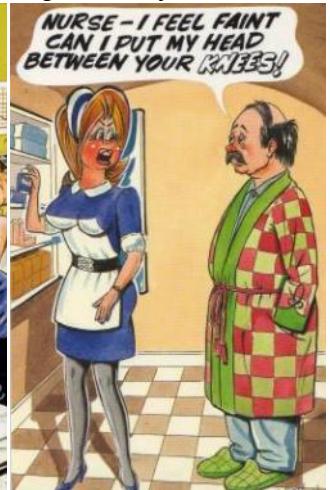
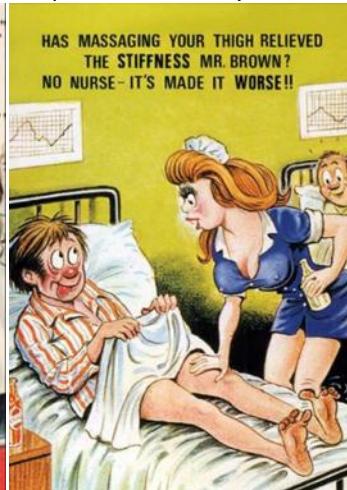
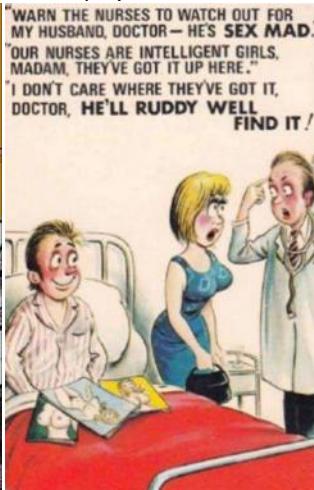
NURSE READY © 2011 FRANS MENSINK

Love feeling hungover yet can't be bothered with the hassle of partying? An exciting career as a night-shift nurse is for you! NURSE "YOU MAY NOT FEEL ANYTHING FROM THE WAIST DOWN"

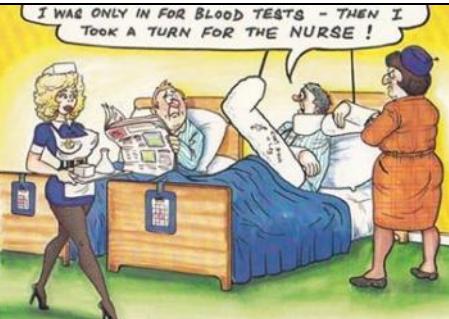
PATIENT "JUST THE TITS THEN?"



The wife suggested we spice things up a bit & play Doctors & Nurses. So I put her on a trolley in the hall & ignored her for 48 hours.



During my wife's labour, the nurse came up and said, "How about Epidural Anaesthesia?" I said, "Thanks, but we've already picked a name".



When I landed up in hospital there was one nurse that drove me crazy, talking down to me like I was a little child. "And how are we doing this morning?" or "Are we ready for a bath?" or "Are we hungry?". I'd had enough so at breakfast I took the apple juice off the tray and put it in my bedside stand. Later I was given a urine sample bottle to fill so you know where the juice went! When the nurse came by later, she picked up the bottle and said, "My, my, it seems we are a little cloudy today." At this I snatched the bottle out of her hand, popped off the top, and gulped it down, saying, "Well I'll run it through again. Maybe I can filter it better this time!". She fainted - I just smiled.

REHASHING a summer seaside stroll!

How to survive various animal attacks and avoid Nasty Nips



#2420 Cleveland, Brighton – With late weather dropouts due to the heat, it was a select group that mustered at the pub to drop our bags in the back room and amble out of the various exits for the chalk talk. On On Don and Pompette would be leading the walk which consisted of Pompette and On On Don, while runners were regaled with green and pink arrows, actual checks, numerous fishhooks and a sip. After a very brief crossing of Blakers park we found ourselves heading down Southdown Avenue, crossing the railway at London Road station and on down Shaftesbury Road. What madness was this, a town trail in summer, as every check was ‘straight on’, continuing on Ditchling Road and flirting briefly with the gardens of Grand and Pavilion Parades to the seafront. At least those of us at the rear were blessed with frequent visits from the FRB’s as FH after FH caught them out, although why Little Swinger felt the need to do one 3 times when numbers had gone beats me! A scorcher of an evening had drawn the crowds making progress along the coast ‘interesting’, with an awful of lot of nips visible through scantly clads, both nice and nasty, and our hare confided that it was a lot quieter at 5.30am when he’d set trail <insert ‘wow’ emoji>! Anyhoo we didn’t get the i360 sip we’d anticipated as we once again fell into the ‘straight at the check’ thing up Montpelier Road to 7 Dials and on down Chatham Place. Following round Argyle the FH on Preston Road for 8 only had 3 takers, including tailwalker St. B and Hash Gomi, and the next on Beaconsfield Villas, none! All was forgiven though, as we reached Nips sip and some choice bottles of ale were passed round to wash down the Pringles and fairy cakes before the on inn.

Thirsts quenched, and just as scran arrived, circle was called prompting some urgent stuffing of faces, probably unnecessarily as HG looked beat after working hard all night. The plan to break the nipotism of NN & Bouncer awarding each other failed as NN was hare, but additional charges were warranted for FH miscounting, and his birthday on the morrow. The Falmouth Sea Shanty festival had this year drawn a huge crowd, in part due to 2 cruise ships docking on the Saturday which isn't relevant, but St. Bernard's magnetism is, as he was spotted entering a pub with numerous ladies in tow recreating Beatlemania in his presence. He'd also been spotted snogging someone as we passed Pool Valley this evening, causing RA to ask what after shave he used on his hipster beard! One of his Cornish harem could well have been Ride-It, Baby, as she was indeed down there with him, but turning at the FH before reaching the RA warranted a charge and a slightly adjusted 20 toes, *"women play with 100 up, while Charlie goes to town"*. He may have been a lurker in the past but HG's work rate this evening was phenomenal as he consistently hit the Fishhooks, as well as running red lights in an attempt to get to the sip first, a plan that failed as he eventually succumbed to exhaustion on the last climb. Exhaustion is something that doesn't affect LS, and nor does multiple fishhooks or heat, so we'd better try slowing her down with beer, but we still had one beer left, which Whose Shout was happy to assist with on a charge possibly of doing the opposite of HG by strolling all night until he smelled the sip and led the pack up Stanford Ave, even LS and Mudlark lagging behind him, and persuading Hare to cancel the last FH! These three downed to a not very long song, as another charge was inevitably provided, just too late, that being Pussy Galore who enthusiastically accepted Tart of the Day when called by staff! Pompette announced first round on her at the Cock next week to quell the RA's enthusiasm for dodgy innuendo, which was enough to conclude another great hash.



Bouncer



View from the back



Ride it Baby with Mr Magnetism



View from the front



- The most effective way to remember your wife's birthday is to forget it once.
- My wife's not talking to me. She said I ruined her birthday. I'm not sure how though. I didn't even know it was her birthday.

A blonde goes in to apply for a job and she fills out an application. She takes it up to the man and he says, "You've left three blanks - how old are you?", so she counts on her fingers and finally reaches 22. "Okay then, how tall are you?", so she tries to measure herself and says, "5'2". "Finally, what is your name?" She nodes her head back and forth for a few seconds and says "Jennifer." He says, "Okay, I get how you got your age and your height, but how did you get your name by nodding your head back and forth?" She says, "I was singing 'Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you, Happy Birthday dear Jennifer.'"

Brighton Hash House Harriers - Minutes – A.G.P.U. (12/7/25)

Attendees: On On Don (Don Elwick), Pompette (Chris Tello), Angel (Gabrielle Biggins), Little Swinger (Jasmin Anderson), Ride It Baby(Patricia Morfitt), Keeps It Up (Brent Crowle), Wildbush (Kayleen Holland)

1 -Hash Cash - Knightrider (Chris Dawson) will be moving to Derbyshire in September, so we need a new regular collector of the £1 fees and annual subs. *Response: Angel to undertake collection, with support from Pompette and Ride It Baby.*

2 – Hash Bankers - As KR and WB will be “off” in a few months from now, we will need at least 2 more signatories for the Hash Account. Response: Add Little Swinger, Angel and Nasty Nips to (probably) new current account. Look to move account from Lloyds to Metro due to monthly fees (£4.25/month). Angel and Little Swinger to visit Metro to get an account set up. Cheat sheet of responsibilities to be provided by KR.

3 – Haberdashery - WB does a superb job of this task, but as she is “off” in a few months time, we need an understudy to pick up the tricks of the trade, and keep us kitted out! Responses: *Little Swinger* to take over, *Wildbush* to show process. *Cheat sheet of responsibilities to be provided by WB*.

4 – Organisers - KIU does this really well, along with NN (Scott Heckle) and ML (Nigel Wilce) and others, so another meticulous Organiser would be welcome, to share this role. Responses: Mudlark to continue as Hare Raiser, RA – Bouncer, Nasty Nips, Bonking Queen, Weekly Run Rehash Write-up – Bouncer, Nasty Nips, Whose Shout, Weekly email – Nasty Nips

5 – Website - We have the funds to get this renewed and fully functional, so hope that our inhouse talent can move this forward. Responses: Suggestion to use MyClubHouse – hosting platform used by other clubs? Maintenance of website by Lily the Pink? Hash Gomi? We do have in-house talent, though a complete website probably needs to be outsourced. Money as been set aside for the cost of building the new website. There would also be annual fees on top, of maybe £150. KIU to email Lily re: current website hosting/management. KIU to review options and provide a report – Skylark/London, Tim Bradshaw, My ClubHouse

6 - Xmas Hash - Last year's Bash at the Ladies Mile was a definite improvement over the Hassocks Hotel – but the pub has to close at 11 p.m. This does not give our resident DJ Psyclepath enough time to get us up and dancing until the Midnight Hour. Therefore Venue suggestions and research are required! Responses: On On Don, Ride It Baby and one other, maybe (nominations available) to work as a subcommittee to find a venue. Aim for 15/12/25. Criteria: large enough, decent car parking, open to 12, nearish to a train station if possible, though this should not be the main factor. Options proposed: Red Lion Lindfield, Jack & Jill, golf clubs, sailing club Brighton Marina

Giant hash feet make a splash in the corn, as Giant believes his corns to make a splash:

Two feet in the wheat! The Long Man of Wilmington took a stroll through a wheat field it seems! A bizarre two-footed crop circle was discovered this week below the gigantic chalk hill-figure in the Sussex Downs, UK.



A Native American boy with a puzzled look on his face, asked his mother, "Why is my big brother named Mighty Storm?" "Because he was conceived during a mighty storm", explained the boy's mother. "Okay, but why is my sister's name Cornflower?" "Well, your father and I were in a corn field when we made your sister", explained the boy's mother. "Okay, but why is my other sister named Moonchild?" "We were watching the moonlanding when we made your sister", explained the boy's mother. There was a pause for a moment, then the boy's mother continued, "Tell me, Torn Rubber, why are you so curious?"



REHASHING an Airman memorial mix-up:



BH7 #2421 - The Cock Inn, Ringmer - AKA Cock Up at the Cock Inn - AKA The Hash of Two Halves... and The Tale of the Half House Harriers (courtesy of Whose Shout). The fourth year of Bob 'Airman' Luck's passing would see Pompette running us once again from the Cock Inn at Ringmer, passing over Airman's stile and getting the usual picture. But not before a number of FRB's had already headed off into the distance and had to be called back. This kind of set the tone for the night though... And so, headed straight on post-picture, trail led to Wellingham Ln and the first check. Trail would turn left and then right up the footpath where perhaps a VERY new finger on the fingerpost had erased the hare's mark (yes, it looked that new). Trail continued on to Barcombe Mills Rd where another check would find the pack turning left. And that's the last the pack stayed together, for chaos would reign when one eagled-eyed hasher spotted an arrow headed E in the car park; with one map-holder (Whose Shout) already headed N and myself in the middle of the pack trying to determine who was right (for there were calls of On On from all directions), initial call to the same direction as Whose Shout was

overridden by a number of hashers (having also looked at the map) heading E; believing myself to be in error and following the arrow my call was changed, and eventually changed back as I realised the error. Seven hashers would ultimately take the true trail, those being Shirker, Mudlark, Whose Shout, Angel, Ride It Baby, Keeps It Up, and myself. By my counts that means thirteen hashers had gone off in the other direction... At least they'd get to enjoy the walkers' trail and some free beer courtesy of Cliffbanger and a leftover keg from City Hash. Back on true trail, the track would continue along the S edge of the Ouse and up to The Anchor Inn, then turning down Anchor Ln before heading down the old railway line. With calls of On On still being shouted in the small group, an unexpected return call from Little Swinger and Half Moon would find them the other side of the Ouse running N, catching up quickly. A turn off onto the footpath and over the footbridge would find a fishhook here offering a chance for LS and HM to catch up (although in all honesty we didn't go back through the stingers for them, instead listening to HM's calls of 'Ow Ow' instead of 'On On!'). Now numbering nine, the pack followed the footpath through and around the field to the corner of Crink Hill, although a missing mark here meant the pack temporarily overshot the turning immediately onto the footpath headed E - this error was quickly realised and pack turned around. Footpath followed again to the Car Park, E through the field then onto Barcombe Mills Rd before turning onto the footpath before the A26 and back via Airman's stile. Lucky we got that picture on the way out, and apologies were offered by myself to Airman for losing half the pack!



With sip stop now in (almost) full attendance and a chance for some free DDs, a first circle was called-up with DDs to 'Hashers of the Evening' awarded to LS and HM for turning around and catching up; DDs to "10,9,8". Next up, those vocal voices of the evening, namely Gomi (although when isn't he vocal?) and Bouncer (both for the wrong trail calling) and Whose Shout (for living up to his name and being heard several fields away on the right trail); DDs to "Here's to the hashers". Moving on to the pub and grub, and sat outside on again on a beautiful summer's evening, circle would be called up, this time the hares (Pompette, On On Don and Beat The Barman) being called up. The hash was asked what they thought of the trail, first to those who did the right one, then to those who did the short / walker's trail, and then to Shirker who had done the right trail all the way up to the A26 at the end. Abuse was levied at myself for my part in the cock up, noting that since I was RAing I couldn't award myself a DD; DDs for the hares to "Here's to the Hares". Next up, KIU for commenting on LS and HM not doing a fishhook properly when we had failed to return to them at least once knowing that they were behind us, for insisting the last footpath was down the side road at the end when it was just along the road, and for blatant racism all night regarding his recent holiday and marathon yesterday; DD to "10,9,8". And finally, Shirker for ignoring the call back at the end and so not doing true trail after all that way, and HM for (once again) being heard to exclaim "Oh my god. Oh my god", "I'm coming. I'm coming", and "F*** me. F*** me" all along the trail when she had finally caught up to the true trail pack. (Side Note: LS narrowly escaped a call-up for commenting the "she had never been so excited to hear Nips' voice"); DD for SN and HM to "Get A Life".

Post-DD AOB was handed over to OOD who relayed that the hash AGPU (Annual General Piss-Up) would be held this Saturday 12th July at the White Horse, Ditchling at noon. Apparently we are more organised than other clubs, a comment which received a lot of commentary given the evening's antics! And, according to Bouncer, if you're not there you'll receive a committee role... (NOTE: The AGPU is open to everyone, and provides a chance to discuss anything hash-related. Or just join us in getting a beer and some food.) And with that, the evening was closed with a toast to the hash.

Nasty Nips



Turns out you can just buy a birthday cake anytime and eat it yourself! Nobody checks.

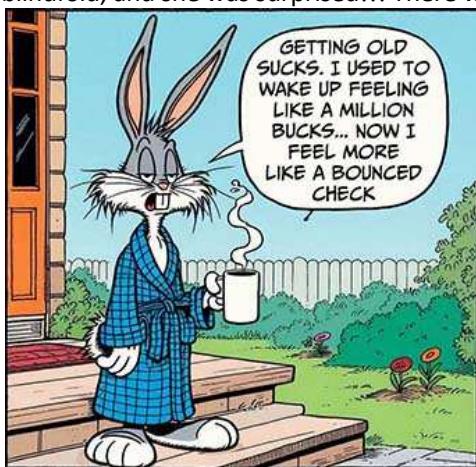
For his wife's birthday party, a certain hasher ordered a cake with this inscription: "You are not getting older, You are just getting better." When asked how he wanted it arranged, he said, "Just put 'You are not getting older' at the top, and 'You are just getting better' at the bottom." It wasn't until the good doctor was ready to serve the cake that he discovered it read: "YOU ARE NOT GETTING OLDER AT THE TOP, YOU ARE JUST GETTING BETTER AT THE BOTTOM." Talking of which:

Once upon a time there lived a woman who had a maddening passion for baked beans. She loved them but unfortunately they always had a very embarrassing and somewhat lively reaction to her. Then one day she met a guy and fell in love. When it became apparent that they would marry she thought to herself, "He is such a sweet and gentle man, he would never go for this carrying on." So she made the supreme sacrifice and gave up beans.

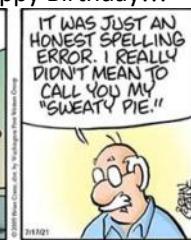
Some months later her car broke down on the way home from work. Since she lived in the country she called her husband and told him that she would be late because she had to walk home. On her way she passed a small diner and the odour of the baked beans was more than she could stand. Since she still had miles to walk, she figured that she would walk off any ill effects by the time she reached home. So, she stopped at the diner and before she knew it, she had consumed three large orders of baked beans. All the way home she putt-putted. And upon arriving home she felt reasonably sure she could control it.

Her husband seemed excited to see her and exclaimed delightedly, "Darling, I have a surprise for dinner tonight." He then blindfolded her and led her to her chair at the table. She seated herself and just as he was about to remove the blindfold from his wife, the telephone rang. He made her promise not to touch the blindfold until he returned. He then went to answer the phone. The baked beans she had consumed were still affecting her and the pressure was becoming almost unbearable, so while her husband was out of the room she seized the opportunity, shifted her weight to one leg and let it go. It was not only loud, but it smelled like a fertilizer truck running over a skunk in front of a pulpwood mill. She took her napkin and fanned the air around her vigorously. Then, she shifted to the other cheek and ripped three more, which reminded her of cabbage cooking.

Keeping her ears tuned to the conversation in the other room, she went on like this for another ten minutes. When the phone farewells signalled the end of her freedom, she fanned the air a few more times with her napkin, placed it on her lap and folded her hands upon it, smiling contentedly to herself. She was the picture of innocence when her husband returned. Apologizing for taking so long, he asked her if she peeked, and she assured him that she had not. At this point, he removed the blindfold, and she was surprised!!! There were twelve dinner guests seated around the table to wish her a Happy Birthday!!!



"Just remember, when you're over the hill, you begin to pick up speed."
- Charles M. Schulz



An unspecified older persons lament:

You may have heard of a scare-mail about the person whose kidneys were stolen while he was passed out. Well, read on. While the kidney story was an urban legend, this one is not. It's happening every day.

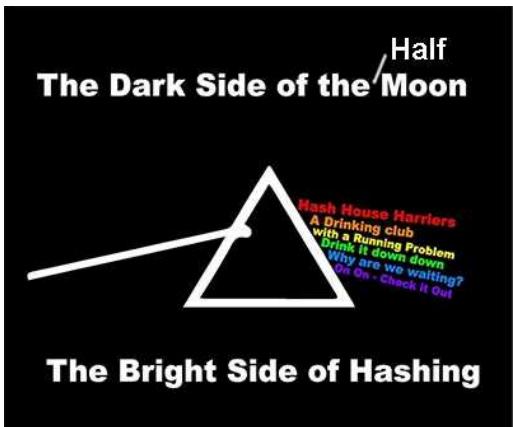
My thighs were stolen from me during the night a few months ago. It was just that quick. I went to sleep in my body and woke up with someone else's thighs. The new ones had the texture of cooked oatmeal. Who would have done such a cruel thing to legs that had been mine for years? Whose thighs were these and what happened to mine? I spent the entire summer looking for my thighs. Finally, hurt and angry, I resigned myself to living out my life in jeans and leggings.

Then, just when my guard was down, the thieves struck again. My backside was next. I knew it was the same gang, because they took pains to match my new rear end (although badly attached at least three inches lower than my original) to the thighs they stuck me with earlier. Now, my rear complemented my legs, lump for lump. Frantic, I prayed that long skirts would stay in fashion. It was more recently when I realized my arms had been switched. One morning I was fixing my hair and I watched horrified but fascinated as the flesh of my upper arms swung to and fro with the motion of the hairbrush. This was really getting scary. My body was being replaced one section at a time. How clever and fiendish. Age? Age had nothing to do with it. Age is supposed to creep up, unnoticed, something like maturity. NO, I was being attacked repeatedly and without warning. In despair, I gave up my T-shirts. What could they do to me next? My poor neck disappeared more quickly than the Christmas turkey it now resembled.

That's why I decided to tell my story. I can't take on the medical profession by myself. Women of the world, wake up and smell the coffee. That really isn't plastic that those surgeons are using. You KNOW where they are getting those replacement parts, don't you? The next time you suspect someone has had a face "lifted", look again. Was it lifted from you? I think I finally found my thighs, and I hope that Cindy Crawford paid a really good price for them! This is not a hoax. This is happening to women in every town every night. **WARN YOUR FRIENDS.**

P.S. I must say that the other night I thought someone had stolen my breasts. I was lying in bed and they were gone! As I jumped out of bed I was relieved to see that they had just been hiding in my armpits as I slept. Now I keep them hidden in my waistband.

REHASHING a hash engagement



The Bright Side of Hashing

move at the next check, then descending on the Warningore Bostall via a cunning check offering two ways down side by side. Mudlark was just showing off climbing again on the sheep track, but the gully was soon 20 feet below us. Straight ahead at the crossroads and again at the road on up to Warningore farm, we were soon at the sip at chez hares to hear the wonderful news of Balinor and Dyke Divers impending nuptials, toasted with champagne and cherry brandy, as we also enjoyed the fresh cherries on offer. Balinor was particularly keen for the hash to know the part we'd unknowingly played in their union!



"a sip stop was glimpsed through the trees..."

Romance was in the air as these hash couples will vouch: Bouncer & Angel; Balinor & Dyke Diver; and, er... Shoots Off Early & Hot Fuzz.



Circling up at the pub, a unanimous 'lovely' was awarded to the hares with another RA embellished ditty: *"They're getting married in the morning, on on the bells are going to chime, Don't come a cropper, she wants your chopper, so get to the church* on time"* (*registry actually!), before the more usual 20 toes downer, and many hashy returns to DD turning 60 tomorrow! Next up, a question: What's the difference between a bog roll inner and Hash Gomi? One's a hollow cylinder and the others a silly Hollander! No-one gainsaying that but Lily the Pink and KnuSSSnacker were collecting Ale Trail stamps on Saturday and ran into trouble at the Old Boot with HG in tow getting lairy with the barman, almost upsetting their plans. To top that he'd overshot Bonking Queen as FH turnaround then told the RA he'd not gone far enough as I didn't go to HG! A silly city charge went to Who Killed Kenny (and not even for cycling over the downs with Teddy), for SCB'ing the field loop with a trespass. With a nod to Nasty Nips, who'd been #6 at a count 5FH, and Little Swinger, in brand specific Adidas head to toe, for their extra FH at the behest of Hot Fuzz'z erroneous calling, HF was joined by PD & SB for turning the order of things on its head. Also joining was the late Serbian Bomber, who'd caught us at the sip, as we asked why this lot had been born so beautiful, to wrap up another great hash. Well, nearly, as there was chat about next weeks excellent joint hash with EGH3 at the White Horse in Maplehurst for Gromit's 70th and the promise of £5 burgers etc., as well as the following weeks excellent hash from HG's place to hash-christen the new gate in memory of Prof. Apologies for not mentioning the AGPU, but I did offer the floor so you'll have to refer elsewhere (see page 5!) and e-mails. I'll drink to that! **Bouncer**



A typical food shop, if it was from the As Ever range by the Duchess of Sussex

MEGHAN has relaunched her shopping site, with new products and even more twee bullshit. Here she explains how she'd make your supermarket staples more poncey. **Baked beans with flower sprinkles** - Every tin comes with edible flower petals to take your beans from mundane to magical! Think of it as 'confetti' for your beans on toast, even if you'd never in a million years have come up with such a pointless concept yourself!

Bespoke eggs crafted by chicken artisans - Pamper yourself with the unrivalled luxury of an egg, each one lovingly sculpted inside a chicken's bumhole-vagina. Plate your egg, fried, in a mosaic of bacon, toast, mushrooms and sausages, adding the silky opulence of ketchup from a squeezy bottle. Save a piece of sausage and wear it on a chain as a keepsake of this special moment.

Toilet paper to be enjoyed with the ones you love - I believe the most beautiful thing in life is sharing, and 16-packs of toilet rolls mean the people closest to you can share in the joy of passing stool. Why not ask them to join you in your bathroom for a charming evening of conversation and defecation? You'll wonder why you ever took a shit alone!

Luxurious limited edition Cathedral City, 550g - This block of Cathedral City is the only one to ever have existed at exactly these specific coordinates in time and space, so it's basically as unique as a diamond! And just a few pieces will transform a dull slice of toast into a sumptuous slice of cheese on toast! You should try it!

Carefully curated dinosaur shapes - Every one of my frozen turkey dinosaurs is specially chosen by a machine to make dinnertime a real-life journey back through time to the humid glades of the Jurassic Era. And each T-Rex, diplodocus and stegosaurus has been certified by a qualified palaeontologist as 100 per cent historically similar, apart from the breadcrumbs.

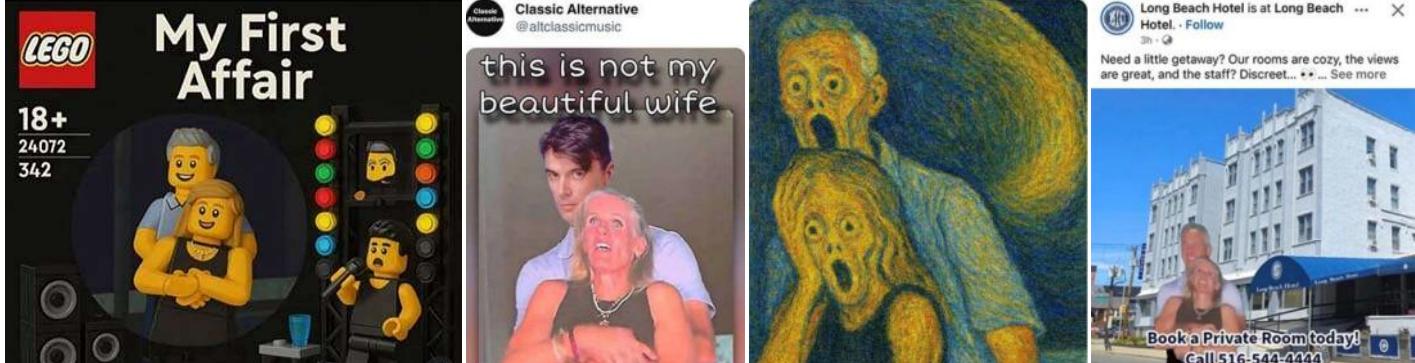
24-pack of 2025 vintage Stella Artois - A delicately balanced lager with soft notes of lager, a delicate aroma of lager and a lagery finish. It's effortlessly versatile – perfect for carefree summer afternoons in the garden, or simply getting rat-arsed in front of the telly. During our nights in, Harry is always asking for another can!

Wonderfully indulgent Toilet Duck - A decadent, lemony treat for any bleach lover, and the exquisitely sculpted neck for getting the most out of it.

under the rim will make it a wonderful conversation piece in any 'little room' for years to come. Makes a perfect wedding gift. **Plan a romantic Big Soup breakfast** - Surprise your partner with a wonderfully seductive Big Soup in bed. Lamb and veg, beef and veg, chunky veg – let your imagination run wild! My secret tip? Spoon Big Soup over a freshly baked croissant for a dash of classic French elegance. Don't forget to serve it with a generous sprinkling of love!

'They're either having an affair, or they're just very shy'. — Turns out they're having an affair!

Coldplay haven't made a single in years - then they make two in one night!



COLDPLAYED /'kould, pleid – verb “Bro thought he was safe in a crowd of 80,000. He got Coldplayed hard”

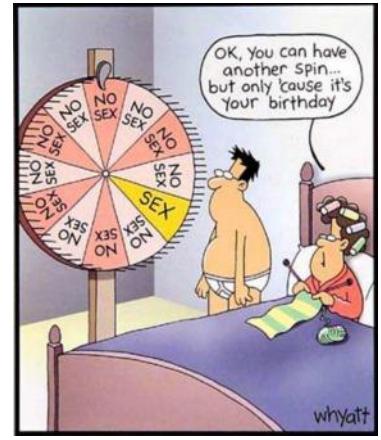
1. The act of being unintentionally exposed while cheating, especially in public, usually during major events.
2. To be seen at the wrong place with the wrong person at the wrong time.



REHASHING a big birthday joint hash:

#2423 – White Horse, Maplehurst – Pub opens 12.00 Wednesday said the SatNav as we drove up. Good old Gromit, picking a pub that was closed when he's arranged a joint hash with EGH3, and BH7, despite the distance, bringing our biggest turnout for many a week! But of course he'd arranged for them to open especially for us, and agreed a £5 banger or burger bun deal, so we cracked on with confidence to be directed into the field by St. Bernard. With well over the magic birthday number of 70 attendees, a manic few minutes then occurred as visitors were introduced, opposing hashes mingled and met, food was re-ordered as the sign in sheet excluded EGH3, and eventually we were silenced by Rocks On at full volume calling chalk talk. Gromit then announced a 6 mile trail including sip and fishhooks and off we sprant (sprinted? I dunno.) up Park Lane to check#1. North was called through to Nuthurst Street, trail continuing to cross various field paths and eventually finding tarmac near the impressive Elliotts manor. Paralleling the farm road on the footpath a successful check brought pack back together at Steeds Corner only for them to scatter rapidly away as wasps sought revenge for the disturbance of their slumber, successfully spiking several including Flashing Johnny's arse! Wriggling through a couple of farms, and a feisty horse being restrained by its mum, brought us to the Downs Link where again people stood bemused as there was no check. South seemed obvious but why were the FRB's coming back, ah a fishhook!

10 was the number and it was eventually reached as Hash Gomi and Little Swinger made their way to the back. Leaving the DL, Bonking Queen took advantage of a field edge to cut the corner with Knockie and River, only to lose it after the next FH on Kennel Lane. Hare had again confused the masses and all advantage gained with the 4 that actually returned was lost as pack didn't think to look for marks in the hedge just left of the FH! Urgent measures were called for and Gromit regained favour with an excellent sip on Maplehurst Road, combining Kissingate beer with nibbles, cheese and sweet bites. Leaving the road at Little Champions farm, we were soon on inn via more fields, Warren Wood, and selected wa*kers and donkeys to join the queue at the bar and bar-b-queue.



The rather marvellous band Toons, featuring Scud and Dick Nose with Will & Louise, set about regaling us with some lovely entertainment including a couple of age related numbers for the birthday boy (One Day Closer to the Day You're Going to Die & Adventure Before Dementia) and Five Miles of Mud, which Dick had been inspired to write after an Angel hash in February 2021, the video for which can be found on YouTube. Sharing RA'ing with Big Yin, he suggested I go first and so the hares were called to down, getting their arms in a twist to 20 toes. A filler while water was obtained was the revelation that French Mustard had travelled furthest, from Sweden, which is probably 500 miles. Things got complicated when actual birthday girl Astrid (Gromit's not being until Thursday) had been carted off by mum Soggy Crack at the first hint of a circle so, with Pirate, her dog Max downed with the other birthday girl Legolas. Private Dancer was next up to receive and don his hash vest in full view, as they'd sent the smaller ladies cut. Wildbush had spotted and sorted though so 'He's alright, got a little t-shirt but...'. Tight, but matching, bastards Marigold and Thermoman had attempted to swerve subs by signing BH7 as first timers, but Joy of Specs was wise and tapped them anyway, however, the diminutive Marigold had clunked her head on a branch when we were walking on Friday, then said, "Big Yin would definitely have given me a down down for that". Happy to oblige in lieu, but more EG folk were called in for FH avoidance, being Candida, Joe and Neil Dalgetty, plus Tailend who'd found a 'lucky' horseshoe cutting himself as he picked it up. My final charge went to Rebel and Marjorie who'd found common ground discussing their horns on trail, to the short song. Big Yin then took over first regaling us with significant facts from 1955 other than the birth of Gromit, which included Ruth Ellis being hanged; the Polio Vaccine was licensed; Fish Fingers were invented; and a spy from the Cambridge 5 was exposed! Next up was Bonking Queen for child abuse, puffing with daughter River next to her, and continuing with recognition of the various chapters for the 'out there mad' hashers, BH7 being represented by Bathe-It Daily, while EGH3, Old Coulsdon, W&NK, and Surrey hashers also all answered the question, 'why were they born...' BY continued with a presentation of a fragile gift to Gromit from EGH3 accompanied by a Fetherlite special birthday recital, before circle was closed with a bit of admin – EGH raffle, next weeks respective hashes, and the news from OOD that the A272 was closed. Toons carried on for a bit longer after all that, sadly cut-short by the fading light, as we stuffed ourselves with cake, to conclude another great hash.

Bouncer



**Gromit's Seventy
by Fetherlite**
(Tune: Oh wouldn't it be luvverly
– My Fair Lady)

All he wants is a pint of beer
Malt and hops and crystal clear
To celebrate this year
Oh now that Gromit's seventy

Lots of hashing and lots of beer
Keep him fit with not much wear
Though cycling he fell on his ear
But he's still got to seventy

Still got all his hair and teeth
well all but one or two
Still can hear and read a book
'n knows where he left his keys

Sorts our hares & trails too
Walks the Munros two eighty two
Loves jiving and dad dancing too
Even though he's seventy

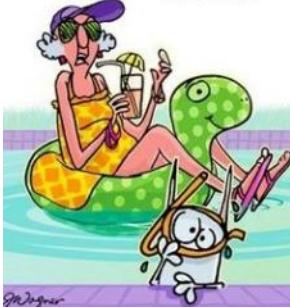
Now all he wants is a pint of beer
Malt and hops and crystal clear
Give one enormous cheer
For Gromit now is seventy



Dick Nose performs "5 Miles of Mud"

Sun's out, sausages out!

A sunburn is nature's way of reminding you you're made out of meat.



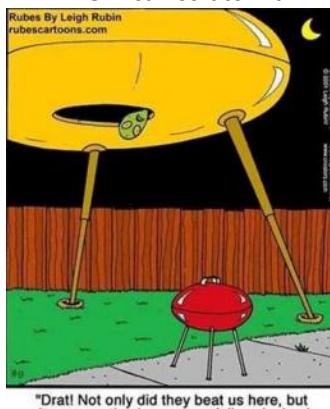
A combo redneck grill and cooler



What do sheep do on sunny days? A: Have a baa-baa-cue!



Well I can scratch running with the bulls off my bucket list after I walked past weight watchers with a cheese burger.



At the barbecue the other day, I ordered and she put one burger under one armpit and another burger under the other armpit. I said "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING ?". She said "I'm defrosting them". I said "Well you can cancel the sausage then".



Meat the wife

My local butcher's shop is so clean, you could eat a raw sausage directly out of the butcher's trouser pocket. I know this because I spotted my wife doing it in the back of his shop the other day and she seems to have suffered no ill effects. **Hector Johnson, Bournemouth**

A woman was standing before the bedroom mirror, admiring herself in her expensive new outfit. She posed this way and that. Her husband, looking on with disinterest, remarked; "Your bum is the size of a 3-burner barbecue!" Later that evening, tucked up cozy in bed, he leant over, tapped her on the shoulder, and asked hopefully; "How about it?"

She replied; "It's hardly worth lighting the Barby for half a sausage now is it?"

Three local butchers' shops were burgled in the last week! All that got stolen were sausages. Police say they were not linked.

REHASHING an a-maze-ing visit to Prof's gate:



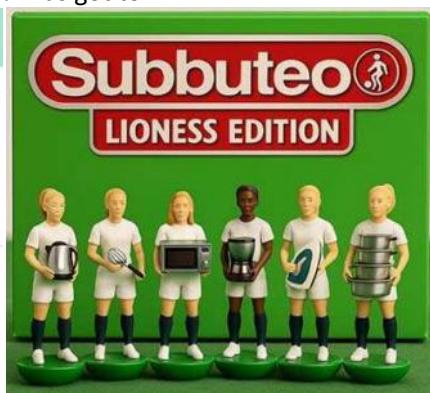
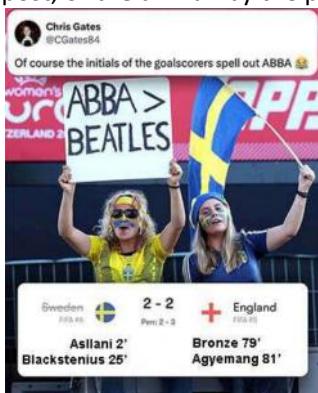
#2424 – Hash Gomi's place, Telscombe Cliffs – With the Prof gate now installed above Saltdean, and a hash visit on the cards just over a year after we lost him to the great hash trail in the stars, it was inevitable that there would be a large turnout and we would welcome back many old boots! Indeed, the trail was set mostly by the Sunday run squad that Prof enjoyed exploring the Downs with so much, so it was good to see No Loci Standi and Mark Jones returning, as well as Black Stockings and Red Slapper. Mudlark spouted some chalk talk, which included news of the sip, and we were off to the top of the road turning right at the check, then left at the next onto Downs Walk where the first fishhook was encountered, and good to see the Sunday boys taking it seriously! Crossing The Lookout trail became seriously hazardous with a steep downhill being augmented by savage 'Wilfrids' as Whose Shout, showing his age, called them (a reference to Wilfrid Brambell of Steptoe & Son and A Hard Days Night fame), which some well-intentioned soul had sequestered but left on the ground for added slippage. A brief respite was cut short with the climb up the other side

where St. Bernard started foraging, although nothing below the waistline! Reaching Gorham's Lane trail headed west before a sharp right took us back down again and Merlin, whose poor paws must've suffered the brambles, came back for me despite Dyke Divers frantic calling. Knightrider had a trick up his sleeve though, and a short-cut up past Southease Motocross let WS and myself off the hook, as main trail followed the lane past the maze to South Farm and up Mill Hill (which JAWS later informed was also known as Kiri Te Kanawa hill, as she used to live there before returning to New Zealand in 2021). Taking it slow we kept an eye behind for the pack but with no sign at the FH3 we took an executive decision to ignore it as hares don't need to; Whose Shout was over 75 exempt; and, as RA, I wasn't going to dob myself in, so strolled on across the Tye to our objective at the gate. Pack arrived about ten minutes on, where Mudlark revealed he'd called them through the FH anyway! Shot pots were filled with Navy Rum supplemented with cola as required, a toast was raised to our dear friend and lost hasher as Mudlark thanked Telscombe PC for their blessing and the Monday Group for the installation, many a sunset picture was taken and soon we were on our way downhill on inn to find the wa*kers comfortably enjoying the firepit. Washing down a substantial repast (multiple salads with quiches, sausages, chicken, prawn dishes and many a picky bit) with Downlands Best, this was followed by fruit salad and numerous other bites including Mrs Knightriders excellent Mars Bar crispy bake. More Best was poured for the circle before too many slipped away ("I didn't think it would be dark in July" – Spreadsheet!), and the remaining hares were called up to explain themselves for the 7 mile epic, and not keeping Profs paths clear, although SS attempted to feign deafness! Angel's grievances were quickly taken down by Mudlark with his observation that, "It was what Prof would've wanted, and he'd be happy that you're moaning!", and the obvious Grand Old Duke saw them sink. BS, RS and Not So Fast Heinz joined us next but with no welcome back song, Here's to... would have to do, before a call for the disappointed. First up was DD, who nominated Balinor, for losing control over Merlin. Joining him was Prince Crashpian, whose name, to your RA's great disappointment also, was not on the list for the Henfield Theatre Groups pantomime cast announced on the socials earlier. But poor old Jenny Greenteeth really did not think the 'great night out' planned for her birthday by Rebel would entail getting lumbered with the hash, so it was suggested that all three Get a Life, before we sang her a birthday song anyway. Questions were asked of Peter Pansy, joining as a barfly, who rambled on about his greater commitment to every other r*nning club than the hash; a reminder that it is Angel's 60th birthday party hash next week; and Hash Gomi invited us to plunder his plunder, to wrap up another great night! **Bouncer**



IN THE (mostly) TRUMP-FREE NEWS

"Appropriate that on Armed Forces Day, with the temperature in the U.K. peaking at 30-35C, it's a fraction of the temperature our Forces have consistently been living, sailing, flying and fighting in for the last 29 years. So when you think it's a bit hot, consider the Squaddie running around in his full combat gear, the sailor trying to stay hydrated manning his post, or the airman by the pool wondering where his G&T has got to."



Lionesses do it again, bringing home the UEFA Women's Euro cup for the second successive time!



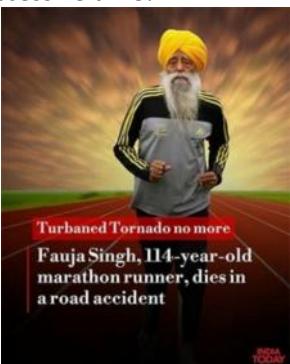
8th July - Sir Wyn Williams final report into the Post Office's Horizon scandal published. Now about the compensation?



13th July - Jannick Sinner wins Wimbledon final.



13th July - Chelsea win Club World Cup, while Trump bumbles about, eventually stealing the trophy!



14th July - British Indian Marathon and parkrun record holder dies in RTA.



On 5 July 2025, Ozzy Osbourne performed his final show at the Back to the Beginning concert in Birmingham, having announced that it would be his last due to health issues. Although he intended to continue recording music, he died 17 days later.



I'm taking no chances and stock piling ahead of the hosepipe ban!



And the winner of the prize marrow contest will receive a £1,000 fine for using a hosepipe'

We also lost the great Brian Wilson to respiratory arrest in June, but sadly not enough room in the last issue, so a mini tribute above with a very old joke. And as Britain continues to enjoy the summer weather, with heatwave number three for the year, talk inevitably turns to hosepipes and how they shouldn't be allowed.

THE END

DAMN THOSE SEXY MANGA NURSES!



Jimmy the Aboriginal.

A rich man living in Darwin decided that he wanted to have a BBQ party and invited all buddies and neighbours. He also invited Jimmy, the only aboriginal in the neighbourhood. He held the party around the pool in the backyard of his mansion. Everyone was having a good time eating, drinking, dancing, and flirting. At the height of the party, the host said, "I have a 15ft man-eating Crocodile in my pool and I'll give a million dollars to anyone who has the Balls to jump in." The words were barely out of his mouth when there was a loud splash and everyone turned around and saw Jimmy in the pool! Jimmy was fighting the croc and kicking its ass! Jimmy was jabbing the croc in the eyes with his thumbs, throwing punches, doing all kinds of shit like head butts and chokeholds, biting the croc on the tail and flipping the croc through the air like some kind of Judo Instructor. The water was churning and splashing everywhere. Both Jimmy and the croc were screaming and raising hell. Finally Jimmy strangled the croc and let it float to the top like a K-mart goldfish. Jimmy then slowly climbed out of the pool. Everybody was just staring at him in disbelief. Finally the host says, "Well, Jimmy, I reckon I owe you a million dollars." Nah, You right, I don't want it," said Jimmy. The rich man said, "Man, I have to give you something. You won the bet. How about half a million bucks then?" "No thanks. I don't want it," answered Jimmy. The host said, "Come on, I insist on giving you something. That was amazing. How about a New Porsche, a Rolex, some stock options?" Again Jimmy said no. Confused, the rich man asked, "Well Jimmy, then what do you want?" Jimmy said, "I want the name of the c*#t who pushed me in.



If you are one of those who have been enjoying the photo on the left, I have bad news. It's fake – see photo on right from 2022.