



BOGGY SHOE



The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers

Trash #354 October 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
6th October 2025	2434	Greyhound, Keymer	BN6 8QT	Private Dancer & Oral Hooker
Directions: A23 to A273, then right at Stone Pound traffic lights. Pub on right about 1.25 miles. Est 10 mins.				
13th October 2025	2435	Five Bells, Chailey	BN8 4DA	Hot Fuzz & Shoots Off Early
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. Left on A277 to traffic lights, left on A275 about 5 miles on left. 20 mins.				
20th October 2025	2436	White Hart, Henfield	BN5 9HP	Prince Crashpian
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 15 mins.				
27th October 2025	2437	Witchmakers Arms, Hove	BN3 3RU	Bouncer & Angel
Directions: <u>Train to Hove station recommended as parking very limited.</u> Pub 90 yards down on Goldstone Villas.				
Driving: A27 west to first exit; 3rd exit from roundabout on King George VI Ave. Take 1st left Goldstone Crescent and follow all the way to the end over mini roundabout, through traffic lights and tunnel. Left on Conway St. pub up steps. 10 mins.				
## Haunted Hove Halloween Hash – dress accordingly! Bring cups for spirit stops. ## [& World Peace through beer hash]				
3rd November 2025	2438	BN6 Craft Beer & Tap, Hassocks	BN6 8AR	Nasty Nips
Directions: N on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. R at Stone Pound lights, pub just past Grand Avenue on r/hand side opposite Boots, approx. 1/2 mile. Free parking in Dale Avenue car park BN6 8LN, 30 secs walk from bar. Est 10 mins.				

Receding Hareline:

- 10/11/25 2439 Hangleton Manor – Ride It, Baby!
- 17/11/25 2440 Jack & Jill, Clayton – Whose Shout/ Nasty Nips
- 24/11/25 2441 Eight Bells, Bolney – On On Don & Pompette
- 01/12/25 2442 Railway, Burgess Hill – Beat the Barman/Trouble

Upcoming CRAFT hashes:

(7pm start unless shown)

20/12/25 Eager hare wanted for Christmas CRAFT hash!

Hashing around Sussex:

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

No hare for this month. Next hash: 9/11/25 White Dog, Ewhurst Green – Jobsworth & Kingfisher

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

05/10/25 Coaching Halt, Crawley - Chaos

East Grinstead H3 – r*ns start at 10.45am:

12/10/25 The Fox, West Hoathly – Dancing Queen & Lampy

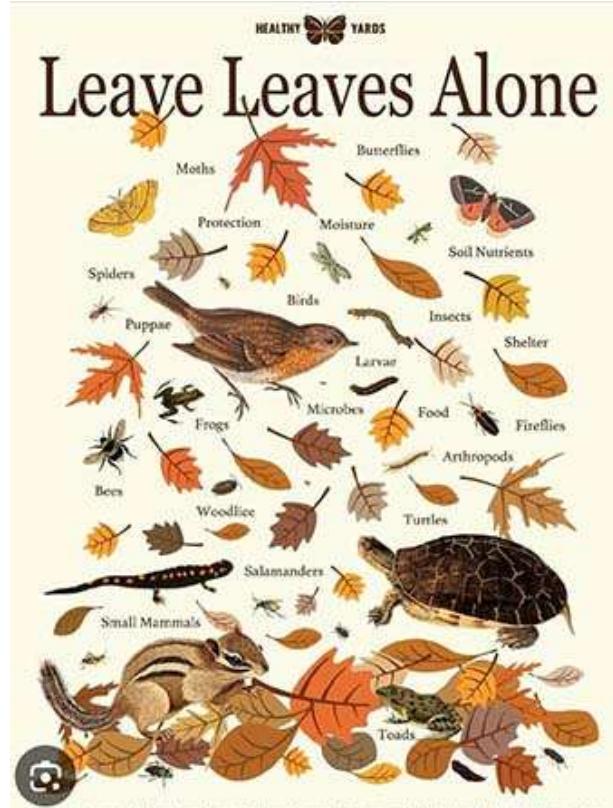
26/10/25 The Windmill, Littleworth – Chunderwoman/ Chris

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

19/10/25 White Horse, Maplehurst – Apple hash!

There will be a short hash, then we will be helping with the cider apple harvest. There will be samples of the cider to drink and maybe some apple-themed nibbles! Then we can eat, drink and be merry in The White Horse.

Thought for the day: We don't aim to offend anybody on the hash. We aim to offend everybody!



Visit our websites www.healthyyards.org & www.leaveleavesalone.org. Picture source: Healthy Yards and Biodiversity Heritage Library.

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES – see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:
 11/10/2025 800th Marathon festival – Walton-on-Thames
 Starring Wilds Thing, Fukarwe, Keeps It Up and YOU! **See # 347**
 08-10/05/2026 Interhash Yogyakarta, Indonesia
<https://interhash2026.com/>

Thoughts are with our neighbours Chichester hash after mainstay Michael 'Treefeller' Brown passed away on 3rd September 2025. Treefeller was a good friend who, despite having to give up running and walking many years ago due to health issues, rarely missed the hash and would issue certificates to new runners. He will be sorely missed at the Malibog curries, for his frequent contributions to the Boggy Shoe, and on our all too rare visits to ChiH3. RIP

Christmas hash details

Don confirmed the Xmas Hash details as 15th December from The John Harvey Tavern (Lewes), noting that the venue function room is limited to 60. A spreadsheet will be out shortly with menu and pricing, expected to be approximately £37 for three courses / £30-£32 for those who have paid subscriptions.

Your Hash Trash is changing...

Since publication began in 1992, run reports have been sporadic with no amount of encouragement getting potential scribes to put pen to paper. Eventually I took on the task of making a few notes whenever I could, and more recently was encouraged as other RA's stepped in by reviewing the trail and clarifying charges that sometimes weren't clear at circle up. One plan that has fallen by the wayside, with the Numpty mugs inability to manage a weekly appearance, was that the Numpty should become scribe for the following week. Although I would continue to encourage everyone to take a turn at doing the write up, you will no doubt be aware that these have now been added to the email notification for the following week, and soon will also be available on the website. On the plus side this has made the task of creating the Boggy Shoe much simpler but it has also taken away some of the importance of having a hash mag, and other information outlets now available, notably the Facebook page, are also having an impact. For now production will continue, however, following a complaint about the consistently popular page three recently, this will now be moved to page 11. For some years the most adult content has been reserved for the latter or back pages so it makes sense that the imagery usually to be found on page three should also be banished to the latter end, allowing those of a more sensitive nature to stop reading after the news pages. **Ed.**

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

GM	Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec	Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart	Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle
Hare Raiser	Nigel 'Mudlark' Wilce
Beer Monster/	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
Subs	Gabrielle 'Angel' Biggins
RA's	Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle
	Abs 'Bonking Queen'
	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
	Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
Hash Cash	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash Trash	Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland
Haberhash	Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer
Hash Horn	Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones
SDW relay	David 'Spreadsheet' Evans
Hashtorian	Christmas Hash Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt
Hash awards	Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle

Mismanagement



[Page III has been relocated to page 11]

Hashing according to Calvin & Hobbes by Hazukashii:

I went for a hash r*n but came back after two minutes because I forgot something.

I forgot I'm out of shape and can't r*n for more than two minutes.



We all have that one friend that only gets called by their hash name.... It sounds weird to even say their real name.



You can't outrun your problems, but you can jog just ahead of them and pretend you can't hear them when you're on the hash.



I CAN SEE THE BEER TRUCK RIGHT THERE.

NOTHING TASTES BETTER THAN THAT FIRST BEER, AFTER A GREAT DAY RUNNING THE HASH. COMING IN COVERED IN SWEAT AND DIRT. JUST THE BEST OF TIMES.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN ... WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF BEER? YOU'VE ALREADY HAD 4 AND I ONLY JUST FINISHED TRAIL!!

YOU BETTER LEAVE THOSE LAST TWO ALONE, OR I'LL CLOBBER YOU!!



Hashing is built on a solid foundation of alcohol, sarcasm, inappropriateness and shenanigans... Who doesn't love that shit!

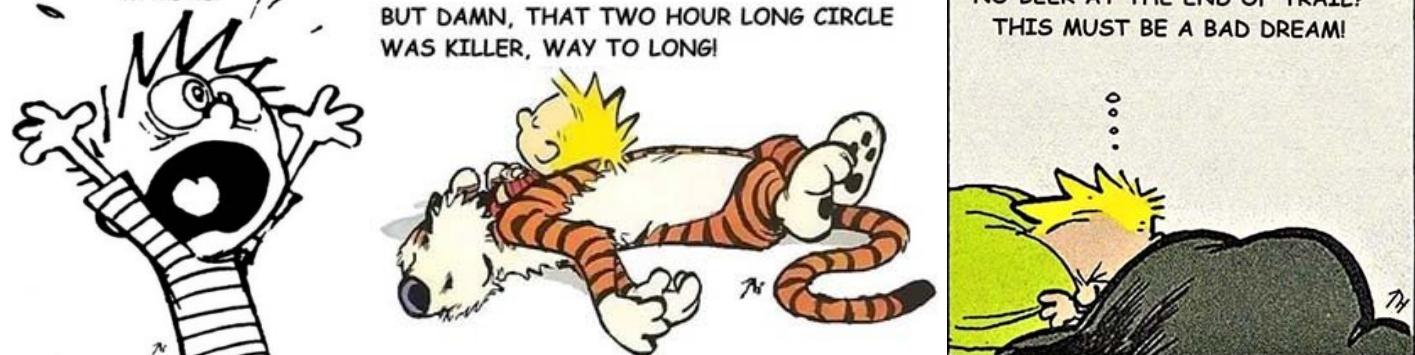
GET ME OFF OF HERE!!

I HATE SITTING ON THE ICE!!

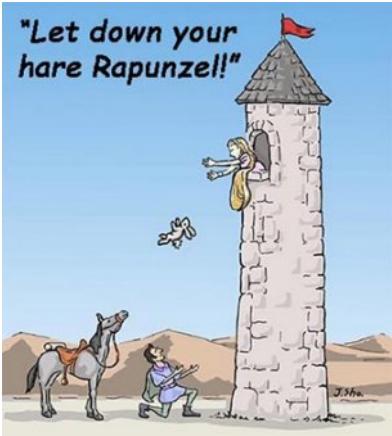
TWO HOURS ON TRAIL WAS AWESOME...

BUT DAMN, THAT TWO HOUR LONG CIRCLE WAS KILLER, WAY TO LONG!

NO BEER AT THE END OF TRAIL? THIS MUST BE A BAD DREAM!



REHASHING I

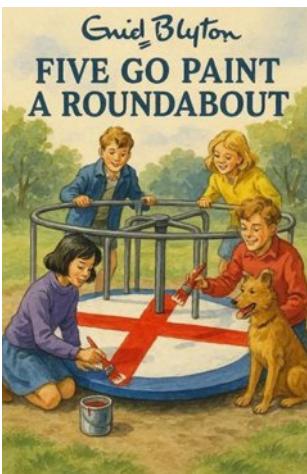


and back into the woods to W of Ditchling Rd. The last FH here would be encountered in the woods before trail continued N up to Phoenix Rise / Beacon Crescent, where trail turned SW along to Kings Way. With the footbridge on the continuing footpath marked as closed, hash turned S down Kings Way and W onto The Holt, where the FRBs would be called On Back by Hot Fuzz. What had they missed? Nothing - Hot Fuzz just wanted to point out his first house in Sussex! W on through to Wykeham Way and up to Ferndale Rd and Sip Stop at the S end of Glendale Rd. On Inn back to the pub W on Silverdale Rd and over the roundabout.

A wide-angle photograph of a modern building with a glass facade and a green lawn in front, with trees in the background.



Back at the pub, silver-tongued Knightrider managed to wangle two pitchers for DDs (one lager, one ale) leaving this RA with the odd predicament of having to find extra charges - a wonderful problem to have. With DDs poured out, hares were invited up first, and the usual 'abuse' levied at them - DDs to "Here's to the hares". Next up, KIU for farting loudly not once but twice in front of an unnamed hasher, and Hot Fuzz (for reporting him - not really!) for calling back the FRBs; DDs to "Stupid". Of note, but sadly already gone, was Merlin who had chased a deer into a fence and proceeded to get stuck, leading to Balinor spending a few minutes extracting doggy from said fence. Next up, visitors Sue and PG Tits and returnees Imelda (his once a year hash), Oral Hooker (yes, it'd been so long Bouncer and KIU had forgotten her hash handle), Nominator (who'd also recently completed 4 marathons in 4 days) and Dora the Sexplorer; DDs to "A Spoonful of Harveys" as initiated by Bouncer). With four DDs still to award, Little Swinger was called up for helping Half Moon RA last week, and non-stop chatting on the r*n, with DD to "Thank god she's finally shut up", also suggested by Bouncer! And finally, Trouble (again) for initiating chalk talk 5 minutes early and Little Swinger and Mudlark for both commenting on trail that they'd needed a wee :D DDs to "10/9/8". With that, it was noted that the CRAFT hash would be this Saturday (6th Sept) from 2pm in The Carfax (Horsham) as part of the Horsham Tap Takeover, and that hares are needed for the forthcoming months so please sign-up. The floor was then handed over to Prince Crashpian who explained that next week's Sip Stop would be incur a cost so please bring plastic (it will become clear on the day...), although this RA did note that those under 50 could probably use their phone (which rightly earned an ageist rebuke from Angel, and it was noted that I'm closer to 50 than 40). And the On On Don confirmed the Xmas Hash details as 15th December from The John Harvey Tavern (Lewes), noting that the venue function room is limited to 60... Finally, glasses were raised 'to the hash'. And so endeth another great evening.



REHASHING II - CRAFT Hash at the Horsham Tap takeover

I blame Elvis! Joining Scud and Fetherlite for a merry night with an Elvis impersonator on the bandstand in Horsham's Carfax I discovered that, like Hastings and Worthing before, Horsham was to launch a tap takeover featuring a number of venues in the town. We'd been unable to make the Worthing TTO in April due to Mr X's birthday weekend, and with nothing taking place on the CRAFT Hash front in our absence, other than a few ticking this years ale trail under their own steam, meant we hadn't met up since the 12 pubs of Christmas at the start of December last year. So the message was put out for a Saturday trail in September, initially garnering a good deal of enthusiastic support, but unfortunately circumstances contrived against us and the majority had to drop out for one or other reason. And so Angel and I waited in vain in the sun at **#1 the Black Jug** for company. Deciding to just make a relaxing day out of it until the Scuds joined us later in the afternoon, we ambled through the shops to the opposite end of the town centre and **#2 Kings Arms**. I'd marked a 'P' trail anyway as Sticky Balls and I Need One were still potentially joining us, but then had a call from Proxy that he was on his way as we sat in the interesting back garden. By the time he arrived we were ready to move on making our way to **#3 Horsham Sports Club** to while away a pleasant couple of beers watching the cricket. The signs warned that we used the garden at our own risk in case of balls being struck our way, and I did actually get a touch as a four rolled to my feet! Moving on, **#4 the Rock**, has had several names since I lived and drank in Horsham in the early 80's, but I was unaware of the Angel brewery featured on the wall before! We also had happy memories of **#5 Anchor Tap**, which we visited on a CRAFT Hash on the day it opened, a table being secured by Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy on that earlier occasion, and it was good to see it thriving still so much that we had to drink out in the precinct, where we were soon joined by Caroline and Jeff. In theory there was some sort of prize for anyone visiting all 13 venues over the course of the weekend, but disappointingly, several of them didn't serve cask ale and a couple were wine bars only. The final venue on my list was a pop-up bar in the Carfax which closed at 9pm, so our last trail beers were at **#6 The Bear** before heading to **#7 Bills** for grub, then back to **#8 the Scuds** to chew the fat and conclude another great CRAFT hash.



oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Plato said that the one who invented beer was a wise man. He was wrong. In reality, it was a woman. Yes, beer was invented by them! And not only are they responsible for the discovery, their contributions throughout the history of brewing have been crucial in its development to conceive it as we do today. A little more than 7,000 years ago, the brewery began to develop in Mesopotamia; it was the women who mixed the cereal grains with water and herbs, this concoction was made for food purposes. They cooked them and from that intuitive mixture driven by the need to feed, a concoction that fermented spontaneously resulted. They soon began to develop their skills around that cloudy and thick, but very nutritious liquid, which was also capable of cheering up the spirit. According to the British historian and beer sommelier Jane Peyton, at that time and for a few thousand years their level of knowledge meant that they were the only ones who could produce it and also market it.

It was in the Middle Ages when the production and consumption of beer took a new turn by adding hops to the mix. A flower that gives the drink its characteristic bitterness, and whose preservative properties allowed it to be stored for much longer. The person responsible for the discovery that gave this radical change to the brewery was the Abbess Hildegard of Bingen. Of course, this good woman, who combined her role as brewmaster with that of theologian, writer and botanist among others, ended up canonizing her. It's normal that they made her a saint! With the industrialization of production processes, the role of women ceased to be the protagonist in the field of production, although every day there are more women who enjoy, who know, who produce, who share their passion for this drink that, as we have seen, told, it was never a man's thing. Credits: Chismesito Tv

Can a woman satisfy 12 men at once?
Yes – she can...



REHASHING III

Yet another fine actor, ruined by drink and drugs.



#2430 Trevor Arms, Glynde – Auspicious is not a word you'll find often in a hash write-up, but with the Trevor Arms reopening after 8 years, Trevor (aka Prince Crashpian) uttered that very lexeme in the chalk talk as he went on to introduce Knightrider on his final haring for BH7 as his co-hare, as well as announcing that the number 8 would feature highly, albeit not in the length of the trail which was a mere (!) 6.5 miles*. The wa*kers were without a plan (a bad idea given the antics of Wiggy last time we were here in 2016) so, abandoning them to their self-guided fate, off we set up The Street to a check at Ranscombe Lane where a cunningly concealed footpath sign would lead us in for an ascent of Mount Caburn and an opportunity for the more enthusiastic legs to let off steam. A regroup in lieu of a fishhook made an unlikely photo stop as the views were in every direction other than the hedge, but Mudlark was actually taking snaps of the stragglers as opposed to group selfies. A fishhook for 8 (ahah!) at the crossroads tempted a few left towards the top, but it was straight, straight, straight at every check, with a few more fishhooks to break things up, until we hit the Lewes golf club and dropped down Chapel Hill to Cliffe high street. Bizarrely it was straight again as Prince Crashpian

continued to call through quickly, and we started to muse on the possibility of a coach return before light dawned, and, sure enough, we headed through to the station for a sip stop. We'd been pressed to bring a card with us by every communiqué possible, and the reason became clear as we queued for train tickets, despite my own hope that we would be visiting the new Glynde micropub to which Nasty Nips said, "you could be right" knowing full well I was wrong. Mudlark had been bending my ear on trail, suggesting that Mark Jones had set enough hashes that it was about time he had a hash name, and he was probably right as guidelines are, after all, guidelines! Jonesie, a long-time, Sunday runner, usually flakes the après, however, he was trapped tonight, so a swift mini-circle was called with a few suggestions starting with Ninety-Nine, before homing in on his namesake's catchphrases. Pack expressed no preference, and so Mudlark's 'Don't Panic' easily won out over 'They Don't Like It Up'em' or anything to do with the Sudan for a swift daubing and 'Here's to...', before PC reminded us that the train was imminent, at which point we all panicked! [*a lie]



Fast forward and we all made the train, we all made the pub, eaters and drinkers momentarily separated were eventually reunited, while thoroughly enjoying Knightrider's legendary generosity once more, with a large sum behind the bar sufficient to also supply the down down beer. Despite its linear nature, in profile the trail had been quite exciting, drawing much comment about the Moyleman marathon route which we appeared to be following, so the Grand Old Duke was an obvious choice as the hares were invited to drink while it was noted that this was our first transport hash since PC had us all using the free bus from Shoreham Beach back in 2013. KR was then presented with a little departing gift, again reflecting the ups and downs, of a hashers guide to the Peak District (1982) for when he invites us all to Derbyshire (?!). A belated 80th birthday badge was also awarded to Psychlepath after his recent celebration, and finally, Merlin received a Dog book for causing Balinor a few cuts last week when he got stuck in a brambly hedge with a deer. With Balinor standing in for Merlin, who suddenly got shy, all three were downed to the doggie down down song. Private Dancer's return confusion of walking the fishhook went unpunished as he'd escaped, so remaining beers for the sinners were awarded first to Keeps It Up, who enthusiastically avoided the queues at the ticket machine by using the App, until his face dropped when realising that his £3.70 was a sight more costly than the £2.45 group save for the rest, especially when KR paid from hash funds! Next up was Gromit for being a smartarse and guessing why we needed a payment option, even though we didn't. And finally, Gomi for asking the question about using cash instead of card, but not Gomi as PC's PC skills were faulty when he thought the surprise had been ruined until it was pointed out that the CC line had been cleared (as well as blatantly leading the pack astray). Rebel had regaled us on the train with a jolly ditty based on Dvořák's Humoresque, which he kindly reprised as a down down song: **"Passengers will please refrain, from flushing toilets while the train, is standing in the station, that won't do. Kindly hold your natural function, until we get to Clapham Junction, where you'll find there's nothing else to do"***. Little Swinger then endeavoured to announce next week's hash while wearing a wicker hares head Red Slapper had spotted in the corner, apparently smiling for the photo behind it. That just about wrapped up another great hash, however, Nasty Nips efforts completing a 100k on Saturday were somehow overlooked, a beer being suggested not for his accomplishment, but for smashing his jointly held 100k PB with LS on his own – rude!

Bouncer



REHASHING IV



PLEASURE, MIND YOU, THAT WE ENGLISH ARE--WHAT WE ARE! (Song for Little Lambs) Remonstrated by the end of the hash. (Speller, FCB). Turning R behind the Royal Oak (and sadly not around and into it), the pack now continued N over Kent St through the fields and back around to Kent St, this time turning L (SW) before back into the fields (W) and along the track. Cutting back NW at the footpath, FH#3 would greet the pack at the end of the first field and FH#4 at Eastlands Ln. W now along Eastlands Ln, and just before the pub a final FH would lay in wait; LS and HM had been extra-naughty though and this one was just for me - yes, it read '1 Nasty Nips'. My very own fishhook! Back at the pub, with beer and grub, first up as always would be hares HM and LS and DDs to "Here's to the Hares". DDs swiftly dispatched, next up was Angel for moaning at the start that 8km was too long, and she should have been joined by PD but he had slipped away early and (so that Angel wasn't DDing alone) I moved onto the SCBing hashers, all of whom had been spotted cutting a large chunk off the corner in the fields: PD (already gone), Prince Crashpian, Knight Rider, Angel (again, and so another DD was handed to her!) and NickO (actually the first SCBer and who had almost gotten away with it but happened to be just in front of me when he SCB'd); DDs to "10,9,8". And finally a welcome back to Scud and Fetherlite who had walk / jogged much of the runners route but had actually stayed with the runners until just beyond 'Hobbit Land'; DDs to "Oh the Seagulls". Next week's hash details were relayed by NickO (The Black Horse, Findon), and the evening closed with a toast to the hash.

Nasty Nips

UK state visit by an orange sh!tgibbon

Donald Trump has been having the time of his life, doing something he likes even more than bullying the heads of invaded countries or boasting about bombing fishing boats – hobnobbing with the British Royals. His second state visit to the UK proved to be just as unpopular as the first one, with protests in various forms taking place from before his plane even landed.

For that reason, all the pomp has been taking place with the President of the USA kept well away from ordinary humans who might shout things at him about Jeffery Epstein, buddying up with dictators or being a tosser. Witness his late night arrival, being kept away from London in Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, and being given a carriage drive around Prince Charles back garden. However, when a horse took a dump in front of Donald Trump we finally had something the whole of the country could cheer!

MATT



'I'm checking President Trump's social media posts to see if we need to arrest him next week...'



My Official State Banquet Speech - (topics OK to mention to Pres. Trump)

climate change / green energy
Ukraine
Russia
Israel / Palestine / Gaza
Canada / Greenland
Gulf of Mexico
Jeffrey Epstein
Andrew
Ambassador Lord Peter Mandelson
tariffs (Keir to do, later)
our first wives
personal health
tax returns
gun laws
what's like being shot?
with ears my size, that'd be fatal
have you come far?
the British weather
our wives' hats
the cricket?



Trump Spends Entire U.K. Trip Trying To Figure Out Where He Knows Prince Andrew From



As his State visit continues, it's clear Trump appears to have a lot in common with the Royal Family – mainly Prince Andrew

REHASHING V



#2432 Black Horse, Findon – Clear skies but falling temperatures gave a distinctly autumnal feel to the evening, which probably accounts for the proliferation of yellow jackets in and outside the pub, although yellow shirts inexplicably were also in abundance prompting jokes about emails going to spam! NicO gave us a slightly convoluted description of marks we might find on trail (but didn't) including X falsies up to 3 dots the wrong way, and off we charged up the High Street to Steep Lane where, despite several checks and a couple of fishies on the way, we would stay until reaching the Cissbury Ring car park. Passing cars were more likely dog walkers than doggers, looking to enjoy the spectacular sunset we were also treated to once we climbed to the Ring itself, trail continuing SW along the ridge before cutting south to the plantation to the bemusement of the cattles, and indeed, bats, all feeding in the descending twilight. Knowing the general direction of the pub, the pull to north was almost irresistible, but unfortunately wrong, as NicO kept us moving to get back for the 8.30 food curfew with a switchback descent to Findon Valley, and some enthusiastic clapping by the Findon Foxy Lady runners lined up either side as we reached the lower car park! A narrow path down probably explains why only 4/5 bothered with the final fishhook before we hit the A24 for a speedy on inn over the last half mile, much to my surprise as hare had done his homework - checking Wiggy's previous route 8 years earlier, and slightly disdainfully mentioned his return along the road on that earlier occasion!



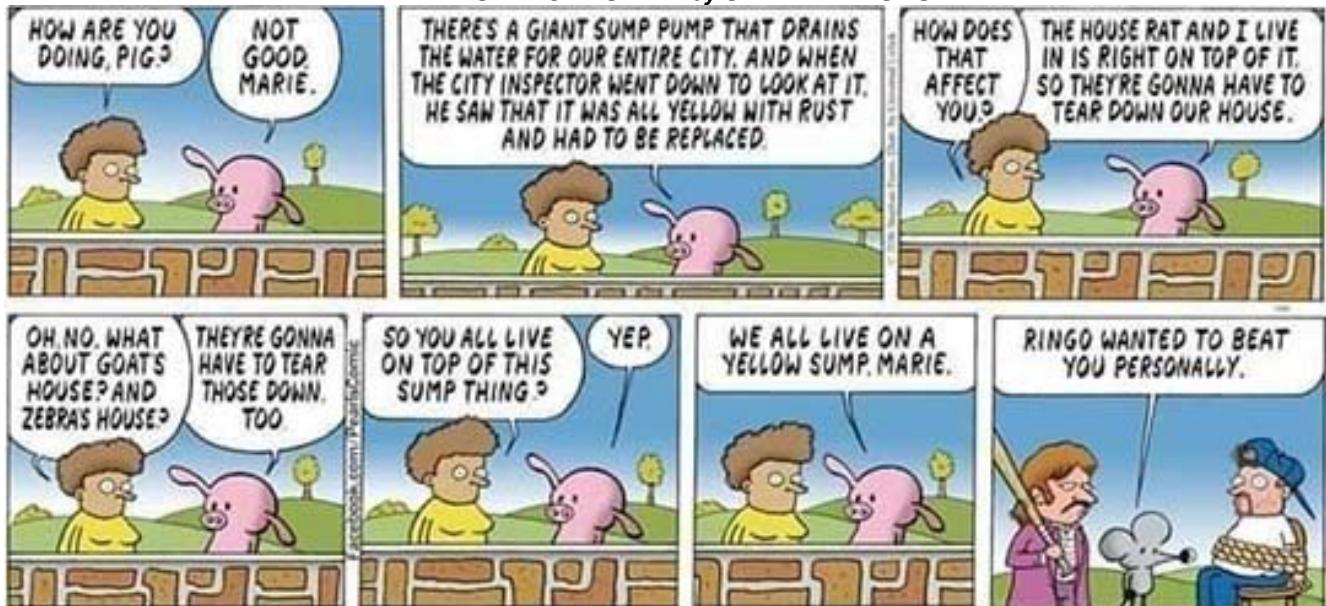
Once the queue for the Harveys had abated somewhat, Knightrider procured more beers for the circle and hare was thanked for a magical sunset hash, albeit up and down as opposed to his normal cats cradle modus operandi, to the GoD song. The sunny theme continued with recognition of those who hadn't received the apparently telepathic message to wear yellow by calling Knightrider on yet another final hash, but given that he was drinking on behalf of Mudlark and Hash Gomi (amongst a few others), I suspect that the sun would have gone down in Saltdean a good number of seconds before out here in the west. Shoots Off Early had muttered "This looks ominous" as Eucharistic prep of the beer occurred at his altar, and he was right having left his wallet at the pub last week, the pub entrusting HG of all people with this knowledge. He wouldn't be drinking alone though, as a late Pan Africa registration by Keeps It Up had meant only a 6XL tee was available, and having just arrived back from Ghana today, he soon discovered it was quite a reasonable fit over his multiple layers. Shirker had also attempted to stitch up KIU for something to do with a head torch, but RA didn't understand the story at the time. Fortunately Hot Fuzz was happy to put us right, and take a beer, explaining that KIU had said, "You named your head torch?" rather than recognising the well-known brand Silva. The final beer was an 'in absentia' nomination by JAWS, who'd gone home to cook his tea, to an uncharacteristically reluctant, in the face of free stuff, HG, for a fishhook counting failure. Although he changed his tune rapidly when the option to let Whose Shout take it was offered, the latter having offered up an 'appropriate' (?) number to down to from his grandson:

*We all live in a yellow submarine, We didn't like yellow so we had it painted green,
We didn't like green so we repainted it red, The red paint was toxic so now we're all dead.*

Announcements were then made about next week's hash in Chelwood Gate by KIU, a Sunday East Grinstead H3 trail by Gromit from the Castle at Outwood, and someone even mentioned the C word, before the usual toast to another great hash!

Bouncer

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE by STEPHAN PASTIS



REHASHING VI

At any given time, the urge to sing "The lion sleeps tonight" is just a whim away a whim away, a whim away, a whim away.



dropping us out at the corner of Twyford Ln. A check here found FRBs splitting up. My map gets a little circular here and what I thought was a FH is, with memory refreshed, where Mudlark and I found a nice run through the woods besides the river and over a footbridge - much nicer than the road route SW that the hares had chosen, and we didn't SCB to re-join of course ;) Quickly back off the road, trail then went up the hill with a generally straight run down and over School Ln, turning right (W) at the footpath and S to Birchgrove Rd and Birchgrove itself (what is that - a dozen houses tops?). Continuing in an E-ish direction a second FH would catch several before Lewes Rd. Down S and over Lewes Rd, along the edge of the fields and S back into the woods once more, an impromptu sip would be called, for Cocks Burn had been carrying some port on her back! Yes, those CH3 hashers are DEFINITELY welcome back :D After a quick sip (and the hare checking his phone) trail would continue straight over ("left or right", from KIU, my arse!) and turn E at Boxes Ln, running the length of the road E to Stone Quarry Rd and a third FH, although the hare was spotted changing the 7 to a 3 in an attempt to get everyone back to the pub for 8:30pm. Up the road, trail finally turned N for a run in back to the pub, although a FH along the route would be rubbed out (on the understanding that the hare wanted everyone back ASAP), with On Inn spotted on Sandy Ln, turning left (N) onto Beaconsfield Rd and then right (N) onto Lewes Rd and back to the pub... Unless you were Bouncer, RIB or any of a number of hashers who DIDN'T turn left at Beaconsfield Rd and instead turned right and away from the pub! In their defence, FRBs spotted no marks and it was only Half Moon's local knowledge that saved us from a similar mistake.

Back at the pub, fed and watered, it was noted that Bouncer had text me the night before to point out that it was St Micheal's Day; a little retro-Nips factoid was that St Michael is the patron saint of Police Officers, and on this day in history in 1829 the first units of the London Met Police appeared on the streets of London, the capital's first modern police force. With that little tidbit done, the gathered masses were asked what they thought of the hash, a rather subdued response coming back - by all accounts everyone had loved it but evidently found the area to be a little surprising in its hills! So the hares were called up - KIU, WB and Beat the Barman (Trouble being absent due to traffic on the M25) - with DDs to "Here's to the Hares". Next, KIU again for leaving his route on Strava, checking his phone for directions at the sip, and a host of other misdemeanours; joined by Angel, for referring to HM as "Fitbitch"! Her defence? She 'says that about others' - a defence immediately poked holes in by Little Swinger who had never heard herself called that (perhaps she's just too fast to hear it though?); DDs to "10/9/8". And finally, our CH3 visitors Cocks Burn (we assume due to the port), Caught Short (we all assume why on that one) and Just Lindsey, on only her fourth hash with CH3 and the first for all of them with BH7; DDs to the tune of "Oh the seagulls". Details for next week's hash were provided (The Greyhound, Keymer) before Christmas was one again mentioned - a spreadsheet will be out shortly with menu and pricing, expected to be approximately £37 for three courses / £30-£32 for those who have paid subscriptions. And with that another circle was closed with a toast to the hash.



BEING ENGLISH IS ALL ABOUT, DRIVING A
GERMAN CAR TO AN IRISH THEMED PUB TO
DRINK BELGIAN BEER, AND THEN GOING HOME.
BUYING AN INDIAN TAKEAWAY TO SIT ON A
SWEDISH SOFA IN FRONT OF A JAPANESE
TELEVISION TO WATCH AMERICAN TV SHOWS
AND ALL THE WHILE STILL BEING SUSPICIOUS
OF ANYTHING FOREIGN.

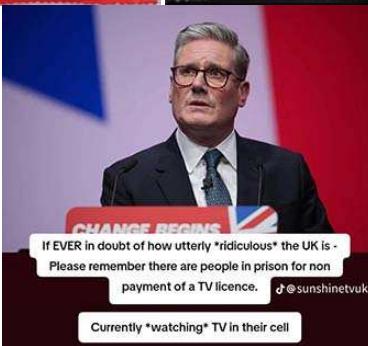


IN THE NEWS

The small Independent family tax firm used by Rayner comes forward.
Yeah, we told her, no income tax, no VAT, no money back no stamp duty.



"Why do you keep having to resign or be sacked, Mr Mandelson?"
"For scandals..."

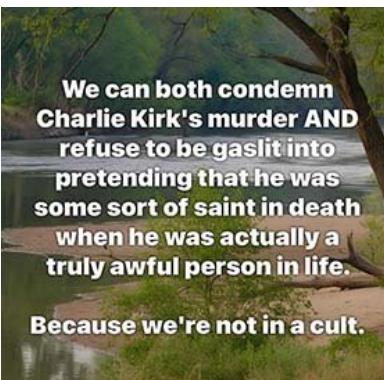


Our Ange and her tax advisor

“

I'm a vocal Trump supporter, yet he still had me shot to distract from his birthday letter to Epstein.

Curious



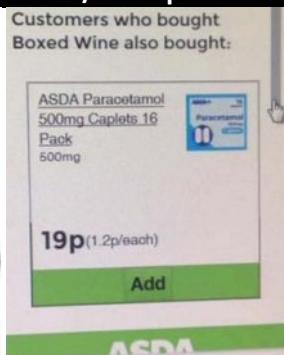
thebaseddad 16h
If a democrat was assassinated could you imagine what would be going on right now?

400 1K 23 10

michaelandwicket 12h
Yes. I can. Because it happened literally 3 months ago. And guess what? Democrats called for gun reform and right wingers made jokes about it. Trump said calling anybody to give his condolences would be a waste of time and then skipped the funeral. So we don't have to imagine. It literally just happened. And not a single person on the left called for a war, or called for the Republican party to be labeled a domestic terrorist organization. You cared so little that you don't even remember it.



Weird how no one tried to hurt Charlie Kirk during his years of spreading hate and division until he demanded MAGA/ Republicans/ Trump release every last name in the Epstein files.



If I was the President and the whole world was calling me a paedophile, I would release every single page of the Epstein files to prove I wasn't in there. Unless I was in there.

Inside II Today

...a few more from (the other) PROF (see also #351):



