BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers
Trash #365 September 2026

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

Unless indicated, all r*ns are on Mondays at 19.00pm and all directions/ timings are approximate starting from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction. Please adjust journey time accordingly from your location.

DATE	#NO	ON ON	Post Code	HARES
7th September 2026	**2482**	**The Partridge, Partridge Green**	**RH13 8WD**	**Bouncer & Wilds Thing**

Directions: A23 north past Pyecombe & next left on A281. Stay on A281 through Henfield, over river and next left B2116. Pub on right 1.5 miles. **Est. 20 mins**

14th September 2026	**2483**	**The Cleveland Arms, Brighton**	**BN1 6FF**	**Nasty Nips**

Directions: From Patcham head south along A23, over mini roundabout at Carden Avenue on London Road. At Preston Park traffic lights turn left (right if coming from south) into Preston Drove. Cleveland Road is 6th right by Blakers park. **Est. 5 mins.**
Nearest parking is on Surrendon Road or Preston Drove below Harrington Villas. Allow an extra 10 minutes to walk up.

21st September 2026	**2484**	**Hillside, Crawley**	**RH10 7SX**	**Little Swinger**

Directions: A23 north to Handcross. Right on B2110 and right again towards Turners Hill. After 3.5 miles turn left on B2036. Cross M23 and continue straight. Pub on right just after 4th roundabout. **Est. 30 mins**

28th September 2026	**2485**	**Jack & Jill, Clayton**	**BN6 9PD**	**Whose Shout**

Directions: North on A23, stay in left hand lane and filter on to A273. Pub on left after Clayton Hill. **Est. 10 mins**

5th October 2026	**2486**	**Thatched Inn, Keymer**	**BN6 8DH**	**Shirker Ninezing & Tripsy Daisy**

Directions: From A23 follow A273 over Clayton Hill. Take B2112 towards Ditchling. Take left turn after 1 mile, then left at t-junction and immediately right up Ockley Lane. Pub is set back about 1/2 mile on left. **Est. 10 mins.**

Receding Hareline:

12/10/2026	2487	Guinea Pig, Brighton	Nasty Nips
19/10/2026	2488	Swiss Cottage, Shoreham	Angel & Pussy Galore
26/10/2026	2489	Cricketers, Berwick	Mudlark & Hash Gomi
02/11/2026	2490	Hove Park Tavern	Fukarwe & Ride-It, Baby

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ **Save the date - Christmas hash!** ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

14/12/2026	2496	John Harvey Tavern	Rebel & Greenteeth

Upcoming CRAFT hashes:

23/10/26 Friday crawl – Shoreham-by-Sea – Hare: Bouncer

Hashing around Sussex (*Sunday unless stated*):

CRAP UK H3 - r*ns start at 11am: *No run this month.*

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

06/09/26 Pett village Hall (TN35 4HB) - Pooh Sticks and Derryair. On Inn at 2 Sawyers.

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

13/09/26 Crow & Gate, Crowborough TN6 3TA - Brigitte & David

27/09/26 Kings Arms, Rotherfield – Radio Soap & CofF

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

20/09/26 Skimmington Castle, Reigate RH2 8RL Head to Toe hash – One In The Eye & Tailend

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Thought for the day: "If you see someone without a smile give 'em yours" - Dolly Parton (RIP)

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES – see full list of events being attended by Brighton hashers on website under Away Hashes:

04-06/09/2026 German Nash Hash – Sembach H3
05-07/02/2027 New Zealand Nash Hash Wellington
13-15/08/2027 Eurohash, Romania
27-30/08/2027 UK Nash Hash, Tiverton, Devon

Hi all, For those of you not aware, Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood was taken to Brighton A&E on Monday evening after getting home from the hash at the Plough. He appears to have had a small Transient Ischemic Attack (TIA, or mini-stroke) and, whilst they thought he could be released earlier, he had a relapse and is being kept in under observation, potentially until next week due to other complications.

Obviously, we all wish Pete a speedy recovery, but Adam and Marion are also both very tired and so we would request that people refrain from contacting them as they also need rest and space. On On Don is in contact with them (this update being provided a little earlier today), and Bouncer or I will pass on further information as we get it.

Kindest regards,

Scott / Nasty Nips 27/8/2026

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

GM	**Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood**
On-Sec	**Don 'On-Don' Elwick**
Webfart	**Andy 'Shirker Ninezing' Pumphrey**
Hare Raiser	**Nigel 'Mudlark' Wilce**
Subs /Beer	**Gabrielle 'Angel' Biggins**
RA's	**Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle**
	Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons
	John 'Bouncer' Biggins
Hash Cash	**Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle**
Hash Trash	**John 'Bouncer' Biggins**
Haberhash	**Jasmine 'Little Swinger' Anderson**
Hash Horn	**Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer**
SDW relay	**Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones**
Hashtorian	**David 'Spreadsheet' Evans**
Christmas	**Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt**
Hash awards	**Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle**

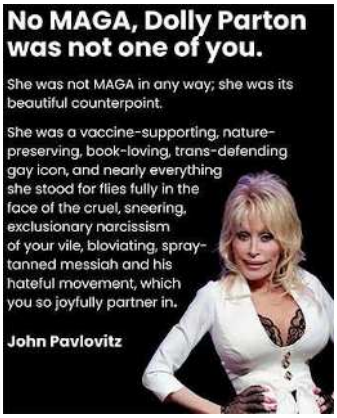
Local Knowledge update:

Pete's son Adam joined us at the Royal Oak in Barcombe on 31st August, to bring us up to speed. Pete is still in hospital, so in the best hands, but apparently quite perturbed that he was going to miss the hash (see pic!).

Hash thoughts remain with Local Knowledge and his family. Visiting is possible but please check with Adam, Don or Ed before going.

Speedy recovery Pete, and on on. Bouncer

Dolly Parton had her knockers, but RIP to one of the loveliest of human beings:



Dolly Parton was one of the most successful country artists of all time.

Parton holds three Guinness World Records. She has the record for the most decades on the U.S. Billboard Hot Country songs chart by a female performer (seven decades and counting). She has the most number one hits on the Hot Country charts with 25. And she has the most total hits on the Country charts by a female artist, with an astounding 109.

Parton was one-of-a-kind – and also had one of the most instantly recognizable looks in the entertainment industry. Big blonde wigs, high heels, bright costumes, and a big sense of humour about it all. When asked about her small feet once, she said they were tiny because nothing grows in the shade. As Parton said, she is a self-made woman, and she has the doctor bills to prove it.

In her memoir, Dream More, Parton told a very amusing story. One day on a trip to Los Angeles, she heard about a Dolly Parton look-alike contest that was being held at a local bar. She had a kooky idea – wouldn't it be funny to go down there and enter the contest herself. To do that, she decided to over-exaggerate everything about her appearance – she made her beauty mark bigger, her eyes bigger, her hair bigger – she made everything bigger. When she was all dolled up, Parton and a group of her friends made their way down to the contest.

When she got to the bar, she didn't let on that she was the real Dolly Parton. She was given a number, like everybody else, and told to get in line. The contest was to be judged by the audience. Contestants were instructed to walk across the stage, and the votes would be cast by applause. The biggest applause would win. So one by one, contestants paraded in front of the audience. When it came to Parton's turn, she smiled and sashayed across the stage. And lost. To a man. Not only that, Dolly Parton got the least applause. She said she was dying of laughter inside. Little did the contest know they had the real thing in their midst.

Dolly Parton, there was no one like her. Well, almost no one.

- *As she famously once said, "It costs a lot of money to look this cheap!"*
- *"I'm not offended by all the dumb blonde jokes because I know I'm not dumb . . . and I'm also not blonde" - Dolly Parton*

REHASHING – the one with a pub crawl

#2477 The Bull, Newick - Another heatwave day would see the temperatures nudging back to 30degC, and a decent pack had found their way to Newick, including two virgins (Just Dan and Just Josh, the latter being Hot Fuzz's son). And so the pack would set out N over High St and down the footpath through to Cricketfield, then W along footpath behind Mantell Cl and NW along Newick Hill. Trail would continue through Wyld Wood Campsite, around Fletching Common and on to a FH at Fletching Ln; Angel here would be heard moaning about being unsure where to go when several marks were visible either directly ahead or up the road to the left. And so, following the clearly visible marks, pack continued W along the lane for a short distance before cutting through the common, over Lewes Rd, and W wards to Warrs Hill Rd and another FH. S now, taking the trail off-road, parallel to the road all the way down to (and joining) Warren Ln, before turning back E along the lanes to Coldharbour Ln where the hash would encounter a farmer moaning about those in front shouting and upsetting his horses, all while being drowned out by his own noisy barking dog... E (a little quieter for a while) back to Wyld Wood Campsite and a run-in back along (mostly) the same as out.

So, back at the pub, it was noted that Wilds Thing was overhead saying to HF that "he could get cannabis"; with police-adjacent roles (both of them, either present or former) this was probably something that shouldn't have been said! Also overhead on the trail was Tail End saying he "f***ing hates FHs", but then when the FRBs had to run back he was also very thankful for them. Moving on to the DDs, "Here's to the Hares" sung for HF and SOE, followed by "10, 9, 8" for Bouncer and WS who had started to run then stopped at one of the other pubs so Bouncer could get some stamps in his Ale Trail passport; WS had just kept him in drinking company! Next up, Trouble and Pompette for arguing over Beat the Barman's pickle! Oo-er. And BtB would join them, with "No, no, no" for the trio. With Just Dan having left, the sole remaining virgin (Just Josh, aka Hot Fuzz Jr) would take a DD to "Virgins", having answered the questions all in the affirmative. Having been keeping an eye on the database, HF was called back up for tonight marked his 400th hash, and joining him would be Pondweed who also hit a round-number, this one being 900! DDs to "Get a Life". Then Angel, for complaining about no marks after a FH when there were three all in sight! Also that she was overhead to not caring about me being missing after a check, and also a happy birthday; this was down as "Hashy Beerday", but Bouncer was louder with "Thank God she finally shut up!" And lastly, Just Josh already getting named! The name the hash had picked? "Hot Jizz"! DD to "Alright". Next week's hash details were noted - Telscombe Tavern, hared by Mudlark and Gomi, and it being a Prof memorial run - details for the AGPU were given - White Horse, Ditchling, Saturday @ 2pm - and then the evening was closed with a toast to the hash. Another great hash!

Nasty Nips

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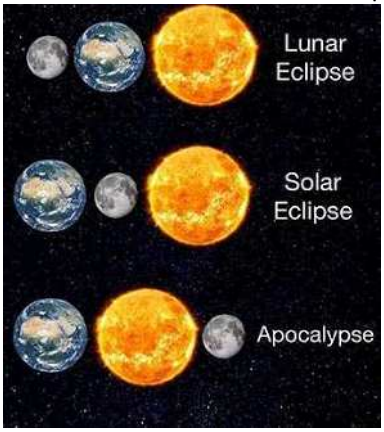
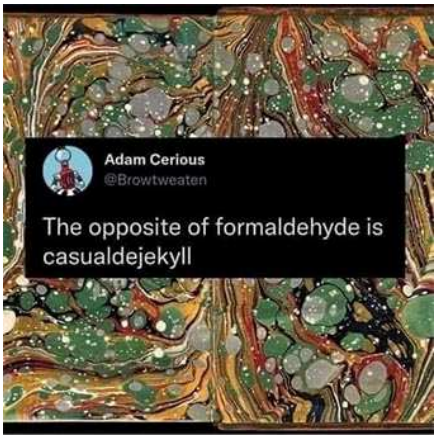
Is it safe to watch the solar eclipse through a sieve, or will I strain me eyes?

It is impossible for a solar eclipse to last more than 7 minutes 58 seconds due to the speed the Earth moves around the Sun.



REHASHING - the Prof memorial hash



#2478 : The Tavern At Telscombe - The assembled met at Telscombe Tavern for Prof's memorial run. Inside the pub, Wilds Thing greeted Tripsy Daisy at the bar, with, 'are you a hasher?'. Given that TD has attended more than 100 hashes with us, early numpty of the year award contender & certain down down was earmarked. The walkers didn't have a map this week but were shown the clump of trees at the top of the hill on the Tye and told to walk there and back. At the top is the gate dedicated to the prof and a sip – of rum and ginger beer. Walking through pleasant dried up meadows and braving the sheep they arrived at the gate where they were told the sip would be hidden "in a bush." Having looked around to find the elusive bush, eventually translated to "bramble" and found the grog. Having taken a sip for the Prof and wended their way back down to the hill with a glorious sunset as a backdrop. Meanwhile the runners headed east along the hilltop, but Little Swinger found she needed the ladies. Being a lady she ran back to the pub to use the facilities - clearly extra mileage was needed in practice for the next ultra. The pack made their way through Centenary Park & up onto the Downs before heading west to Proff's gate having passed a wild pig roaming around (pre sip!), then heading south from the top of the Tye back to the pub. Thankfully the 7.5m route was cut 'short' to 6.5m!

Back in the pub, Pondweed prepared a quiz of closed pubs in our area, which Bouncer & Angel won. There were down downs for Wilds Thing, The Hares, Bouncer & Angel, & Little Swinger. Another fine hash. **Pondweed & Madame Satanne**

PROF'S LOST PUBS QUIZ

1/	**A_ _ _ _ C_ _ _ _**	**ANSTY**
2/	**_U_ _ _ V_ _ _ _ _ _ _**	**ROTTINGDEAN**
3/	**_ _ L_ _N_**	**HENFIELD**
4/	**M_ _ _ _ _ S _ _ _ _A_ _ _**	**SOMPTING**
5/	**_O_ _ _M_ _**	**HOVE**
6/	**_ _K _N_**	**ARDINGLY**
7/	**_ _ R_ _ I_ _**	**HORAM**
8/	**_ _ _ _ R_ _ _**	**DITCHLING**
9/	**G_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ E_**	**SHOREHAM**
10/	**_ _D _ _O_**	**COWFOLD**

Answers at bottom of page

Meridian line monument

Wild pig

Walkers toast the Prof

Sunset

The gate

The sheep

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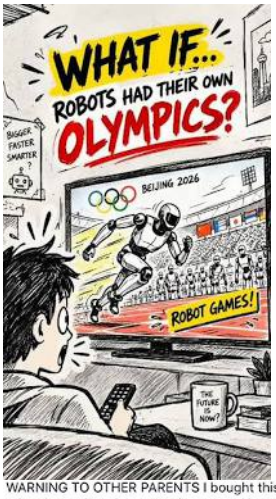
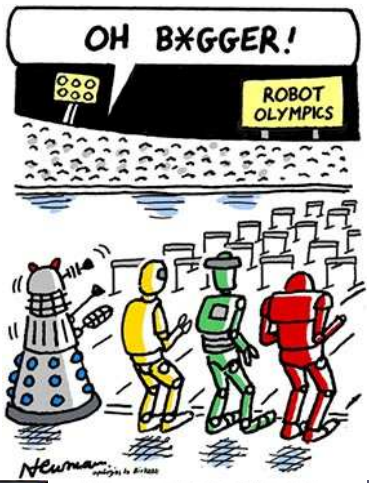
Prof's lost pubs quiz answers:

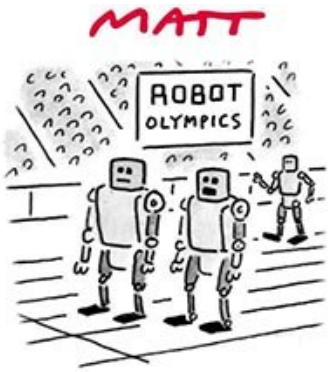
1.Ansty Cross 2.Queen Victoria 3.Bell Inn 4.Marquis of Granby 5.Downsman 6.Oak Inn 7.Horam Inn 8.Sandrock 9.Greenjacket 10.Red Lion.

ROBOT OLYMPICS and Robot futures...



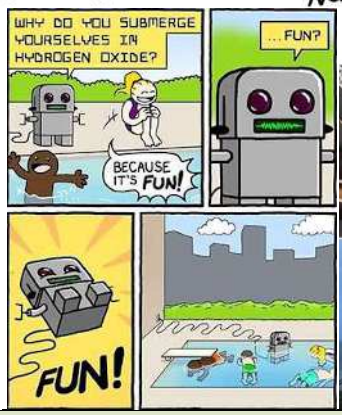
'A number of competitors were disqualified after they tested positive for WD-40'





'It's perfectly simple. I'm a male robot athlete, but I identify as a female robot athlete'

WARNING TO OTHER PARENTS I bought this toy robot for my little boy at Christmas and its leg is very very sharp thank god I got it back from him before he hurt himself just posting this to warn other parents if they bought it I will be letting trading standards and the police know xxxx



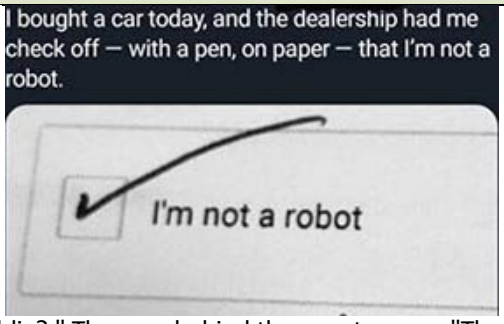
Vacuum Robot 'eats' sleeping woman's hair

Humans doing the hard jobs on minimum wage, while robots write poetry and paint is not the future I wanted. ***Karl Sharro***
I want AI to do my laundry and dishes so that I can do art and writing*, not for AI to do my art and writing so that I can do my laundry and dishes.* ***Joanna Maciejewska***

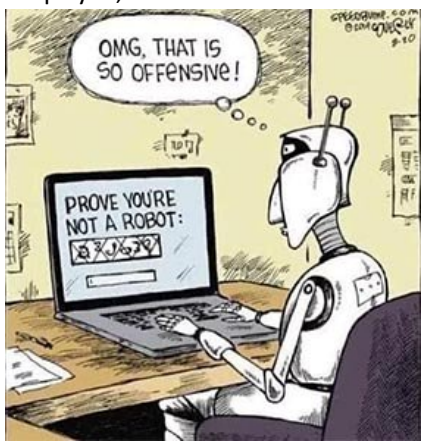
Robot vacuum, cleans 50 square metres, foot activated. Sensible offers only.

I AM sick and tired of ticking the "I am not a robot" box on internet sites. It should be changed to "I am a robot", so that only robots need to bother with it, saving humans valuable time. It's why we built the bloody things, after all.

Toby, Swindon



A man goes to a public golf course and asks, "Could I have 18 holes of golf and a caddie?." The man behind the counter says, "The golf is no problem, but all the caddies are out on the course. However, we've just received 8 brand new robot golf caddies. If you're willing to take one out on the course and tell me how well it works, your round is on us today." The golfer accepted the man's offer, approached the first tee, and said to himself, "I think my driver will do the job." The robot caddie turned to the man and said, "No sir. Use your 3 wood. A driver is far too much club for this hole." Hesitantly, the golfer pulled out his 3 wood, made good contact with the ball, and it landed about 10 feet to the right front of the hole on the green. The golfer, delighted, turned to the robot and thanked him for his assistance. As the golfer pulled out his putter he said, "I think this green is gonna break left to right." The robot then again spoke up and said, "No sir. I do believe this green will break right to left." Thinking about the last time the robot corrected his prediction, he decided again to listen to the machine. He made his putt and birdied the hole thanks to the robot and his advice. But his luck didn't end there. His entire game was the best game he ever played, thanks to the assistance of the new robot golf caddie. Upon returning to the clubhouse, he said, "That was, by far, the BEST game I ever played. Thank you for letting me use the robot. See you next week."
A week passed, and excited, the golfer returned to the pro shop. Upon entering, he turned to the man behind the counter and said, "I would like 18 holes of golf and one of those robot golf caddies, please." The gentleman from behind the counter turned to the man and said, "Well the golf is no problem., but, we had to get rid of the robots. We had too many complaints." "COMPLAINTS? Who in the heck could've complained about those robots? They were incredible" The man sighed and said, "Well, it wasn't their performance. It was that they were made of shiny silver metal, and the sun reflecting off them was blinding to other golfers on the fair way." The golfer said, "So then why didn't you just paint them black?"
The man nodded sadly and replied, "We did. Three of 'em didn't show up for work, two filed for welfare, one of them robbed the pro shop, one married a Swedish girl and called himself Tiger, and the other thinks he used to be President."



REHASHING – the one with all the reports...

RUNNERS: It seemed a brave move to announce the sip location as his opening gambit but Fukarwe had a cunning plan, and led the charge in the opposite direction east on the Lewes Road to #1, which was quickly called down the Lane. A confident right at Potato Lane led us to the track up for a photo stop by the old mill and new turbine, this area being notoriously windy. A steep descent took us straight back into the village where thoughts of an early return were quickly quashed as we headed round the new estate and north out through the maize. It could only be right at Norlington Lane, but where were the arrers? Overnight rain had washed trail but it was eventually located as we again hit the fields on to the sip via a brief flirt with Broyle Side, Mudlark deciding that the called for regroup was for losers! Refreshments were hidden in Shirker & Tripsy's car, safely locked away from SCB's to prevent glugging of the lagers and crisps before pack arrived, although Caught Short questioned the late sip when the pub was just a couple of hundred yards away with real beer! **Bouncer**

SPRINT WALKERS: The walkers set off in 2 groups: one, including Summer Lady and walking wounded Local Knowledge, opted for a shorter walk the faster to return for refreshments; the other set off for a 5Km hike at a cracking pace, ably led by Tripsy Daisy. Striding along keeping up a lively conversation were Tripsy Daisy, Trouble and Madame Satanne. Sangria kept being distracted by nature's bounty (blackberries, sloes and elderberries) and frequently broke into a trot to catch up, while Cliffbanger was bringing up the rear. Joyful cries of "on on!" were uttered at the sight of tastefully knotted twists of loo-roll in the hedges. The walkers huddled together for safety however at the sight of a charging group of curious young Jersey cows (bullocks?) in an attempt to look big and threatening. The animals were not taken in by our ruse but fortunately had working brakes. Having circumnavigated the big, scary softies, the herd followed closely behind the walkers all the way to the stile. No one was left behind stampeded. The pace subsequently flagged a little for the challenge of the ascent to the wind turbine, which could barely be heard above the panting walkers. Stragglers caught up as we regrouped at the top by a large, broken post. Allegedly the site of a windmill. Or gibbet. It was downhill thereafter into the sunset and to the sip stop. Another close shave as a couple of cars screeched out of the car park without regard for pedestrians. Tripsy Daisy uttered curses as she observed the dust on her car from her neighbour's interminable building works. The boot's contents were not dusty and were very welcome. Thank you, Pondweed. After half a cup of shandy, the final yards to the pub were a blur. **Sangria**

KNITTING CIRCLE: We (On On Don, Pompette, and Summer Lady) set out from the Green Man in the opposite direction from the Runners and Other Walkers, as we had Local Knowledge with us, who wasn't keen on going too far. Finding the gap in the hedge where the footpath usually went was closed off due to the gigantic fenced off building site, we went on, and found the alternative path. This led through a new group of houses, which had no indication of where the path might go …. But LK had a clue, and there was a gap diving off from a driveway. Crossing the first field was like going across the Savannah – burnt brown thin grass stems, hard ground, but the hedge ahead was fairly green! Across the next field, much the same, but the grass was chewed down to the ground, a sign of desperate livestock? They must have been taken back to the yard, as there was nothing for them to eat in the field. Crossing a dry stream, we set out into greenery! This was maize, doing pretty well, though the ground was bone-dry. Maybe this plant is a survivor? Nice to walk through, anyway … and then we hit the road. LK asked if we were going into the next gateway and back to the pub … not yet, we discovered. After a bit of a road walk, we turned off at Little Norlington Farm, and crossed a couple of fields where there was plenty of horsey evidence on the ground, but no horses. SL would not have liked them to be there anyway! She was very thoughtful about LK throughout our walk, helping guide him through gates and stiles, which he appreciated. After a short trek down the Broyle Side road, with its motley collection of houses and bungalows, we turned into the fields once more. "Are we nearly there yet?" from LK again … but there was quite a way to go still. This turned out to eventually lead into that fenced off building site – and what a sight it was! The earth had all been scraped back to almost bare, the path was an alternative, marked by the developers in quite a casual manner, and the ground was so dry that enormous cracks had opened up in the clay soil, some large enough to get your hand down quite a way. With some relief, we got onto the road back to the pub, where ale and enormous servings of food were enjoyed! **On On Don**

IN THE PUB, substantial portions were the order of the orders, to such a degree that chips and salad was being bandied about freely, while others took doggy bags for their breakfast. Circling up, hares were called from… 20th July! This was JAWS and Sangria's first visit since their kayak club hash, when they set trail but were unable to attend, but RA's have long memories and so they downed to 20 toes. Tonight's hare was congratulated on a fine hash with plenty of fishhooks and some marvellous views of the sun going down, but this being near enough Fukarwe's arbitrary 900th, RA concluded that he was making a mission statement to be next on the giant hall of fame hip flask. But at just one hash behind Prince Crashpian, who has historically appeared far more regularly, and with Angel on a charge to be the first harriette, he can't afford to let his guard down, and there looks to be some hot competition to relieve current holder, Anybody (although he will still be keeping it for a while yet). Welcome back's were extended to Psychlepath (a much appreciated return to the run with Pussy Galore and Angel both glad of his presence in their rear view mirror, while even Oral Hooker was glad to get extra FH'ing under her belt), and Serbian Spammer Bomber Baron Diver vin Porkies Mooseheime, while Pussy Galore had asked RA if we would be attending the Serbia hash weekend in Belgrade. They're alright, but…! Your scribe had been first to one FH, stopping at Psychlepath, but on return to the check with our back marker, Hare had asked where the fukarthey going? Mudlark and Shirker had been so busy chinwagging they'd overschlepped past the back markers and were headed back up to the turbine, stoopid boys, the latter receiving the latest incarnation of the Numpty mug for some witty retort. And so to the admin with the Plough at Pyecombe being announced for next week's Peter Pansy outing, while an executive decision was made on the bank holiday to gazump Private Dancer's complicated domestic arrangements with On On Don announcing a pizza fest at the Royal Oak in Barcombe. Another great hash! **Bouncer**

IN THE NEWS

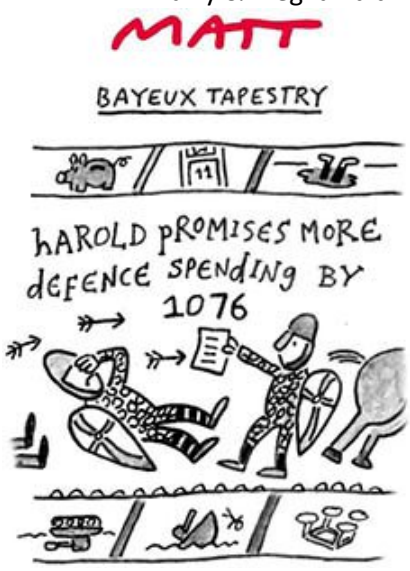
Sussexes to handle unpopularity with British public by never, ever meeting them.

'This is part of the roof that Prince William went through when he heard that Harry and Meghan were returning'

'Wealthy areas have to house all the recently-arrived royals. Poorer areas should bear some of the burden'

Harry & Megan have made it clear they wish to integrate into British life very quickly.

Harry & Meghan didn't generate much excitement, but the arrival of the Bayeux Tapestry did:



Burnham says don't burn 'em as heatwave continues, while illegals continue to be the burning issue:

'This is an up and coming area. There's a farmers' market and very soon there will be a giant asylum centre'

Bad news for London hashes with Westminster CC proposals for new venues to curb vertical drinking. Meanwhile, Gallup data reveals Gen Z's are drinking far less, while 50 upwards on the rise. Explains the lack of young blood in the hash!

'I went out after work with a group of under-40s. I was the designated drunk'

Jeff Bezos bidding for a stake in Liverpool. A spokes person said he became interested after finding out where most of the stolen Amazon parcels end up.

'This is your water bill. Don't look directly at it, use a colander or special glasses to view it'

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Facts: *The total offspring of a pair of flies, if they survived to the end of summer, would create a mound big enough to cover France to a depth of 47 feet. So, don't kill any flies this year.*

REHASHING – the one with no checks

#2480 : The Plough, Pyecombe - **RUNNERS:** Having done a no-check hash and personalised fishhooks before, Peter Pansy decided to merge the two ideas together into a single hash this time, with the added feature of anyone dressed in blue would have to do the 'blue chalk' fishhooks, which quickly saw Hot Fuzz disrobing! And (as if this needed any more complication) some FHs would have numbers such as '5x2', meaning the first 5 hashers would need to do the FH twice! With the distance expected to be somewhere between 4 and 5 miles (i.e. up to 8km), FRBs should expect to clock in a little more due to all manner of weird and colourful (literally) FHs. And so the pack set off N up Church Ln and straight over to the trail. A number of personalised FHs would be encountered before a group FH would see FRBs running back. E then up the hill towards Pyecombe Street, but not before another FH at the gate at the brow of the hill, amusing a couple of local walkers and finding FRBs going back to Trouble who seemed to be floating between r*nners and wa*kers. Trail turned S over the A27 footbridge and up Cowdown Lane, where the pack recalled being shouted at by the local farmer during the last hash from here! Skirting around the hill, a collection of FHs would find the pack headed into Saddlescombe Farm and picking up the SDW E-bound all the way back to the pub via Church Hill except for a few SCBers who instead followed the road back. **Nasty Nips**

WALKERS: A group of 14 walkers (Yes 14!) were present at Monday night's hash. With a small breakaway group of three, led by Local Knowledge, deciding to head off for a "short bimble". Unfortunately, their adventure took them onto private land, where they appear to have been operating under the slightly optimistic assumption that the word "private" was merely a suggestion. On their return, there was much moaning that, had the farmer not kindly allowed them to continue, they would have been back before the main pack and at the front of the queue for refreshments. The rest of the 11 walkers set off as one happy little pack, nine walkers sensibly stuck to the 'official' walkers' trail, while Balinor and co deciding to follow the runners' route, accompanied by Merlin — who was less than impressed with his new sibling — and 2 Pac. The route, went both up and down, rewarding everyone with some stunning views across the South Downs. Along the way, walkers were greeted by some friendly horses and one distinctly unimpressed farm dog, whose enthusiastic barking did it's very best to disturb the peace and tranquillity. All in all, another successful outing, featuring beautiful scenery, questionable navigation, livestock, a grumpy dog and just enough moaning to remind everyone that it was definitely a proper walk! **Trouble**

BACK AT THE PUB: And with DDs kindly provided by the landlord from a pitcher, first up would be the hare, DD to the tune of "Here's to the Hare" but from the remaining contents of that aforementioned pitcher glass! Next up, a trio: Pondweed, for dobbing in Bouncer for not updating the website run reports when actually that's my job and I'd been on holiday; Wilds Things, for calling HF "Blue Balls" on a return from a FH, and Blue Balls... erm, sorry... Hot Fuzz just because; DDs for all three to "They're Alright". Last (except for the Numpty Mug), Psyclepath was welcomed back to r*nning and thanked for making the FHs worthwhile / longer tonight! DD to "This is your Down Down song". During the course of that last one, the landlord had actually provided another small quantity of ale in another pitcher, and so my earlier struggle between two hashers was resolved: first up, for the Numpty Mug proper, would be Bouncer who apparently can't count and insisted I was #12 at a FH for 10 (I guess we know who's getting that mug next week though! :D). And, beside him, PP again (with another DD from a pitcher), for forgetting to put any checks in! DD for both to "Stupid". The usual admin affair was held (7pm, Royal Oak @ Barcombe - pizzas from a pizza van), and it was noted that headtorches may be needed next week as the nights are already drawing in on us. And, with that, the evening was closed with a toast to the hash. On On! - **Nasty Nips**

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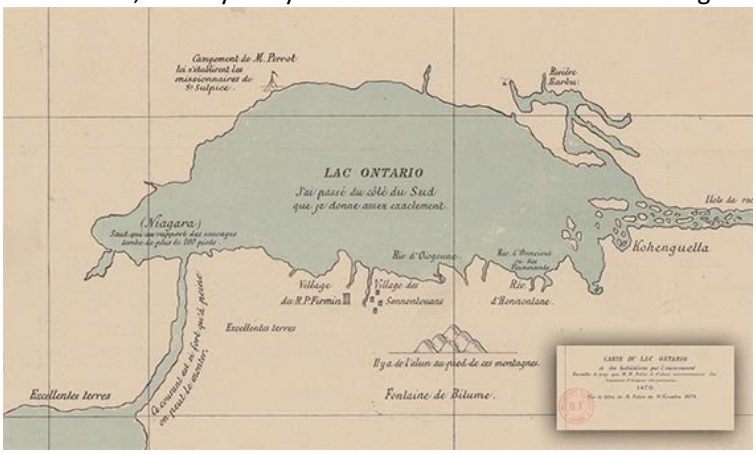
Another sad RIP, Mr Tim Curry:

Contrary to popular belief, I don't just play dreadful old villains.

I moved to L.A., because that's where they point cameras at you. And that's what I'd like them to do.

IN THE NEWS - What's Donald gone and done today?

The name Lake Ontario comes from the Wendat word Ontari'io, which, appropriately, means "the lake is beautiful, the lake is big". The name is more than 400 years old, predating both the Confederation of Canada and the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America. We know that America is changing. Their trading relationships, their foreign policies, their national monuments, their hydronyms. Canadians also know that naming reality means calling it Lake Ontario – then, now and always.



The Great Lakes contain roughly one-fifth of the world's fresh surface water. But there's something equally remarkable about their names: most have roots that stretch back centuries before Canada or the United States existed. And those names tell a fascinating story about the Indigenous peoples who lived around these waters long before Europeans arrived:

Lake Ontario takes its name from an Iroquoian word, often recorded as "oniatarí:io." It's commonly translated as "lake of shining waters" or "beautiful lake," although historical interpretations vary.

Lake Michigan comes from the Ojibwe word "mishigami," meaning "great water" or "large lake." Even though Michigan is the only Great Lake entirely within the United States, its name preserves an Indigenous linguistic heritage.

Lake Erie was named after the Erie people, an Iroquoian-speaking nation that lived along its southern shores. Their name is linked to a word meaning "long tail," often associated with the cougar.

Lake Huron was named by French explorers after the Wendat people, whom the French called Huron.

Lake Superior is the exception. French explorers called it "lac supérieur," meaning "upper lake," because of its position above Lake Huron. The Ojibwe name Gichigami means "great lake" or "great water."

Together, these names preserve centuries of Indigenous history, language and European contact. The modern international border came much later. And that's worth remembering whenever politicians start talking about changing the names of North America's greatest lakes. *(Source: Ctr for Great Lakes Literacy, Michigan Dept of Envt, Great Lakes & Energy, Nat Res Cda)*

REHASHING – the one with a zip stop!

#2481 Royal Oak, Barcombe Cross – **RUNNERS:** Bravely stepping up to set the difficult bank holiday hash, a respectable pack of 24 (plus dog Dennis) still made it for On On Don's 'new' pub that, a quick look at the stats revealed, was actually our 9th visit (but considerably more for some as a popular East Grinstead H3 Sunday location). Chalk Talk announced that there were loads of marks… yesterday! Prophetic words as we headed down the side of the pub and promptly lost trail until Nasty Nips and Shirker Ninezing produced maps and competed cartographically to set us right left. We soon had a highly visible trail charging down the wa*kers, hare re-marking as they went, but we'd left them behind by Spithurst Road where decision was made on an anti-clockwise trail out towards South Chailey and back via Springles farm, marks continuing to be a challenge (cue ST: "I think we've gone off the edge of the map") but a couple of fishhooks found anyway. At one check a reversed arrow later revealed that we'd cut a small section but as torches* were prevalent long before we reached the zip wire near the on inn it was probably just as well. **Mudlark invoking the Prof rule of not before September, was given short shrift as it's already September in some parts of the world!* **Bouncer**

WALKERS: The walkers set off with fine directions from our hare. We soon saw the runners hot on our heels but Trouble sorted that by shutting the gate. I'm sure they got their own back on us by herding a whole flock of sheep in front of our next gate. There a bit of confusion about directions, but once the hare got the map sorted, we were on trail. There was an impromptu naming of our 4-legged hasher to Rude Boy for cutting in to be a FWB. Fun followed on the zip line as we arrived back at the pub just in time for a beautiful sunset. **Vicar Licker**

FROM THE HARE: The rain much promised by the weatherman had not happened, so we set off in lovely sunny conditions. We avoided the trip around the twittens of Barcombe Cross village, which the Runners were doing to warm them up … and we set off past the school, along the street from the last of the houses and into the countryside. The first thing to notice was the maize crop in the first field – it was so scrawny, the plants only around 6 inches tall, no crop happening – poor farmers, trying to earn something from their work. Crossing the next field, we came to a series of gates, and had already noticed that there were hardly any of the marks made on Sunday remaining. At first we wondered if the heavy rain had done its worst – but that was the story all along, even where the rain had not reached, so it was clear that some local youngsters had had "fun" erasing them. (Apparently the Runners managed to get round, despite getting Off Piste a few times, as luckily two maps of the Trail had been issued). Shortly after this we came into a field of many sheep, plus enormous quantities of sheep shit – very hard to avoid treading in it! Up the road out of that field, and then a left turn down a lane that led towards a lake, with a deer that didn't move standing still, gazing across the water. Up past some attractive buildings, where there was some kind of a camp site and barn used for guests (we had seen some having brunch in there on the Sunday), and then on to where the trail curved around the field, and then dived in to a very pleasant path, wide, shady, surrounded by delightful woodland. At the end the mystery of the missing marks increased, as even us walkers had trouble discovering the correct route. This was where we hit the old railway track, through thick bushes for a short distance, and then we came to a turn where we left the Runner's Trail. Skirting more woodland, and then around a couple of fields, we came to the home run, back towards the village, through the recreation ground (where several of the walkers enjoyed the Zipwire experience!),and so back to the pub. This was a trail we had very much enjoyed setting as Hares, as well as walking this short version on the Monday. It is as if this village was isolated from the rest of England, accessed only via illogical twisty roads, surrounded by streams and rivers, and sheep … and the pub and the pizza van were so welcome on the Monday evening! **On On Don**

CIRCLING UP, it seems August 31st bodes, this being the date we lost Princess Di in a car crash in 1997; Rocky Garciano in a plane crash in 1979; and Mary Ann Nichols in a Jack slash in 1888, being the Rippers 1st victim. It's also International Overdose Awareness day, and the day Britain lost Malaysia (1957) and Trinidad & Tobago (1962). On a brighter note, we captured Trincomalee (Sri Lanka) from the Dutch in 1795 as they couldn't be trusted not to lose it to the French (cue the salute from Hash Gomi!), and Geronimo the alpaca prompted an ongoing rethink after being destroyed for high bovine tuberculosis levels after receiving inoculations on his arrival to the UK in 2021. To save OOD's embarrassment at signing off as Din on his last missive, co-hares Pimpette and Bar the Boatman found themselves renamed before the usual 'Here's to..'. Regrettably ST didn't get the credit he so deserved as our visitor, Vicar Licker who kindly agreed to write the walkers report had also offered to be songstress, so was introduced with an old Limerick:

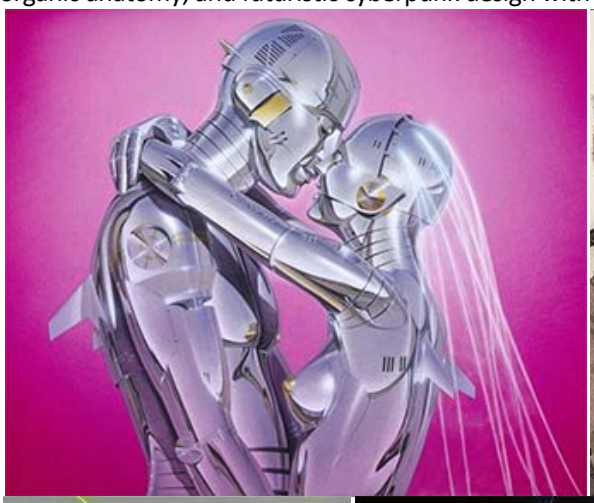
There was a young lady of Kew, Who said as the Curate withdrew, "The Vicar's a licker, & quicker & thicker, & two inches longer than you"

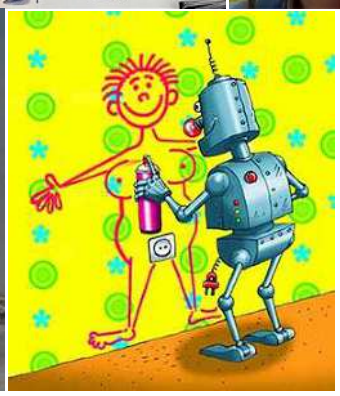
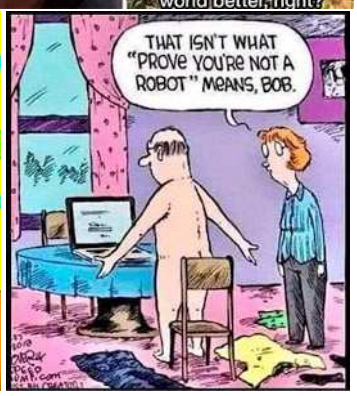
Moving on Radio Soap was welcomed back and thanked for bringing PG Tits along, who also downed to 'Flat Chested' having got away with it on her last few visits. Then NN was shamed for reporting that he'd run to the A27 last week despite being no Olympian, joined by Wilds Thing for FH mix-ups, the latter then admitting to breaking a gate so original Numpty JAWS was substituted for failing to pick up on the pizza van despite rampant publicity. JAWS, who was in witty form on the hash (responding to ST on how Muggy it was, that we don't run on Tueggy or Weggy; then to Mudlark who spotted civilisation – "that's not civilisation that's Barcombe Cross") clarified that WT (again) had got it wrong. VL offered 'Meet the hashers' but corpsed for WT who was just 'Stupid'!

Wrapping up with admin, centred on hare recruitment, another great hash was brought to a close with the toast, despite 2nd generation hasher VL's assertion that we should be doing Swing Low. Still, love her mum's handle – Love Shag Baby! On on, **Bouncer**

Introducing Japanese artist Hajime Sorayama:

From the late 1970s and 1980s (his breakthrough book Sexy Robot published in 1983), Sorayama became famous for hyper-realistic, airbrushed paintings and chrome-plated, metallic female humanoid robots (gynoids). His art merges human sensuality, organic anatomy, and futuristic cyberpunk design with mirror-like chrome finishes, smooth curves, and intricate mechanical joints.



THE END

Striking silhouettes of birds during the eclipse

When Disney goes rogue…

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