BOGGY SHOE

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers
Trash #366 October 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
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.**

12th October 2026	**2487**	**Guinea Pig at the Dyke, Brighton**	**BN1 5AA**	**Nasty Nips**

Directions: Head down the A23 to Preston Park traffic lights. Turn right and follow road under bridge, round and up to the next set of lights. Pub on left, Parking is available in Radinden Manor and Orpen Roads approximately 250 metres from the pub. Allow a few extra minutes to walk over. **Est. 10 mins.**

19th October 2026	**2488**	**Swiss Cottage, Shoreham**	**BN43 5TD**	**Angel & Pussy Galore**

Directions: Follow A27 to Shoreham flyover. Take A283 towards Shoreham. Straight on at Red Lion roundabout. In 600m turn left for pub car park. **Est. 10 mins.**

26th October 2026	**2489**	**'HMS Berwick' at the Cricketers, Berwick**	**BN26 6SP**	**Mudlark**

Directions: Follow A27 east past Lewes. Stay on A27 through Beddingham for 4 miles. Turn right just before Alfriston roundabout for pub. **Est. 20 mins.** ***### Trafalgar Day hash! Wear your best navy gear. ###***

2nd November 2026	**2490**	**Hove Park Tavern**	**BN3 7AP**	**Fukarwe & Ride-It, Baby**

Directions: A27 west, leave at next junction. 3rd exit off roundabout for Hove, King George VI Avenue. Take 2nd left, Nevill Road to 2nd set of lights. Pub on right opposite corner. Parking at Greyhound Stadium Nevill Road. **Est 10 mins.**

Receding Hareline:

09/11/2026	2491	Green Man, Horsted Keynes – Trouble & On On Don	
16/11/2026	2492	***Eager hare required!***	
23/11/2026	2493	***Eager hare required!***	
30/11/2026	2494	Chequers, Steyning - Bouncer & Angel	***St. Andrews Day r*n!***
07/12/2026	2495	***Eager hare required!***	
14/12/2026	2496	John Harvey Tavern	Rebel & Greenteeth

Save the date - Christmas hash r*n & par-tay!



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 hash this month.*
Hastings H3 - r*ns start at 1066 (11.06am):
No hash this month. Next meeting 8th November.
East Grinstead H3 – r-ns start at 10.45am:
11/10/26 Old Oak Inn, Caneheath – Bagman & Diane
25/10/26 Red Lion, Chelwood Gate – Strapper & Strapless
W&NK H3- r*ns start at 11am:
18/10/26 Everyday Brewing Co, Sheffield Park TN22 3HQ - Thumper and Two Left Feet

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Thought for the day: "Be decisive. Right or wrong, make a decision. The road of life is paved with flat squirrels who couldn't make a decision." **- *Unknown author***

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

05-07/02/2027 New Zealand NH Wellington https://www.nzhhh.nz
13-15/08/2027 Eurohash, Romania - https://www.eurohash2027.eu
27-30/08/2027 UK Nash Hash, Tiverton, Devon – *waiting list.*

Local Knowledge update:

From a conversation with Adam, his son, the other day, the good news is that he is out of hospital and is now at home! The doctors are pretty sure it is not a clot or a bleed that was giving problems, but a constriction in a blood vessel in his brain that caused the stroke-like symptoms. Managing his blood pressure should help, they think. I understand that he has a lot of OT exercises to do each day, to get him walking properly again, and get back to managing more on his own. I think they have some kind of care arrangement, as Marion is not strong enough to manage his needs by herself. So there is definite improvement, though it will take time to get back to being reasonably independent. Another good sign is that he remains cheerful, and is delighted to be back home at last. **Don**. 17/9/26

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**

Hi All, *just a follow-up on Pete E. I visited him this afternoon & he has certainly made good progress as he is able to get up from his chair & walk with just one stick. His speech was strong & his memory now seems far better than mine :-)*
I rang on Tuesday to check with Marry if it was ok to call in yesterday but his "dance card" was already filled so I opted for this afternoon instead. As Pete has OT's etc & busy mornings it is best to call the landline to let the family know in advance when you would like to visit. 01273 845320.
I know that we will all be wishing him a speedy recovery & look forward to having him return to the hash. ***Pompette xx***

Having organised the UK alternative to Interhash in 2010 (Eastbourneo - the last time Interhash was hosted in Borneo) Angel and I have registered for the real thing in 2028, so that I don't have to do that again! Join us:

INTERHASH 2028 will take place in **Kuching, Sarawak, Malaysia** from **July 14–16, 2028** (with pre-events starting July 13). Hosted by the Kuching City Hash Club, the event is expected to welcome up to 4,000 participants from over 50 countries and 450 global chapters.

- **Main Schedule Highlights:**
  - **July 13:** Day 0 check-in
  - **July 14:** Sunset Charity Red Dress Run & Welcome Dinner
  - **July 15:** Borneo Rainforest Trails
  - **July 16:** Council Ballots & Farewell Gala
- **Running/Trail Categories:**
  - **Ball Breaker Run** (Ultimate Endurance Challenge, 26–28 km)
  - **Long Run** (7–10 km)
  - **Medium Run** (5–7 km)
  - **Short Run** (3–5 km)
- **Trail Locations:** Padawan Rain Forest, Matang Forest Mud, Bau Golden Caves, and Santubong Ocean Sands.

Registration & Fees

- **Early Bird Rate:** MYR 800 (available through May 31, 2027)
- **Standard Rate:** MYR 1,000
- **Registration & Info:** Sign up or check updates via the official Interhash Kuching 2028 Website: https://www.interhashkchswk2028.com/

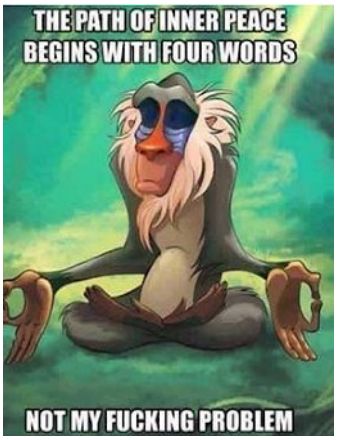
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Unfortunately the following event has already sold out. Angel & I are going so I'm following the path of inner peace. Sorry.









REHASHING - #2482 The Partridge, Partridge Green



Runners:- Before the assembled had left the pub, there were reports of a hasher (Trouble) using the men's toilet. When questioned, she said that it wasn't a problem for her to use a urinal. Whilst the pack are broad-minded - no one asked, how? The pack set off in anti clockwise route - mainly thistle avoiding in the early miles. As it's been more than a decade since we have run from the pub during daylight, there were plenty of hashers thinking they were on route, but getting checks wrong. Nasty Nips must have forgotten his notebook & pen to RA, so noting that Pondweed didn't have a notebook & pen - gave him the honour! The broadly 5 mile route was an anticlockwise circular of Partridge Green. With the lights closing on trail - Mudlark, proudly announced that when he set a trail with Prof, torches were not needed to late September. 5 minutes later he tripped & fell. It was noted that Shirker was the first runner to switch on his lights, clearly angling for a Down Down. Angel, couldn't be bothered to check half way round, so started to fraternise with a couple on a quiet evening walk, to ascertain whether they had seen any white powder along the paths. Watching the fraternising, Half Moon thought that was a good idea, but couldn't find anyone on two feet, so ended up flirting with a horse, who became frisky & gave her a nibble. - **Pondweed**







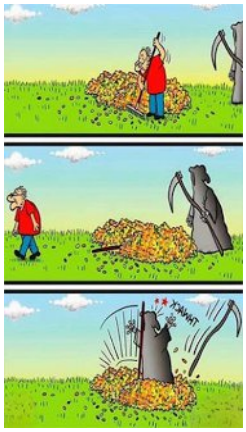
Walkers:- 6 walking set off up the main road through the village towards recreation ground on the outskirts. Don leading the way as usual, turning left opposite the recreation ground heading north. Path was kindly trimmed of brambles so we didn't suffer like the runners did. Came upon some marks in flour and followed these for a while. We could hear shouts of On On not far away but didn't see any runners. Don was hoping to take us on foot paths towards Little worth lane but after a bit of checking down different ways and realising that we weren't going in the right direction and the day light starting to fade quickly. Decision was made to go back to the pub the way we had come. Bit frustrating but it was a very good walk and everyone enjoyed it. **– Beat the Barman**



Back at the pub:- All of the above-mentioned runners earned their down downs together with Don who led the walkers, lost on an out & back walk! Nasty Nips and Swinger received down downs for appearing in Runners World magazine without their hash vests! Another fine hash – **Pondweed**

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Siamese twin men walk into a bar in Canada and park themselves on a bar stool. One of them says to the bartender, "Don't mind us; we're joined at the hip. I'm John, he's Jim. Two draft Henderson Rush beers, please."

The bartender, feeling slightly awkward, tries to make polite conversation while pouring the beers. "Been on holiday yet, guys?"

"Off to England next month," says John. "We go to England every autumn, rent a car and drive miles. Don't we, Jim?" Jim agrees.

"Ah, England!" says the bartender. "Wonderful country... the history, the beer, the culture..."

"Nah, we don't like that British baloney," says John. "Hamburgers and Canadian beer, that's us, eh Jim? And we can't stand the English food and warm beer. Plus they're so arrogant and rude to the colonials."

"So why keep going to England?" asks the bartender.

"It's the only chance Jim gets to drive."

REHASHING - #2483 - The Cleveland, Brighton



Walkers: Sunday: I'd been for a swim and was chatting with Tripsy Daisy on the beach. I said, "Nips is setting tomorrow and it will be Nasty, over five miles, on tarmac, with faster runners setting the pace, and I bet he puts a hill in it too. But I've got a plan, fall behind and get the bus back from halfway, there's got to be a plus to running in town." Not wanting to earn 6 months of down downs for getting the bus we hit on the idea of walking a mile to my house and having a long sip stop. I did have beer left from the sip that didn't happen on the beach in July. After a third of the interesting history talk, the walkers waited for On On Don and Pompette to pop into the pub, they were late due to a pathological fear of paying Brighton Council for parking*. We set off after the runners at a brisk stroll. A quick health check around the group of eight, outnumbering the runners, found we were all fit for 0.8 miles out to chez Sangria, especially with a glass at the end of it. We quickly caught up with the runners who were di….ing about at the first check (dithering, that's the word). We stuck to quieter roads, Jaws having some idea where we were going, and talked faster than we walked, mostly about houses and flats… walking through the overpriced Fiveways terraces will do that to your conversation. We kept swapping pavements to avoid bumpy tree roots and dustbins, except for Cliffbanger who preferred a straighter route. We dropped down the 80 odd steps of the cat-creep from Osborne to Balfour, that was a mistake as we just had to climb up Balfour Road. Now the good bit… we crossed Varndean Campus, round the basketball and below the five-a-side on little tracks. This meant we did far more off-road trail than the runners. We were dead on time for sunset across the valley at 19:18 and we stood about in the drizzle noting that we were at about cloud base as we admired where it would be. Through the hedge backwards into the garden for wine, beer and alcohol free, and a thumb through an album of Cairo Hash photos looking for Satanne, we think we found her! The walkers then headed On-Inn using runners marks, 0.9 miles back to stay in street lights. Jaws and Sangria stayed on to serve the runners cake . The cake was a Guinness fruit cake made with a bottle found in Sangria's step-mum's flat. It seemed a bit flat but I used it anyway. Later saw it was dated; best before August 1987. It tasted fine… really. Raise a glass to Pompette, a hasher through and through, for showing up after major dentistry in the afternoon, and doing a 2 mile walk with a hill despite being a bit wobbly on her feet. **JAWS**



Runners: A message from Jaws at 4pm Sunday found me turning the planned r*n around to include a sip stop at Chez Sangria - a lovely little bonus! Luckily I hadn't set it yet as the first week of children back at school had led to the inevitable cold and I had been putting it off. So, with everyone outside the pub, receiving a thumbs-down from latecomers On On Don and Pompette for the parking situation, a brief history lesson was given about Blakers Park clock tower (alas covered in scaffolding so no real picture opportunity):

* Paid for by Alderman John Blaker
* Gifted the park and land to town in 1894
* Blaker donated £1000 for clock construction - to make sure local children were not late for school. (Bet they loved him!)
* Clock started at 4pm 15 Sept 1896 by daughter Jessie Blaker

Almost the same date, leading Wilds Thing to query why it wasn't; erm, because we only meet on Monday's and the next Monday 15th September isn't until 2031! And so, a mere 6 r*nners (that's including me) the tiny pack set of W down the road and around to Preston Park where an 'RG CT' mark on the ground would lead the group to regroup at clock tower #2 - Preston Park clock tower. Another brief history lesson would ensue:

* Designed by Francis May and paid for by Edgar White.
* Look for the 'EW's on the griffin shields by the clock faces.
* Terracotta as opposed to white as Francis May thought they looked like funeral monuments.
* Formal unveiling 17 June 1892.

A more picturesque tower of course lent some to take photos before the group swiftly moved on directly to the park entrance opposite the Shell garage and N along Preston Rd / A23 all the way to Withdean Park (yes, that was more grass we encountered). Up through the trees N of the dog park / National Lilac Collection and down onto the corner of Graham Avenue would see us following Carden Avenue then Winfield Avenue along to the third and final clock tower at Ladies Mile. Moans and groans about his stomach would see Wilds Thing offered (but not taking) a short cut back, instead choosing to hold onto bollards! Another short history lesson, this time by torchlight:

* Built by George Ferguson around 1931/1932.
* The only 1930s art deco style of a clock tower in the city, and the only one built on an 'estate'. (Leading to debate about what exactly constitutes an 'estate'...)
* Built when need for public clocks was diminishing.
* Built to advertise the new 'Ladies Mile' estate.

On out called up through the alleyway and around to Warmdene Rd, over Carden Avenue, up the Mayfield Cr / Greenfield Cr twittens, and down Beechwood Ave to Surrenden Rd, then on to sip at Chez Jaws and Sangria, where our lovely hosts had remained to see us in. A short, but very welcome, respite would see all partaking in drinks and cake before On Inn down Ditchling Rd / Preston Drove. - **Nasty Nips**

Back at the pub: Returning to the pub would find the staff most apologetic as after our departure the pub had been inundated with clientele and a rush on food orders - great to see a local pub heaving on a Monday evening! Delays in the food meant the pub were most amenable to two free pints of ales, with DDs for the evening by doled out by Mudlark, stepping into RA shoes this evening since Bouncer and PW both away. First up, myself and Jaws as hares, DDs to "Grand Ol' Duke of York". Next, for moaning about parking before the hash had even begun, OOD would take a DD to "Why was he born?". Following this, WT for having to use bollards as crutches due to stomach issues (trust us - he mentioned it WAY more than the rehash suggests! :D), and DD to "Stupid". And finally, a DD for Trouble, who had said several times she was leaving only to disappear and reappear. OOD then gave an update on Local Knowledge, with LK having returned home on Saturday. He is not as mobile or as talkative as before, but otherwise making good progress. He would appreciate visitors in the afternoon as he has carers attending in the morning, but please no more than 2 at a time, and please be mindful that his family will also all be tired. Best to check with Adam before going to see him (details to be provided). Next week's hash was announced as (probably) the Hillside, Crawley. And with that, the evening was closed with a toast to the hash.

PS: Little Swinger mentioned to me (on-trail) that she felt unsure what to do since I'd given a culture / history lesson! :D I was tempted to give her schtick about Crawley, but it's actually been around since the Stone Age so I am sure she'll find something. Or, you know, just set another great little urban hash! - **Nasty Nips**

** Hello! One thing about the Walkers Review - Pompette and I are not scared of paying for parking! When we arrived in Brighton, and tried to park, it became clear that the regs have changed, so we could not park in Preston Park (as suggested), so we tried to find a paid-for spot nearby. Phoning the 2 numbers on the meters we tried produced no result - those don't work anymore. The notice about using the App did not help, as we tried to download it at the time, and that produced no result. So we could not park legally anywhere, but luckily some passers-by suggested Surrenden Road That info would have been helpful beforehand .... **OOD***

Autumnal meanderings...



Buzzards Roost, Pikeville Tennesse



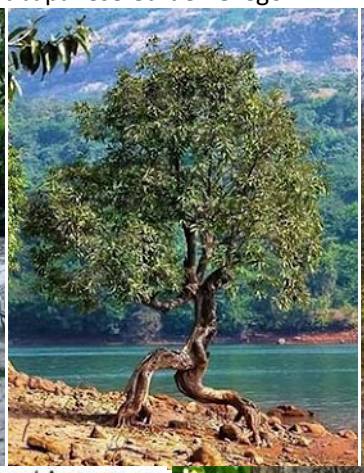
Heavenly Falls, Portland Japanese Garden Oregon



Maple Tunnel, Sapporo Japan















Three guys were out in the woods bear hunting. One of the guys says "I am going to sit by this tree"
Knowing he was new to hunting, the other two guys say to him, "Whatever happens, don't make a sound"
So he says ok and the other two start walking elsewhere to sit. Just as they were about to sit down, they hear the other guy scream. They run back to him and find him still sitting by the tree. Confused, the two men said, "Why did you scream? We told you not to make a noise no matter what happened."
The guy looks the other two right in the eyes and says, "When that snake crawled over my legs, I kept quiet. When that bear growled right in my face, I stayed quiet. But I couldn't hold it no longer when those two squirrels crawled up my trousers and said to each other, "Do we eat the nuts here or take them to go?"









REHASHING - #2484 Hillside Inn, Creepy Crawley



Runners:- Recalling the lack of beer here earlier in the year, I was only marginally encouraged to see they had dreaded Doom on tap as a somewhat bijou pack gathered. Moving outside, hare Little Swinger led us to the unfortunate drains for a brief but smelly chalk talk before sending us off up the Balcombe Road, the headless blue arrows (blamed on hares daughter) giving away a likely return on the same route. Crawleys other familiar smell, that of weed, was next to assault our senses (blamed on hares non-hash husband)! A towny trail followed through Pound Hill, skirting Worth Park Gardens and Grattons park, then Tesco and Lidl's before the attractive Crawley Lane took us within a stone's throw of the on inn. It wasn't to be though as another loop round the Ridings frustrated those seeking natures call. On the way were plenty of fishhooks, as per, a quick swing diversion and a fun photo opportunity at the throne and mushrooms! **- Bouncer**

Walkers:- There were just 2 walkers this time – Trouble and On On Don. We set out with the Runners, but they soon disappeared ahead (of course!). The send-off from the pub was shrouded in stinky fumes from a leaking manhole – quite ghastly! But very soon we were out of there. Up the main road we went, then turned off into a quieter side road, set about with quite spacious executive houses, with well-tended gardens. All very nice and peaceful. Following Little Swingers instructions, we found a path that led us into a leafy open space – Worth Park. It was really enjoyable, traipsing along between handsome pale fawn terracotta balustrading, all very neat. We headed w towards a centrepiece in that garden, with tall grasses surrounded by another lower-growing mass of greenery, all in a circular area and feeling nice and calm. This must have been a central point in the original Park, which would have led the owners and their c visitors into the wider expanse beyond the ha-ha. This is now an area for sports fields, but no doubt would have had sheep or cows grazing there in the Old Days. Pressing steadily on, we crossed a road, and headed towards a line of shrubs and trees. Reaching that, we came upon the lake! Very picturesque, and a good size, surrounded by trees to make it look almost Capability Brown style. The water level was seriously low, however, due to the long period of drought. Standing in the shallow water were some geese and ducks *(see lovely pic!)*, making almost a black-and-white scene as the light was fading already. We went further along the lake, and spied by quite a number of other ducks who came paddling rapidly in our direction. We realised they wanted food – and we had none! So we quickly headed away, aiming to find the rockery. That didn't appear, so we must have missed it. Sauntering back towards the main steps, we ere suddenly confronted with a desperate scene … the rather gorgeous stone flight of steps leading up to the next level would no doubt have previously gone up towards the main house – but no longer! Instead, a draughtsman's ruler and pen had concocted a monstrous block of flats, which had been built right there. Quite extraordinarily crass. Soon we were back on track, to the Hillside Inn, past the stinky entrance puddle, and on to food and a beer or so. **- On On Don**



Back at the pub:- Having purloined the last of the Doom for circle up things were delayed as thirsty hashers sought alternatives, before our two walkers showed a marked reluctance to shop each other. After last weeks history trail, LS had pondered what she could do with Crawley, a completely false suggestion of an early transportation experiment moving villains out of Whitechapel here causing her to defensively educate us on its boroughs before taking one for the team Anderson to "We're here because we're here". Our diminutive host had also advised that marks could be left, right, low or high, leading nasty Nasty Nips to observe, "Well, not that high!" No virgins with the small turnout, however, OITE got called in as visitor even though she was absent. Trouble had signed up Tailend but stuck his missus down when she couldn't see him on the drop down, so in he came for a short song. The blue chalk had suggested a charge for those wearing same, which was basically Tailend and Sticky Balls, until RA looked down and realised he was in that number so swerved the nepotism to call in SB for a truly Numpty moment when he called a check as a FH, confusing everyone, including the hare who promptly crossed it out before realising! SB was joined by NN, who twice ran as 4 on a 3 even though #2 wasn't 1 (the excuse being to tag on his Strava), and Ride-It, Baby. Bouncer had talked her out of a wild wee as the pub was imminent, before the final loop added to her pain, and she pondered adding to the stream at the side of the road from the overflowing drains. Another great hash concluded with Whose Shout failing to take the hint about a sip stop at the Jack and Jill next week, and the usual toast. **– Bouncer**









IN THE NEWS

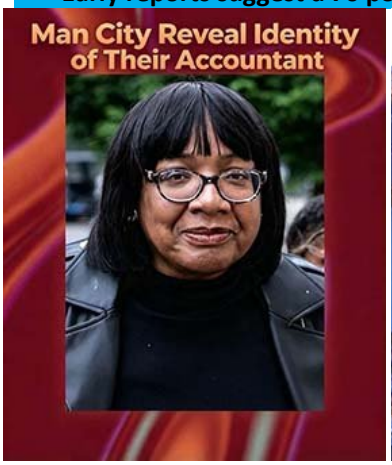
Financial shenanigans for Nigel, Man City and the Government, while RNLI attacked for doing their job by anti-illegal immigrants.







Early reports suggest a 70 point deduction for city. Meaning they will finish 2nd from bottom – just above Spurs.









An organization is like a tree full of monkeys, all on different limbs at different levels, some climbing up, some fooling around and some simply just idling. The monkeys on top look down and see a tree full of smiling faces. The monkeys on the bottom look up and see nothing but assholes.









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- Does anyone know where I can get linseed oil in bulk. Only I have a loft full of bats
- I've just been attacked by a man with a bat! Mind you, I was quite impressed by how well he'd trained it…

REHASHING – #2485 - The Jack and Jill Inn, Clayton

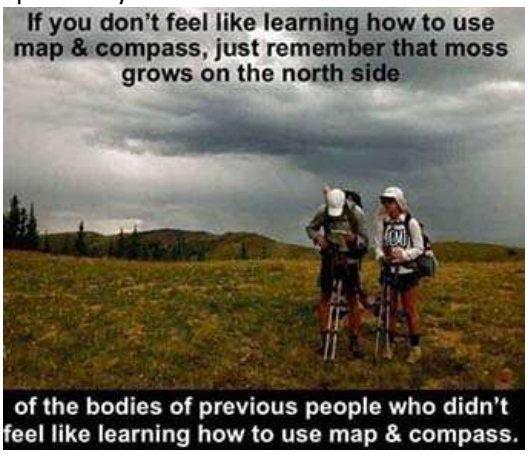
Jack and Jill went up the hill, just like two cock linnets. Jill came down with half-a-crown, she wasn't up there two… ***Max Miller.***



Walkers: The venue was the Jack & Jill, nestled at the foot of the Downs. The Hare, Whose Shout, had planned 3 alternative routes for us! This was really thoughtful, as not all walkers are capable of long distances, and some are not capable of hills, and some are not fond of cows… and some just want to get out there and really stretch their legs a lot! So we set off, about 10 of us, on the Runners trail to start off along the Underhill lane. Lovely hues of a deepening red sunset before us lured us on, as we strolled between hedgerows along that quiet road. Rounding a bend in the road, we headed North along the lane that leads past Danny House. After a short distance, the pack decided to split up, with the speedier ones heading on towards Danny, and us slower beings taking a footpath to the West. We went over a stile at the side of someone's front drive, and across the field ahead. It was very well grazed, but at least the sheep had been able to get something to eat, unlike the fields we had been seeing in previous weeks, burnt brown in the drought. BTB seemed very familiar with the terrain, and so we were delighted to be guided by his expertise. Leaving Hautboyes Farm behind, we crossed more fields, passed along the edge of a wood, and came to a well-made track at Coldharbour Farm. Turning North, up the track, with some well-kept houses and gardens there, we went further up the side of that wood, until a right turn took us away and towards the A273. At the road itself BTB suggested that we had time to go further, and stay off the busy road, to which plan we all agreed. Going past the Green Burial Ground, we soon came to a railway bridge, where we turned again, down a cinder track. A couple of trains sped past, but were hidden behind the verdant trees and bushes along the cutting… And so coming to the road, almost opposite the pub! - **OOD**

Runners: With a request to get names down early for the pub to know, or perhaps because everyone's holidays had ended, a 30+ pack gathered at The Jack and Jill Inn. Being the last run of September, the sun had just dipped below the horizon as we set off W towards it up New Way Lane, although not after some confusion at the check and marks found opposite at the footpath parallel to the railway (reading OOD's report, it looks like FRBs may have caught the tail-end of a walks' route). Checks up New Way Lane would see the pack taking the second footpath S about 300m before a check in the woods would see the pack bunching back up, the hare lost and convinced someone had removed his toilet paper. Following a temporary 'live trail', the S edge of the woods would be skirted around (true trail 'somewhere in there', to quote the hare!) until picked back up at the gate, with a rather confusing Check AND Arrow mark partway down the hill really confusing everyone and seeing WT running back up that hill (unnecessarily). A sharp turn N in the path would be ignored, the hare instead deciding that the pack should scramble up the hill (literally 'scramble' as everyone was on all fours up a dust-slippery 45 degree incline); LS would be too quick for me to get the obligatory swing photo, running straight up to the check and (along with PW and myself) stupidly checking up another steep gradient SW towards the peak of Wolstonbury Hill when true trail was the other way. With the same path picked back up, trail continued snaking down and around N, then E, back to the corner of New Way Lane. A fishhook here would see a little confusion as more headtorches could be seen further back but the last r*nner was sure they were the back and that that must be wa*kers - as it turned out (back at the pub) those head torches belonged to Gromit and Rocks On, and only Bouncer went back for them at the FH*. Continuing N along New Way Lane, the main pack would head up the track to Danny House whereas the back 3 would instead carry on along New Way Lane. Around Danny House (for most of us anyway!) and through the fields would see another fishhook turning FRBs around; this time, LS and myself would see a lone headtorch behind us and (convinced that I hadn't seen PW since the 45 degree hill) we two would return to him, stretching out the pack just that little more. Trail would continue E, over the road to Danny House, before turning back to and S down New Way Lane. E along the footpath, that the back 3 would have taken only a few minutes earlier, another FH would see the pack now bunched up again, before SE down through the fields to Brighton Road (A273) an On Inn, albeit with a diversion into the adjacent field and a little gate-hopping! **- Nasty Nips**

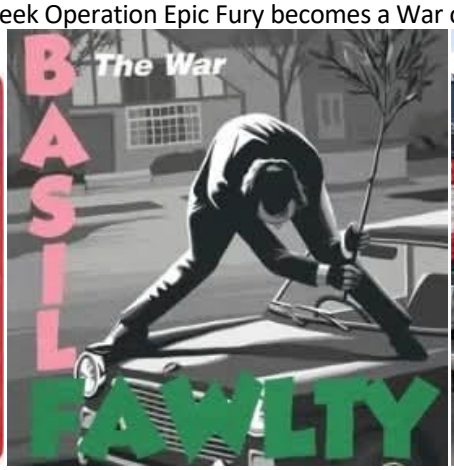
Back at the pub... and assembled in the Function Room (I've hared from here a few times and didn't even know this existed!), I noted that my usual "Here's to the Hare" had to be replaced for Whose Shout tonight with "The Grand Ol' Duke of York" due to the inclines and declines we saw! Next up, and having last week pointed out our oft-Down Downing each other, it was of course Bouncer up. The charge? Why, he'd done his 1200th hash. Actually, it was some weeks back but I kept forgetting, even with Post-It Note stuck to the front of my book! :D DD to "Get a Life" of course. Only a few steps away, Bouncer was called back for the 'sin' of being forgotten about at one of the FHs *(*edited by Ed.)*, accompanied by Pondweed who had likewise been forgotten at a later FH but managed to catch up when RIB, LS and myself spotted his lone headtorch off in the distance; DD to "DD Song". A Lost Property charge was levied (AGAIN) to Psyclepath for leaving his water bottle behind (AGAIN) after a recent hash; nomination to PD, and DD to "10,9,8". Virgin "Just Gina" would then be called up, answering the questions as Long: Yes, Hard: Yes, Who: Peter (WS), and Again: Yes; DD to "She's Alright." Handing over to Wilds Thing to award the Numpty Mug, WT would note that the 'actual' Numpty Mug is with "that guy who used to come all the time and who's shagging that girl"! Reference, of course, to Lily The Pink (the other Numpty Mug being with Fridge); Numpty Mug award to WS for losing his way on his own hash! DD to, of course, "Stupid". And, before details of the hash and the toast would be given, WT also gave a quick update on KIU and WB, who everyone was glad to hear have now bought a house Down Under. And so endeth another great hash. - **Nasty Nips** ***[Wot no photos?]***



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

WAR WITH IRAN: 4 week Operation Epic Fury becomes a War on Motorists…







They keep talking about drafting a Constitution for Iraq .... Why doesn't Trump just give them ours?
It was written by a lot of really smart guys, it has worked for over 200 years, and he's not using it anymore.

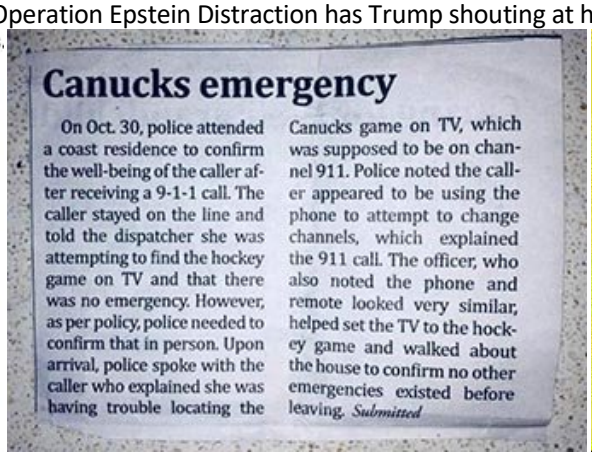






WAR WITH CANADA: Operation Epstein Distraction has Trump shouting at his closest allies.



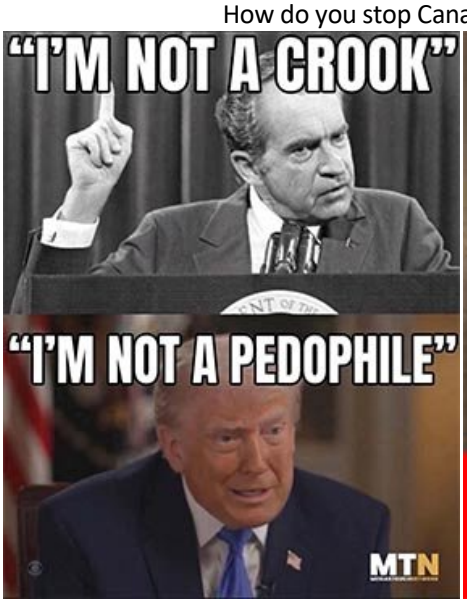


Canucks emergency

On Oct. 30, police attended a coast residence to confirm the well-being of the caller after receiving a 9-1-1 call. The caller stayed on the line and told the dispatcher she was attempting to find the hockey game on TV and that there was no emergency. However, as per policy, police needed to confirm that in person. Upon arrival, police spoke with the caller who explained she was having trouble locating the Canucks game on TV, which was supposed to be on channel 911. Police noted the caller appeared to be using the phone to attempt to change channels, which explained the 911 call. The officer, who also noted the phone and remote looked very similar, helped set the TV to the hockey game and walked about the house to confirm no other emergencies existed before leaving. *Submitted*



How do you stop Canadian bacon from curling in the pan? Take away its tiny brooms!







Ex President Obama and current president Trump were being interviewed on the different ways they lead the country:
Obama said, "I used the umbrella system," he continued, "I sat at the top and everything went up and down the spokes."
Trump responded, "I use the mushroom system. Keep them all in the dark and every so often throw a shovel of shit at them!"

Inside II Today - Hallowe'en Deitz Dolls:

































THE END

When skeletons fall in love; squirrel nuts; brooms; and an autumnal seen on the hash *(not – sadly)*:



A tender kiss...



Bone titties for a straight relationship



Check out the price!





"We don't like the term 'Beaver'. We feel that it's pejorative. We prefer to be called 'vagina squirrels'."



"I've had this broom 20 years. It's had 17 new heads and 14 new handles!"







Checked my trail cam and YUP there's fucken cougars in the area 😂 💀











I walked in the bedroom to find my wife dead in the bed the other day. Looking at her lifeless there, I decided to have one last go. Right in the middle she opened her eyes and shouted BOO! Honestly some people are f*cking sick in the head.