



*The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinning with Bangkok Hash House Harriers)
R-nns/trash #199 December 2013*

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

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
2nd December 2013	1850	Ye Olde Smugglers Inne, Alfriston	520 033	Mudlarks, Prof & Nigel
Directions: A27 east past Lewes. Straight on at Beddingham roundabout. Right at next into village, car park just off Sloe Lane. Pub short walk to south. Est. 25 mins.				
9th December 2013	1851	Gardners Arms, Sompting	157 053	Ivan & Anne
Directions: A27 west through tunnel. Straight on at traffic lights, across roundabout at North Lancing to next lights. Straight on again and after houses end take 2nd left. Pub on right, parking limited. Est 15 mins.				
16th December 2013	1852	Fox & Hounds, Haywards Heath	337 218	Rik
Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. Pub on left approx 1 mile. Est 20 mins.				



23rd December 2013	1853	Hash Socks Hotel, Hassocks	304 156	Ride it, baby!
Directions: North on A23 filter left on A273 over Clayton Hill. Turn right at Stone Pound traffic lights, pub by station on left hand side. Est. 10 mins. XMAS HASH - see flier				



30th December 2013	1854	Belle Tout Lighthouse, Birling Gap	562 957	Lily the Pink 100 th hash
Directions: A27 east past Lewes to Drusillas roundabout. Right, 1st left then right after bridge, and right again. Left on A259 at T junction. Turn right in East Dean on B2103 past Birling Gap. Limited parking up lane about ½ mile on right. Est 40 mins.				

6 th January 2014	1855	Green Man, Horsted Keynes		
Keeps It Up & Wildbush	250 th	RH17 7AS		
Directions: A23 north to A273 then B2112 through Ditchling to Haywards Heath. B2028 through Lindfield then right on Park Lane over bridge. Pub 2.5 miles on right. Est 30 mins.				

RECEDING HARELINE:

13/01/14 Dragon, Colgate - Bogeyman
 20/01/14 Charlies place
 27/01/14 TBA - Bouncer Burns hash
 03/02/14 TBA - Rik
 10/02/14 Neville, Hove - Pat
 17/02/14 Royal Oak, Newick - Dave & Matt
 24/02/14 TBA - Kit & Dutch Dave
 CRAFT H3 #65 - 6/12/13 Caroline of Brunswick, Ditchling Road, Brighton - Testiculator & Gin Gan Goolie
 Henfield H3 11.30am 15th December Paiges Wood car park. Wildbush & Keeps It Up

Thought for the day: Everyone needs something to believe in. I believe I'll have another beer!



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

CHRISTMAS HASH & ANNUAL AWARDS - HASSOCKS HOTEL 23/12/13

The menu is now available on Monday nights, and in Novembers trash. Price is £20, which includes the usual multi-course extravaganza, wine on the table, a drink from the bar, and of course the ever reliable Psychlepath Rik on the decks. Is that something to do with decking the halls? Anyway, last chance so please let Ride-It-Baby know if you wish to come and can't make a Monday before. If you prefer to order online, and would like her bank details e-mail:

patmorfitt@talktalk.net

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Meanwhile Rik is also in action elsewhere with upcoming gigs as follows:

- 11/12/13 The Ranelagh. 2-3 High St, Kemptown (off St. James' St.)
21/12/13 West Street Loft, Shoreham with Smokestack.
31/12/13 New Years Eve at The Ranelagh.
04/01/14 Worlds End, London Road, Brighton with Dave Sallis.

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2014 UK ALTERNATIVE TO INTERHASH -

Friday 14th to Sunday 16th February 2014

Registration forms online: <http://www.guernseyhhharriettes.org.uk/node/39>

More info: Agent Orange onzeonze@suremail.gq

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Ale trail #20 - BRIGHTON H7 35th anniversary summer tour:

I should have all the T shirts and hopefully the other awards available for distribution at the hash on Monday 9th December. If you're due to receive one but can't make it then, I will try and bring them to the Christmas hash.

[illegible]

Friday 13th part XXXVII - December 2013 - 7pm - Venue - The Ship 60 Borough Road Southwark SE1 1DX London
 Nearest Tube 200 Yards from Borough - (Northern Line) by the junction of Newington Causeway (Opposite the Crown Court)
 More tales of Murder, Gore, Horror to be told. Best not to wear your finest Hash gear as it can get messy out there!

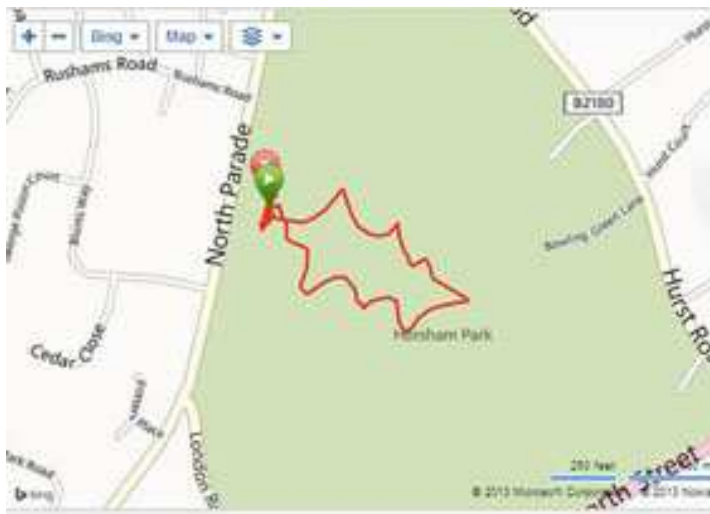
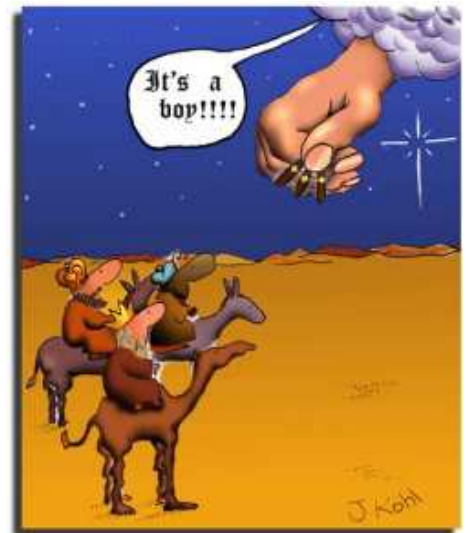
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Sussex CAMRA branches Beer Festival - 6 - 8 March 2014

Tickets will be on sale from **13th January** for all sessions (Thursday 5 - 11pm £5; Friday 11am - 3pm £4; Friday 5 - 11pm £8; Saturday 11am - 3pm £5; Saturday 5 - 10pm £6) from the following outlets: Evening Star, Brighton; Beer Essentials, Horsham; Bell, Hove; Gardeners Arms, Lewes; Stanley Arms, Portslade; Buckingham Arms, Shoreham; Selden Arms, Worthing. As in past years CRAFT H3 will be gathering for the Friday evening session.

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GARMIN ART from Michelle: Anyone else had a go at this? Running with your Garmin whilst creating works of art! Here's a couple of Christmassy examples: first attempt, a holly leaf in the park. Got a few funny looks from the footballers on Sunday morning. Have followed this up with a slightly more ambitious snowflake.



Many years ago Fergie McKenna (Duchess) from Essex H3 set a shamrock shaped hash in Orsett on St. Patricks Day. Think he was ahead of his time! Now come on hares, let's see some thought going into the shape of the r*ns. Who can be the first to spell a naughty word?



HENNIKER, New Hampshire (AP) — When it comes to pairing beer with poultry, Joe Morette isn't too fussy. His turkeys will drink just about anything. Including beer. Morette is raising about 50 turkeys this year for the harvest holiday of Thanksgiving, when turkeys are the centerpiece of feasts across America. He has been giving his birds beer since 1993, when he and his workers popped open a few cans after work on a hot July day. A turkey knocked one over and started drinking, he said, and they've been sipping the suds ever since.

Morette, who prefers serving the turkeys lager over ale, insists the beer makes birds fatter, more flavorful and juicier. "Oh, yeah, it's noticeable," he said. "It's not a strong, gamey flavor, it's a nice turkey flavor."

Longtime customer Dan Bourque, a Manchester attorney, said he hasn't had a bad bird yet from Morette. He said the turkeys are far superior to

the supermarket varieties. "We find the gravy is much darker, and much tastier," he said. "The bird overall has a slightly different taste that is very appealing."

The animal rights group PETA said turkeys shouldn't be fed beer and that "farmers across the country use questionable practices to keep costs down or to alter the taste of animals' flesh because their priority is profit, not the animals' welfare." But a poultry expert with the University of New Hampshire Cooperative Extension said it is unlikely the birds are suffering. "I don't know exactly how much beer each turkey is consuming, but it would have to be a lot in order for it to kind of have the same effect as too much beer on people," said Carl Majewski, field specialist in food and agriculture. "I imagine it's not enough to really make 'em tipsy or anything like that. It's just enjoying a beer with their meal. Why not?"

Kathi Brock, national director of Humane Heartland, which oversees the treatment of farm animals, said that standards from the American Humane Association don't prohibit serving beer to animals. "I consulted with an avian veterinarian who said that while giving beer to turkeys is not a standard protocol, hops could be beneficial for the intestinal tract," Brock said in an email. Morette's turkeys are not the first animals to consume alcohol.

Japanese farmers have been said to feed cattle beer to stimulate their appetites. And a winemaker and farmer in the south of France have experimented with feeding cows the remainders of pressed grapes to produce meat they've dubbed "Vinbovin."

During one recent feeding, Morette's birds dipped their beaks repeatedly into the foamy liquid in a watering trough. A few minutes later, at least one appeared rather dazed, with eyes narrowed to slits and beer dribbling out of its beak. But the rest seemed alert and no worse for the wear. "Turkeys don't seem to be the brightest, so they could stumble and you wouldn't know if they drank too much or not," Morette said.

Majewski said the additional calories and carbohydrates probably do make the birds a bit bigger, and like anything the birds eat, beer likely has some effect on flavor. Juiciness is another matter, he said. "I think it has as much to do with how you cook it rather than what it's been eating," he said. "You can take a really well-fed bird and make it not very juicy." Majewski, who brews beer at home, also raises chickens. But he has no plans to embrace Morette's methods. "Any beer that we have is too good for them, and I'm going to drink it instead," he said.

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The Jeremy Kyle 12 days of Christmas:

12 cans of carling,

11 DNA tests,

10 dads to choose from,

9 teeth between them.

8 squeezed in tracksuits,

7 stinking smackrats,

6 Dunlop trainers,

5 stolen rings,

4 fat slags,

3 ugly twats,

2 timing bastards,

and a w@nker who parades them on TV.....



Movember Mankini...

*REHASHING — check out the website or facebook for the actual r*n routes!*

#1846 Shepherd & Dog, Cardinal Hugh

Usual sort of Hugh winter hash. Absolutely loads of mud, a climb uphill, people getting lost and a long trail! The big pack of walkers split up by degrees after we overshot the turn at Edburton. Rich was bragging about his wellies, but they proved to be exactly the right footwear with the shiggy. A long line of torches were visible up the hill then a sole torch following on so we reckoned to be ahead of the pack and stuck with the loop hoping to stay in front of the pack. No problem there after we found ourselves back on the road and in the bar by 8.30! Pack were a lot longer arriving although a few scb's had managed to shake themselves through. Bouncers doodling still on ceiling! No down downs for several reasons: 1) hare cleared off immediately after polishing off his nosebag; 2) Angel drank the beer (Ok, better clarify - got back from walk early so got the beers in for the Shoreham contingent. Wiggy headed straight to bar and bought another round. Wiggy's choice for Angel was the Stowford Press cider but I'd bought lager, so decided that would do for the DD's. But she drank it anyway.); 3) as hash was split half and half by a local group and St. Bernard had previously expressed concerns about upsetting them last time we were here. Oh well bound to miss one or two here and there. Another great hash!



#1847 Bull, Shermanbury, Wiggy

Usual sort of Wiggy winter hash. Absolutely loads of mud, people getting lost and a long trail! The big pack of walkers split up by degrees after we fell behind St. Bernard and Local Knowledge, but I was glad I'd followed Rich's lead from the previous week and donned the wellies, which really proved their worth. Guy was confidently leading the B stream pack of walkers until we found ourselves circumnavigating a field with no outlet other than the way we came in. Somehow we found a breach, then repeated the exercise in the next 3 or 4 fields, by which time some were getting very concerned about their food. Wildbush dealt with it all by wandering around trying to find a landmark recognised by her phone, while Chris spent her time venting her fury at Charlie's long legs to Bob back at t'pub also by phone. The news that runners were already back got her hackles raised again but Young Les offered to some and sweep up a few, if only we could find the road! Turned out that he was one of very few but held up to his promise of rescue, after we bodily charged through a copse to find tarmac, while the rest of us marched back to find an empty pub. Hash did eventually follow, returning something after 9.30, beers were dispensed, food noshed and normality started to return. Down downs were performed by Lily the Pink to Wiggy (for giving us everything we expect from one of his runs!), Hugh for not only evading beer last week but some other sin tonight, Chris T. for her sense of humour failure in the field, and the usual PP and PS for SCB'ing. Another great (as in of extreme length) hash...

Distant fireworks seen by the walkers...

#1848 Plough, Henfield, Prince Crashpian Usual sort of Trevor winter hash. High quality trail, a modicum of mud, no-one getting lost, and an excellent sip! That's all hearsay of course as I wasn't there! Where are the scribes? Down downs to hare, and Pip named Dirty Bitch after a boggy shoe incident! Another great hash, apparently!

#1849 Black Horse, Nuthurst, Who's Shout & Coops Usual sort of Pete & Grahame winter hash. Once we'd all double and triple parked we headed out west, hares seemingly avoiding the countryside by staying on the lane to start. Didn't last long, though with shoes soon caked in mud and threatening to go solo. Erstwhile Cairo Hasher John joined us tonight provoking thought on how he should sign the board as he's not a visitor having left Cairo H3 some while back, neither is he a virgin. Got a moan or two about the late change from White Horse which wasn't well advertised other than facebook, but was down to the landlord copping a strop and overruling the barman who'd said yes, but trail went within a stones throw anyway, before heading east for another road-free stretch finishing through the arboretum. Pub had offered a home-made goulash which was cooking in a huge tureen over the fire when we returned to the bar, and which proved very popular. Lily the Pink was heading out the door early when I mentioned that he couldn't go as he had duties to perform. Hamstring, quick as a flash, said "He's got duties to perform on me first!" So yours truly ended up as RA with down downs going first to Pondweed as punishment for swerving hash to run the New York marathon (why bother going all that way when you could have done a Wiggy hash?), and Bogeyman as reward for swerving his family to attend hash on his birthday! Hares Coops and Who's Shout were next having finally finished their soup. Grahames sneaky cheating served no good as he was soundly thrashed by Pete! With the pseudo virgin having flown early it was on to announcements from Pat about Christmas and Keeps It Up with news that Liam was on his way out to render assistance in the Philippines and entreating us all to make whatever donation we were able. Another great hash...



<< Cooperman shows off his Movember.

From Santa

Hi, kids! Hope you all had a good weekend. I know we did up here at the North Pole, because the first weekend in December is traditionally time when we hold the Reindeer Games. Which, not entirely coincidentally, brings us to today's letter from Peter, from Chicago, who asks:

Dear Santa:

One of the saddest stories at Christmas is how Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, wasn't allowed to join in all the reindeer games. Rudolph became a hero, but we never actually found out what sort of games are reindeer games. What kinds of games are they?"

Well, Peter, there are reindeer games, and then there are The Reindeer Games. It's the difference between playing football in the park with your buddies, and participating in the Olympics. Anyone can play reindeer games any time they want (even if you're not really a reindeer). But it takes a special sort of deer to have the drive to be in the Reindeer Games. Again like the Olympics, there are a number of categories in the Reindeer Games, but here are some of the most popular:

LONG JUMP: Since our reindeer can actually fly, you can imagine the distances we get on this one.

100 COUNTRY DASH: Each year, our computers randomly generate a list of 100 countries, and the reindeer see who can get to all of them first. This year's list of countries included Micronesia, Gabon, Luxembourg and Fort McMurdo in Antarctica (not technically a country, but thrown in for the challenge). I personally like this event, because the reindeer often come back with souvenirs for Santa!

SLEIGH PULLS: This one, of course, makes good sense, since that's what the reindeer are actually going to be doing, come Christmas Eve. This is a team event, with 2-deer, 4-deer, and the standard 8-deer setup.

SWIMSUIT COMPETITION: Ha! Santa's just pulling your leg with this one. However, we DO have:

TALENT SHOW: Believe me, you haven't lived until you see an all-reindeer version of "King Lear." It chokes me up every time.

CHIMNEY SLALOM: One of the biggest problems we have is zipping between all those brick chimneys out there. Each year, we set up a new, randomised course, and the deer flit through it. It's breathtaking. We also ruin a lot of perfectly good chimneys.

FIGURE SKATING: Reindeer. Ice Skates. You wouldn't think that it'd work. But it does!

LONG-DISTANCE PACKAGE DELIVERY: This is a mixed event, with reindeer and elves. The elf gets in a single-deer sleigh filled with toys, and the idea is to see how many toys they can hurl down a chimney from the highest possible altitude. This takes delicate co-ordination between the elf and the deer: the elf's got to have dead-on aim, and the deer has to keep the sleigh high and steady. The highest compliment that you can get in this game is when you get a toy straight down the chimney without hitting the brick: "Nothing But Log."

SANTA "COMPLIMENTING": The idea here is to make fun of Santa while making it sound like you're actually complimenting him. I don't know how this one got started.

KARAOKE: The only problem here is that the only thing the reindeer want to sing is ABBA.

Well, that's it for today. Remember to keep those letters and questions coming - I'll be answering a new question every day! My mail address is SantaClaus@northpole.com

Hope to hear from you soon!



The instructions clearly said to let the bird chill in the sink for a while before cooking!

Little Mike, Jonny's cousin is worse than Jonny ever could be. One day before Christmas little Mike was talking to his father. "You be good this year and not swear so much, and maybe Santa will bring you something really nice!" Little Mike's dad said with a smile. "If not you won't get anything nice"

"I already know what I want for Christmas dad! When I wake up on Christmas morning I want to wake up and see a new f---ing BB gun at the foot of my f---ing bed!" little Mike said. Little Mike's dad rolls his eyes. "Then I want to go down stairs and see a f---ing toy train going around the f---ing Christmas tree!"

"Oh yeah?" His dad says.

"Yeah then I'll go outside and I want a f---ing new bike leaning

up against the f---ing garage!"

"I wouldn't count on it young man, not after how you just talked."

When Christmas morning comes Mike wakes up. Laying at the foot of his bed is a steaming pile of dog sh-t! So he goes down stairs. Around the Christmas tree is a neatly arranged ring of dog sh-t. Then he goes outside and there by the garage is, you guessed it another pile of dog sh-t!

"DAMN!" Little Mike says, starting to cry.

"Well son did you learn a lesson?" Mike's dad asks.

"I don't know dad, I think I got a new puppy but I can't f---ing find it!"

Dear Santa, this year for Christmas ... I would like a iPod, some money, a new laptop, a TV no wait, forget that.

Get in your sleigh, go to Afghanistan, Iraq, Kuwait, and get all the soldiers and bring them home. They deserve to be with their families on Christmas. Share this to show respect for the soldiers who won't be coming home for Christmas. If you don't share, I understand. You can't spend 6 seconds of your life to support our soldiers.

Who's who on the Brighton hash... where those hash names came from!

Airman	Luck	Bob	Used to work on aircraft.
Angel	Biggins	Gabrielle	Nurse. Aka Angel Gladys but it's complicated!
Anybody	Cockcroft	Mike	From the song by Ivor Biggun - Has Anybody Seen My Cock?
Aunty	Jex	Jo	Everybodys favourite...
Barfly	Courtney	Les	Old Les no longer hashes but stayed regular in the bar for a long time.
Black Stockings	Williams	Nicola	Ski hash name was Black Nickers (from Nicola - black runs). Bouncers corruption.
Bogeyman	Risby	Dave	Tries to keep his nose clean.
Bouncer	Biggins	John	Cheque to the hash 'bounced' after a holiday burglary.
Bushsquatter	Wood	Cheryl	Had a crap in the country on the hash.
Cardinal Sinner	Martin	Hugh	From the red dress Christmas hash where he looked resplendent in a choir robe.
Crackerjack	Biggins	Callum	Born at 5 to 5 on a Friday.
Cyst Pit	Pegley	Michael	Had a cyst in his arm pit.
Dildoped	Spencer	Matthew	Borrowed one of Daffy Dildo's shoes, just the one mind.
Doctor Lurve	Carter	Tim	Now hashing in Heaven. Was always very attentive to his patients.
ET	Biggins	Ewan	As a toddler hurt thumb & had to walk around with it in a splint at Nash Hash
Falling Madonna	Grimsey	Liz	Full name: "... with ze muddy boobies". Fell in snow. Perfect imprint of her notable breasts still there the following morning, right in front of a shrine.
Fridge	Hampton	Sarah	Feels the cold.
Gomi	Bos	David	Dutch for trash.
Gooley	Biggins	Kieran	A sticky child who Bouncer wanted to call Guy, pronounced Gooley as per Auf Wiedersehen Pet. Also sometimes known as Goofy by hashers convinced there's been a typo.
Gotlost	Hughes	Brett	Went wide on hash relay and ended up miles away.
Greyhound	Dauncey	Chris	Silver haired speed merchant.
Greyhound	Fallowfield	Tony	Silver haired speed merchant.
Greyhound	Robinson	Niel	Just silver haired!
Hamstring	Healy	Sarah	Finally beat Lily the Pink in a race days after moving in with him. If you pull a hamstring, you're runnings f*cked!
Horaytio	Noakes	Ray	Now hashing in Heaven. Posthumously named as he was our hornblower for years.
Keeps It Up	Crowle	Brent	aka takes it up etc. non-stop on hash.
La Pipe	Harvey	Dave	French for something naughty apparently but all I could find was 'kick the bucket'!
Layby	Mack	Philippa	Post hash creative pizza incident.
Lily the Pink	Jones	Tim	Ran into a scaffold pole on Barbados hash. Has been known to cross-dress for charity.
Local Knowledge	Eastwood	Pete	Gets lost. Aka 'I'ad'er' on ski-hash
Lone Ranger	Edwards	Les	Unable to stay with the pack, or indeed trail, for long.
Lost Box	Cooper	Andrea	Pop-up box tent went missing NH2011. One of many names since Mrs. Ox on ski hash.
Malibog	Denny	John	Naughty Phillipino word. Ran a bar in Angeles called Flying Mailbog brothers.
Mengele	Bray	Al	Now hashing in Heaven. Looked like the war crim.
Mudlark	Wilce	Nigel	Has a particular style of setting! Aka 'Snowlark' after Antarctica escape.
Plssticide	Rogers	James	Crop sprayer gets drunk and sleeps in ditch.
Penguin Shagger	Chinchen	Scott	Has been known to go astray like Scott of the Antarctic. Mudlarks suggestion!
Peter Pansy	Scott	Adrian	Ever youthful but slightly camp running style
Pirate	Chris	Chris	Johnny Depp style.
Pondweed	Lyons	Ivan	After an especially poor hash got chucked in a pond.
Prince Crashpian	Hodgson	Trevor	Skived hashing to go 'acting' & crashed & burned on first run back.
Professor	Thomas	Peter	Professor Stargazer - because he is both in the real world.
Psyclepath	Taub	Rik	Set a hash by bike. Twice.
Queen Bea	Hanna	Steve	Mad on Prisoner Cell Block H.
Radio Soap	Archer	Cathy	From the Radio Soap Archers.
Red Slapper	Barry	Ann	Known as Red Leader informally on ski hash. Bouncer thought she worked for Virgin as air hostess! Overly strong denial had hash pondering opposite of a virgin.
Ride it Baby	Morfitt	Pat	Cycles everywhere.
Saddleshaft	Mutton	Phil	Broke bike saddle on hash relay. Previously Chopper due to name, hash cash & bikes!
Spreadsheet	Evans	Dave	Mad on Microsoft Excel.
St. Bernard	Cain	Charlie	Always saving life's, notably Trevor & Pat.
Tea Bar Twin	Rogers	Sally	Ski hash name - had to pair up with Silent Night on T-bars.
Trikerider	Scott	Elaine	Often does triathlon stuff instead of hashing.
Who's Shout	Beard	Pete	Named on tour in Aus because he kept saying who's shout is it.
Wiggy	Wigdor	David	Corruption.
Wildbush	Holland	Kayleen	Because of hair.
Young Les	Plumb	Les	As opposed to Old Les.

REHASHING the CRAFT

CRAFT #64 - Southdowns villages

Great fun CRAFT last night if not quite what we set out to do! **#1 Suters yard** was very busy with just the one ale on tap, although some good bottle choices. We swerved the bus as Angel was able to drive us up but that knocked us back a bit on the time so Wildbush, KIU & Bouncer all popped into **#2 the Piston Broke** (fka Lazy Toad). As well as the beers (a good selection including Long Blonde and American Pale Ale from the Long Man Brewery, a decent dark beer, and a Halloween themed one), the pub was having a wine tasting evening. It would have been rude not to partake and so Wildbush was on whites duty, Keeps It Up on the roses and Bouncer the reds. Arriving about 25 minutes later than expected at **#3 the Star**, we were surprised to find Bogeyman and Daryl there with the expected Bollocks & Split Pin as they'd previously baled out! A swift Harveys later pack went in hot pursuit of Bouncer to **#4 Chequers**, arriving just in time to order nosh, including the biggest portion of tortilla chips for Bollocks and a huge burger for Wildbush! The ghostly silhouettes of customers of the gents provided some amusement as did the data gathering from the Guinness Book of British Hit Singles and Albums, revealing everyone's ages from the number ones when you were born! Think Bogeyman was angling for a name change to Boney M, but we all know it was Harry Belafonte! We were now over half an hour off the schedule so Dave offered to give us a lift and went off to fetch the car as the rest of us strolled round to **#5 the Norfolk Arms**. Except for Angel & Split Pin who thought the lift was coming a bit sooner! This pub for your scribe was best of the night, a cosy back street locals bar, and the landlady kept us all amused with IQ puzzles. Having lost so much time we ended up making **#6 the Bramber Castle** last of the night, although the other punters weren't as welcoming as we'd hoped so car 1 the guys nearly walked on to Kings Head before car 2 the girls arrived! Bollocks got his wish to swerve the Rising Sun after a Henfield Hash banned the pub for charging extra for cheese after meals had been paid last time we were there. A (very) brief firework stop in the village car park, and cabs arrived to sweep us home. At the Red Lion it looked like there'd been an early unplanned closure so what could well have been pub #9 if the evening had gone to plan was also avoided. Another great drunken night out!

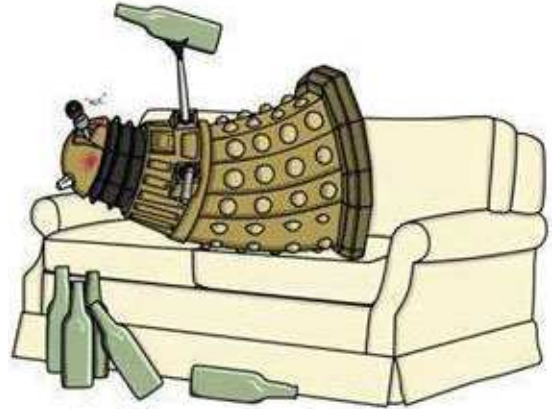
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Beer is one of the world's most consumed alcoholic beverage and probably the oldest one too. After water and tea it stands at the third place as the most consumed beverage on the planet. Brewed from malted cereal grains this frothy beverage has a very rich cultural connection in many of the nations across the world. The History of this beverage is as fascinating as the drink itself. It is thought that about 10,000 years ago, in the Middle East, nomadic peoples began to grow and harvest grain and set up settlements near the fields. Some archaeologists believe the reason man did this was to make beer.

The first records of brewing are in the Middle East in Mesopotamia with the Sumerians 6,000 years ago. The writings of the Roman historian Pliny record that a fermented drink made from corn and water was drunk regularly across much of northern Europe. As well as enjoyment, there was a religious side to early brewing, and around the world today in tribal communities there are still ceremonies where an ancient form of beer is drunk. Today Beer industry is so vibrant with different varieties of brews that the branding and marketing of the end product is so important as the competition is stiff. Beers have some of the most beautiful bottle designs, label designs and advertisement concepts that studying them can be a good exercise for a student of graphic arts and designs.



INTOXIKATE!



Dr. Who at 50 Celebrations solve
an old problem hash style!

[illegible]

Tales from the rank:

From the Brighton Evening Argus: A taxi driver was punched in the head, robbed and abused in a “frightening” attack, by two men he had collected from the Buckingham Arms in Brunswick Road, Shoreham. After stopping to drop off the men at their destination at about 5.30pm on Sunday November 10, his passengers refused to pay the fare and punched him on the head. They then chased him from his vehicle before stealing his takings and then casually walking away.

Addenda from Bouncers diary: I gradually woke up stiff as a plank in hospital's ICU, tubes up my nose & down my throat, wires monitoring every function & all around my head, hell of a pain over my left ear, and the gorgeous nurse Angel hovering over me. It was obvious I'd been in a serious incident. She looked deep & steady and I heard her slowly say, 'You may not feel anything from the waist down.' I managed to mumble in reply, 'Can I feel your tits, then?'

<<< *That failed but I liked their tree!*

[illegible]

Hey Dr Who Fans - I've got a Dalek egg timer. After four minutes it screams "eggs terminate... eggs terminate..."

Clever birds take a worm out the freezer to defrost for the morning so they can have a couple of beers and a bloody lie-in.

In the news...

CELEBRITY: Irish police have launched their own version of *Operation Yewtree*, immediately making three arrests. I've been playing celebrity Yew Tree bingo - with the arrest of Paul Gambaccini (taking song requests on prison radio very soon) I've got them all. Now I get to shout "House Party!" Yes, the most complex job on Earth, is in the edit suite for the repeats of "Top Of The Pops"... There are now so many suspects in Operation Yewtree that they need a new pedometer. It's all the yew trees I feel sorry for. Forever tarnished as a species. How will they ever recover from such a stigma? Gets you thinking, what if they're all innocent, and it was Mike Yarwood all the time?

'I'm a Celebrity' is actually just reliving British history- sending the most hated people in the country away to a camp in Australia. I've been playing the "I'm a Celebrity" drinking game. Every time I recognise someone that goes in I have a drink. Still sober, but I thought I saw Joey Essex's nickname on a loaf of bread today. When I got closer I realised it actually said, "thick cut". Talking of which, Police in Essex are searching for a wolf that escaped from Colchester Zoo. Fingers crossed this brings an abrupt end to TOWIE. The wolf is in for a treat though, plenty of mutton dressed as lamb down there. Police also searching for escaped terror suspect Mohammed Ahmed Mohamed have confirmed that they've arrested 4 ninjas, 15 postboxes and Batman.

Just bought the new **Nigella Lawson** cook book. The recipes are a bit short though; only a few lines each page. Her upcoming festive TV special looks a bit dull. All about cold turkey apparently. Yes, following Nigella Lawson's drug scandal, she's been offered a new TV show. It's called, Baking Bad. So that wasn't a bag of icing sugar on Nigella's worktop!

E. L. James, creator of "50 Shades of Grey", is now the world's best-paid author. In other news, J. K. Rowling announces her next book: "Harry Potter & the bedroom of pain". We're all looking forward to the **Monty Python** reunion. Everybody expects the Spanish Inquisition. **Princess Anne** says we should all consider eating horse meat. How brave of her to promote cannibalism.

ENERGY: My granny and her friends were having a horror-themed fancy dress party round her house recently. I turned up in a British Gas uniform. I've just bought the British gas advent calendar. Every time I open a door, a granny dies of hypothermia. I'm going to use the numbers from my gas meter reading for my lottery, it works for British Gas. I have actually changed my energy supplier - I'm now drinking relentless instead of red bull.

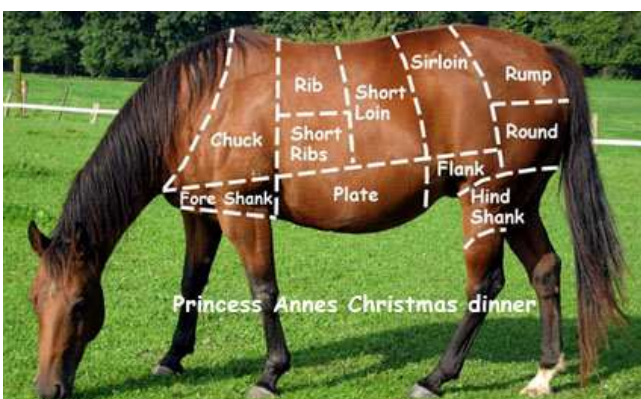
RIP: It turns out that the guy in France, who was found hanging after eight years wasn't hanging from the ceiling, he was hanging on the phone to T Mobile customer service. Man found 8 years after committing suicide. Sort of proves his point really.

Grace Jones, formerly the oldest woman in Britain, died yesterday aged 113. She looked a lot younger than 81 when she sang Pull up to the Bumper. Got me thinking that being that old knowing that death could happen at any moment must be like having a phone with 1% battery with no charger in sight.

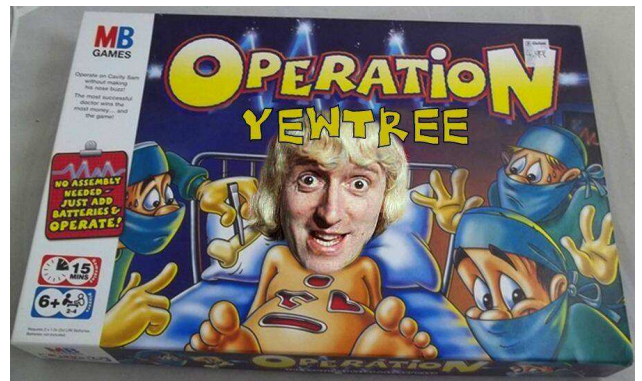
C.I.5 Have been called in to conduct a Professional investigation following the discovery of a dead Bodie in L.A. So sad about Lewis Collins; in a world of dodgy actors he was one of the professionals, but if you thought his death meant the end to The Professionals, you should come and visit my office. Back in 1990, I buried the late Gordon Jackson, and I've got the job of burying Lewis Collins next week. I'm a Professionals' gravedigger.

The inventor of the snooze button has passed away. His funeral will take place tomorrow at 8:00, 8:06, 8:11, 8:13, and 8:14. Elsewhere the 1.3 billionth Chinese baby was born in September 2013. And they still can't get the eyes right.

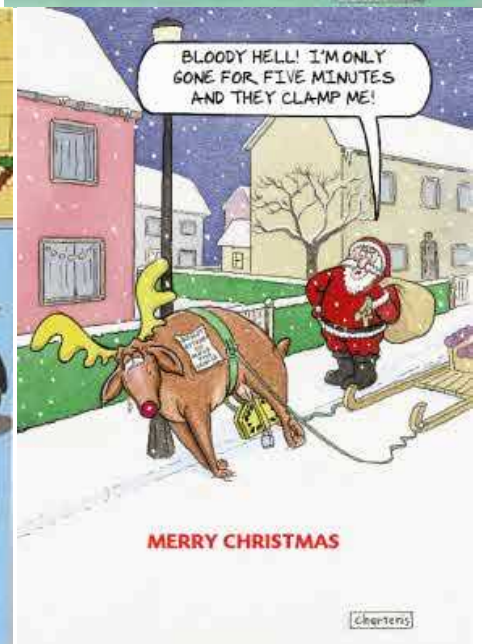
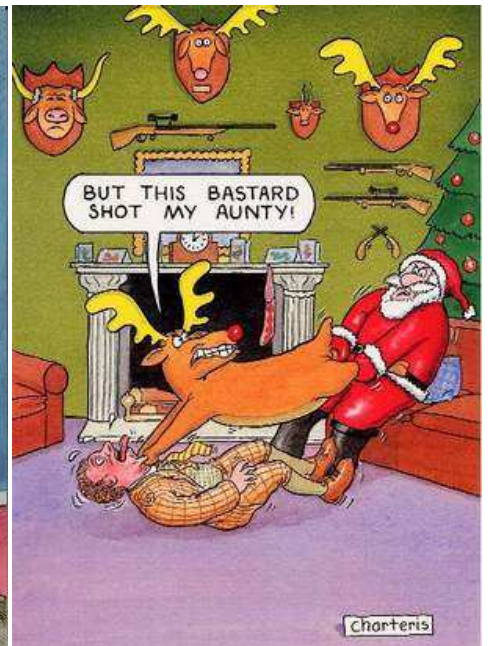
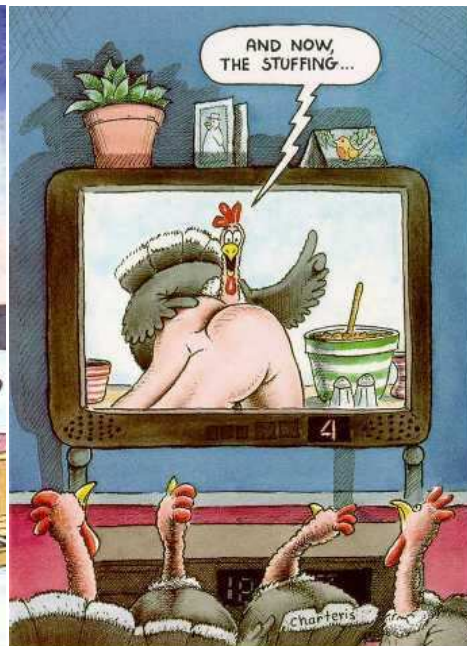
Typhoon Haiyan. According to a study this week by scientists in the Philippines t-bags can kill you. You only get an "OOOOOOOOAAARRGGGHHHEEEEEEGODNOAAARGHH!!!" with Typhoon. I just rung my Phillipino friend to make sure he was okay after the typhoon but all he did was talk about his social life, going on and on about a huge rave. What's the difference between the Elton John and the Philippines? Elton John's still standing. I was extremely concerned when I saw all of those houses reduced to matchwood in the Philippines. That they might build a giant raft and head here. Philippine builders are to be issued with a manual to help rebuild homes. It's called The Three Little Pigs. I wasn't expecting my Filipino Bride until next month, so I was amazed when she flew in this morning. I sponsor a Filipino child and I was very upset after reading his letter about how his family are all dead. His spelling was dreadful. The Prime Minister of the Philippines was devastated after his much loved Michael Jackson record collection was scattered all over the country in the recent typhoon. However, he received some good news when someone found a Thriller in Manila. Seriously though, "Call this number now and please donate to the Philippines Disaster Appeal to help make a difference to these people. Remember, just £3 could rebuild an entire street."



CULTURE: Just heard Hull has been named the UK's next City of Culture, that's like naming Baghdad the city of peace. This is predicted to bring a £60m boost to the local economy. Wonga.com are said to be delighted. In other news Liverpool has been named "Crime Free Capital of Britain", Glasgow has been named "City Of Soberness", Birmingham has won the acclaimed "Accent Of The Year" award and London has been named "City People Feel The Government Doesn't Do Enough For". Google's servers became over loaded with everyone in Hull logging on and asking, What's culture? Don't see what everyone's problem is. I agree that Hull should be the new capital of culture. Where else can you see six fingered cod-heads walking around with the normal folk. The only culture you are likely to find in Hull is a yeast infection, so it must be due to that half-eaten yoghurt I left in the town centre last Thursday.



Christmas Charteris ...



IT COULD BE said that Father Christmas first set foot on the shores of England in Saxon times. His origins began with a Viking legend that travelled across to the British Isles with the Nordic invaders in the 8th and 9th centuries. At around the same time in mainland Europe, St. Nicholas was one of the most celebrated saints, although his influence did not extend to Britain until much later.

Prior to the arrival of the Vikings, the Saxons had created a King Frost, represented by a man wearing a hat or crown, who would embody the character of winter. He was welcomed into the home to sit at the fireside, so that he would look kindly upon the people gathered there and know not to make winter too harsh. With the Viking invaders however, came the belief in the Norse God Odin. During December, according to Viking Lore he came to earth on an eight-legged horse named Sleipnir (perhaps an early incantation of Santa's reindeer) and wore a long blue hooded cloak.

According to some traditions, children would place their boots, filled with carrots, straw or sugar, near the chimney for the horse to eat and Odin would then reward them with gifts or sweets. Odin also brought with him a satchel of bread and would often leave a loaf at the door of a poor family.

After 1066, the Normans brought the legend of St. Nicholas to Sussex. St. Nicholas was Bishop of Myra in Lycia, part of what is now Turkey, during the 4th century. He is the patron of mariners, merchants and bakers. He is usually depicted as a robed and bearded figure and as with Odin there is the association with both bread and travel. Nicholas was famous for his generous gifts to the poor and was also regarded as the special protector of children, as shown in the stained glass window at St. Nicholas Church, Old Shoreham.

It was a custom in the middle Ages for parishes to hire an actor to dress in disguise and visit the poor. He would report back to the parish priest who could then distribute alms. This figure became associated with St. Nicholas. In

Belgium and Germany the December feast day of St. Nicholas was already a time when gifts were given to children. The Dutch name for St. Nicholas is Sinterklaas, hence the origins of the name Santa Claus.

In England however Father Christmas began as the personification of Christmas in songs. A 15th century song began:

*"Goday, goday, my lord sire Christeman, goday!
Goday Sire Christemas, our king,
For ev'ry man, both old and ying,
Is glad and blithe of your coming;
Goday!"*

The specific depiction of Christmas as a merry old man begins in the early 17th century, as a defiance to Puritan criticism of the Christmas feast. In 1616 the character of Christmas appears in Ben Jonson's 'Christmas Masque' as a jolly old man. Amateur actors known as tipteerers performed mummers plays which included the character of Father Christmas. In the Shoreham version of the play he visited houses to introduce the other characters who then performed the play.

His opening lines were:

*"In comes I, Old Father Christmas,
Welcome in, or welcome not;
And I hope that I, old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot."*

Father Christmas certainly wasn't forgotten. And over the following centuries he has gradually merged with the gift-giver St. Nicholas/ Santa Claus. The Victorian Father Christmas was in appearance and behaviour much as we expect him to be today. Sometimes he wore a red suit but more often a green one. The 1930s Coca-Cola advertising campaign did not actually invent his red suit as widely believed, but it did ensure that it became the enduring image of the man on the reindeer-pulled sleigh. The one certainty we can rely on is that this year on Christmas Eve, Father Christmas will once again visit Sussex as he has done down the ages.

[illegible]

1. You reuse last year's Christmas cards and send them out under your own name. (5 points)
2. You steal light bulbs from your neighbour's outdoor display to replenish your own supply. (5 points, 10 if neighbour's whole light sets or lighted Santa goes out)
3. You have dressed a dog or cat as Santa Claus, elf helper, or reindeer. (10 points for each; if you dressed an endangered species, 5 extra points)
4. You put out last year's stale candy canes for children. (1 point for each piece of sticky candy). If you put out a chocolate or marzipan Santa also, add 10 points.
5. You enclose a shoddy and inferior gift from Lidl, Asda, or K-Mart in an M&S or other prestige box to impress your friends. (5 points for each infraction).
6. You make long distance reverse charge phone calls to your family on Christmas day. (5 points, 10 if from a mobile), claiming you are stuck in a phone booth.
7. At the office Christmas party, you hoard huge stockpiles of goodies for later consumption at home. (5 points; 15 points if you use this stuff for your own party)
8. You steal the wreath from a parked car to use on your own [Essex only, others ignore]. (5 points -- cars are dumb enough to dress a car)

At a friend's house, you bring a commercially produced fruitcake and try to pass it off as home made. (15 points if the fruitcake is from last year).

Returning a Toys-for-Tots collection bin is a definite no-no. (20 points)

Evaluate your score on the "Grinch Scale" from 20 to 100.

20-30: You are just a cheeseball.

30-50: You are an apprentice in Yuletide larceny and are probably wanted by the police for overdue parking tickets.

50-100: Grinch, move over. The Alec Salmond of Christmas crime has arrived.

This years gift recommendations:

ApplePad™
By 'eck it's a bobby dazzler
Yorkshire's toughest tablet computer

When't thee stuck out on't moor in't middle of gale force seven winds, tryin' to deliver lamb in't one 'and and fox brekin van in t'other, you need a tablet computer what's as tough as thee. T'Apples latestest **ApplePad** is designed specifically for use on't field, down't mine and in seemingly perpetual drizzle. So don't be thee big ole lummo, get down to **AppleStore** today.

PLUS get out for nowt

FREE wireless Dingle w't purchase

Them there t'extra bits:
Now in't choice-a colours

How about this right champion 'andie for't mekkin' ApplePad into plasterin' trowel? Perfect for't fixin' side a't barn or sommat'em wonky bricks on't house.

What berra way't tette 'ole in't back garden than w't spaaade 'andie attachment? Now thee can surf t'Internet whilst gathering 'aters f't supper.

Come'n awa pick at it in't following stores:

Leeds Hoddenfield Bradford Wakefield Kighley Apple

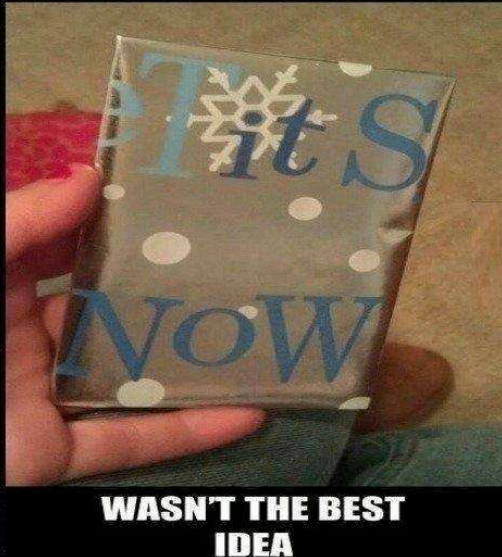
Now, for the first time in human history, you can actually, really, give a Flying FUCK to those you love. The Flying FUCK RC Helicopter is a fully remote controlled flying word that truly says what you feel. Keep the Flying FUCK RC Heli-copter on your desk at work or home and launch it into the air to astound and impress your colleagues or loved ones. Buy flying fuck helicopter just for the flying fuck of it. Made From Soft Foam, It Can Hover, Move Left or Right With Extreme Control Made from soft-foam and controlled by a two-channel helicopter style flight system, the Flying Fuck is a unique gift idea that does exactly what it says on the box. Not merely a novelty, the Flying Fuck actually flies superbly and can be trimmed for stability and flown just like a remote controlled helicopter. You don't just loft it up into the air, you really can properly fly the Flying FUCK RC Helicopter! Sometimes in life, things just have to be taken literally. So now you can clearly communicate to anyone whether you do, or don't, give a Flying FUCK RC Helicopter. This ground-breaking airborne obscenity makes the perfect gift. Now you can proudly tell someone: "I always told you I give a Flying FUCK!". Show them you care - give a Flying F*ck today!



Can't wait to bust this bad boy out...



MAYBE USING "LET IT SNOW" WRAPPING PAPER



Clockwise from the left we have the ultimate bad taste christmas jumper; your choice of wrapping paper; something for the little lady; B&Q either need to review their font or this could be the most fun lights you'll get; and finally, what hashers could possible be without these sandals, also available as snow boots for the season!



THE



END



- I just bought a Jehovah's Witness Advent Calendar, but every time I open a door someone tells me to Fuck Off .
- Google have banned 200 terms from their search engine in a bid to combat child porn. These terms include, BBC, Priests, and Thailand.
- "Busty Serbian politician causing uproar after racy photos appear in tabloid." That's nothing Serbia, you should see the pair of tits we voted in to run the UK government.
- I've met a lot of weird girls who ask me back for a coffee, but instead I end up having sex whilst being really thirsty.
- My wife came back from town with Kerry Katona and Katie Price. I said "You silly cow, I said get me a pair of slippers".
- My wife has a cracking pair of legs. She's got brittle bone disease.
- Adolf Hitler walks into a bar. The barman asks him, "Why the blonde race"?
- Sometimes I like to hide my wife's inhaler. So the neighbours think I'm a stallion when they hear her panting "Give it to me!"
- It's funny how axe handles are made of wood. It's like the ultimate 'Fuck you' to trees.
- I woke up in a ditch this morning wearing nipple clamps, a tutu and suspenders, a dildo up my arse and an awful taste in my mouth. The priest must have roofied the wine again.
- I used to think that Ginger Rogers was a really specific gentleman's club.
- The zoo keepers at London zoo didn't like me doing a Rod Hull impression. The Emu wasn't too impressed either!
- What do you call a bloke with no arms and legs swimming the English channel? Clever Dick.
- The last time I was hit in the face, the retina of my right eye was semi-detached. That's how middle-class I am.
- As a funeral director, I take every chance I get to tie the shoe laces together of the deceased. Because if there was ever a zombie apocalypse, it would be fucking hilarious.
- How many Freudians does it take to change a lightbulb? Two, one to replace the lightbulb & the other one to hold my cock, NO, mother, no, ladder.

- If I had schizophrenia I would wear a bluetooth head set. Then no one would know I talk to the voices in my head.
- My mate's head is shoved so far up his own arsehole it's unreal. Just shows what you can do after a month of yoga.
- What's white and runs down windows? The entire Apple Co. board of directors.
- Started my new job in the porn industry early morning yesterday, wasn't too pleased about getting up the crack of dawn though.
- Apparently, everyone has a skeleton in their closet mine is Paul.....fuck me,he really was hide and seek champion...I thought he went home for his tea six years ago.
- A pigeon entered through my window with a piece of paper strapped around its neck. I opened it and it read, "For fucks sake, accept my Candy Crush request."
- Tip: Avoid unwanted pregnancies by using the "pull out" method where you pull out an acoustic guitar at a party & no one will have sex with you.
- Did you know Linda Lovelace's dentist reckons she's got the best set of teeth he's ever come across?
- My Welsh mate Taff was telling me having sex with a sheep is just like having sex with a woman. And then I thought to myself, 'How would he know what sex with a woman is like?'
- I was installing a new sky dish at a customers home, when I was finished she asked to see my erection. Now I've been sacked for indecent exposure.
- I work at the local Library - a gorgeous woman came in the other day looking for details about a German method of coal extraction, blonde, leggy and with large breasts, she got Mein Shaft.
- I asked my mate why he was thrown off his banking course at university. He said it was because his head was just too large to fit entirely up his arse.
- John Smith's Bitter. His brother's been shagging his wife.
- Jonathan Ross can fit two whole chocolate bars up his arse. He calls it his party Twix.
- Saw a porn film last night. A woman was giving a hand job to a joiner, a plumber, a welder & a plasterer. It was called Jack Off all trades.



"I just wanted to be a star, Doe."