



R-ns/trash #209 Jocktober 2014

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

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
6th Jocktober 2014	1894	Five Bells, Chailey	392 171	McAnybody (michael)
Directions: A27 east to first Lewes roundabout. Left on A277 to traffic lights, left on A275 about 5 miles on left. 20 mins.				
13th Jocktober 2014	1895	White Hart, Henfield	215 162	McWiggy (david)
Directions: A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street. Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. 20 mins.				
20th Jocktober 2014	1896	Victory, Staplefield	276 281	McMudlarks (nigel & co.)
Directions: A23 to Slaughtam turn. Right at t-junction for 1km and pub just past cross-road on right. <i>Allow extra time in case of road closures for road works.</i> 30 mins. TRAFALGAR NIGHT SPECIAL – FANCY DRESS, NAVY THEME!				
27th Jocktober 2014	1897	Charlie's Place, Saddlescombe	272 115	McSt. McBernard (charlie)
Directions: A27 west to first exit. Right at roundabout back over A27. Straight ahead at next roundabout. Turn right in dip after 2 miles. Est. 10 mins.				
3rd November 2014	1898	Pete's Place, Ditchling	333 172	McLocal McKnowledge (pete)
Directions: A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. 20 mins.				
10th November 2014	1899	Les's Place, Worthing		McYoung McLes (les)
Directions: Not really. Pub to be confirmed. 20 mins.				

**17/11/14 - TBC - McPrince McCrashpian & McTrikerider
(trevor & elaine) RUN 1900!
24/11/14 - Mile Oak Tavern, Mile Oak - McBouncer (john)
01/12/14 - Lewes Arms, Lewes - McSpreadsheets all
welcome pop-up hash! (dave)
22/12/14 - HAS SOCKS HOTEL - BH7 CHRISTMAS
PARTY AND AWARDS NIGHT - DIARY NOW
on**

on

ATTENTION: Open in private Watch out XXXXXXXX
It would be wrong of me to keep this picture of an 18 year-old beauty to myself so I have to share it with you, my old friends & faithful mates!!! *See page three.*



BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

DIARY DATES:

17-19/07/15 **EuroHash 2015 Krakow, Poland** - Several BH7 already signed up! <http://www.eurohash.org/>

28 - 31/08/15 **18th UK Nash Hash, Oxford H3** - Several BH7 already signed up! Visit: <http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/>

on

EXTRA CURRICULAR HASHING IN THE BRIGHTON H7 AREA:

Sunday 12th October 10.45am EGH3 at The Plough Pyecombe - hares: Yogi & Gromit

Hi Bouncer, I hope you are in good form!

Just to let you know that on 12.10.14 EGH3 are running from The Plough at Pyecombe, just north of Brighton, postcode BN45 7FN. It will be a start at 10.45. I thought I would mention it, as EGH3 are always keen to see visitors from neighbouring hashes, so please let BH3 people know they are welcome to come along. The hares are Yogi and myself.

On On, Gromit

Friday 17th October 7pm CRAFT H3 at the Worthing Beer Festival - St. Pauls, Chapel Road, Worthing

A few of us are heading along to this if you want to join us. The session is open from 5.30pm to 11pm (suggested 7pm meeting time is the usual CRAFT meet time) at £5 per ticket which includes entry, free glass, and for card-carrying CAMRA members, £2 of tokens. Tickets are available from St Pauls, The Selden Arms Worthing, Evening Star Brighton, Duke of Wellington Shoreham, New Sussex Hotel Lancing, Gardeners Arms Sompting, Henty Arms Ferring. Postal applicants (Adur Camra) to:- Worthing Beer Festival, The Boathouse, Shopton Road, Lancing

Sunday 19th October 11.00am W&NK H3 at The Royal Oak, Wineham - hare: Dic Doc

Hi Bouncy

If your football chauffeuring allows, the next W.I.N.K (Westerham IN North Kent hash - when children are present!) is from the Royal Oak in Wineham, so it's relatively close for you guys.

Take care and see you soon

Hugs Layby

Saturday 25 October BEACHY HEAD JUMPERS H3 will be doing this followed by a couple of beers and a bite:

The organisers of the Beachy Head Marathon, Eastbourne Borough Council, are looking for volunteers to help backmark/sweep on Saturday 25 October.

If you are interested in getting involved and would like details about walking part of the 26 mile course behind the participants then please contact Julie Paul - julie.paul@eastbourne.gov.uk - who will be very pleased to hear from you!

Sunday 26th October 11.30am HENFIELD H3 at Cat and Canary, Henfield

Hi John / all

Next Hash will be Sunday 26th October from the Henfield Cat and Canary Pub. Finding a route that is not already well trodden by Henfield Hashers (and Joggers) will be a challenge - but will do our best. Usual 11.30am kick off time - but remember this will be last day of summer time (yep - winter on its way I'm afraid) - so remember to reset the clocks.

The pub does reasonably priced grub (incl Sunday roasts) -so good if you can let me know if you are coming and intend having lunch , so I can give them a heads up.

On On, Slash G

[illegible]

Christmas hash – Monday 22nd December 2014

Decision made, we're on our way back! Yup, once again the Hassocks Hotel will be the location for the Christmas Hash, which begs the question have we got any credit left with the good people of the town for a mulled wine stop? **Diary the date** now, and don't forget it's also the annual hash awards presentation. You never know you may be a WINNER! *Meanwhile in real life, if you want to put anyone in the frame for an award let someone know. With 4 MC's in 4 years, at this early stage we have no idea who that someone is, but just tell someone and word will reach them!*

<<<<< A typical Glaswegian nativity scene.

Continued from front page - 18 year old beauty: Rumours of page 3's demise are grossly exaggerated:



GLASWEGIAN RHAPSODY

Is this the real life?
Or is it the methodone?
Stuck in the Gorbals, two bob fur the
telephone?
Open yer wine, an' talk wi' a whine
.....like meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!
Um just a weeji, Gie us yer Sunny D
Cos I'll chib yer pal, Rip yer da,
Slash yer dug, skelp yer ma!
Any tae the Clyde flows, disnae really
matter tae me.....tae me.

Haw maw, just chibbed some bam
Buckie bottle tae the heid
Noo the doozie eejits deid!
Haw maw, um just oan parole
An noo I'm headin back tae Barlineeeee....
Haw Maw.....ooohoo ooh
Never meant tae steal yer purse
But if I'm no fu' o' smack this time the
morra', Carry oot, carry oot!
An we'll go oot on the batter!

Too late...the bailiff's here
Sends shivers doon ma spine
Gubbed 10 jellies just in time
Goodbye all ma muckers, I've got tae go
Got to go and rip some tosser fae the
scheme
Haw Maw.....oohoooh ooooh
I'm a jakey bam, I sometimes think I've
never been washed at all
I see a little silhouetto of a bam
Adidas! Adidas! Can ye get us some
Kappa?
Thunderbird, White Lightning,
Very very Frightening, me!

Twenty Mayfair? (Twenty Mayfair!)
Twenty Mayfair? (Twenty Mayfair and
some skins!)
Magnifico oh oh oh oh!
I'm just a fat boy, nae body loves me
He's just a fat boy fae a fat family!
Spare us a pound for a wee cup o' tea?
Get tae feck, skanky slob, will ye get a
job?

For fecksake.....NO I will not get a
job
Get a job!
For fecksake..... NO I will not get a
job Get a job.....willnae get a job
Get a job.....willnae get a job
no no no no no....
Oh gonorrhoea! Gonnorrhoea!
Gonnorrhoea and the clap!
Then doon the pub, has the barman put
aside For me? For me,
For
meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!
So you hink ye can slash me an poke
oot ma eye?
So ye hink ye can chib me an leave me
tae die? Haw bawbag!
Can't dae this tae me bawbag!
Just wait till I'm oot
Just wait till I'm right oot ma nut!!

Feck all really matters, anyone can see
Feck all really matters.....
Feck all really matters.....
Tae meeeeeeee..... eeeee.....eee eee!!

[illegible]

That girl with the 3 boobs.... If she goes out in public she's gonna get groped left, right and centre.
"I've had so much plastic surgery, when I die they will donate my body to Tupperware." - Joan Rivers
'Trotters Independent Traders have upped sticks to USA's East Coast.' 'Delaware?'
'Yeah he was behind it all'
Firstly there was the no makeup selfie to raise awareness for breast cancer. Then the ice bucket challenge for ALS, Now there are the celebrity nudes to raise awareness of Apple's poor iCloud security..
Grab your taco, you've pulled a dyslexic Mexican.
I bought a new thesaurus today. It's nothing to write house about.

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

1889 Swan, Southover Street, Lewes We were greeted by an ailing hare as Steve had fallen and damaged an arm while setting, and his number 2, Bosom Boy, had suffered a bout of "total incompetence" blaming everybody else's calendar being 2 weeks ahead of his own! Not bad going as this was emergency cover for Hamstring who found herself otherwise indisposed so had baled out of setting, although she has promised us one very soon! Ever helpful Matt DP stepped into the breach to help with the setting and herding, while Steve marshalled the walkers. Despite having a vast car park at our disposal, the hares frog-marched us over the road to muster in a confined archway for the words of wisdom, inevitably interrupted by a car wanting to squeeze through, but I think he said something about a 'sperm app' for the walkers? As we wended our way campily along Southover High Street the revving of an engine and a masterful piece of handbrake parking drew our attention to the arrival of Red Slapper who'd been confused by the lack of a start time on facebook. Soon enough we were charging down Cockshit Road to the Cockshit levels and the back of the rugby club, where we picked up the Lewes 10k course through fields of maize. At the check it was right past Swanborough Manor for an insufferable climb up Breach Road, by now in the kind of persistent rain that gets into you no matter what you're wearing! With the pack in a number of small pieces by now, and after a very short spell on the South Downs Way, we were soon on an equally insufferable descent as the chalk became an icy slide with some lovely sharp bits of flint, causing consternation to Dildoped and the Cardinal in particular although marathon man Pondweed was also pussyfooting to a large degree. Once on the Juggs road we were on familiar territory and the checks did nothing to halt the charge for home, for a surprisingly early finish. Inside Trikerider pushed the manager to breaking point while demanding a pot of tea, and her attempts to lighten the mood and his disbelief that anyone could drink as much tea as she was proposing nearly caused a riot! However, despite the hash refusing to be confined and 'pushing away other customers' he was generous with the beers with a selection of the 3 Harveys available for the hares, who eventually sorted it out between them after 1st time hare Steve got a speaking to about rain on the hash! Given that just about all the other down downs were for drivers we ended up with a large jug of orange and blackcurrant squash, filled with ice, fruit and straws! North Hants H3 visitor Kevin had gone by the time we got to circle so first up was Red Slapper. She should've been joined by Psychlepath who'd gone to the wrong Swan but had been corrected by Bogeyman, who had then claimed that he should have RiKS down down. No problem, but I suspect he was angling for beer rather than the squash cocktail. Setting the scene for the rest of the evening they both downed through the straws, arms linked! Lily the Pink deserved his award for cruelty having conned Hamstring into cycling to Paris for a sandwich, claiming he knew how to treat a girl. So does the RA, it's another cocktail! Revenge was immediate as LTP then called Bouncer for whinging about his knees on the trail, after the former had spent the weekend hearing Hamstring doing likewise after her efforts! And finally, the numpty mug was awarded by Pirate jointly to Young Les (who'd already gone) and Cooperman for SCB'ing at the first sign of rain. Grahame downed the beer well but refused the squash after the accusation of cheating by not taking it through the nostrils. Another great hash!



1890 The Moon, Storrington Malibog, making his way directly from Gatwick airport, caused a certain degree of panic on arriving at the pub to find no marks and no knowledge of our arrival! Calls to the hares failed to elicit any confirmation that they were aware, having not been to the hash for a few weeks, that they were on the case so a back up was planned with Wiggy in the frame. Of course it was all unfounded and everything was just exactly the way it should be with a lovely trail laid in pancake batter by Auntie Jo! Pizzas ordered we headed west towards the airfield before a dummy had us veering away towards West Chiltington. Bouncer and local girl Split Pin had a debate about the existence of a church as we headed south apparently the result of a fevered imagination which felt there should be one there. The next check had Bollocks convinced it was south again or else we'd be heading into the black hole of Thakeham. It wasn't, but again hare played a blinder and soon enough we were back in town for a swift conclusion aided by "non-hare" Gotlost. In the pub, visitors Bollocks and Split Pin made an all-too-early exit missing the down downs, but Malibog over from Stockholm took some flack for his 'moment'. That was after Auntie did her party trick of a headstand on two chairs in lieu of the beer, an impressive move from a lady of a certain age! Gotlost declined his ale still insistent that he wasn't a hare, (and to be honest the amount of use he was out there was in his favour) as well as the old driver excuse despite only living a few hundred yards away. Other victims were Knight Rider apparently just looking for a free beer after claiming he was going to give a down down to Bouncer for wandering round with plasterboard but then keeping schtum, and Angel who had insisted on knowing what every single last key on Pirates ring was for, which was the queue for the RA to be called in by Malibog on a 'one Biggins' card and the award of some Swedish bread after an earlier claim that Bouncer hadn't been making any. Prince Crashpian then took one for the team after shopping Cooperman for forgetting his shoes. Didn't matter as long as he remembered the numpty mug, which he had, and which ended up with Malibog for stirring it, and a rare opportunity given that he would be around for the next weeks hash! Elsewhere rumours abounded of another pop-up hash by Spreadsheet who didn't fancy the drive over so had attempted to recruit willing participants by e-mail. Shame on you David, but your bad missing Another Great Hash!

1891 Shepherd & Dog, Fulking (incorporating Bacchus marathon) "Mondays' Hash 15th September will be at Shepherd & Dog, Fulking. As I am running Firlle Half Marathon tomorrow, will not set a hash with many hills". Well there's a thing, a hare that lies! After hearing Pondweeds woeful tale of having to set trail after a hard hilly half we really didn't think that within 5 seconds of leaving the pub we would be using pitons, but that is exactly what happened. A few of us were recovering

from greater endeavours the day before having tackled the Bacchus Marathon in Dorking which, to be fair, was actually a cracking course in perfect weather conditions with plenty of feeding stations. All of which were well stocked with whyne, and whynot! One look at the bloody awful walkers map though, which consisted of no more than a thin red line on a big green background, and a quick decision was made to stick with the pack as far as possible. At the first check I was given an SCB option straight to the top, while others headed east before reaching the dizzy peaks of Devils Dyke, where Peter Pansy and Penguin Shagger were encountered having strolled over from Brighton. The South Downs Way was our trail through the next couple of checks as we negotiated the hazards of night-time quad bikers before heading into a wilderness by the old burial grounds. A hazardous descent to Springs ensured that I'd fallen off the back of the pack, so took the easy option strolling back to base, while the rest headed into the lowlands of Edburton. In the pub with the walkers and SCB's I was drawn to the Burning Sky Arise, so when Wiggy came in offering me a pint I sent him to the bar to order the Arse. After a funny look from the barman he muttered that I'd stitched him up 'like a kipper', so I had to remind him of the Father Jack picture from earlier in the year where a Church had used a tree as the "I" but made it so unlike the rest of the words that it looked like it spelt Arse. Looking at the Burning Sky pump clip with a tree as the "I" I concluded that this was their take on the joke.



Spot the difference

Before the down downs I announced that Mary Jones had lost her battle with cancer last Tuesday. Although once a regular Brighton hasher she moved to Hastings some years ago so newer hashers won't know her, but those of us who knew her had a quiet reflection. Ride-It-Baby announced that the Hassocks was available for the Christmas party again unless anyone had an alternative, but the swingometer was very much in her favour! After the hare downed, we had a virgin Rob and pseudo-virgin Cyst Pit returning after a long absence (claiming a name and apparently sex change). 20 toes was the obvious toon but as they linked arms Rob yanked the beer so hard 'Becky' nearly hit the deck, a natural hasher! Naturally PP & PS deserved beers for gatecrashing the hash half way after which the Bacchus Marathon dominated the circle with Lily the Pink relating how Adrian



had bailed out completely, while Scott failed to achieve his target after planning to stay back with myself and Tim early doors but blasted out of the box for a 6 minute 1st mile (and of course blew up later). I wasn't let off the hook for attempting to stop at the half, then ending up completing rather than the disgrace of a DNF, but LTP also deserved beer for his fancy dress costume which at one point he thought might win him best costume award until he turned the corner and found 40 other cocks, one of which had the identical costume with the legs he was missing! The fact that he was constantly being mistaken for a variety of different birds on the way round, including a duck and a penguin, added to my amusement. I'd actually entered in the belief that Keeps It Up was doing it having misunderstood the T's & C's, but thought that Bogeyman had agreed to take the place if I had to opt out. That was enough of an excuse to call both of them up for a DD for thinking it was a SH!TTY TRAIL. And finally, we had to break the sad news to Scott that he'd been disqualified for not drinking a single drop of wine on what has to be the ultimate hash trail, which was enough to warrant the numpty mug! Two more great hashes!

Bouncer

1892 Windmill, Littleworth Bouncer is officially a lazy bastard for the 2nd time in a row using a trail set for Henfield H3 on the Sunday as his Monday trail. Still as before it meant a reasonable amount of spare hares (Bogeyman/ Wiggy) so hare was seen short-cutting at will with Local Knowledge, although Cardinal wasn't among them this time after baling out on Sunday because 'the pub isn't doing food on Sundays'. Absolutely true apparently, as after the pub was booked the chef left taking his assistant with him. The new chef was being trained Monday to Saturday so the Devil Dogs found themselves with a massive DIY picnic stop en route. After a few words at the start about not upsetting a large cow we set off following a combination of gerbil crap and chalk, and headed out towards the monastery, before cutting back through the cattle's winter feed to a horse field. Pack managed to remain impressively tight as we headed through the police dog training ground out to cross the A272. A little bit of silliness round West Grinstead station, where new boy Rob and a couple of others found themselves off piste, led to a burst along the Downs Link before Dildoped was urged to restrain horn to avoid upsetting the local farmeress. That turned out to be premature when the hare got lost with pack flocking after him through the woods until the escape bridge was eventually found, and Hash Gomi was then entreated to shut the f*ck up! Basically hare had incurred the wrath of the farmer's wife while setting on Sunday after being advised to re-route to avoid cattle. Having apologised that they were hot on his heels and it would make the trail too long, she had flipped and burst into a tirade about Henfield Joggers. By the time pack arrived, however, they'd seen sense and removed the cattle keeping them out of the way on Monday too. So from here it was a fairly straightforward return across the last couple of fields to the road for a quick run in. In the pub, the absence of Lily the Pink as back-up RA meant that hare didn't get a beer despite lots of promise from former RA Mudlark proposing down downs to Dildoped for doubting his identification of Mars, and Spreadsheet for forming a pop-up hash two weeks earlier when we were at the Moon as he thought 246,000 miles was too far to go for a hash. The ever vocal Wiggy was also shy about taking on the role for which he apologised later. So no circle but another great hash!

1893 Cuckmere Inn, Exceat Bridge - Review to follow! No space left, doh!

SCOTTISH DRAFT HIGHER GRADE MODERN MATHEMATICS PAPER 2015

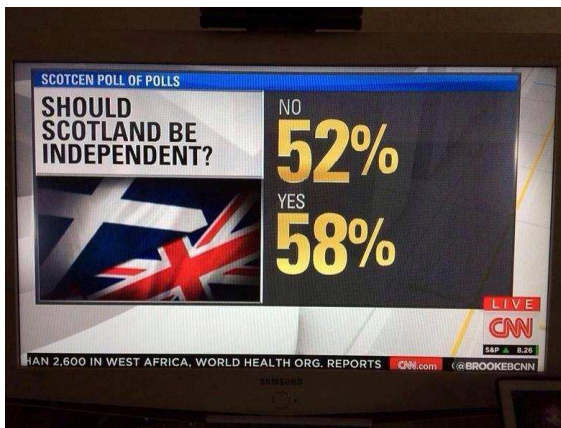
HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL

GLASGOW REGION

Name.....

Nickname.....

Gang name.....



1. Shuggie has bought half a kilo of cocaine for distribution. He wants to make 300% on the deal and still pay Mad Malky his 10% protection money. How much must he charge for a gram?

2. Wee Davie reckons he'll get £42.50 extra Marriage Allowance a week if he ties the knot with Fat Alice. Even if he steals the ring, the wedding will cost him £587. And he'll have to start buying two fish suppers every night instead of one. How long will it be before Davie wishes he'd stayed single?

3. When Rangers play Celtic, their fans sing The Sash every 10 minutes when they're winning and every 15 minutes when they're losing. How many times did they sing it at last season's Cup Final?

4. Joey and Davie stole a 1999 green Toyota 1600GL with 35,000 on the clock – and got a grand for it. How much more would they have

got if it had been metallic silver, done 29,000 miles and had low profile tyres?

5. Jake the Flake and Fingers got grassed up for dealing speed. The Flake got 18 months but Fingers got 3 years. How many more previous convictions did Fingers have? **EXTRA CREDIT: Who was Fingers' Brief?**

EDINBURGH / BORDERS REGION

Name.....

Rugby Club.....

Daddy's Company.....

1. Gavin has a spare ticket for Julian Clary at The Festival Fringe. But Benji and Adrian BOTH want to go with him. How long does he cry before giving them the tickets?
2. Half of Peter's friends say that they went to school with Ewan McGregor. Another third say they were Gordon Brown's flat mate at University. A sixth say that their dad played rugby with Tony Blair's dad and the rest say Sean Connery was their milkman. Only one is telling the truth, so how many friends does Peter have?
3. Todd wants to be a lawyer, but is as thick as Edinburgh Castle. His daddy is a Freemason and a QC. How long before Todd becomes the Lord Advocate?
4. Tamsin's Personal Trainer charges £250 a week, but has sex with her whenever she wants it. Jasmin's Life Coach charges £50 a week but has refused all sexual advances. Which one of the women weighs 19 stone?
5. Princes Street is 2467 yards long. On average, there is someone begging for money every 195 yards. You walk at 3.1 miles an hour. How long will it take if you tell them all to sod off and work for a living?

HIGHLANDS REGION

Name.....

Glen.....

1. After Hector's death, Archie has to pay Death Duty on Glenbogle. With 25,000 acres, Archie must pay £1.76 for the first 15,000 acres and 90p per acre for the remainder, including VAT. How many people actually give a toss?
2. An Afro-American called Zachary Obisanjo Kokobobo asks a Tartan Shop in Inverness if he has any Scottish Genealogy. How long does it take to flog him full Highland dress and matching kilts for his wife and 10 kids?
3. If an Aberdeen supporter laid every sheep in Grampian Region end to end, how many people would be surprised?
4. If you caught a Loch Ness Monster 115 feet long and each foot weighed 27lbs, how much money would you make by selling your exclusive story and pictures?
5. Sorry, question 5 has been delayed by heavy snowfall and will be here as soon as the Cockbridge – Tomintoul road re-opens in the spring!



REHASHING the CRAFT

Well I think we can blame this one 100% on Little Bear! Who, along with Daffy, was down in Brighton for a friends big birthday, suggested a CRAFT. Sadly the short notice ruled out a number of regulars and the fact that Bogeyman was determined to persist in trying to get Burgess Hill runners out on a Friday, took Psychlepath, KIU ad Wildbush out of the equation also. Bouncer, having been dragged kicking and screaming (yeah right!) to Lewes by Bunter and Belcher for the ale trail, hinted several pubs to the hares to help him complete the trail. Rejectng the Station pub by the railway at Hove, P trail led nicely to **#1 the Exchange** where Daffy stood meerkat like looking into the middle distance for hashers. Undisappointed (can that be registered as a new word?) Angel & Bouncer were first on the scene followed rapidly by Testiculator and finally Little Bear who'd been prepping for a role on the London Stage, as it was her birthday. Hare went for the diplomatic approach next offering an eastern or western route, but given that so many had been distracted by events closer to home the vote went with western. At **#2 POETS* corner** (Plss Off Early, Tomorrow's Saturday) we found ourselves mingling with long lost BH7 hasher Andy Elliot who, with his twin brother Charles, was on a flying visit to town. Moving on to **#3 Westbourne**, who should turn up but Lily the Pink! Having spotted marks and been vaguely tuned in he'd cornered us briefly but returned even as hare dragged us on to **#4 the Sussex**. Despite cheap Harveys the atmosphere was rather lacking so after a quick pit stop and pint we ambled over to **#5 the Neptune** to Angel's disappointment ("it's an old blokes bar filled with dirty old men"). Great band though. Great beers though. Great company though, with Nick and Daphne from the Lazy Toad there. Kicking out inevitably arrived so after a farewell to LTP, who'd concluded we were all lightweights and decided to pursue more beer elsewhere (a mission from which he is apparently yet to return), a useless attempt was made to find an eatery before we aimed at our pits. Angel managed to find a school mum lurking in the waiting room at Hove station which led to much mutual husband tutting and a shared bike ride home, on which Bouncer, playing the drunken cyclist so well you'd have thought he was actually half-cut, crashed into a wheely bin gaining a scar in the process. Another great CRAFT H3 night!

[illegible]

Tales from the rank...

Did you hear about the Scotsman who used to jog to work behind a bus to save himself the 50p fare?
Now he jogs to work behind a taxi and saves himself 5 quid.....

Dear Cab Driver

Please take me home to

Look for my cash in

☐ my bag ☐ my trousers ☐ my shirts
☐ my top ☐ my skirt ☐ my socks
☐ my bra ☐ my boxer shorts ☐ my thong
☐ other

Thank you.

BEST. BAR NAPKINS. EVER.

THE AMOUNT OF BEER I DRINK:



THE AMOUNT OF BEER I PEE OUT:



Every year millions of gallons of alcohol are left behind in bars!



**Before you leave,
finish your beer...
Drink Responsibly!**

HEALTH

Beer is good for you – official

BY TIM HAMPSON

CAMRA members know about the health benefits of supping real ale, although that doesn't stop experts saying it is bad for you, but a new report published by the Beer Academy puts the record straight.

"While red wine is painted as having almost magical health giving properties, beer drinkers are made to feel guilty for enjoying a couple of pints at the pub," said Isla Whitcroft, author of *Beer - the natural choice?*

"Beer is sometimes thought of as an unhealthy drink, but it is a natural product made from natural ingredients water, malt, hops and yeast," said Beer Academy director Dr George Philliskirk.

"As scientists learn more about the properties of beer, it is clear that hidden away in this seemingly understated, thirst-quenching drink is an abundance of health giving properties.

"Beer contains vitamins which can help people maintain a well balanced

healthy diet, fibre to keep you regular, readily absorbed antioxidants which may protect against heart disease and some cancers and minerals such as silicon which may lower the risk of osteoporosis," said Philliskirk.

And anyone wanting a thirst-quenching drink would be better to have a glass of beer than drinks with a high alcohol content such as wine and spirits.

According to the report they are not the best to maintain hydration, as they "increase the amount of water the body loses".

"However, because normal strength beers and ciders are much lower in alcohol, drinking them helps maintain balanced hydration."

The report also debunks the myth that beer makes you fat. Beer is around 95 per cent water and contains few free sugars to convert into fat. Go to the www.beeracademy.co.uk website for a copy of the report.

- CAMRA will be issuing more information on the health benefits of beer at the Great British Beer Festival.

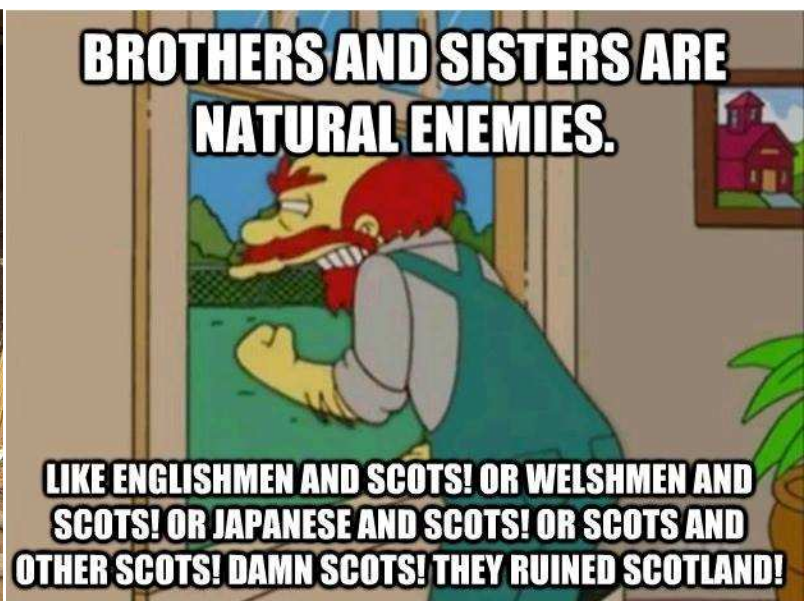
BEER



EVERYBODY NEEDS A HOBBY!

In the news etc...

RECENT ACTIVITY



GOLDEN OLDIE DEPARTMENT:

So Alex Salmond said to the Queen "Should we win the vote I don't know what to call us. We could be a kingdom in which case I would be the King. Or a Principality and I would be the Prince. Or an Empire and I would be the Emperor. What do you think?" "A Country" said the Queen

What do England & Oscar Pistorious have in common? Looks like they will both get away Scot free! (Ed. FAIL.com)



Gambling Hashers - By Dale Concannon

Hash and gambling have often gone hand-in-hand. There can be few hashers that haven't wagered a few dollars or the odd Top-Flite hash ball on the outcome of a match. But what about the player who bet one hundred pounds that he could play a round of hash dressed in a suit of armour, or another who bet he could beat Harry Vardon using a javelin. High stakes, unusual bets and hash bandits are now part of hashing folklore, but at least this item will make you think again when a stranger walks up to you on the first tee and asks: "What are we playing for today..?"

Betting on hash matches has probably gone on as long as the game itself. The urge to bet that you can play a hole in less strokes than your partner has proved irresistible to all of us at one time or another. However, back in 1870, the records of the Royal and Ancient hash Club of St. Andrews tells of one infamous wager where Sir David Moncreiffe bet his life against that of John Whyte-Melville. . The eventual winner was to present a new Silver hash club to the members while the loser.. Today, the

R&A records omit to tell us who actually won the match. But they do show that thirteen years after the match was played, John Whyte-Melville gave a speech where he expressed his deep regret at the death of Sir David Moncreiffe – and perhaps more importantly, "the causes that led to it."

Playing for your life might seem a little extreme, but this example of a bet wagered in the early days of Scottish hash, is certainly not exceptional. Shortly before the advent of the recognised hash professional in the mid 19th century, fortunes were regularly won and lost. Like Sir David Moncreiffe, the finest hashers of the time were invariably aristocratic gentlemen. Indeed, the membership rolls of the Society of St. Andrews Hashers and the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Hashers, are invariably taken from only the highest strata of Scottish society. Looking back at these times, it would seem that in many cases hash came a very poor second to the card-playing and general excess that was typical of the age.

In 1766, the Honourable Company went so far as to ban the amount one hasher could win off another in a day's play. The reason for this restriction being that far too many duels were being fought between members to settle their disputes. Unfortunately, this ruling did not allow for the ingenuity of these hashing gamblers who soon found a way around it. With the limit set on how much you could win in "one-day's play" matches started being played over three holes at night with the caddies holding a lantern to show the way.

Taking a more practical attitude, the Society of St. Andrews Hashers, realising that no one would play hash if they tried to ban on-course gambling, finally lost patience in 1822 - some of the members had used the club committee book in which to record their bets!

As time went by and these notorious gamblers became too old to wager on themselves, they looked to the new breed of hash professionals to wager on. Challenge matches became increasingly popular in the mid-19th century onwards with huge sums riding on the outcome of individual or 4 ball games. Using hash links like St. Andrews, Musselburgh & Leith, challenge matches were constantly being arranged between 'family' pairs like the Morris's, Parks, and the Dunns. Well supported at each venue, gentleman hashers would bet on the result, often with more money wagered on each match than any of the professionals could have earned in a lifetime.

Unlike today, the large galleries watching these matches were not adverse to a little skulduggery. At Musselburgh in 1855, a match between Willie Park and Tom Morris was disrupted by Park's supporters when it seemed the match was going against their man. With his ball being constantly interfered with, Morris retired to Mrs. Foreman's pub while the police tried to achieve some order. With a riot looking the likely outcome, Park angrily told Morris that unless he continued on with the match he would claim the 500 prize money. Morris declined and Park played on, and after taking the money was extremely fortunate to escape with his life.

Just over a half a century later, the gambling spirit of the hasher was little changed. In 1907, the great amateur John Ball, Jr. bet he could go round Hoylake in a dense sea fog scoring under 90, inside three hours and without losing a ball! Stepping out in front of a large crowd, Ball using a black painted guttie, went round in 81 in just over two hours and won his bet.

By coincidence, Royal Liverpool was also the venue for one of the strangest wagers ever seen on a hash course. In a match played off level, between a scratch player and a six-handicapper, the latter had the right to shout "Boo!!" three times during the game. Played for a few hundred pounds, the six-handicap hasher saved up his 'advantage' until the 13th hole where he used up his first 'Boo!' The Scratch player was so distressed waiting for the next two shouts that he subsequently lost his nerve and the match.

As if to prove the famous P. T. Barnum saying about "there being one sucker born every minute," a bet was offered to the members of Royston Hash Club by J. Farrar in 1914. He wagered that he could go round this London course in less than 100 strokes wearing full army kit issue. An army officer and well-used to wearing the heavy gear, he offered odds of 10-1 and took a small fortune in bets. Two hours later he had managed to win his bet. He then offered a challenge to some local hash professionals who all failed to break 100 and he took even more money.

Perhaps Mr. Farrar would have got better odds if he had offered to play in the same outfit as Harry Dearth a few years later. A leading opera singer at the time, he played an inter-club match wearing a full suit of armour - For those of you curious about the result, he lost 2&1. Another famous hashing gambler around the same time was renowned hash professional, Ben Sayers of North Berwick. He took the money off an American visitor to the Royal Burgess Hash Club in Edinburgh when the man doubted Sayers claim that he could play every hole in 4! (including par-5-s and par-3's) Sayers duly went out the following day and in a round of incredible consistency, took 72 strokes and his doubter's money.

Apart from wagers based purely on hashing skill, some famous players have received extra-ordinary challenges from competitors in other sports. In the past, large sums have been wagered on hashers versus archers, hashers against fly-fishermen and possibly most curious of all, a match involving the great Harry Vardon against a champion javelin thrower. Perhaps hashers are crazy after all.

On the same theme, a famous hash course in the south of England was the home to yet another curious wager. This time between a scratch player and high handicap hasher, the bet was that the scratch man was required to drink a large whiskey and soda on every tee starting at the first. Playing off level, they both made it to the 16th tee, where the scratch player collapsed in a drunken heap and forfeited the match - a game he was leading one-up at the time. *(This a 'HASH' trash people, not golf. There's no place for golf in the trash. This article is totally irrelevant, please remove it before posting. Ed.)*

MORE SCOTTISH HUMOUR...

A Scottish Jew decided to retire and take up golf, so he applied for membership at a local golf club. About a week later he received a letter that his application has been rejected. He went to the club to inquire as to why.

Secretary: You are aware that this is a Scottish golf club?

Scot: Aye, but I am as Scottish as you are, ma'am, my name is MacTavish.

Secretary: Do you know that on formal occasions we wear a kilt?

Scot: Aye, I do know, and I wear a kilt too.

Secretary: You are also aware, that we wear nothing under the kilt?

Scot: Aye, and neither do I.

Secretary: Are you also aware, that the members sit naked in the steam room?

Scot: Aye, I also do the same.

Secretary: But you are a Jew? **Scot:** Aye, I be that.

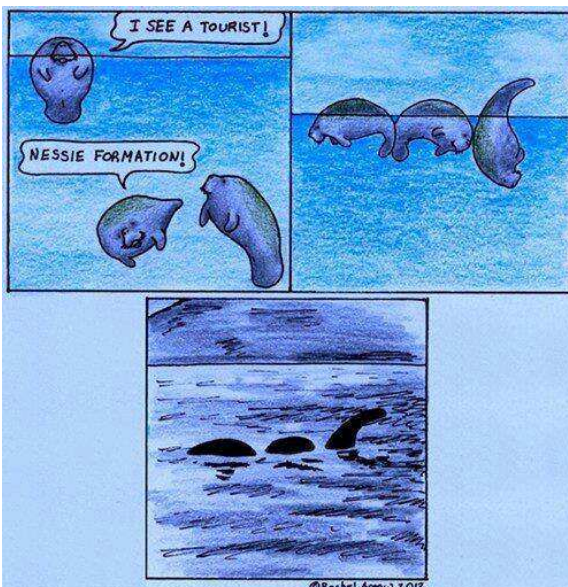
Secretary: So, being Jewish, you are circumcised, is that correct?

Scot: Aye, I be that, too.

Secretary: I am terribly sorry, but the members just would not feel comfortable sitting in the steam room with you, since your privates are different from theirs.

Scot: Ach, I know that you have to be a Protestant to march with the Orangemen.

And I know that you have to be a Catholic to join the Knights of Columbus. But this is the first time I've heard that you have to be a complete prick to join a golf club!

[illegible][illegible]

From The Scottish Big Issue:

"In Sydney, 120 men named Henry attacked each other during a "My Name is Henry" convention. Henry Pantie of Canberra accused Henry Pap of Sydney of not being a Henry at all, but in fact an Angus. "It was a lie", explained Mr Pap, "I'm a Henry and always will be.", Whereupon Henry Pap attacked Henry Pantie, whilst two other Henrys - Jones and Dyer - attempted to pull them apart. Several more Henrys - Smith, Calderwood and Andrews - became involved and soon the entire convention descended into a giant fist fight. The brawl was eventually broken up by riot police, led by a man named Shane."

Sex Life of the Scottish Male

New research delivers enlightening insight into the sex life of the Scottish male.

THE PREPARATION

Friday Night is very much love-night for the Scottish man. Arriving back from the pub, having partaken of the traditional Scottish aphrodisiac -- 12 pints, a black pudding supper and 3 pickled onions -- his mind set on one thing. LOVE! Or as he say's himself "ma nookie".

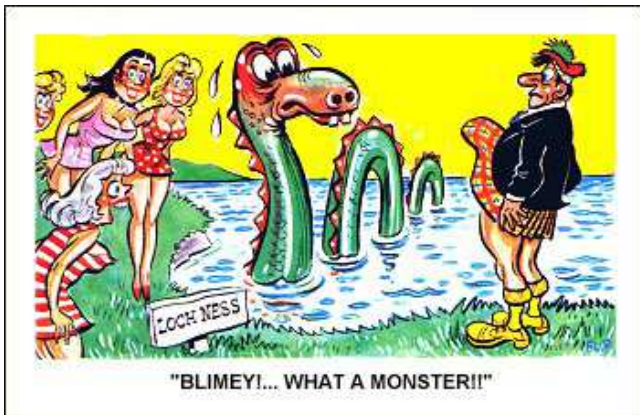
His lust at fever pitch after the sensuous excitement of a hard night's dominoes, he approaches his beloved wife, enticing her with gentle words of passion -- "any chance a ma hole?"

The good lady in question perhaps overexcited by the erotic smell of stale beer or the sensuous vision of picked onions sticking to his chin, is at first somewhat reluctant. This coy reluctance is expressed with the flirtatious reply "Awaity fuck ya bam".

FOREPLAY

Foreplay is very important indeed. This basically consists of the male casting off his slightly soiled Y fronts provocatively at his wife, usually land skid-mark side down, as he approaches the bed singing the ancient Gaelic fertility chant "Here we go, here we go, here we go".

Upon reaching the bed he comments proudly on this rampant 8 inch. This is a classic example of alcohol induced double vision.



INITIAL PROBLEMS

After 12 pints, sometimes the man's wee Willie Winkie is a trifle reluctant to extend itself (literally). Impotence is very much a blow to the man's self esteem and the wife has to be very tactful. She will offer gentle and sensitive words of encouragement such as "Ya useless bastard" or possibly "It never happens to the Milkman".

FELLATIO

Oral sex is a great favourite of the Scotsman. He approaches his wife with a cheeky invitation, "How'd ya like to put your teeth roon this?" The woman nods willingly and points suggestively to her falsies smiling happily in a bedside tumbler. "On ye go"

she says "but don't disturb me".

Unprepared by this slight rejection the man drives enthusiastically to perform such a service for his wife. A breakdown in communication often leads to problems. The man may emerge from below, his face like wet tomato, uttering a pointed but tender rebuke, "Bastard, you could have told me it was your bad week.

DOWN TO BUSINESS

Eventually the moment comes to consummate their tender love. Again alcohol induced double vision is an important factor as the man decides which of his willies to use for penetration. Sometimes in his excitement as he moves into his position he may suffer from severe premature ejaculation. A phenomenon he explains to his wife using the poetic phrase "Oh feck, I've shot ma load." If this does occur it is essential he makes up for disappointing his wife by uttering tender and loving compliments such as, perhaps, informing her she's the nicest woman he's ever come across.

An imaginative lover, the Scotsman, possibly having read the woman likes to be spoken dirty to, says such things as "shite, arsehole". The woman is speechless. The man is now thrusting away, his mind a kaleidoscope of jumbled erotic thoughts. The woman wonders if they should repaint the ceiling. Sometimes she utters a word of encouragement such as "Are you sure it's in?".

Given his level of sexual expertise the Scotsman's ideal partner should be a versatile lover specialising in the faked orgasm. This takes the form of a breathless shout "Ooyah, ooyah, gallus big man".

Eventually its all over. The man rolls over, falls asleep, and commences snoring like a pig. There's no one in the world performs quite like a Scotsman -- a veritable prince in the kingdom of sex.



THE



END

A tired joke format walks into a bar, orders a whiskey and then collapses from sheer exhaustion.

Hamish's wife goes missing while fishing off the Hebrides. He reports the event, searches fruitlessly and spends a terrible night wondering what could have happened to her.

Next morning there's a knock at the door and he is confronted by a couple of police officers, the old Sarge and a younger Constable. The Sarge says, "Sir, we have some news for you, unfortunately some really bad news, but, some good news, and maybe some more good news." "Well," says Hamish, "I guess I'd better have the bad news first."

The Sarge says, "I'm really sorry, but your wife is dead. Young Gordon here found her lying at about five fathoms in a little cleft in the rocks. He got a line around her and we pulled her up, but she was dead."

The man is naturally distressed to hear of this and has a bit of a turn. But after a few minutes he pulls himself together and asks what the good news is.

The Sarge says, "Well when we got your wife up there were quite a few really good sized lobsters and some nice crabs attached to her, so we've brought you your share." He hands over a bag with a couple of nice lobsters and four or five crabs in it.

"Crivens, thanks. They're fine specimen. I guess it's an ill wind and all that... So, what's the other possible good news?"

"Well," the Sarge says, "If you fancy a quick trip, young Gordon and I get off duty at around 11 o'clock... and we're going to shoot over and pull her up again"



Talking of lobsters

This is much more fun than that old picture where you tried to find the man's face in coffee beans. Every so often a clever picture comes along that camouflages something for us to find. Hidden within this picture, so I am told, are two lobsters. Go ahead and try to find them.

If you find the lobsters in 5 minutes, the left side of your brain is normal. I looked for 15 minutes and couldn't locate them.

I am told that women tend to find the lobsters much quicker. It probably has something to do with the wiring in the brain.

Good luck with the puzzle below.....>>>

Talking of crabs

A lawyer boarded an aeroplane in Aberdeen with a box of frozen crabs and asked a blond flight attendant to take care of them for him. She took the box and promised to put it in the crew's refrigerator. He advised her that he was holding her personally responsible for them staying frozen, mentioning in a very haughty manner that he was a lawyer, and proceeded to rant at her about what would happen if she let them thaw out. Needless to say, she was annoyed by his behaviour.

Shortly before landing in Glasgow, she used the intercom to announce to the entire cabin, "Would the lawyer who gave me the crabs in Aberdeen please raise your hand?"

Not one hand went up so she took them home and ate them.

Two lessons here:

1. Lawyers aren't as smart as they think they are.
2. Blondes aren't as dumb as most folk think.

My date walked out on me after I told her I used to have crabs. She must really hate crustaceans.

Ford are developing a new city-car called 'The Crab'. It's pretty nippy.

