

TRASH #333 JANUARY 2024

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

DATE #NO ON ON Post Code HARES

1st January 2024 2342 Tiger, East Dean BN20 0DA Peter Pansy & Lily the Pink

Directions: A27 east past Lewes to Drusillas roundabout. Right, 1st left then right over bridge, and right again. Left on

A259 at T junction. Take road for Birling Gap and park in car park 1st right. Est. 35 mins. ## Extra special sip! ##

8th January 2024 2343 Ladies Mile, Patcham BN1 8RA Tripsy Daisy & Shirker Ninezing

Directions: A23 south into Brighton. Just past Black Lion take half left on to Old London Road then left again Ladies Mile

Road. Pub opposite on left at t-junction. Est. 1 minute 37 seconds.

15th January 2024 2344 Station, Uckfield

TN22 5DL On On Don

Directions: Head NE on A27 for 8.5 miles. Left at Southerham roundabout onto A26 for 7.5 miles. Cross A22, left on

Newtown Road, pub on left. Use Waitrose car park (on the other side of the railway line). Est. 25 mins.

22nd January 2024 2345 White Hart, Henfield

BN5 9HP Prince Crashpian

**Directions:** A23 north to Pyecombe. A281 left towards Henfield (c. 5 miles). Right at mini roundabout into High Street.

Pub is on right opposite Church Street, approx. 1/4 mile. Est. 20 mins. ### BURNS HAGGIS HASH – Wear Tartan! ###

29th January 2024 2346 Cricketers, Southwick

BN42 4GF Come Again

**Directions:** Head 2.5 miles west on A27, take the A293 exit for 1 mile, turn right on the A270 for 1 mile, and left on Southwick Street. Take 5th right, the Twitten, and car park is at the end on the right. **Eta 10 mins.** ### **100**<sup>th</sup> hash celebration ###

5th February 2024 2347 TBC, Newick Hot Fuzz

#### Receding Hareline:

12/02/2024 2348 Toad-in-the Hole, Worthing.

Bathe-it-Daily (bring bathers!)

19/02/2024 2349 Greyhound, Keymer - ZZTopless+1

26/02/2024 2350 TBC - Mudlark

04/03/2024 2351 Eager hare required!

#### Hashing around Sussex:

EGH3 are back on winter timetable - r\*ns at 10.45am:

01/01/24 Kentish Horse, Markbeech – 11am

Hares: Big Yin & Neil the other Scotsman [Tartan

Nee'erday day run]

14/01/24 Wheatsheaf, Plummers Plain - Rocks On

& Gromit

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

07/01/24 Black Swan, Pease Pudding Pottage hash!

Hares: T-Bone & Chaos

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

14/01/24 Founders Day Hash - Crowhurst Rec car park. Hares: Jobsworth & Lord of the Flies

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

21/01/24 Carpenters Arms, Limpsfield Chart Hare: One in the Eye

#### Thought for the day:

My phone accidentally took a 10 minute video of my shoes on the hash the other day. It was some pretty good footage.



#### BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

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

08-10/03/2024 Interhash Queenstown, New Zealand <a href="https://www.interhash2024.com/">https://www.interhash2024.com/</a>

28/3-01/04/2024 FUK Easter Migration Athens, Greece - *see #330* 26-28/07/2024 Interscandi Hash Hamburg (*full – waiting list*) <a href="https://mermaidsh3.wixsite.com/interscandi-2024">https://mermaidsh3.wixsite.com/interscandi-2024</a>

## SAVE THE DATE 4<sup>th</sup> – 8<sup>th</sup> July 2023 (main event 6-7<sup>th</sup>) Mad Mid-summer Kirk birthday hash in France: 6 Le Haut Geray, Desertines 53190, Mayenne, France

Bollocks will be celebrating a big birthday in July and has once again extended an invite to BH7 hashers to join him at his humble French abode for a celebration hash and party. Situated near Gorron, there is plenty of camping space available, and he's looking forward to christening his new garden bar after a couple of hashes in the local area. There will also be opportunity for shopping, sightseeing, canoeing/ rafting, high ropes and chilling in local cafes and bars. Our evenings are usually concluded sat around an open fire with good friends, a beer or whatever, singing and righting the world!

Hash mismanagement, the latest who's who:

GM Pete 'Local Knowledge' Eastwood
On-Sec Don 'On-Don' Elwick
Webfart Brent 'Keeps It Up' Crowle

Hare Raiser Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons
Beer Monster Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson
RA's Dave 'Dangleberry' King

Scott 'Nasty Nips' Heckle John 'Bouncer' Biggins

**Hash Cash** Kit 'Knightrider' Dawson **Hash Trash** John 'Bouncer' Biggins Haberhash Kayleen 'Wildbush' Holland **Hash Horn** Matt 'Rebel WHK' Spencer SDW relay Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones Hashtorian David 'Spreadsheet' Evans **Christmas Hash** Pat 'Ride-It, Baby' Morfitt Hash awards Tim 'Lily the Pink' Jones Ivan 'Fukarwe' Lyons

ononononononononon

Congratulations to new BH7 regulars Foot Fetish and Samui Poo on their wedding on 26/11/23:





Hasher Councillor Fukarwe & Driver Drambulie fundraising with the Brighton Christmas Charity Santabus:





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**Connection in the last issue was the Goodies:** The first of their chart hits occurring in December 1974 was FATHER CHRISTMAS, DO NOT TOUCH ME, as highlighted on page 3, and the last almost exactly a year later in December 1975 was MAKE A DAFT NOISE FOR CHRISTMAS, the title of the silly page 11.

### Inside 3 Today

A Christmassy bodypaint special!



#### REHASHING

The earliest Carol singers can be found on the Bayeux tapestry...and were soldiers from Western France....they were known as the Brittany Spears



Run 2338 Lewes Arms - Dragging himself from his sickbed, Spreadsheet sallied forth to set us a trail with the assistance of Mudlark and the ghost-like Prof who is making his presence felt despite being unable to wallow in the glory by attending Monday evenings. Said occasions are getting more complicated with early closing or no kitchen staff, and once again we were facing a chippy situation, but worse than that was our reservation being for the upstairs where dogs weren't allowed, all of which was for later but enables me to waffle an introduction to the chalk talk which spouted a short trail, hooray! Heading briefly round to the Elephant & Castle we then had the sharp ascent to the castle where Ride-It, Baby found a check for the wa\*kers. Ambling downwards we soon had another climb up to the High Street where we crossed to go steeply down Paines Twitten, steeply up Green Lane and steeply down St. Martin's Lane, which given the parallel nature of the routes suggested an unnecessary sadism on the hares part! Continuing our pavement pounding found us wandering the back streets of Southover before bridging the bypass and finally getting off road with a hairy descent to the track heading east. Subbing the bypass again a goodly crowd wrongly opted for Cockshut north, others Cockshut east, while true trail was reversing the parallel path from our last visit to the borough to find a fishhook at which yours truly was the sole practitioner, hare re-calling it as a regroup to calm our shattered nerves and bring the various clans of hash back under control. Rather amusingly it didn't take too long before a large group again went off and not even the curly wurly was

enough to bring them back in touch as we traversed the railway reserve, out through the station car park and on inn via more twittens. The wa\*king group were already at the trough with substantial portions of chips being devoured but eventually pack united briefly, BQ and One E excepted with hound presence, for an upstairs circle away from muggles, where Spreadsheet and Mudlark were congratulated on befuddling us all. The pack then being given unexpected homework, came through the test of an RA's duty with the correct answer as weather responsibility, which lack of trust begged the question of Wildbush as to why she'd brought her brolly. A secondary story about water coming up to her boobs was unfortunately not shared, but possibly just as well due to a selected hearing mishap, as her being sent to test the water found it stopped at her boots, rather than a comment on her diminutive Kylie-like stature. Talking of boots, there were 2 new ones tonight - Maxine who has previously hashed with London but couldn't remember her moniker, and husband Shaun who was a complete virgin. The brief introduction included the revelation that it's taken them 7 years and 20 minutes to find us, was interrupted by Ride-It, Baby reminding me to ask them the questions, which made no sense at all as that 20 minutes was how late they were and sufficient for them to abort the idea of actual trail, thus negating the Q&A's! And so, up came RiB as her earlier wa\*kers check was nothing of the sort, the internal mark being a 3 not a W. Easy mistake, however, she had been entrusted with a map and had that the wrong way round too! Peter Pansy and Nasty Nips were then called for the racism that put her in the awkward position of having to even try, having dragged half the pack with them. The latter has taken to the hash with amazing enthusiasm but has yet to earn the stripes that allow him to gainsay an old hand such as Keeps It Up, with a vast international experience and well over a thousand r\*ns worldwide, when it comes to how many arrows is on. Pack agreed that the gap between the arrows is irrelevant and so he sunk his second! And finally, Pompette had sabotaged the wa\*kers trail by taking them up one side of the high street and back down the other before they realised she was window shopping, but as a driver she persuaded Rebel Without His Keys to take her beer for her, which is why he ended up a little flat chested, but alright! Another great hash. Bouncer

#### ononononononononononon

Run 2339 The Plough, Pyecombe — With Nasty Nips haring to mark the fine achievement of his 100th Brighton hash, and with trail featuring the now-installed memorial gate to Chopper, an ample pack of 29 circled-up at this wood-panelled gastropub. Nips advised fishhooks, or should that be Pyecombe Hooks, in this place of the so-named shepherd's crook. On-out then was NW, along a road paralleling the A23, before trail did loop-the-loop to cross the 23, and join the South Downs Way route. Resuming NW to reach Wayfield Park Farm shop, first hook was encountered enroute. Via footbridge, it was then back over the 23, for first ascent, up Pyecombe St, through the same-named picturesque village. Rising steadily to a multiple path crossroads overlooking Newtimber chalk pit, another hook was scored enroute. True trail was found E, toward the Wolstonbury Hill summit, though our hare marched us only halfway-up. It was here that fish-hooking Jaws, passing St Bernard for the second time, remarked 'you can always tell Charlie by his cough'. To which One Erection queried 'by his



c\*ck?', earning inevitable DD. And joining him in DD, on similar note, last week saw the walkers send Wildbush ahead to test depth of water, which went over her welly boots, though was misheard as b\*\*bs. WB took the DD in lieu of the mis-hearing personage. Looping halfwaydown to join a narrow path E that hugs the hill's steep northern escarpment, expansive views over the weald are apparent in daylight, that might have avoided Hare Gomi twice planting his foot in the same cowpat. The second time on a hook, earning him DD. After two further attempts on the summit, true trail ascent was found, with Keeps It Up uttering the DD-earning remark 'Wolstonbury must be volcanic, it's grown since the last time I climbed'! And joining him in DD, Shirker Ninezing, for attempting to lower the summit by sitting atop the trig point pillar, as is his custom! A minor mutiny ensued at the pillar, as to which mark took precedence, the regroup, or the hook marked below. NN resolved by also marking hook above, though conclusion back at the pub was that hook wins regardless. Descending S then E, pack found the fine gate for Chopper, one of the original five on the very first Brighton hash, in June 1978. Which might have passed this spot, r\*n being from the Devil's Dyke Inn. Hinge post featured a discreet plaque of hash feet and chopper, pictured. I knew Chopper only in his later years, not as the accomplished hashlete he was. But for me, he spoke to the inclusivity of hash, by being able to participate even with portable breathing aid. To which Bouncer added his tributes at circle. Reaching Rockrose Farm, trail continued the descent S then E, hugging the Clayton Hill road. Before ascending School Ln SW, then Church Ln S, for the on-inn to the pub. Where, after the usual refreshment+sustenance, circle was opened with DD pint 100th run tankard award to NN, complete with 99 flake for reaching also that many r\*ns. As well as the aforementioned DD's, St B was called in his capacity with Devil's Dyke National Trust, for the unfortunate need for NN to reassemble the Chopper memorial gate latch, and one other gate needing attention. Though those charges proved spurious, as St B informed the locations were the responsibility of others within the NT. Discussion about the gates, between St B, NN and SN was reminiscent of TV's The Repair Shop! Charges were raised against NN for mid-hash added hook, for no sipstop at the Chopper gate, and for queuing in the pub. The latter, given the pub's hospitality, was in hindsight best unsaid :-/ Bouncer was cited also for the sin of holding up the pack to tie his shoelace at a stile, which turned into a bit of a medical issue, with back pain delaying departure. And lastly, we had a charge against St B for SCB'ing, then walking straight into a hook. Which St B indicated was spurious, as he was walking. And charge against Shoots Off Early for refusing to do the last hook, that HG punted to your author for again hat wearing in the circle. As for the numpty mug, SN awarded to Bouncer for his 400th parkrun invite, which due to snarf will infact be his 399th, oh well. Following announcement, circle was closed, with the customary toast 'to the hash'. Dangleberry (if anyone has a picture of Nasty Nips receiving his tankard please forward to editor!)

#### REHASHING - A CHRISTMAS CORNUCOPIA:



Run 2340 Hassocks Hotel Christmas party and awards night - The usual outstanding array of Christmas themed fancy dress was on display as we gathered in the pub, many enjoying a pre-hash beer, but a special mention has to go particularly to One Erection for creating a massive wrapped present with himself inside! Ambling out we were promised a shortish trail, lots of lights and a special sip by Anybody who'd organised the trail and laid with Ride-It, Baby. Pack set off enthusiastically through the underpass where One E nearly came a cropper straight off, just saving himself from falling down the stairs. Trail continued along Semley Road and the efforts made by residents was impressive with trees lit up all along which, accompanied by Shirker's music and the fairies of Angel, Rocks On and Ride-It Baby, as well as Bonking Queens lit up gown, made it all quite magical! Or was it the proliferation of flasks with St. Bernard's Spiced Rum, SSS's Sloe Gin and Austrian hooch, as well as a number of other whisky and rum filled flasks doing the rounds? Trail continued under the railway and round Woodsland Road. Oak Tree Drive and Grand Avenue to the Thatched Inn via a garden snowman photo opportunity. Heading down

Ockley Lane we found signs to the sip stop at Anybody's place opposite the Greyhound, for mulled wine and mince pies. Zoe suggested we should pop in to the Greyhound, where she has been known to pull a pint, and that soon escalated to a conga round the garden, but she'd forgotten the vicar was conducting carols so our reception was not quite as enthusiastic as it might have been. To assuage our guilt, St. Bernard and myself decided to stop for a quick half, which escalated to pints when we discovered locals were still taking photos of Rob. A new barrel made pouring a slow process but the costume was not drinking friendly so One E knocked his back in one, quickly followed by St. Bernard and Lily the Pink, as SSS looked on. Finally returning from the bar with my full pint I was greeted with four empty glasses, an ecstatic SSS who'd just completed her first pint downer, and a cajoling to





get a move on! Disaster struck as I went to place my empty glass on the bar when SSS moved her glass out and hit mine at force shattering it into hundreds of pieces while hers remained intact. Lily got You Stupid Bastard out of the way sharpish, which was our queue to also leave pronto for the On Inn along the Keymer Road. The whole episode clearly hadn't soaked up much time as we passed walkers Wiggy, Summer Lady, Silver Fox and Blonde Vixen on the way in, but Dani took the lead past the shops only to stop and scream out "Nussknacker!" at the Nutcracker painted window of one shop following up with a burst of Tyrolean we couldn't quite fathom. One E claimed that's a funny hash name in any language and a renaming was proposed as we wound our way on inn!

Following the usual format of the awards being given out between courses, the first business of the day was to bestow a number of hash names, so up came James and Amanda, Zoe, Julia, and for her renaming, Dani/SSS. James actually completed his 100th run in April 2013, some ten years ago, but took a break from hashing, returning just this year and bringing Amanda along with him. A decision was made that, as it was so overdue, he would receive his tankard at the Christmas do rather than being press-ganged into setting a trail first, however, a name was needed quickly for the engraving, so a spot decision was made that, as he is Merlin's 'Dad', he should be thus known as the legendary Dragonlord who fathered Merlin the Wizard. The fact that Balinor himself spent years as a hermit gives a tenuous connection to James' own isolation from the hash! Amanda, despite her great ability as a runner, has taken to hashing well in her own quiet way, drifting through the pack, seamlessly mastering checking and fishhooks, and even turning up when Balinor doesn't even command it. We saw another side a few weeks ago, though, when the nettles were at their most virulent causing pack to pick their way through, and Amanda to start yelling at those ahead to "get on with it, it's only a little sting". That sting comes from Formic Acid so a proposal of Formic Fury was made, but quickly changed to Formicator! Physio Julia was finally persuaded along to the hash by colleague Ride-It. Baby after some years encouragement, joining the walkers, but she really took to the ale trail this year, not only completing the 20 pubs needed for the t-shirt, but going on to 30, then 40, even getting her son Andy involved to complete another 20 for a 2nd t shirt putting the rest of us 20 pubbers to shame! She'd also enjoyed the flask on the way up so Drinks Like A Fishio seemed appropriate! Dani's renaming has already been touched upon, however, a nod to her old name was suggested, and so she became NuSSSknacker. And finally, how many possibilities are there for Zoe? We could have gone round for hours so, to keep it simple, just two options were put to the floor: Pearly Queen as she used to have a pearl stringing business (and to avoid the crudity our American friends would likely have endorsed), and ZZ Topless (from Z'Zoe, given her weekly habit of stripping back to the bra after ten minutes hashing), the latter receiving a huge swell of support (sic!). Main courses now on the table, there was a short intermission before NN moved things on with an award of a pair of ice grips for Tripsy Daisy to help her













stay upright, and the couple of the year award to Don & Pat following their wedding. Hash dog of the year went to Merlin, taken on his behalf by Balinor, and new hash dog of the year went to Just Matthew, although it's generally Bonking Queen who brings him along. At last year's bash, Lily the Pink awarded Gromit the International hasher of the year for a trip to New Zealand due to a misunderstanding as the NZ trip was for Interhash which doesn't take place until next year. In a humorous twist Gromit has since had to cancel his trip so hasn't even left these shores despite holding the award for a year. To avoid any such discrepancy occurring this year, the KIU/ Wildbush combination seemed the logical place for the award to end up as they've been here, there, everywhere and Antarctica and, if Gromits info is correct, are signed up to visit the Planet Zog shortly. Given that much of their activity took place in the southern hemisphere, Wildbush was the recipient, but Ride-It, Baby added in Local Knowledge for an additional award linked to a visit to Australia. Nasty Nips then took the floor to award Keeps It Up the lost hasher award after checking strava on his own trail; St. Bernard broken finger post for broken stiles blaming the NT; and Gromit & Rocks On for best sip stop. At some point Lily the Pink received a longest hash of the year award for a mere 12k according to NN's strava, but he quickly turned it round to award On On Don a special award for hash continuity by setting a trail when the official trail was set as the Janet Street Porter hash with EGH3. Bonking Queen was last year's fancy dress winner and passed the award on to One Erection for tonight's Christmas present, an additional award to Nasty Nips for his gold suit and neon bowtie, and another award for NuSSSknacker. Having already had two down downs Balinor really needed to receive his tankard and the pint therein before he fell over. NN built up the suspense nicely between muddiest hash and wettest hash, with the nominees being Keeps It Up and Mudlark. RiB joined in to add Tripsy & Shirker as a backup couple of the year; and to recognise the contributions of Anybody as hare, and Psychlepath for the DJ'ing. And finally the hash burga (which had been fully laundered after its return, then suffered RiB's own wine spillage) was awarded to ZZ Topless who had suffered the cold on a recent hash but refused to use a hat as she'd just had her hair done. That's probably all the awards that went out to get rid of the charity shop junk RiB and Anybody had picked up during the day, which only left ZZT to start the dancing, with Balinor doing a brilliant hand dance around her as she couldn't see! Eventually the floor filled, tables were cleared, the bar flowed and another great Christmas hash was had by all!











Following Lily the Pinks unwanted publicity after taking his lit Christmas tree to Bevendean Down parkrun after the Christmas party a couple of years ago, One Erection didn't learn and followed suit, seen here with NuSSSknacker, You Stupid Bastard, and Lily:





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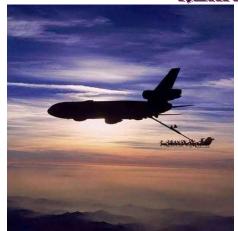
A belated Christmas tip: Make Christmas a little more festive by sending cards to your neighbours with messages like: "To the old bastard who parks like a wankpuffin, have an absolutely shite Christmas", then sign it from another neighbour you don't like.

NEW YEAR, NEW RESOLVE
Start the year right by joining us at parkrun (pictures AI simulations to generate added excitement!)



Valid on 25th December

#### REHASHING - A SEASONAL JOINT:



Rub 2341 The Eight Bells, Bolney, Joint run with East Grinstead Hash (report by and for EGH3) - It fell that the last EGH3 run of December was to be Christmas Eve. So, the Hare Razor asked the pack as to whether people wanted a run the day before Christmas, and if so, who wanted to hare it? You could almost hear the little hamster wheels in the average hashers minds whirling round as fast as possible, as each hasher weighed up the joy of frisking through the countryside, while escaping the chaotic Christmas preparations of cleaning, food preparation, buying last minute presents for loved ones, forming enormous queues at the superstore and more cleaning etc., as compared with the stony expressions on the faces of their better halves who had been tackling such tasks without their guidance and the associated reduction in their brownie points. So, no one in EGH3 actually stepped forward to set a run. At some point Bouncer and Angel took up the mantle; "We could have a joint BH7 and EGH3 run, and as EGH3 supplied the hares for the last two, we'll do it this time!" A suggestion quickly agreed by EG's Hare Razor. What followed was an excellent run of 5 miles (i.e. 7.9 km, though Keeps It Up managed to do 11 km), which was fairly flat, pretty muddy,

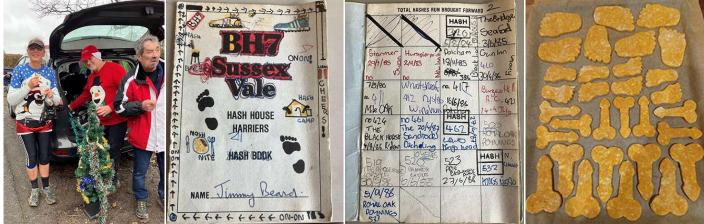
with a plethora of kissing gates and lots of fun, heading mainly SW from Bolney. Attendance was pretty good, particularly considering it was Christmas Eve, with roughly forty hashers. For EGH3, it was great to see some returnees, Fireballs and Teddy Bear. Ab Fab and Wankell were there too. There were quite a few Christmas outfits, including a Christmas tree and an elf (Gromit and Rocks On had swapped outfits since the last run a few days ago). We headed off eastward, via the church, towards the A23 and then headed south, across the A272. We soon reached some fine lakes at Garstons Farm and then took twisty paths via open fields and ditches. Somewhere along here, Joy of Specs went into "It's gotta be that way" mode and headed off trail across a large open field. There were many good checks and even two fishhooks. The first of these was duly followed by the first five hashers (BH7, of course), whilst a group of EGH3 folk, Irn Bru, Joy of Specs, Lampy and Neil nonchalantly feigned



ignorance of the fishhook sign, which was on a post behind Irn Bru's arse. BUT!!!!.... Strange but true, at the next fishhook, the history of EGH3 was altered for ever as Irn Bru did his first ever fishhook, albeit just half a fishhook, so too did Neil. Photographic evidence available!! Cliff-banger took a short-cut, which morphed into a long-cut. There was an excellent sip late in the run, with fortified wine, beer, home-made mince pies, tablet (Scottish type fudge) and cheesy feet and dildos, all home produced and both tasty and ample. Wildbush and Local Knowledge helped organise the sip. Returning to the pub, we found a very warm welcome with excellent Harveys and good food. Neil initiated the down downs, awarding the hares, Bouncer and Angel, for a very enjoyable run and sip, a much appreciated diversion from the chaos of Christmas preparations. Bouncer then took over the down downs, which went to Irn Bru for his first ever half a fish-hook, Joy of Specs for his diversion, Fireballs for his late arrival, BH7 visitor Francois

(who was named Come Once by Vera Vomit aptly with his pregnant wife, Sarah, barflying it), and Francois brother-in-law James Beard on a first appearance since 1988. Rocks On, enquired whether this had turned into a boys' club, with an absence of down downs for girls. This was the third joint run this year with BH7 and almost as good as the one set by Gromit and Rocks On, on 24 July (which won them the BH7 award for the best sip of the year.... All rumours of bribery are strenuously denied)! It's always good to get together with other hashers, and have fun in the countryside! All the best for a Hashy New Year! Gromit Postscript: It was very good to see Bollocks on a flying visit from France, even if he did turn up after the circle, and we were also joined later by Pirate and Astrid. See details of Bollocks 70<sup>th</sup> birthday Funny French extravaganza in July, on page 2.





The sip tree with hares and Wiggy; Young Jimmy Beards hash book (a collectors item); and the cheesies pre-cooking. onononononononononononon

I asked my wife what she wanted for Christmas. "Well, nothing would make me happier than a Diamond necklace" she replied. I said "Nothing it is then!" I should be out of hospital by mid-January.

On my Christmas visit to Lapland I said to one of the locals, "how come your mouths don't freeze up in these sub zero temperatures?" He replied.... "We grit our teeth!"

#### REHASHING THE CHRISTMAS CRAFT



CRAFT #132 – The 12 pubs of Christmas, established in 2017, has quickly become one of the most eagerly anticipated items in the CRAFT hash calendar, with past events in Lewes, Worthing, Brighton, an away trip to join the Worlds End trail with Herts Hash, and a return to Lewes last year. Regrettably the backbone of the group were unable to find a mutually agreeable Saturday this year, so a 12 beers Friday alternative was proposed in Haywards Heath, a town that has seen a number of new drinking establishments pop up since our last visit, and given that drinking time would be substantially reduced. Dipstick wasted no time in proposing an early meet up in neighbouring Burgess Hill to add in a few extra establishments, although this was sadly no use to the workers. Still it didn't stop Dipstick hauling Dangleberry out to the BN6 Bar for a starter, while pub #1 for Bouncer was the Potters. Those three did actually connect at the next pre-pub Quest which had Harveys Christmas Ale on, warranting a half as we may not see it again later. DB responsibly took his leave here when we made the train by the skin of Dipsticks teeth as he fumbled with tech ticketing, to find KIU and Wildbush already in #1 Burrell Arms. We were soon joined by Proxy, then Angel and Roaming Pussy as a kind gentleman let us join him at his table. With word coming through that Legolas and Trouble were running behind, KIU called us on and we ambled on through Clair Park to #2 Orchards pop up

bar which, although unfortunately closed at 4pm, was toasted with a can of Hassocks coffee stout gifted by Dips and a photo shoot! That diversion nicely broke up the long trawl to the excellent #3 Hop Sun micropub, which I first encountered on this years ale trail. The good choice of beers was predominantly keg based with only a couple of cask beers on tap, but we found ourselves a table upstairs as we were joined by Legolas, Psychlepath and Richard, and soon got involved in all sorts of silliness as the Christmas selfie pack appeared (which we concluded was actually for kids but the stickers made a nice seasonal embellishment by RP for the complimentary tampons!), a toad in the hole contest\* got underway, and Daryl got her sticks out. Sadly a limited timescale meant we had to move on, but at least it was only the width of a street to #4 Heath Tavern. An empty pool table was soon occupied by Dips and myself, the former hustler playing a blinding early black pot to concede, as we attempted to cue around the heap of about £25 of coins left on the table. Things got a bit nasty when the owners of said coin accused us of helping ourselves to their money, and I was grateful that the



landlady remembered us from past hashes and told them to behave, as we hadn't touched it! We didn't fare a lot better at the next pub, another new venue, #5 the Tap opposite Victoria Park, where the landlord was in a panic about exceeding his licensed numbers so sent us outside to drink. Eventually a table did free up but again we were in trouble as he would only allow 6, so gave up on it as a bad job and wandered on to #6 the Star. Here a far more convivial atmosphere prevailed, although the menu didn't appeal to all so, stomachs rumbling somewhat by now, a deviation occurred to the hares plan and we found ourselves in #7 Banana Tree, but I'm not



sure how much beer was actually employed to wash down the excellent Thai cuisine! Despite that we continued with the mission, crossing the road to craft beer place #8 Bar 42, by which time crowds had thinned down a bit, and we received a warm welcome and a table large enough to accommodate those of us still going. Which meant RP's sticks came out again for another round! Some folks had already gone, with trains to catch etc., and it was becoming a struggle to put away the beer by now, so when KIU suggested we finish up at the Lockhart Tavern, we decided that perhaps enough was enough and opted to call it a night instead. Which is a shame as, on reflection and including the three early pubs visited by members of the squad, that would have been a 12<sup>th</sup> venue! Although quite honestly, not one hasher was able to say hand on heart that they'd partaken

of 12 drinks during the course of the day, which makes sense given the 5 hours less than usual we had available. Another great Christmas CRAFT though, and look out for our next event very soon. \*Dangleberry has a toad-in-the-hole CRAFT coming soon!









Next CRAFT hash will be February in Shoreham, date TBC, and diary Saturday April 6<sup>th</sup> for the excellent Worthing Tap Takeover.

onononononononononononon

Was the month after Christmas and all through the house, nothing would fit me, not even a blouse. The stuffing I'd nibbled, the turkey I'd taste, the yummies I'd eaten gone straight to my waist. The wine and the mince pies, the bread and the cheese..... I should have just said, "no thank you, please." ... So as I dressed myself in my dads old shirt, I couldn't believe my bottom and belly - the... gi.....rth! I said to myself, as only I can, "you can't spend the year disguised as a man!" So away with the last of the sour-cream dip, get rid of the fruitcake, every cracker and chip. Every last bit of food that I like must be banished 'til all the additional ounces have vanished. I won't have a cookie, not even a lick, instead I'll chew on a long celery stick. I won't have Irish coffees, or chocolates, or pie..... I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry: "I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore - but isn't that what January's for?" Unable to giggle, no longer a riot, Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!

For those who are affected by this poem, you can ring the special diet helpline on the following number: 808080028 (Ate Nothing, Ate Nothing, Nothing to Ate.

The New Years resolution is going well – no chocolate! The word is not even in my vocadbury.

#### IN THE NEWS

Erling Haaland loses it when ref blows whistle for a foul on his teammate as Man City points row rages on; Rebecca Welch becomes first women to officiate at a Premier League match; and Storm Pia causes Christmas travel problems:









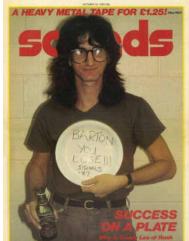


We seem to be following yonder trampoline'

From 1982 Sounds magazine, Rush's Geddy Lee predicts the toxic Joey Barton's undoing as Mary Earps wins SPOTY:

Gee Mee (A certain sort of pe...

GemUnicornFan2







BREAKING NEWS
@Joey7Barton has challenged Ciara
Mageean to a 5k run and reckons he
can beat her while blindfolded and
walking backwards.



The Parthenon marbles row rears its head again; and the Israel – Ha'mas conflict continues:









Egg on faces as Blackpool tower fire turns out to be orange netting; while the Post Office breakdown continues over Christmas:







'On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me, only four gold rings, one turtle dove and a partly damaged pear tree'

#### A few more Playboy seasonal cartoons...

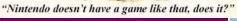






a kiss for Tiny Tim!"







Looks as though the Entertainment Committee has come up with some fresh ideas for this year's Christmas Party



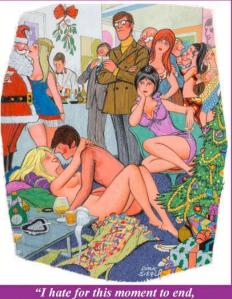
"He said the mistletoe was imported from France, so there was a slight difference in the tradition,"







"Evidently you're not the little boy who wrote that he wasnt getting anything .... "



but we mustn't monopolise the mistletoe."

My wife shouted, "Don't open that wardrobe!" just as I was just about to. "Your Christmas present is in there." "Too late," I said, pulling open the door and looking in, "but you get me the shittiest presents! Why the hell would I want a half naked milkman?"

## THE END

...OF THE OLD LOOKING AT YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND THE START OF THE NEW when you ask Santa for 'a rice cooker'







No matter what I do with the kids, the wife is always finding fault with me. I bought our two-year old daughter her first jigsaw for Christmas but, typically, the wife was furious... Screaming at me, things like, "...too young for power tools"!









The wisdom of Terry Pratchett from the Hogfather graphic novel, when Death had to stand in for the Discworld Santa!





I asked this young woman at my gym what her New Year's resolution was



She said, "Fuck You." So I'm pretty excited about the upcoming Year ...

# The Boarding of Flight 2024 has been announced... Your luggage should only contain the best souvenirs from 2023... The bad and sad moments should be left behind The duration of the flight will be 12 months. So, tighten your seatbelt The next stop-overs will be: Health, Love, Joy, Harmony, Well-Being and Peace The Captain offers you the following menu which will be served during the flight... A Cocktail of Friendship

A Cocktail of Friendship
A Supreme of Health
A Gratin of Prosperity
A Bowl of Excellent News
A salad of Success
A Cake of Happiness
All accompanied by bursts of laughter...

wishing you all an enjoyable trip
on board flight 2024

I'm opening a gym called Resolutions. It'll have exercise equipment for the first two weeks then turns into a bar for the rest of the year.