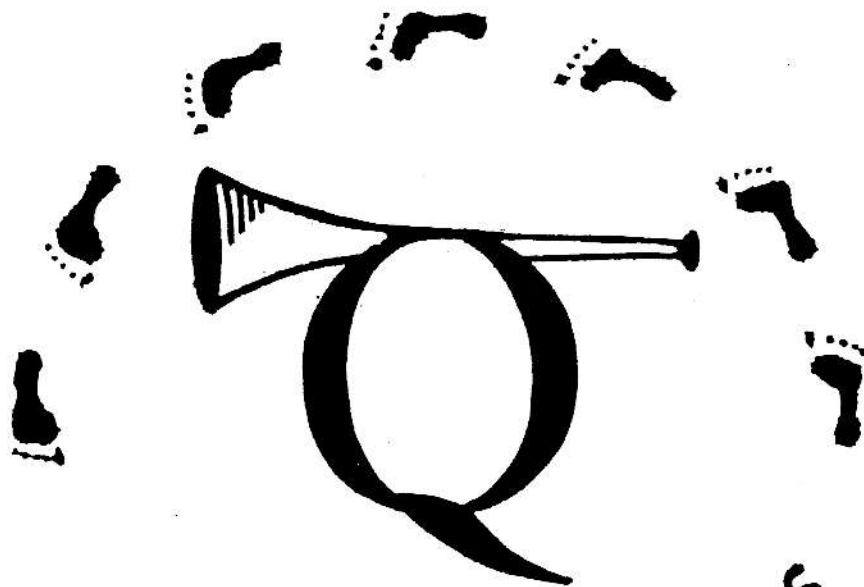


Wallingford

Q
H
3

Jan FEB '94



Quorn
Hash House Harriers
HASH TRASH



Dear Doc Crippen's Page

~ friendly advice from your local Quack!

This month ~ Doc's advice for those Hashers who wish to diet or are under pressure to do so, creating STRESS!

Dieting under Stress (WHOEVER STRESS IS?)

This diet has been prepared to help you cope with increasing amount of stress that builds up during a working day.

Breakfast

1/2 Grapefruit, 1 slice wholemeal toast, 3oz skimmed milk.

Lunch

4oz lean boiled chicken breast, 1 cup steamed spinach, 1 cup herbal tea (black), 1 chocolate biscuit.

Afternoon Break

Rest of packet of chocolate biscuits, 2 pints chocolate chip ice cream, topped with 1 jar hot fudge sauce, nuts, cherries and fresh cream.

Dinner

2 loaves garlic bread with cheese, 1 large cheese and tomato pizza and chips, 4 cans cider or 2 bottles of wine, 3 Mars Bars or 6 Kit-Kats.

Supper

1 whole black forest gateau.

Rules

1. If you eat something and nobody sees you, it has no calories.
2. If you drink a Diet Coke with a Mars Bar, the calories in the Mars Bar are cancelled out by the Diet Coke.
3. When you eat with someone else, the calories don't count if they eat more than you do.
4. Food used for medicinal purposes never counts, e.g. hot chocolate, brandy, toast, chocolate cheesecake.
5. If you fatten up everyone around you, you will look thinner.
6. TV and cinema related foods do not add calories since they are part of the whole entertainment experience and not ones personal fuel.
7. Broken biscuits do not contain calories, the process of breaking causes calorie leakage.
8. Things licked off knives and spoons have no calories if you are in the process of preparing something.
9. Foods of the same colour have the same number of calories, e.g. spinach and pistachio ice cream, mushrooms and white chocolate.
10. Chocolate is a universal colour and may be freely substituted for any other food colour.

Info: courtesy of Gropeller.



HASH MIS-MANAGEMENT.

GM - Josh - (W) 0602 352080.

JM - Baldycock - (H) 0602 256837.

ON SEC - Doc Crippen - (H) 0509 415134.

HASH CASH - Grope-Her - (H) 0602 491261.

MEMBER RAISER -

MISTRESS OF THE PISS - Cyranose -

(H) 0509 414882.

ORGAN GRINDER - Pigeon Shit - 0780 480395.

HASH HOTLINE: 0509 415134.

RUNS: Twice monthly -

1st. Sunday @ 11am.

3rd. Sunday @ 11am.

QUORN FORTHCOMING RUNS

RUN 116.

Sunday 6th. March.

WALLINGTON'S HOUSE,
20, Keats Close,
Earl Shilton, Leic.
Wallington.

Saturday 5th. March.

***WALLINGTON'S 40th. Birthday
***Do @ THE CROSS KEYS PUB,
***CHAPEL STREET, BARWELL, LEIC.
***8pm. for 8:30pm start for a
***SKITTLE NIGHT FOR HASHERS.

SEE OVERLEAF →

RUN 117.

Sunday 20th. March.

The Copt Oak, COPT OAK.
Doc.

JNC 22 - take B587 off A50
to Leicester.

*****STOP PRESS*****STOP PRESS*****

QUORN HASH RUNS REMAIN ON

1st. & 3rd. SUNDAYS @ 11am.

*****THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

RUN 118.

Sunday 3rd. April.

Hollybush, DUFFIELD MAKENEY, DERBY.
Pullfrew and Trenchfart.

RUN 119.

Sunday 17th. April.

The Rancliffe Arms, BUNNY.
Mango and Doc.

A52 to A60, turn south
down A60 to Loughborough
from Nottingham.

HARES NEEDEDHARES NEEDED***HARES NEEDED***HARES NEEDED***

DATES: MAY 1st/15th. JUNE 5th/19th. JULY 3rd/17th.

WALLINGTON 40th BIRTHDAY

AND

HASH SKITTLE NIGHT

AT

THE CROSS KEYS PUB

CHAPEL STREET

BARWELL

LEICS.

LITEN. SATURDAY 5th MARCH 1994

8.00 PM for 8.30 PM START.

Follow by A Run No 116

Ugly HANGOVER Run ON

SUNDAY 6th MARCH 1994

11.00 AM.

AND MORE BOOZE AND BOOZE

AT

A MYSTERY PUBLIC HOUSE !!

P.S.

For those who want to LEAVE TUNNERS SLEEPING BAGS
ADDRESS IS AT

20 KENS CLOSE

EARL SHILTON

LEICS.

ALL DAY TILL 7.30 PM.

MAP

CROSS KEYS
PUB

BARWELL VILLAGE
CENTRE

Mini aroundabout

A4
HUCKLEY

Run 116

11.00 AM

WARRINGTON

PHS

EARL
SHILTON
VILLAGE
CENTRE
TLC

KENT
HUNT

A4
JUNCTION



RUN 113.

Sunday 16th. January.

The Bartlwood Lodge, Ockbrook.

HARES:

Baldycock and Lightning Rod.

SCRIBE:

Gentleman Jim.

It was a bright, sunny morning and lovely and warm until we found the pub and had to get out into the icy blast. I don't know where the wind was coming from, but I know where it was going! One revoltingly fit-looking Baldycock arrived back complete with black Labrador. Next time you take the dog with you, please make sure you feed it first so it does not eat all the fucking flour as it runs behind you! Icicles were beginning to form as we waited for the mad cyclist - I must remember to shake all the drops off next time I have to stand in the cold!

Anyway, complete with Barritone, we were off, sorry, on - isn't Hashing terminology confusing? It never fails to amaze me how Baldycock manages to find so much shoe-sucking shiggy when he lays a trail. Just as I thought we were getting the hang of the trail, Barritone, followed by the Teeny Hashers, charged off, or is it on?, no! it wasn't, so it must have been off, in the wrong direction. Will they ever learn?!

Hills, dales, hills, dales, bloody big hills going nowhere, and shiggy, where Pigeon Shit's extremely clean companion inadvertantly got a little dirty encouraged by a fellow Hasher! If you thought I've been writing 'bull' so far, then you were mistaken, but I will now.

Now, most intelligent homosapiens, or is it sexuals, know that bulls are colour blind. However, this obviously excludes most people thick enough to run through mud, on a cold winter's morn in the Ockbrook Half Marathon, trying to follow a trail of flour that had previously been devoured by the dog! One very considerate Hasher decided to tell one Teeny Hasher that he was glad that he was wearing a yellow top and not a RED one similar to his. This resulted in the quickest shirt removal ever seen, with said topless Teeny Hasher overtaking Linford Christie in the 100yd. Dash, followed by a credible high jump over the next gate, not to mention the trail of s*** he left behind - no bull!!

I don't know about you, but I was getting ready for the promised beer stop and was just beginning to think that because of the time, the beer stop must be at the pub! Just before arriving at his new Bar job at the Hermitage Arms, a myopic Homeless, sorry, Shedless Chicken, decided to check out the flour that a helpful Hasher - he gets everywhere - spotted glistening in the sunshine on a tree at the top of the steepest hill on the Hash. Amazing enough, when he got there, he could not find the trail! Oh well! That's how it goes sometimes.

Anyway, back to the beer stop where Shedless served up the refreshments and measured up the Hermitage for carpets and curtains. At this point, Cyranose slipped on some mud and, although the writer

cast aside personal safety in a futile, but gallant attempt to save her, was then accused of ungentlemanly conduct, which as everybody knows must be a mistake. She said that he had pushed her!!!

Fully refreshed, off we went again covering a training ground for mountain goats. This was quite helpful really in warming us up for the next phase of the trail. Anybody who was mad enough to do the FARMYARD FROLIC RUN at Rearsby will have immediately recognised where Baldycock had got his inspiration from for the next section. But running through rivers in full flood, having first broken the ice, does wash all the mud off. It was a bit of a shame that it was so shiggy when we got out of the water - at this point, the expression "we" excludes Josh, who as everybody knows is a truly dedicated follower of fashion and is always immaculately attired. He decided that his new designer label Boots were much too precious to get muddy and wet and was seen disappearing through a gateway - shame on you Josh! (ED. Ahh! But Josh knows that the GM is never wrong!) With much relief, the On In was spotted and fortunately, the pub had an all day opening policy - so it wasn't closed!

DOWN DOWNS.

HARES

Baldycock and Lightning Rod for a really shiggy marathon length run. (Mind you, with Quorn Hounds continuing to run like blind mice and unable to find the trails at every check, it's not surprising we were out there bloody hours - ED.)

HELEN

Virgin runner and posthumously named TUMSHUDDER (as she was still lost on trail with Pigeon Shit - what WERE they up to?) - named for her Belly Dancing exploits!

JOSH

wearing new Boots.

CYRANOSE

SCBing and accepting lifts from strange men - as usual.(She has no pride - ED.)

GROPEHER

non-runner and appearing on trail occasionally to direct the Hounds the wrong way!

JOHN

named MEGASOREARSE for his extremely flatulant backside.

JAMIE

named BULLSHIT after stripping his ^{RED} shirt on trail and running like hell from a bull.

STEPHEN

named TRENCHFART - an anagram of Frenchtart, a name given him by his mates.

* * * * *
- - - - -



RUN 114.

Sunday 6th. February.

Red Cow, Hinckley Rd., Leic.

HARES:

Showman and Thrush.

SCRIBE:

Mango.

No.1 RULE IN HASH: THERE ARE NO RULES! Just as well really as this was the Hash Run with a BIG DIFFERENCE!!

The Hashers arrived anticipating the sweaty return of the aforementioned Hares, one eventually appeared in a chauffeur-driven car (courtesy of Mudsucker minus cap!) at 10:50am.!

Uttering a load of bullshit, his excuse for not laying the trail that morning was due to the fact that his Crap Rugby Club had brought forward their Cup Match by one week thus clashing with his promised Trail! So, oh deary me, what do we do? How to lay a trail when I haven't got time to do it?

The gathered pack of eager hounds included Josh (with yet another new Rover!), Bummer accompanied by 2 Virgin Runners and one definitely non-virgin wife and baby! Lightning Rod and Pullfrew, Rough Passage and Pisscophrenia, Doc and Mango, PigeonShit, to name but a few, if not all, were also there and couldn't wait for what was in store.

Now, this takes some explaining. We set off with Showman, the Hare, minus the co-Hare, Thrush, FRBing with a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a bag of flour. One minute from the start, after rounding the first bend, the Hare stops the Hounds and proceeds to lay a flour Check in front of our eyes! and calls upon 3 stupid Bastards to check it out, when we all know full well that there is no trail at all. When 2 of us were nearly 200 miles out of sight, he'd call On On in the opposite direction. Bastard! This gives you some indication of the next hour and a bit general fiasco - commonly called "Hash Mismanagement!"

PigeonShit was heard to say: "This is not a Hash, this is a Mickey Mouse Run." Never mind, we succumbed to Showman's warped humour and were literally led around a mythical trail, with Showman being the only one who was likely to know where we were going!

We toured the delights of Kirby Muxloe (Muck's Low, more like) and its upmarket housing estate, crossed a leaden shiggy field, waterlogged to the crutchline (but naturally avoided by the ever-clean Josh and Lightning Rod) and entered a Golf course to stop for a Balti Take-Away. Here, Showman and Josh were seen to compete in a long jump over a ditch wide enough to tax Bob Beamon and at least 50ft. deep filled with golf-ball eating water! Unfortunately, neither of them fell in!! Circumnavigating the sparsely-populated Greens, we continued our Donald Duck Olympics, crossing numerous categories of field to the Rugby Club, where sanity prevailed over a pint of Hash nectar from the Bar and where we were warmly greeted by the co-Hare, Thrush, who promptly whisked Showman off to his Cup Match leaving us to sup up and find our own way back to the Red Cow after hastily given directions.

Upon our return to the watering-hole, an apparition met us in the form of Barritone, who had literally travelled half-way round the Universe to get to today's Hash and, surprisingly enough, couldn't find the trail! I wonder why?



RUN 115.

Sunday 20th. February.

Dirty Duck, Belvoir Castle.

HARES:

Josh and Cyranose.

SCRIBE:

Doc (commotose!)

Never arrive at a Hash semi-unconscious from the night before! - as I discovered to my cost! In my absence, I was voted in as Scribe! So, this is a write-up by Doc from the inside of his Jeep whilst looking at the inside of his eyelids and attempting to shake off a mammoth Hangover from the previous night's Bash. Meanwhile, everyone else, except the also Hungover Mango, ran!

Despite this drawback, I am confident that I shall describe the trail accurately from memory and previous experience of one of Josh's and Cyranose's Runs. It follows a familiar theme: 1) layed in flour, blob-shaped and at regular intervals. Well, one every kilometre, after all, when has Josh ever been extravagant with flour?; 2) layed from a pub in the middle of phukkin nowhere and reached only in 4WD!; 3) layed over extremes of terrain - shiggy hills, shiggy dales, odd raging river crossings, shiggy tracks, old railway tracks and embankments, freezing canal towpaths, ancient narrow canal bridges, shiggy woodland retreats, crotch-tickling stiles, Belvoir Castle views and the inevitable downhill-along-the-canal-towpath-over-the-ancient-bridge boring old On In!! There you have it, a typical and predictable Josh/Cyranose Trail, perfect in scenery, perfect in length and the perfect 1hr. 20minutes duration!!!




History also dictates the following events en route: a) Josh, as Hare, avoided all the shiggy even though he laid the trail!? How does he do it?; b) Cyranose, as co-Hare, used this title as an excuse to run at the back - so what's different?; c) Barritone ran all the false trails in only a skimpy t-shirt, sweating buckets on an absolutely bollock-freezing day, carrying his bike on his back!; d) Lightning Rod, in true Hashing style, also avoided mounds of the shiggy to avoid getting his brand new pre-shiggied Boots dirty!; e) Pullfrew ran like a demented Hare (longeared variety) off trail and into the distant mists, through all the shiggy just to make up for his father's lack of commitment to the hallowed brown stuff!; f) GropeHer roamed around lost as he can never find a real trail and spent most of the rest of the time molesting Cyranose at every opportunity using the excuse that he was only trying to help her over the stiles!; g) Bummer motored along doing his own thing blindly leading the blind on false trails!; h) Russell looked on with bewildered amusement wondering how the hell he ever got involved in this Bunch of Retarded, Beerswilling and phoney-jogging Nomads!! THE BIG QUESTION IS: WHERE WERE ALL YOU OTHER HASHING BUGGERS? You, like myself and Mango, missed a superbly scenic run by your hallowed GM!! We had an excuse but the rest of you - unforgiveable!

* * * * *

RUN 114.

DOWN DOWNS: Mango - for the absent Hares!

Virgins - Alan (who isn't on alcohol at the present) and Russell (who is!)

on on  on on  on on  or

FNARR
FNARR

ALL ABOUT
ME!



Right now, I am

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
SUFFERING WITH
A HANGOVER.

I'm IN BORS tall and weigh 6 STONE WET THROUGH

My favourite:

Hash Nosh MY MOTHER-IN-LAW'S GRUB

Hash :Piss FOSTERS EXPORT

:Pub ONE THAT SELLS FOSTERS Tirail NONE OF THEM

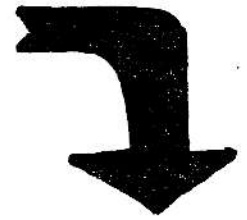
Hasheir ME :Book WANKERS WEEKLY

Hash Song NEVER AROUND TO SING ONE.

Hash Saying RUNNING?? BAG OF SHITE!

on  on on  on on  on on

THE FUTURE ME!

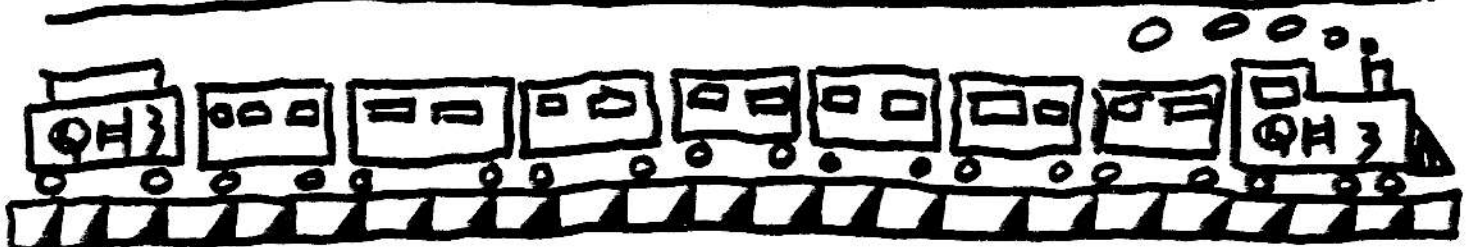


Here's what I'll look like in the future. ↗

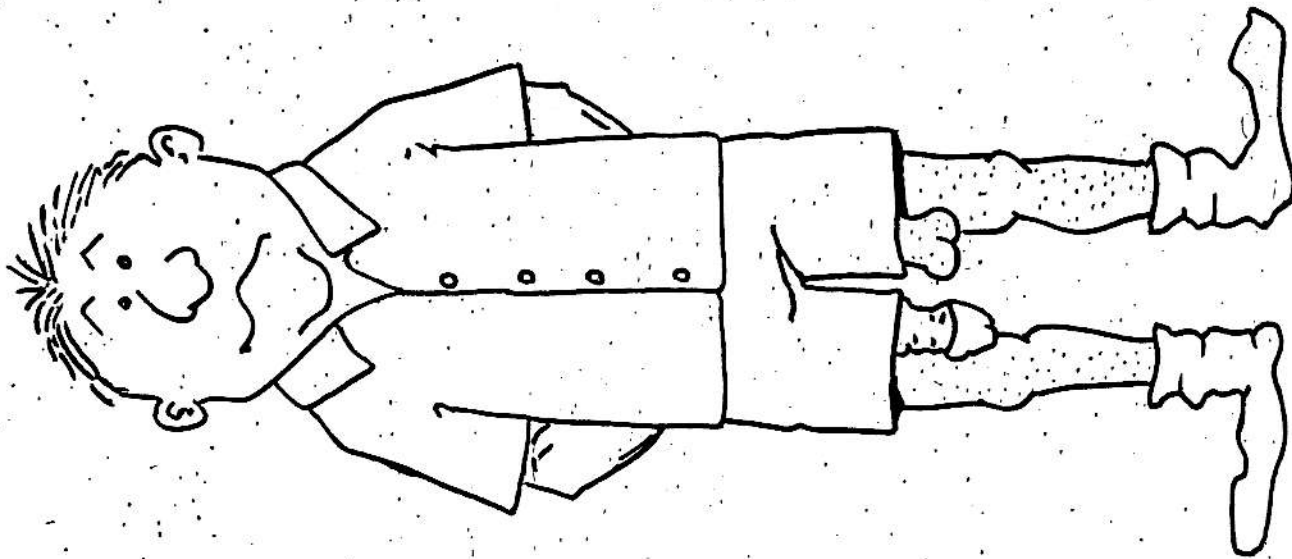
When I grow up, I think I might be a ALLOWED
TO LEAVE BORSTALL

The thing about being a Quorn Flasher is -
I'M NOT.

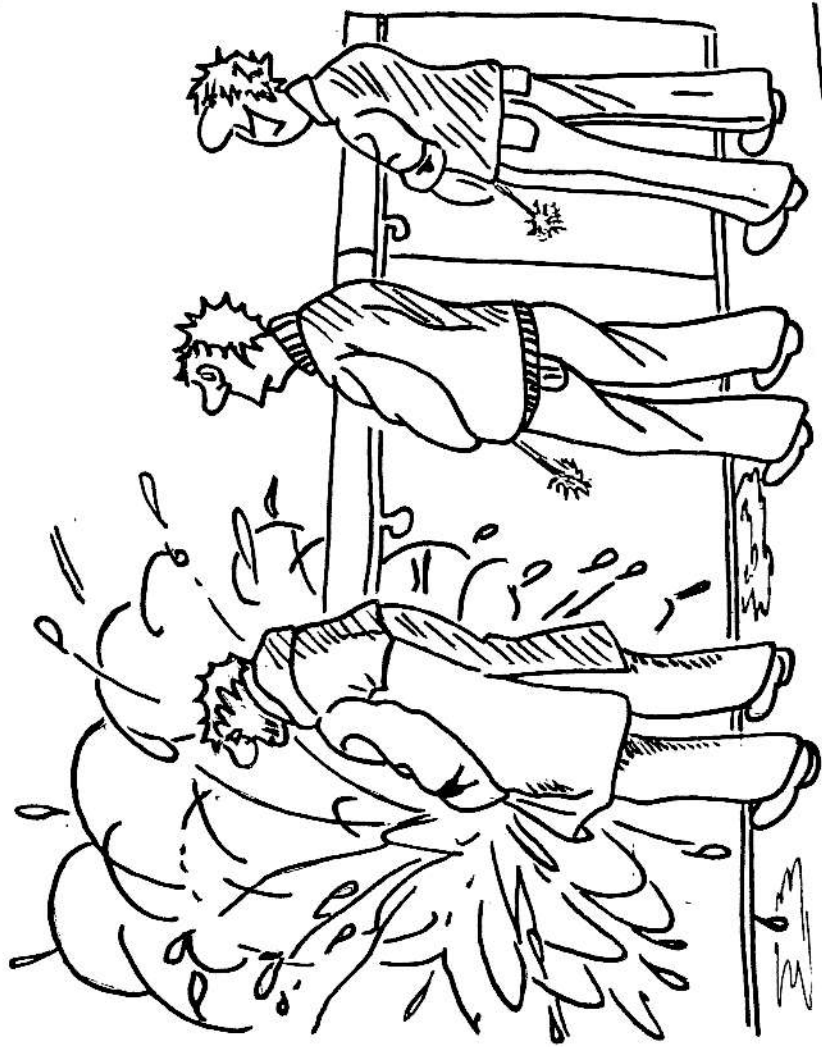
I'll never forget the time I flashed in -
MY DREAMS



WHY I CAN'T WEAR SHORTS



COURTESY OF MR. STILL!



— I BET HE DRINKS CARLING BLACK LABEL! —

THE DUAL PURPOSE POWDER PUFF BY Yardley.

THIS WAY UP!



- OR IS IT THIS WAY ?

Doc's Recipe for Diet-conscious Hashers !!!

RECIPE :- BANANA BREAD.

INGREDIENTS :-

1. LAUGHING EYES ;
2. LOVING ARMS ;
3. WELL-SHAPED LEGS ;
4. FIRM MILK CONTAINERS ;
5. FUR-LINED MIXING BOWL ;
6. ONE LARGE BANANA.

MIXING INSTRUCTIONS :-

LOOK INTO LAUGHING EYES, SPREAD WELL-SHAPED LEGS - SLOWLY ; SQUEEZE AND MASSAGE MILK CONTAINERS GENTLY UNTIL FUR-LINED MIXING BOWL IS WELL GREASED.
ADD BANANA AND VIGOROUSLY WORK IN AND OUT UNTIL WELL CREAMED, COVER WITH NUTS AND SIGH WITH RELIEF.

NOTE !

BREAD IS DONE WHEN BANANA IS SOFT.
BE SURE TO WASH MIXING UTENSILS AND LICK THE BOWL THOROUGHLY.

ATTENTION !

IF BREAD STARTS TO RISE ~

LEAVE TOWN !

A page of 40th Birthday jokes for the benefit of Wallington and Doc's recent coming of age, and anyone else who still thinks they're only 21 years of age!

KEEPING YOUR FIGURE AT 40 BECOMES IMPORTANT
~ DIETING CAN HELP!



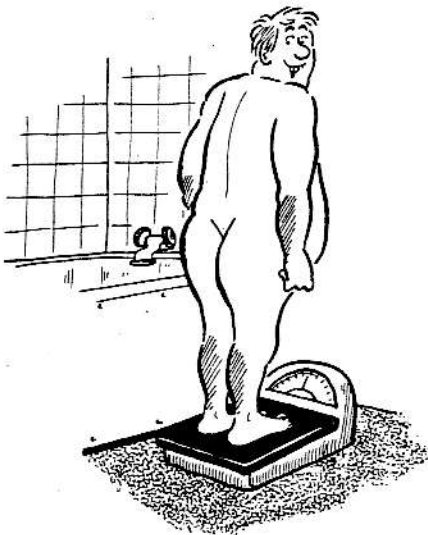
It's all muscle!

SEX, OR LACK OF IT? WHICH ONE CATEGORY DO YOU MALE HASHERS FALL INTO, HUH!?!

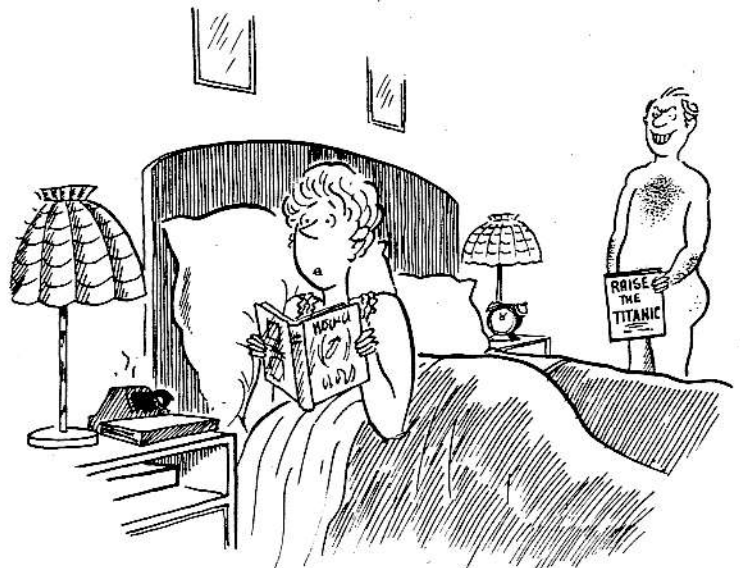
Sex life continues with a few changes, like no longer needing a headache on Sunday afternoons. . .



Remember to wake daddy in time for tea.



I must be losing some weight - I can see the scales again!



I don't feel like reading tonight.