

JM....Keith Croft  
On Sec..Sue Hibbert  
(on 050981 3417)



Grand Mistress....Michele 'Mango' Flowers

THE RAILWAY TRAIL.....Run number 8

Hares: Wallington and Zupada.

The Woodmans Stroke public house at Rothley saw the eager participants gather for run 8 of this emerging Hash; the good news.....sunshine after the rain... the bad news.....run fee for the day was £2.....why? they all asked in trepidation; read on.

At a flying pace, the pack raced around the village aimlessly only to end up where they had started; Josh of SH3 was picked up along the trail, abandoning his car in mid-journey. The running Hare disappeared and confusion reigned at the local churchyard as various factions of the pack met each other coming from opposite directions. Word was out that the usual Hash disorganisation must give way to some serious and 'full steam' running towards the local railway station....for what we asked? Lots of mega shiggy and even more impressions of 'headless chickens' before we were pointed in the right direction. Needless to say, the FRBs ( ie. two GMS, one JM, and some notable pack leaders ) still screwed up the trail..... well there was bloody sawdust around most of it.

The main pack reached the station to find the train waiting. This was then held up for a further ten minutes, until the 'lost' FRBs arrived. There was steam emanating from passengers, staff and Hashers alike as we set off on the 'chuffer' for Quorn.....that's a lie really 'cos it was a diesel jobber. After a lovely trip across Swithland reservoir, the pack noisily detrained and charged up the platform steps to continue the Hash. A lively but exceedingly 'shitty' trail saw us back at Quorn station for a return ride on a proper 'chuff-chuff'.....that reminds me of a nice little song.....do you know it children? The ON IN was a simple case of getting back to the pub by the shortest possible route. Wallington had other ideas however, insisting that we stop for a welcome beer in some highly salubrious avenue of most desirable residences. His reward was the theft of his car keys by SH3 reprobates; further steam was witnessed.....this time from the mortally offended Hare.

...contd.....

A lovely sunny day and full marks to the Hares for a truly unique Hash. Well done.

DOWN DOWNS

1. Mark Elling, a virgin runner who really couldn't take it all in.
2. Sue and Mark Gardner (Suzanne actually) for their first run with the Quorn. They are ex-Miri H3 (Sarawak). Welcome indeed. Given to Hard On for his total lunacy.

HASH NUT AWARD

HASH SHIT R B A A

It could only go to motor-mouth Kevin Parker, with his very own version of verbal diarrhoea. Well done Kevin.

HASH NAMES

Ray Sherlock is now officially PERSIL  
Jim Ledger just had to be WINGER...that's as in winge not wing.

OTHER AWARDS

BEER for the Hares and for Josh, who arrived late.

RECEDING HARE-LINE

SEE MAP

FOR DETAILS

NOTE THE PUB

FOR SATURDAY

NIGHT

QUORN H3 tenth run.

Where...Manor House Pub (opposite the Great Central Station) on the Woodhouse road out of Qourn.

When....Oct 25, Sunday at 1045 hrs prompt....we want a full two hours of drinking.

What....A naughty little trail with a real HASH SPLASH, T-shirts, Sweat-shirts, headbands and surprises galore for all tastes.

Who.....All of you, of course....don't let us down for this prestigious HASH. Cambridge, Wessex, Essex and others will be attending.

SEE YOU ALL THERE.....

NO EXCUSES NOW

XXX JM

THERE'S MORE FOLKS.....

Q  
H  
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WE ARE IN THE NEWS AT LAST.....



## COUNTYWIDE CRAZY LIKE A FOX HUNT!

A BIZARRE running craze has hit the county with horns and yelps just like a fox hunt echoing over fields and ditches as grown men and women — doctors, solicitors, accountants — get stuck into the new 'game'.

Every last Sunday of the month the Quorn Hash Harriers run amok somewhere in the county, blowing horns, imbibing on their way, and presenting weird prizes to people for anything but winning.

Nobody wins, it's a game of fun, following a tricky trail. Last week the 20 or so 'eccentrics' got on a train at Rothley, went to Quorn, ran round then went back by train.

During other events they've been seen swigging whisky and champagne cocktails in mid-run.

Usually they stick to beer and fruit juice. But afterwards at the chosen ale house the newcomers get to perform the initiation "down-down" ceremony.

Michelle got into 'Hash' as it's called while in Australia for seven months and, finding no club in Leicestershire, quickly got one together.

There are 65 such clubs in Britain all up to similar antics and all comprising normally respectable and upstanding British citizens ... Want a go? If so, contact "On Sec" of the Quorn Hash Sue Hibbert on Sileby 3417.

THEY GOT IT ALL WRONG HOWEVER.....INCLUDING CHOPPING OFF  
THE GM FROM THE END OF THE PICTURE....HE HE HE HE!

WHAT A PAIR  
OF POSERS!

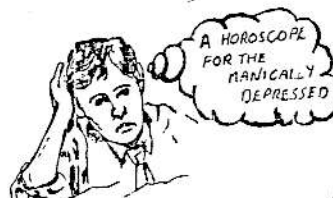
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Two hippies on the beach, one says to the other—  
"Hey man, turn the radio on."  
"Hey radio, I love you."

I woke up this morning and  
there was a tap on the door  
—funny sense of humour  
my plumber.

Why did the egg cross the  
road?  
Because the chicken hadn't  
been invented yet (or had it?  
An interesting philosophical  
question! — Ed.

Did you hear about the  
transvestite who liked to eat,  
drink and be Mary.



to be continued.....

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 12 - Jan. 17). Your day will begin at an easy pace probably with a cup of tea or coffee or some other beverage or not. You may read the morning paper and have a cigarette (if you are an illiterate non-smoker the occurrence is unlikely). You will have breakfast and discover the result to some medical test for a nasty, painful and degenerative disease in your morning mail. An otherwise uneventful day.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)  
The saturn rings are coming in line with Mars. Death is imminent and unavoidable.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 - March 20).  
Things aren't looking too bright for Pisceans today. Do not eat, drink, touch, look or think anything, in fact, nail yourself into a substantial packing crate in a concrete room. The situation should pick up by about tea time.

**CANCER** (June 22 - July 22). Cancer Kids - remember that cereal packet competition you entered and felt sure you would win - well you didn't. You also didn't put your name on your last job application, your electricity has been cut off, there is no afterlife, the garden is flooded and your budgie didn't "FIND ITSELF" in some aviatic commune as you had hoped but was in fact, brutally savaged by next door's kids after it escaped.

**LEO** (July 23 - Aug 22)  
Don't waste time reading this - take out a very expensive insurance policy.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22).  
Your past is catching up. Tomorrow never seems to come. Today is just like any other day. Raindrops keep falling on my head. Singing - "You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss . . ."



While Farmer Smith was away, the cows got into the kitchen and were having the time of their lives - until Betsy's unwitting discovery.

What do you call two Liverpudlian  
body snatchers?  
Burke 'n' Head (pathetic).

What is the difference between a  
memory-man and an undertaker?  
A memory man recalls convoluted  
facts from the rear portions of his  
cranium, an undertaker buries people.

Why do elephants walk  
around with durex on  
their feet?  
'Cause if they stand on  
you, you're f\*\*ked.

Captain Oates turned as he left  
'I may be some time,' he said,  
and was gone. 'He fell for it,'  
chortled Scott, 'there isn't a  
corner shop for 200 miles!'

A guy working at a pickle factory chopping up carrots had a terrible  
desire to put his tool in the cucumber slicer. His friend warned him to  
control himself or he might get the sack. The following day he went  
to the pub, having got the sack. 'I did warn you,' said his friend.  
'Anyway, how's your tool?'  
'Oh, it's fine.'  
'What about the cucumber slicer?'  
'Oh, she got the sack, too!'

"Can I see by baby, nurse?" said the mother. "Of course," answered the nurse. "Here's  
the doctor with it now." The doctor walked in, throwing a newly born baby from hand to  
hand. Suddenly he shouted, "Here, catch," and hurled the baby across the room.  
The horrified mother watched as the child landed on the edge of the bed then bounced  
out of the window. "Oh," she shrieked, "You've killed the baby!" The doctor collapsed  
laughing. "April Fool, it was dead already."

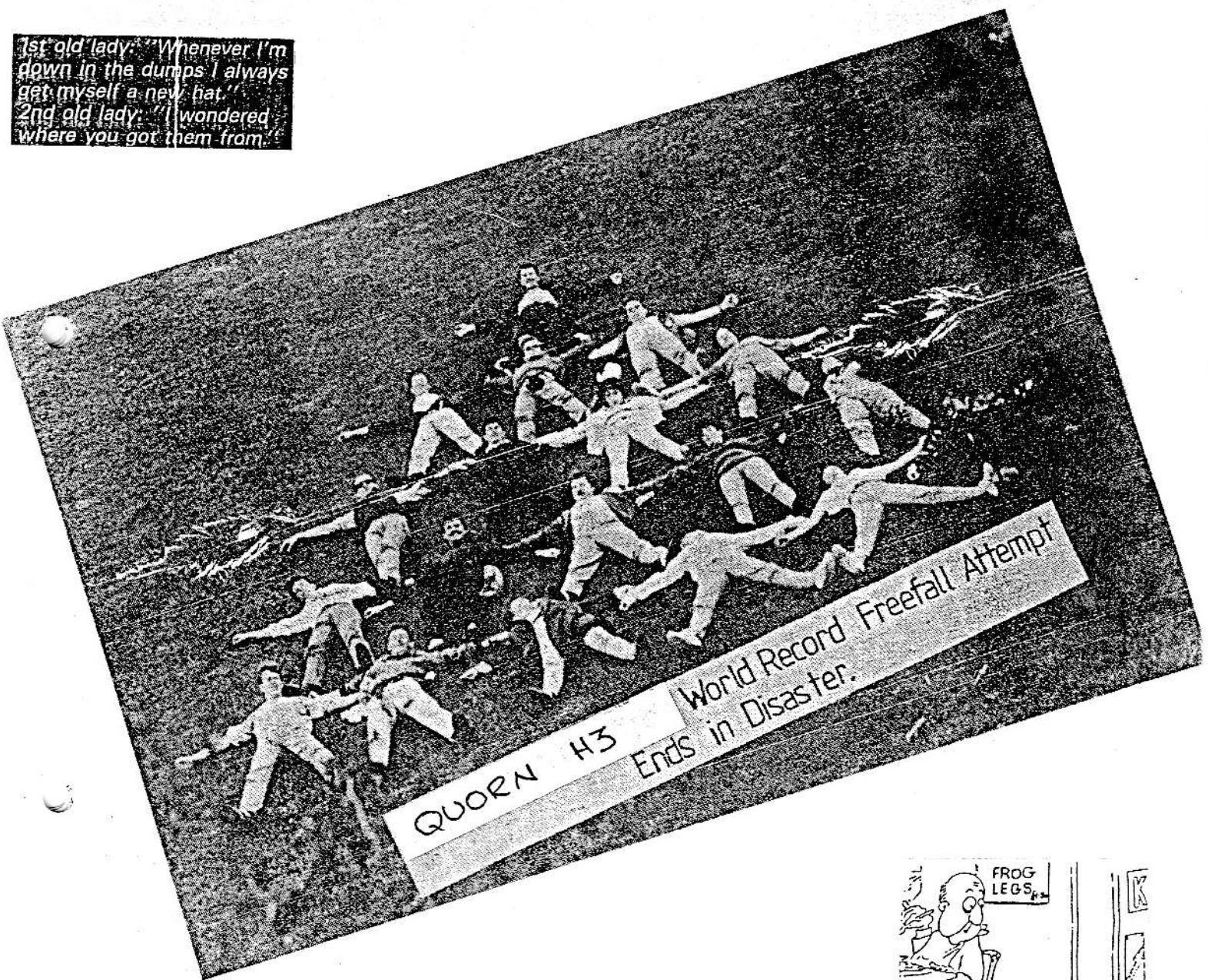


"Miss Doyle! That's not another love bite is it?"



A customer finds a piece of wood in a cheap burger, he beckons the waiter and says, "Look, I don't mind eating the dog, but I don't want the kennel as well!"  
the people of Bolton.

1st old lady: "Whenever I'm down in the dumps I always get myself a new hat."  
2nd old lady: "I wondered where you got them from."



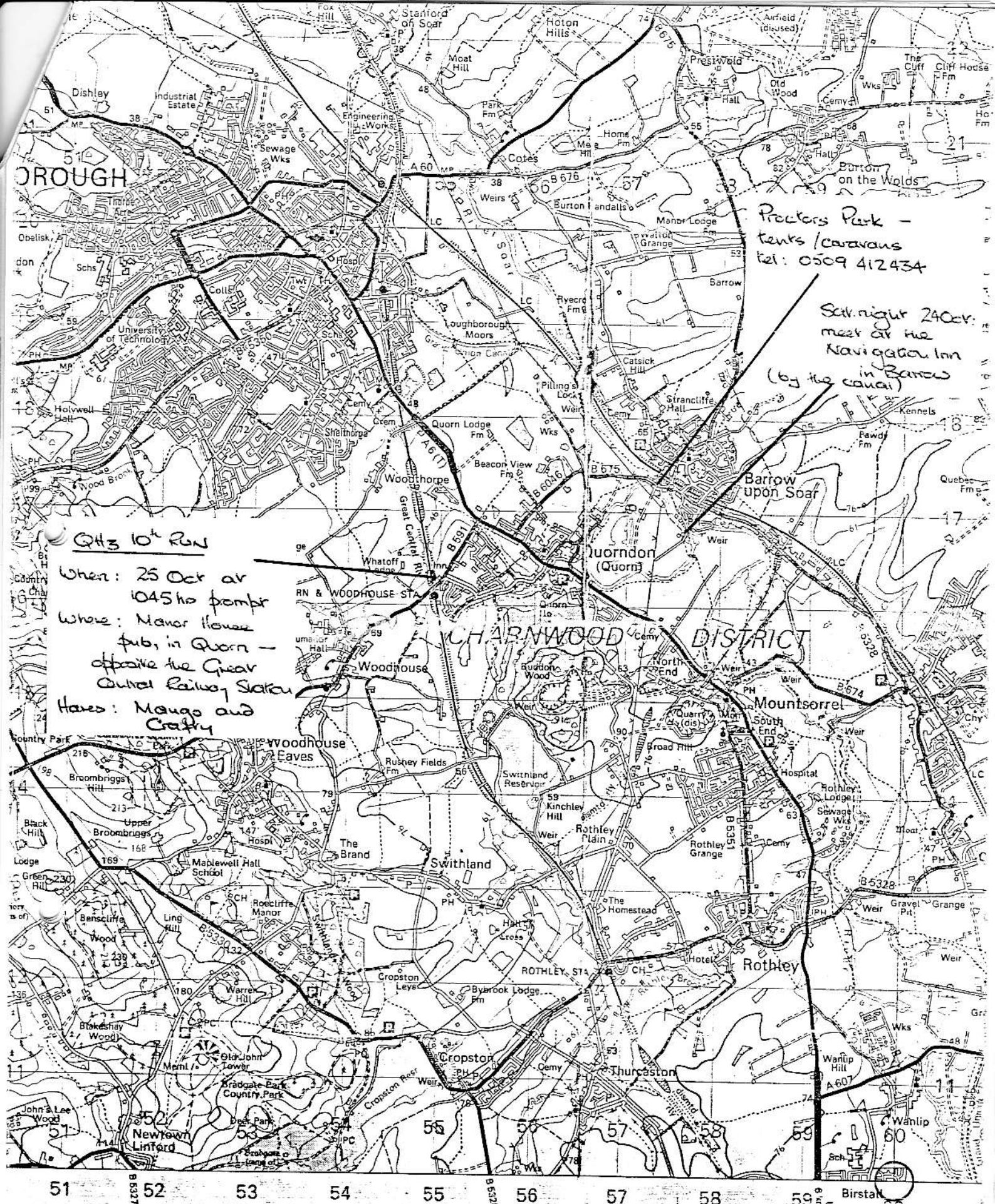
QUORN H3 World Record Freefall Attempt  
Ends in Disaster.



Late at night, and without permission, Benton would often enter the nursery and conduct experiments in static electricity.

Responding to accusations that a rat had fallen through the ceiling and into a salad being prepared at the headquarters of Civic Help At Home, Mrs. Raymond Gladly told the Fordingvale Social Services Committee: "The rat did not fall through the ceiling let alone in the salad. He merely looked through, and, to those of us who were present, gave a smile of encouragement before moving on."





Proctors Park -  
tents / caravans  
tel: 0509 412434

Sat. night 24 Oct:  
meet at the  
Navigation Inn  
in Barrow  
(by the canal)

Q43 10<sup>4</sup> RN

When: 25 Oct at  
1045 hrs from  
Where: Manor House  
pub, in Quorn -  
opposite the Great  
Central Railway Station  
Hares: Mungo and  
Cathy

15'

10'

SCALE 1:50 000