

Rash Hag



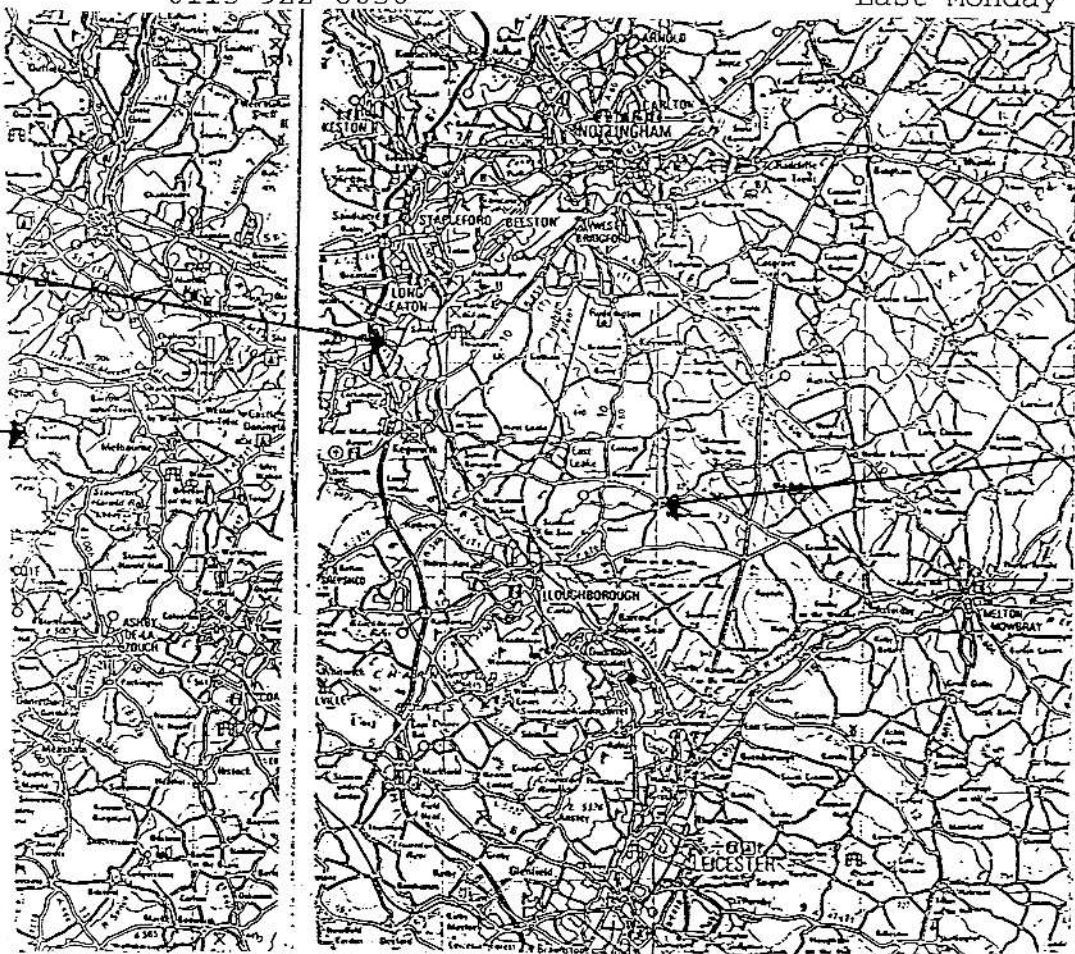
August 1997

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

G.M.	- Too Tuf	(H)	0115 937 4505
R.A.	- Showman	(H)	0116 266 8964
ON SEC	- Barritone	(H)	0115 922 6050
HASH KASH	- Pleasure Gnome	(H)	0115 937 4505
MASTER OF THE PISS	- Rockhopper	(H)	
ORGAN GRINDER	- Mr Logic	(H)	0115 914 0938
HASH FLASH	- Lightning Rod	(H)	01332 751580
HASH HORN	- Horny	(H)	0115 925 2075
POETUS LAUREATUS	- Wet Wet Wet	(H)	01664 840256
HASH SUPERGRASS	- Josh	(H)	01949 860805
HASH LECH	- Kentucky	(H)	0115 916 3857
MEDICAL ADVISER	- Doc Crippen	(H)	01572 823166
HASH HOUND	- Lucy	(H)	0115 937 4505

RUNS: - Thrice monthly
 ~~~~ 1st & 3rd Sunday 11 am.  
 Last Monday 7 pm.

HASH HOTLINES: -  
 ~~~~~~ 01509 415134  
 0115 922 6050



RECEDING HARELINES

| Run
~~~~~ | Date
~~~~~ | Venue
~~~~~ | Hares
~~~~~ |
|--------------|----------------------------|---|---------------------|
| 217 | Sun 17th August | The Plank and Leggit, Sawley Marina
Grid: 470308 | Bugger and Cobblers |
| 218 | Mon 1st Sept | The Swan, Milton | James and Eddie |
| | ** JOINT RUN WITH MH3 ** | | Grid: 321262 |
| 219 | Sun 7th Sept | The Hammer and Pincers, Wymeswold | Doc Crippen |
| 220 | Sun 21st Sept | TBA | Hares please |
| 221 | Mon 29th Sept | TBA | Hares please |
| | ** FIRST TORCHLIGHT RUN ** | | |
| 222 | Sun 5th October | The Rising Sun, Middleton, Cromford | Miss Whiplash |
| | ** CROMFORD SPECIAL ** | | |

Hash news

Throw away your old July Rash Hag! A lot of things have changed since then...

1. Our "August" Monday Night Run (Actually 1st September - moved because of Nash Hash) is now a **Joint Run with Mickleover H3**. This is at the **Swan, Milton**, where we ran from 2 years ago.
2. Your Edit-Hare is also laying an MH3 Run at **the Navigation, Breaston** (Grid Ref: 460340), on **Monday August 11th**. Your chance to sample the delights of Breaston when it's not pissing down! This is not the White Hart, Stanley as previously advertised, though don't worry - there may be a trail from Stanley in the not too distant future...
3. The Cromford Hash has now been moved to **5th October**. This quarry site, on the edge of the Peak district, is I think virgin territory for dropping our hallowed dust. You are promised a trail with "Lots more downhill stretches". The pub is open all day, and in the afternoon there may be orienteering for the fit bastards reading this - alternatively there may be some kind of Hash Games, or why not just stay in the pub and drink to oblivion? By some numeric coincidence, this will be **Run 222!** A coach doesn't really seem a good idea - maybe simply co-ordinating car-sharing may be better. Cromford also has a railway station which you can use the night before, possibly. It's closer than you think - if you live in Nottingham it's closer than Leicester, and if you live in Derby it's on your doorstep!

Other news

Details of three more Hash Events have come my way - all fairly local for a change:

1. **Potteries 25th** - This will be a **Bar-B-Q on Saturday 30th August**. £5 will pay for the Hash, all your food, and two cans of beer (apparently). I presume there'll be more beer once you've drunk your two cans!
2. **Mickleover 50th Run & Xmas Pub Crawl**. This will be their usual Christmas Pub Crawl Hash, but in fancy dress with possibly a special theme to it. Probably between Christmas and New Year.
3. **Spa H3 Joint Run** Bicester H3 and MKH3 held a joint run at Stowe School (near Buckingham) last year. However, this year Spa H3 are now involved, and they want to get as many other Hashes in the Midlands (i.e. us) involved as well. Date as yet undecided - venue to be somewhere near Leamington Spa

There will be a large QH3 contingent going to Norfolk 700th on 13th September - unfortunately, if you haven't paid the price went up today to £35.

Finally, many thanks for all the write-ups (5 this month!!) This means there'll be less of my drivel.

| | |
|----------------|---|
| Next Rash Hag: | Run no. 218 (Mon 1st September) |
| Deadline: | Thursday 28th August 1997 |
| Address: | 4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA |
| Hareline: | 0115 922 6050 (24-hour ansaphone always giving details of next run) |

Run no: 207
Venue: The Angel, Coleorton
Hares: Bugger and Cobblers
Scribe: Showman

Coleorton Morrisons Crap Beer Handicap Hurdles

Runners and riders:

- 1. Warmers** A delightful little filly this, schooled and trained in America. Will always finish strong, but can be distracted by a good old Shire Horse called "Big Phut"! Good bet at 10-1
- 2. Doc** Has been rested and put out to stud recently. Expected to sire a Junior Doc soon. Voted Best Turned-out Stallion by some old nags on the MK Hash.
5-1 odds for Mr Pert Bottom
- 3/4 Dobber & Gnome** Not much known of these dark horses reared in Mickleave. Looked a sure bet on home ground when finishing first and second out of two. Seem to travel well.
- 5. Too Tuf** Last out in the Barritone Classic and was very disappointing. Didn't seem to pace himself well and fell away badly in the Circle. A case of Read the Alcohol Level before engaging mouth!
A fantastic bet 5000-1
- 6. Pleasure Gnome** Performs superb with Too Tuf's Bit in her mouth. Often needs prompting with whip, cane, leather straps and baby oil. Will always give her owner a good ride.
Good each way bet at 10-1
- 7. Barritone** The most vocal and energetic stallion with a style all of his own. Warning - has been known to BOLT and run across three counties
3-1
- 8. Lewis** This two year old is definitely one to watch. Out of the finest breeding stock, more of a rider than a runner, guaranteed to finish on top of Showman
Same odds as R.A.!
- 9. Big Phut** Champion the Wonder Horse. Starred in the Original Pilot but had to retire as blacksmiths couldn't find enough steel to shoe him. An excellent US import
12-1
- 10. Showman** A very young shy and reserved horse. But a very fast finisher or so Mudsucker claims. As often finished before Mudsucker's race has begun. Carrying top weight for this one horse.
500-1
- 11. GPS** May need to wear blinkers for this one. If the course goes up he's down, if it goes left he's right. Went to pick up Hilton, arrived at Holiday Inn. Hope he falls so we can shoot him.
Pedigree Chum 1000000000-1 Outsider
- 12. Rockhopper** At his best on short courses like from the bar to the circle, carrying seven pints tonight but doesn't spill a drop.
A reliable bet at 13-2

13/14. Danielle and Leighanne Still learning the ropes at the moment, but seem to have mastered the art of SCBing.
25-1 each

15/16. Bugger & Cobblers Bugger given all-clear from Vet to hobble tonight, but now seems very wary of red lights. This pair more like pantomime horses than race horses. Still undecided which one's the ASS
Insiders so evens.

Coleorton Morrisons Crap Beer Handicap Hurdles

The runners are under Starter's Orders but the race had to be delayed because of two stragglers. Finally the field is complete and they are off.

Barritone sets the early pace, over the first, through a bar and on towards Lancashire before being called back by a delighted hare. The pack trudge back up the hill gasping "Why was he born so beautiful?"

On towards the Second and Doc takes up the running, they are all safely over that as they approach the third. Pleasure Gnome's legs do a Bambi impression and falls badly. she suffers a bad leg wound which is bleeding profusely.

As they come to a re-group Dobber refuses and has a bad-tempered exchange with a groundsman. The event has to be re-routed.

Showman is really struggling now - carrying top weight is taking its toll. Too Tuf has decided to go in an opposite direction to GPS. After 4 falsies the pack agree.

Over the sixth and there's a long uphill climb towards a watering stop. Doc and Rockhopper do the front running and are amazed to see Showman and offspring downing copious amounts of shit beer.

It's all downhill from here. big Phut Warmers and Mudsucker go into overdrive, followed by the rest of the field who canter into the drinking enclosure minus GPS who took a wrong turn, surprise surprise.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| Runners - | 16 |
| Riders - | 1 |
| Temperature | 31 Deg.C |
| Beer Stop Alcohol % - | 1% |
| False Trails | 12 (One by Barritone, 11 by GPS) |

Hares: Bugger & Cobblers

Run No 209

Date 15 June 1997

Venue: Corner Pin, Donnington-Le-Heath

Scribe: Lightning Rod

This was like a winter hash, local weather forecast said rain and plenty of shiggy in coalville area, the few hashers that arrived on time stayed firmly in their cars, and the hares looked pretty fed up. Dobber arrived, having seen Baritone some 3 miles away on his bike, but who had refused a lift, this resulting in a serious delay before stand-in R.A Too Tuff assembled a circle. Bugger described the coarse (long) and the 12 or so hashers took off up the high street, down an alley, across a field to the first check, which had all the FRB's like Oriface, Durex and Baritone well stuffed.

With the pack still together we exited the village and for the next mile or so across country, through a Quorn field to a holding check, so I'm informed, where the aforementioned trio of FRB's had been joined by Josh.

The check point was held for all of two minutes before some bastard shouted "on on", and in fact "on up" to the top of a slag heap where this time the entire hash did re-assemble before dropping down into that beauty spot known as Coalville.

Josh was first to the "beer stop", an arrow on the ground pointing at a car on the grass verge indicated this, but since it was locked the FRB's would have to wait for the hares.

In due coarse Oriface made a management decision based on S.N.A.F.U (ask him what it stands for) realising this was not the beer stop, and so led the hash on eventually to a railway line crossing, but the devious hares had laid flour along the line!

A fine run then emerged through **narrow over** grown paths, various checks, back onto a dis-used **railway line**, down an embankment to a bridge over a stream, at which **point not only** did the sun come out but the true beer stop was discovered. A **plastic bag** loaded with cans, hidden in the water under the bridge. 10 out of 10!

Whilst enjoying the banter in this impromptu Beer stop circle, Warmers cuddled up to Big Phut and was overheard to say "But oh you're so hot why no take your trousers off", and after a while, "but you're steaming, you must get them off"!

At this point it seemed a sensible idea to continue the hash, during which close to the finish Baritone lead Wallington and Oriface down a false trail, convincing them the pub was close by, but then himself turning back on the true trail without saying a word.

A good course, well thought out and laid with cunning.

In strong contrast was the pub-what a tip!- what a manky, shitty establishment!

Baritone wanted a pint of 4X but was told it was off, then Too Tuff came up and complained that his pint of mild tasted like badgers piss, but the landlord disagreed saying Rhino piss would be a better description!

If you needed a piss in this place you simply let go where you stood.

Dobber, Gnome, Warmers and Big Phut all left before the hash circle-guilty conscience maybe? But not before Pleasure Gnome had done her usual sterling job in collecting funds.

Down downs administered by Too Tuff were given to Durex (FRB), Baritone (Big Phut look alike) the hares (for a bloody good course) and the scribe (for being such a willing volunteer).

○ "Why commit suicide because of losing sexual power? Problems of this nature can lead to marriage breakdowns, with one partner unable to satisfy the other and wrongly suspecting the latter of infidelity, so let Dr Matunge cure your impotence today with his healing herbs. Loss of sexual power in males can be caused by the following factors: mumps, scrotal swelling, misery, elephantiasis caused by the culex mosquito, pubic dandruff, scrotal hernia, masturbation, acid in the blood, overindulgence in sex, staying too long without sex, cardiac arrest, or psychological causes such as unexpectedly winning over a 'stubborn' girl. Dr Matunge can be found at his 3 roomed luxury hospital (color television provided) located behind the Gogo Hotel on Bagamoyo Road and Morocco Road in Kinondoni, Dar es Salaam. A star-and-snake-on-baobab-tree signboard shows the direction to the hospital." (The Guardian [Tanzania] 19/4/97.

○ "Correction. In our last week's issue (16 April 1997), in the story entitled 'Kebour Ghenna starts to get tough', we erroneously quoted Ato Kebour as saying 'there is nothing new in hanging secretary generals at the end of his or her term'. We left out the letter 'C' from the word changing for it to come out

'hanging'. Therefore we would like the sentence to be corrected to read 'there is nothing new in changing secretary generals...' We regret the distress this error has caused the family of Ato Kebour. The Editor." (Entrepreneur [Ethiopia] 23/4/97. Spotter: Ron Symington)

Date: 23rd June 1997
Run: No 210
Venue: Keyworth Squash Club, Bunny Lane
Live Hares: Terminology and JJ
Scribe: Wet Wet Wet

The run:

'We went down a lane called Bunny, it wasn't funny'.

And that's enough about the run.

Well perhaps not quite enough. 16 hares gathered at the start including three Virgins, Kevin, Paul and Tom. Kevin Paul and Tom were more than keen and set off at a daring pace without the need for any guidance on pack etiquette. Asked later why they didn't call out an On-On or two - just to help out every so often - they replied all agog that they realised that they hadn't shouted, but they had waved..... waved? Later in the evening there was another major breach when Mudflaps reported having been asked if she was a serious runner.

The Hares new interpretation of the rules meant that if you found three blobs of flour you were actually back at the On In. The secret codes inside the check points also caused panic when several members of the pack spent 20 minutes looking for Beer at a 'Beer' stop only to discover that it wasn't a 'B' inscribed inside the circle but the Greek sign for women - well - yes - but there were no women either. There was a brief uplifting moment when Excitables electrocuted himself on a fence trying to avoid being stomped on by a mad horse.

Sad sore and weary the pack arrived back at the On In after waving away the offer of a lift from the Hares who'd been out looking for them for hours. Double down downs were awarded to the Hares for being 'bastards' and 'twats' and stand in Maestro, Excitables, boldly lead the pack into a round of jeering and general derision amidst which the words 'bastard' and 'twat' featured again.

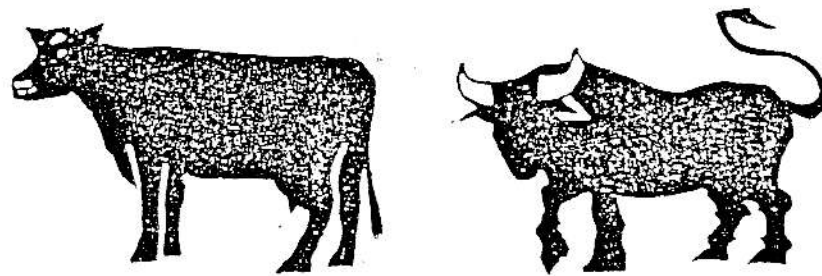
Keyworth Squash Club did it's best to help warm up the apres run. There were a number of good games to play including 'lets see how muddy we can make the pale pink carpet'. Too Tuff showed off by demonstrating his skill at working the variomatic ceiling fans and Terminology told jokes that everyone else had heard 13 years ago (apart from Pleasure Gnome). Excitables shared some know how about being a Customs & Excise Inspector and Mudflaps became over excited because she speaks Spanish and her life's ambition is to be a Customs & Excise Inspector in Columbia. It's worth knowing that Excitables deals in VAT.

Impossible as it may seem Mudsucker and Cobblers were given down downs for whinging about the run and Showman got a down down for major short cutting behaviour (ie he didn't do the run at all).

On On for ever!

Wet x 3

Wet x 3



POLITICS FOR BEGINNERS

SOCIALISM: YOU HAVE 2 COWS -
YOU GIVE ONE TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR.

COMMUNISM: YOU HAVE 2 COWS -
THE GOVERNMENT TAKES BOTH AND
GIVES YOU THE MILK.

FASCISM: YOU HAVE 2 COWS -
THE GOVERNMENT TAKES BOTH AND
SELLS YOU THE MILK.

NAZISM: YOU HAVE 2 COWS -
THE GOVERNMENT TAKES BOTH
& SHOOTS YOU.

ZIONISM: YOU HAVE 2 COWS -
THE GOVERNMENT SHOOTS YOU & YOUR
COWS AND OCCUPIES YOUR LAND.

CAPITALISM: YOU HAVE 2 COWS -
YOU SELL ONE & BUY A BULL.

SAUDISM: YOU HAVE 2 COWS -
THE GOVERNMENT GIVES YOU 2 BULLS,
SUBSIDIES & A LOAN TO START A
DAIRY FACTORY.

Joint Hash with Starlight HHH

Run No.: 211

Date: Sunday 6 July 1997

Venue: Hunting Lodge, Barrow-upon-Soar

Hares: Big Phut & Warmers

When the Hare starts you off by reading a page of notes you think [as much as it is possible for a Hasher to think so early on a Sunday morning] that this is going to be a complicated run. Several cars of late hashers meant Warmers had to give a repeat rendition, this time without the notes, before we set off towards the River Soar and the homeland of the Quorn HHH.

It was a surprise to be passed by a harriette who made me feel as if I'd forgot to put my legs on that morning. I was reassured by another hasher - apparently Gobalot is a bit of a runner. So was I till I took up hashing. Barritone was a bit sluggish considering he had warmed up by cycling to the hash though not I trust all the way from Nairobi.

My fondest memory of the run was that hill out of the village. I love hills second only to banana sandwiches so this run had the making of a great hash. At the top of the hill I met Mr. Happy and his two Alsatians guarding his private road. That was a check I opted out of. In the quarry I got so well and truly stuffed up by an excellent check that even Too Tuf caught me up. This was indeed fortunate because left alone I could have proved how many different ways one can run a trail laid in a figure of eight.

The beer stop was carefully planned by the hares at the top of a hill with a fantastic view to which Wallington attached his knowledge of the local history. Of course nobody was the slightest bit interested in the splendid samples of Mountsorrel Granodiorite lining the monument. It was on top of this Mount I had the most inspired thought of the day concerning how the scribe could be selected. The hare should shake up one of the cans of beer and the hasher who selects the beer that explodes becomes the chosen one. No, said Too Tuf, the Quorn Hash already has a method of selecting a scribe, namely the first person who mentions the "s" word. So that's how I got this job.

In the last bit of the run we saw the sad sight of SRBs who had short-cut(?), failed to make the beer stop, and were still off trail taking the swampy route.

We were greeted at our destination by an obvious hashers, with beer in hand, apologising he was late for the run but looking very happy as a result. With a name like Santa Claus, and in the middle of summer, being late for the hash was only part of his problem.

Showman, our RA with an obvious talent for arranging suitable hashing weather but not liking Newcastle, led the ON-IN awarding the following down-downs:

1. Durex for confessing that a figure of eight trail would normally cause him problems.
2. Santa Claus for being late AND getting a beer before everyone else.
3. Commando-style Rock Hopper for vaulting a fence but not quite getting his leg-over.
4. Pleasure Gnome got a tomato juice following an exotic but unerotic East Coast tour to celebrate one year of marriage.
5. An out-break of pregnancy amongst hashers led to a boat-race between a conceiver and conceived.
6. The hares, kitted out with official looking hare hats, for setting a good run.
7. Oraface and Lightening Rod for becoming backseat drivers.
8. Pleasure Gnome for feeling like "George Brown" got a down-down and confetti which reached the parts other beers couldn't.

Warmers raffled a mug the winning number being somewhere between 1 and 100 but it wasn't a six.

Thanks for a great run Warmers and Big Phut.

DUREX

• "What happened to the King's Meat?"
 "Dear Editor, Thank you for allowing me space in your well-read newspaper. I wish to thank His Majesty for the ten cattle he gave us on Saturday, 22/2/97. May I put it forward to

Mphica and company that there is still some meat yet to be accounted for, to the teachers at large, which by mistake could have been omitted from the pots as they were cooking for us. The following pieces of meat were significantly missing: Ten heads of cattle. Ten livers. Twenty kidneys. Forty hooves. Ten spleens. Ten skins. Genitals depending whether the cows were male or female.

"I think this attitude of people filling their bellies which are already big enough should come to a halt. For God's sake!!! Could not these people give us just one meal from the King? S. Mazibuko, High School Teacher."

• "When I tried to give Sheila her usual command to round the sheep up, a completely different noise came out of my mouth," shepherd John Boyle told reporters at his farm in Draperstown. "She just sat there and stared at me while the sheep ran off in all directions — she couldn't understand what I wanted her to do."

Boyle was explaining how his professional work had been undermined by a visit to a dentist in Tyrone. "He removed my front teeth, then told me that my false set was still on order from the manufacturers. So I came back to the farm and tried to round up my flock, and found I couldn't. My usual command to my dog is a kind of hissing noise, but I had no teeth left to hiss with, and no matter how hard I tried all I could do was shout 'nang nang go... nang go'. It just wasn't the right sound at all. Sheila was confused and just lay down and whined, and the sheep had a field day."

"It was a week before my gleaming new dentures arrived, and another week before I'd broken them in properly, and learned to hiss and whistle again. But now I've finally restored some order to the farm, and Sheila seems just as happy with my new teeth as she was with the old ones." (Belfast Telegraph, 28/4/97)

Berkshire 1000th Run Weekend 11 - 13th July

Attendees:- Too Tuf, Pleasure Gnome, Showman, Mudsucker, Bugger, Cobblers, Rockhopper, Barritone, Big Phut (Starlight), Warmers (Mickleover)

Friday

Set off on Friday afternoon for a leisurely drive down to Berkshire, which went really well until we crossed the M4, where we crawled the last 3 miles to Newbury in 55 minutes in baking sun with an overheating car. Having escaped Newbury we dived down the first road we saw going in the right direction of the camp, which was a stupid mistake as we spent the next 45 minutes trying to, a) work out from which direction we had entered the map supplied by BH3, b) work out which way to turn at the x-roads in Bradfield and c) find the campsite. How we missed the orange signs the first 3 times is a mystery.

Having found the farm, we found Showman and Mudsucker (with 2 kids believed to be part of the Showman dynasty) lolling around in the sun drinking beer. We pitched the tent next door to Showman's to create a 'Quorn Village' which all subsequent QH3 attendees observed, and pitched nearby, except Too Tuf / Pleasure Gnome. After registration we sat round chatting (and drinking, the bar was open) until we were 'horned' to assemble for the pre-amble run to the pub. On asking how far it was we were told its only a 'Berkshire Mile' or so.

4.5 miles and a river crossing later, all 120 of us arrived at the pub, with 2 bar staff serving who were apparently unaware of our impending arrival. We queued calmly, 4 deep at the bar, to order some liquid refreshment, (we'd have to come back later to order the food!) while BH3 did a down down to the hares!. Some time during the proceedings NH3 arrived (in the back of car of course) and proceeded to 'mingle' with the other hashers. After a wait of 45 minutes our food arrived at 10.15 and was promptly attacked by everyone else. When the pub closed, a BH3 hasher said he knew a shortcut back to the pub, and promptly led us off into the fields. We now knew why we'd been told to bring torches, it was pitch black, & the route went through the middle of nowhere and then back through the river.

Wimpy & Twonk (NH3) took rather longer to return from the pub, leaving rather later than every one else any way, they went in completely the wrong direction, not down the road with the trail on it, but cross country, ending up 200 yds from the pub 3 hours later. They then decided to find a phone to order a taxi, which took another 1 hour, however the place they thought would have a phone in the middle of the night, was a private school which had a private booking of the British Dragster Association. They were met therefore by a group of large gentlemen in DJs who proceeded to beat the cr*p out of them. When they did find a phone another hour later they couldn't tell the police who or where they were beaten up and where they been between 11.00 & 03.00.

While walking back across the camp site Showman & I found Too Tuf exiting his tent (which was erected in the middle of the field as they'd completely missed the Quorn Village entirely, due to arduous drive down, by which time TT & PG weren't talking to each other at all, so we cornered him in a pincer movement, shining torches directly into his face to temporally blind him. We then dragged him off to the bar before he could work out who we were, as he'd gone to the wrong pub earlier, by believing (mistakenly) that NH3 would wait for him to put his tent up and tell which pub to go to. However by inviting to join us in the bar, we'd a) let Lucy out of the tent to get her feet wet & b) ruined the night of passion Pleasure Gnome had been expected since on the way back from a lonely night in the pub TT had proclaimed to PG "I've got a hard on , what are you going to do about it"

There were 4 hashers in the bar when it shut at 1.30, all from QH3.

Saturday

Woke up early just as the mist was rolling down the valley with a whopper of a headache. After about a gallon of tea and a few sausage cobs cooked by BH3, I felt almost hasher again (still not yet human though) and felt fit enough to sit in the sun for the next few hours. TT & PG had now made up enough to talk to each other again and Big Phut and Warmers had arrived.

Showman had found a similar minded bunch of reprobates (including most of NH3) complete with picnic table, and were well into a good drinking session when we were 'horned' for the start of the main run, so they decided to stay where they were, much to the consternation of members of BH3 who thought they were getting far too drunk !.

We ambled down to the barn to await our hashing orders, someone made a boring speech then we were split into short, medium or long run groups, which all seemed to go the same way. However we soon lost the shorties, then the trail as it petered out in the trees behind the camp. The hare eventually urged us in the direction of a false trail, obviously the bar on the trail was just there to confuse us !.

We proceeded for several miles not finding much flour, losing the trail constantly but finding shiggy. The pack spread out to such a degree I was left with no other option than to shortcut with Windsock and JJ (who was at the time collecting flowers and testing some branches he'd found, as trekking poles !) to such a degree we were now at the front of the pack.

We met up with the shorties just before the BS after running about 5 miles (1 Berkshire), where they offered either the real ale (good for Colonic Irrigation) or OJ. The cows in the field, were most put out at our presence & would not even take OJ from Gusset (BH3). We were then re-split into S, M, & L groups, same direction again ! until the next check. Barritone was then persuaded to be the QH3 representative on the long run and TT tried to take the S route but was put in his place by PG. The M group then walked for the next 2 miles and reduced down to core of about 10, including the hare, who insisted we all go through the river again. Towards the end of the run TT & PG had a sudden rush of enthusiasm & proceeded to run the last mile & a half ?? Just before the end, the longies caught us up, had they been via Wales ? and some were still running (some of them had obviously cheated and practised beforehand).

On arrival back at camp we were met with tea & cakes served by the W I of BH3. Dragging ourselves back to our tent we saw that TT & PG had joined S & M & NH3 who were still drinking (practice for Cambridge?). Later, BH3 came into the camp trying to press gang hashers to the circle, with varying degrees of success. DDs were given to:- a rep from each hash present, the DD champion of each hash, Virgins, Hares and then the five fastest DDs from the champions. TT was our rep in all 3 and was probably quickest there. There were no sinners ! An attempt was made by visiting RAs to get a proper circle, but obviously they couldn't organise a piss up that close to a bar and so we all trotted off the bar anyway.

Saturday Night

After we had changed into our party gear, I'd only put a big silly hat on, but TT had for some reason taken all his clothes off bar a T-shirt and wrapped a table cloth round his lower bit. He showed what he was not wearing underneath to any unfortunate female who asked him. The party was a disco/karaoke in the main barn. The first few singers had a bit of talent....so QH3 thought we would have to show them all up. TT selected the Beatles song 'I saw her standing there' purely 'cos its short (2.5 mins) and has a 30 seconds instrumental bit in it. After waiting eternity for it, by which time most of us were too pissed to read anything anyway, we gave it our all. Apparently it wasn't that bad ! even with all QH3ers yelling for all their worth. After that we felt confident enough to tackle anything, so joined in on everybody else's bits, QH3 leading the stampede to sing 'Puff the Magic Dragon' !.

Meanwhile, group of hashers from Wales were trying to flog T-shirts advertising their bid for Nash 99 at a tenner each ! and to assist with this daylight robbery had a Welsh dragon mascot (Ikeress ?). So when it was put down , someone acquired it, then hid it in my hat and told me not to take it off all night. Through immense discomfort I wore the hat all night, and managed to prevent it being discovered by the body searches taking place to find the bloody thing. Its now enjoying a vacation in ????

Being a lightweight and having to leave early on Sunday we quit the party at 1.00.

However, apparently the following things happened:-

Showman & somebody else wouldn't 'retire' until Crackerjack Time (5 to 5 for the sprogs amongst us) and got through a hell of a lot of beer in the process.

The main party broke up a 02.00 with only half a barrel of beer left.

The run on Sunday was enthusiastically run (NOT) and was mainly on roads

Down downs again were restricted to hares and mis-management

& everyone bugged off home

Bugger QH3

July 1997

○ "Selling dog is the best job I ever had," Nguyen Van Banh told a Hanoi TV news programme. "The dog seller's tools are simple, just a bicycle with baskets, snuff powder, steel chains, leather belts, lem-

ons, and a steel tube to knock out stubborn dogs. Selling four dogs a day can bring me VND100,000. Then I hire two men to do the farming for me in the harvest season."

Nguyen Van Banh is one of a growing number of young people in the Vietnamese countryside who are becoming wealthy by selling dog meat to city dwellers.

"The major markets are Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City. It's easy to spot the sellers by the loud cries and chorus of barking black and yellow dogs running after their comrades who are trapped in the baskets. The most difficult but most pleasant phase of the work is noosing the dogs. Since it is difficult for a stranger to get close, you have to deceive them by getting down on your hands and knees and barking. Then you hold out your hand and offer them tit-bits, then you stroke them. Then you very quickly lasso them and put them in a basket until it's time to bang them on the head.

"I sell dog at VND5,000 a kilogram, but for people who don't need money, you can exchange them for rice-cookers, mosquito nets, or blankets. I like to slaughter the dog in front of the purchaser, so they can see that it is really fresh. I don't think

most dogs understand the futures awaiting them, even after they've seen what happens to their comrades. They're not very bright. Lemon marinade is our best seller. Once stuffed, the flavour seeps into the flesh. Tasty tasty!" (Vietnam News, 30/1/97. Spotter: D. McNair)

○ "So, now we have three weapons — the dog, the bullet, and the cobra," Lieutenant-Colonel Alex Riatmodjo, Head of the Bekasi Police District told a press conference in Jakarta. "From now on, if we face brutal rioters, we have a simple solution. Release the snakes."

Riatmodjo, a former student at the FBI Academy in the United States of America, explained why poisonous cobras were to be used for crowd control. "When a riot breaks out, we'll call in a special team of officers who are trained to handle cobras. They'll hold the cobras by the tail and swing them about, which makes them very angry. That's vital, because snakes are usually placid and they won't attack people unless they're riled. When the cobras are thoroughly mad from the swinging, then the police officers

will brandish them at the rioters, and encourage them to bite the protestors, which will lower the spirits of the crowd. It's basic science really."

When questioned by reporters, Riatmodjo admitted that the technique has not yet been tried out on the public. "But we're convinced that, in time, people will see cobras as the great leap forward from the policeman's truncheon."

The Laws of Hashing

On Trails:

If it should exist, it doesn't.

If it does exist, it's false.

Only Wanker trails transcend the first two laws.

- An alcoholic is a person who drinks more than a Hash House Harrier.
- If all you have is a half a mind, everything looks like a Hash.
- If you're feeling good, don't worry. You'll get over it.
- You always find the trail in the last place you look.

For GM,s

When in charge, drink beer.

When in trouble, blame the RA.

When in doubt, drink heavily.

- No good deed goes unpunished.
- Nothing is ever accomplished by a reasonable Hasher.
- When all else fails, follow the pack.
- When the shiggy just can't possibly get any worse, it will.
- A Hasher will occasionally stumble over true trail, but most of the time he will pick himself up and continue looking.
- All probabilities are 50%. Either you're on or you're not.
- In any Hash, there will always be one person who knows what's going on; this person must do a down-down.
- Virtue is its own punishment.
- Hashing is true. Don't be misled by facts.
- If the hounds are happy, something has gone wrong.
- Once a Hash is fucked up, anything done to improve it only makes it worse.
- No matter which way you check, it's uphill and against the wind.
- Celibacy is not hereditary.
- A Hash theorem:
 - Athleticism is based on the assumption that you can win.
 - Lethargy is based on the assumption that you can break even.
 - Hashing is based on the assumption that you can quit.
- If you knew what you were doing you'd probably be bored.
- Hashing Laws of Infernal Dynamics:
 - A Hasher at full steam will always be headed in the wrong direction.
 - A Hasher at rest will always be in the wrong place.
 - The energy required to change either one of these states will always be more than you wish to expend, but never so much as to earn more than one down-down.
- The secret to Hashing is sincerity. Once you can fake that, you've got it made.
- If the Hash name fits, it's ugly.
- You never really learn to swear until you start Hashing.
- Anything is possible if you don't know what you're talking about.
- Never argue with a man who buys beer by the keg.
- Never attribute to malice that which is adequately explained by Hashing.
- There are never enough hours in a day, but always too many days before the Hash.
- Experience is directly proportional to the number of running shoes ruined.
- Never sleep with a Hasher crazier than yourself.
- The first myth of Hash organization is that it exists.
- If you have a difficult check, send out a lazy hound -- (s)he will find an easier way to do it.
- Every hare has a trail that will not work.
- The chance of forgetting something is directly proportional the amount of beer consumed and to ... to ... uh...
- Nobody really knows what is going on anywhere within a Hash.
- You can never tell which way the Hash goes by looking at the trail.
- Every Hasher lies, but it doesn't matter, cuz nobody listens.
- When the going gets tough, everyone short cuts.
- You can make it foolproof, but you can't make it hashfoolproof.
- Law of Checking: No matter where you go, there you are.
- Hashing is dominated by two types of people:
 - Those who understand when they do not hare, and
 - Those who hare and do not understand.