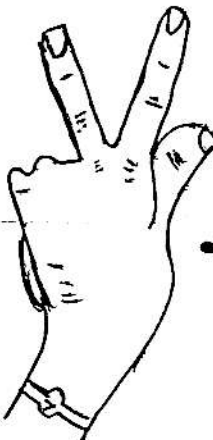


JOLLY HOLLY EDITION
(WHOEVER SHE IS!)

D
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C

94

Rash Hog



Quorn
Hash House Harriers

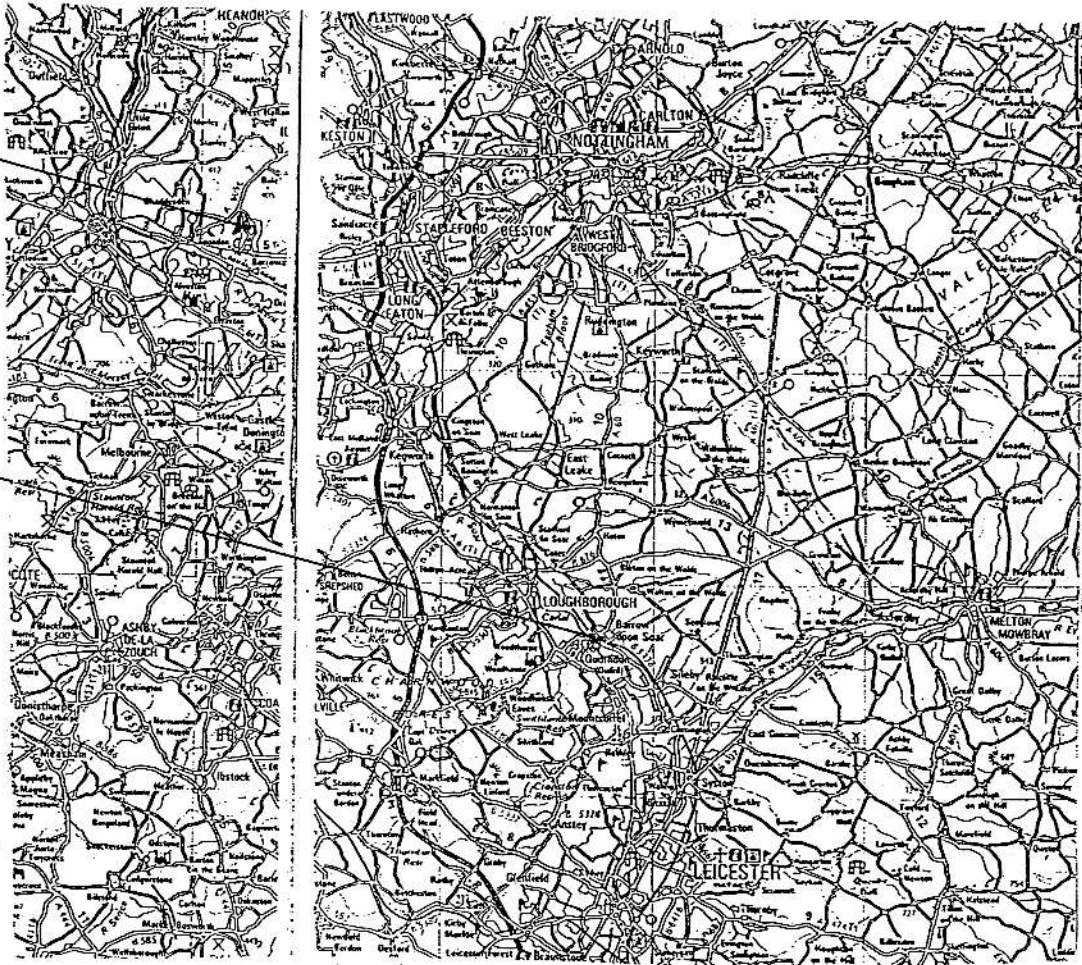


QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|-----|------|--------|
| G.M. | - Doc Crippen | (H) | 0509 | 415134 |
| R.A. | - Mango | (H) | 0509 | 415134 |
| ON SEC | - Barritone | (H) | 0602 | 226050 |
| HASH KASH | - Cyranose | (H) | 0509 | 414882 |
| MASTER OF THE PISS | - Josh | (H) | 0949 | 860805 |
| ORGAN GRINDER | - Pigeon Shit | (H) | 0780 | 480395 |
| HASH FLASH | - Gentleman Jim | (H) | 0509 | 853563 |
| HASH HORN | - Lightning Rod | (H) | 0332 | 751580 |
| POETUS LAUREATU | - Shedless | (H) | | |
| HASH SUPERGRASS | - Frigidick | (H) | 0332 | 842255 |
| HASH LECH | - Grope-Her | (H) | 0602 | 491261 |

HASH HOTLINES: 0509 415134.
0602 226050.

RUNS: Twice monthly:
1st. Sunday 11am.
3rd. Sunday 11am.



RECEDING HARELINES

| RUN | DATE | VENUE | HARES |
|-----|---|---|--------------|
| 136 | SAT/SUN 31 DEC 1994 - 1 JAN 1995 11:30 PM | THE HUNTING LODGE, BARROW UPON SOAR *** PLEASE NOTE START TIME *** | DOC CRIPPEN |
| 137 | SUN 1ST JANUARY 11:30 AM | THE HUNTING LODGE, BARROW UPON SOAR *** PLEASE NOTE START TIME *** | DOC CRIPPEN |
| 138 | SUN 15 JANUARY | THE ROYAL OAK, OCKBROOK | BARRITONE |
| 139 | SUN 5 FEBRUARY | TBA | HARES PLEASE |
| 140 | SUN 19 FEBRUARY | TBA | HARES PLEASE |

HASH NEWS

Welcome to an even bigger edition of Rash Hag, with all the usual trimmings of the season. Not only that, we have TWO competitions this month, and there are prizes!! Also don't miss the details of the Donnington 1000th - THE Hash Event of the Midlands!!!

New Year's arrangements

Meet at the Hunting Lodge, Barrow Upon Soar, as soon as it opens (It's probably open all day??!!) on New Year's Eve. There will be a festive new year's pub crawl in the evening. Run 136 will start at the Hunting Lodge at 11:30 pm, and will span the new year. It'll be the last run of 1994 AND the first run of 1995!! At midnight we will reach a mystery venue, but exactly what form the ensuing celebrations will take remains a mystery!! The evening will finish with a take-away. Crash space is available at various hash hovels in Barrow. NB pay your own way before and after the run!

Run 137, the Hangover Run, starts at the Hunting Lodge at 11:30 AM. Please bring food for the apres afterwards (Christmas leftovers, mince pies, cold turkey etc. all very welcome) Come to the New Year's celebration with a difference!!

HARES are now booking for February. There are numerous slots for you to lay that trail you've been dreaming and scheming for the last few weeks. And why not?

All that's left to say is a very merry christmas to you all. See you in the new year - and why not come back with a picture of yourself as a baby or toddler - you never know - it could be the start of a new competition! If you haven't filled in an "All About Me" personality profile and you would like to, I've got some to give out. (There are three still waiting to be received). Merry christmas!

A toothless termite walks into a saloon, goes up to the man behind the counter and asks, "Is the bar tender here?"

How do you drown a yorkshireman?
Throw 10p down a well

It was a peaceful scene in the yorkshire pub (Yorkie bar?) The fire was crackling, punters were gently squeezing beer out of their beer mats and pouring it back into their glasses, and a dog was gnawing a bone by the hearth. At 3 O' Clock the landlord called time, the customers dispersed and the dog stretched and walked over to the bar... on three legs.

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM OCKBROOK
WHO REFERRED TO HER **** AS HER NOOK
IT'S AS TALL AS IT'S WIDE
YOU CAN CURL UP INSIDE
IN A NICE EASY CHAIR WITH A BOOK

A DASHING YOUNG SAILOR FROM GWENT
SLIPPED AND FELL INTO THE TRENT
HE GASPED AS HE SAW
A HUGE DINOSAUR
CHIRPING WHEREVER IT WENT

Next Trash: Run no. 138 (Ockbrook)
Deadline for contributions, write-ups etc. Thursday 12th January 1995

Please send to 4 Clifton Crescent Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA



Q
H
3

Run no: 133
Venue: The Nags Head, Castle Donington
Scribe: Pisscophrenia
Hares: Bleat & Dame Shame

GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOD MORNING HASHERS ! ! ! ! The weather down on the trail is going to be wet, damn wet.

Well, I wish somebody had told me because then I would have known to bring my rubber ring and arm bands (Calm down). Unfortunately for this hasher, the run started badly when just as Doc was asking for scribe volunteers, a long legged bar maid with PVC thigh-length boots and mini-skirt walked past and obviously deserved some kind of complement. A resounding "YES" springs forth, and instead of discovering what she can do with those boots I find myself trying to recall the day's events.

First off, Doc presented Gentleman Jim with the Hash Shit Award, but for what reason no one knows. It was at that point a monumental discovery was made - the hash T-shirts have our very own individual hash names printed on them!!!

We were off. Pisco ran to find the trail, and in so doing did a Barritone and followed a falsey. It wasn't until Rough Passage and Dame Shame (or was it Bleat?) had formed a search party that he returned to the trail. Meanwhile the pack had dispersed quite successfully and we found that Doc, Lightning Rod and Gentleman Jim had actually FOLLOWED Barritone over a bar (heinous crime), and were nowhere to be seen. The rest of us admired their folly and asked Bleat (Or was it Dame Shame?) the way to the trail. Couplet distress!! Despite being one of the hares she had no idea in which direction it lay.

We fled in the opposite direction to Barritone et al, believing this to be a fail safe formula for finding the trail. And indeed it was; the trail was recovered and nothing much happened until we got near the top of a very exposed hill. There it started raining and getting very windy. So much so that when we reached the top the trail was nowhere to be found. The pack regrouped with Rough Passage and Dame Shame (Or was it Bleat?) in tow viewing the lengths that airline charter companies go to in reducing the cost of hiring their aircraft.

When we thought it could get no wetter or colder, it started pissing down horizontally. A quick confab with Bleat (Or was it Dame Shame?) and we still didn't know the way. A shout from Doc and the pack broke from the trail. Somehow the pack split and a group of hardened hashers found themselves in a village with no sign of the trail. Luckily the scribe was part of this broken pack and remembered the route back from a previous hash set by Bleat and Dame Shame. It was at this point that we thought that it was best to fuck the trail (if only we could find it!) and follow the scribe's instinct.

However, the confusion was intensified by the fact that we had missed the beer stop and amongst this muddle found Wallington (who had not started with the pack) on something, maybe the trail, running in the opposite direction. When Gentleman Jim enquired what was going on Wallington replied, "It's quarter past twelve."

As we kept up a hashing pace, a particularly shiggy pond came into view as the final hurdle before the safety of the pub. As the pack (or what was left of it) waded across up to their thighs in horse piss and mud, Gentleman Jim got stuck. It was then the reason for carrying the Hash Shit Award was revealed. It cunningly doubles as a shiggy shovel to dig oneself out.

First to arrive back were Lightning Rod, Gentleman Jim and the scribe followed by Doc and Cyranose. Rough Passage, Gerry and Minihatric and Bleat (Or was it Dame Shame?) arrived in the car while Barritone came in on an unknown trail. It was not until we had retreated into the pub and were on our second pint that Wallington entered and enquired as to where we had all been. If only he knew!!

Down downs were dispensed with on account of the weather.

STORY TIME

Once upon a time there was a frog, who was sitting on his lily pad, crying his eyes out. A vicar was on his way to church when he saw the frog, and said, "You look a very sad little frog. Tell me, what is the matter?" "Well", replied the frog, "I'm not really a frog at all - I'm a choirboy. The Wicked Witch caught me scrumping apples in her garden and cast a spell on me, turning me into a frog. However, being a man of the cloth, you can expunge this evil spell by taking me into your bed tonight and kissing me". The vicar hesitated, and then put the frog in the palm of his hand. "I'll help cast off this evil spell", he reassured him. So that night the vicar took the frog into his bed, kissed it, and next morning the frog woke up as a choirboy again.

And that, M'lud, is the case for the defence.

The teacher was very worried about one particular pupil, Mary, because she simply wouldn't stop swearing. One day the school inspector was visiting the school, and so she knew the children had to be on their best behaviour. "Now then children", the teacher said, "I'm going to go through the alphabet one letter at a time, and I want you to give me a word that begins with each letter. Who can tell me a word beginning with A?" Worried that Mary would say "Arsehole" or something, she turned to Linda. "Can you tell me a word beginning with A, Linda?" "Apple, miss" "Very good, Linda". When it came to the letter B, scared that Mary would say "Bugger" or something, the teacher turned to Debbie. "Banana, miss" "very good, Debbie". When she got to C, she was sure Mary would say the "C" word (no, not christmas), so she turned to another girl. "Julie, can you give me a word beginning with C?" "Cat, miss" "Very good, Julie". Now the teacher couldn't think of any swear words beginning with D, so with much trepidation she said, "Mary, can you give me a word beginning with D?" "Dwarf, miss" Breathing a huge sigh of relief, the teacher gasped, "Excellent, Mary. And do you know what a dwarf is?" "...Yes miss. He's a fucking short little cunt"

Where's the best place to shag a sheep?
Off the top of a cliff, they push back harder.



Run no: 134
 Venue: The Swan Inn, Milton, middle of nowhere
 Scribe: Baldycock
 Hares: Lightning Rod & Dame Shame

As the fiesta drove in to the car park, waiting hashers gave a cheery wave, but no response came from the car. It rolled to a halt, doors opened, then some 5 minutes later out rolled Wallington Mango and Cyranose, a lot worse for the night before's alcohol intake. Cyranose could only mouth her good mornings: her voice was left in Milton Keynes (250th). Mango was seen rubbing something from a tube into her face to revitalise other parts that hadn't been rubbed. Doc very thoughtfully was giving Rough Passage, Pissco and Stuart (virgin) a sightseeing tour of Burton-On-Trent, arriving some 25 minutes later.

By now, Mango had come to life and Hash Hush was called. Virgins were introduced: John Steve, Stuart. Lightning Rod gave a run-down on the run and off we went, bodies in all directions. On was called and the pack got into a steady trot, out of the village and into the country. The going was soft but not too wet (More shiggy needed). As I approached a stile, Mango was seen to be caressing a large mushroom stalk she found by the wayside. After 5 minutes and realising it wasn't going to get any stiffer she cast it to one side, and with a sad look decided to try and catch the pack.

At the next check point, Cyranose was seen grovelling at Lightning Rod's feet asking, "Please, Please, are there any short cuts?". Lightning's reply was "It's not a short cut you need, it's an ambulance". The next hurdle was a cattle grid, and a bemused hasher was running up and down the fence followed by a more bemused dog unable to find a way through, so in steps Yours Truly, the gallant hero, to open the gate and lift the dog to safety (All overweight spaniels have lifting handles), and not one speck of mud was deposited on my shirt. One very muddy hasher (Sorry, not sure of your name) looked on in astonishment, saying "So that's the way to do it!"

Next came the drink stop. I'm not calling it a beer stop - that would be an insult (Next time Rod buy fucking beer, not cat's piss). A cry of "Petrol!" was heard. All moved over and Mango read the reg. number and asked for words to go with the letters C. N. N. After lots of OOO - ARs and grunts, Barritone came out with Caressing Nora's Nuts. Some fields later Gentleman Jim was seen chasing a herd of young heffers, undoing his jogging bottoms shouting "Come back, I love you! I love you!". After about 10 yards he gave up and decided it was easier to run with the pack.

Down Downs

| | |
|-----------|--------------------------------|
| Hares | - Lightning Rod and Oriface |
| Colin | - Guest runner rom Cambridge |
| Barritone | - For his "Caress Nora's Nuts" |
| Baldycock | - Welcome back |
| Virgins | - John, Steve, Stuart |

THE EASIEST COMPETITION IN THE WORLD

Below are listed all the villages, towns and cities we have hashed from during 1994, in cryptic format and the wrong order. All you have to do is identify them!

- 1) Almost for unblocking a sink
- 2) Bash Filly, love, haphazardly
- 3) Bed tomb
- 4) Beside the fire?
- 5) Boiled rice in forged steel
- 6) The first half of Thursday is taken up by an accountant's heavywight
- 7) Create a joint, as you say
- 8) District of the irish lake
- 9) Field of young sheep
- 10) Flying garden implement?
- 11) Nominal venue
- 12) King's very loud note is rewritten
- 13) Madly rows round the pool
- 14) Noble goalkeeper
- 15) Note cost landing erratically by plane
- 16) Poet
- 17) Rabbit
- 18) Sounds like a dead tree
- 19) Spotted a field
- 20) The value of a barrel?
- 21) Where Richard III was defeated?
- 22) Wild rock book

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A tortoise is walking along, minding his own business, when he is attacked by a snail. Two months later, he arrives at the local police station to report the incident. "Can you give a description of your assailant?", asked the constable. "I don't know", replied the tortoise, "It all happened so quickly!"

~~~~~

It was 9 pm. and Albert Braithwaite was just settling down to a cup of cocoa when the doorbell rang. I was a snail. "I'm dying of thirst", it said, "You couldn't give me a glass of water, could you?" "No, sod off!", yelled Mr. Braithwaite, and kicked the snail to the end of the garden. A month later the doorbell rang. It was the snail again. "What did you go and do that for?"

~~~~~

A burglar gets out his crowbar and wrenches open the window. He then stealthily creeps across the carpet, trying to be as quiet as possible. Suddenly there is a voice in the darkness: "Jesus is watching you! Jesus is watching you!" Scared shitless, he is frozen to the spot. Silence. After a moment he hears the voice again: "Jesus is watching you!" He wonders who could be troubling his conscience with these religious messages, and eventually plucks up enough courage to turn the light on. It is a parrot. "Jesus is watching you!" Thinking it must be a very religious household, he asks the parrot, "And what is your name?" "Harry", replied the parrot. "Harry's a very silly name for a parrot!", laughed the burglar. The parrot replied, "And Jesus is a very silly name for a rottweiler!"

QUOTE - UNQUOTE  
-----

Following last christmas's quiz, here are a few more quotes to identify.  
Answers next month.

1. Who said of Michelangelo, "He was a good sort of man, but didn't know how to paint"?
  - a) John Constable
  - b) Henry Moore
  - c) Leonardo de Vinci
  - d) El Greco
  - e) Duccio
2. Who said of Michael Foot, "I love him because he speaks beautiful English"?
  - a) Julian Clary
  - b) Harold Wilson
  - c) Neil Kinnock
  - d) Emma Thompson
  - e) Enoch Powell
3. Who said, "The length of a film should be directly related to the endurance of the human bladder"?
  - a) Walt Disney
  - b) Roman Polanski
  - c) Alfred Hitchcock
  - d) Steven Spielberg
  - e) Kenneth Clark
- 4) On whose school report did it say, "He will never amount to very much"?
  - a) Adolf Hitler
  - b) Paul McCartney
  - c) John Major
  - d) Albert Einstein
  - e) Steven Spielberg
- 5) Who said of sex, "The pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense damnable"?
  - a) George Bernard Shaw
  - b) Salvador Dali
  - c) Lord Longford
  - d) Lord Chesterfield
  - e) Judge Wilfred Pickles
- 6) Who said, "I think I'm a bit of a sex symbol"
  - a) Kevin Costner
  - b) Michelle Pfeiffer
  - c) Morrissey
  - d) Tom Jones
  - e) Edwina Currie
- 7) Who said, "If you want to clear your system out, sit on a piece of cheese and swallow a mouse?"
  - a) Magnus Pike
  - b) Ben Elton
  - c) Les Dawson
  - d) Johnny Carson
  - e) Fred Hoyle



- 8) Who said, "Handel is the supreme master of all masters. Go to him and learn how to achieve very much with so little"
- a) Bach
  - b) Haydn
  - c) Mozart
  - d) Beethoven
  - e) Schubert
- 9) Who said, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male"?
- a) J. B. Priestley
  - b) George Bernard Shaw
  - c) Rudyard Kipling
  - d) Charles Dickens
  - e) Oscar Wilde
- 10) Who said, "I'm really a timid person - I was beaten up by quakers"?
- a) Woody Allen
  - b) Arnold Schwarzenegger
  - c) Ben Elton
  - d) Danny Baker
  - e) Frank Bruno
- 11) Who said, "I was a monster and a bit badly behaved. But... I'm loved"?
- a) Meatloaf
  - b) Lemmy
  - c) Gary Glitter
  - d) Alice Cooper
  - e) Mick Jagger
- 12) Who said, "Ooh, homos, I give them a bit of stick. Couldn't be one myself - can't take the pain"
- a) Bernard Manning
  - b) Jim Davidson
  - c) Chubby Brown
  - d) Spike Milligan
  - e) Jimmy Tarbuck
- 13) Who said, "I'm a loony, right? I accept that"
- a) Neil Innes
  - b) John Otway
  - c) David Icke
  - d) Fred Hoyle
  - e) Gerry Adams
- 14) Who said, "Rossini would have been a great composer if his teacher had spanked him enough on his backside?"
- a) Boy George
  - b) Holly Johnson
  - c) Malcolm McLaren
  - d) Beethoven
  - e) Stravinski
- ~~~~~

# GLASGOW HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

CONTACT :DEBBIE WAGNER 041 334 9761

500<sup>TH</sup>

AUCHENGILLAN SCOUT CAMP



WEEKEND

GLASGOW HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

28, 29, 30 APRIL 1995

# GLASGOW HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

WORTHY WINCHESTER & HURSLEY H3s

INVITE YOU TO

**THE SOUTH HAMPSHIRE 750TH!!**

What is it? Worthy Winchester 500th + Hursley 250th = South Hampshire 750th.

When is it? Weekend of 29-30th April 1995.

Where is it? Ferny Crofts Activity Centre, near Beaulieu in the New Forest.

What's included? Dinner on Saturday, Breakfast and a snack lunch on Sunday; a generous allocation of beer, wine or soft drinks; goodie bag including T-Shirt; entertainment, cabaret, music, dancing, games and what hash event is complete without a bouncy castle? Not forgetting a choice of runs in wonderful countryside - shiggy guaranteed!

What's the Accommodation? You have a choice of camping in the extensive grounds, or there are a limited number of dormitory style bunk beds available on a first come, first served basis (at no extra cost!). If you want to bring your own caravan, please check in advance. There is also indoor crash space. For all options there are showers and toilets conveniently situated.

How much for all this? £30 before 31 December 1994, £35 until End February 1995, £40 from 1 March 1995, £50 entry on day.

**Numbers will be limited, so book early!!**

How do I book? Simple, just fill in the booking form and send it with a cheque, payable to 'H & W H3', to Barbara (Warbler) Kearns, 9 Elizabeth Close, Kings Worthy, Winchester, Hants SO23 7PE.

Real Name:

Hash Name:

Address:

Phone No:

Hash:

T-Shirt Size: Drink Preference: Beer\*/Lager\*/Wine\*/Soft\* I am\*/ am not\* a Veggie

\*Accommodation Preference: Camping\*/Bunk Space\*/Crash Space\*/Caravan\*

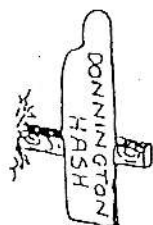
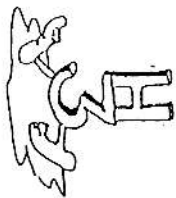
I enclose a cheque for £ .....

Our hash will\*/will not\* provide-an act for the cabaret.

# DONNINGTON

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

founded 1975



# 1000th

RUN

7th - 9th July 1995

The Wrekin College, Telford, Shropshire  
FREE BAR all weekend. All Hash Nosh. Pasta Party  
 and disco on Friday night. Hash Games, Great  
 running country. Live band and disco on Saturday  
 Night. Goodie Bag. T. Shirt.

The Cost? £45.00 for whole weekend  
 or £35.00 for Saturday and Sunday only  
 For further information contact: Sue Preston  
 The Stone House, Rowton, Telford, Shropshire.

Tel: 0952 770474  
 Fax: 0952 292585

HAT YA MEAN...  
 HERE'S EFFING DONNINGTON ?



THERE'S NO 'P' IN DONNINGTON.

WORTHY WINCHESTER & HURSLEY H3S

INVITE YOU TO

THE SOUTH HAMPSHIRE 750TH!!



WHAT ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE  
 DOING ON OUR PATCH?  
 SOUTH HAMPSHIRE 750TH  
 OF COURSE

APRIL 29-30TH 1995.

TEAR HERE

I think the best trail of 1994 was \_\_\_\_\_

I think the best apres of 1994 was \_\_\_\_\_

Hasher of the year 1994 \_\_\_\_\_

Harriet of the year 1994 \_\_\_\_\_

Best away thrash of 1994 \_\_\_\_\_

Forget Dudley West, forget MORI, forget GALLUP... this is the poll that counts. Please tear off this slip and give to Barritone. The results of the poll will be published next month, along with the full stats for 1994 and other superlatives.



## Wrong Joanne

IT has been brought to our attention that in some editions of the *Evening Post* on Wednesday December 14, a photograph alongside a story about TV chef Keith Floyd and his girlfriend

Joanne Smith (pictured) was mistakenly accompanied by a picture of another Nottingham woman also called Joanne Smith, who had no connection with the story, and we would like to apologise to her for any embarrassment caused.

