

Rash Hag



December 1996

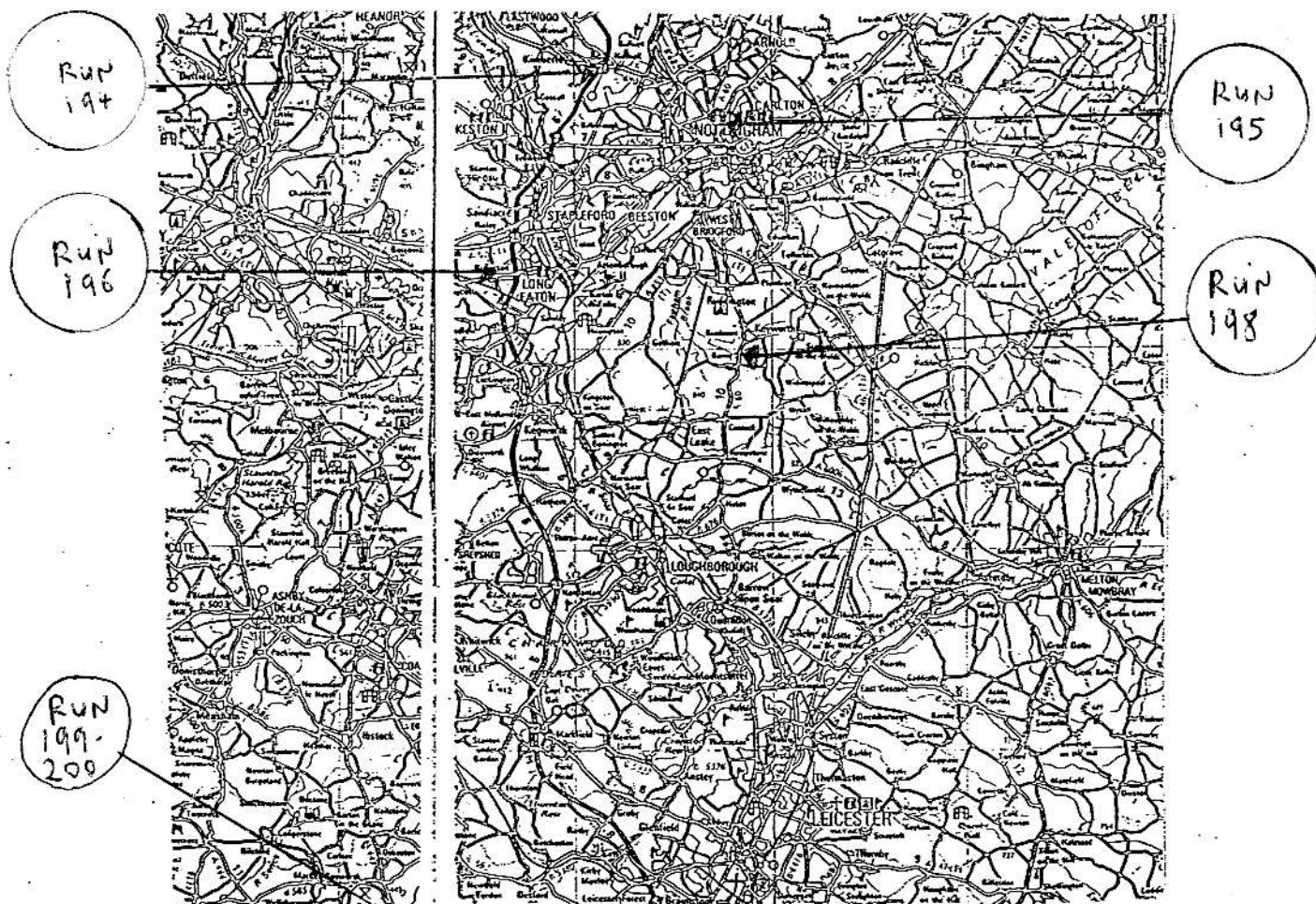
QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

G.M.	- Too Tuff	(H) 0115 937 4505
R.A.	- Paxo	(H) 0115 925 2075
ON SEC	- Barritone	(H) 0115 922 6050
HASH KASH	- Pleasure Gnome	(H) 0115 937 4505
MASTER OF THE PISS	- Lightning Rod	(H) 01332 751580
ORGAN GRINDER	- Pigeon Shit	(H) 01780 51615
HASH FLASH	- False Fart	(H) 0115 981 9566
HASH HORN	- Horny	(H) 0115 925 2075
POETUS LAUREATUS	- Oriface	(H) 01332 691195
HASH SUPERGRASS	- Gobalot	(H) 01332 691195
HASH LECH	- Butt End	(H) 0115 922 7873
MEDICAL ADVISER	- Doc Crippen	(H) 0421 509602
HASH HOUND	- Sam	(H) 0115 916 3857

HASH HOTLINES: -

01509 415134
0115 922 6050

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



RECEDING HARELINES

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
194	Sun 15th Dec	The Queen Adelaide, Swingate, Kimberley Grid Ref: 500438 *** CHRISTMAS SPECIAL! ***	Peeping Tom & Dick Cyclist
195	Sun 5th Jan	The Arboretum, Arboretum st, Nottingham Grid ref: 567411	The Dog's Bollocks
196	Sun 19th Jan	The Navigation, Breaston Grid: 460340	Barritone
197	Mon 27th Jan	TBA	Hares please!!
198	Sun 2nd Feb	The Rancliffe Arms, Bunny Grid: 584294	Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome

** PLEASURE GNOME'S 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF HASHING!!

Hash news

Christmas is coming.... This is guaranteed to be a feast of hashing not to be missed. I'm not sure what's in store at present, but there is likely to be a piss-up on the night before (Sat. 14th). As I mentioned last month, Yours Truly is doing a gig (well, singing in Hansel's Messiah actually) the night before, but may make last orders, possibly. On the run, there will be various surprises, and there may be food provided afterwards. The hares have mentioned a fancy dress theme of beachwear, so don't forget your bermuda shorts and santa hat!!

Torchlight runs

This is the first year in QH3's history (I think) that we have had a regular season of torchlight runs, and numbers are dwindling rapidly. Don't be put off - hashing by torchlight is great fun - especially if it's pitch dark and you haven't a clue where the fuck you are. The runs are generally a lot shorter, and the pack stays together more (basically it has to!)

I haven't been able to contact Butt End concerning the Boxing Day Run (He's currently in Germany), and the committee has decided to knock it on the head, due to the vagaries of the Christmas period and the variable turnout recently. For the same reason, there will be *no* torchlight run in December.

We have had an offer for the 200th!! **Wallington** has very kindly offered to lay a trail on **Sunday 16th February**. As it's only 2 days away from Shrove Tuesday, the theme will be the **2 ton Pancake Run**. Because we're cancelling a run in December, we will need a run on the Saturday night as well (possibly on a Valentine's theme... I cum late my darling). There will be plenty of crash space at Wallington's - Please bring a sleeping bag (and a frying pan!!) Of course an alternative will be to scrap both remaining torchlight runs and re-schedule the 200th for 16th of March to co-incide with QH3's 10th anniversary, but scrapping the remaining torchlight runs would be a shame.

Due to the Christmas hols, the next Rash Hag won't be until Run 196 (19th January). This will be a bumper edition with full stats for 1996, and cumulative stats. Who's laid the most trails? Which pub have we run from 3 times? You'll just have to wait and find out. There will also be a 200th mega-quiz (an idea pinched from a recent edition of Q), and the results of the Hash Superlative Poll. The Rash Hag after that will be out on 2nd March, and from then on it'll resume its normal menstrual cycle.

Some of you may be thinking "Why are all the trails crap?", or "Why aren't there any trails near where I live?" The answer to both questions is simple: *Why not lay a trail?* Because trails have to be filled by certain dates, they have to be allocated pretty much on a first come first served basis. It's really great seeing all these assholes running up your cunningly laid false trail. What have you got to lose, except your marbles?

Next Rash Hag: Sunday 19th January

Deadline for write-ups and venue for your run: Thursday 16th January

Hareline: 0115 922 6050 (24-hour ansafone)

STOP PRESS: PRE-CHRISTMAS HASH PISS-UP
SATURDAY 14TH DECEMBER 8 P.M.
THE SALUTATION, MAID MARIAN WAY, NOTTINGHAM



Run: 188 Hare: Doc Crippen
Hostelry: Dew Drop Inn, Hathern, Liecs.
Scribe: Grope-Her

In the beginning there was a pub, then there was a Hash. However the Hashers were informed by the hare that the pub was crap and that the post Hash venue would be at the Anchor, just down the road. Usual introduction, trail flour, 3 and on etc. blah, blah, blah. Easy start to the run (I, spotted the flour when parking the car) around the streets then paths fairly predictable with GROPE-HER leading the charge in a manly athletic style wearing a virgin white like shirt indicative of his well known "Good clean life and beautiful thoughts" philosophy. (I'm the scribe and I'll write it as I see it!). The run was lacking in shiggy, a fact owned up to by the Hare prior to the run that he bottled out due to over indulgence the night before and was feeling a little frayed, and chose the easy option. GROPE-HER still leading the charge across the fields was way out in front desperately trying to get ahead for a piss, without suffering personal embarrassment due to the chill factor, was mindful of an ode penned a couple of years ago :

*There was a young Hasher from Quorn
went out for a run one morn,
When the weather was nice, but quite chilly
mindful of this, had stopped for a piss
but had difficulty in finding his willy*

Having eventually located the aforementioned appendage completed his ablutions GROPE-HER waited for the pack by amusing himself on a rope swing at the next check. BARRITONE, as is his wont, went charging off on a wrong trail vigorously encouraged by the pack (bastards!) while the real trail was in the opposite direction. JOSH was singularly lacking in energy, preferring to follow at the rear with WALLINGTON, CAROL and Virgin friend (Harriet) only checking once and got it wrong. KENTUCKY(& dog) on the other hand were very energetic but not very effective in locating the trail, this was left to 3 MOANS who was very persistent on one check by the canal where the Hare was mindful of the cost of flour these days and decided to economise. As for ROCKHOPPER, well enough said! The trail led into the fields for a short detour before rejoining the canal tow-path, pleasant but it started to rain, at which point the pack crossed paths with a large group of walkers going in the opposite direction all over-dressed in warm coats and waterproofs with the exchange of friendly banter we went our separate ways. CAROL seemed to be desperate to get grips with the sheep promised by DOC (a worrying trait in certain Hashers) and was, by this time "whinging" muttering something about getting wet and the detrimental affect on hair etc. and was subsequently named WET!WET!WET! for doing so. A short cut was offered by the Hare but the pack was made of stern stuff and to a man (person!!?) refused. A bit of simple street running to finish then back to the Anchor where the walkers had beat the pack to the bar.(good planning DOC!). GROPE-HER was declared as the "Secret" RA (busy chap) and when finally reaching the bar, dished out 5 down-downs for various fictitious misdemeanours, most of which ended up on the corridor floor via the heads of WET!WET!WET! and Harriet. Run wet but good.

APPLICATION TO BE ILL

This form must be submitted at least 21 days before the date on which you wish illness to commence.

Name

Department Position Held

Date on which you wish illness to commence

Nature of illness

Have you ever applied to suffer from this illness before

If so, give date

Do you wish illness to be slight / severe / crippling / fatal

If illness is fatal do you wish this to be considered a permanent disability

(Applicants wishing to suffer a fatal illness should indicate at the foot of this form whether they wish the company to be represented at the funeral / cremation)

Do you wish to suffer the illness at home / hospital / Barrow / Costa del Sol / The Victoria / Sandiacre (Mental patients only)

Do you wish this illness to be of a contagious nature

If so, indicate approximate number of people you wish to infect

Have you ever been refused permission to suffer from an illness. If so, give details

.....

Do you wish your wife / husband / mother to be informed of your illness if he / she contacts the company regarding your whereabouts

I, the undersigned, declare that to the best of my knowledge the answers given above are true and accurate.

Signed Date

Applicants are reminded that all applications will be considered on merit and that more than three applications per annum will be considered excessive and not in the best interests of the company. Under NO CIRCUMSTANCES will any employee be permitted to suffer more than ONE fatal illness per year, and any persons disregarding render themselves liable to dismissal.

To pee or not to pee: that is the question.
Whether 'tis easier not to be behind and suffer
The stings and outrages of an oppressed bladder,
Or to duck behind a rubber tree and pee,
And by relieving, lose the pack? To pee; to suffer
No more: and by peeing say we end
The bladder ache and the thousand natural shocks
That the legs transmit to it. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To check, to pee?
To pee; perchance to be relieved. Aye, there's the rub,
For in that pee of relief, what checks may come
Where the pack have silent run on this tortuous soil,
Without giving once a pause. There's a short check
That makes a calamity of so long a pee;
For those who would hear the "On-On!" and "Checking!"
Of the pack - the hard pressed front, the tail-enders gasping
The pants of despised lungs. The pack's away
Amidst the hiss of some relieving Harrier.
And then the turns, the paper disappearing takes -
When he himself might his water make
At the last check? Who would these sufferings bear?
To grunt and sweat over a harey trail
But that the dread of apres-hash-
That cry of "No More Beer!", from whose source
we once set out, puzzles the will
And makes us bear those longings we have.
The fly undone beneath a tree
In a country we know not of.
Thus fear of being lost doth make cowards of us all.
But at the end, the pained sting of full bladder
Is relieved, with the pale stream cast at the tree,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard the currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. But soft you now,
Sairy Hash Harriers, in thy swillings
May all these pees be remembered.

**** HASH AWAY EVENTS - REST OF 1996 AND INTO 1997		
Event	Date	Contact
Mickleover Xmas Hash	27th Dec 1996	Dobber 01332 751087
New year H3 Ball & Hash (Cirencester)	31 Dec - 1 Jan	Mildred 01793 491959
All-Africa Interhash	31 Jan - 2 Feb	Pele +254 2211436
Glasgow 600th	21 - 23 Feb	Hughiee 0141 3341711
Dublin H3 Paddywhacks Weekend	7th - 9th March	Polly +35 31 283 7212
Sunset over the Empire Hash (Hong Kong)	14 - 16 March	Dances With dogs
Milton Keynes H3 400th (in Dublin!)	17th March	Hustler 01908 562696
London 21st anniversary	4 - 6 April	Wee Bev 0181 7433651
Assen 15th Onniversary	10 - 14 April	Big Chili Mama +31 592 345200
Isle of Man H3 3rd run	3 - 6 May	Oink 0141 3321987
Haunch of Venison 700th	5th May??	Torch Killer 01722 332219
Cheltenham & Cotswold 1000th	16 - 17 May	Eyebrows 01242 677480
Berkshire 1000th	11 - 13 July	Max 01344 52717
German Nash Hash	18 - 20th July	West Rhein H3
Andorra Inaugural summer Hash	18 - 24th July	Alfresco +376 851079
Eurohash!!	25-27 July	Higgins +322 345 8809
Brighton 1000th??	17 August???	Bouncer 01444 230903
Nash Hash!!!!	22 - 25 August	Buzby 01392 465290
Pan Asia Hash - Jakarta	5th - 7th Sept	+62 21 769 0238
3rd 3 Frontiers Weekend (Ardennes, Belgium)	19 - 21st Sept	Higgins? +322 345 8809
Cambridge 1000th	November!!!!	TBA!!!!!!!!!!

"Without my wife, life would not be worth living," Harold Millwether told police in an attempt to persuade them to drop attempted murder charges against his wife Suzanne. "Yes, she has tried seven times to kill me, but on most occasions she just got out of the wrong side of the bed. I'd say pre-menstrual tension is to blame."

A spokesman for the La Jolla police force later itemised the fifteen murder attempts forty-five-year-old Suzanne had made on her Californian stockbroker husband's life over a four-month period: "First, she poisoned his gin and tonic, but he noticed the odd taste and threw it out. Then attempted to set him alight while he slumbered in front of the television but he woke up when his sideburns burst into flames. Next, she hired a killer to run his car off the road, but Mr Millwether refused to yield and the other car lost control. She dropped a mains radio into his bath, but the plug came out, and she arranged a drive-by shooting, but the would-be assassin's gun jammed."

"Then she tried drugging him and smothering him with a pillow, but he managed to fight her off. She shot at him several times during a hunting trip but her aim wasn't good and she missed. And she tried to run him down with her car, but he bounced right off the fender and sustained only minor wounds."

"However, Mr Millwether has assured us that they've now sorted out their problems, and that, if the police will only leave them alone, they'll be as happy as the day they got married. I sure hope he's right."

□ When May Bray watches her son, Alan Chambers, walk up the aisle she will not be losing a son but gaining a father. For Alan, 42, is poised to marry Anne Whittaker, 69, the mother of Bray's new husband, Wilson.

Bray, 68, of Barnsley, South Yorkshire, whose son will thus become her stepfather-in-law, is delighted. "It doesn't matter about age," she said.

"Is the Minister aware of the fact that a doctor at the Otjiwarongo Hospital, the superintendent no less, removed haemorrhoids from a patient and sewed up his anus?" MP Katuutire Kaura asked during Question Time in the Namibian National Assembly.

Replying for the government, Dr Libertine Amathila, the new Minister for Health and Social Security, sought to reassure Parliament. "The government is aware of this unfortunate incident. The man's anus was accidentally sewn up, but nobody realised at first. After three days, when he had failed to eructate his nates, the doctor prescribed strong laxatives. But these, instead of easing the problem, made the situation even worse by reversing the process back to his mouth and causing him to erupt like a foul volcano. It was only after a week, when the patient's condition became critical, that he was more fully examined, and it was discovered that his anus had been sewn up. It was then a simple matter for the doctor to relieve him with a pair of scissors."

At that point another MP intervened to ask Mr Kaura "whether the rumours are true, that you were the unfortunate patient". After a heated exchange of views, punches were thrown and the Speaker ordered both men to be removed from the Chamber.

"Men are easy," said Judge Shirley Strickland Saffold, while passing sentence on Katie Nemeth in a Cleveland court. "My advice is to dump your boyfriend, show your legs, and find a nice doctor to marry."

After firing 19-year-old Nemeth \$200 for allowing her boyfriend to misuse a stolen credit card, 65-year-old Judge Saffold gave further guidance to the guilty woman. "You can put on a short skirt, go to the bus stop, cross your legs, and pick up 25 men. Ten of them will give you their money but, if you don't pick up the first ten, then all you got to do is open your legs a little bit and cross them at the bottom and then they'll stop. Go to a bus stop near a medical school and you'll marry a doctor lickety-split. All you got to do is take a biology book — don't even read it — and when one of them walks by say 'Excuse me, can you tell me what this means?' And you got yourself a date."

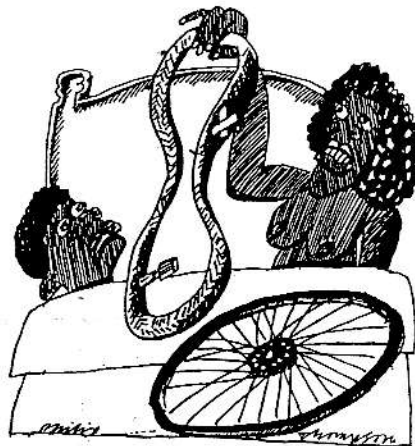
After complaints from feminists about the

sexist nature of her remarks, Judge Saffold told reporters: "I have been ill. Even so, they're only complaining because they're too fat and ugly to get a man. They should buy a razor and go on a diet. But, as I say, I'm not very well."



○ "Many women do not realise that there is nothing as damaging to a man's ego as telling him that he is sexually weak," Mrs Florence Khatievi of the Kakamega Municipality told a press conference. "When they ridicule their husbands as 'he who goes to bed with his trousers on' or 'a dead battery,' their taunting can lead to divorce, suicide, or even murder."

Mrs Khatievi was attempting to combat the widespread belief in Kenya that cycling causes impotence. "Increasing unemployment has forced many men, pinched by poverty, to resort to the Boda Boda (taxi bicycle) business. Pedalling all day in the hot sun makes the husbands exhausted, but their wives demand their 'rights



of the home' at night, and taunt the men when they cannot perform, calling them 'flat tyre,' 'Mr Maggot' or even 'midget tape worm', names implying that their potency is questionable. This makes the problem worse and the wives come to us, either demanding divorces or asking for their 'bed rights' to be granted through our offices. I blame inflation, which causes the men to spend all day thinking about how to save their money, a brain activity that is devastating to one's sexual health."



"Hey! I got news for you, sweetheart! ... I am the lowest form of life on earth!"