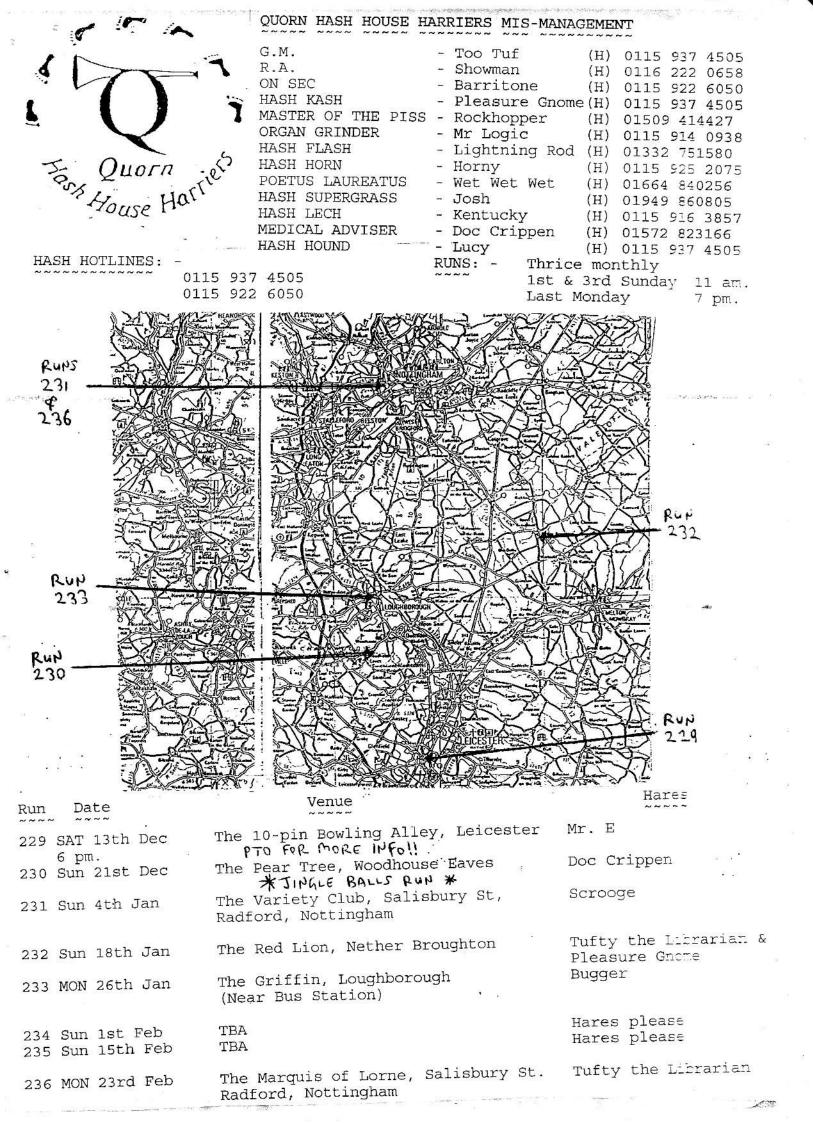
Rash Hag



December 1997



Hash news

Christmas Runs

As most of you are likely to be confused about **Christmas**, here are the definitive arrangements:

There will be two Christmas Runs this year.

1. Run no 229, SAT 13th December. Meet at the 10-pin Bowling Alley in the centre of Leicester, at 6 pm. This is just behind the Shires Shopping Centre, and is also close to St Margaret's Bus Station. Start off the evening with some harmless 10-pin bowling.

Run no 229 will leave the Bowling Alley 7:30 - 8pm. This will be a linear pub-crawl, ending up at the Marquis of Wellington, near the Railway station before 10pm. If you wear shorts and T shirts you're likely to freeze to death. However, you will need to take with you all the money you'll need for the whole evening. If you arrive late, the trail will be easy to follow. However, the last pub will definitely be the Marquis of Wellington.

We will then move on to the Akash, an excellent Indian Curry House. Hash Funds will pay for QH3 Hashers for all their food and some beer at the Akash. Guests pay for what they eat and drink at the Akash. On the pub crawl and in the 10-pin bowling, obviously everybody pays their own way.

Lots of Crash Space is available in Leicester. Get to the 10-pin bowling by Public Transport

- 2. Run no 230, Sun 21st December. This will be the JINGLE BALLS RUN. Please bring a silly Santa Hat, plus some Jingle Balls! Mince Pies and Gluhwein may be provided. Venue: the Pear Tree, Woodhouse Eaves between Quorn and M1 June 22.
- 3. City of Leicester Inaugural Trail (CLIT) will take place on Sunday, 14th December. Meet at the Fuzzock and Firkin, Welford Road, Leicester. Welford Road is in fact the A50, and is roughly SE from Leicester City Centre. It is near the Tigers Rugby Ground. Why not do the Clit Run the day after the pub crawl on the 13th?

Please tear off the Bollock Paper at the back of the Rash Hag, and vote for the Hash Superlatives. These will be announced with the stats in the next Rash Hag. The January edition will, as usual, come out late (18th Jan), and will be a bumper issue with the stats.

As can be seen, Torchlight runs are continuing throughout the winter without a break this vezr.

Thanks for all your write-ups and other contributions this month.

Next Rash Hag:

Run no. 232 (Sun 18th January)

Deadline:

Thursday 15th January 1998

Address:

4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA

Hareline:

0115 922 6050 (24-hour ansaphone always giving details of next run-

QH3 Run 223

Saracen's Head, Calke Village

Hares: Oriface and Lightning Rod

Scribe: Whiplash

What bastard made me scribe? You have to be smashed, hungover, late or live in Bermuda to be scribe. Are there no rules anymore? I had no hangover and no excuse for bad memory.

So. Good weather, not that we care. A good hashing area, flat enough for Tufty, even W3 was to get round this one. The hares had promised a cracking lay. A good turnout. The pub had a good reputation and even wanted us back. That can't be true can it? There were virgins and even some children, one ran well, James I think.

We started late of course. Does no one realise it cuts into drinking time?

Not late enough for everyone. Tufty, Showman and Pleasure Gnome joined us underway. In a village of one street, a dead end and five houses, they couldn't find the pub. Worse was to come. Within a mile Showman was holding a committee meeting. I suppose at the speed he runs that's not difficult.

What about this cracking lay then. Well every lay has it's own character and this was no exception. Lightning Rod already had a reputation for economising on flour. So it was no surprise to find no flour laid within a mile of any check. After blowing two spoonfuls of flour on a check, the cost had weighed on Lightning Rod's mind. Yes Tufty, they're called checks not controls.

No matter, Barritone was there to run down the false trails and after a shaky start he played a blinder. In fact this hardy perennial always does well. Bikes in, bikes out, runs like hell and let's face it he's hardly built for running. Whatever you're on Barritone, I want some. Even with Barritone, it wasn't to be easy. We started off with a mile in the wrong direction. Some prawn had shouted "On On" at the first and only marker and we were off. I don't want to point a finger but Rockhopper was there and looked really sheepish.

When Barritone faded, it was Jetslag who led us on. By cunningly following Oriface's instructions, he quickly sussed out the right trail and built a big lead.

The lads had to do well on this one. The girls were no help. 'Though to give Mudflaps her due, she did try, albeit in the wrong direction. Good for you, Mudflaps, nice outfit as well and whatever Tufty says, I don't think you show us up. Fashion note for the ladies. Mudflaps sported a nicely judged blue and black outfit. Matched but not too well matched. No real runner would be turned out like a mannequin.

Actually I tell a lie. I remember one Master's. A 45 mile trans-Pennine race/epic held in the depths of Winter. Our lady team mate had even chosen hair tint, mascara and lipstick to match her outfit. Would you believe even toenails were lacquered to match. A striking red and black outfit at the start and a plain peat bog black outfit at the finish. Name withheld to avoid embarrassing the poor girl.

Alright I'm getting off the subject. We're on the trail, no one's lost, yet. In fact it looks good. It's off road, I love off road, it's through woods, I love woods, but then bloody bloody nettles, thousands of them. Why don't we have a no nettles rule? Do you know some masochist took his shirt off here, to maximise the stinging area. Rightly punished with a Down Down later.

Then disaster and I don't mean someone got lost, 'though they did. No it was an animal problem. No it wasn't Showman's dog chasing sheep 'though he did. No it was a bloody great bull.

This docile herd of cows were just shuffling out of my path when it was suddenly apparent one had bleeding great horns and wedding tackle to match. Oriface, Lightning Rod, I still haven't forgiven you. The ladies coped well here. Wet Wet bravely flaunting a vibrant red top. In fact W3 was so taken by the wedding tackle, I had to drag her forcibly away.

I'm sorry I missed your matador efforts Wallington, but everyone said they were impressed.

What else could happen. Well there was a second bull. I was ready this time and you know, you don't have to outrun the bull to escape. You only have to outrun the slowest man in the group.

The hares already in disgrace were found short cutting.

Tufty looked out of sorts. Usually by letting others find the trail, he saves enough to manage a final spurt. At a pace that wouldn't shame a marathon runner. This time his usual circumspect start was followed by, can you believe it, waiting and jogging in with Pleasure Gnome. Is this love or is the heavy hand of matrimony bearing down? Will our GM wear another Nash Hash tee-shirt in 1998, or are his hashing days numbered? All right, all right, so we got back, the lost were found and it was Down Down time.

First Lightning Rod wouldn't drink. He said the bed pan wasn't clean. He'd been looking after it as well. Look! Lightning Rod we don't mind if you get caught short. There are times when you've just got to dump right now. But can't you rinse it out afterwards. Pleasure Gnome was disgusted. She said she always washed it out after using it, especially if it was one of those runny speckled ones. Luckily Showman stepped in to prevent the waste of good beer.

Our two virgins put on a sparkling show. Martin taking the lot over his head, cos it was canned beer. He's right too, why can't we have proper bottled German lager? Chris did even better, drinking his out of a new shoe.

Chris, if you haven't washed it out yet, you can do a good A/B test. See if it stops Athlete's Foot, also can you check if you're going any faster on that side?

We had another Freudian scene with W3 on her knees. Is there something I'm missing here? Inputs required please. A good effort from W3 spilling just a few drops. Is there no other way this scrumptions totty can get noticed? What was it for? Oh yes, getting Showman lost. Probably justified, Showman needs all the help he can get.

Then it was Bugger's turn for turning out the mountain rescue two weeks.

Then it was Bugger's turn for turning out the mountain rescue two weeks earlier. Jetslag got his for masochistic efforts in the nettles.

Quorn Hash #199 2 March 1997

Queniborough

Hares: Mudflaps & Wallington

What I did on Sunday

On Sunday I went running with the Quorn Hash. Well, not quite. I missed the start like I usually do. You see, although me mam doesn't mind me Hashing with the big lads, she doesn't like me hanging around before the start and after the run when they talk about things not fit for my ears. As it is, she won't let me see more than the map on the Rash Hag cos of all the filth in it. So when I got to the pub, all the big lads had gone. It was OK really cos GropeHer and his nice friend Tanya were late as well so we could run round together.

We ran down a lane to a farm where the road was ankle deep in runny cow-muck. GropeHer gave Tanya a piggy-back. This wasn't fair cos for me the cow-muck was knee deep and me mam keeps threatening to stop me pocket money to pay for a new gym kit. Those two were like little kids playing games while I did it proper cos when I looked back, Tanya was giving GropeHer a piggy-back. Well it looked like a piggyback, but they weren't moving far cos their shorts were round their knees, silly things. I waited for them at the next check and then GropeHer sent me off to do all the checking like the bully he is. I didn't cry though, and found the trail, but when I shouted ON ON they didn't come. When I got back to the check, Tanya was stood against a tree and GropeHer was bumping into her and making the tree shake. I asked them what they were doing and Tanya said something about a quick tree trembler which is good for conkers. These girls know nothing. I could see it wsn't a horse chestnut tree and anyway it's easier to knock them off with sticks. I was beginning to think these two preferred sissy games to Hashing.

Well we ran on across the fields to a village where the trail went down a narrow path full of nettles which stung GropeHer's knees and my elbows, but I didn't cry though. There was a garden full of nice doggies next to the path. GropeHer said to Tanya all those dogs had given him an idea. Help at last, I thought, but I checked the other direction just in case. I even waded across a stream at the check, but there was no flour wherever I looked, so I went back to find the others. There they were, playing Flat Dog. I'd seen the dogs playing it in our street. She was the Flat Dog and he was on her back pumping her up. GropeHer said he'd found the right root straight away and Tanya shouted ON ON, but I didn't hear them.

When we got running again out of the village, we followed a stream to another check near a bridge. Tanya smiled at me like me mam does when she wants me to go down to the shop for a loaf on the slate, and I knew I was in for more checking. Tanya smiles like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth and I know it doesn't cos I heard Doc Crippen say he put a knob in her mouth once and it stayed hard for ages. I checked all the trails using the fieldcraft we'd learned in the cubs and as usual it took the other two ages to come when I shouted. By now my legs were getting tired, but I must be getting good enough to be a proper member of QH3 cos GropeHer could hardly walk and I'd run further than him.

We went through another farm and across the fields to Queniborough where we found the final check. Tanya smiled again which is funny cos proper Hashers groan when they run onto a check. Well this time I sneaked back to the other two to see just how much running they were actually doing and there they were behind the hedge playing the game me big sister plays when me mam and dad are out. She calls it The First Time For Me and it usually ends up with her and her friend rubbing the settee cushions with a flannel, which is funny cos she doesn't like housework normally. I asked GropeHer what was going on and he said Tanya had sat on an ant hill and they'd run up her wee-hole and he was sending in his thing to eat them up just like an aardvark and it felt bloody fantastic. He told me to practise this game Bonking cos it was better than Hashing any day. I didn't believe him but I told me mates anyway.

Finally we ran back to the pub where all the big lads and lasses were gathered outside for the awards. They gave me a clap for taking two and a half hours and I heard later that Tanya had given GropeHer a clap that lasted two and a half weeks, but I didn't believe it cos neither of them deserved any applause for not checking properly.

Anyway, me and me mates tried this Bonking game and we prefer Hashing. The man from the council said it was the biggest ant hill he'd ever been called to clear and me mam says I can go back to school next week when the bandges come off. And I won't cry either.

This was the first run Bugger and Jane did with QH3 and, despite christening Jane "Cobblers", they keep coming back

On On Tufti

HALLOWEEN #97 ... MUDFLAPS REVENGE.

DATE: 30TH OCTOBER 1997, NOT THE 27TH AS PUBLISHED!

Run:- Mickleover No 48th...?...

VENUE: THE PUNCH BOWL, STAPLEHILL...(NOT STANTON!)

HARE: DOBBER ... AS USUAL!

ADVENTURERS: SHOWMAN, WET WET, MUDFLAPS AND BLOW!

SOD MICHAEL MEYERS, WHO NEEDS HIM WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE ONE AND ONLY (THANKFULLY!)...MUDFLAPS!

THE EVENINGS MEETING POINT WAS AT SHOWMAN'S, AND AS USUAL THE WOMEN WERE LATE ARRIVING, IT IS THEIR PREROGATIVE, AND ALSO A INHERENT SEXUAL FAILING!...

THE JOURNEY TOOK US THROUGH THE DARK AND WINDY ROADS OF LEICESTER, COALVILLE, ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH, AND AS WE HADN'T RECEIVED EXACT DIRECTIONS, THEM OF BURTON ON TRENT AS WELL. ON ROUTE MUDFLAPS, DRESSED IN HER FINEST REGALIA, WAS TRYING HER HARDEST TO PUT THE OTHER ROAD USES OFF, BUT ONLY ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN LOSING HER DECORATIVE APPENDAGES, MUCH TO HER ANNOYANCE...

MUDFLAPS HAD ALSO DONNED A PAIR OF FALSE TEETH, WHICH IN ALL HONEST WAS A BLESSING IN A DISGUISE, AS IT PREVENTED HER FROM TALKING TO MUCH, BUT THE UTTERING THAT DID EMANATE WERE TOTALLY INCOMPREHENSIVE, THEN AGAIN THAT IS NOTHING NEW...

SHOWMAN HAD APPARENTLY VISITED THE LOCAL OXFAM SHOP TO PURCHASE SOME APPAREL FOR THE EVENING, AND FOR ONCE LOOKED QUITE SMART, I MEANT...QUITE SMART AS FREDDIE KRUGGER, BUT I THINK HE HAD BEGUN TO REGRET THE FACT THAT HE DECIDED TO STICK HIS FACE TOGETHER, WHAT HE USED WAS UNKNOWN...BUT IT SURE WASN'T 'OIL OF UGLY'!

WET WET HAD TURNED UP AS A PUMPKIN, AND EVEN DONNED ONE AS A HAT, WHICH SHE'D LOVINGLY CARVED OUT TILL TWO IN THE MORNING, BUT IT DID LOOK THE PART, A BIT HAGGARD AND FRIGHENTING...AND THE PUMPKIN WASN'T BAD EITHER!

BLOW!, WELL I ONLY HAD THREE HOURS NOTICE OF THE EVENT, AS IT DID SAY THE 27TH IN THE 'RASH HAG', BUT I WAS THERE IN SPIRIT!, AND A BIT ZOMBIEFIED, AS I ALSO HAD BEEN UP TILL TWO IN THE MORNING TYPING UP THE LAST WRITE UP!

WE FINALLY FOUND THE DESIGNATED PUB. AND PROCEEDED INTO THE CAR PARK, WERE UPON WE FOUND A VAST GATHERING OF WITCHES, THE OBVIOUS QUESTIONS DID COME TO LIGHT, DO THE WOMEN OF BURTON ALWAYS DRINK OUTSIDE IN THE CAR PARK, AND WERE WHERE THE HASHERS...SORRY OUR MISTAKE, THESE WERE THE HASHERS, AND WHAT A MOTLEY CREW THEY LOOKED, EVEN MORE SO ONCE THEY'D DRESSED UP IN THEIR OUTFITS...ONLY JOKING MH3!

DOBBER GAVE HIS USUAL, "THANK YOU FOR COMING...", AND EXPLAINED THE ROUTE OF THE NIGHTS RUN, ROADS...NOT MUCH SURPRISE THERE, FIELDS...WE COULD LIVE WITH THAT, "...AND BE CAREFUL OF THE WATER!", WHAT!...WATER!, WHAT HAD HE PLANNED

HALLOWEEN #97 ... MUDFLAPS REVENGE.

A RIVER CROSSING...WELL ON THIS NOTE THE FOUR ADVENTUROUS QH3 HASHERS VENTURED TO THE NEAREST PATCH OF HALLOW GROUND, WHICH JUST HAPPENED TO BE THE PUB, AND ON LUCKS SIDE WAS A MATTER OF FEET AWAY...

MUDFLAPS INSISTED IN ASKING EVERY MALE IN THE ROOM TO BE HER GROOM, BUT SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH THEY ALL SEEMED TO DECLINE...CAN THINK WHY...SHE'D NEVER LOOKED SO RADIANT!

ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN IN QUESTION DID POP A QUESTION BACK...

"ARE YOU MALE OR FEMALE!", WHICH MUDFLAPS DIDN'T TAKE MUCH OFFENCE TO, BUT PUT IT SOLELY DOWN TO THE FACT THAT SHE WAS WEARING A MARKS AND SPENCERS BRA...!'D PUT IT MORE DOWN TO THE FACT THAT YOU'RE FLAT CHESTED...

THE CIRCLE WAS CALLED, AND EVERYONE PROCEEDED OUTSIDE TO A DARK SECLUDED CORNER...COMMONLY KNOW AS BURTON, SORRY. DOBBER THE R.A, G.M, HASH CASH, AND A VERY GOOD ONE MAN BAND, TOOK CHARGE OF THE DOWN DOWNS, WHICH WERE IN THE FORM OF PARTY GAMES, 'BLIND MANS DASH', WHICH SHOWMAN WAS DRAGGED INTO...BUT FEELING LEFT OUT MUDFLAPS THEN WISHED TO PARTAKE, BUT FOR SOME REASON REFUSED TO WEAR THE NOTTINGHAM FORREST BLIND FOLD...THEN CAME THE NEW COMERS PARTY GAME, WHICH WET WET WET, MUDFLAPS AND BLOW! WERE DULY NOMINATED BY (A GIGGLING!)SHOWMAN...APPLE DUNKING WAS THE CHALLENGE THRUST IN FRONT OF THESE MH3 VIRGINS, OR IN MUDFLAPS'S CASE, NEAR VIRGIN!, FIRSTLY THE TRADITIONAL WAY, THEN WITH WHAT SEEMED TO BE THE LEFT OVER FLOUR FROM THE RUN, LACED WITH A FEW SWEETS, OBVIOUSLY TO MAKE IT MORE APPEALING, NOT!

THE NIGHT CARRIED ON IN THE PUB, WHERE BARRITONE WAS DRAGGED ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR(CREATED BY MUDFLAPS, THEN AGAIN MOST PEOPLE WERE TRYING TO AVOID HER, ESPECIALLY THE MALE POPULATION OF BURTON!), BUT BARRITONE AND MUDFLAPS HAD THE BRIDE'S FIRST, AND THANKFULLY LAST, DANCE...

BARRITONE HAD BEEN TALKING TO THE GROUP ABOUT THE FORTHCOMING CHRIMBO EVENTS, AND WHAT THEY HAD INSTALL FOR THEM, THE MH3 ONE BEING FANCY DRESS, WHICH WAS FUNNY AS WHEN BARRITONE LEFT (WHICH WAS VIA TAXI, AS HIS BIKE HAD SUFFERED A PEDAL BLOW-OUT, HOPEFULLY IT WONT BE A RIGHT OFF!), HE DROPPED ONE OF HIS SHOES, OR SHOULD I CALL IT 'A GLASS SLIPPER', WAS THIS A SUBTLE HINT THAT HE WANT TAKING TO THE BALL...

FAREWELLS WERE GIVEN OUT, AND THE INTREPID ADVENTURERS SET UPON THEIR MERRY WAY EACK THE COMFORT OF THEIR ABODES, BUT MUDFLAPS HAD TO HAVE THE LAST WORD...OR SHOULD I SAY SNORE!, AS SHE DOVE HEAD FIRST, UNCONSCIOUSLY INTO MY LAP... FROM DRACULA'S BRIDE...TO...SLEEPING BEAUTY ALL IN ONE NIGHT, SWEET DREAMS!

Penned by Blow!

Run 221 The Royal Oak, Cossington Hares; GPS and Womb Service

By 7.15 the wisdom of letting GPS set his first trail in the dark was looking suspect particularly as co-hare Womb Service did not know the whole route. At least the bar was open. GPS eventually turned up and after warning us to be careful on the railway line and the dual carrigeway, we were off...

Late comers Hen Pecked and Jet Slag caught us up and after an early check we were off across a newly ploughed field which caused a few problems for those without lighting. At the edge of the field was a wire fence which caught Too Tuff out, or was he just lying in the ditch waiting for Pleasure Gnome ??

A short steep climb brought us onto the railway line, there was no obvious path across but flour had been laid along the track, allegedly. Despite the lack of flour, the way on was found and soon we were back on a road where a long run brought us to the next check. From there a gentle down hill run across flood lit fields brought us to the qual carriageway which despite the heavy traffic we crossed with only virgin Jen almost not making it, a short run then brought us into a village. Again the trail was lost, the way on being found by following GPS. Although this is not usually recommended, as he had laid the trail, this was our best option. After crossing more fields, we came out onto a road and found the beer stop.

From the beer stop the trail followed a river for miles and miles, alternating between stinging nettles and trees and bushes, many obstacles were found including several rabbit holes but despite these, nobody managed to fall in the river. At last the trees and nettles ended and the trail went through a field of maize which was fun in the dark! At the end of the field the trail went under a road bridge, one of the arches under the bridge was partially flooded and Hen Pecked and Blow were lured into this by the lights and shouts of on-on from other hashers. Most of the pack short cutted along the road but for those who didn't, there were miles more running along the river back to Cossington.

In the absence of Barritone, Wet Wet was chosen as a substitute to lead the singing. The two hares got a special down-down of water, for such a crap trail, as well as beer, Womb Service getting his during a re-Christening which included Mud Fiaps massaging eggs and flour into his groin. A trace of flour ended up on the floor which, despite offers from hashers to clear it up, was later cleared up by bar staff who hinted that we would not be welcome there again.

Down-downs:

Womb Service - hare GPS - hare Ken - visitor Jen - virgin

· Josh - not noticing Showmans wallet and phone left on his fridge for nearly a week

The Bonfire Night Run

Hares:

Bugger, Blow, Mudsucker & Lewis

Hashers:

Warmers, Big Phut, Barritone, Josh, Rockhopper and Cobblers

Late Arrivals:

Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome

Late late arrivals:

GPS & Mudflaps

Venue:

The Talbot Inn, Thurcaston Road, Leicester

A firework display from the back of the Talbot greeted us as we waited in anticipation of our Bonfire Night Run. Lewis was well chuffed on being on the front row, all those pretty colours and loud bangs. Oooooohhhh – Aaaaaahhhhh. Others were less impressed and decided to move their cars further away. As we gathered for our circle sure that TT & PG would arrive, I. Cobblers was given the job of scribe – someone had to do it, and we had assembled as many hashers as hares, so there wasn't really much choice.

7.10 p.m. (ish) approached, the scribe was decided, perhaps TT & PG weren't going make it after all, so off we jolly well went......This was after being told that if we found flour, we were on, - very reassuring in the dark, and no we didn't need a torch!

Barritone disappeared almost immediately – although we could hear him. We did think having 4 hares would be an advantage for our small number – until we were informed they had set a bit each. We just hoped they all joined up.

Run we did through the streets of Leicester, alleyways and park paths, and they were right, we didn't need a torch. Occasionally we stopped to see fireworks in the night sky. Josh & Big Phut short cutted, (Big Phut had an injury, we were told the details in the circle later on).

Barritone was storming ahead, no false trails for him to find, just On On and On On he did, Mudsucker did well assisted by Lewis and a Buggy.

A regroup was called outside the Owl & Pussycat. Off we went again, Barritone still in the lead back to the pub. We all short cutted at the end because we knew where we were from Showman's Weekend pub-crawl. So of course we headed straight for the pub.

After refreshments at the bar, the circle was called outside. Down downs were given to: -

Josh

For short cutting

Big Phut

For getting a foot injury, by attending a keep fit class. (He assured us he stood at the

back!) Awarded the Hash it.

Barritone

For continually finding the right trail!

GPS arrived for the circle, was going to dash off, but decided to stay, as Bugger had some more photos from Cromford.

Off to the park and our own Firework Display – pity we forgot the matches. Pleasure Gnome wasn't there either to provide a lighter, she had waited at the pub for GPS to finish his pint.

More Ohs and Ahs from Mudsucker – she assured us it was for Lewis's benefit, and then back to Hash Headquarters for food. Mudsucker did us proud – Jacket potatoes, cheese, baked beans. Hot dogs etc. although Ben wasn't very impressed!

The Finale to our firework evening was – Sparklers... when we eventually managed to light them! Back inside to play with Lewis and his many toys. The photos proved to be quite amusing too.

Well done Hares, an interesting hash set at very short notice due to Showman's absence

Cobblers

Subject: A bit of news

Date: Fri, 19 Sep 1997 19:36:38 +0100

From: "Roger Watkinson" < Roger. Watkinson@dial.Pipex.Com>

To: "Mr.Logic Al Smith" < Al. Smith@aeschi.ch.eu.org>

Hi to all at the QHHH from Kentucky. (A letter from Kentucky?)

I expect that all of you have been intrigued to know what had happened to the Hash Letch? Well, maybe it crossed your minds? What... Not even a thought? Well anyway, I'm going to tell you..

It all started about a year ago when a friend gave me a prospectus. Two days later I was a full time student with no idea how I was going to pay for it. With the help of a career development loan and a student loan and by living on potatoes and rice (Honestly, I really did live on potatoes and rice for nearly a month) I actually made it through the year and came out top of the class.

Through this summer I have been working as a toilet cleaner at a cash and carry... The tales I could tell you... Why are the ladies worse than the mens? Three highlights have been:

1. The Case of the Blocked Urinal. (The only time I have **HAD TO** wear gloves!)

2. The Incident of the Shitfull Nappy.

3. Sick in the Red Wine Aisle. (AND on the Budweiser, AND on the mineral water, AND in the loo, AND on the bog wall...Not so much projectile as ICBM vomiting!)

I have recently started lecturing (No.. NOT letchering!) in Visual Basic at £14 ph for 2 hrs a week. The rate of pay sounds good until you realize that I am taking about 12 hour to prepare each lecture. I was quite proud to be asked to do it, though the first lecture was a bit of a disaster. Most of them though, gave me the benefit of the doubt and came back for a second go. I think that that one was OK.

College is about to start and this year I have to keep working about thirty hours per week to pay the bills. It's going to be quite a busy time.

I have got an entry in the KIMM this year so I am training hard for that, but I really miss my Hash runs... so does Sam. The problem isn't so much the run (even though I now have no car) It's the aftermath in the pub. I just *couldn't* resist a drink, and then I can't work in the afternoon.

On the Letching front, I haven't been neglecting my duties... I am quite an ex-spurt at getting really close and then chickening out when I have to make a move. Why doesn't some woman make the first move...just once....PLEASE? College is what you might call a 'target rich environment' for a bloke like me. Even if they are all seventeen!

Ahh! Those summer days...

Anyway, I'll have to go now cos I have to have my next set of notes in reprographics by tomorrow afternoon and I haven't though of an exercise yet.

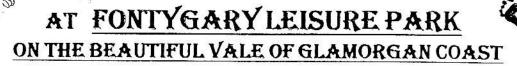
Apologies for the lack of humour... Maybe next time.

ON! ON!



THE NEW YEAR HASH BASH





WEDNESDAY 31ST DEC '97 - THURSDAY 1ST JAN '98 £55 GETS YOU

- Check into your Luxury Caravan Accommodation, anytime from 4pm on Saturday, 27th Dec 97, for the same price!
- Evening Mulled Wine Reception
- New Years Eve Run
- Buffet & Disco until the early hours (Fancy Dress; "Xmas Carols!!")
- Hangover Breakfast, New Years Day
- New Years Day Run
- Stay until 10 am Saturday, 3rd Jan 98 for NO EXTRA CHARGE!

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO??

CH3 games, runs and social events: On site Bars, Heated Fun Pool, Fitness suite. Other Local Attractions: Karting, Llanerch Vineyard, Paintballing, Pony Riding, Windsurfing, Mediaeval Village. Girlie Shopping, 10 Pin Bowling, oh! and loads of pubs. Why not make a week of it??

Limited Spaces Available! Full Payment secures a place. £20 Deposit pdq if you're screwed for cash

Name		Hash	
Address		**************************************	
		Post Code	
Tel	_ Veggie: Y / N	Check in date	•
Would you buy a T-Shirt if	available Y / N	Size ·	

Run 224 - Wheatsheaf, Colston Basset- Hares, Too-Tuff and Pleasure Gnome Rain had been predicted as usual at this time of year, but it was between showers, so we had a good dry start at the Wheatsheaf. Just past the Stilton cheese works. After the hare briefing, we set off on a country run. Mainly open fields of huge clods of good English freshly plowed earth. Distance was about 4.5 to 5 miles. I couldn't pay my usual attention to the lovely countryside as the terrain was ankle twisting. We ran through some woods where Too-tuff had set the trail the night before in the dark. I hope he didn't get scared. Running back close to town, we ran into some big flour arrows laid by an unknown source, which caused the pack to be temporarily diverted from the true trail. Hare lies?, "they weren't there when I laid the trail", but did he lay the trail at night and who makes big flour arrows in Colston Basset. Directional arrows to the cheese works?

Down-downs were imposed by benevolent dictator, Flying Bugger, inside the warm and cozy pub. 1. Pleasure Gnome for solving checks for the pack and directing us to the true trail. 2. Wet, Wet, Wet for arriving late as she was listening to the Archers. (Maybe we should change run start time to allow all the addicts their fix, or buy stereo headsets from the treasury). 3. Durex for wearing a Halloween Hash T-shirt. 4. Warmers for saying Felch very slowly. (See explanation below)

Much of the ON ON ON at the pub was involved with pornography starved hashers reading a sexual glossary distributed by Flying Bugger (Distribution in his company got a fellow employee sacked. Pretty clever because we think that Bugger forged the e-mail address source just to get rid of an obnoxious associate.) It was then that Warmers made the mistake of saying "what's Felching". Too Tuff attempted to define it.(A sexual habit too gross for us to explain to the gentle readers of this write-up). In an attempt to gain something useful from this mass of corruption and restore a decent sense of morality to the group, Big Phut composed

an anti-smoking message. Smokers. Give up smoking by sticking one cigarette from each new pack up a friend's backside, first, then replacing it in the box. The possibility of putting that one in your mouth will put you off smoking any of them. (Hopefully at least for hashers).

Thanks to the hares for a good run.

Big Phut

Thought for the day:

A bus station is where a bus stops.

A train station is where a train stops.

On my desk I have a workstation.......

NEW DARWIN AWARDS REPORT

6/XX/97 A driver, who crashed into the side of a 3000 ton wheat train and was dragged in his car more than a kilometre before being slammed into a pylon at the edge of a cliff, fell to his death as he walked for help. The Queensland, Australia, man, 63, and his female companion, 64, were driving along the Newell Highway near Moree, in North Western New South Wales on Wednesday night, police said.

Their car crashed into the side of a fully laden, 600 metre long train at a level crossing. (I guess that would be harder to miss than the side of a barn!00 The vehicle became wedged between the second last and last carriages and was dragged sideways beside the track as the train continued towards Moree, a police spokeswoman said.

After being carried more than a kilometre and a half they approached an unfenced bridge with a 10 metre drop, the spokeswoman said. Moments before they reached the precipice, the car was struck by a pylon, dislodged from the train and spun several times. When it came to rest, the pair managed to free themselves from the wreck (I wonder if it was a Volvo?) with minor bruising and the man set off along the railway line for help. But he slipped on the bridge and fell to his death, the spokeswoman said.

The woman was eventually able to raise the alarm and was recovering in Moree Hospital with chest injuries.

"I've told the players we need to win so that I can have the cash to buy some new ones"
* Chris Turner, Peterborough manager, before LC QF, 1992.

"Tell the Kraut to get his ass up front. We don't pay a million for a guy to hang around in defence.'

* NY Cosmos executive, on Beckenbauer's positioning.

"I spent a lot of my money on booze, birds and fast cars. The rest I just squandéred"

George Best

"If we played like that every week we wouldn't be so inconsistent" - Bryan Robson, Man U, 1990.

"That's great, tell him he's Pele and get him back on."

* John Lambie, Partick Thistle manager, when told a concussed striker did not know who he was.

"I was saying the other day, how often the most vulnerable area for goalies

is between their legs..." ANDY GRAY, Sky Sport

Richard Keys: Well Roy, do you think that you'll have to finish above Manchester United to win the league? Roy Evans: You have to finish above

everyone to win the league Richard "If you can't stand the heat in the dressing-room, get out of the kitchen."

- TERRY VENABLES, Capital Gold "It's now 1-1, an exact reversal of the score on Saturday." - (Radio 5 Live)
"Football today, it's like a game of chess. It's all about money." (NEWCASTLE UNITED FAN, Radio 5 Live) I'm not a believer in luck..... but I do believe you need it."

* ALAN BALL

"Merseyside derbies usually last 90 minutes and I'm sure today's won't be any different."

TREVOR BROOKING

NEW DARWIN AWARDS REPORT

Miami, Florida motorist Alvin Sims didn't notice that his truck had smashed into a utility pole and his passenger was dead until the police stopped his car.

Donna Richardson, 29, was hanging her head out of the window of her boyfriend's 1993 Chevrolet truck early Saturday - she was vomiting - when the truck suddenly veered. Her head slammed a pole and she died instantly, police said Monday.

Sims, 36, kept driving. Metro-Dade police said when an officer stopped the truck several miles later - its right mirror and antenna were damaged. Sims told police that he was looking for a hospital because his passenger was sick. "Apparently he thought he hit a puddle and did not see that he had killed her".

On February 3, 1990, a Renton (Seattle area) man tried to commit a robbery. This was probably his first attempt, as suggested by his lack of a record of a violent crime, and by his terminally stupid choice:

1. The target was H&J Leather & Firearms, a gun shop.

2. The shop was full of customers, in a state where a substantial fraction of the adult population is licensed to carry concealed handguns in public places.

3. To enter the shop, he had to step around a marked King County Police Patrol car parked at the front door.

4. An officer in uniform was standing next to the counter, having coffee before reporting to duty.

Upon seeing the officer, the would-be robber announced a hold-up and fired a few wild shots. The officer and a clerk promptly returned fire, removing him from the gene pool. Several other customers also drew their guns, but didn't fire. No one else was hurt.

Derrick L. Richards, 28, was charged in April in Minneapolis with third-degree murder in the death of his beloved cousin, Kenneth E. Richards. According to police, Derrick suggested a game of Russian Roulette and put a semi-automatic pistol to Ken's head instead of a revolver.

MOSCOW - RUSSIA. A drunk security man asked a colleague at the Moscow bank they were guarding to stab his bullet-proof vest to see if it protected him against the knife... it didn't and the 25-year old guard died of a heart wound. Isn't it good to see the Russians getting into the spirit of the awards.

Jacques LeFevrier left nothing to chance when he decided to commit suicide.

He stood at the top of a tall cliff and tied a noose around his neck. He tied the other end of the rope to a large rock. He drank some poison and set fire to his clothes. He even tried to shoot himself at the last moment.

He jumped and fired the pistol. The bullet missed him and cut through the rope above him. Free of the threat of hanging, he plunged into the sea. The sudden dunking extinguished the flames and made him vomit the poison. He was dragged out of the water by a kind fisherman and was taken to hospital, where he died... of exposure!!!



EXTRA SPECIAL 50TH RUN AND CHRISTMAS HASH FESTIVITIES

- * Monday December 29th, 1997
- Meet at 12 noon, car park opposite the White Swan, Melbourne. (Castle Street)

To celebrate this mile stone it has been decided to make it that little bit more extravagant, WE WILL ALL be dressed for the occasion!!!!!!!!



PANTOMIME THEME

I need to know DEFINITELY if you will be appearing in our Xmas production (before December 12th)
Telephone 01332 512087. (The dobber)

Members free (£2.50 if not in fancy dress)
Visitors £3.50 (£4 if not in fancy dress)

SOME FOOD WILL BE PROVIDED HENCE THE CHARGE!

Your gardening questions answered....

By Justin Thyme

Dear Justin Thyme.

We have a small allotment in which we grow our vegetables to sell to our neighbours. We call this allotment Lincolnshire. However, it is being blighted by an unsightly growth around our borders, and we feel it is a bit too small for our needs. There has also been a problem with vermin and pests lately. What can you suggest? Yours, ML, West Bridgford

Dear ML.

The unsightly growth around the edge of your property is a growth of Skegness - simply cut it off and discard it. In the meantime you could try acquiring a small piece of Norfolk to add variety to your horticultural prowess. As for pests and vermin, riot police usually do the trick.

Dear Justin Thyme

I have a prize marrow that I display at all the agricultural shows. However, it does tend to sag in the middle and droop. How can I straighten it? Yours, TT, Keyworth Dear TT.

There are various possible remedies. You could try forcing the marrow into its required shape using a leather thong, or you could simply try a different position in the bed. Maybe a bit more sunlight may help. And make sure it is protected on cold, frosty nights.

Dear Justin Thyme

I have two melons which I want to display at agricultural shows up and down the country, but they're not very big. What can you do to help? Yours, MF, Leics

Dear. MF.

Krankovskichem have come up with the perfect solution - Hash Sock Fertiliser! This is composed of freshly squeezed hash socks, consisting of nutrient-rich soil, animal shit and shiggy, oozing pedal juices and flakes of Athletes Foot. This naturally composts really well into a nutritious product that will make anything grow really quickly, sending all competition to the cleaners. Soon your melons will be rounded, ripe and juicy.

Dear Justin Thyme

We have long had a diesel-powered hedge strimmer which is started by hand. However, as our equipment is getting older it is getting increasingly difficult to start. Could you suggest a suitable oil, as we wish to use it on the hedge at the end of the garden. Yours, N.E., Notts

Dear NE.

There are so many lubricants on the market that it would be unwise for me to suggest one, tthough KY Jelly may be your first choice. However, when you come to use the strimmer on your hedge, it's best if the hedge uself is moistened as well.

Dear Justin Thyme

We have had a hand-started diesel-powered hedge strimmer for some time, but as neither me nor my wife are spring chickens any more, we have just bought a new electric one. However, when we came to use it on the bush at the end of the garden, it came to a jolt against something hard, which caused my husband much pain. What could be the problem? Yours, M.E., Leics

Dear M

The problem is most likely to be lubrication again - even if your strimmer is electric, you will not get a satisfactory result if the bash is bone dry. There may be a more serious problem, which can be solved by a tree surgeon. Look in your local yellow pages for details.

Dear Justin Thyme

I planted some tulips last year. However, very few of them have flowered, and those that have look very sad. Do you have any remedies? A.O. Derbs

Dear AO

There are a number of suitable fertilisers on the market. However, this home-made remedy always works wonders. First take a dead. hamster, and pulverise it using a food processor. Then boil it up with some water, sugar and pectin to make jam. Once the jam has cooled, mix it into the soil and plant the tulip bulbs in this. Not only will all your tulips blossom, you can tell all your friends you grow "Tulips from Hamster Jam"

BUFFALO STORY

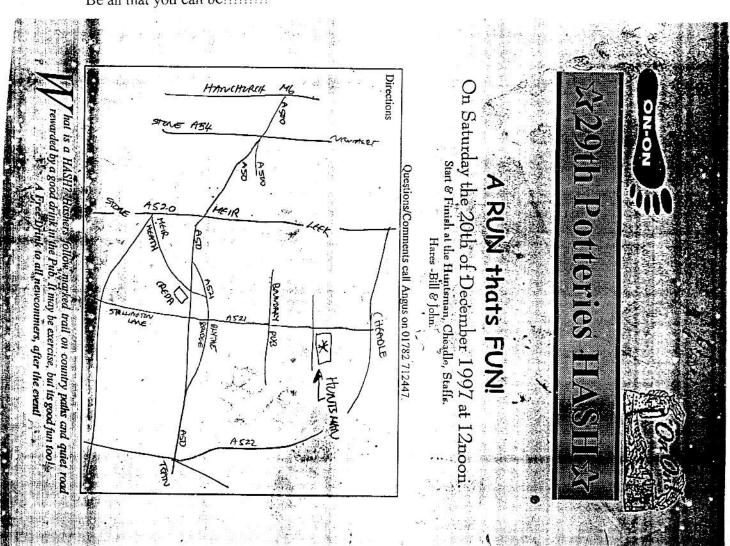
A herd of Buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo, and when the herd is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole keeps improving by the regular culling of the weakest members.

In much the same way, the human brain can operate only as fast as the slowest brain cells. Excessive intake of alcohol, we all know, kills off brain cells, but naturally it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this way, regular consumption of beer eliminates the weaker cells, constantly making the brain a faster and more efficient machine.

The results of this in-depth epidemiological study verifies and validates the causal link between all-weekend parties and engineering performance. It also explains why, after a few short years of leaving university and getting married, most engineers cannot keep up with the performance of the new graduates. Only those few that stick to the strict regimen of voracious alcoholic consumption can maintain the intellectual levels that they achieved during their university years.

So, this is a call to arms. As our country is losing its technological edge we should not shudder in our homes. Get back into the bars! Quaff that beer! Your company and country need you to be at your peak, and you shouldn't deny yourself the career that you could have.

Be all that you can be!!!!!!!!!



A woman walked into the doctor's surgery and said, "I think I'm turning into a man".

"Why do you think that?", asked the doctor

"Well, I'm developing hair on my chest"

"That's nothing to worry about - it's perfectly normal", the doctor said reassuringly. "How far down does the hair go?"
"All the way down to my bollocks"

Why does Barbie never get pregnant? Because Ken always comes in a separate box

When Apollo Mission Astronaut Neil Armstrong first walked on the moon, he not only gave his famous "one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind" statement but followed it by several remarks, usual com traffic between him, the other astronauts and Mission Control. Just before he re-entered the lander, however, he made the enigmatic remark "Good luck Mr. Gorsky."

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival Soviet Cosmonaut. However, upon checking, there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American space programs. Over the years many people questioned Armstrong as to what the "Good luck Mr. Gorsky" statement meant, but Armstrong always just smiled.

Just last year, (on July 5, 1995 in Tampa Bay FL) while answering questions following a speech, a reporter brought up the 26 year old question to Armstrong. This time he finally responded. Mr. Gorsky had finally died and so Neil Armstrong felt he could answer the question.

When he was a kid, he was playing baseball with a friend in the >backyard. His friend hit a fly ball which landed outside his neighbour's bedroom window. His neighbors were Mr. & Mrs. Gorsky. As he leaned down to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky, "Oral sex! You want oral sex?! You'll get oral sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!"

True story.

A freshman at Eagle Rock Junior High won first prize at the Greater Idaho Falls Science Fair, April 26. He was attempting to show how conditioned we have become to the alarmists practicing junk science and spreading fear of everything in our environment. In his project he urged people to sign a petition demanding strict control or total elimination of the chemical "dihydrogen monoxide", and for plenty of good reasons, since it can:

- 1. cause excessive sweating and vomiting
- 2. it is a major component in acid rain
- 3. it can cause severe burns in its gaseous state
- 4. accidental inhalation can kill you
- 5. it contributes to erosion
- 6. it decreases effectiveness of automobile brakes
- 7. it has been found in tumors of terminal cancer patients

He asked 50 people if they supported a ban of the chemical. Forty-three said yes, six were undecided, and only one knew that the chemical was water.

The title of his prize winning project was, "How Gullible Are We?" He feels the conclusion is obvious.

It's all been going monumentally wrong with tea. In Egypt, a farmer shot his wife because she took so long making him a cuppa. In Australia, meanwhile, tea proved the downfall of burglar Barry Peach. In 10 years of housebreaking, Mr Peach, 29, had never once been arrested for his misdeeds. All that changed, however, when he burgled a house on the outskirts of Sydney. "I went in through the back door," he explained, "it was like taking candy from a baby." Se smoothly did the whole robbery go, indeed, that Mr Peach decided he had time for a cup of tea before he left. To this end he rifled through the kitches cupboards and, having found some tea bags, duty made himself a brew. What he didn't know, however, was that the tea bags were, in fact, cannabis tea bass "It tasted delicious," recalled Mr Peach, "and I had five cups. Then the next thing I knew I woke up surrounded by policemen." "We don't approve of drugs," commented one officer, "but in this case we will make an exception."

+		**** 	
Event	Date	Contact	
	13-14th Dec	Wha de Say 01865 881117	
City of Leicester H3 Inaugural Run	14th Dec	Showman 0116 222 0658	
MH3 50th Xmas Pub-Crawl Run	29th Dec	The Dobber 01332 512087	
New Years Eve Hash (Cardiff H3)	Guess	In this Rash Hag	
Chicago H3 1000th	17-19th Jan	Soar Balls +1 773 404 5685 +255 51 152391	
3rd African Interhash Dar-Es-Salaam H3	6-8 Feb 1998		
Edinburgh H3 1000th	1 Apr 1998	Adonis 0131 332 1534	
Bajul H3 1000th, Gambia	10-12 Apr 1998	Wha de Say 01865 881117 Windsock 01245 329514	
Essex H3 666 / FUK Full Moon H3 111	5-7 Jun 1998		
Worthy Winchester 666	5-7 Jun 1998	Warbler 01962 882908	
Copenhagen H3 1000th	5-7 Jun 1998	Stallion +45 3888 0874	
Bicester H3 1234	17-18 Jun 1998	Swill 01280 847068	
1st USA Nash Hash	3-6 July 1998	Whiz Kid +1 205 833 6292	
Milton Keynes H3 500	August 1998?	Hustler? 01908 562696	
INTERHASH 1998!!!!!!	2-4 Oct 1998	Rob Scott +61 66 865278	

BOLLOCK PAPCE

Best trail of 1997
Best Apres of 1997.
Best Away Event of 1997
Best Away T Shirt 1997
Hasher of the Year 1997
Harriette of the Year 1997
Shithead of the Year 1997
Wanker of the Year 1997
Do not vote for yourself, or a trail you laid yourself
On On

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
195 196 197 198 199 200	05 Jan 19 Jan 02 Feb 16 Feb 02 Mar 16 Mar	The Arboretum, Nottingham The Navigation, Breaston The Rancliffe Arms, Bunny The Broad Oak, Strelley The Horse and Groom, Queniborough Kirby Muxloe Sports Centre	The Dogs Bollocks Barritone Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome Kentucky Mudflaps & Wallington Wallington & Jetslag
201	06 Apr	The Golden Fleece, Upper Broughton	Doc Crippen
202	20 Apr	The Chequers, Stanton by Dale	Barritone
203	28 Apr	The Black Horse, Grimston	Josh
204	04 May	The Falcon, Long Whatton	Lightning Rod & Oriface
205	11 May	4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough	Barritone
206	18 May	The Test Match, West Bridgford	Mr Logic
207	27 May	The Angel, Coleorton	Bugger & Cobblers
208	01 Jun	The Navigation, Barrow Upon Soar	Doc Crippen
209	15 Jun	The Corner Pin, Donington Le Heath	Bugger & Cobblers
210	23 Jun	Keyworth Squash Club, Keyworth	Terminology & JJ
211	06 Jul	The Hunting Lodge, Barrow Upon Soar	Big Phut & Warmers
212	20 Jul	The Plough, Ratby	Jetslag
213	30 Jul	The Manvers Arms, Cotgrave	Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome
214	01 Aug	23 Thurcaston Road, Leicester	Showman
215	02 Aug	The Hope and Anchor, Syston	Showman
216	03 Aug	23 Thurcaston Road, Leicester	Showman & Too Tuf
217 218	17 Aug	The Plank and Leggitt, Sawley Marina	Bugger & Cobblers
219	01 Sep	The Swan, Milton	James & Eddie
220	07 Sep 21 Sep	The Hammer and Pincers, Wymeswold	Doc Crippen
221	21 Sep 29 Sep	The Lime Kiln, Colston Bassett The Royal Oak, Cossington	Josh GPS
222	05 Oct	The Rising Sun, Middleton	
223	19 Oct	The Saracens Head, Nr. Calke	Miss Whiplash
224	02 Nov	The Wheatsheaf, Cropwell Bishop	Lightning Rod & Oriface Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome
225	05 Nov	The Talbot, Leicester	Blow, Bugger & Mudsucker
226	16 Nov	The Test Match, West Bridgford	Mr Logic
227	24 Nov	The Vat and Fiddle, Nottingham	Barritone
228	07 Dec	The Plough, Normonton On Soar	Lightning Rod & Oriface
229	13 Dec	The Marquis of Wellington, Leicester	Mr. E
230	21 Dec	The Pear Tree, Woodhouse Eaves	Doc Crippen