



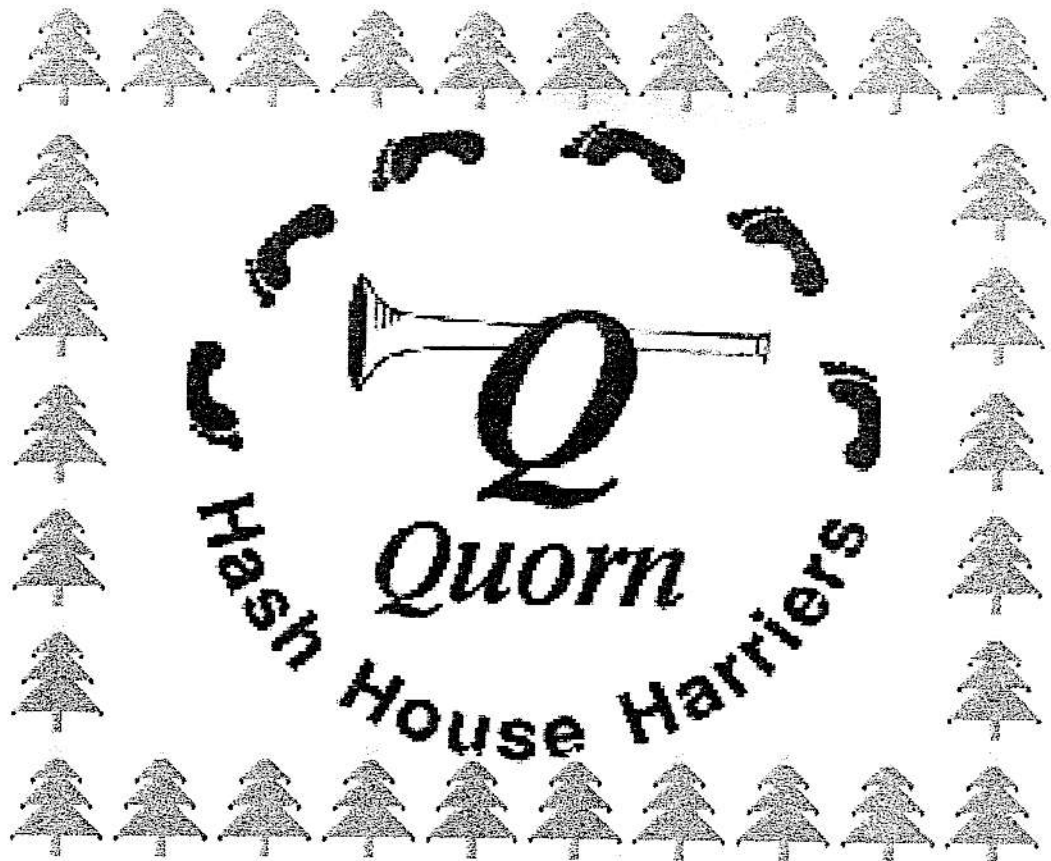
Inside this month's issue:

- Write Ups of Runs 254, 258, 259, 261 & 263 !!!!
- Some More Puzzles and answers to last months
- Your annual bollock voting paper
- Your On Sex Message

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DECEMBER



Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE

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HareLine



1998/9 MIS-MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

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R A	Showman	0116 222 0658
On Sec	Bugger	01530 815 361
Hare-Razor	Barritone	0115 922 6050
Hash Kash	Pleasure Gnome	0115 937 4505
Hash Hound	Lucy	Mobile
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Joke of the Week

This guy goes to the Doctor.

*Guy: Doc, I have this problem, I can't stop singing either
The Green Green Grass of Home or Delilah.*

Doc: Sounds to me like you have a severe case of Tom Jones.

Guy: Is it rare?

Doc: Its not unusual.

Quorn Run 259
The Three Horseshoes - Willoughby on the Wolds

R A - *Pleasure Gnome*
Hares - *Blow! & Creamy Bristols*
Scribe - *Muff Repellent*

Right, 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. Do I stay in bed or run? That was not such a difficult decision as I expected, as Autumn had taken a break and the sun shone, reminding me of foreign lands.

On the way out of the house I quickly checked for comatose party animals amongst the pile of streamers, balloons and glasses from the night before. OK, all clear, hang on a minute - the map. Now where is it today?, Oh yes, the Three Horseshoes at Willoughby on the Wolds.

We get to the pub on time, well before the end of the Archers, so that's all that matters. And the run is easy too, so *Blow!*, our trusty hare tells us. Only one check and a beer stop too, just the job for my beer soaked grey matter. Then the complications start, *Blow!* tells us "We can run the long run or the very long run and there's a short cut on either run????, either way we should end up at the same place" - clear as mud. Oh yes, there was plenty of that too.

All went well surprisingly, but only because we were given hints as to which herd of bulls to run through by our hare. When confronted by our blank expressions, yes, he was still trying to explain about "short runs with a bit of longness and a long run with a bit of shortness".

The voice of one particularly angry farmer still echoes in my head, "W'at yer doing with tem sheep". I resisted the temptation to tell him I'm not shearing, if you want a shag too, you'll have to catch your own, but he didn't seem to have a sense of humour.

Now having (at least) two routes converging at the aforementioned beer stop can and did lead to our enthusiastic front runner (*Durex*) of the long route catching up with and surprising the back markers (and those taking a pee) of the short route. This might have gone overlooked save that the lady (since when have we allowed ladies on the Hash - Ed) in the bushes (or was it in the middle of a ploughed field) was also the R.A.

Down Downs were in abundance and misdemeanours were administered to:-
Durex not surprisingly, *Blow!* for having a 'menu of runs', *Creamy Bristols* for less of that textbook 'Hare-ish Behaviour' *Skidmark* for looking right in the middle of dual carriageway. Oh! Yes and we are lead to believe that the members of our police force always tell the truth - don't they?, not if obtaining a family pet from the RSPCA is on the line. *Squealing Piglet* also sported a fine NEW pair of shoes which proved to be impressively waterproof too.

Big Phut, *Warmers* and *Josh* paid again in down downs for going to the KL Interhash to poo in a car park and suffering generally lousy conditions. *Tufty*, on the other hand was reported to have gone to the alternative KL run and had it toooooo good by contrast.

On On

Muff Repellent (Mike Rocket)

Problem

2 Sisters were born on exactly the same day, date, month, and year to the same mother and father, yet they are not twins, explain

Answers to queries you might have:-

Its nothing to do with test tubes or IVF

They are human

They are both still alive

They are not Nuns or nurses

Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

Your On Sec Writes.....

This month we have no less than 5 write ups in the mag – a new record? The Run log shows the people yet to submit their work and you won't get away with it., but seriously though it's a lot easier to put the mag together when its not just my drivel and crappy puzzles.

Attached to the back, this month you will find the 'Bollock Paper' so you can vote for me in the Awards (Ha Ha). Can I please have them all back by the end of the year – pretty please.

Quorn has done its Xmas Thang, but Mickleover is having its annual pub crawl around Ashbourne on Sunday 27th December starting at 11.30. As well as Doc's Jingle Ball Run on the 20th, venue tba, Lady Dye is also doing a trail on the 28th Dec see Hareline for more details.

The first evening run of 1999 is the 269 run (To 69 or not to 69, that is a damn good question). Plans are being made to make it a slightly special run possibly in Quorn and we might consider a T-shirt – Any body got any design ideas – see PG.

Kentucky has initiated that he wants to set a trail in Edale, around Easter. This would involve a night camping or B & B followed by evening in the local, then on Sunday a 4 hour 'ish walk, with hash markings.

And Finally.....

The answer to U2 problem with the bridge and torch.

The 1 & 2 go over first	Total Time	2
Then the 1 comes back	Total Time	3
Then the 10 & 5 go over	Total Time	13
Then the 2 comes back	Total Time	15
Then the 1 & 2 go back across	Total Time	17

Simple ????

If you liked that, there's another this month and I've got a shed load more !!

Bugger

Thursday 3rd December 1.54am

Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

For those of you who managed to get U2 across the bridge....

Below is a quiz written by Einstein.

He said that 98% of the people in the world cannot solve the quiz. Are you among the other 2%?

Here you go ...

Facts:

- 1: There are 5 houses in 5 different colours
- 2: In each house lives a person with a different nationality.
- 3: These 5 owners drink a certain beverage, smoke a certain brand of cigar and keep a certain pet.
- 4: No owners have the same pet, smoke the same brand of cigar or drink the same drink.

Hints:

- 1: The Brit lives in a red house.
- 2: The Swede keeps dogs as pets.
- 3: The Dane drinks tea.
- 4: The green house is on the left of the white house.
- 5: The green house owner drinks coffee.
- 6: The person who smokes Pall Mall rears birds.
- 7: The owner of the yellow house smokes Dunhill.
- 8: The man living in the house right in the centre drinks milk.
- 9: The Norwegian lives in the first house.
- 10: The man who smokes Blend lives next to the one who keeps cats.
- 11: The man who keeps horses lives next to the man who smokes Dunhill.
- 12: The owner who smokes Blue Master drinks beer.
- 13: The German smokes Prince.
- 14: The Norwegian lives next to the blue house.
- 15: The man who smokes Blend has a neighbour who drinks water.

The question is ... WHO KEEPS FISH?

Run 261 The Morning After The Night Before (or trying to "redress" the balance).

After having had our fill of rather plump sausages, (well the lucky ones amongst us anyway), we set off from the spooky den of iniquity that had formed our home for the night.

Blow and I lead the post party convoy, closely followed by G.P.S. and his faithful hash hound. Well, when I say closely, I mean they were present inches from us - visible as a speck in the rear view mirror. Blow! being Blow! didn't consider slowing down as an option in reducing the distance between us. And I think that G.P.S. was confused by the, "only a fool breaks the two second rule" and had it remembered as, "only a fool breaks the two minute rule." His excuse was that Toby doesn't travel well at high speeds. But, I beg to differ having seen that hound bound along a hash trail!

Anyway, we all made it to the "Three Horseshoes" one way or another, and were greeted by our heroic hare Doc Crippen. He informed us that he had left the scene of the party at 7.15 am. having shared his bed (albeit briefly) with "Lady Dye." He had hoped it was Malt-Teaser falling into his clutches, but on discovering it was Lady Dye, somewhat disconcertingly only had to offer the fact, "well, at least he has a lady's name!" Presumably, he would hence feel comfortable sharing a bed with any Les, Sam or Robin. Takes all sorts to make the world go around, I suppose!

Having revealed all this, Doc. then went on to relate the necessary pre-hash info.

Here are his gems of wisdom:-

A) The run would be 4 miles for the least hung over, and 2 for those who were still suffering, from the joys of the night before.

B) There were 3 bulls to watch out for in one of the fields. (In the end these were not seen by the majority of hashers - though Lightning Rod claimed at the end of the run, that he had seen said bulls "parked" at the edge of a field. He didn't say what they had been driving, but I suspect it was "bulldozers.")

C) There was an electric fence, but it wasn't turned on. Which really was a pity since most of us could probably have done with a shock to wake us up, and to bring back the "buzz" from the night before.

After this intro. the pack were ready to run off, (well O.K. were ready to flop to the floor!), when a very fresh faced runner appeared in full kit. "Visitor or Virgin?" We wondered. But he was neither. Well he was a visitor as he was visiting his brother, but couldn't join us today since he'd already promised to go out on a bike ride with someone.

Still this being the opening circle and not the closing one, he wasn't put off calling again. And so jogged off heartily, with a Quorn H H H business card clutched in his hand, and a glint of joy in his eye - He'll learn!

It now being half past circle time, we could delay no longer and trudged off into the fields of Breedon on the Hill. Minutes on, the tiredness still lingering from the night before, began to take its toll on some of us. Too Tuff finding my alcohol-slowed brain incapable of understanding any of his jokes - took the rather drastic action of laying himself in the middle of the road. He was saved by his good wife's cries of "Phil! Phil! Get up!"

Well that, - and the fact that there were actually no cars coming at the time.

Later jogging past him, I tried to explain that this shock tactic, would have helped more if he had lain in the road long enough for a vehicle to approach. I think though, that it was now his turn, not to get the joke.

Next I jogged on along next to Barritone, and mulled over "gluwein" recipes with him. A pleasure, we had all indulged in the night before, whilst surrounded by banging in the park. The potency of which, (the Gluwein, not the banging), was evident in Barritone's much slowed pace and inability to find flour on the golf course... Or maybe he was just looking to get his hole? It's not often one has the choice of 18!

People who know how to take their ale, or who know how to avoid parties before a hash, were able to lead the trail of otherwise

flagging, and probably still intoxicated party goers. These FRB's were Rockhopper, Lightening Rod, Blow! Wallington, G.P.S. and Toby.

G.P.S. had the added advantage that Toby provides an excellent mud-skiing service. By simply holding on to his lead, he is capable of towing even a grown man at remarkable speeds! However G.P.S. seemed unimpressed at this new sport and muttered threats of sending young Tobs back to the R.S.P.C.A. .Otherwise G.P.S. will be looking for a society to protect him - anyone willing to set up a R.S.P.C.G.P.S.?

Next (to quote Wallington) it was time to go up "Bleeding on the Hill". As we staggered up to the summit we passed some pensioners out on their Sunday stroll. Their eyes soon widened at the friendly, pink, dick-looking object on Wallington's T-shirt, but made enough of a recovery to splutter out " Good Morning!" to us.

Then Wallington and I detoured from the route - to investigate if any of the graves and been disturbed in spooky Halloween goings on - and O.K. because we had lost the trail!

Still having taken the scenic route it was then Down! Down! the bleeding hill to the On Inn, to flop and sup some more ales. And as Too Tuff said in conclusion to the circle, " That's about the size of it". Curiously the gap between his fingers didn't seem to be very big. So it's sympathy Letties to letter. Or words to that effect as I am still

pissed!

Sp. ? Please write out "pickled" three times, in your spelling book.

On! On! Creamy Bristols.

P.S. Here's the Down! Downs! Although most of them relate to antics from the red dress run, as squealed by Blow! to Lightning Rod.

Wallington : For having snuck a chance at feeling Warmer's Warmers! Whilst they were magnificently presented in her red dress.

Wallington didn't deny the charge, and indeed still seemed to treasure the memory!

Too Tuff: For proclaiming under the "Size doesn't matter" poster, that it does. The scribe is unsure at this point, whether he upheld any evidence to back up this statement. And whether if he did do so it was actually visible to those gathered. But Hey! Tufty as even the poster was telling you "Size doesn't matter!"

Barritone: For loosing the trail on the golf course.

Pleasure Gnome and Too Tuff: For short cutting. Say no more!

Doc. Crippen: For being sporting enough to hare a run after the red dress extravaganza.

Me (Creamy): Probably for doing 101 drunken foolish things the night before, but most specifically for asking a man in a suit and tie "Do you call that dressed up?" (apparently, whilst also flipping his tie in semi- disgust). My only plea for mitigation is that HE WASN'T WEARING A RED DRESS! So he WASN'T "DRESSED UP!" And obviously I was harbouring no grudges at the fact he wouldn't "dress up" and put my red T-shirt on. Should have told him it was for a bet I guess - Still you can't win them all!

SO NOW, ALL THAT'S LEFT TO SAY IS A VERY BIG THANKS! TO MALT-TEASER, LADY DYE AND ALL WHO HELPED TO MAKE IT SUCH AN EXCELLENT EVENING!

"THANK YOU!"

Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

Classy Fried Eggs

For Sale

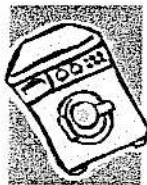
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really correct at time of going to press anyway and should be
generally dis-regarded as who in their right mind is going to
pay money for this drivel

Quorn Hash: Number 263

I shall furnish you with just the bear necessities of this event, given that it was the Teddy Bear Run. This run in the dark by the half moon light, was attended by eight hashers and was made notable by some of the comments made at the far too infrequently located watering holes. Pleasure Gnome stated and I quote. "I have only ever done it once, but I could never get it together with a horse".!!!. I will have to leave you to draw your own conclusions.

It was commendable to note that the 'down - down's' took on board the importance of a social responsibility and environmental awareness in the group (as always). Featuring high on the discrepancy agenda (naughty boy/girl) was a hasher's (Wallingtons) contribution to the global environmental crisis. Driving a few hundred yards to the venue caused an unnecessary excess of carbon dioxide to be emitted, still better that some of the other oral emissions.

On a 'bear-ly' related matter

Too Tuf and Wallington are on a Hash in the wilderness. Too Tuf turns and notices a bear about a mile behind them. They decide to pick up the pace a bit. However, it soon becomes apparent that the bear is following them, in fact the bear has broken into a run. Too tuf quickly removes his backpack and rummages through it. Astonished, Wallington asks what he's doing. Too Tuf replies that he is going to remove his hiking boots and put on running shoes. "Are you crazy?, you'll never out run a bear by wearing running shoes" says Wallington. Too tuf replies, "I don't have to outrun the bear, I just have to outrun you."

Pete

Run No.: 258
Date: Sunday 4th October
Venue: The Stag and Hounds, Burrough on the Hill
Hares: Wet Wet Wet & Mud Flaps

After a brief description of the run by the hares who described it as a nice off road run with an interesting water feature with a giant crayfish, we were off out of the car park and found ourselves at the first check. The way on was easily found as there was another check, two checks in the first 50 yards, could this be a record ?

From the second check the trail went down hill for what seemed like miles, and all of it on roads too, so much for the nice off road run. Eventually, after a check, the trail at last crossed some fields, unfortunately the previous nights rain had almost washed the flour away but there were not many places to go wrong so we managed to stay on trail. After crossing a field of electric fences, each too high to step over comfortably but too low to get under without grovelling on the ground, we came out onto a road and a holding check. While at the holding check, we were joined by a friendly dog (no, not one of the hares but an elderly black Labrador) which like most of the hashers was well passed it prime.

From the holding check, the trail was a steady run across fields and along roads to the beer stop. The beer was a vast improvement from the usual piss being 4.2% ABV and almost a year before its sell by date. While we were enjoying the beer we were joined by Bugger and Goblin who had arrived late but still managed to catch us up.

Further fields and a shiggy down hill run brought us to the 'interesting water feature' which was no more than a narrow, shallow stream although Bugger managed to thrash around in a deeper bit and retrieve a dead crayfish. After the water crossing, the track was followed until it came out onto a road where there was a check. Three hashers were seen asking a farmer the way on from the check, surely a heinous crime ?? Even without local help the way on was found and soon we were back at the pub.

Down Downs;

Skid Marks:	For lusting after minors
Blow:	For asking a farmer the way (and admitting to it !!)
Bugger:	For his epic battle with the crayfish
Tom:	For having harriets lusting after him (he quite sensibly tried to pour it over Scrooge)
WWW & Mud Flaps	Hares, they had a pint between them and a straw each, unfortunately Mud Flaps tried to blow instead of suck !

Categories for the 1998 QH3 Annual Awards

Best Trail – This year the award has been split in 2 to take account of the different types of trail of across fields or through towns:-

Best Country Trail To be awarded honorary membership of the Stile Council

Best Town Trail To be awarded for the best Pavement Artiste

Hasher of the Year – This year there is just one award to cover the boys and the girls as ‘a hasher’ is a global term. The person should demonstrate most of the attributes of a good hasher, turns up to runs!, travels to away events, checks, sets trails, travels to other hashes etc.

Pub of the Year – Now to be known as *On On Inn* Award for the best welcome and service from a pub/club this year.

Visitor – Favourite Alien. This receiver of this Award should be from a distant galaxy or at least from outside Leicestershire.

Best Away Event – We all know that the Quorn 250th Bash was obviously the best event of the year but, unfortunately it doesn’t count for this award. Please only vote in this category if you actually went there!

Best Newcomer – Biggest contribution to the hash from some one who’s come recently – to the hash, not on it.

Wanker and Shithead of the Year – These Awards were set up with set people in mind several years ago. So this year there’s a new award for *Gobshite of the Year* for any individual whose committed such a Arse-wiping crime it should noted for future generations of Quorn Hashers.

Write up of the Year – Originality is the key to this award. You'll notice a sudden rash of write ups this month, a sight to behold. However you'll need to dig out those mags from the start of the year (which of course you carefully file in plastic wallets ever month?) and re-read them all. !

Now due to the changing environment at Quorn, I felt there was a need for a few more categories:-

Best Beer Stop Location – Quorn policy has been for the past year that all runs should have a beer stop. Some of the locations chosen by the hares have been quite . . .uninspiring and some have even been down right horrible.

Best Beer Stop Beer – Hares seem to have gone out there way to find out of date, very very weak, rusty canned, limited edition and bleedin' awful beer to use for beer stops. So much so, that their ingenuity deserves recognition.

And finally, for my own personal job satisfaction I would like you to select your favourite article/puzzle/Classy Fried Egg/Joke that's been in the mag this year. Preferably something home grown, you can distinguish this as it won't have been funny or interesting.

Please Note

All selections should be made from Quorn runs ONLY.

Voting is a secret ballot.

Results will be published in the rag in January, along with the full year's stats on longest, wettest etc and run numbers for both hashers and pubs.

On On

Bugger

On Sex QH3

RUN LOG FOR 1998

Month	Day	Date	Run	Pub	Location	Hare	Scribe	Published
Jan	Sunday	4th	231	The Variety Club	Nottingham	Scrooge	Tufty	March
	Sunday	18th	232	Red Lion	Nether Broughton	Tufty & Pleasure Gnome	Doc Crippen	April
	Monday	26th	233	Forest Gate	Loughborough	Bugger & Goblin	Wet Wet Wet	????
Feb	Sunday	1st	234	Manor House	Quorn	Blow!	Warmers	March
	Sunday	15th	235	The Star	Thruxington	GPS & Squealing Piglet	Durex	March
	Monday	23rd	236	Marquis of Lorne	Nottingham	Tufty	Barritone	April
Mar	Sunday	1st	237	Rose & Crown	Cotgrave	Doc Crippen	Bugger	May
	Sunday	15th	238	Great Central Hotel	Loughborough	Big Phut & Warmers	Blow!	April
	Monday	30th	239	Air Hostess	Tollerton	Tufty	Firkin	????
Apr	Sunday	5th	240	Kings Arms AGPU	Scalford	Durex	Barritone	May
	Sunday	19th	241	Dew Drop Inn	Ilkeston	Barritone	Durex	May
	Monday	27th	242	Swan Inn	Milton	Gobalot	????	????
May	Sunday	3rd	243	The Star	West Leake	Lightening Rod & Oriface	????	????
	Sunday	17th	244	Coach & Horses	Field Head	Wallington	Collar n Cuffs	????
	Tuesday	26th	245	The Royal Oak	Great Dalby	Doc Crippen	Tufty	Jul/Aug
Jun	Monday	8th	246	Unicorn	Langar	Josh	Durex	Jul/Aug
	Sunday	21st	247	Three Crowns	Wymeswold	Doc Crippen	Santa Claus	Jul/Aug
	Wednesday	24th	248	The Manor	Bramcote	Barritone	Wet Wet Wet	????
Jul	Sunday	5th	249	The Trap	Barrow on Soar	Rockhopper & Cyclogical	Oriface	Jul/Aug
	Sunday	19th	251	Red Lion	Ruddington	Barritone	????	????
	Monday	27th	252	Jolly Sailor	Hemington	Bugger & The Dobber	????	????
Aug	Sunday	2nd	250	Manor House	Quorn	Bugger & Barritone	????	????
	Sunday	16th	253	Unicorn	Langar	Josh	Durex	Oct
Sep	Tuesday	1st	254	Half Crown	Sileby	Wallington	Blow	Dec
	Sunday	6th	255	Rose & Crown	Zouch	Lightening Rod & Oriface	????	????
	Sunday	20th	256	Rising Sun	Shackstone	Hen Pecked	Jetslag	Nov
	Monday	28th	257	The Welby	Melton Mowbray	Durex	Pleasure Gnome	????
Oct	Sunday	4th	258	Stag & Hounds	Burrough on the Hill	Wet Wet Wet	Rockhopper	Dec
	Sunday	18th	259	Three Horseshoes	Willoughby on the Wolds	Blow & Creamy	Muff Repellent	Dec
	Saturday	31st	260	The Abbey	Darley Abbey	Multi-Teazer & Lady Dye	????	????
Nov	Sunday	1st	261	Three Horseshoes	Breedon on the Hill	Doc Crippen	Creamy Bristols	Dec
	Sunday	15th	262	The Plough	Wysall	Too Tuf	Kentucky	????
	Monday	30th	263	Queens Head	Markfield	Wallington	Pete	Dec
Dec	Sunday	6th	264	Vat & Fiddle	Nottingham	Barritone		
	Sunday	20th	265	Wet Wet Wet	Nottingham	Doc Crippen		
	Monday	28th	266	The Plough	Weston on Trent	Lady Dye		

Date:- Tuesday 1st September 1998

Run number:- 254

Venue:- The Railway Inn, Sileby

Hare(s):- Wallington

THE SILEBY PUB RUN

The evening turned out fairly warm, with not a cloud in the sky. A great evening for a run around the countryside of North East Leicestershire. It seem strange doing a run on Tuesday, but it was apparently changed to fall in line with a new EC regulation called 'The G.M said!' directive, or was it actually something to do with the Bank holiday falling on or around that Monday time again. This meant that we were missing one or two of the regulars, namely the G.M and Hash Kash, the person who changed the date in the first place...

I drove passed the small tarmaced area several times before I actually clocked Wallington's car, and assumed that these six parking bays were actually the allotted parking spaces of the pub, must be a busy place I thought...I sat in the car several moments, awaiting the arrival of Creamy Bristols and Torn, who should have been arriving of the six thirty something from somewhere, but unfortunately the pressure on my bladder was just about to erupt...so I'm afraid I just had to nip to the closest public convenience, which luckily was just there in the neighbouring car park...

Creamy Bristols and Torn finally arrived on the inter-village express-ly slow train, with Barritone in tow, who they managed to bump into on the journey...

We waited around for a couple of drinks, then Doc Crippen turned up, followed by a woman who would only name herself as Ruth, another school teacher, now this went down a treat for Creamy Bristols, as she could now talk shop...

Wallington then reappeared, apparently after just setting the trail, but not looking particularly sweaty, dirty or in fact exhausted...must be a short one then...

We waited and waited, and one by one the Hashers arrived, Bugger, Goblin, Malt Teaser, Skidmark, Warmers, Big Phut, Josh, Chocolate Legs, Lady Dye, Jetslag, Durex, Scrooge, and some woman named Ham Shanker, that had come over from Bermuda (Hopefully not just for the run!)

The hares brief caused a bit of a puzzled look on everyone's faces in the circle, Wallington produce a hand full of paper, splayed them out like a pack of cards, asking us all to take one. At this point I thought that Wallington had maybe joined the Magic Circle that weekend, and I was quite hoping that he wouldn't actually get round to the stage of sawing someone in half, but he then explained the purpose of the paper, whilst pulling a rabbit out a top hat, only joking, these were to dictate who in the circle had to ask permission at each of the pubs, whether or not we could all go in or not...and I thought I was bad for not informing just the one Landlord!

Well the run set off, and as dictated Blowl had to lead the pack to the first pub, which was found after negotiating several back alleys and streets, which Wallington later told us that this is were he was brought up as a kid. The pub was then spotted, 'The White Swan', so Blowl popped into the establishment to ask permission, only to be greeted by two of the biggest Rotatelers, and no landlord, two of the locals, as that is all there was in there, started to call out his name...but no response, so after what seemed like 5 minutes, I popped my head outside and said, 'Yep it's okay!'

Wallington never informed the circle that there was also a strict time limit to the run, and after about ten-fifteen minutes, Wallington started to shout 'Come on, drink up!', so everyone gulped back their drinks in a frenzied rush to comply. Outside Barritone was the second pub finder, and he was half way there by the time everyone had exited the pub.

Through some more shady back streets and alleys, and we were at the next pub, The Horse and Trumpet, a friendly, warm, inviting, and low roofed pub, as the tall amongst us soon found out, but luckily the time limit soon came around, and before we knew it, we were off on the jolly jaunt again. The trail lead directly off

opposite the pub, a quick sprint around the very picturesque church, and we were almost directly back where we started. I thought this was Hare and Hounds, not Wild goose chase, anyway down the road a little bit was a very inviting pub, 'The Free Trade Inn', so it was On Inn to the third pub, because the Landlord said it was okay...by this time all those that were driving, mainly Bugger, Doc Crippen, Big Phut, Wallington, Durex, Jetslag, Ruth and of course myself, were on the old fizzy pop and the idea of a six pub run started to seem a bit more boring than first anticipated...but the chat started, and Creamy Bristol was confronted by some men, accusing her of stealing their favourite stool, but a few bars of the eyelids later, and she soon gave it back to them...

There was talk of a Chip Shop Stop, say that when your pissed, but this call was down to Creamy Bristol, as she had drew that piece of paper, and as I knew, quite well, that she adores chips more than meat and two veg, that she'd be calling the stop soon, well lets put it this way, if she didn't she wouldn't be getting her meat and two veg that night...anyway we over ran that pub by approximately 24 seconds so it was time to make way to the next venue, hopefully the chippy...

Unfortunately not, it was yet another pub, and Warmer's turn to sweet talk the Landlord, we soon gained entry and the beer was flowing yet again...the locals within that establishment seem quite taken aback that we'd actually contemplated running to the pub, but when we informed them that it was several pubs, total shock ran across their faces, as well as into their pub...On exiting the pub the call was finally made for the chippy stop, but first we had to negotiate the ragging torrents of the local stream, negotiation was quite easy, to the upset of Bugger, as the local authorities had nicely built a concrete channel for it to flow down...

But there was a little bit of a tricky negotiation to be done, well for some, who thought it best to ignore the calls of the pack and to find their own way to the chip shop, this route seemed to take them under the bridge, and over the fence the other side, Well, Lady Dye got over the fence, Skidmark chose the safer option a came back to the point where everyone else got out, but Bugger jumped, squeezed, climbed, but still couldn't get through, and finally had to give up and admit defeat...

The chip shop even had a ring of a pub to it... 'The Sibley Fish Bar', but the only pints that were flowing over that bar were pints of mushy peas...a quick gobble down of the chips, and we headed towards the sixth pub, now you might ask yourself, that's if you've been paying attention, what happened to the fifth pub 'The Duke of York' on the route, did we miss it out, no it was shut, not a sign of life anywhere to be seen, Bank Holiday Tuesdays ay, it will be the death of the pub trade...

Now luckily the sixth pub 'The Railway Inn' was the last, and surprisingly not, was the first one we set off from, so a great feeling of joy came across everybody's faces knowing that they hadn't got to manoeuvre their beer and chip filled guts around the streets of Sibley another step...

This seemed like every 'rough mans' local, ripped seats, cold cobbled floor, loud music, loads of smoking noisy delinquents, an ideal setting for the hashers to have their circle...so it was out into the night, and in to a seductively back lit beer garden, which looked as though a tornado had just passed by, hadn't really any worries about spillage's or come to that breakage's...so it was on the the circle, with the acting R.A. being Doc Crippen...

Down Douns were given to the following sinners, for the heinous of...

Wallington	Being the hare, and for a novel and total last minute trail
Bugger	Being too fat to squeeze through that gapping gap in the fence
Ruth	Being a virgin hasher! (Will she be back)
Cream Bristol	For child abuse, as she nicked her sons chips!
Horn Shanker	For getting lost, as she was actually from Bermuda!

Well that is how I remembered the night, a great way to pass a Bank Holiday Tuesday night by...

On On

Blout

MEN STRIKE BACK

How many men does it take to open a beer?
None. It should be opened by the time she brings it.

Why is a Laundromat a really bad place to pick up a woman?
Because a woman who can't even afford a washing machine will never be able to support you.

Why do women have smaller feet than men?
So they can stand closer to the kitchen sink.

How do you know when a woman's about to say something smart?
When she starts her sentence with "A man once told me..."

How do you fix a woman's watch?
You don't. There's a clock on the oven.

Why do men pass gas more than women?
Because women won't shut up long enough to build up pressure.

If your dog is barking at the back door and your wife is yelling at the front door, who do you let in first?
The dog of course...at least he'll shut up after you let him in.

What do you call a woman with two brain cells?
Pregnant.

I married Miss Right.
I just didn't know her first name was Always.

I haven't spoken to my wife for 18 months -
I don't like to interrupt her.

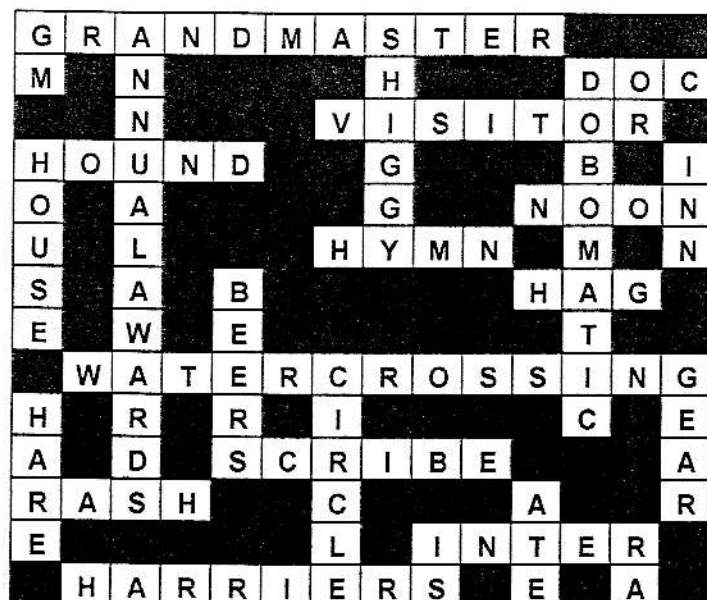
What do you call a woman who has lost 95% of her intelligence?
Divorced.

Bigamy is having one wife too many.
Many say monogamy is the same.

Scientists have discovered one certain food that diminishes a woman's sex drive by 90% ...
...wedding cake.

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD No1

All answers are 'Hash' terms



Jot Area

Across

- 1 Good friend of Mellie Mel (11)
- 4 There's no escape from the rope (3)
- 5 Alien Hasher (7)
- 6 Ain't nothin' but a (5)
- 8 Sunday home time (4)
- 9 Ritual song (4)
- 10 Mag it ain't (3)
- 12 Obstacle for Bugger? (5, 8)
- 16 Small bed needs to se(e) (6)
- 17 Try too hard, you'll get one (4)
- 19 Most have got a net. (5)
- 21 VTOL (8)

Down

- 1 Big car company (2)
- 2 Longest & wettest type event (6, 6)
- 3 Muddy type of substance (6)
- 4 Wimbledon's famous invention (9)
- 6 Good place to live (5)
- 7 Not outt (3)
- 11 Cause of sickness & dire ear (5)
- 13 Teacher shouts at his class perhaps (6)
- 15 Often found receding (4)
- 19 In this, not them (2)
- 14 Knob for car use (4)
- 18 Between 7 & 9 (3)
- 20 Every hash should have one (2)

CROSSWORD No 2

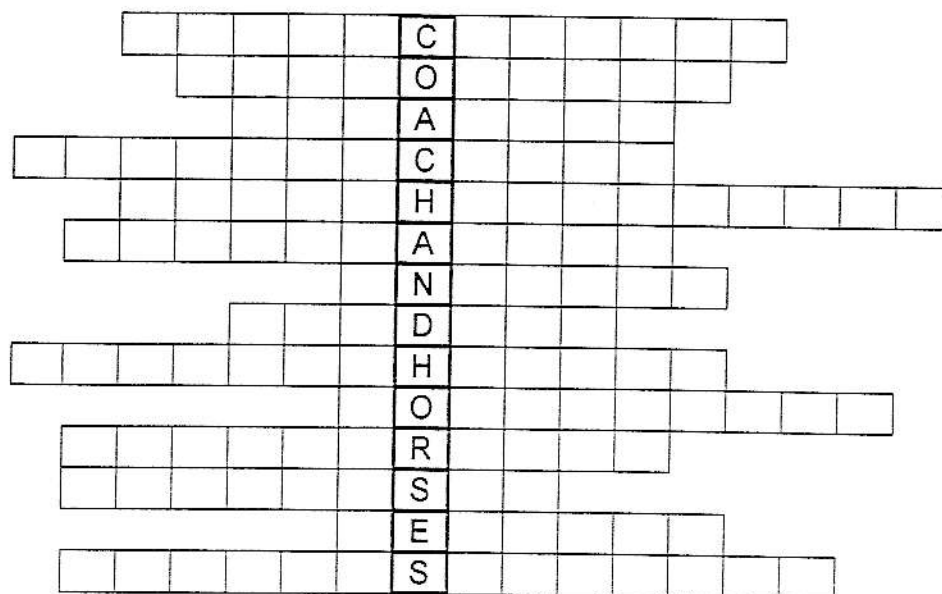
All clues relate to pubs Quorn have hashed from during 1998.

All answers have 'The' omitted.

They are in no particular order.

Across

- Happy Naval Chap (5,6)
- Sounds like Kings having a long bath (5,3)
- Triumph with the hunt's dogs (4,3,6)
- A spot of wetness in the morning (3,4)
- Entrance to a wood (6,4)
- Thorny flower with an expensive hat (4,3,5)
- Flying Trolley (3,7)
- Singular 'on the cob (7)
- Sounds like free Royal hats (5,5)
- Lordy type who likes his grass (7,2,5)
- 3 legged horse has lost his footwear (5,10)
- Firey Alfred, in the middle (5,7)
- Lift up that tabloid (6,3)
- Angry big cat (3,4)



Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag



Composite Receding HareLine

QH3

DECEMBER



QH3 Sunday 6th December

Vat & Fiddle

Nottingham, Opposite BR Station

Hare : Barritone

CLH3 Sunday 13th December

TBA

Hare : Blow ?

QH3 Sunday 20th December

TBA

Jingle Balls Run

Hare : Doc Crippen

MH3 Sunday 27th December (11.30)

Pub Crawl, meet in Market Place

Ashbourne

Hare : Dobber

QH3 Monday 28th December

The Plough

Weston on Trent

Hare : Lady Dye