



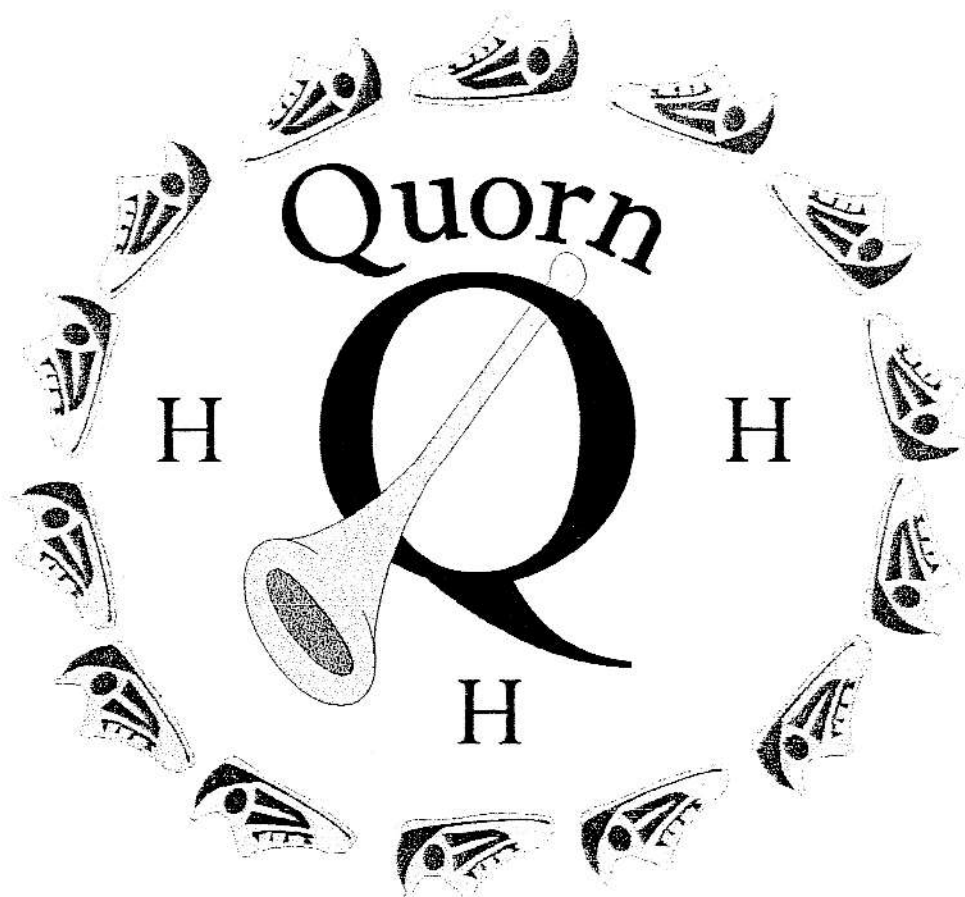
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JANUARY 2000



Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

STATISTICAL EXTRAVAGANZA ISSUE

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Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

'99/00 MIS-MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

G M	Too Tuf	0115 937 4505
Grand Mattress	Warmers	01509 415 357
R A	Doc Crippen	01572 823166
On Sec	Bugger	01530 564 900
Hare-Razor	Barritone	0115 922 6050
Hash Kash	Pleasure Gnome	0115 937 4505
Master of the Piss	Rockhopper	01509 414 427
Webmaster	Kentucky	0115 916 3857
Haberdashery	Malteaser	01332 556 150
Social Sec	SkidMark	01509 672 390

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Sick Joke of the Week

A social misfit walks into his local pub with a big grin on his face.

"What are you so happy about?" asks the Barman.

"Well I'll tell you," replies the ugly bloke, "you know I live by the railway, well on my way home last night I noticed a young woman tied to the tracks, like in the movies. I, of course, went and cut her free and took her back to my place. Anyway, to cut a long story short, I scored big time! We made love all night, all over the house. We did every thing, me on top sometimes, her on top!"

"Fantastic," exclaimed the barman, "you lucky sod. Was she pretty?"

"I dunno" replied the bloke, "I never found her head."

A Christmas Story by *Bugger* Babes' (Shit) in the Wood

Twas the morn of the Sunday before Christmas, when all the hashers of the forest did come out to play. They all agreed to meet at the Packe Arms at Hoton at 11.00, as this is well known as the 'bitching hour'. All the hashers had dressed in all their winter finery, many displaying their balls in all their splendor.

When the clock struck quarter past eleven, the wicked Doctor called us all together so we could hear his fiendish plan to upset the big bad Farmer.

Off we set along the road following the trail, hoping to find the nasty farmer straight away so we could return to the Packe. But no, the Doctor had set a trap, we were going the wrong way. Back we went until we found the path to the fields, maybe now we'd find that Farmer.

We trudged across many frosty fields, some cold roads until we came to the woods where the story really begins. As, 'tis where Ebenezer did have a Shit, behind a great oak tree. Ebenezer must have been quite poorly, as the noise from his shit, did wake the nasty farmer who then chased us across the fields towards the river aboard his charger. Where upon Mother Warmers ran as fast as she could, so fast that her words came out in German. Whilst the rest of the hashers realizing that although they had finally lured the nasty farmer from his lair, it was not the time to start a fight, and so retreating & promising not to let Ebenezer Shit in the woods again.

So off they went with a trump, trump, trump.....across the cabbage fields and up the hill. Where upon we met a Goblin, standing by hedge. "Are we On?" we cried, The Goblin replied that we were, and that we could almost "See the Pub". After hearing the good news, we were all chuffed to bits and danced merrily along to the Road.

Oh no, had the nasty farmer been up to his tricks again, or was it the wicked Doctor, because the trail had gone cold. We all thought someone had hidden it, so we all decided to follow the path along the side of the field, as we didn't want to upset the farmer again. However, Mr Rod & Mr Rex, decided running along the edge of the field wasn't good enough for them, they had to run along the track. And, when they got there – they found the trail, so that's where the farmer hid it – nasty man.

Mr Oriface was seen to be running very fast, maybe he had been eating Jacks' baked runner beans again. And very soon, he had past the farmer's house, and was charging up the hill. He must also have eaten some of Bugs' carrots as well, as he claimed he could see the pub, even though I couldn't quite see it yet.....

Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

The doctor was getting concerned that we weren't huddled around the fire yet, so, he called us together at the top of the hill, and asked if any one wanted to know a secret route. Well we know that hashers can't keep their traps shut, Oh yes we can, Oh no you can't, Oh yes we can, etc, etc, etc, etc. so, we decided to follow the proper trail, along the ridge. Where at the end, the Doctor promised there would be a puzzle waiting for us, where only the really clever hasher will be able to find the way out.

Hoppety Hop, we went along the trail and just as the Doctor ordered, a puzzle to solve – which way to go. Time to bring out our secret weapon – Barritone. If anyone could find a falsey, Barritone can. So off he went snorting and huffing, but unable to find the route, bar after bar. First this way then that. Then, the Master stepped forward, "Once more into the Breach dear friends, once more" and charged off down the hill. Well once the master has decided our path we know we must follow.

Down the hill we charged, strangely finding the trail, as we ran through the breach, and out into the sunlight once more. A final push up the hill was urged, and then we saw it – a sign – ON INN.

Mission accomplished. We had found the farmer, we found the trail and finally we found the pub (again).

On Doctor's orders we huddled round the fire and drank our medicine of Gluhwein, followed by mince pies and Xmas Pud. Just when we had nicely warmed through, he dragged us outside so we could give a toast to:-

Mother Warmers	Landowner Abuse
Sister Creamy Bristols	Falling asleep on the job
Falsey Barritone	Losing his shirt (Gambler's Anonymous take note)
Mr Wallington	Porn Channel Surfer
Toooooooooo Tuf	Competitive SCBer
The Jets & The Slags	Superman Impression
The Rockhopper	Allegedly injuring back while pruning a tree (the tree above the wardrobe?)
Hare	The Wicked Doctor

Bugger

Run 305, The Packe Arms Hoton,
19th December 1999.

Run 302 (303 if you believe Barritone) A stile-ish Run

The anchor Inn, Kegworth (hare: Erectum, R.A. Scrooge, Scribe Creamy Bristols.

Our arrival at The Anchor Inn, car park was in marked contrast to most weeks. Since Blow's predisposition to arrive early, means that we generally arrive to a car park filled only with bare tarmac. Not so this week. We arrived to a near full car park. Had everyone poured out in honour of Erectum's virgin - hare run? Unfortunately not! Apparently the pub had had a "bit of a do" the night before, and all the partygoers had abandoned their cars and caught taxis home.

Still this said there were already a fair few hashers huddled in the middle of the car park. Barritone - so cunningly disguised in camouflage, that he had even fooled himself, and denied all knowledge of being able to see it. - These FRB's will do anything to maintain their lead, even if it means hiding from view!

Durex was there with a cap, complimenting his new boyish clean-shaven look. In fact Warmers thought he was a new hasher when she turned up, and hence didn't nominate him for scribe. More's the pity since I got lumbered with the onerous task.

Erectum was there too of course, and provided us with the good news that the trail was going to be longer than previously thought.... Oh well good training for the Turkey trotters. Bugger was there too despite recovering from a cold and Wallington was there with his motor back on the road - at last!

Still where were P.G and Too Tuff? We knew they were coming! Blow, scrooge and I had just left their house with them hot on the trail. Maybe that was the problem! Having had Blow! And I as guests, maybe the refill they said they had to stop for, was not petroleum based. Or maybe it's just that the Mondeo's on a timer, that allows them only to find the pub just as "The Archers" ends? Whatever, they still arrived at 11.15a.m. Aprox, quarter of an hour after us.

Still, finally the pack gathered, and we charged off into the late cool crisp November morning. I had abandoned my tracky top and felt the goose bumps gradually rise on my arms. Brrrrr! Still I did manage to warm up. But only three miles later!

We had been told on the pre hash chat that it was a very flat run. However I don't think I was alone in noticing that there was plenty of ups and downs, still to be had on it, despite it's lack of hills! It was all a question of stile (Well make that plural - stiles and plenty of them!). Seeing as Norfolk has a book (I kid you not!), entitled - " Old Dykes I Have Known" then surely some sadster out there as written " Doing it in Stile In Loughborough."

Erectum certainly managed to find for us, a myriad of different stiles. Some of which were not entirely necessary! One stile had to the left of it, a massive gap, which even the biggest lass in the county could have squeezed around with no hint of even having to use the stile! Apparently if you want to keep up with the farmer Joneses of Kegworth you just have to put up a cracking stile (or two).

Hey what about an extra slippery one? Keep those pesky ramblers in hospital, out of harms way for awhile. I know what that farmer was plotting!(-And nearly fell for it!) Where as his neighbour went out of his way to make sure no one missed the stile of his pride and joy - he painted a sign saying "Path this way" with an arrow. Of course it would have been obvious gloating to say. "Look - come try my stile - it's the best this side of the county."

Anyway stiles aside, I think we've got over them now. I noticed and didn't get to share my views with anyone as I jogged at a unique pace for most of the run, flagging behind the marathon keensters but far(ish) ahead of the injured or recuperating hashers (Scrooge, Wallington and Big Phut). Any way I noticed several fields ravaged by feral pandas! What other animal could be responsible for the decimated bamboo fields, than the lesser-spotted Loughborough Panda? We had been warned about ferocious sheep on the run.(I can still see the glint this caused, in Barritone's eye, to this day). But I recall no panda warnings - maybe it's because Erectum knows it is hibernation season and all the pandas have gone to sha la la in the woods. Well okay! Sleep in the woods, everyone knows pandas are too prudish to do anything else!

God, do you know sometimes I am worse than Ronnie Corbett for getting side tracked! There's more real info. to write, so abandoning the surreal elements for awhile.....

Let's think about the distress of returning to the pub to find that your car had been nicked! It would be enough to make you cry in to your little, mucky trainers wouldn't it? Especially when you spotted all your mates had driven off and left you to face these despicable

crimes on your own! Well until you realised that no only do the locals have a fetish for stiles, they also happen to think "The Anchor Inn" is a rather nice name for a pub and therefore think it's fair enough to name every pub in the vicinity it.

Never mind P.G. and Durex you had a temporary loss of car - the postman has to live this nightmare everyday. (Well apart from getting Sundays off for good behaviour!)

Anyay there must be lots of water around Kegworth, because some genius told us that the pub we had run from was called "the Anchor", because it was near the marina, and boats anchored there. Fair enough. So why's the pub we are in now (for the half time beer stop) called "the Star"? I queried . Durex placed himself high up on my Chrissy card list by responding (in a flash!) "Because you're here." Aaah! I was speechless. What a charmer hey? By the way any other compliments people want to slip my way? Answers on a postcard to Creamy Bristols, 34 Valley Road....

Anyway eventually the real " Anchor" lay ahead and we sought shelter by the fire, warming our cockles. (well those of us with cockles to warm), until quarter to six! A long run. A long on Inn. Why not do it in stile?

P.S. Oh yeah and a long, but enjoyable Scrooge-lead circle too!

Down Downs to (Now do you really expect me to get them in chronological order too?)

Barritone for announcing it was run 303 when it was run 302!

Kentucky! The cool Honda biker, who made a guest appearance at the On Inn - (having been too injured to run.) I can't remember exactly what for but presumably for becoming a biker! He had to nominate a good looking "Looky Likey" (no drink/biking allowed) - he chose Blow! What a good choice!

Tuff for (according to Warmers), looking friskily at sheep. Had he not done "it" recently? (No because Blow! And I had been their guests the night before and they have no bedroom door!) - I guess that will be rectified soon!

Barritone again for admitting the run was wonderful and for tittering at the suggestion he might have fancied the sheep. Oh and for

divulging that Welsh sheep are the best lovers. (Is this because they are more practised?)

Wallington - for - much to everyone's surprise - saying that the run was "boring!" Scrooge twisted this to him having been flaccid.... (Not turgid)He hadn't had a stiffy! - Now do you get it? The joke, not the stiffy.

P.G. Was called in for something she said about Tuff's turgidity / performance.

Durex and P.G. Both called in for having had their cars "Stolen" at the previous pub. I think we named them "the Anchor Wankers". Oh what rhyming fun we have sometimes!

Then of course Erectum got one for being such a jolly good virgin hare. In fact he was brilliant. Really, really very good. Spot on! In fact I am sure you are just itching to lay another trail! So please come and see me, Erectum, (or any one else for that matter) - if your inspired to do another one. Leicester are looking for hares on the following dates.....

13th Feb.

27th Feb.

26th March..... Go on you know you want to!

On! On! Creamy Bristols.

Man Within Compass Sunday 15th August Run 292

A glorious Sunday morning in August started early in the Bugger/Goblin household, when I left the house at 7.00 to set the trail. The sun was glistening through the trees as I set off, 6 bags of flour in hand - having negotiated a price for buying 6kg of out of date self raising flour at 7.20am Sunday morning from a corner shop - have you ever tried to buy flour at that time/day?

I had allowed extra time to set the hash, in order to be able to spec' parts of the route not previously checked on reconnoitring trips, as I'd decided that morning to make a slight amendment to the route (actually I'd changed the orientation, added a chunk to take out a road section and chopped a section in the woods to prevent cross-overs) - isn't this *always* the case?

On finishing laying the trail I returned home for a well earned breakfast and picked up Goblin. On return to the pub car park, we found a reception committee of Needa Orgasm, Rubber Dick and their friend John (not a hasher) who they were staying with and dragged along with them (they needed a lift anyway). It took us completely by surprise as a) they were visitors & b) they were at the pub at 10.45 & c) they were eager to run. I left Goblin talking to them, as I went and put the beer at the beer stop - *very close* to the end of the run!!!.

The Quorn hashers dribbled into the car park at various times after 11.00 to make a pack of 11 including the visitors and at 11.20 we decided to make a start. I gathered the flock together and gave them details of the run:- 2 holding checks, lots of normal checks, a beer stop, 2 blobs of flour you'll be on or find a bar, a river crossing, plenty of shortcuts, shiggy, another river crossing, etc.

The gaggle of hashers plodded off out the car park, ran for about 4 yards, then stopped at the 1st check. I couldn't believe it but Jetslag actually checked up the footpath that led back into the pub car park!. Oh well, luckily one of the visitors found the trail and called on on down the hill along the road. At the next check, Firkin's Oakley glasses obviously hadn't warmed up yet as she failed to see of the 3 blobs of flour on the route she checked. Anyway, it was that way, down to the river and up to the old railway line. As I stood at the check, awaiting the On call, I was so pleased that no less than 4 hashers had found the bar about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile along the railway line. Always satisfying for a hare when a whole group is suckered into checking a trail out right up to the bar.

The trail continued to meander through the back alleyways of Whitwick, then met up at a holding check on the green outside the Prince of Wales pub. That signalled the end of the town section, which was necessary to get to the start of footpaths. To the end of the cul de sac, over the stile and Waaaaarrrrrrhhh, straight down a near vertical slope and then up further side. The check at the top stuffed everybody that much I had tell which way to go, sigh... Ah well revenge is sweet, as at the bottom of the hill, Jetslag had found the river crossing and was ensuring that everybody jumped across rather than take the bridge - 5 yards to the right of the trail.

Over the road and up an alley which had the distinct smell of piss. We were now in Thringstone again, which is where the pub is actually situated not 'Near Coalville' as Barritone had described it. At the road junction appeared a familiar face in a Jeep - Lady Dye, who had been looking for the pub for 45 mins, however he was using a map with a scale that had Aberdeen and Athens on the same page. After getting some directions from a Visitor!, he left us to deal with the second river crossing. This entailed walking along the outside of a bridge a full 4ft above 3inches of water for about 10ft. It still took quite a few minutes to get all the pack across. In the meantime Lady Dye had come back again after still not finding the pub even though he only had to make 1 left turn at a T-junction.

We had finally made it to Cademan Woods, which stretch for about 5 miles along a ridge but are only about 200 yards wide - hence the requirement for one way traffic only. The trail had been cunningly set to skirt the edge in order to reach a point where about a dozen trails met by a huge oak tree. Here was the second holding check. In order that it wasn't missed, I drew a rather large circle, which was compared, to the markings of a Heli-pad. Ok, so the entire pack could stand inside it - but you didn't miss it did you. Now for the final bit of news about the trail:- The only way is UP, (boy did it go up) and at the top is the beer stop.

Everyone knows how I love running in woods, I was in my element here, with path twisting around and you cracking your head on the low branches. Halfway up, at one of may checks Wallington & Goblin accepted the offer of a shortcut, which allowed a slow walk up a break in the trees, in the now glorious sunshine with views over the Trent Valley - if we had walked backwards. Perfect timing meant we arrived at the next check just as the rest of the pack was fanning out across the forest floor.

The (fit) visitors and Firkin were still stormin' up the hill and were therefore 1st to arrive at the Beer stop at the Trig point. Beer carefully stashed earlier, was dolled out as we all sat there trying to take in the view of the Trent Valley from Willington Power station in the West to the tower blocks of Radford in the East, with Breedon in the centre and the Monastery behind.

A gentle stroll down through the trees had us emerging in the pub car park, which, for Sunday lunchtime in August was still empty.

Jetslag had been nominated as RA, and proceeded to conduct the seated circle in the garden - as it was now too hot to even stand up. DD's were awarded to:-

Lady Dye - Mis-directed
Firkin - Blinded by light (flour)
Needa Orgasm - Cajun Visitor
Bugger - Hare
Slimcea - 1st time with Quorn.

Bugger
14th January 2000

Quorn Hash Superlatives for 1999

	No Run	Place	Hare
<i>Coldest Trail</i>	Run 269	Manor House, Quorn	Bugger & Goblin
<i>Flattest Trail</i>	Run 270	Manor House, Quorn	Bugger & Goblin
<i>Hillest Trail (Run)</i>	Run 281	The Priory, Nantpantan	Josh & Chocolate Legs
<i>Hottest Trail</i>	Run 292	Man Within Compass, Thringstone	Bugger
<i>Largest Pack</i>	26 Run 277	Carpenters Arms, Dale Abbey	Lightening Rod & Oriface
<i>Longest Trail (Run)</i>	8 miles Run 301	23, Thurcaston Road, Leicester	Barritone
<i>Most Beer Stops</i>	4 Run 272	Royal Oak, Loughborough	Wallington
<i>Shiggest Trail</i>	Run 270	Red Lion, Nether Broughton	Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnom
<i>Shortest Trail</i>	350 metres Run 300	23, Thurcaston Road, Leicester	Showman
<i>Smallest Pack</i>	5 Run 289	34, Valley Road, Chilwell	Blow!
<i>Wettest Trail</i>	Run 296	Stratford Haven, West Bridgford	Too Tuf

<i>Most Runs in '99</i>	35/39	Blow!
<i>Most Trails set in '99</i>	5/39	Bugger

<i>Hashers Reaching 100 Runs, in '99</i>	Wallington, Too Tuf, Pleasure Gnome, Josh
<i>Hashers Reaching 50 Runs, in '99</i>	Blow!, Goblin, Durex, Jetslag,
<i>Hashers Reaching 10 Trails set, in '99</i>	Bugger

Top Forty Hashers in 1999

Blow	35	Kentucky	9
Creamy Bristols	33	GPS	9
Barritone	29	Rockhopper	6
Wallington	27	Arkileez	6
Too Tuf	27	Erectum	6
Pleasure Gnome	26	Lighting Rod	5
Multi-teazer	26	Mudflaps	5
Bugger	25	Firkin	5
Warmers	22	Don / Slimcea	5
Big Phut	21	Organ Grinder	5
Durex	21	Oriface	4
Cobblers / Goblin	19	Twonk (NH3)	4
Jetslag	18	The Ringer	4
Sleazy Rider	17	Chocolate Legs (Carol)	3
Scrooge	16	Lady Di	3
Skidmark	16	Dave (Kentucky Mate)	3
Joshua 'Just Tom Cruise'	16	Showman	2
Josh	14	Mr Logic	2
Doc Crippen	11	Wimpey (NH3)	2
Wet Wet Wet	10	Mumbles (NH3)	2

Movers & Shakers on this years' Top Forty

New Entries	8	Re-entry	1
Non-movers	2	Hashers going up	19
Hashers going down	10		

Highest Climber - Sleazy Rider up 22 places on last year
 New Number 1 - Blow! up a staggering 8 places inside the top ten

74 people hashed with Quorn during 1999, making a total of 263 since records began in '93.
 Also visited 155 pubs in 109 different places. Most popular locations are Barrow on Soar and Nottingham both with 12 visits since '93. We have visited 10 pubs in Nottingham & 6 in Barrow!

Pub Stats '93 - '99

Manor House	Quorn	5	Anchor	Hathern	1	Magpie	Stapleford	1
Hunting Lodge	Barrow Upon Soar	4	Anchor	Kegworth	1	Malt Shovel	Warrington	1
Rancliffe Arms	Bunny	4	Arboretum	Nottingham	1	Maltings	Loughborough	1
Star	West Leake	4	Aviary	Nottingham	1	Man Within Compass	Thringstone	1
		4	Barilewood Lodge	Ockbrook	1	Marquis of Lorne	Nottingham	1
		3	Bell	Sawley	1	Marquis of Wellington	Leicester	1
Free Trade	Sileby	3	Belvoir	Plungar	1	Nags Head	Sawley	1
John Thompson Inn	Ingleby	3	Black Horse	Market Bosworth	1	Navigation	Breaston	1
Line Kiln	Nr Colston Bassett	3	Black Swan	Diseaerth	1	Neville Arms	Kinoulton	1
Red Lion	Nether Broughton	3	Blue Bell	Attenborough	1	Old Thatched Inn	Stanton under Bardon	1
Rose & Crown	Cotgrave	3	Blue Bell	Rothley	1	Packe Arms	Hoton	1
Royal Oak	Great Dalby	3	Bradgate	Newto Linford	1	Packhorse	Kings Newton	1
Swan	Milton	3	Bradgate Arms	Croston	1	Pear Tree	Woodhouse Eaves	1
		2	Bricklayers Arms	Thornton	1	Plank & Leggett	Sawley Marina	1
Admiral Rodney	Nottingham	2	Brood Oak	Stratford	1	Plough	Diseaerth	1
Angel	Coaleorton	2	Bulls Head	Willan	1	Plough	Normanton On Soar	1
Back Boy	Hungarton	2	Cap & Stacking	Kegworth	1	Plough	Normanton on the Wolds	1
Black Horse	Grimston	2	Chequers	Stanton by Dale	1	Plough	Ratby	1
Blue Bell	Hoby	2	Cherry Tree	Leicester	1	Plough	Weston on Trent	1
Blue Bell	Sandiacre	2	Clarendon	Leicester	1	Queen Adelaide	Kimberley	1
Bramcote Manor	Bramcote	2	Coach & Horse	Field Head	1	Queens Head	Markfield	1
Carpenters Arms	Dale Abbey	2	Conner Pin	Donnington le Heath	1	Red Cow	Leicester	1
Carrington Arms	Asaby Folville	2	Crenorne	Nottingham	1	Red Lion	Market Bosworth	1
Charwood Waters	Loughborough	2	Crown	Anstey	1	Red Lion	Ratby	1
Capt Oak	Capt Oak	2	Crusader	Clifton	1	Red Lion	Ruddington	1
Cuckoo Bush	Gotham	2	Dew Drop Inn	Ilkeston	1	Red Lion	Stathern	1
Finches Arms	Hambleton	2	Dirty Duck	Woolsthorpe	1	Rising Sun	Middleton	1
Hammer & Pincers	Barrow Upon Soar	2	Falcon	Long Wharfen	1	Rose & Crown	Shakestone	1
Hammer & Pincers	Wyneswold	2	Fayre & Firkin	Abby de la Zouch	1	Royal Oak	Thurnby	1
Hope & Anchor	Syston	2	Fellows, Moreton & Clayton	Nottingham	1	Royal Oak	Cassington	1
Key Sports & Fitness Club	Keyworth	2	Forest Gate	Loughborough	1	Royal Oak	Loughborough	1
Nags Head	Edale	2	Forest Rock	Woodhouse Eaves	1	Salutation	Ockbrook	1
Navigation	Barrow Upon Soar	2	Fox & Hounds	Blidworth Bottoms	1	Stag & Hounds	Keyworth	1
Navigation	Sawley	2	Fox & Hounds	Skeffington	1	Stanford Arms	Barrough on the Hill	1
Plough	Wysall	2	Friedland Leisure Club	Sandiacre	1	Stratford Haven	Grobby	1
Priory	Loughborough	2	George	Markfield	1	Sun	West Bridgford	1
Riverside	Barrow Upon Soar	2	Golden Fleaze	Upper Broughton	1	Talbot	Gotham	1
Rose & Crown	Zouch	2	Gondala	Wollaton	1	Three Crowns	Leicester	1
Savacens Head	Calke	2	Great Central Hotel	Loughborough	1	Three Crowns	Barrow Upon Soar	1
Star	Beeston	2	Greyhound	Burton on the Wolds	1	Three Horseshoes	Wyneswold	1
Star	Thrusington	2	Griffin	Swithland	1	Trop	Breaston on the Hill	1
Test Match	West Bridgford	2	Half Crown	Sileby	1	Trent Bridge Inn	Barrow Upon Soar	1
Union	Loughborough	2	Hemlock Stone	Wollaton	1	Trip to Jerusalem	West Bridgford	1
Union Bar	Loughborough University	2	Hollowood Bowl	Leicester	1	Tudor Inn	Nottingham	1
Vat & Fiddle	Nottingham	2	Holly Bush	Breaston on the Hill	1	Variety Club	Castle Donnington	1
Victoria	Beeston	2	Holly Bush	Mackney	1	Waterside Inn	Nottingham	1
Welby	Melton Mowbray	2	Horse & Groom	Queenborough	1	Wheatshaf	Mountsorrel	1
White Hart	Stratley	2	Jolly Sailor	Henington	1	Wheatshaf	Croppwell Bishop	1
		1	King William	Earl Shilton	1	Wheatshaf	Edith Weston	1
Abbey	Darley Abbey	1	Kings Arms	Scaford	1	Wheatshaf	Thurcaston	1
Abbey Park	Leicester	1	Kings Head	Sutton Bonington	1	White Horse	Eengrove	1
Air Hostess	Tollerton	1	Kirby Muxloe Sports Club	Kirby Muxloe	1	White Horse	Shepshed	1
Alexandra Club	Sandiacre	1	Lincolnshire Poacher	Nottingham	1	White Lion	Bramcote	1
						White Lion	Rempstone	1

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

RUN LOG

POSITION	HANDLE	1998 Runs	b/f 1998	1999	TOTAL
		35	266	39	305
1	Barritone	27	147	29	176
2	Wallington	26	96	27	123
3	Too Tuf	26	95	27	122
4	Pleasure Gnome	23	87	26	113
5	Doc Crippen	19	100	11	111
6	Josh	13	91	14	105
7	Warmers	24	69	22	91
8	Big Phut	24	69	21	90
9	Lighting Rod	12	72	5	77
10	Rockhopper	17	70	6	76
11	Bugger	25	50	25	75
12	Blow	23	36	35	71
13	Cobblers / Goblin	20	49	19	68
14	Durex	25	42	21	63
15	Jetslag	17	43	18	61
16	Oriface	11	57	4	61
17	Mango		61		61
18	Cyranose		60		60
19	Grope-Her		52		52
20	Creamy Bristols	13	15	33	48
21	Wet Wet Wet	15	34	10	44
22	Showman	9	41	2	43
23	Mudflaps	16	36	5	41
24	Bummer		41		41
25	Bleat		39		39
26	Multi-teazer	12	12	26	38
27	Scrooge	13	20	16	36
28	Kentucky	3	26	9	35
29	Dame Shame		35		35
30	GPS	11	25	9	34
31	Paxo		34		34
32	Pulfrew		31	1	32
33	Pigeon Shit		32		32
34	Skidmark	11	11	16	27
35	Cum-Over		26	1	27
36	Mudsucker	2	24	1	25
37	Gobalot	5	22	1	23
38	Mr Logic	5	20	2	22
39	Gentlemen Jim		21		21
40	Sleazy Rider	3	3	17	20
41	Joshua 'Just Tom Cruise'	4	4	16	20
42	Rough Passage		20		20
43	Hen Pecked	6	16	1	17
44	Baldicock		17		17
45	Moby Dick		17		17
46	Pisscophrenia		17		17
47	Dribbler		16		16
48	Gerihatricks		16		16
49	Horny		16		16
50	Shedless Chicken		16		16
51	Firkin	4	10	5	15
52	False Fart		12	1	13
53	JJ		13		13
54	Twonk (NH3)	2	8	4	12
55	Cycological BH3	2	11	1	12
56	The Dobber		12		12
57	The Dogs Bollocks		11		11
58	The Gnome		11		11
59	Titty Fruity		11		11
60	Butt End		10		10
61	Frrigin	1	10		10
62	GI		10		10
63	Sinders		10		10
64	Terminology		10		10
65	Whyno		10		10
66	Chocolate Legs (Carol)	6	6	3	9
67	Suterball	2	9		9
68	X-Sightaballs	2	9		9

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

RUN LOG

POSITION	HANDLE	1998 Runs	b/f 1998	1999	TOTAL
69	Lady Di	5	5	3	8
70	Plank		7	1	8
71	Big Mig		8		8
72	Dickaphoney		8		8
73	Miss Whiplash		8		8
74	Twin Cam (BH3)	2	6	1	7
75	Backfire		7		7
76	Dr Who		7		7
77	Megasorearse		7		7
78	Minihatrick		7		7
79	Peeping Tom		7		7
80	Prof a lactic		7		7
81	Arkileez			6	6
82	Erectum			6	6
83	Bottom Time		6		6
84	Dogbolter	1	6		6
85	Good Moaning		6		6
86	Mad Dog		6		6
87	Mr Spill		6		6
88	Rab C	1	6		6
89	Springcock		6		6
90	Squealing Piglet	6	6		6
91	Titlicker		6		6
92	Vatman		6		6
93	Don / Slimcea			5	5
94	Organ Grinder			5	5
95	Wimpey (NH3)		3	2	5
96	Blow Out		5		5
97	Bullshit		5		5
98	Carol's Son Ian	5	5		5
99	Elly May		5		5
100	Frigidick		5		5
101	Irish Missed		5		5
102	Limpet		5		5
103	Tumshudder		5		5
104	The Ringer			4	4
105	Mumbles (NH3)		2	2	4
106	3 Moans		4		4
107	Carol's Son Rob	4	4		4
108	Dick Cyclist		4		4
109	Endaway		4		4
110	Fag End		4		4
111	Groveller		4		4
112	Hamshanker	1	4		4
113	Jenny (Lightening Rod)	1	4		4
114	John Whitmarsh		4		4
115	Living Bra		4		4
116	Pumping Pussy		4		4
117	Sharnie		4		4
118	Sir Crapalot		4		4
119	The Penguin		4		4
120	Too Easy		4		4
121	Trenchfart		4		4
122	Ttops	1	4		4
123	Wha de Say		4		4
124	Windsock	1	4		4
125	Womb Service		4		4
126	Dave (Kentucky Mate)			3	3
127	Muff Repellent	2	2	1	3
128	Austin		3		3
129	Broken Waters		3		3
130	Collar n Cuffs	3	3		3
131	Daniel Dymond		3		3
132	Doggy Bag		3		3
133	Dynarod		3		3
134	Gilley		3		3
135	Gisa		3		3
136	Graham French		3		3
137	Gulliballs		3		3

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

RUN LOG

POSITION	HANDLE	1998 Runs	b/f 1998	1999	TOTAL
138	Handy Buttocks		3		3
139	Leonardo		3		3
140	Live Rounds		3		3
141	Lurch		3		3
142	Mad McMaddie		3		3
143	Miss Perfectly Insane		3		3
144	Optimistic		3		3
145	Puddle	1	3		3
146	Shaggy Sue		3		3
147	Singe		3		3
148	Sue		3		3
149	Tricky Dicky		3		3
150	Zupada		3		3
151	Dan Watts			2	2
152	George Hutton			2	2
153	Knee Monia			2	2
154	Maxi Pad			2	2
155	Pigeon Hole (MH3)			2	2
156	Robert X			2	2
157	Titty Bang Bang			2	2
158	Hot Lips		1	1	2
159	Alan		2		2
160	Anagram (MKH3)		2		2
161	Cath Connett		2		2
162	Cathy from Keyworth		2		2
163	Claire Petrie		2		2
164	Colin Fenner		2		2
165	Come Over	2	2		2
166	Danielle Bennett		2		2
167	Ermine Rude		2		2
168	Fnarr Fnarr		2		2
169	Frances Kean		2		2
170	Gaylord	2	2		2
171	Greg		2		2
172	Helen from Keyworth		2		2
173	Hustler (MKH3)		2		2
174	Iomgen Hall		2		2
175	Jester		2		2
176	John		2		2
177	John Petrie		2		2
178	Kevin Greally		2		2
179	Lunch Box		2		2
180	Magic		2		2
181	Matthew	2	2		2
182	Nibbles		2		2
183	Posh Hash	2	2		2
184	Rambo		2		2
185	Rear End		2		2
186	Rent a mate		2		2
187	Richards		2		2
188	Sally		2		2
189	Santa Claus	2	2		2
190	Skydiver		2		2
191	Supercheck		2		2
192	Suzi		2		2
193	Terrdactyl		2		2
194	Thomas		2		2
195	Tweedle Bob		2		2
196	Tweedle Dee		2		2
197	Twin Peaks		2		2
198	Urban Gorilla		2		2
199	Alan			1	1
200	Coch Crow			1	1
201	Crystal			1	1
202	David Riley			1	1
203	John (Visitor US)			1	1
204	Kelly (Visitor Chicago)			1	1
205	Knob Jockey (Visitor)			1	1
206	Lil (Visitor)			1	1

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

RUN LOG

POSITION	HANDLE	1998 Runs	b/f 1998	1999	TOTAL
207	Margaret (MH3)			1	1
208	Mel (Virgin)			1	1
209	Needa Orgasm (Visitor US)			1	1
210	Olivia Bennett (Baby)			1	1
211	Rubber Dick (Visitor US)			1	1
212	Scottish Lad ?			1	1
213	Sex Slave (BH3)			1	1
214	The Saint			1	1
215	3 Arses (David)	1	1		1
216	Andrew Posh Hashs Son	1	1		1
217	Anges (Sub60)	1	1		1
218	Amie (MH3)	1	1		1
219	Banana Man (Sub 60)	1	1		1
220	B'day (CH3)	1	1		1
221	Body Rubber	1	1		1
222	BT	1	1		1
223	Christine	1	1		1
224	Cracker (SH3)	1	1		1
225	Cyclops (Teign Valley)	1	1		1
226	Dave	1	1		1
227	Dave Gunn	1	1		1
228	David (Josh Brother)	1	1		1
229	Dribble	1	1		1
230	Gillian (Rab C)	1	1		1
231	Hashmonster (Miss Durex)	1	1		1
232	Josh's Brother's Girlfriend	1	1		1
233	Judy (Mrs Amie MH3)	1	1		1
234	Lord Raleigh (SH3)	1	1		1
235	LR/Oriface Son?	1	1		1
236	Makeover (PH3)	1	1		1
237	Margaret (PH3)	1	1		1
238	Matt Goulding	1	1		1
239	Maxine (Crippen)	1	1		1
240	Melt in your mouth	1	1		1
241	Mudshipper	1	1		1
242	Naill (CH3)	1	1		1
243	Navigation	1	1		1
244	Nigel (CH3)	1	1		1
245	Old Wrectum (MKH3)	1	1		1
246	One Loos (MKH3)	1	1		1
247	Paula Sibley	1	1		1
248	Phallic (Visitor)	1	1		1
249	Phallus	1	1		1
250	Polly	1	1		1
251	Pussy Warmer (MKH3)	1	1		1
252	Richard Sibley	1	1		1
253	Ruth Milligan	1	1		1
254	S C Son's Girlfriend Helen	1	1		1
255	Santa Claus' Son Richard	1	1		1
256	Scott	1	1		1
257	Sloppy	1	1		1
258	Sporty Hash	1	1		1
259	Squeeze 'em	1	1		1
260	Teazemaide (CH3)	1	1		1
261	VD (Teign Valley)	1	1		1
262	Virgin Holiday	1	1		1
263	Wet Foot	1	1		1

RUN LOG FOR 1999

[illegible]

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Trails Set

POSITION	HANDLE
----------	--------

TRAILS SET		
b/f 1998	1999	TOTAL
20	3	23
16	3	19
13	3	16
15	1	16
10	4	14
12	1	13
7	5	12
11	1	12
7	2	9
8		8
6	1	7
2	4	6
4	2	6
6		6
3	2	5
3	2	5
3	2	5
5		5
5		5
1	3	4
1	3	4
2	2	4
4		4
4		4
4		4
2	1	3
3		3
3		3
3	2	2
2		2
2		2
2		2
2		2
	1	1
	1	1
	1	1
1		1
1		1
1		1
1		1
1		1
1		1
1		1
1		1
1		1

- 1 Doc Crippen
- 2 Barritone
- 3 Too Tuf
- 4 Josh
- 5 Wallington
- 6 Lightening Rod
- 7 Bugger
- 8 Oriface
- 9 Pleasure Gnome
- 10 Mango
- 11 Showman
- 12 Blow
- 13 Cobblers / Goblin
- 14 Rockhopper
- 15 Big Phut
- 16 Kentucky
- 17 Warmers
- 18 Bleat
- 19 Dame Shame
- 20 Multi-teazer
- 21 Scrooge
- 22 Durex
- 23 Bummer
- 24 Cyranose
- 25 Grope-Her
- 26 Jetslag
- 27 Mudsucker
- 28 Paxo
- 29 Pigeon Shit
- 30 Sleazy Rider
- 31 GPS
- 32 Lady Di
- 33 Mr Logic
- 34 Pulfrew
- 35 Chocolate Legs (Carol)
- 36 Erectum
- 37 Skidmark
- 38 Creamy Bristols
- 39 Cycological BH3
- 40 Gobalet
- 41 Hen Pecked
- 42 Mudflaps
- 43 Squealing Piglet
- 44 The Dobber
- 45 Wet Wet Wet

1999 Darwin competition The best of the "Early Elimination" category

Gravity Kills

A 22-year-old Reston man was found dead after he tried to use "occy" straps (the stretchy little ropes with hooks on each end) to bungee jump off a 70-foot railway trestle. Fairfax County police said Eric A. Barcia, a fast-food worker, taped a bunch of these straps together, wrapped an end around one foot, anchored the other end to the trestle at Lake Accotink Park, jumped... and hit the pavement. Warren Carmichael, a police spokesman, said: "The length of the cord that he had assembled was greater than the distance between the trestle and the ground".

Launched on the Fourth of July

Three young men in Oklahoma were enjoying the upcoming Fourth of July holiday and wanted to apparently test fire some fireworks. Their only real problem was that their launch pad and seating arrangements were atop a several hundred thousand gallon fuel distillation storage tank.

Oddly enough, some fumes were ignited, producing a fireball seen for miles. They were launched several hundred feet into the air and were found dead 250 yards from their respective seats.

Don't Ask God to Prove Himself, He Just Might A lawyer and two buddies were fishing on Caddo Lake in Texas when a lightning storm hit the lake. Most of the other boats immediately headed for the shore, but not our friend, the lawyer. On the rear of his aluminium bass boat with his buddies, this individual stood up, spread his arms wide (crucifixion style) and shouted: "HERE I AM LORD, LET ME HAVE IT!" Needless to say, God delivered. The other two passengers on the boat survived the lightning strike with minor burns.

Catch! A man in Alabama died from rattlesnake bites. Big deal you may say, but there's a twist here that makes him a candidate. It seems he and a friend were playing catch with a rattlesnake. You can guess what happened from here. The friend (who has demonstrated a high potential as a future Darwin Awards candidate) was hospitalised.

They Say Those Things Will Kill You

Not much was given to me on this unlucky fellow, but he qualifies nonetheless. You see, there was a gentleman from Korea who was killed by his cell phone... more or less. He was doing the usual "walking and talking" when he walked into a tree and managed to somehow break his neck. Keep that in mind the next time you decide to drive and dial at the same time.

Gimme a Light

In a west Texas town, employees in a medium-sized warehouse noticed the smell of gas. Sensibly, management evacuated the building, extinguishing all potential sources of ignition - lights, power, etc. After the building had been evacuated, two technicians from the gas company were dispatched. Upon entering the building, they found they had difficulty navigating in the dark. To their frustration, none of the lights worked.

Witnesses later described the vision of one of the technicians reaching into his pocket and retrieving an object that resembled a lighter. Upon operation of the lighter-like object, the gas in the warehouse exploded, sending pieces of it up to three miles away.

Nothing was found of the technicians, but the lighter was virtually untouched by the explosion. The technician that was suspected of causing the explosion had never been thought of as "bright" by his peers.

RUNNER UPS...

Krazy-Glue Rhino

A Vermont native, Ronald Demuth, found himself in a difficult position. While touring the Eagle's Rock African Safari Zoo with a group of thespians from St. Petersburg, Russia, Mr Demuth went overboard to show them one of America's many marvels. He demonstrated the effectiveness of "Crazy Glue"... the hard way. Apparently, Mr Demuth wanted to demonstrate just how good the adhesive was, so he put about 3 ounces of the adhesive in the palms of his hands, and jokingly placed them on the buttocks of a passing rhino. The rhino, a resident of the zoo for the past thirteen years, was not initially startled as it has been part of the petting exhibit since its arrival as a baby.

However, once it became aware of its being involuntarily stuck to Mr Demuth, it began to panic and ran around the petting area wildly, making Mr Demuth an unintended passenger. "Sally [the rhino] hasn't been feeling well lately. She had been very constipated. We had just given her a laxative and some depressants to relax her bowels, when Mr Demuth played his juvenile prank," said James Douglass, caretaker. During Sally's tirade, two fences were destroyed, a shed wall was gored, and a number of small animals escaped. Also, during the stampede, three pygmy goats and one duck were stomped to death. As for Demuth, it took a team of medics and zoo caretakers' to remove his hands from her buttocks. First, the animal had to be captured and calmed down. However, during this process the laxatives began to take hold and Mr. Demuth was repeatedly showered with over 30 gallons of rhino diarrhea.

"It was tricky. We had to calm her down, while at the same time shield our faces from being pelted with rhino dung. I guess you could say that Mr Demuth was into it up to his neck. Once she was under control, we had three people with shovels working to keep an air passage open for Mr Demuth. We were able to tranquilise her and apply a solvent to remove his hands from her rear," said Douglass. "I don't think he'll be playing with Crazy Glue for a while." Meanwhile, the Russians, while obviously amused, also were impressed with the power of the adhesive. "I'm going to buy some for my children, but of course they can't take it to the zoo," commented Vladimir Zolnikov, leader of the troupe.

Cleaner Polishes-Off Patients

"For several months, our nurses have been baffled to find a patient dead in the same bed every Friday morning" a spokeswoman for the Pelonomi Hospital (Free State, South Africa) told reporters. "There was no apparent cause for any of the deaths, and extensive checks on the air conditioning system, and a search for possible bacterial infection, failed to reveal any clues.

However, further inquiries have now revealed the cause of these deaths... "It seems that every Friday morning a cleaning lady would enter the ward, remove the plug that powered the patient's life support system, plug her floor polisher into the vacant socket, then go about her business. When she had finished her chores, she would plug the life support machine back in and leave, unaware that the patient was now dead. She could not, after all, hear the death rattle and [eventually] the solid beep over the whirring of her polisher. We are sorry, and have sent a strong letter to the cleaner in question. Further, the Free State Health and Welfare Department is arranging for an electrician to fit an extra socket, so there should be no repetition of this incident. The inquiry is now closed."

TAKE THE 'M'-WAY TO EDINBURGH

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1K IN 2K



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DICK GREEN (RAILROAD)
TEL: 0131 441 6428

TEL: 0131 441 5034
EMAIL: JO.MCEWAN@BTINTERNET.COM

* IF YOU WANT TO EXTEND YOUR STAY AT THE BACKPACKERS, PLEASE PHONE SHARON
HAIN ~ 0131 225 4998 ~ AND SAY YOU'RE WITH EH3'S 1000TH RUN GROUP

"DIAL M FOR MILLENNIUM"

EDINBURGH HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
24 - 26 MARCH 2000
1000TH RUN REGISTRATION FORM
COST £55
CHEQUES PAYABLE TO "EH3"



Please complete in BLOCK CAPITALS					
Surname:					
Forename:					
Address:					
Telephone Number:				Email Address:	
Home Hash:					
Hash Handle:					
T-Shirt Size:		Medium		Large	
				Ex-Large	
Food:		Non-Veggie		Veggie	
Beer		Lager		Cider	
Red Wine		White Wine		Softies	
Payment Enclosed:				£	
OFFICE USE ONLY Date Received:			OFFICE USE ONLY Registration Number:		

Edinburgh Hash House Harriers take no responsibility for any loss, damage or injury, howsoever caused, sustained by any participant in this event. Participants expressly waive their right to pursue any members of the above club in respect of any loss, damage or injury or any other claim sustained while travelling to or from or participating in this event.

Signature	Date
-----------------	------------

Please return this form, together with payment, to:-

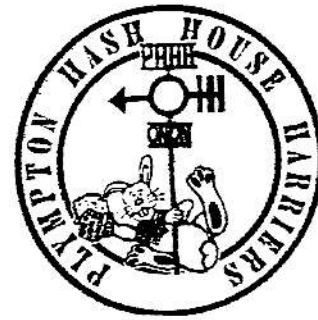
Mrs Jo McEwan (tel: 0131 441 5034; email: jo.mcewan@btinternet.com)
 25 Carnethy Avenue
 Edinburgh
 EH13 0DL



A letter containing full registration details will be sent out nearer the time of the event.

Visit the Edinburgh Hash website: <http://freespace.virgin.net/nils.hartel>

Plympton Hash House Harriers



1000 runs and still going strong!!

PH3 Invite YOU to help them celebrate their 1000th run deep in darkest Cornwall on 15th/16th April 2000

**Free optional night: Friday 14th - join us on the evening of the 14th for a pre-ramble (7.30pm start) and enjoy an extra nights accommodation free! Saturday 1000th will be at 2 pm*

The Venue:



Accommodation:

1/2 nights (Fri/Sat) in luxury 4-6 berth caravans (linen provided)

Essentials:

Good Runs, Great company, Real Ale, Late bar,
Saturday Evening Meal and Sunday full English breakfast
Optional 3 course Sunday lunch available (£6.95)

Entertainment:

Live music, disco and Karaoke (optional)
Playground and entertainment for rugrats and horrors
Find the hare Easter egg hunt

Other:

Goodie Bag, souvenir Hash Hack, optional T-shirt + more.
Hash Grannies, Dragon and Bassett offer free minder service for young men between 25 and 35 - please provide photo!! We will look after your virtue and protect you from all those young, nubile rampant harriettes - your safe with us boys (we won't tell if you won't!)

Cost: only £25 per adult. (Special rates for families) £20 without T-shirt

Interested? See over for booking form and more info.....

Please reserveberths for 14/15th April 2000.

I/We, will/will not/may be there Friday night (14th)

Accommodation is available from Friday 14th 2pm to Sunday 16th 12 noon

Note: you are welcome to bring own tourer/tent however price will remain the same. Well behaved dogs welcome, but must sleep in cars - not statics.

Names of Group:

Fore name	Family name	Handle	age if U16	T-shirt size
-----------	-------------	--------	------------	--------------

We will be bringing own tents/tourers yes/no Number of pitches required

Contact Name:

Address

--	--

Postcode

Telephone:

Email

Home Hash:

No. of adults @	£25	£20 (no T-shirt)
No. of Horrors (U16)	£15	£10 (no T-shirt)
No charge for rugrats (U5's)		

No. of veggies ☐

Interested in the Sunday lunch ☐

By registering for this event, I/We agree to take full responsibility for my/our actions during the above event. I/We hereby release and indemnify all persons and bodies concerned with the organisation and conducting of PH3 1000th Weekend from any claims or actions whatsoever arising from any injury, loss or damage to property suffered through my/our participation in the event.

Please send Cheque/Postal order payable to Plympton Hash House Harriers
for: £

to: Mrs P Baker, 27 Beckford Close, Plympton, Plymouth, PL7 2UW

An information pack will be sent with confirmation of your booking however, if you require more information before booking, contact:

Bassett (Jane) on 01752 406374 or Dragon (Penny) 01752 330671
email jafam1@hotmail.com

Altenative Tassie Inter Hash

HOBO UP N OVER BY ERE



INTERHASH 2000

~~Tasmania Hobart~~ **HOBO TREDEGAR**

February 25-27 2000

The combined hash clubs of ~~Tasmania~~ Wales have been successful in winning Interhash 2000 in Australia's-Tredegar's only *traffic* island state. Come and run in an undiscovered paradise where the beer is the best in the world, the air is the cleanest in the world, and the running country is unmatched anywhere in the galaxy.

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1999 Awards

Hasher of the Year

Pleasure Gnome

Dipstick of the Year

Barritone

Best Country Trail

Anglessey - Run 298

Best Town Trail

Red Dress Run - Run 299

Best On Inn

Rose & Crown, Asfordby - Run 274

Worst On Inn

Tipsy Fisherman, Thornton - Run 297

Best Beer Stop Location

Man Within Compass, Run 292

Best Away Event

Nash Hash '99

Best Write-up

Too Tuf - Run 296

Newcomer of the Year

Erectum

Best Hash Attire

Jetslag