

Rash Hag



June 1997

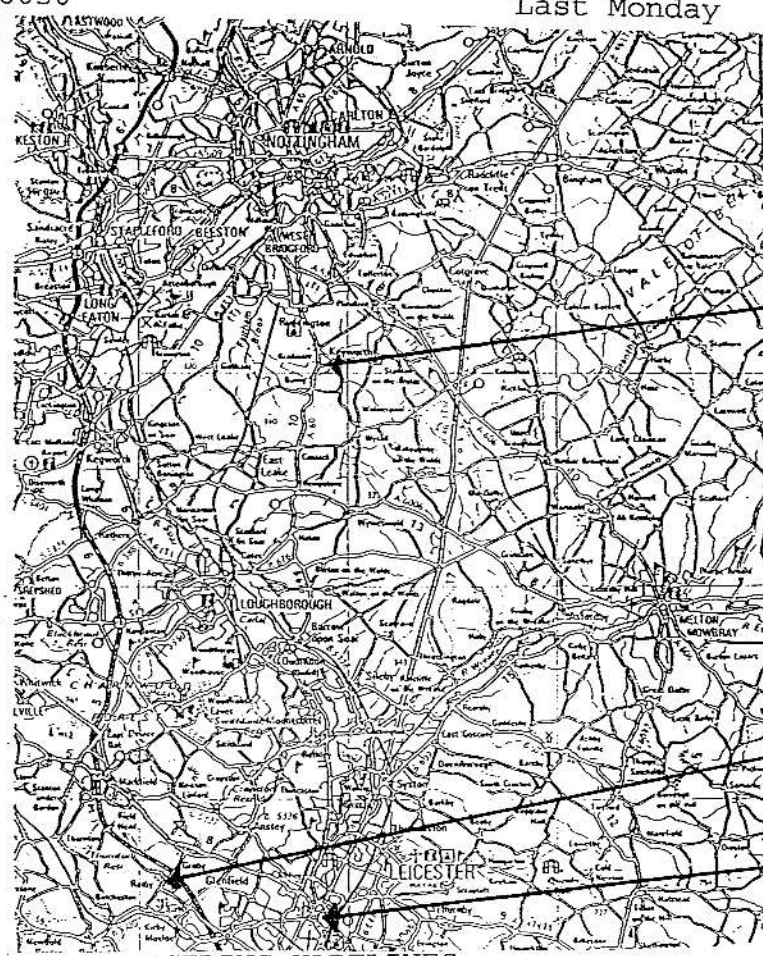
QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

G.M.	- Too Tuf	(H)	0115 937 4505
R.A.	- Showman	(H)	0116 266 8964
ON SEC	- Barritone	(H)	0115 922 6050
HASH KASH	- Pleasure Gnome	(H)	0115 937 4505
MASTER OF THE PISS	- Rockhopper	(H)	
ORGAN GRINDER	- Mr Logic	(H)	0115 914 0938
HASH FLASH	- Lightning Rod	(H)	01332 751580
HASH HORN	- Horny	(H)	0115 925 2075
POETUS LAUREATUS	- Wet Wet Wet	(H)	01664 840256
HASH SUPERGRASS	- Josh	(H)	01949 860805
HASH LECH	- Kentucky	(H)	0115 916 3857
MEDICAL ADVISER	- Doc Crippen	(H)	01572 823166
HASH HOUND	- Lucy	(H)	0115 937 4505

HASH HOTLINES: -

01509 415134
0115 922 6050

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



RECEDING HARELINES

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
209	Sun 15th June	The Corner Pin, Donington Le Heath, Coalville Grid: 422122	Bugger & Cobblers
210	Mon 23rd June	Keyworth Squash Club, Bunny Lane (?) Keyworth Grid: 612308	Terminology
211	Sun 6th July	Joint run with Starlight H3 THE HUNTING LODGE, BARROW UPON SOAR	Big Phut & Warmers
212	Sun 20th July	The Plough, Ratby Between Primary School & Bulls Head	Jetslag & Hen-Pecked
213	WED 30th July	TBA	Too Tuf & P. Gnome
214	Sun 3rd August	23 Thurcaston Road, Leicester	Showman
215	Sun 17th August	TBA	Hares please
216	Sun 7th Sept	Cromford (TBC)	Miss Whiplash

Hash news

Welcome to yet another packed edition of Rash Hag. Inside you will find Doc Crippen's Quackline, the first of a regular feature. There are also new details of away events - most notably the Hash Trip to Holy Island organised by Newcastle H3 on June 28-29th. Please also note that the new venue for Berskire 1000th is **Stanford Dingley** (Between Pangbourne and Newbury). There are of course a few other new Hash Events for you to peruse.

Please note that the backlog of **write-ups** is beginning to fester again. If you're down for a write-up, please please send it in before next month.

The QH3 are doing something different in August! On August 3rd there'll be an "away weekend at home" chez Showman (23 Thurcaston Road, Leicester). There'll be a possibility of two Hashes and/or a Bash, and you're promised all the fun of an away weekend, except that it's not away. Showman will also be raising money for a support network for Motor Neurone Disease victims and their relatives, plus also research into the causes of the disease itself. This will be the main focus of the weekend. I'm sure most of the Hash will know somebody who has suffered, or even died, from this crippling illness. Any help would of course be welcomed with open arms.

There is also the possibility later in the month of a trip to Cromford (to support the Village Fellowship there, plus to hash, of course), and also a joint run with MH3 (Both are as yet undecided). For the Cromford Hash, the Hare has suggested arranging a bus with pick-up points in Leicester, Nottingham and Derby. Interested??

The next Mickleover Hash (Tomorrow, 2nd June, 7:15 pm) will be at the White Swan, Milton (Nr. Repton, Grid Ref 321262. This was the scene of a Lightning Rod trail 3 years ago, and if I remember rightly they do delicious stilton Beefburgers!!

Next Rash Hag:	Run no. 211 (Sun 6th July)
Deadline:	Thursday 3rd July 1997
Address:	4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA
Hareline:	0115 922 6050

These are difficult times for bank managers. In Greece, one committed suicide after staff bugged his private lavatory for a joke. "He's always been very shy about his bodily functions," said the man's devastated mother. Likewise German bank manager Luther Sprach, although that didn't stop him inserting a large item of fruit up his backside in full view of the general public. Trouble started when Mr Sprach, 53, of Stuttgart, informed cashier Hans Bümlich that "the day you get a promotion is the day I stick a pineapple up my arse!" Unfortunately Mr Bümlich took him at his word,

coming into work the following morning with a shotgun and a pineapple, and commanding Mr Sprach to get shoving, or he'd blow his head off. "It was a huge pineapple," recalled one witness, "with very prickly sides. It made you wince just to look at it." Despite determined efforts, however, and assistance from the deputy manager, Mr Sprach was unable to make any headway with the pineapple, and eventually his tormentor lost interest and fled into the street, where he was bundled to the ground by passers-by. "The next time I use a fruit metaphor," admitted Mr Sprach, "I'll choose something small, like a bilberry."

AGRIEVING family have been laying flowers on the wrong grave for four years.

And yesterday, council bosses admitted it could be one of six blunders at Uphall Cemetery in West Lothian.

A woman noticed her aunt being lowered into the wrong grave in 1993 and was assured the body would be moved.

West Lothian cemeteries boss Howard Dawson admitted: "I believe this was covered up."

● "Correction. In my article in the January issue of *Horoscope*, I reported on the possible effects of a solar eclipse during that month. Though my research indicated that there would be a solar eclipse on January 8, I have since been informed from all sides by reliable sources that the configuration was not actually an eclipse, but merely a New Moon. Though I am chagrined by the error, this is in truth good news, because the more ominous implications of this particular sun-moon combination have been greatly mitigated. Therefore, the world economy, while still somewhat uncertain, is not really in danger of imminent collapse, and we can all breathe a little easier. However, I still advise that all should prepare for the possibility of recession, or even depression. But this is a good practice even in the best of times. Mary Devlin"

Quorn Hash House Harriers

Sunday 16 March 1997

A YORKSHIRE HASHER'S PERSPECTIVE

200th Run & 10th Anniversary

Venue: Kirby Muxloe Sports Club, Kirby Muxloe, Leicester

Pack: approx 40

The Decision I always thought Quorn was an ingredient for vegetarian lasagne or burgers. So fancy having a Hash called after a veggie dish! However, no veggies on this Hash (only maybe one or two) as can be vouched for by the meat curry we all enjoyed afterwards. I suppose the Quorn H3 are fed up with the veggie jokes so I'd better start writing about the run. Actually we all know there really is a place called Quorn don't we?

As I'm skint at present the idea of enjoying free accommodation within 45 minutes driving distance from the run was quite appealing. So it was with this in mind that Dark Horse and I set off south to enjoy some alternative Hashing and hospitality. Having rung up QH3 a couple of days previously to confirm that we were coming to the run I was informed the sports club would be easy to find as Hash signage would be evident. Great I thought, that'll be useful.

The Journey

Leaving my mum's house, we made excellent time, until we hit Kirby Muxloe. On the map KM looks just like a small blob of a village very close to the M1. In fact when we got there and started looking for Hash signs we were confronted with a large sprawling urban mass of houses and shops. "Oh, my gawd!" I thought, "We'll never find the place". Our first attempt took us back out of KM. Never mind, the locals are bound to know where the sports club is!

So we duly stopped and asked one athletic-looking male the way.....sure enough, he'd never heard of it! The next young couple did however try to help us, the girl very confidently gave directions with landmarks an' all. But, God knows where she was referring to 'cos the road she sent us down bore no resemblance to anything she'd said, hence more frustration and clock watching as the hour was drawing nigh. The directions were a bit like Clark Kent..... somewhat vague, rather non-existent and you had to have super human powers to find the On-On.

Finally we stopped and asked a posh bird, who said "Yep, I know exactly where it is." So hey presto in 2 ticks of a clock we were there, and YES you've guessed it, that's also where we found the first Hash directions, stuck to a post.....50 yards from the sports club entrance! But thank goodness we'd arrived and surprisingly with 10 minutes to spare.

The signage left much to be desired - just like Henry Root wearing the Hash nightie

and his woolly hat (plus his trousers of course - blimey I can only just, only just mind you, cope with his bare hairless chest covered in all that nylon or silk whichever the case may be - please don't let him take his trousers off too!!).

The Registration

For a Hash milestone there was a surprising lack of support I thought. I counted about 40 Hashers in all. However it was quite a nice round number making it just another good ol' Sunday run with a manageable group. For Registration we each got one drink token and one meal token and the run.

The On-On : The First Half

We set off on time, just like the Yorkshire Hash used to - at 11:10am. Having purposefully donned me good ol' Walsh trainers expecting to be plunged instantly into the countryside I was rather surprised to discover that the first 20 minutes or so found us jogging in and out of the houses. But then we veered off to the left down a ginnell and headed for the open countryside.

The markings were reasonably well spread out but some of the checks were too easy, making this quite a fast run in parts.

Being so close to the M1, it was inevitable we would be crossing it sooner or later and yep it was sooner rather than later (a bit of YH3 *deja vue* here - note: same motorway!). Across many fields etc, and on towards some woods. Funny, I thought Leicestershire was dead (!) flat, but the QH3 did manage to find some gentle slopes.

On into the woods with a few of us real Hashers taking the real loop to the beer-stop, while the rest of the lazy b-----s shortcutted straight up the hill!

The Beer-Stop

A welcoming sight/site. There was beer and lemonade duly being doled out by 2 non-running ladies complete with children and pram. This turned out to be one of the longest beer-stops I've ever been on, at least 25 minutes! However it was rather nice to have time to reacquaint myself with some of the visitors, viz: Dynarod and Zupada (Surrey H3) and Mother Tucker (London H3) (by the way Boghopper, Mother Tucker sends you his regards), and chat to some new faces too.

The weather was dry and pleasant, a very spring-like sort of day really. So, beer swilling finished, we all headed off into the woods again, no checking here, the direction

The Second Half

having been indicated.

Running near the back at this point, I was beginning to think nothing unusual ever happened on a QH3 run, that was until we all stopped at a check a bit further on in the woods. Slap bang in the centre of the cross-tracks was a ginormous puddle! Yes you've guessed it, all the Hashers were unsuspectingly congregated around this delight on this pleasant Sunday lunch-time when unexpectedly one of the QH3 did a running jump and splatted right in the middle of the puddle. Needless to say many Hashers became victims of this misdemeanor. Luckily I was at the circumference of the extent of the mud flying and escaped lightly. (Flashes of East Grinstead came to mind!). However not so for a teenage QH3 Harriette who was well and truly splattered. She was so annoyed that for the rest of the run she carried with her a rather large dollop of mud with the intention of getting back at the perpetrator once we returned to base or sooner if she managed to catch up with him. I never did find out if she fulfilled this ambition.

Well the remainder of the run was uneventful. We crossed back over the M1. Then headed On-Inn across a field and

through a small river. Some of the "clever" Hashers didn't get their feet wet 'cos they detoured along the road. But not me, hardy Hasher as I am! So finally we arrived back after a 2 hour trail (and YH3 think their trails are long!).

The Circle

After changing and supping we were summoned to gather outside on the flagstones encircling a picnic bench.

Representatives from the following Hash's were awarded DD's : Cardiff, Currently Unnamed North Thames, Donnington, Germany (somewhere), London, Mickleover, Norfolk (Wimpy and Twonk - funny I never saw them on the trail but they swore they were - same ol' story eh?), Surrey, West London, Yorkshire.

Dark Horse (YH3) was the only one that drank the whole DD, it seemed to be the "in thing" to throw most of it at your neighbour, over your own head; on the ground or over Twonk (quelle surprise!). Either he was standing in a most unfortunate place, viz. behind those having DD's or he has a natural affinity for getting showered in beer. Have you ever seen Twonk look like a forlorn puppy? No neither have I. But he did at this point. The girls even raffled his soggy (YH3 600 Run) T-shirt, ensuring, of course, that he won it back again, still soggy and cold and damp.

DD's were also awarded to the QH3 Founders (10 year anniversary): Zupada (Surrey) and Mango (QH3), and to others too many to mention. Again most of these DD's ended up all over Twonk.

The most memorable DD went to the Cardiff Hasher (again) and a QH3 Harriette. He was made to stand at one end on the picnic table with only his underpants on. She was made to kneel at the other end facing him and at eye level to his "Dick". Both were given pints to Down. At a strategic point in this ceremony, he

dropped his drawers and she was meant to do a "gobbling" act. He was a little "droopy" so she threw her beer over his "Dick", but he missed her boobs. The locals were somewhat bemused!

The Entertainment

On back into the clubhouse for the entertainment. First came the well-earned meat curry - very tasty. Then came the music, as advertised? Musical renditions were given by Barritone, the QH3 Hasher, on his organ! He started singing his tunes and initially no-one really listened until people realised what he was actually singing about. The Hash songs were hilarious and the songs very tuneful(!). The session was brilliant entertainment and he received a well earned DD for his efforts.

Next came the Hash Raffle. Beats the YH3 one. Such as packet of cornflakes, jar of jam, T-shirt, etc.

The End

So finally thanks to QH3 for an enjoyable 200 Run celebration.

It's funny though, we managed to find our way back out of Kirby Muxloe lots quicker than we found our way in!! C'est la vie!

DOOLITTLE - Yorkshire Hash House Harriers

Doolittle



03 / 97

HASH MISMANAGEMENT

GM: Tony "Burglar Bill" Ward
ON-SEC Regina "Doolittle" Malyk

RA/Hash Flash: Roger "Magnum" Moran
Hash Cub: David "Darkhorse" Christie
Hubbards: Jim "Spiderman" Bold
Word Arouser: Doug "Postman Pat" Paterson
Hash Stags: Jason "Condofloss" Dyer

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(W) 0113 2373500 (Fax) 0113 2445600
(H) 0113 2268098 (M) 0802 922513
(H) 0113 2692823 (W) 0113 2329000
(H) 0113 2740796 (W) 01254 354021
(H) 0113 2668726 (W) 01484 405648
(H+F) 0113 2792064 (W) 0113 2886888

* RECEDING HARELINE *

RUN	DATE	TIME	VENUE	HARES
715	19.05.97	19.30	V & T Club, Sutherland Ave, Off Street Lane, Leeds 8. OS 104 GR:SE322385, Lds A-Z P29 C3 Take A61 north from Lds centre. <small>There is a traffic light into Street Lane. (Signed St Ger., it's Haque). This is just before you reach the Ring Rd. Go across next traffic lights past Moorstown Casino, continue along Street Lane as far as the pub The Streets of Leeds and just before the parade of shops (opposite the Deer Park pub) turn right into Sutherland Ave. Follow to the end where the duo is on the left behind a hedge.</small>	Hardly Bailwanger & Son
716	25.05.97	11.00	White Cross, Bradford Rd (A6038) / Otley Rd (A65) junction, Guiseley. OS 104 GR:SE182424, Lds A-Z P5 D1 <small>Take A65 from Leeds through Horsforth & Yeadon to Guiseley. Pub is on above Rabout opposite Harry Ramsdens chippy.</small>	Owl Bookin'tell
717	02.06.97	19.30	Huntsman Inn, Station Rd, Cattal, Nr York. OS 104 GR:SE46550 Take A1 north from Leeds. Exit & turn R onto A59 towards York. Turn R at X-roads signposted Kirk Hamerton & Cattal. Pub is on left side approx 150 yds ahead.	Jack Tar Model T
718	08.06.97	11.00	BIRTHDAY RUN & BBQ The Ivanhoe, Sprotborough, Nr Doncaster. OS 111 GR:SE539023 Take A1 south from Leeds merging into A1(M). Exit L onto A635 towards Doncaster. Take 1st R into Baze Hill. At T-junction turn R under the A1(M). Take 1st L into Spring lane to Sprotborough. Pub is on village X-roads on the L. Pub is approx 2 miles from A1(M) exit. All junctions signposted.	Yogi Burglar Bill

719	16.06.97	19.30	Old Kings Arms, Town St, Horsforth. OS 104 GR:SE26379, Lds A-Z P23 C4 <small>Take A660 from Leeds through Headingley. At Ring Rd (A6120) Laweswood Rabout turn L towards Horsforth. Go across next Rabout. Continue, then turn R at traffic lights into Fink Hill. Either use carpark 100m from lights (pub is across the Rd along The Green from here) OR continue up the hill (Church Rd), turn 1st R after Morrisons, then R at junction. Pub is at bottom of hill opposite the Black Bull.</small>	Mojo
720	22.06.97	11.00	The George, Bank St, Ossett, Nr Dewsbury. OS104 GR:SE278203 Take M1 south from Lds. Exit J40 onto A638 towards Dewsbury. Take 1st L onto B6129 Wakefield Rd to Ossett. Straight on 'till reach junction with Town Hall/public lss. Do a quick R then L into Ventnor Way (there is a church on the R corner), continue 'till reach Bank St on the left.	Owl Jake the Peg
721	30.06.97	19.30	Car park, High St, Boston Spa, Nr Wetherby. OS 105 GR:SE430457 Take A1 north from Lds and exit R onto A659 to Tadcaster OR take A58 north then R after Collingham onto A659 Tadcaster Rd. Both routes join at the A1 exit signposted Boston Spa and Tadcaster. Go into Boston Spa village. Car park is on the left JUST BEFORE the pelican crossing and the L turn into Bridge Rd, also JUST AFTER the small Library building; all are OPPOSITE the Royal Hotel (big white/red building).	Ann Berlin Doolittle
722	06.07.97	11.00	T B A (Unexpected vacancy) Hares and Venue required now please	*HADES* REQUIRED
723	14.07.97	19.30	Brighthouse. OS 104 GR:SE135207	Mojo
724	20.07.97	11.00	The Carpenters Arms, Westwoodside, East of Doncaster, between Thorne & Gainsborough. OS 112 GR:SK752997 <small>Take M62 East, M18 south then M180 south. Exit J2 onto A616 towards Gainsborough. Go through Belton, Epworth & Low Burnham. Take R turn towards Harey. Through Harey, turn R at forked junction. Follow Rd into Westwoodside past water tower. Pub is at bottom.</small>	Catwoman
725	28.07.97	19.30	White Horse, Town St, Armley, Lds. OS 104 GR:SE270334, Lds A-Z P65 D3 <small>From Lds Armley Gytratory take A647 towards Armley/Pudsey/Bradford. At 1st set of traffic lights (next to The Nelson) turn L up hill. At junction on brow of hill turn R into Town St. After approx 300m see pub on L side of Rd.</small>	Owl Jake the Peg
726	03.08.97	11.00	VINDALOO TRAIL T B A, Bradford (*)	
727	11.08.97	19.30	T B A (*)	
728	17.08.97	11.00	T B A (*)	
729	25.08.97	19.30	T B A Venue required when Hares book date	*HADES* REQUIRED
730	31.08.97	11.00	Weavers Arms, Burnley Rd, Luddenden Foot, Halifax OS 104 GR:SE037252	Spiderman Boghopper

Event: Cheltenham & Cotswold 1000th

Date: 17-18 May 1997

Representative reprobates: Too Tuf, Pleasure Gnome, Showman, Mudsucker, Josh, Pigeon
Shit, Barritone, Austin & Son

Venue: Stow on the Wold Rugby Club

The weekend started gently enough with breakfast and tea in huge quantities - just the thing to soak up into alcohol-saturated veins. The reverie of Pleasure Gnome telling jokes (these are faithfully reproduced in *Rash Hag Dec. 1995*) was soon disturbed by B-Day announcing to all and sundry that there would be a live hare at mid-day. In the meantime the bar was open and the Goff's Joustier (A brew brewed specially for the occasion) was flowing freely. The QH3 Gazebo (which first made its appearance at the Wirral & Chester 500th) made an appearance here.

Well, Nail went off and the large pack followed afterwards, thinking there'd be no problem catching him. However, Nail's a fit bastard (apparently), so there was no chance of that. Indeed, there were quite a few cunning false trails and a stampeding field of cows to contend with. In the afternoon we were entertained by a quite superb jazz saxophonist, plus an interesting choice of ambient music (Vangelis, Pink Floyd, Michael Nyman). The Hash Games included the famous C2H3 Tug Of War, and a weird game I couldn't quite work out the rules to, except that involved running in a circle with a carpet round you so you couldn't see a thing. The Wibbly wobbly Races were on a Civil War theme, and had the added problem of having to take a sword out of its sheathe before running round the post at the far end, and replacing it afterwards. The disco was flagging a bit at that point, so the QH3 Nude Dancing Team (consisting of Josh, showman and Too Tuf - the rest were too modest (either physically or psychologically) to take part) took over by running from the Gazebo to the beer tent and onto the stage.

After a delicious chicken stew (high on quality, if not quantity) it was back for a live band whose name I can't remember, except that they were an excellent nine-piece soul band, who belted out all the old faves and really got everybody moving. This interspersed with the disco, and as for the cabaret...

The first act was something to do with scooters connected with the Civil War, performed on the grass in front of the stage. It must have been good judging by the reaction of the front row, but unfortunately this scribe couldn't see what the fuck was going on. Your scribe was then called up as a contestant in the IOW Belly Dancing Competition, along with Hyena (who cheated). "I never knew you were so controlled", came the comment afterwards, whatever that means. There was also a repeat of the Haunch of Venison's 1995 Spooner Cinderella Sketch, with the Glugly Pissters Miss Pyself and Betty Swollocks, which was written by Windy Miller and was brilliantly done. I was obviously too pissed to remember anything else about the cabaret, but Pigeon Shit said "In all my years of hashing I've never seen a better cabaret", so there - it must have been good. However, Too Tuf decided to spurn all this delicious free beer (the Goff's Joustier was swapped for a light, hoppy 4.8% bitter that slipped down a treat - delicious) and good entertainment for beer that he had to pay for at the pub down the road - and to top it all he paid £5 for a taxi ride of all of 500 metres!!!! (They obviously pay them too much at the Benefits Agency!) In the meantime, Showman tried to find the way to his tent and inadvertently climbed into the wrong one, but he didn't seem to mind, and neither did the nubile young harriette inside. At least one item in the Goody Bag was useful (no, not the soap, but you never know...) The band did an excellent second set, and by now the front half of the marquee had become a huge shiggy bath, which Twonk took great delight in sliding in. The finale took the format of all C2H3 dos - we were all given Union Jacks and sang Jerusalem,

Rule Britannia and Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance March no. 1. The disco kept going after that with some good 80's music, but after half an hour any movement in time to the music became completely impossible unless you were an amphibious mammal.

Sunday was the day of the official 1000th run, and in contrast with the previous night it was gloriously sunny, and already hot. There was a choice of buses and destinations, and your scribe plumped for a beautiful run starting at the top of Broadgate Tower. In Broadgate Village the shoppers neatly lined up either side to let us past. They even said Good Afternoon to us - how very polite. It was then a steady stagger up the hill the other side (absolutely beautiful, but I won't go on) and on down through a paddock where a horse bolted and threw its rider (Cunnilingus from Berks H3 later got a down-down for having such an ugly face). After the beer stop (Goff's Joust, of course), the remainder of the trail was relatively uneventful.

During the barbecue lunch we were entertained by a very interesting folk group. Unfortunately they were in the marquee and everybody else was outside, where i) the sun was shining, and ii) the ground was dry. Besides, what better place to eat our sausages, burgers and coleslaw etc. than in the Gazebo? There was also seconds...

The Hash Circle featured something I first encountered at C2H3's run at Interhash last year - the "Inky Pinky Stick". As soon as the RA's stick hit the floor, everybody had to sit, and the last one to sit down got a Down Down. The stick could hit the ground at any time, including the middle of Father Abraham. Josh got nobbled for a down down (can't remember why), and various guest RAs could nominate two victims each. I'm sure the IOWH3 RA was going to nobble Too Tuf, but (un)fortunately he had to go back to the Isle of Wight early.

All in all an excellent weekend - one to go down in hashtory.

○ "This is an immoral show where humans torture animals and themselves for money" a spokesman for the Pattaya police force told reporters. "It is cruel and demeaning, and that is why we are determined to stamp out these evil sexy shows before they take root in our town."

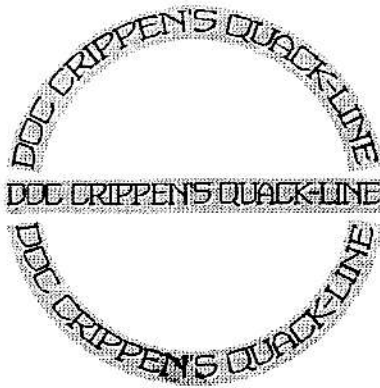
The Thai police spokesman was referring to the arrest of four go-go dancers and a night club manager for performing an immoral and improper act in a tourist bar. "Before they go on, the girls put ducklings inside plastic eggs, and then insert the eggs inside their vaginas. Then they go on stage, dance around to the music and, at the end of the song, squat down and lay an egg while the customers cheer. It's true that the eggs have little air holes in them, but it's clear that the ducklings can't breathe properly while they're inside the girls because, when they're finally hatched, they rush out gasping for air."

The dancers were fined 1,000 baht each and released, there being no specific law against hatching ducks from vaginas in Thailand.

inventor Hasuo Murasaki has completed work on his patent, self-loading excrement gun. Mr Murasaki, 63, of Tokyo, is already well-known in specialist circles for his offal grenades, the latter exploding and showering victims with offal, hence making their injuries look worse than they actually are. With his excrement gun, however, he has, by his own admission, reached the pinnacle of his career. "It fires faeces from a tank worn on the back," explained the gun's proud creator. "It works in two stages. First, the excrement knocks the attacker to the ground. Second, the smell ensures he won't want to get up again." Early tests on his wife have proved extremely effective, and he's now hoping to interest the government in his invention. "We'll certainly look," said an official spokesman. "Although it sounds like a load of old shit to me."

○ "We have none left," said deputy education minister Craig Dotson, in response to a question from a councillor in Regina. "All the excess inventory has been disposed of in an orderly way, as we originally said it would be. I can therefore confirm that the whole of the Saskatchewan government's surplus supply of wooden penises has now gone."

Thus ended the Saskatchewan government's embarrassment over the 1,000 wooden penises it had bought in 1994. "As you know, we originally bought them with the intention of demonstrating to schoolchildren the proper way to use condoms. Only six of them were actually ever used for that purpose, but over the past two years we have sold three hundred to the University of Alberta, two hundred to the Manitoba education department, and a hundred to a coalition of disabled people in Winnipeg. Twenty more went to the University of Kansas, twenty to an experimental theatre company in San Francisco, forty to a lesbian collective in Seattle, a hundred to the Ohio Church of Jesus Christ, seventy to the children's entertainer 'Mr Blowey', thirty-seven to a New York cable tv station, and the rest to a well-known manufacturer of personal hygiene products, who wishes to remain anonymous. On average, the department received \$4.10 per penis, thus covering our costs. In passing, I should mention that we also had several hundred enquiries from individuals, each asking if they could buy just one wooden penis, but we refused all orders for less than a dozen, because of handling charges."



Doc Crippen's Quack-line is a must for the average Hasher. Free, professional help and advice is given concerning a wide range of personal/medical problems - all dealt with in the strictest confidence and published in your regular, friendly Hash Mag!

(All Doc's treatment/advice comes with a full Government Health Warning - so, don't blame him, sue the Government!)

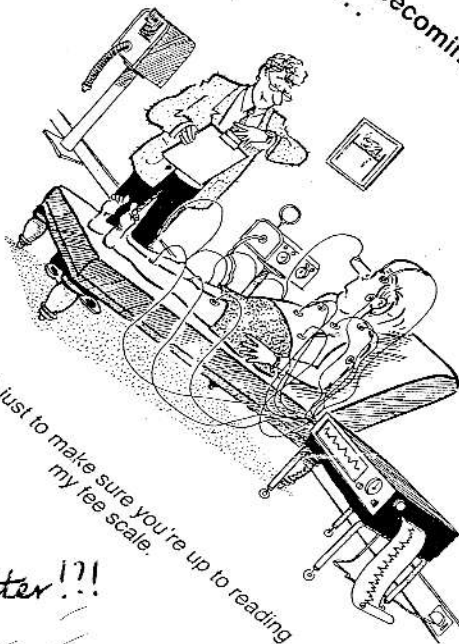
(NOTE: typical Doctor's writing!)

Your doctor can screen your body and tell you what nearly works.



Well, I wouldn't bother carrying an organ donor card.

Medical screening is becoming more common. For a fee...



This is just to make sure you're up to reading my fee scale.

Join a Hashing Club and get fitter!!!



Morning, gents!

Doc Crippen's Heroic Failures.

For those of you who know the story of Crippen, here's a true tale that doesn't quite reach Crippen's success, but does show a dogged determination!!

The Least Successful Attempt to Murder a Spouse?!

Dwarfing all known records for matrimonial homicide, Mr. Peter Scott of Southsea made seven attempts to kill his wife without her once noticing that anything was wrong.

In 1980, he took out an insurance policy on his wife which would net him £250,000 in the event of her accidental death. Soon afterwards, he placed a lethal dose of mercury in her strawberry flan, but it all rolled out. Not wishing to waste this deadly substance, he next stuffed her mackerel with the entire contents of the bottle. This time she ate it, but with no side-effects whatsoever.

Warming to the task, he then took his better half on holiday to Yugoslavia. Recommending the panoramic views, he invited her to sit on the edge of the cliff. She declined to do so, prompted by what she described later as some "sixth sense". The same occurred only weeks later when he urged her to savour the view from Beachy Head.

While his spouse was in bed with chicken-pox, he started a fire outside her bedroom door, but some interfering busybody put it out. Undeterred, he started another fire and burnt down the entire flat at Taswell Road, Southsea. His wife escaped uninjured.

Another time, he asked her to stand in the middle of the road so that he could drive at her to check if his brakes were working.

At no time did Mrs. Scott feel that the magic had gone out of their marriage. Since it appeared nothing short of a small nuclear bomb would have alerted this good woman to her husband's intentions, he eventually gave up and confessed everything to the police. After the case, a detective said that Mrs. Scott had been "absolutely shattered" when told of her husband's plot to kill her. "She had not twigged it at all and was dumbstruck."

Crippen: "He wouldn't have had any trouble killing his wife if he had listened to my advice column in the Hash Mag!!"



IS MY HASH SHORTS BULGE TOO SMALL?

Dear Doc,

I desperately need advice. I have noticed (though without looking on purpose, of course) that other men's hash shorts bulges appear bigger than mine. Do chemist shops sell anything that could help?

Yours,
Smallus Dickus.

Dear Smallus Dickus,

This type of problem is not uncommon among men of all ages, and your letter has many areas of vagueness in it which leaves you wide open to ridicule! I shall try to be as understanding and as sympathetic as possible, but, you've got to admit, your story of woe is pretty amusing, especially to those of us with big dicks!!

Briefly, one reason may be an hereditary problem caused at birth by a symptom known as "penisae contractivarus vaginum" - also known as "squashed dick" caused by getting a huge dickhead through a small hole! So, you see, you did have a large phallus when you were born, but alas, no longer.

Another cause might be the result of personal over-use (masterbating, to the uninitiated) or too much friction brought about by "durex spin" which is excessive wear due to burn out when thrashing in and out too fast during love-making. The medical term for this is "phallus-franticus erosionatum".

Unfortunately, the effects are irreversible! Therefore, you must look for marital aids. I can personally recommend a few diverse choices:

1) Boots-own "Star Wars" lunch box - cheap, neat, and compact with just the right bulge without hampering free movement and with a quick release belt for when you're caught short on a run. All this comes with a free light- sabre worn in the front of the shorts for night running - a Hasher's handy-aid!;

2) Alternatively, you could opt for a product from Piston Broke Co. Ltd. which supplies hydraulic pumps as a sexual enhancement aid. This condom-shaped sleeve is fitted under the skin of the penis and has a long systoscope (tube) connected directly to a pump in the heart. As soon as you start to exercise, the blood build-up in the heart activates the pump and expands the sleeve, thus giving you a handsome bulge to sport to all your friends and family.

Unfortunately, this pump can become unreliable as the heart rate increases and fails to shut off and often has problems with the non-return valve! With such a delicate operation, it is advised you do not fit the aid yourself and the only approved anaesthetic is local acupuncture, after all, they are working with little pricks!!!

3) Thirdly, to more serious, long-term solutions not found over the counter. At present, you may have heard of the tear-jerking (as a male, it brings tears to my eyes!) stories of husbands/boyfriends being somewhat over-zealously circumcised by their wives/lovers because of their infidelities. Well, this has brought about an upturn(!) in the second penis market and, as your highly-acclaimed personal Hash surgeon, I am now able to offer, either privately or under the National Health, Libidobotomies at reduced rates.

Special offers include:

- a) low-mileage penii @ £25 each + VAT
- b) high mileage penii @ £5 each + VAT
- c) low-mileage penii inc. 2 balls @ £29.99 + VAT
- d) high-mileage penii inc. 2 worn balls @ £1.99 each + VAT.

Of course, you may choose any combination of the above, after all, who wants to have a load of pricks standing about unused?!!

Also available are penii with/without full service history and all come(!) with/without warranty at no extra cost - while stocks last!

VAT is a new tax introduced by women called Vaginal Added Tax and is designed to make the man pay through the prick every time he makes love!

4) Finally, of course, you may want to take the easier option of an over-the-counter offer from all leading Supermarkets who are all selling the latest in male enhancement aids. It's called the Potato- filled Condom and comes in 4/5 different sizes/shapes (King Edwards, New, etc.) and colours (Reds, Whites, etc.) to suit the most meagre of penii. It is easy and quick to slip on before any event and gives the athlete, like yourself, instant bulge and sexual prowess amongst your healthier peers. The only problem you have is answering the sceptical questions: Where the bloody hell did you grow that from?

Therefore, the item comes complete with its own counselling leaflet to help you handle these awkward questions which might deflate your confidence or ego.

This item is only available over the meat and 2 veg. counters at all leading supermarkets.

I hope this has helped you with your current problem and please feel free to contact me again as I'm sure you're going to need further advice if/when you use any of the above solutions!!

Yours bulgingly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Doc Chipman', with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the signature.

The Darwin Awards

You may recall last year's Darwin Award winner: The man who found out moments before making a 300 MPH dent in an Arizona cliff that the JATO (jet assist take off) unit he'd strapped to his car could not be turned off once it was turned on.

These citations are bestowed upon (the remains of) that individual, who through single-minded self-sacrifice, has done the most to remove undesirable elements from the human gene pool.

The 1996 nominees are:

[San Jose Mercury News]

An unidentified man, using a shotgun like a club to break a former girlfriend's windshield, accidentally shot himself to death when the gun discharged, blowing a hole in his gut.

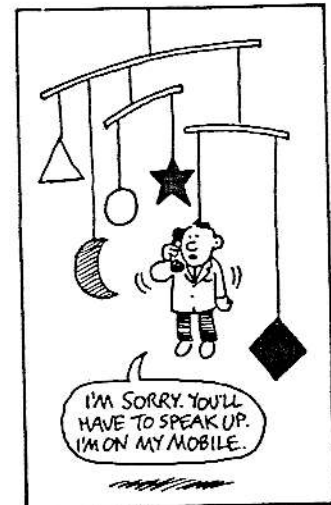
[Hickory Daily Record 12/21/92]

Ken Charles Barger, 47, accidentally shot himself to death in December in Newton, N.C., when, awakening to the sound of a ringing telephone beside his bed, he reached for the phone but grabbed instead a Smith & Wesson .38 Special, which discharged when he drew it to his ear.

[Unknown, 25 March]

A terrible diet and room with no ventilation are being blamed for the death of a man who was killed by his own gas. There was no mark on his body but autopsy showed large amounts of methane gas in his system. His diet had consisted primarily of beans and cabbage (and a couple of other things). It was just the right combination of foods. It appears that the man died in his sleep from breathing from the poisonous cloud that was hanging over his bed. Had he been outside or had his windows been opened, it wouldn't have been fatal. But the man was shut up in his near airtight bedroom. He was "... a big man with a huge capacity for creating [this deadly gas]." Three of the rescuers got sick and one was hospitalized.

Q: How do you make a hormone?
A: Don't pay her.



54 Reasons Why Motorcycles Are Better Than Men

- 1 A motorcycle can go for more than one ride in an hour.
- 2 Motorcycles never develop spare tires.
- 3 Motorcycles last longer.
- 4 Motorcycles don't get you pregnant.
- 5 A motorcycle doesn't care what time of month it is.
- 6 Motorcycles don't have parents.
- 7 Your motorcycle will let you know if something is wrong.
- 8 You don't have to kick your motorcycle to get it going.
- 9 Your motorcycle won't judge your friends.
- 10 If your motorcycle is boisterous, you can buy a muffler.
- 11 You won't have to put your motorcycle through grad school.
- 12 If your motorcycle smokes you can do something about it.
- 13 Motorcycles don't care about how many other motorcycles you have ridden.
- 14 When riding, you and your motorcycle both arrive at the same time.
- 15 One motorcycle will satisfy you every time.
- 16 Your motorcycle won't ogle other motorcycles.
- 17 If your motorcycle has high mileage, you can just get a new one.
- 18 Motorcycles don't care about breast size.
- 19 If your motorcycle is too soft you can get new shocks.
- 20 If your motorcycle is misaligned, you don't have to discuss politics to correct it.
- 21 You don't have to drink beer before your motorcycle looks appealing.
- 22 You can be proud of your motorcycle regardless of the model.
- 23 Your motorcycle won't beat you or try to make you feel inferior.
- 24 You can ride a motorcycle as long as you want and it won't get limp.
- 25 Your parents won't keep in touch with your old motorcycle after you dump it.
- 26 Motorcycles always feel like going for a ride when you do.
- 27 Motorcycles don't insult you if you are a novice.
- 28 Your motorcycle never wants a night out alone with the other motorcycles.
- 29 Motorcycles don't make you late.
- 30 You don't have to primp before riding your motorcycle.
- 31 Your motorcycle won't complain when you use protection.
- 32 If your motorcycle doesn't look good, you can paint it or get better parts.
- 33 You can't get a disease from a motorcycle.
- 34 Your motorcycle won't care if you fake it.
- 35 Motorcycles are always ready to stop when you are.
- 36 Your motorcycle has a built in vibrator.
- 37 Your motorcycle doesn't have to show off in front of other motorcycles.
- 38 Your motorcycle won't lie to you.
- 39 Your motorcycle doesn't care how heavy you are.
- 40 In the morning, your motorcycle won't poke you in the back when it wants to go for a ride.
- 41 Your motorcycle won't shrink when it's cold.
- 42 If your motorcycle can't fire up, you can just replace the battery.
- 43 You don't have to cook for your motorcycle.
- 44 Your motorcycle can't ride around behind your back.
- 45 If your motorcycle is cold you can choke it.
- 46 Your motorcycle is always the right size because if it seems too small you can just get a new one.
- 47 You can keep photos of your old motorcycles.
- 48 Your motorcycle would rather go for a ride than watch sports.
- 49 Your motorcycle can go for multiple rides.
- 50 Motorcycles don't need pick-up lines.
- 51 You only have to ride your motorcycle when you want to.
- 52 Your motorcycle won't go for rides by itself.
- 53 If baldness occurs, you can replace the tires.
- 54 Motorcycles don't snore.

Gloucester Gourmets H3 North Wits H3

"WYE KNOT CUM TO THE BARBIE QUE WEAK BEND?"
12th & 13th July 1997

Organised by GGH3 in the WYE Valley with help from
NWH3, CVH3, MH3, MSH3, EFMH3, etc. ...

Pray-Lewd Run

19:00 Wednesday 9th July
Moonrakers H3 Run no: 459 Hares "Squeaky"

TO BE CONFIRMED

Pre-Lewd Run

19:00 Thursday 10th July
GGH3 Run no: 459 Hares "Dogs Bollocks & Family"
THE 8 BELLS, FAIRFORD

HASH WEEKEND DETAILS

Friday 11th July

19:00 Evening Drinks @
THE OSTRICH, NEWLANDS

Saturday 12th July

11:00 Bike Bash from the
THE BOAT, REDBROOK

18:00 Mountain Sheep run from the
Hares: The Prophet & Clampon

THE OSTRICH, NEWLANDS

23:30 till early "Swedish Chefs Barbie Que"
Barbeque at camp site

Sunday 12th July

11:00 North Wits H3 run

THE BOAT, REDBROOK

14:30 "Swedish Chefs Barbie Que"
(Repeat performance on the Wye)

Registration Form, please complete and return:

ACCOMMODATION

Hash Campsite & Showers at the
Cherry Orchard Campsite, Newland, Nr. Coleford.
(fresh space available or B+B contact Philine for details
call 01452 305853 or e-mail 106226.3728@CompuServe.com)

CAMPING COST (Per Hasher Per Night)

	£2	(Friday Night)	(Saturday Night)
Adults	£2		
Kids 3-16	£1	"	"
Under 3	Free	"	"

Food Cost

£3 per Hasher per BBQ (£6 total)

pay in advance or bring your own
Please state if you are vegetarian...

Vest by Bollocks

£7 Small/Medium/Large/X-Large

Vests are suitable for gifts & boys but don't go for baggy sizes.

RUNS >>> >>> >>> (payable in advance)

£2 for all runs & bashes or £1 for single run or bash*

*state which single run or bash

Cost for all Weekend, Camping, Vest, Food & Runs
£19 per adult ☐

Cheques payable to: TOONRAKERS LTD, 62 Graham Street,
Swindon, SN1 2HA. Tel: Mark "Dogs Bollocks" on 01793 450283
or contact Heather "Dungie" (NWH3) 01793 868327
Dave "Phallus" (GGH3) 01452 405853
or Tim "Fish Fingers" (CVH3) 01285 644715

YES, I/WE WOULD LIKE TO CUM...

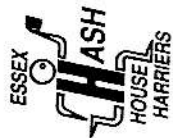
I/We enclose: £ .00

Name(s): Hash Name(s):

Hash: Tel. No:

Address:

Vest: Small/Medium/Large/X-Large



Advance Warning:

**Essex H3 Run 666/
FUK Full Moon H3 Run 111
5, 6 & 7 June 1998**

You enjoyed the 555 on the 5th of the 5th ('96) and now we go one better with run 666 on the 6th of the 6th, 1998.

A weekend of Drinking, Devilish fun and frolics, drinking, possibly some running, eating and yet more drinking, camping in the scenic depths of the Essex Countryside.

- ☺ Prelude trail Friday night June 5 with the First U.K. Full Moon H3, Run 111, including a few beers!
- ☺ Saturday June 6 D Day Essex H3 666 Run, with trails to suit all comers!
- ☺ Sunday June 7 Lunch-time Hangover Run.
- ☺ Camping.
- ☺ Including Food, Drink and Entertainment!
- ☺ Plus all the usual Hash Extras!

More Details to follow just as soon as we finalise them.....

Be sure not to miss it: Make a date with your Diary now!

For more information Contact Windsock on 01245 329514.

Newcastle Hash House Harriers

invite you to join us on our

1st Holy Hash Tour

to HOLY ISLAND

on 28th & 29th June 1997

Expect the usual shigg, ales, entertainment and the unusual causeway running at high tide, monk mating, feasting and definitely total religious abstinence.

Fill in your details below and send a deposit cheque for £30.00 made out to 'Newcastle H3' (NH3 mismanagement will advise of total cost nearer the time but do not expect it to be more than £40.00) at the following address:

Roger 'Mondly Dick' Evans, 22 Tavistock Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tyne & Wear, NE2 3JA. Telephone 0191 281 8495

Thy Name :
Thy Hash Name :
Thy Hash Club :
Thy place of origin :
Crash space : Tent / Static Caravan
Apparel : Medium / Large / X-Large
Beverage : Beer / Lager / Wine / Soft shite
Feast : Meat / Veggie



Tide times : Sat.28th 0003 - 0737 & 1224 - 2026

Sun.29th 0100 - 0849 & 1323 - 2134

~~~~~  
Hear about the bloke who was into Necrophilia, Bestiality and Sadism?  
He gave it up. He was flogging a dead horse.

A woman is about to give birth in the hospital when she says to the doctor, "Doc, do me a favour. Tell me what colour the baby is as it's being born". The doctor is understandably a little puzzled at this. "Why, don't you know what colour the child is going to be?" "Well", says the woman, "The problem is that I'm a porno actress and the child was conceived during the making of a film. I have no idea who the father is!" "OK", says the doctor, "I'll do it for you but it is most unusual". The baby begins to be born and the doctor says, "Here comes the head, it seems to have yellow skin and the eyes are slanted. Was one of the actors chinese?" "Yes, Doctor, he was", says the woman. "Wait", says the doctor, "The chest and arms are out and they seem to be very dark. Was one of the actors black?" "Yes, Doctor, he was". "Wait, now the legs are out and they're brown. Was one of the actors asian?" "Yes, Doctor, he was". So the doctor pulls the baby free and gives it the traditional slap on the back. The baby lets out a healthy "Waaaah" and starts crying. "Oh thank God for that!", says the woman, "For a moment there, I expected it to bark!"



## Singapore courts blow away passion

Stephen Vines

In its never-ending search for things to ban, Singapore has, perhaps inevitably, turned its attention to sex - specifically oral sex.

A High Court decision, reported yesterday, has ruled that oral sex is an "unnatural act" and therefore a criminal offence, unless it leads to intercourse.

Like the chewing of gum, smoking in public places and the

failure to flush toilets, oral sex for purposes other than foreplay, is outlawed.

The court's fine eye for detail was seen in the judgment which concluded that natural intercourse had to involve "the coitus of the male and female organs".

Less specific, however, was the court's view that "unnatural acts" were permissible as long as they were part of foreplay. The justices declined to

spell out what these unnatural acts might be.

The judgment also followed the well-established Singaporean practice of deciding that the state was a better judge of personal behaviour than the individuals involved.

Thus even if oral sex occurs between two consenting partners, it is still unlawful.

The case giving rise to this landmark judgment involved a 47-year old man who was ac-

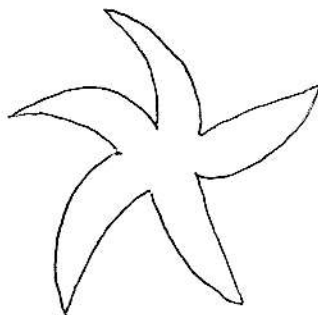
cused of persuading a 19-year old woman to perform oral sex on him.

The court heard that he had told the woman that she could only purge herself of poison contracted by having oral sex performed on her by another man by performing oral sex on the accused.

The complexity of the case meant that it had to be referred from the appeal court to the High Court.

It's all been going horribly wrong for policemen. In Wakefield, 20-stone constable Paul Brough was arrested after hitting a man who shouted, "Try a salad you fat bastard!" at him. In Finland, meanwhile, policeman Magnus Villskar bungled an arrest by getting his face stuck to a giant dustbin. Mr Villskar, 29, of Helsinki, was pursuing a pair of muggers when disaster struck. "I'd cornered them in an alleyway," he explained. "When they started shooting, I returned fire and then dived behind a refuse container, pushing my face against the side so they couldn't see me." Unfortunately, in the sub-zero temperatures Mr Villskar's bare forehead stuck fast to the icy metal, rendering him immobile. Initially he tried to bluff it out, shouting "I've got you covered", and firing his gun into the air. Eventually, however, his quarry discovered his predicament and, having removed his trousers and pants, made good their escape. "It wouldn't have been so bad," sighed Mr Villskar, "except that last week I got my penis stuck to a lamppost."

A BANANA SKIN...



MAKES A VERY GOOD  
SUN HAT FOR A STARFISH

Piste alert! In Austria, a skier was knocked unconscious after a man with no legs lost control of his specially modified snowboard and crashed straight into him. Still more disastrous were events in France, where eight people were injured by an out-of-control sausage. The sausage in question was a 10-foot plastic one which was being hoisted into position on the roof of a restaurant high up in the Alpine snows. "It was almost in place," explained workmen Rene Flatulle, "when it slipped out of its harness and onto the slope. I jumped on top of it, but then it started sliding downhill. I just couldn't stop it." As a terrified Mr Flatulle held on for dear life the sausage gathered speed, whizzing past amazed skiers for almost a quarter of a mile before eventually crashing through a barrier and into a group of Nigerian civil servants, eight of whom were seriously injured. "It just proves what I've always said," opined one paramedic. "That fast food's bad for you."

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| *****<br>HASH AWAY EVENTS<br>*****             |                 |                                                |
|------------------------------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------------------------|
| Event                                          | Date            | Contact                                        |
| Bristol 14th Birthday                          | 13 - 15 Jun     | Wolfie                                         |
| Hardy's 10th Birthday                          | 13 - 15 Jun     | 0117 926 6683<br>Clapper<br>01305 812409       |
| Interskandi 97 (Oslo)                          | 20-22 Jun       | Vodka splite                                   |
| Newcastle H3 Holy Hash<br>tour to Holy Island  | 28 - 29th June  | +47 222 76109<br>Mouldy dick<br>0191 281 8495  |
| Berkshire 1000th<br>** Stanford Dingley **     | 11 - 13 July    | Max 01344 52717                                |
| North Wilts H3<br>BBQ Weak Bend                | 11 - 13 July    | Dogs Bollocks<br>01793 490293                  |
| German Nash Hash                               | 18 - 20th July  | Sarah                                          |
| Andorra Inaugural<br>summer Hash               | 18 - 24th July  | +49 2161 557885<br>Alfresco<br>+376 851079     |
| Eurohash!!                                     | 25-27 July      | Higgins                                        |
| Lundy Island!!                                 | 9-10 Aug        | +322 345 8809<br>Fat Controller                |
| Brighton 1000th??                              | 17 August???    | 0117 932 6480<br>Bouncer<br>01444 230903       |
| Frankfurt H3 6th Summer<br>Festival            | 22-24 August    | Beerkicker                                     |
| Swiss Nash Hash                                | 22-24 August    | +49 69 769606<br>Mealticket<br>+41 61 481 9061 |
| Nash Hash!!!!<br>Bicton College, Devon         | 22 - 25 August  | Buzby 01392 465290                             |
| TNT H3 700th Edinburgh                         | 5th - 7th Sept  | Mintsauce<br>0131 445 3916                     |
| Pan Asia Hash - Jakarta                        | 5th - 7th Sept  | +62 21 769 0238                                |
| Norfolk 700th                                  | 12th - 13th Sep |                                                |
| Elgin 700th                                    | 26th - 28th Sep | Dave Dougal<br>Elgin 544219                    |
| 3rd 3 Frontiers Weekend<br>(Ardennes, Belgium) | 19 - 21st Sept  | Higgins?<br>+322 345 8809                      |
| Cambridge 1000th                               | 28-30 Nov       | Mark Robbins<br>01223 881028                   |
| Edinburgh H3 1000th                            | 1 Apr 1998      | Adonis<br>0131 332 1534                        |
| Essex H3 666 /<br>FUK Full Moon H3 111         | 5-7 Jun 1998    | Windsock<br>01245 329514                       |

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