

Rash Hag



MAY 96



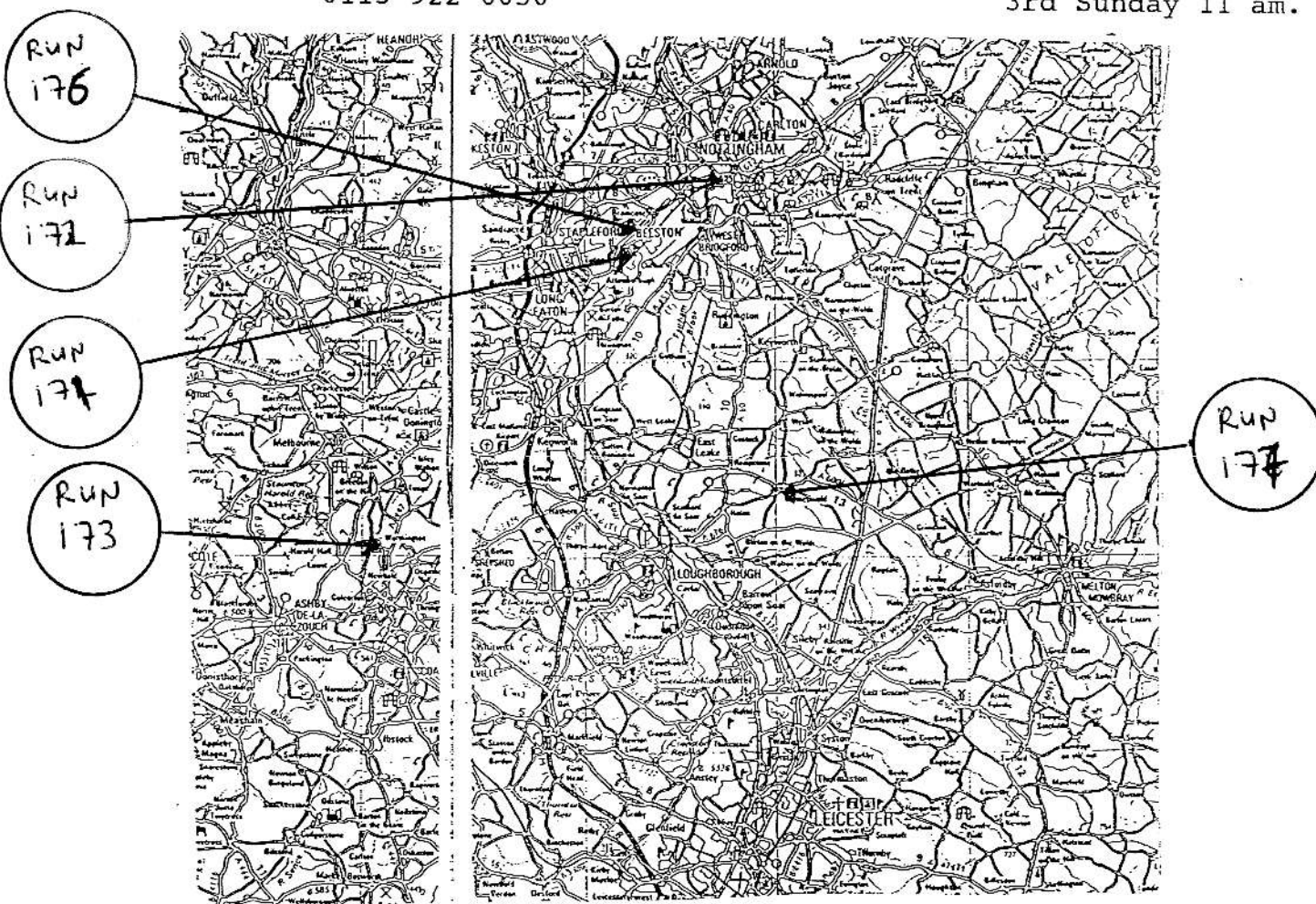
QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

G.M.	- Too Tuff	(H)	0115 937 4505
R.A.	- Paxo	(H)	0115 925 2075
ON SEC	- Barritone	(H)	0115 922 6050
HASH KASH	- Pleasure Gnome	(H)	0115 937 4505
MASTER OF THE PISS	- Lightning Rod	(H)	01332 751580
ORGAN GRINDER	- Pigeon Shit	(H)	01780 480395
HASH FLASH	- False Fart	(H)	0115 981 9566
HASH HORN	- Horny	(H)	0115 925 2075
POETUS LAUREATUS	- Oriface	(H)	01332 691195
HASH SUPERGRASS	- Gobalot	(H)	01332 691195
HASH LECH	- Butt End	(H)	0115 922 7873
MEDICAL ADVISER	- Doc Crippen	(H)	0421 509602
HASH HOUND	- Sam	(H)	0115 928 6532

HASH HOTLINES: -

01509 415134
0115 922 6050

RUNS: - Twice monthly
1st Sunday 11 am.
3rd Sunday 11 am.



RECEDING HARELINES

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
171	Sun 19 May	Barritone's Birthday Special!! 4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough	Barritone Grid: 525354
172	Mon 27th May 7 p.m.	The Cremorne, Robin Hood Way, Meadows, Nottingham	Plank Grid: 569382
173	Sun 2 June	The Malt Shovel, Worthington Grid: 406206	Lightning Rod & Oriface
174	Sun 16 June	TBA	The Dog's Bollock
175	Mon 24 June	TBA	Josh
176	Sun 30 June	The Star, Beeston	Butt End Grid: 529366
177	Sun 7 July	The Hammer & Pincers, Wymeswold	Doc Crippen

Hash news

1. Welcome to yet another fairly lean edition of the Rash Hag. Rest assured, anything you give me (within reason) will be included. Particularly welcome are write-ups, write-ups and write-ups!
2. As you can see, the Monday night hashes have started up!! We hope to have them roughly once a month, but making sure not to clash with Mickleover H3, who are also now hashing on alternate Monday nights. The start time is 7 p.m. The kingdom of Mercia will actually have 6 hashes in June!
3. I was going to write lots of smutty verbose comments, but I've forgotten what they were.
4. Next Rash Hag: Run no. 173 (Sunday 2nd June)
Deadline for contributions: Thursday 30th May
Address: 4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA

Salesman are going to increasingly extreme lengths to sell their wares. In Durham, two double-glazing salesmen threatened to burn down an old man's shed after he hid inside from them. "Force is a vital part of sales," said one of them. Such was certainly the opinion of Genoese shop owner Enrico Timmotto who imprisoned a man for three days when he refused to purchase a scented beeswax candle. Trouble started when customer Alberto Fermi attempted to leave without purchasing anything. "He stopped me and said, 'You have to buy something'," explained Mr Fermi. "I said 'I don't want anything', and he said 'Then I'll have to tie you up'." True to his word, Mr Timmotto bundled a protesting Mr Fermi into a back room where he tied him to a radiator, thereafter subjecting him to a 72-hour sales pitch on the merits of sandalwood potpourri boxes until, in desperation, he agreed to purchase a single candle, whereupon he was released. "Customers often need help making up their minds," explained Mr Timmotto. "Especially with our new range of holistic beeswax nightlights."

• "If there's one thing I can't stand it's dumb amateurs," Justice Sam Murphy told defendant Gerald Dixon in a hushed courtroom in Peterborough, Ontario. "I'm a professional, the police are professionals, and we expect to work with professional criminals, not bubble-headed imbeciles. You couldn't find your own butt with both hands."

Justice Murphy was passing sentence on Dixon, 26, who had earlier pleaded guilty to robbery, with his lawyer asking for leniency on grounds of gross stupidity. "My client is not a bright man. When he decided to rob the Whitby branch of the Bank of Montreal, it didn't occur to him that buying a balaclava from a clothing store on a hot day in July, and wearing it as he left the shop, would seem suspicious. A few minutes later, when the manager heard that a man in a balaclava had just stolen \$2,600 from a nearby bank, he called the police, who identified Dixon from the store's security cameras. But the true extent of my client's stupidity was only revealed later that day, when he returned to the same bank and asked to open an account. They asked how much he'd like to deposit, and he said '\$2,600 cash'. He was arrested immediately."

"This revolting man took advantage of my client's patriotism," said Prosecutor Jeanette Morrish in the Melbourne Magistrates Court. "By posing as a government agent, he persuaded her to perform hundreds of sexual favours, solely because she believed she was helping national security."

Morrish then explained how Bernie Wagner had seduced the woman (referred to in court as Miss B). "Posing as a government official, he told her that the ASIO wanted to recruit her as a secret agent. My client loves her country deeply and, while she was bemused to be given a metal-coated plastic badge with 'secret agent' on it, she accepted the offer. Wagner, a very rich man, faxed her instructions, supposedly from five other ASIO officers, and initially assigned her only to surveillance duties, for which he paid her \$1,200 a month. Then, after three months, she received faxed instructions, supposedly from a senior agent, assigning her to the task of curing Agent Wagner of a terminal illness 'through the most unorthodox method — orgasm'. At first, this only involved phone sex duties, but soon she was being instructed to fly interstate to Canberra to handle the problem personally. Travel documents were provided, along with a graph plotting arousal against medical benefit. Oral sex was specified to cure palsy and grief and she was paid a \$200 allowance for sexy underwear. The scam only came to light after a year, when she received a fax that, despite her efforts, Agent Wagner had died. She went to the ASIO offices in Melbourne to offer her condolences, and discovered that she wasn't an agent at all, only a dupe."



Run no - 166
Venue - The Plough, Discworth
Hares - Lightning Rod & Oriface
Scribe - Plank

I woke with trepidation and no hangover, obviously any preparations for the hash the night before had not gone too well. I reached for the paracetamol (Why miss a great tradition?) Anyway, with a gammie knee, I was going to need all the help I could get. I hobbled downstairs and headed for the fridge, but when I got there, there were no beers left. Obviously last night had not been so bad.

Arrived with **False Fart** at a rather quaint pub after following some rather dodgy road signs, to be greeted by a large amount of piss taking about "Plank's wet friend" - No, she wasn't coming. Well I hope she wasn't coming or she'd be playing away from home. Yes she could swim but couldn't run (That's why she went for a dip last time).

Too Tuff immediately dicked me with writing this crap. (B'stard - he's got a long memory unlike me who can't remember the run). Then we were off, after I had run out of the pub car park stop and let someone else find the trail. Whilst in the village **False Fart** was challenged to an impromptu race with some local kids and unsurprisingly won.

We had been warned it was going to be muddy, but cow shit as well? What the fuck did the hares think we were - biologists? Over hill and dale we ran, false trails and all, finally crossing a stream only to face more piss taking. By now my knee was killing, so stupidly I followed R.A. down a false trail. After that I dropped the pace and came to a check which surprisingly the rest of the pack had missed; **Dame shame** and her fat friend (a dog, not Bleat) and **Little Big Horn** abused each other. After a breathehr and feed with these bickering, Robert and I set off at a slow walk across the fields.

Finally after what seemed an eternity, the rest of the pack caught up, minus R.A. and his merry band. Brown Nosed Butt licking long cutters. One of the canine hashers pulled a herd of bulls, and then got the run around.

Finally reunited with R.A. and co. We jogged the last 3/4 mile back to the pub in some lovely tropical weather (Monsoon).

Down Downs

Plank - Posing (20 press-ups after run)
False Fart / Rockhopper - Sucking up to R.A.
McMaddie - Evesdropping on R.A. and "wife"
Andy - Coming from Liverpool to hash with us
Hares - "Bastard Run"

Namings

Robert - The Dog's Bollocks
Oliver - Dick Cyclist

The 1996 Hash Hack Poll Results.....

In the November issue of Hash Hack (issue 24) on the page you hopefully renewed your subscription, we posed a few questions for you. The response wasn't 100%, obviously the questions proved too taxing for some of you, but on the returned papers it gives a clear indication of what the broad sweep of UK hashers evaluate when they put their beer glasses down for a moment.....

THRASH OF THE YEAR

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| 1. Donnington 1000th | 40% |
| 2. Nash Hash (North Hants) | 19% |
| 3. Glasgow 500th | 11% |
| 4. Yorkshire 600th | 7% |

Other nominations:
 MK 5th birthday
 West London 500th

Aberdeen 666
 Phuket 500th

CABARET OF THE YEAR

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Guernsey H3 | 24% |
| 2. Surrey/Barnes/Chelt & Cots | 15% |

Other nominations included:
 Jersey (9th birthday) Edinburgh
 Hursley/Worthy Winchester
 (South Hants 750th) Phuket!

T-SHIRT OF THE YEAR

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| 1. Nash Hash (Film stills) | 53% |
| 2. Donnington 1000th | 7% |

We hoped the next question would prove a good talking point. All but two who answered came up with a sensible suggestion - we didn't think the reason of "cos my mum lives there" or "it's near to home" qualify for inclusion in the final poll results. It does however seem clear to me that a majority of UK hashers do care about the future and ongoing success of UK Nash Hash.

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE NASH HASH IN 1999?

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Scotland 34% | |
| Trossachs was the popular choice, however Edinburgh (hosts '89!) were mentioned, also Aberdeen. | |
| 2. North of England 28% | |

Wirral & Chester appear favourites here, however East Lancs were nominated, so too were Scarborough.

3. Channel Islands 14%
 Straight split on votes between Guernsey & Jersey.

4. London 11%
 One presumes a combined H3 bid.

Some of the reasons why (& other arguments):
 Scarborough H3 - sun, sea & scenery (no mention of sex though - ed!)

Aberdeen H3 - know how to throw a good party

London H3 - have done 1000 runs and should be able to take on the responsibility

Trossachs H3 - support would be guaranteed

Guernsey H3 - well, if their cabarets are anything to go by!

London H3 - perfect place to build up to the Millenium, Greenwich, Year 2000 and all that!

Bicester H3 - a hash not afraid to do things different and always do a good job

Wirral & Chester - good presentation at Nash Hash

Nash Hash should go anywhere in the UK as long as it's the best bid

Jersey H3 - I've never been pissed in Jersey - also I'm owed £1 from someone in St Helier (Yes, it's a Scotsman - ed)

Thank you all for your time and trouble. I hope you find the results interesting and will stimulate some conversation amongst your hash pack. If so, why not write in with your views - usual address.



RUN No: 168

VENUE: The Star, West Leake

DATE: 31 March 1996

HARES: Titty Frutti, Butt End and Titty`s brother

SCRIBE: Gobalot

It was my, `thirty-ninth year to heaven` when, along with a pool of some eighteen hashers we gathered together under `The Star` at West Leake.

And, while Sam savaged sticks, the rest of us formed the hallowed hash circle to be given instructions and/or verbal abuse by the `Doc`. (I don`t know about the colour of my top, look at the state of his shorts.....) Such dark and evil thoughts were immediately banished when, catching sight of Titti Frutti`s slight figure I saw her smile a tiny smile of grim determination. Then I knew.

This was going to be a RUNNER`S HASH!

We started by flinging our bodies to the four far corners of the pub car park. When this strategy failed we resorted to the only sensible tactic that all hashers resort to when confronted with an orienteering challenge.

“Er, has anyone seen any flour?”

Eventually, we started our journey, and, yes dear reader it fulfilled - almost- every desire that a certified runner/haser has engraved upon their hashing hearts.

First of all there were the `holding` checks. I remember one in particular, where some of the hashers decided to, `hold` their own..... The sound of running water broke the silence of this spring morning. (Stop taking the piss).

Then, the invisible trails started. Only Lightning Rod could suss these out. They must have had his name written upon them in invisible ink. Or maybe he needed the extra hill training. I don`t know.

Oh yes, there was also the drama role play. When Paxo` mimed` 9½ Weeks` his nine and a half digits were literally explanatory. Am I the only one who has seen this educational film?

There were the rollercoaster through shiggy up and down hills.

Remember the one I let you get to the top of first ,Kentucky?
Sometimes there was a shared moment of revelation when, lost in the wilds of West Leake`s forest, Bigfoot`s harriet - Chicky?- and myself confessed that ,unless there was a `Marks and Spencer` or equivalent around the corner, we were unable to take compass bearings.

Sadly ,there were none of these shops within a twenty mile radius. Most of all there were the green fields, the shiggified hills, the warm and sunny climate, the shouts of ,on,on.... , copious amounts of flour, the company of fellow minded hashers and harriets such as, Dogs Bollocks, Barritone, Josh, (unaccountably quiet) Bleat/Dame Shame? , et al.

All in all the general , don`t you just feel good to be alive? ambience pervaded the air, until you stepped into something warm, wet and smelly, of which there were a lot A small price to pay for this superbly planned and well laid course. (Creep).

And so it ended as we wound our way back to The Star, this trail of knackered hashers, to be greeted by our GM Cyranose, and her sister both looking far too clean for my liking.

DOWN DOWNS were as follows:- (While Sam still savaged sticks).

1. Kentucky . The hero of this hash. He spotted my lost contact lens upon the grassy floor, and gained the accolade of Eagle-eye.
2. Your Scribe. For losing the aforementioned contact lens, and initiating an impromptu prayer session to Allah. (Well that`s what Doc Crippen said we all reminded him of).
3. Butt End. He was spotted `windshielding` on his bike.
4. Dogs Bollocks. His distinct lack of verbal abuse on tripping over.
Apparently, (whisper, whisper) he only said, "whoops." Oh yeah!
5. Lighting Rod. For, `discovering` lots of different hash trails.
6. Cyranose. Her cries of, `yes yes` definitely raised the `spirits` of certain hashers.
7. Steve. The virgin, who managed to pour the beer everywhere but in his mouth.
8. Another hare. Titti Frutti`s brother? Whose new name had something to do with Macho Whales!

It`s a dog`s life, Sam.

Advice for Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome...

wedding bells - ring a bell with you?

1. Marriage is a three ring circus: engagement ring, wedding ring, and suffering.
2. Marriage is bliss. Ignorance is bliss. Therefore ...
3. Marriage is not a word; it is a sentence.
4. Marriage is the triumph of imagination over intelligence. Second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience.
5. Marriage is when a man and woman become as one; the trouble starts when they try to decide which one.
6. Marriages are made in heaven. But so again, are thunder and lightning.
7. Before marriage, a man yearns for the woman he loves. After marriage, the 'Y' becomes silent.
8. Do not marry a person that you know that you can live with; only marry someone that you cannot live without.
9. I had some words with my wife, and she had some paragraphs with me.
10. If you want your spouse to listen and pay strict attention to every word you say, talk in your sleep.
11. Marriage is an institution. Who wants to live in an institution?
12. Love is blind. Marriage is an institution for the blind.
13. Marriage is when you agree to spend the rest of your life sleeping in a room that's too warm, beside someone who's sleeping in a room that's too cold.
14. Marriage begins when you sink in his arms... and ends up with your arms in his sink.

THE AMATHUS H3 ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

Time Allowed: Sundays

All questions must be answered or left blank.

1. Give an outline of the theory of relativity as it relates to all inanimate objects, or write your name in block letters.
2. Who won World War II? Who came second?
3. Give the address of at least one of the last four Grand Masters, or what town did they live in?
4. Approximately how many feet should a Hasher have?
5. Write a short thesis on the German theory of obtuse check laying by interpolation and show its relationship to the Bentshaft Short Cut theory (give metric equivalents where necessary) or give your date of birth.
6. What is the number of next weeks run? Or, what day of the week is it likely to be held on.
7. What country does the Queen of England rule over?
8. Write a short comparison (no more than 20,000 words) of the advantages of flour over shreddie for trail laying in sensitive areas, or how do you spell *Urine*.
9. You are running with 38 pairs of Hash shoes in front of you when you spot the illustrious GM sinking into a bottomless pit of stinking shiggy gamely crying ON-ON. Do you
 - a. Shout ON-ON and leap in after him.
 - b. Say, "Piss off, I'm shortcutting!"
 - c. Stop and explain how you would like to help him, but that your wife doesn't like you to get your Nikes dirty.
 - d. Report the matter at the next AGPU.

This entrance form must be completed and handed to the GM not earlier than one week after you have left Cyprus.

The Shit List

The Ghost.	You know you shit; it smells like shit; there's shit on the toilet paper . . . but there's nothing in the toilet . . .
The Reagan.	Also known as the "Teflon Turd." Comes out so slick, clean, and easy you don't even feel it. No traces on the paper. You have to look in the bowl to be sure.
The Tar Baby.*	Superglue isn't this sticky. You wipe yourself twelve times and still don't come clean. You have to stuff toilet paper in your underwear to keep from staining it. This one leaves permanent marks on the porcelain.
The Not Again! Shit.	You're standing up and adjusting your clothes when suddenly you realize you have some unfinished business.
The Vein-Popper.	This is the one that killed Elvis.
The Richard Simmons.	You shed ten pounds in a single sitting.
The Richard Gere.	It feels like something live is trying to claw its way out of you . . . but you have to admit to yourself you're getting off on it . . .
The Right Now! Shit.	You'd better be within ten feet of a toilet. It's part-way out by the time you get your pants down.
The Idi Amin.	Is that hair in that turd?
The Greenpeace.	Usually the result of eating spinach salad.
The Disturbing the Peace Shit.*	Your movement is accompanied by loud, stuttering farts you cannot control. This is a crap that would embarrass Roseanne Barr.
The Corn Shit.	Self-explanatory . . .
The Sneaky Shit.**	You're standing there taking a piss and you feel a little fart building up. You let it fly, and guess what? Surprise!
The King Kong.*	Wow! Did that mother come out of you? It's so big you have to break it into smaller chunks before it'll flush (a coat hanger works well for this task).
The Cork.*	Also known as the "Floater." This one isn't going anywhere soon. Even after the third flush it's still there.
The Wet Cheeks.	Hits the water sideways and makes a big splash. Invariably occurs when you're down to the last sheet of toilet paper.
The Squirt Gun.	Related to the "Wet Cheeks," above. Your shit hits the water with the precise velocity and angle required to cause a slender plume of icy commode water to squirt up and hit you right on your puckered anus.
The Achoo!*	Akin to an anal sneeze, it is expelled with sudden violence and force. You'd better have plenty of paper handy, because it sprays everywhere. Even up under the seat.
The Calamari Express.	Also known as the "Klinton." Comes after dining on octopus or squid. The suckers on those little tentacles latch onto your asshole and won't let go.
The Golda Meir.	Oy, veh!
The Wish Shit.	You sit for hours, all cramped up, producing only a few farts.
The Einstein.	This load emerges with sufficient energy, mass, and velocity to move you sideways in time.
The Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Feh.	No matter how carefully you wipe, it's gonna leave tracks.
The Cement Block.	Somehow your asshole forgot to pinch this loaf—you'll wish you'd gotten a spinal block before you sat down on the throne.
The Snake.	Soft, about as big around as your thumb, and three feet long.
The Jalapeño.	Also known as the "Screamer" or "Howlin' Bowels." C'mon, ice cream!
The Hangover Shit.*	Comes the day after the night before. What the hell did you eat last night? Pork, kimchee, and a fifth of gin? Shit usually smells bad, but this shit smells BAAAAAD!
The Smoking Gun.*	Oh great . . . you go into a strange bathroom in the dark and defecate in the bidet . . . and there's no way to get rid of the evidence!
The Dilemma.**	Also known as the "Hobson's Choice" shit. You've just finished taking a dump, and as you're adjusting your pants your wallet falls right into the bowl. Naturally, you haven't flushed yet .

*These occur only when attractive members of the opposite sex are waiting in line just outside the bathroom door.

**Women (generally) exempt.

from Flying Booger
woodford@wizard.com
<http://www.wizard.com/~woodford/>

Found by Bugle Boy

Nash Hash In Devon In With Teign Valley CH 97

Contact: Buzby: Tel. 01392 465290, Fax. 01392 468740
Postal Address: PO Box 97, Dawlish, Devon, EX7 9YW, UK

To bring you up to date with what's happened so far, we have got the provisional agreement of a site right in the middle of Devon. If all works out we will have easy access to both the North and South coasts, as well as Dartmoor. A glut of wonderful hashing countryside with possibly more choice than any other county.

Three breweries have confirmed their interest and if required will supply 2 beers each, however it is our intention to involve at least one more and give a choice of up to six real ales. Negotiations are underway with cider producers, and there will be lager available for the ladies!!!

That's all I've got to say at this time except to plug the Hash Hack and remind you that regular reports will be sent to Robo at Hack Towers, so if you subscribe to probably the best hash publication in the world you too will be well informed. So send £8 to The Edit-Hare, Hack Towers, 18 Blenheim Drive, Bredon, Gloucestershire, GL20 7NQ (This price is UK only. For Europe send £10 and for the rest of the world £12). Don't forget to tell him where you heard about the Hash Hack.

On-On for ever, BUZBY

As if there weren't enough mortal sins floating around, the Church has invented a new one – speeding. According to Spanish bishops, driving too fast is a direct affront to God. "The slower on Earth the faster to heaven," explained one cleric. One wonders what they would make of Spaniard Tomas Torres, who caused a 16-car pile-up by breaking wind at 90mph. Mr Torres, 24, of Seville, was driving with his girlfriend when he inadvertently unleashed "a silent but outrageously smelly bottom squeal". Anxious that it should not reach his loved one's nose he surreptitiously opened his door and wafted it gently back and forth to remove the smell. "Innocenta is not the sort of girl who understands farts," he explained. "So I thought 'Get it out the door quick, before she realises.'" All went well until, mid-waft, he caught the door on the side of a passing lorry, causing him to lose control of the wheel and precipitate a mass pile-up. "Next time I'll wear impermeable plastic knickers," said a chastened Mr Torres.

Old ladies have been getting extremely cross. In Derbyshire, grandmother Hazel Salt hospitalised two muggers after they accosted her outside her martial arts club. "She breaks bricks with her head," explained her trainer, "so a couple of yobs were no problem." In Madeira, meanwhile, octogenarian Edna Buggage tried to kill her Portuguese lover with a refrigerator. Mrs Buggage, 84, was incensed when playboy Hernando Viego, 82, jilted her in favour of someone younger. "I wasn't bitter," she explained, "I just wanted to hurt the bastard." She began by puncturing her former lover's *Pochahontas* beach ball with a hat pin, and swiftly progressed to vandalising his Zimmer frame with a sledgehammer. When he refused to resume their relationship, however, she decided drastic measures were needed, dropping a mini-fridge on him when he passed underneath her 4th-floor balcony. "It landed about two inches in front of me," recalled Mr Viego, "which is when I decided we ought to get back together, for my own protection." "The ways of love are steep and violent," opined a cheerful Mrs Buggage.



WORTHY WINCHESTER H3 INTERHASH PRE-AMBLE

MONDAY 3 JUNE 1996

HISTORIC WINCHESTER RUN

STARTING FROM WINCHESTER RAILWAY STATION AT 6.30PM

FOOD & BOOZE AFTERWARDS

FURTHER DETAILS AND PRE-REGISTRATION FROM

TIMEKEEPER ON 01962 882908

Q: Why should you never take a blonde out for coffee?
A: Because it takes too long to retrain them

E.U.K. Full Moon
Hash House Harriers

Alan
'Smartarse'
Drew
tel/fax :
01992
573002

mail to:
F.U.K.F.M.H.3
'Orburgh'
Kendal Avenue
Epping
Essex

Rob
'Pisshead'
Long
tel :
01279 508291
fax :
01279 466321

all runs start at 7pm

1996

- | | |
|--|---|
| Run 81: Tues, March 5th (6th Birthday)
Hare: Fuk'dov & me
At: The Cottage Loaf, Debden | Run 88: Thursday, September 26th
Hare: joint run with West London
At: Lancaster Gate tube station |
| Run 82: Thursday, April 4th 1996
Hares: Smartarse & Pisshead
Gourmet Gallop at The Forest Gate | Run 89: Friday, October 25th
Hare: Specky Twat
At: Newport (The Hercules?) |
| Run 83: Friday, May 3rd 1996
2nd Annual Pissport run pre-Essex 555
At: Epping tube station | Run 90: Monday, November 25th
Hare: someone imaginative
At: somewhere novel |
| Run 84: Saturday June 1st
Interhash Pre-Ambles
At: Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford | Run 91: Christmas Eve
Hare: Fergus & Digger
At: 91 Rectory Road, Grays |
| Run 85: Monday, July 1st
Hare: Crystal Balls
At: Farningham Woods, Swanley | Run 92: Thursday Jan 23rd, '97
Hare:
At: |
| Run 86: Tuesday, July 30th
Blue Moon run #3: Vicky Vomit
At: Moon Under Water, Basildon | Run 93: Saturday Feb 22nd, '97
Hare: Menstrual & friends
At: Joint pub crawl with C.U.N.T. |
| Run 87: Wednesday, August 28th
Hare: Mr X & Charles Dickens
At: The Eight Bells, Old Hatfield | RUN 94: Monday, March 10th
7th Birthday run
At: suggestions on a postcard! |



EUROHASH '97

July 25-28

Sprouting in Brussels BMPH3 your Host

Come and enjoy Belgian beers, food and HASHpitality in the capital of Europe. This one is set to be THE major European IHH event of the year - better be as we've been planning it since 1994 !



Great venue (university campus), plenty of excellent beer (Interbrew, our supporting brewery, produces not less than 27 different beers), gorgeous food (not difficult to find around), cheap accommodation (off-peak season in Brussels), cheap flights (SABENA said

"Yes") but mostly **fun** [beer], **fun** [beer] and more **fun** [eh, beer] on an extended sunny summer weekend.

BMPH3 Hashficial motto - "**We never run ... Out of beer**" - sets the picture. If you've met our (S)Hit Squad abroad, you certainly know what we're talking about. Boredom, sobriety and marathon runs are definitely no part of our Hash group.

Mad ? Of course, but we're not the only ones. Neighbouring chapters, mainly **Oostende Gonads**, **The Hague** and **Grand Duchy** will provide us with some useful help in organising ancillary events.

Party ? If you're signed up for **Cyprus**, no chance to miss us out there. Put us to the test and survive if you can. A pack 20-strong will be there and 'll make sure you hear about EUROHASH Yes, you'll be offered the opportunity to **sign up** for '97 at the Mediterranean Beach (official IH'96 registration site) in **Limassol**. Look for the "big red one" to locate our desk. Not only will we accept Belgian Francs but also major currencies (DEM, GBP, USD), local one (Cyprus Pounds) and last but not least CREDIT CARDS (Visa, Eurocard, Mastercard) will be welcomed.

Humm yeah, but the cost ? Current price is **BEF4,000 until Wednesday the 12th of June**. This means we'll take your registration form until **BMPH3 - OGH3 joint EUROHASH '97** promotion run in Limassol. That's the Wednesday afternoon following InterHash '96 weekend and your very last chance before price goes up.

3 good reasons to join us in July '97 ? **Unlimited beer**, a different live band every evening, up to 7 run sites. That's a good start but there's plenty more. Don't be shy, give us a try !



We'll be soon reaching the 100 registrations mark and there is still 15 months to go ! We're expecting **1,000+ participants** to show up and party like hell under the influence of -at least- 3 sorts of beer (lager, white, dark) on tap.



"Higgins" and "The Terd" - EUROHASH V chairmen



Manneken Pis also "hashes" from time to time

777

Wieder will u jetzt...

+49-56-3855287

Veranstaltungsbüro A. Prosser

P. 82

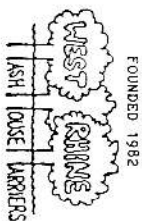
YOU'VE SEEN THE
PHOTOS
YOU'VE HEARD THE
STORIES
NOW

TASTE THE ACTION...

ALL THE BEER
YOU CAN DRINK
...over Brussels
ACCOMMODATION

T
SHIRT

GOODY BAG
ENTERTAINMENT



777

Contact:

Black Adder

Tel: +49 216147 4290
Fax: +49 2161 47 4310

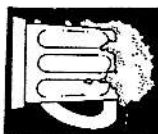
When?.....

July 5,6,7th 1996

How
much?

DM130 before June
DM150 on the day
Great Value

Another Washline



BEER

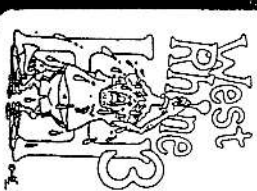
RUN



BEER



FUN



777

Just arrive, chill out,
and see ...

West
Rhine
On
Toué... at home

Alcohol Rich Refills

Party till dawn

Fall Over

Get Up

Hash Again

You know it's a crime
if you don't hash with
West Rhine



BERLIN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
8TH GERMAN NASH HASH

30.08.96 - 01.09.96

**** HASH AWAY EVENTS - INTO 1996		
Event	Date	Contact
Amsterdam 150th	10 - 12th May	Dam +31 297 582921
Pan Iberian Nash Hash	24 - 26th May	Atame +34 17386051
Milton Keynes 350th	1st June	Hustler 01908 565246
Great Thames Valley pre-ramble	30.5 - 6.6	Various events
Shakedown in Dubai	1st - 4th June	PO Box 23027, Dubai, UAE
Worthy Winchester H3 Interhash pre-amble	3rd June	Timekeeper 01962 882908
Athens foreplay to I.H.	4th - 5th June	The Bookmaker +30 1 723 0841
INTERHASH 96!!!!!!!	7th - 9th June	Urine +357 536 1228 -fax
Copenhagen 888 post-IH	14 - 16 June	Stan Up +45 3160 7520
West Rhine 777	5th - 7th July	Black Adder +49 216147 4290
Barnes 600th	13 - 14th July	Silent Knight 0181 423 1330
Wirral & chester 500th	24th - 26th August	BJ 0151 342 1079
Berlin 777 Rocky Horror Ball	30th Aug - 1st Sep	Hamshanker! +49 30 801549

STOP PRESS!

HOLD THE BACK PAGE!

NEXT MICKLEDVER H3 HASH:

TUESDAY MAY 7TH

THE RED LION, HOLLINGTON

GRID: 228395

7 p.m. for 7:15

YOUR HORROR-SCOPES

ARIES

Romance is well-starred this weekend, and when you run through a field of sheep you will get lucky. However, Saturn, God of old age, in your sign means you will become impotent and suffer from scrapie.

TAURUS

Friends have been amused for some time at how you've been drinking copiously, then falling over with a glazed look in your eyes. The truth is, you've got BSE, and with Mercury retrograde in Aries, an extant existence is not well starred.

GEMINI

You're spouting verbal diarrhoea and talking to yourself a lot lately. However, with Jupiter's aspect to Burton on Trent and Genesis in the charts again, a close friend will tell you how paranoid you really are.

CANCER

Stop smoking, or you will get cancer.

LEO

With Voyager converging on Uranus, financial matters are not well starred. You will receive a visit from a former colleague, to whom you owe a lot of money. Bankruptcy is likely before the next full moon.

VIRGO

You have had for sometime a liaison with somebody, and you have not been telling the truth to your family and friends. However, the moon in Scorpio means you will be found out, and nobody will be pleased. Prepare to move house.

LIBRA

The scales are not in your favour at work this month, and by the middle of June you'll be out of a job. However, with Mercury in competition with BT, you won't be able to communicate very well. Have another beer and forget it.

SCORPIO

You're loyal to your friends, but hurtful to your enemies. However, you now know who your friends really are when one of them looks under your mattress and discovers your little perversion.

SAGITTARIUS

True love is in the air this week. However, in the height of passion, your climax will be ruined by an altercation with an angry farmer. With Venus in Aquarius and Yeltsin in Moscow, your only option is to get up and follow the trail.

CAPRICORN

You will receive a down-down for being an FRB. You will also be admitted to hospital suffering from food poisoning.

AQUARIUS

You love water, and have been soaked on a Hush recently. However, you will soon be soaked again, this time by the taxman. On holiday, you will go swimming and drown.

PISCES

Come on, you're too pissed to care!