

Rash Hag



MAY 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: -

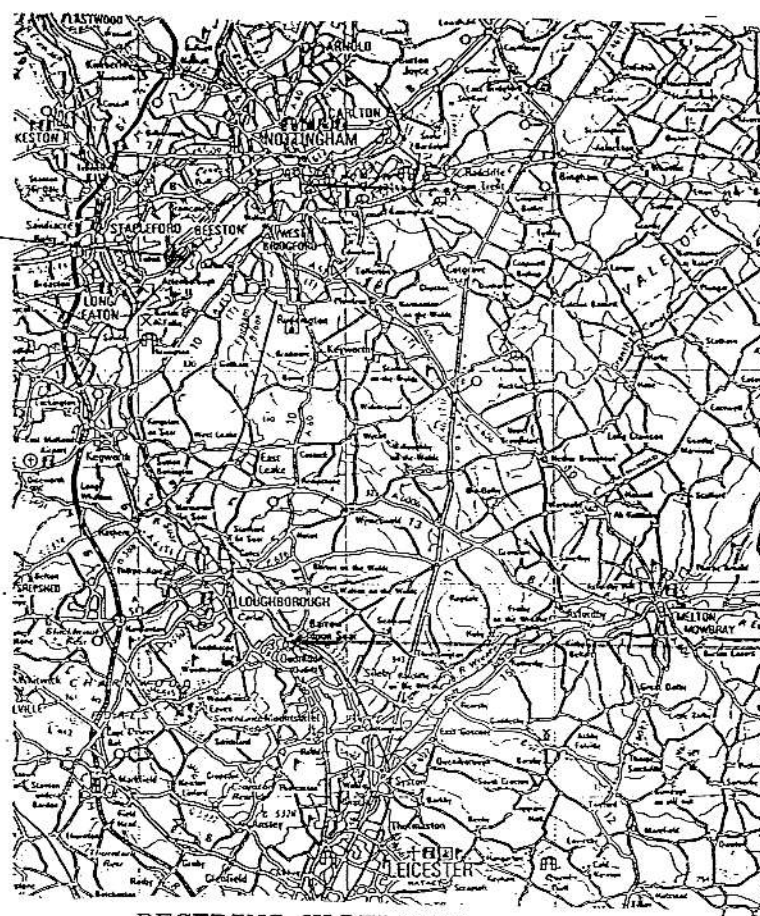
01509 415134
0115 922 6050

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

Run
205



Run
207



Run
206

Run
208

RECEDING HARELINES

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
205	Sun 11th May	4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough Grid: 525354 Birthday party!!	Barritone
206	Sun 18th May	Gordon Road Car Park, W. Bridgford Grid: 589374 On On to the Test Match pub. (formerly) The Angel, Coleorton	Mr Logic
207	Mon 26th May		TBC
208	Sun 1st June	The Riverside, Barrow Upon Soar Grid: 573174	Rockhopper
209	Sun 15th June	TBA	Hares please
210	Mon 23rd June	TBA (Midsummer Madness Run!!)	Terminology
211	Sun 6th July	TBA	Hares please
212	Sun 20th July	TBA	Jetslag & Hen-Pecked
213	WED 30th July	TBA	Too Tuf & P. Gnome

Hash news

Two resolutions were passed at our recent AGPU:

- 1) To encourage more hares, hares no longer have to pay Hash Subs
- 2) To encourage more hounds, every trail will have a beer stop.

Don't worry if the only beer you have is 2% out-of-date cats piss - we won't mind!! You will of course be refunded the cost of the beer.

Plans for Berkshire 1000th have now changed - it's less than half of its original price and is now considerably more frugal. Beer is no longer free - it's £1 per pint. It still looks good value though. The new flyer is in this Rash Hag - More may be tempted by the lower price. One thing the flyer didn't say was where it is now!! - hopefully they'll tell us (It's comforting that we're not the only hash that leaves venues off flyers!) There is a rumour that it's a farm adjacent to Barn Elms Farm (Where the 900th was), in the Bradfield / Pangbourne area, though don't quote me on this.

There will be no official piss-up before your Edit-Hare's Birthday Hash. However, if you feel like some wonderful music you could do worse than go to Southwell Minster the night before, where you can hear Faure's Requiem, Vivaldi's gloria and Faure's Cantique de Jean Racine! The treble solo will be performed by the world-famous Anthony Way (who starred in BBC's the Choir!) There is a limited amount of crash space (Please ring to book it).

Don't forget the Cheltenham & Cotswold 1000th on May 17 - 18th!! Quite a few of us are going to this - At least 6 at the last count. In addition, the number of away events to go to seems to be increasing all the time.

Next Rash Hag: Run no. 208 (Sun 1st June)
Deadline: Thursday 29th May 1997
Address: 4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA
Hareline: 0115 922 6050

visiting a museum can lead to exhaustion, dehydration and chronically blistered feet. Such was certainly the case for American Malcolm Prill, who almost died after a trip to the Museum of Fitness in California. Twenty-stone Mr Prill had gone expecting a potted history of physical exercise. What he hadn't anticipated was that visitors would be expected to participate in that history. "The first exhibit was a Gladiatorial Training School," he explained, "with actors playing the gladiators. It was just like *Spartacus*; but then they made us get in it and fight. The Mermidon ripped my trousers with his trident." Over the ensuing two hours Mr Prill was subjected to a bout of Greek wrestling, a US Marines assault course and a Red Indian manhood ritual, at the end of which he was rushed to hospital with a heart murmur. "We had tickets for the Museum of Torture," he admitted, "but for obvious reasons have decided to cancel."

"There are a lot of angry people out there," Larry Summerville told listeners to the Auckland radio station More FM 91.8, "and the contest seems to be getting a bit out of hand. Maybe we made a mistake in running it, but I still don't think it was a dumb idea."

Summerville, the station manager, was speaking after New Zealand police threatened to prosecute More FM 91.8 for broadcasting its Toot for Loot competition. "The idea of the competition was simple - we encouraged motorists to cause traffic jams and hold-ups in return for prize money. Contestants kept in touch with the station by mobile phone, and they scored \$10 for a horn toot from an angry motorist, and \$20 if they managed to goad other drivers into verbal abuse. A full physical assault meant they scooped the \$100 jackpot."

"The funny thing is that we actually recorded the competition three weeks ago, but motorists thought it was going out live. And

they were blaming the station for every hold-up in the city, and attacking any driver they thought might be taking part in the competition."

"Case 1 — a 60-year-old man said that he was changing the plug of a Hoover Dustette in the nude while his wife was out shopping, and 'it turned itself on' and caught his penis, causing tearing around the meatus and deeply lacerating the side of the glans. The external meatus was reconstructed and the multiple lacerations of the glans repaired with catgut."

"Case 2 — a 65-year-old railway signalman was in his signal box when he bent down to pick up his tools, slipped on some oil, and 'caught his penis in a Hoover Dustette which happened to be switched on'. He suffered extensive lacerations to the glans, which were repaired with catgut with a good result."

"Case 3 — a 49-year-old man was vacuuming his friend's staircase in a loose-fitting dressing gown, when, intending to switch the machine off, he leaned across to reach the plug: 'at that moment his dressing gown became undone and his penis was sucked into the vacuum cleaner.' Because he had a phimosis he suffered multiple lacerations to the foreskin as well as lacerations to the distal part of the shaft of the penis, including the external meatus. His wounds were repaired with catgut and the phimosis reduced with a dorsal slit."

Run No. 203

The Black Horse, Grimston (allegedly) - 28th April 1997(ish)

Hare - Josh
Person in charge of seeing if the pub opens on a Monday - Josh

A long time ago, in a galaxy very much like our own, was a pub that opened Tuesday to Sunday.....

Many would say 'more fool you, going to a place (with a pub which is shut on Mondays) called Grimston. The clue', the same people would tell you, 'is in the name.'

Well they'd be wrong.

(Apart from the bit about the pub not opening on a Monday)

Cars had eventually congregated around the (alleged) pub, in the very pretty village of Grimston. Anxious glances were exchanged through rain sodden windows. Was the RA going to be in trouble again? In the nick of time he did his bit, the rainclouds were sent back whence they came, and we made do with the odd bluster of wind.

When the hare, who chose the pub (shut on Mondays), decided to show up, with freshly floured hands, the pack set off all eager, like. Bummer showed the way, and set a pace quite unlike him before coming across the first check, which was tactically handled.

The checks proved to be suitably vague, flour was sparse, especially if you chose the wrong direction (a game at which your scribe is reigning champion). The trail led us artfully through bluebell strewn woodland, across typically English pastureland and up a sodding great big hill (no problem for Bummer).

It should be noted here that sterling work was done to track down the trails by those tireless FRB's, who often, if not always, go unthanked for their efforts. Well done chaps.

Anyway, back to the customary melee and stalling which is found at most checks - that tricky 'do I follow Condom or Mr Logic, 'cos Hen-pecked's bound to be wrong' decision being made?

'Twas at one of these that a 'nearly Virgin' (is that possible RA?) by the name of Richard, actually believed Showman's suggestion of checking an obviously false trail. With youthful exuberance he bounded away, like a P-reg Marina (automatic) to an MOT.

Bummer was still up there with the FRB's, looking nonchalant and in control, aspirations high and perspirations hidden. Various passing comments were made, obviously with the intention of unnerving those already unnerved by his presence.

This plan would have worked too, if it wasn't for you pesky kids - NO!- what I meant to say was that this plan would have worked too, had it not been for the blatant short-cutting displayed as he and Too Tuff headed for the hedgerow at 90 degrees to the trail. We can only assume it was a short cut as they both appeared with wearing their own clothes, but Bummer's composure was noticeably shaken.

History won't (and shouldn't) recall how Warmers came to be the giver of advice on the circumcision of Excitable's imminent Hashlet(te). Suffice it to say I'm glad I wasn't born in Arabia anywhere near Warmers.

The trail led us back (luckily) to Grimston, where Hen-pecked was seen entertaining some sheep and scaring the local horse community. Then 'On-Inn' to the pub (alleged), where Bugger greeted us with a cheery "Halloo" and "T'pub's shut lads".

After much wailing and gnashing of teeth it was unanimously decided by somebody that the Red Lion at Nether Broughton would be much more likely to sell us some beer, so to Nether Broughton we went. Condom was first off from Grimston and last to arrive at the Red Lion, something to do with looking at a path he didn't get round to checking.

All in all a crap trail, 'cos we ended up exactly where we started, which is pretty pointless, and Josh pretended that this was his plan all along.

Down down's were provided as follows, by the RA with the steepest learning curve:

- Josh - (water) being a crap hare and choosing the (alleged) pub
- Warmers - for sharing here views on circumcision with an unprepared audience
- Richard - for believing Showman would send him down the right trail (Gullible)
- Bugger - for spraining his ankle by lobbing off a pavement while claiming to have no control over his legs (Curb crawler)
- Terry - for being Virginal, and making Bummer run like a good'un (Mr Motivator)
- Too Tuff - for it nearly being his birthday
- Mr Logic &
- Big Foot - for wanking in the circle
- Hen-pecked- for entertaining the wildlife and wearing thoroughly decent shorts.

Hare: Doc Crippen
Hounds: Too many to remember

It was some time ago, and Alzheimer's Disease has taken a fearful toll...

However, I remember clearly that er... what was the question again? Oh yes. It was a Sunday. I think. It was erm... warm, with that cloudy stuff... erm... yes, mist. Mist all over the place. We met at some pub... I'm pretty sure it was in Upper Broughton... there were a load of half-minds there... erm... then we ran off through these fenced things... erm... fields. Yes, definitely... fields... erm... mostly, because some of it was in a village. But not the one we started in. Then we came to a beer stop thingy, and some people had some beer. But not everyone, because some didn't. And then we ran, and ran, and ran until we came back to where we started.

There we had Down-Downs and elections... erm... but not at the same time. And then some of us got completely whammoed.

Down-down-down-down,

Mr Logic.

Down-Downs

Doc Crippen: Misleading the pack (he was the hare).
Henpecked: Irrational behaviour (believing the hare when told he was ON).
Showman: Misguided (always picking the falses).
Caroline: Virgin.
Mr Logic,
Psychological: Some trumped-up excuse.

It's been a week of outrageous con-tricks. In China two conmen told a crowd of people that if they put their money on the ground and closed their eyes, the money would be doubled. The crowd complied and the men made off with the cash. Similarly imaginative have been the Turkish thieves who've been persuading banks to hand over their money in the mistaken belief that it's contaminated by radiation. The three men, wearing protective clothing, have apparently been entering banks around Ankara and informing staff that, due to a radioactive

leak at the national mint, all their notes had been recalled. "They said if we didn't comply we'd turn bright blue," explained one manager. "So we handed over everything in the safe." To date six banks have fallen for the ruse, including one where the thieves not only took the money, but also sprayed staff with a "decontaminating liquid" which turned out to be blackcurrant juice. "We do not, nor have we ever used nuclear power to make bank notes," insisted one government official.

A hashman lived an average sort of life, and he died and went up to meet St. Peter, and said, "Can I come into Heaven?"

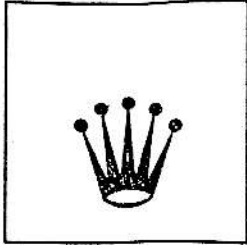
"Heaven," said St. Peter, "this isn't Heaven." He went on to explain that the Pearly Gates were much higher up, and could only be reached by very long ladders, which varied according to circumstances. "you take this chalk and start climbing. For each sin of adultery, fornication, lechery, calling a false trail, or whatever, you chalk off one rung."

The hashman kept going for ages, his legs ached, his arms ached, and he met no one. All at once he saw a fellow in a curious garb descending a neighbouring ladder.

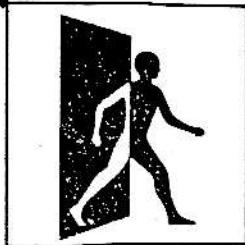
"Excuse me, sir," he said, "are you by any chance an angel going back for more candidates?"

"no, indeed, I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury and I'm going back for more chalk."

QUIZ CORNER



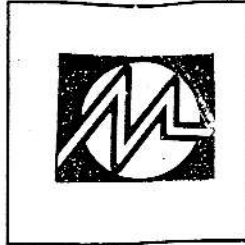
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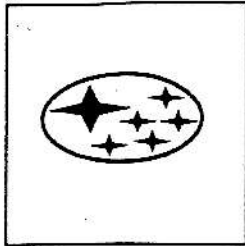
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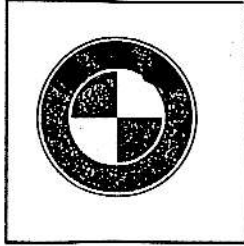
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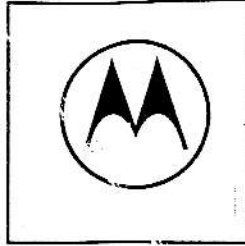
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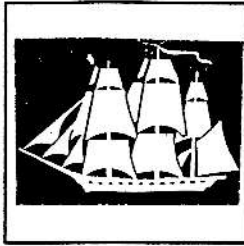
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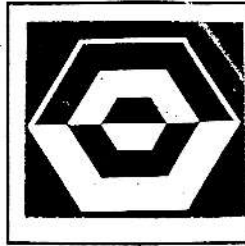
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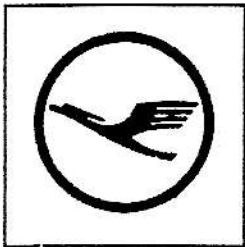
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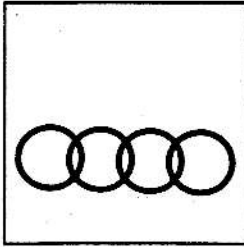
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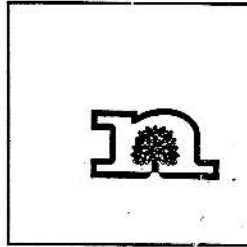
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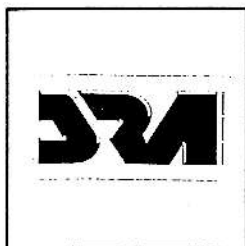
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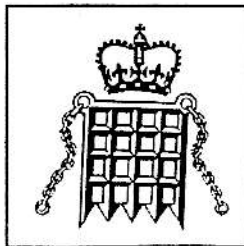
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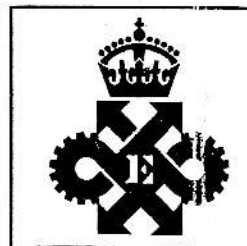
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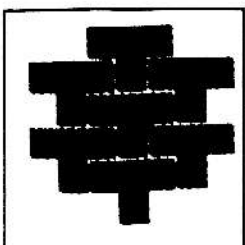
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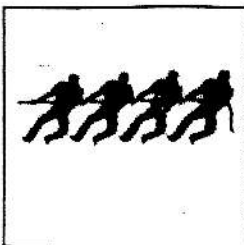
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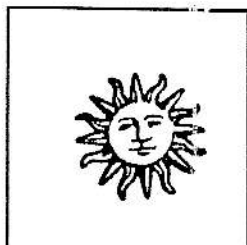
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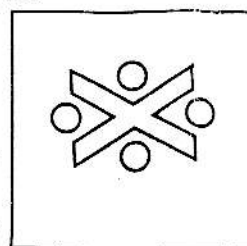
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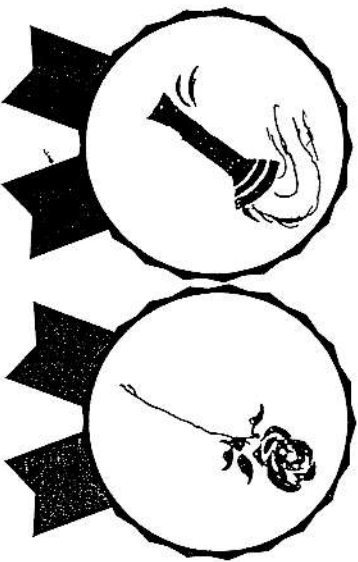
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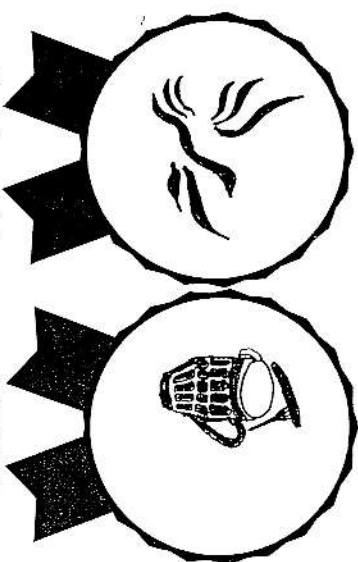


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Conservative party

Labour Party



Liberal Democrat Party

Birthday Party



This May, vote for the Birthday Party!! Sunday May 11th

* 11 a.m. *

4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham

Tel. 0115 922 6050

Sir Cedric Forbes-Bottlebank-Smythe (Tory Party)	
Lady Vanessa Snufftump (Liberal Democratic Party)	
Sir Reginald Beelzebub (Labour Party)	
Signora Lasagna Verdi (Green Party)	
Barry Shaw (Birthday Party)	X

The Birthday Party Manifesto 1992

The Birthday Party Manifesto shall consist of the following clauses:

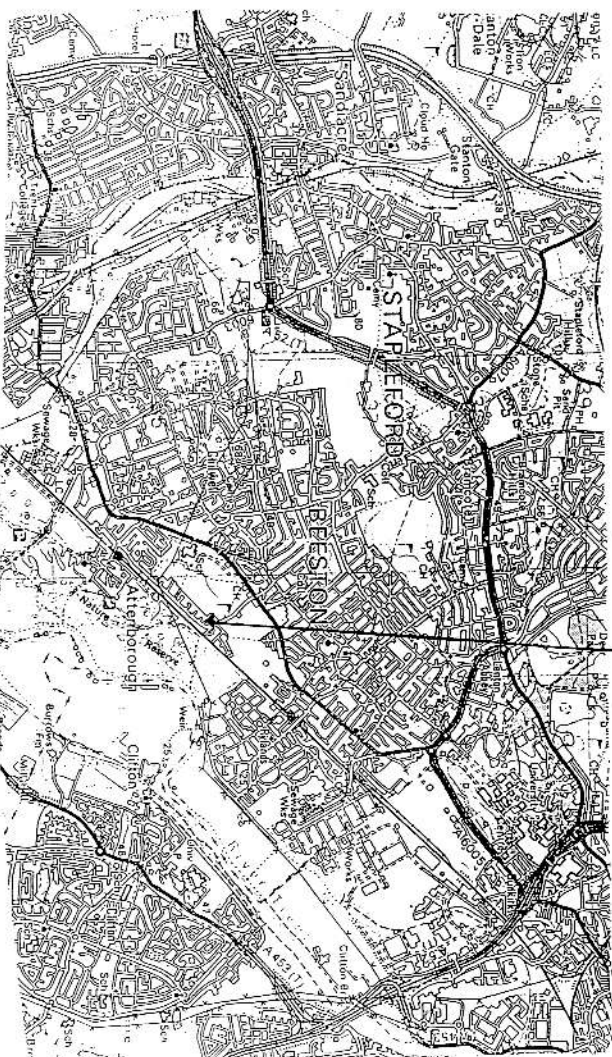
1. The Birthday Party shall be held on the correct day at 11am, when it will be hot and sunny.
2. There shall be beer from Bramcote Brewery, provided in huge quantities
3. There shall be a barbecue provided on which to cook your food
4. There will be no Clause 4
5. There shall be singing and dancing, and much merriment
6. There shall be coltslaw and other such salads
7. There shall be home-baked bread of high renown
8. There shall be silly games, provided for general amusement
9. A hash shall be laid for general amusement, and there shall be a shorter trait for the lame and dispossessed.
10. There shall be no more taxes, and everybody will live happily ever after. Please bring something to barbecue, plus a sense of humour.

Plan of action

Polling station shall be declared open at 10:59 am on Sunday May 11th

At 11 am, we will all go hashing, and the polling station will be abandoned.

Return at 12:30 - 1pm to pursue the above policies. After all, a poll is superfluous anyway at this point.



A Yorkshireman walked into a pub. As he approached the bar, the barman said, "Hello, and what can I get you then?" "That's very kind of you, replied Yorkie, "I'll have a glass of Scotch, please". As the barman was purring out the whisky, he added, "And a box of matches, please". However, when told the price, the Yorkshireman insisted on only paying 5p for the matches, as he thought that by the statement 'what can I get you' the barman was offering him a drink on the house. As a result the Yorkshireman was permanently barred.

Two weeks later the same Tyke walked into the same pub. "I thought you were barred - Get out!", yelled the landlord. The Yorkie explained that he couldn't be, as he had been abroad for the last four months. "I'm sorry", said the barman, "You must have a double". "That's very kind of you", replied the Yorkie, "And a box of matches please!"

Jilted wives have been getting their own back. In Thailand a woman severed her unfaithful husband's penis and, attaching it to a helium balloon, dispatched it skywards. Equally brutal were the actions of South African Velda Sludge, who almost incinerated her husband after discovering he was having an affair in his potting shed. Mrs Sludge, 53, of Durban, first doubted husband Casper's infidelity after noticing a mysterious woman emerging from the shed late one night. "After that I kept a close watch," she admitted. "The pair of them were coming and going all the time, although they were sly and never let me see them together." Further investigations revealed various items of female lingerie concealed in a toolbox, and eventually, beside herself with rage, Mrs Sludge set light to the shed and positioned herself with a gun outside, intending to shoot the lovers as they emerged. To her surprise, however, what burst from the erupting hut was not her husband and his mistress, but rather her husband in a blonde wig and black cocktail dress, in which costume he'd apparently been sneaking out each night to a local transvestite club. "I shot him anyway," said Mrs Sludge, "for stealing my mascara."

"Yes, we have suspended the teacher for three months," Tokyo school board official Tomio Shimazaki admitted to reporters. "He had his reasons, but we wish to make it clear that ordering pupils to commit hara-kiri is simply no longer acceptable in Japanese schools."

Shimazaki freely accepted that the unnamed teacher, 28, had overstepped the mark. "He was angry because two junior high school students had brought candy along on a school camping trip and did not offer to share. To punish them, he placed two hunting knives in front of them and told them to disembowel themselves, saying that ritual suicide was the only honourable course they could take. They both refused, whereupon he repeatedly struck them both with a tent pole, and had to be restrained by colleagues when he began to fashion a noose from a guy rope."

"In his defence, he said he was annoyed with them."

Tax inspectors have been going undercover. In Israel they dressed up as Ultra-Orthodox Jews, complete with false beards and sidelocks, to investigate tax-evasion in Tel Aviv. In Italy, meanwhile, investigator Carlo Polizzi spent almost a year disguised as a human cannonball in order to flush out tax evaders in a circus. Mr Polizzi, 51, has over the years gained something of a reputation for his outlandish undercover assignments, having worked variously as a male stripper, tap dancer and gynaecologist in pursuit of suspected tax dodgers. His most recent escapade, however, was by far his most daring, involving him donning a silver crash-helmet and being fired from a cannon three times a day for 11 months while monitoring the activities of his fellow performers. At the end of that period he had accumulated sufficient evidence to convict

three clowns, two acrobats and The Amazing Mr Regurgitus - 'You Name It He'll Eat It!'. "I should have guessed he was dodgy," said the circus proprietor. "What other human cannonball carries a briefcase with him when he's fired?"

***** HASH AWAY EVENTS *****		
Event	Date	Contact
Cheltenham & Cotswold 1000th	16 - 17 May	Eyebrows 01242 677480
Old Coulsdon 500th	23 - 26 May	Layby 01737 551230
West London 600th	31 May - 1 Jun	Periodical 0181 744 2570
Bristol 14th Birthday	13 - 15 Jun	Wolfie 0117 926 6683
Interskandi 97 (Oslo)	20-22 Jun	Vodka splite +47 222 76109
Berkshire 1000th ** note venue change	11 - 13 July	Max 01344 52717
German Nash Hash	18 - 20th July	Sarah +49 2161 557885
Andorra Inaugural summer Hash	18 - 24th July	Alfresco +376 851079
Eurohash!!	25-27 July	Higgins +322 345 8809
Lundy Island!!	9-10 Aug	Fat Controller 0117 932 6480
Brighton 1000th??	17 August???	Bouncer 01444 230903
Nash Hash!!!! Bicton College, Devon	22 - 25 August	Buzby 01392 465290
Pan Asia Hash - Jakarta	5th - 7th Sept	+62 21 769 0238
Norfolk 700th	12th - 13th Sep	Dave Dougal Elgin 544219
Elgin 700th	26th - 28th Sep	
3rd 3 Frontiers Weekend (Ardenne, Belgium)	19 - 21st Sept	Higgins? +322 345 8809
Cambridge 1000th	28-30 Nov	Mark Robbins 01223 881028
