

# Rash Hag




Quorn  
Hash House Harriers

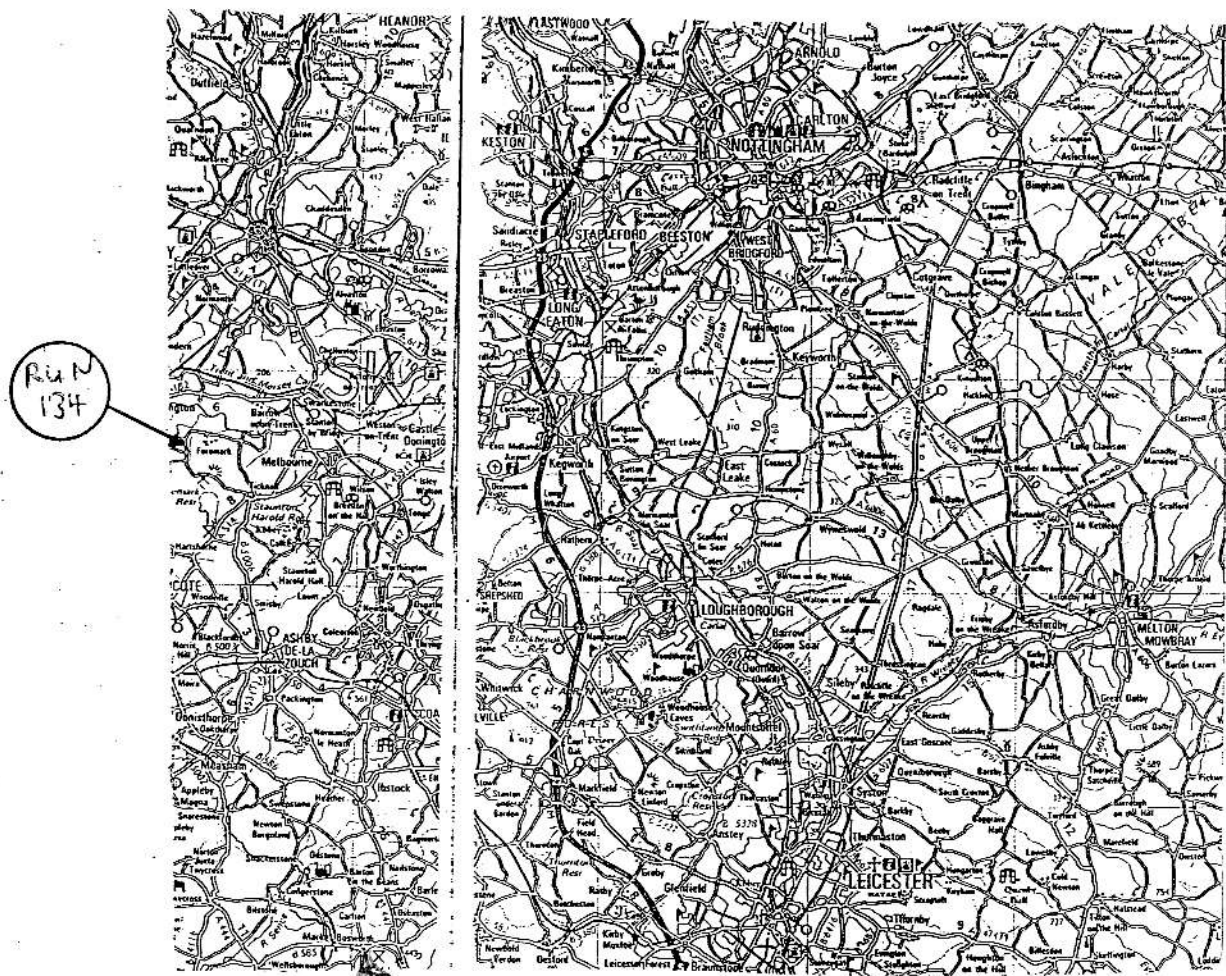


# QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

G.M.	- Doc Crippen	(H)	0509	415134
R.A.	- Mango	(H)	0509	415134
ON SEC	- Barritone	(H)	0602	226050
HASH KASH	- Cyranose	(H)	0509	414882
MASTER OF THE PISS	- Josh	(H)	0949	860805
ORGAN GRINDER	- Pigeon Shit	(H)	0780	480395
HASH FLASH	- Gentleman Jim	(H)	0509	853563
HASH HORN	- Lightning Rod	(H)	0332	751580
POETUS LAUREATU	- Shedless	(H)		
HASH SUPERGRASS	- Frigidick	(H)	0332	842255
HASH LECH	- Grope-Her	(H)	0602	491261

HASH HOTLINES: 0509 415134.  
0602 226050.

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



## RECEDING HARELINES

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
134	Sun 4 December	The Swan Inn, Milton (nr. Repton) Grid Ref: 320267	Oriface & Lightning Rod
135	Sun 18 December	CHRISTMAS BASH!!! See separate flyer.....	Yes please
136	Sun 1 January 1995!!	Suggestions please!!	Hares please!
137	Sun 15 January	TBA	Hares please!
138	Sun 5 February	TBA	Hares please!

## HASH NEWS

Welcome to a somewhat beefier edition of Rash Hag.

In this month's issue... a welcome return of "All About Me" and Professor Krankovski, both after an absence of several months. Also we have a small novel, with each chapter written by a different hound who went to Dawlish last month.

We had many plans for Christmas, but unfortunately they have all fallen through - mainly due to them being prohibitively expensive. We can't really afford to subsidise anything big through Hash Funds, as the coffers are fairly empty. Other proposals failed for practical reasons. Instead of letting big commercial organisations rip us off, how about something home-grown? A fancy dress pub-crawl, a curry, some hash games, followed by a hangover hash the next day (Wear something cristmassy?) Whatever we do, we must decide the venue for both Saturday and Sunday TODAY!!! I have some beautiful fliers waiting here now, together with some biros. I'll bring mince pies and Gluhwein, and I'll do what I can (I'm not singing on Saturday this year).

Is there anybody out there?? Well, apparently there is. We are not the only hash in the East Midlands... Mickleover H3 are based in Derby and run on alternate Monday nights (I think). I've sent them a Rash Hag (Under plain cover, of course) with a vague hint of a possible joint run. No reply as yet.

HARES are needed urgently, and not just for Christmas. Any ideas for new year? One suggestion has been to have the New Years Run actually starting at 11:30, so that we are on a hash at midnight! We can then end up at a nice village church and wait for it to strike midnight, whereupon we'll have the Auld Lang Syne, booze etc. before continuing. This'll then be the last hash of 1994 AND the first hash of 1995!! How do you feel about this? Would you like to organise it? What ideas do you have?

As you can see, there are numerous slots for you to lay that trail you've been dreaming and scheming for the last few weeks. And why not?

~~~~~  
Two male rabbits escaped from the laboratory. After several days of roaming, they finally found a field of female rabbits, a field of lettuce and a field of carrots. One turned to the other and said, "It's really good being free, isn't it". The other replied, "Well, to tell you the truth, I'd rather go back to the laboratory"

"Good heavens why?" cried the first rabbit

"Well" replied the second, "I'm dying for a fag!"  
~~~~~

Mummy Mummy, I wish I could be shot into space!

Well, if Daddy had been a little bit faster you would have been!

Next Trash: Run no 135 (Christmas run)

Deadline for contributions: Thursday 15th December

(I actually do the trash at work on the Friday before the hash. I take all contributions to work with me Friday morning. I say Thursday because I know the post can be a bit dodgy sometimes).



Run no. 131  
Venue: Stathern Basin -> The Belvoir, Plungar  
Scribe: Mr. E  
Hare: Josh and Grope-Her

The story starts at 2 am. on the morning of the Hash in question. The hare, looking outside and seeing drizzle started shitting bricks, fretting, "Oh no, I hope my trail doesn't get washed away!!"

Cut to 10:50 Sunday morning, and up rolls the hare, complete with brown trousers. He didn't have long to wait, as soon the little lay-by was packed with a motley crew of hashers, plus two dogs (Dastardly and Motley?). After a brief instruction from the hare to regroup at all checks, we were off!

Bo (Broken Waters' dog) rushed off, and quickly found a trail down a private footpath by a stream. Barritone, the Doghandler Designate, called her back, and checked ahead down the road with Wallington in hot pursuit. Wrong!! In fairness to Barritone though, that was the only trail the dog got right all day. Meanwhile, we had a virgin (Wanda), who looked as if she was dressed more for the catwalk than the dog-walk, and second-timer Cath. This cunning little twist meant we didn't have to regroup for long at the first check.

After the second check, Broken Waters took Bo, while Barritone and Big Phut checked out a couple of footpaths across a field. Bo followed Broken Waters on the right trail. Current score: Bo 2, Barritone 0.

Eventually we got to Plungar, an idyllic village with a lovely looking pub called the Belvoir. Nobody except the hares realised at that point that that was where we were to end up. Meanwhile Warmers had declined to regroup at the checks, and was steaming on miles ahead of everybody else. The trail led across some more fields to the ubiquitous feature of all Josh trails: THE CANAL!!! The towpath was on the other side - how were we to get across? Bo went for the most direct (and wettest!) way, then after swimming back checked left - after all, that's the direction of Stathern Basin!! Wrong!! We back-tracked and crossed a stile and a field, where Bo checked out yet another false trail nobody else could be bothered about. Eventually we crossed the canal and ran down the towpath for nearly a mile until we got to a check.

At this point the hare offered a mini, which was straight back down - You've guessed it - THE CANAL TOWPATH!! This was readily accepted, especially as Cyranose had checked in what the hare assured us was the right way for over a quarter of a mile - and still hadn't found the trail!

Back at the pub, down-downs were dispensed by Cyranose, with Pigeon Shit doing the announcements and Barritone leading a rousing chorus of Vino. Down-downs were awarded to Wanda and Cath (Cath had escaped this initiation at Rutland Water), and, in their absence, to the two dogs, who were undoubtedly the stars of the show.





Run no. 132  
Venue: The Navigation, Barrow-Upon-Soar  
Scribe: Stan  
Hare: Mango and Cyranose

Mango and Doc Crippen parked their jeep in what they thought was Big Phut and Warmers' drive, and strolled up to the pub. Having coaxed the already half tipsy early arrivals out of the pub, we met outside said jeep, where the hares briefed everybody about the run. Suddenly - oh shit - it was realised with dawning clarity that this wasn't Big Phut's drive at all, so we decided to warn the tenants. This may appear trivial, but in the light of a recent feature on CRIMEWATCH UK of 4-wheel drive jeeps parked in suspicious places in Barrow-Upon-Soar, this was, with hindsight, a wise move.

The speckled display of lights wound its way round the back-streets of Barrow (Looked like an early Diwali celebration). At one point Wallington checked a false trail, and was gone for so long we had to send out a search party (Well, Pisscophrenia, actually). "Let's get this trail moving", said the hares, pointing up an alleyway. This led across some shiggified fields into the dark unknown.

At the next check, Barritone found the trail, but Rough Passage soon took the lead. We eventually came out at a cross-roads and a new housing estate. Barritone checked left, Rough Passage checked right, Both wrong - it was straight on! Barritone second-guessed a shiggified path leading down to yet more new estates. From there, it was over the fields and into Barrow the back way, where a Barbour-clad woman walking her dog shouted "It's not that way!" I didn't know whether she was talking to us or to her dog. "Don't answer and be rude then, I don't care" I still didn't know whether she was talking to us or to her dog! Back in the streets of Barrow, a sweet old lady said "The powder trail's that way!" This led down to the canal, and On Inn down the towpath (So what's new?) Great trail - Just the thing for those winter blues

After 3 delicious pints of Lloyds (John Thompson of Ingleby fame), and some general hash gossip, we trundled off to Cyranose's pad for the main part of the evening - the pyrotechnics!! We weren't disappointed, as Cyranose had made some delicious soup, and Barritone had made the traditional Bonfire Night Parkin, plus some Gluhwein!! Thus suitably warmed we went into the garden for the Oooooohs and Ahhhhhhs. Rockets whizzed, bangers banged, and Roman Candles flaunted themselves only they know how. Nanski got the best vantage position, watching from the inside of the french window. Then it was back inside for bangers, bacon and beans - chilli beans in preparation for more pyrotechnics from the rear end. Cyranose, by now thoroughly enjoying herself, led the dancing.

I bet some of you are kicking yourselves wishing you were there!



The Secret Seven go to the seaside - by Enid-On-Blighty

Chapter 1

Come to sunny Dawlish for the Teign Valley 500th! Well, not every Quorn Hasher decided to go for it (do they ever?) - but seven avid hashers did - Mango, Doc, Grope-Her, Cyranose, Barritone, Warmers and Big Phut.

Barritone walked, cycled, omnibussed, british railed and taxied the journey (as per usual). Warmers and Big Phut met us there, the rest of us left Barrow early Friday evening, eagerly awaiting a happy hash and fun-packed weekend!

"What's that clanking noise?", voiced Mango whilst trying to decork a 2-litre bottle of wine. "Just the shock absorbers", explained Grope-Her. "Will we ever get there?" mused the rest of us!

The picnic and liquid refreshments (Some very alcaholic) were quickly consumed, and it was then time to play the ever popular car game - making sense of the registration letters of the car in front. The resulting guesses got more and more obscene (Someone even blushed, or was it Mango when she farted?), but Grope-Her came up with the best one. LNU (answers on a postcard please) posed a problem until he came up with LICK NORA'S UDDERS (He should be so lucky!)

Whilst Mango and Cyranose got slowly pissed (Or was it quickly?), the sober Doc and Grope-Her got us all to the Golden Sands Holiday Park. We booked into our chalet, put the brandy and beers in a safe place, and headed towards the bar, where we mingled with the "residents" on their last night. We made the brave decision to stay in the bar whilst the nightly game of bingo got underway. The beer was half price, so we didn't mind too much. The music then started, so the hashers took to the floor. Grope-Her got lucky when a little 7 year-old called Christine asked him for a dance; so down he went on his knees to accomodate Christine, whilst leaving Cyranose to dance by herself. She didn't mind (pissed again!), and after all, Grope-Her was mingling with the locals, as hashers often do!

Several beers and several dances later, we headed back to our chalet, where the brandy and midnight feast were enjoyed by all. Hangovers were a certainty, but there was Saturday to look forward to - That's if the tablets worked of course!

End of Part one.

## The Saturday-after-the-night-before Run.

Dawn came on a crisp, clear, bluey-skied day. Dawn for the Friday-night Hashers came like a rude awakening - a bowl of ice cold water thrown on the unshaven faces of after-life! Breakfast filled the gaps between alcoholic corpuscles and brought temporary composure to the beer-stupified, unbalanced Hash demeanor! Copious cups of steamy tea flooded unwilling veins and we were all, once again, ready to endure another gruelling Hash run!

Hashers crawled out of the proverbial woodwork (and tent canvas - in October!?) - where the fuck did they all come from 'cos they certainly weren't there Friday!! Coaches arrived and we knew we were in for a bollock-sore run from the middle of the great

Devon beyond. When you're dumped 500 miles (would I lie to you?) from Hash Piss, you know that, to survive, there has to be life after Friday-night death!!

Life improved as we subconsciously soaked up the euphorically resplendant and aesthetic (fucking good vocabulary, eh?) picturesque Devon scenery. Pity my eyeballs were suffering from double-glazed bullseye vision at the time!

Usual Hash-mismanagement for the Run Prelims, I mean, fancy offering Wimps and Tough Guys Runs! Quorn H3 never disappoint - wimps we are and wimps we'll always be!! Our faithful Hound, Barritone, however, recovering from a total head transplant and having been released from his anaethetised state 12 hours, 40 pills, 20 injections and 10 pints earlier, ran the bloody TG Trail!!! Yes, you've guessed it, even after surgery, the doctors found no brain!! The two trails were supposed to regroup at the Piss Stop, supposedly half-way, where supposedly, semi-moronic, semi-rat-arsed, half-brained, fully demented Hashers (recognise yourselves here?) would be forced, yet again, to partake of the delightful secretions of the average-sized brewery stubby (small fucking bottle of beer to you plebs!). Life is hard!!

The run did not fail us - meandering paths led through spacious, rustic-wooded areas, sporting myriad-coloured reds, oranges, yellows and russet browns blending with the rich evergreens. Bloody superb!

These ecstatic feelings continued to flood to the brain through the inebriated fog as we piled to the edge of a wood clearing to take in the spectacular sights of Teign Valley sweeping capaciously beneath our lordly Hash Boots to the gently peaceful sprawling Dawlish Town and the vivid blue estuary in the hazy, marrow-warming mid-morn!! Time to chat, reminisce with fellow Hashers and be simply gob-smacked at the view.

On-back passed the largest phallic symbol seen that weekend - monumental! - and down a long shiggified track winding between bare-treed woods, zig-zagging this way and that, SCBing from higher level paths to lower ones through flesh-ripping skeletal branches - brilliant - I love a bit of self-flagellation!!

On-down to burst from the dense woodland into the grand, finely manicured grounds of a very stately-looking mansion, passed, and almost into, the family swimming pool and across the unravelling carpet of green-baize grass stretching over rolling slopes to the far hill. Bigphut, never to miss out on a house-hunting opportunity, was seen to remove the Estate Agent's info. from the ample depths of Warmer's warmers, who was heard to say: "I'll buy it if it's big enough!" Why did she look at Bigphut in that strange way??

Still On-down, this time on tarmac to an on-left along steep-banked lanes and passed delightful rambling pink-walled cottages, then On-right down to the welcome Piss Stop where the coach awaited the weak-limbed wimps and the real wimps could On-On to the Hi-de-hi site! Needless to say, with alcohol on tap, Mango and Cyranose were last seen drowning under the open taps of two wine barrels before being carried on-board the Hash chariot and whisked away in an inebriated frenzy! Such fun!

A 1hr. 20min. run so far and the homeward trail beckoned with the prospects of a further 3-4 miles still to go! GropeHer, like a demented, rabid bloodhound on heat (what's new, you ask?) sniffed out the trail - false as usual! He never learns but never gives up for he continued to improve as the run progressed up and down dale, through raging rivers, skiing over uncharted snow-capped mountains, via nose-curdling, manure laden farmyards, thrashing through dark mysterious woods, along Boot-slogging roads (sounds like a Milk Tray advert!)



and finally into Dawlish Warren - at the bottom of the hill from the site! Sod's Law, isn't it? On-up and On-in as GropeHer and I braced the ultimate up-hill challenge with now weary limbs to find we're the first FRB's back! Yes - FIRST - unheard of for QH!! Did somebody mention the dirty word competition?

This was a brilliantly satisfying run - knackered but oh so exhilarating and breathtaking in its scenery. Congrats to Teign Valley H3 for a crap run of disinteresting proportions. Look forward to the next with bated breath!!!

*Cu On  
Doc Conigjer*

### Chapter 3

#### (The Evening After...)

After such an exhilarating run I had a shower, and then joined Rikki and Hilly (From Haunch of Venison H3) for tea on the lawn, being a bit too early to start drinking already. However, we soon drifted into the bar for fish and chips, plus Butcombe Bitter at £1 per pint. Guess who was already propping up the bar? You were right... Mango, Doc, Grope-Her and Cyranose! Conversation was flowing freely, and so was the But Come. Eventually the bright lights came on... Yes, it was Down Down time!! QH3 received a down-down for being the furthest travelled hash, which Grope-Her accepted admirably. Unfortunately at this point the band decided to do a sound-check, rendering the remainder of the down-downs and the first cabaret act totally inaudible. This was followed by a bit of "cornish" stand-up comedy (inspired by Jethro), and some clever conjuring tricks.

Then the moment we had all been waiting for... Joey The Lips!! This was an excellent 10-piece band, playing a mixture of soul and funk, doing mostly covers, but blending in a few of their own numbers as well. They were so tight it hurt, and it was impossible not to just get up and boogie! Rikki, Hilly, Big Phut, Warmers, Barritone, Grope-Her and Cyranose were on the floor for most of the set. However, Mango and Doc were so laid back they were horizontal... quite literally!

In the interval, the DJ played 50s rock 'n' roll - original recordings too. This inspired Grope-Her to do his Elvis impression - thrusting his bare chest one way and his pelvis the other. Another pint of But Cum was definitely called for (Still £1 per pint).

The second half saw Joey The Lips playing for over an hour, and it was even better than the previous set. They were just as good when they slowed things down. Back to the chalets and tents for a well-earned night's kip, not to mention a wee dram of the strong stuff.

## Chapter 4 (The morning after the Sat after the Fri before)

First recollection is waking without a hangover, then wondering why. Secondly, Grope-Her emerging with a very welcome morning cuppa. Four dishevelled forms of myself (Mango), Doc Crippen, Grope-Her and Cyranose gently stir to tackle another day in sunny Devon.

Signs of life outside No. 2 Chalet were mainly half-naked hashers, sunglasses on, heading for the swimming pool - Well it was October! INCREDIBLE weather, and the promise of a run by the sea-side. Hash horn blown in that familiar way by Pottsie lured 150 plus hashers to listen to our horn blower speak from high on the balcony. The most important announcement was the quote of the weekend: "If you want Sunday lunch you must pre-book and the cost is £5.50". How many times did Pottsie tell us that?

Running from the camp-site the pack dodged chalets, caravans, tents and cars to find one of the back gates leading out into civilisation. Eager to smell the ozone, it was obvious to spot the horizon in the distance. A real treat running past the doughnut stalls, bucket and spade displays and everything that reminded you of childhood holidays. We veered off to the left, to scramble over the sandy dunes with the sea in view to our right. So many normal people enjoying such a fabulous sunny Sunday. As for us hashers, just brilliant - a great sight when we all turned to run back the way we had come but at the water's edge, hurdling the breakwater barriers as we returned. A great check ahead just off the beach. Many hashers taking the opportunity to sit on the rocks and gaze at the crashing water. On On and towards the famous Inter-city railway running parallel with the coastline. Continuing along the coast, a tempting trail - On Up to a high cliff top to enjoy beautiful views. Ahead, an unusual stone narrow walkway stretching into the distance was overloading with brightly clad hashers. Superb running over the parts which were being covered by the waves, and trying to miss the deluge. On Right over the railway line, to scatter amongst the fields. Obviously this was the way home now, but it was most enjoyable being able to spot the fabulous views we had witnessed the day before on the Sat Run. The sun shone and shone, with temperatures almost tropical on this memorable day at Dawlish.

Back to Hi-De-Hi land, a refreshing shower in the luxury of ones own chalet. A superb lunch (But only if you booked it in advance and paid £5.50!!!!!!) Pottsie change your hairdresser

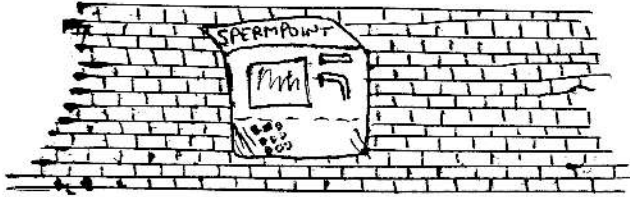
## Chapter 5 (The Apres After The Hangover Hash on the Day After)

By now, it was so warm it was almost summer. A quick dip in the pool before lunch was called for (It was like a hot bath). The bar was open, so of course I had some more Butcomes (Still £1 per pint), and partook of the much hyped-up £5.50 3-course Sunday lunch, with numbered tables and waiter service. I deserted my numbered table for the warm outdoors, and found that Rikki and Hilly already had the same idea. In the meantime, the raffle was getting underway, with a parasol, numerous electronic gadgets and heaps of CDs as prizes. Barritone won a CD and Crippen won the second prize (No I can't remember what it was). Who won the parasol, though? Just then Rikki marched through the hall holding the aforementioned parasol aloft in the air! However, it was not over yet, as Pottsie was still in full throttle with the comedy, no doubt trying to out-do his brethren west of the Tamar. I wish, however, that he'd provided us with a sheet of polaroid before exposing his coiffure to the assembled throng. Then we had the disco and Karaoke, where Barritone attempted to sing "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road". The celebrations just went On On and on!! Meanwhile some of us had to get back to boring reality. Absolutely fabulous weekend TVH3!!

ADVERTISEMENT FEATURE  
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Are you bored? Lonely?? Depressed? Suicidal??

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Three whores were standing around Southey Street, reminiscing on the previous night's events. The first said, "Ayoop miduck, you'll never guess who I had last night - Brian Lara! Unfortunately he's in for ages and ages until you get him out!"

The second said "Well, I can do better than that. Last night I had Gary Lineker. Unfortunately he always dribbles before he shoots!"

The third said, "I can beat both of you hands down! Last night I had Father Christmas, and you know what, he was amazing!! He only comes once a year, but when he does he fills your stockings up!!

on on on on on on on on

PISCO

ALL ABOUT

ME!



What a  
star!!

Right now, I am  
~~years~~ old.  
enough

I'm <sup>taller than Mango</sup> ~~fat~~ and weigh <sup>less than Barrikone</sup>

My favourite: Anything with meat in it,  
Hash Nosh on it, or around it.

Hash :Piss only after 3 pints

:Pub my lounge

Tirail

The one going to the  
pub, of course !!

Hashier The one with the  
bouncing

:Book

"One hundred and One games  
you can play with your  
willie"

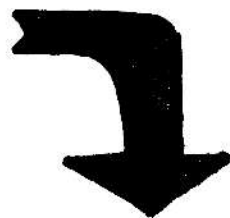
Hash Song <sup>t\*\*\*</sup> Show me the way home....

Hash Saying What are we doing?

oh on on on on on on on



# THE FUTURE ME!



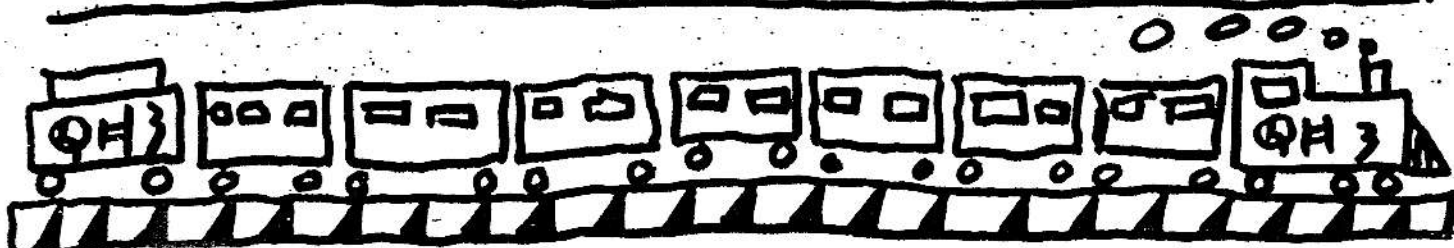
Here's what I'll look like in the future. ↗

on the back of my many beer vouchers!!

When I grow up, I think I might be a very  
important CROCODILE HUNTER ON THE  
ZAMBEZI PRINTING MY OWN MONEY BEER  
VOUCHERS.

The thing about being a Quorn Flasher is -  
GOOD - HUMOUR AND THE BEER

I'll never forget the time I flashed in -  
LEICESTER - BUT I WOULD LIKE TOO !!!



# AWAY EVENTS

| DATE<br>-----      | EVENT<br>~~~~~                | CONTACT<br>-----                               |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| 3 DECEMBER 1994    | MILTON KEYNES 250TH           | HUSTLER 0908 321046                            |
| 18 - 19 DEC 1994   | ELGIN H3 500TH                | SUPERHASH 0343 544219                          |
| 28 - 30 APRIL 1995 | SOUTH HAMPSHIRE 750TH         | WARBLER (SEE FORM)                             |
| 28 - 30 APRIL 1995 | GLASGOW H3 500TH              | DEBBIE WAGNER<br>041 334 9761                  |
| 20 - 21 MAY 1995   | MILTON KEYNES 5TH ANNIVERSARY | HUSTLER 0908 321046<br><del>041 334 9761</del> |
| JUNE 1995 ??       | HAUNCH OF VENISON 600TH       | DETAILS LATER                                  |
| JULY 1 - 2 1995    | WEST LONDON 500TH             | 081 995 7879                                   |
| AUGUST 25 - 28     | NASH HASH!!!                  | MEL 0252 332 601                               |

## Relief From Tension

You should not expect great depths of cunning from the passionate criminal. When a 78-year-old Florida man discovered that his wife was having an affair he resorted to violence. One day, while the woman was in bed with her paramour, the irate husband lobbed a petrol bomb through the window. Then he fled the scene.

It did not take the police long to nail their suspect. The unfortunate husband suffered acutely from constipation. The bottle he hurled had originally contained a well-known brand of prune juice.

## The Terrible Turk

Rejected by the girl he loved, Mr Darsun Yilmaz, a Turk from Damal, resorted to abduction. One night in August 1972 he crept stealthily into the girl's garden. Reaching her bedroom by means of a ladder he threw a blanket over her sleeping form. Then, with his moaning beloved cocooned over his shoulder, the Terrible Turk made his way down to his car and sped off into the night.

Great was his joy as he later wrestled with the blanket and strove to release the lovely contraband. Great was his chagrin when the cloth slipped away to reveal the girl's 91-year-old grandmother.

# GLASGOW HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

CONTACT :DEBBIE WAGNER 041 334 9761

500<sup>TH</sup>

AUCHENGILLAN SCOUT CAMP



WEEKEND

GLASGOW HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

28, 29, 30 APRIL 1995

# GLASGOW HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

WORTHY WINCHESTER & HURSLEY H3s

INVITE YOU TO

## THE SOUTH HAMPSHIRE 750TH!!

What is it? Worthy Winchester 500th + Hursley 250th = South Hampshire 750th.

When is it? Weekend of 29-30th April 1995.

Where is it? Ferny Crofts Activity Centre, near Beaulieu in the New Forest.

What's included? Dinner on Saturday, Breakfast and a snack lunch on Sunday; a generous allocation of beer, wine or soft drinks; goodie bag including T-Shirt; entertainment, cabaret, music, dancing, games and what hash event is complete without a bouncy castle? Not forgetting a choice of runs in wonderful countryside - shiggy guaranteed!

What's the Accommodation? You have a choice of camping in the extensive grounds, or there are a limited number of dormitory style bunk beds available on a first come, first served basis (at no extra cost!). If you want to bring your own caravan, please check in advance. There is also indoor crash space. For all options there are showers and toilets conveniently situated.

How much for all this? £30 before 31 December 1994, £35 until End February 1995, £40 from 1 March 1995, £50 entry on day.

Numbers will be limited, so book early!!

How do I book? Simple, just fill in the booking form and send it with a cheque, payable to 'H & W H3', to Barbara (Warbler) Kearns, 9 Elizabeth Close, Kings Worthy, Winchester, Hants SO23 7PE.

Real Name:

Hash Name:

Address:

Phone No:

Hash:

T-Shirt Size: Drink Preference: Beer\*/Lager\*/Wine\*/Soft\* I am\*/ am not\* a Veggie

Accommodation Preference: Camping\*/Bunk Space\*/Crash Space\*/Caravan\*

I enclose a cheque for £ .....

Our hash will\*/will not\* provide an act for the cabaret.