

Rash Hag



NOVEMBER 1997



QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

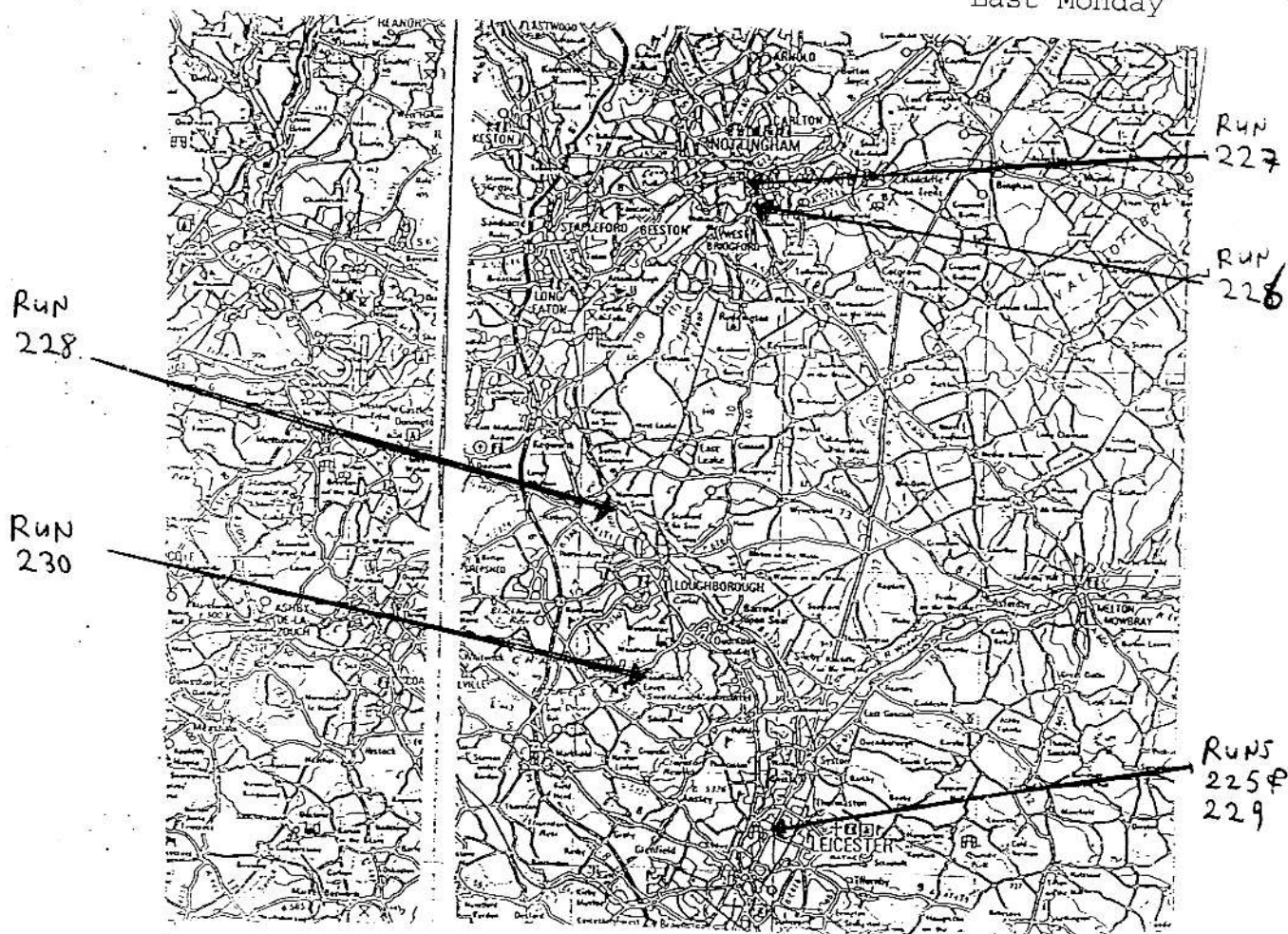
G.M.
R.A.
ON SEC
HASH KASH
MASTER OF THE PISS
ORGAN GRINDER
HASH FLASH
HASH HORN
POETUS LAUREATUS
HASH SUPERGRASS
HASH LECH
MEDICAL ADVISER
HASH HOUND

- Too Tuf (H) 0115 937 4505
- Showman (H) 0116 222 0658
- Barritone (H) 0115 922 6050
- Pleasure Gnome (H) 0115 937 4505
- Rockhopper (H) 01509 414427
- Mr Logic (H) 0115 914 0938
- Lightning Rod (H) 01332 751580
- Horny (H) 0115 925 2075
- Wet Wet Wet (H) 01664 840256
- Josh (H) 01949 860805
- Kentucky (H) 0115 916 3857
- Doc Crippen (H) 01572 823166
- Lucy (H) 0115 937 4505

HASH HOTLINES: -

0115 937 4505
0115 922 6050

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



RECEDING HARELINES

Run ~~~~~	Date ~~~~~	Venue ~~~~~	Hares ~~~~~
225	WED 5th Nov	The Talbot, Thurcaston Road, Leicester ** GUY FAWKES SPECIAL **	Showman
226	Sun 16th Nov	The Test Match, Gordon Rd, West Bridgford	Mr Logic
227	MON 24th Nov	The Vat and Fiddle, Nottingham (Near Station)	Barritone
228	Sun 7th Dec	The Plough, Normonton On Soar Grid Ref: 517231	Lightning Rod & Oriface
229	SAT 13th Dec 7pm	23 Thurcaston Road, Leicester	Showman
230	Sun 21st Dec	The Pear Tree, Woodhouse Eaves	Doc Crippen

Hash news

Welcome to a leaner edition of Rash Hag this month. The leanness is really down to you - please could I have a few write-ups??

The QH3 Official Christmas Hash will be on **Saturday 13th December** at 7pm. Please bring a torch! This will take the form of a Pub Crawl Run, with a visit to the Akash afterwards (definitely). The Akash is a curry house with a difference, and is definitely not to be missed! There may be 10-pin bowling as well, and the party will start swinging from about 6 pm. onwards. At the time of writing there *will* be a trail of flour (and therefore a run number), but arrangements aren't yet finalised. The next day is the inaugural hash of the City of Leicester H3 (Or is it Leicester City H3? or FELCH3?) at the **Fuzzock and Firkin** pub. This hash have provided a map to help you find the CLIT! They hope to hash menstrually at first, on the second Sunday of every month. There will be plenty of crash space at several Hash Hovels in Leicester, so there's no need to worry about driving anywhere that weekend.

The MH3 50th Run Celebrations will definitely be on **Monday 29th December** at **11am**, in **Melbourne**. Meet at the **White Swan**, for a fancy dress pub-crawl run with a **pantomime** theme

Inside you'll find details of Norfolk's sumptuous menu, if you're going to Norwich on Dec 20th. If not, Doc Crippen is laying a QH3 Hash from the Pear Tree, Woodhouse Eaves on Dec. 21st. This will be our last run of the year.

Don't forget to bring a firework to the next hash, for our annual fest of pyromania!

Well, I think that's all...

Next Rash Hag: Run no. 228 (7th Dec).

Deadline: Thursday December 4th

Address: 4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA

Hareline: 0115 922 6050

It's been a turbulent week for cigars. In America, there has been an 800 per cent rise in confiscations of smuggled Cuban cigars. In Spain, meanwhile, a man tried to kill himself after mistaking a cigar for a sex aid. Trouble started when Santos Costa, 36, of Madrid, spotted the cigar in his wife's handbag. "I was convinced it was a dildo," he explained reasonably. "Our sex life has never been good, and I thought she'd bought it because I was shit in bed." Mr Costa duly confronted his wife about the implement, but was told he was just imagining things. It continued to prey on his mind, however, and when he caught his spouse surreptitiously sniffing the dildo he could stand the humiliation no longer and took an overdose of sleeping pills. Fortunately, he was discovered in time and rushed to hospital, where his wife explained that the dildo was actually a giant Montecristo cigar she'd bought for his birthday. "He's the paranoid type," admitted Mrs Costa. "Although that doesn't change the fact that he is terrible in bed."

The emergency services have been getting some strange calls lately. In Kent, for instance, one woman dialled 999 to order a Chinese takeaway. More surreal by far, however, was the call received by emergency operators in Chicago from a man whose penis was stuck in a hole in the floor. Precisely how 54-year-old Wayne Selby's member had become thus trapped is uncertain. What is known is that late one night, in a state of some hysteria, he contacted operators on a mobile phone and informed them that "My dick's stuck and won't come out!" "Initially we thought Dick was a child," said fire chief Al Weintraub, "so we were rather surprised when we got there and found him spreadeagled face down on the floor without any clothes on." Efforts to lubricate Mr Selby's trapped genitalia and slip him

free proved ineffective, and eventually firemen had to remove the entire floorboard and transport him, with Mr Selby still attached, to hospital, where he was released surgically. "I was doing 'ai chi and fell over," explained Mr Selby. "And I'm Sharon Stone," said Chief Weintraub.

A FLY ON THE WALL VIEW OF THE HASH WEEKEND...

Date:- 5th September 1997

Venue:- The Rising Sun, Middleton, Cromford.

Run No 222 :- Mallock's Mountain...

Hare:- Miss Whiplash.

The weekend began in the early hours of Friday evening, with the pre-hash party being arranged around Showman's spacious abode, numbers of guests were unknown at the time, but the more the merrier...as long as they brought some more liquid refreshments!

Well the first to arrive at the scene, now to be known as '*Den of Iniquity*', were G.P.S and Blow!, laden with copious amount of that falling down fluid, bitter...and a box full of crisps...?...and Mr Smoothy (G.P.S), had even purr...chased...a bottle of wine... for the ladies...shame none were expected this weekend!

The night began fairly slowly, with the next arrival, being Josh, not arriving until the ungodly hour of 8 O'clock, what kept him, where had he been till this hour, apparently it had something to do with Boy Scouts...okay!, The next, main, and definitely LOUDEST arrivals were the Norfolk gang, consisting of Rab C (The Pilot), Whimpy (The Co-pilot, not used to these four wheeled inventions!), and the passengers of this flight of fancy being, Twonk, and Billy...

G.P.S's eye seemed to light up at their arrival, can't understand why, maybe it was the thought of some more beer in the fridge...anyway, the party began...but suddenly resituated itself over the road, at 'The Talbot'. It had been arranged that the party would move onto the local (the other side of town) Indian eating establishment, but who'd arranged the transport there...funnily enough that person had the name of 'Nobody', how's that Meatloaf song go..."All dressed up, and no place to go...", well Showman saved the day, and a mini bus was on it's way...

The Akash, was a place frequently used by Showman and Mudsucker, and they knew the management, I'm sure it's safe to say, fairly well, so what possessed them to invite the hash down there a second time...anyway, we all sat making our selection from the vast menu of mild to 'bloody' hot curries on offer to the unsuspecting diner...Twonk didn't like anything too hot...but Whimpy insisted on getting the hottest fair on the menu...good luck, and gallons of fluid to him!

Half way through the meal, Womb Service decided to drop in with a couple of his old university friends...I believe, for an educated man, his fatal mistake was to sit opposite our table, because Billy decided that it would be great fun to send Womb Service little pieces of our table cloth, soaked in bitter, via the air...much to the annoyance of the manager...

The best item on the menu, and I'm sure Twonk will agree, was the '*Bitter Soda avec Sodium Chloride*', a speciality of the 'strolling gourmet' Billy...well it went down a treat, and it also came up a treat as well, maybe too much ice cream!

The party finally arrived back at the *Den of Iniquity*...in the early hours of the morning, and it was party on...for some, but two members of the party had better ideas, which involved, a room, some beds, no lights, and the ancient art of making babies...never seen that on Blue Peter, anyway the rest of the party, apart from Josh, who was

A FLY ON THE WALL VIEW OF THE HASH WEEKEND...

fast asleep by now, felt a bit left out, so they all decided to join this educational night class...

The rest of the evening was spent in Leicester's newest night-club, 'Showman's Place', a small, but welcoming establishment, loud music, cool beer, clientele left something to be desired, but they were there to party, and that is what they did...till four in the morning! I must say that Whimpy and Twonk's dancing can only be likened to that of the North American Red Indian's war dance...

Morning broke over the tranquil house, and cries of breakfast rang around the house, it was just a shame that it was only four hours after the head had hit the pillow...but hey, it was a hash weekend!

Twonk had kindly informed Rab C that there were some breakfast goodies in the boot of his car, and could he possibly retrieve them for him...so off when Rab C, searching a high...and a low...reappearing with a vast quantity of nothing in his hands, Twonk assured Rab C that the items in question were in fact in the boot of his car and not in his fridge back home...so off went the intrepid explorer again, many a item of clothing and camping equipment was thrown aside in search of this valuable item, but to no avail...

Twonk then discovered that he had been using the said articles of food as a pillow, food is for...eating, not to sleep with...makes more sense that way, hate to think what the rest of his bed partners look like!

The party decided to set off at midday to find the camp site, so that left G.P.S and Blow! enough time to round up their camping gear and head off...the fact was that Blow! had to go and purchase a new tent, as he'd been evicted from G.P.S's marquee in favour of Billy...

Blow! was driving and G.P.S had the map, fatal mistake...but give G.P.S his due, he located the route that we should have taken, operative words being should and have. Every time we passed a junction the cry of, "we should have gone up there!", rang out...after the twentieth time, Blow! began to follow the North star, it seem more accurate, even in daylight!

Over the crest of the next horizon shone 'The Rising Sun', idyllically set in the quaint little hamlet of 'Middle of Nowhere', home for the next thirty six hours...or so!

The camp site was already adorned with a scattering of colourful tents, so the late arrivals wasted no time, and up went Blow!'s new tent in a matter of minutes, modern technology, materials and all, and several hours later, G.P.S had finally erected the ground sheet of his marquee, one thing had been noticed, the fact that Billy never ventured across from the other side of the field to help until the love nest had been feathered! But who blames her, we are sure that she'd have been more than happy with G.P.S's erection, what say!

So it was off down to the local drinking establishment, and as G.P.S and Blow! entered this fine stone building it was obvious that people would travel miles around...just to avoid this place!, no seriously...they sold the only thing we had come for... 'food'...no, no that was a misspelling, don't know many four letter words (okay!), it was meant to read 'beer'...so after a plate full of beer, and a glass of food, it was decided that we should head down to Matlock Bath for a bit of a pub crawl, the only

A FLY ON THE WALL VIEW OF THE HASH WEEKEND...

problem being that Matlock was five miles away...and being runners, we couldn't walk, so two cars were duly nominated... Josh's and Blow!'s, Josh's because he wanted to go to the bank, and also to show the girlies of Matlock his soft top, and Blow!'s because that's who most fingers were pointing...

We climbed upon our trusty steeds, and set off in search of the promised land, or come to that any pub that would serve us...It was decided that G.P.S would follow (safer that way!) Josh...park the cars up and meet us back at the first watering hole... luckily the first pub was only a matter of yards into the bustling market town of Matlock Bath, so it was beers all round, and await their arrival...and wait...and wait... then in the distance, on the other side of the road G.P.S was spotted aimlessly strolling towards us, obviously unaware of his surroundings, and even more obviously unaware that we all sat watching him walk on by...must have been dreaming about something ...or someone!

The crawl carried on without the presence of Josh who still hadn't returned, but we did set a trail for him to follow...but how many pubs are there in Matlock...we were to find out!

The next pub introduced us to the sing talents of Whimpy, who gave us a short, but never the less, very funny rendition of Chris Rea's 'Road to Hell', ably assisted by Twonk and Rab C, thankfully, who's equity cards have been lost in the post!...then the night progressed to the other end of the street, and some three pubs later, we entered the fourth and final watering hole, which just so happened was right next to Blow!'s jalopy, so the parking fee was topped up, and we had till 8 O'clock the next morning to collect the trusty steed...A couple of drinks later and more members of the hashing fraternity arrived, Too Tuff (aka Tufty), Pleasure Gnome, and Barritone...but this was short lived, as we had to venture off into the night, okay back to 'The Rising Sun', as some more members were there waiting to greet us...

Bugger, Cobblers...were propping up the bar as we arrived, and Wet Wet Wet was shortly to join us...the party continued into the night, and then continued in G.P.S's tent, he'll never learn...it was like a night club, people closely mingling in a small area, drinking vast amounts of jolly juice, with the sporadic flashing of light, then reality struck, we were still in the middle of nowhere, we were still in that field, we were still in G.P.S's tent...so make the most of it!

After a camp fire sing song around Whimpy's sacrificed underwear, the naked 221b run through Middle of Nowhere village began, and luckily was fairly short lived, but this did bring a new meaning to the saying, 'go naked in the country!', after that breath taking site of male nudity, and the women being kill joys yet again! things just seemed to drift off into darkness...

The next morning seemed to arrive well before it was due, a quick check of the time proved it to be 10 O'clock...now in most peoples reckoning, that is two hours past the hour of eight, or another way of putting it, two hours passed the time Blow! had to collect his car...so off went Showman and Blow! to rescue the stranded vehicle, there it stood, lonely and dejected in an empty car park...but colourfully decorated with a large red 'overdue fee' sticker...bloody capitalists!

Then the time came to break into a gentle jog, but luckily this only lasted as far as the start point, the pub...the crowd had transformed from the eight Friday night...to eleven Saturday night...to what seemed like...like...a couple more!, there must have been at least thirteen keen, willing and able hashers raring to go, the rest...well, they seemed intent to carry on the great drinking tradition...

A FLY ON THE WALL VIEW OF THE HASH WEEKEND...

The madding crowd comprised of Mudsucker, Showman, Billy, Twonk, Whimpy, Rab C, Wet Wet Wet, Cobblers, Bugger, Miss Whiplash, Lightning Rod, Rockhopper, Too Tuff, Pleasure Gnome, Wellington, Rambo, Santa Claus, Barritone, G.P.S (adored with a new necklace), Blow!, Josh, Hen Pecked, and some more...but who's names escape me for the moment!...

Off we set...into the unknown...ably lead by young lady who must have been drinking gazelle juice for breakfast...up hill, down hollow...then we came across it, it was vast, it towered above us like...like...like the hill that it wasn't, Miss Whiplash had found the only mountain in the Matlock area, we think he was expecting us to defeat this eiger before the afternoon was out, more importantly before the pubs shut, I think most people would have preferred a short cut at this point, and I am sure that Showman and Wet Wet Wet must have found the only one, and funnily enough it must have lead back to the pub, as they were never seen again...but no, to the summit, we pressed on, to the lady's 'control' (posh word for check) point, luckily, and very obviously the rest of the run was all down hill from here...

The next 'control' point was for a 'living hare', by the looks of most of the hashers, that had made it this far over the mountain, it was about the only thing still alive!...But before we could be released, we had to play a little game of Charades...it was funny how we got the answer before the mime actually began!...

The beer stop, and the opters out, were a welcome sight looming in the distance...as was Hen Pecked, who caught us up near to the end...but at this point it was noticed that Bugger and Cobblers seemed to be missing from the proceedings...as were they at the circle...as far as we know they still are...

Then came the down downs, and there was plenty to go round, some that I can just about remember include, Miss Whiplash...for setting the impossible, as well as the impassable 222, G.P.S (a proxy for Billy)...for being a visitor, and a second for apparently talking to the animals of Norfolk (new nickname being Dr Dolittle), Blow!...for being in the wrong place at the right time...or was that the wrong place and the wrong time!, Whimpy, Rab C and Twonk...for also being visitors, and a second for wearing hats (blown up condoms), within the circle, Rambo...for wearing his wife's top, and visa versa, Lightning Rod...for making his son do the driving, Santa Claus...for being late (best not be at Chrimbo!), and Wellington...for something to do with Wet Wet Wet, not quite sure what, but after the position she gained in front of him, well I was too shy and embarrassed to ask!

It was a damn good weekend...and remember...

*They say 'pain is pleasure', well I
had a very pleasurable time!*

On On...

*Submitted by Blow!. with photographic (no, I don't mean pornographic)
help from G.P.S (negatives available for R|I|a|g|k|w|a|t|!|)*

HASH NEWS

5th SEPTEMBER 1997

Volume 1, Issue 1

MATLOCK MARATHON WEEKEND...RUN 222.

This weekend consisted of one planned run, and two unplanned runs, the main event being a mile stone in Quom's running calendar.

Quom had reached the big 222, and had planned a weekend away to celebrate this momentous occasion, with plenty of beer, loads of high spirits, and hopefully not much running involved.

The event was to take place in the quaint little hamlet of Middleton, somewhere in Derby, blink and you miss it!, as G.P.S and Blow! nearly did.

The weekend began at Showans place, on the Friday night, with a welcome visit by those loveable Norfolk lads and lass...so it was paint the town red, or what ended up paint Twonk a coke sort of colour.

The morning brought a finely cooked breakfast, with G.P.S showing Billy his cooking skills, especially as her's left something to be desired at the Norfolk weekend.

Then came time to head North, cars packed and revving up and raring to go, G.P.S and Blow! shot off to collect their stuff from G.P.S's house, preparation who needs it!

The camp site was a welcome site after the time hon-

oured attempts of G.P.S's map reading.

Tents up in a matter of minutes, or in the case of G.P.S's marquee a matter of hours, but hey, we had all weekend, and it was a good job!

Run 221a consisted of a spur of the moment decision to have a pub crawl around the hamlet of Matlock Bath...On...On...

Run 221b was yet another spur of the moment decision, but this time to have a naked run through the village of Middleton, a good job all the villagers where a sleep, to too sure about the guy in the caravan though, lucky the girls didn't join in...now that would have been scary!

Run 222, the ascent up the Eiger, the only mountain in Matlock, come to that, in England...it was apparent that Miss Whiplash loved the challenge of great heights, but why he had to subject the hash to them as well, I must admit I did feel envious of those who stayed behind at the pub, drinking all that cool beer...but hey, running is good for you...so they say!

"...AS YOU HAVE PROBABLY GUESSED, I LIKE HILL!" Miss Whiplash (Hare).



HOW MUCH TO PARK MY CAR!

THE SATURDAYS FESTIVITIES BEGAN FAIRLY EARLY, WITH A SPUR OF THE MOMENT PUB CRAWL BEING ARRANGED BY THE VISITING TEAM...THEN AGAIN I SUPPOSE ONE PUB IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE LEFT A LOT TO THE IMAGINATION!

SO OFF TO MATLOCK BATH WE TRAVELLED, IN THE DUE DESIGNATED CARS, THAT OF JOSH AND BLOW!, BUT WHERE SHOULD WE LEAVE THE CARS TILL MORNING, NOW THIS TASK WAS LEFT TO G.P.S, WELL HE WAS DRIVING...

HE CHOSE A DELIGHTFUL SPOT, IN A COUNCIL PAY & DISPLAY...WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THE STREET WAS BEYOND US!

SO WE WENT A WENDING OUR WAY THROUGH MATLOCK BATH, FROM PUB TO PUB, UNTIL WE ENDED UP BACK AT 'THE RISING SUN'.

THE NEXT MORNING CAME THE CAR COLLECTION SOME TWO HOURS LATE, JOSH...FINE, BLOW!, WELL HE WAS LEFT A LITTLE INVITATION...NOT FROM A ADMIRER, BUT FROM THE COUNCIL...AN INVITATION TO PAY A FINE...£25!

HAS G.P.S FINALLY FOUND HIS WAY!

NOW ISN'T IT STRANGE, THAT A MAN WHO'S HANDLE STANDS FOR 'GRAHAM'S PATHFINDING SUCKS', ALWAYS SEES TO FIND HIS WAY TO BED, AND USUALLY TWO HOURS BEFORE ANYONE ELSE, AND SINCE THE NORFOLK HASH WEEKEND, WE'VE NOTICED NOT ON HIS OWN...NOW I'M SURE GILLIAN IS ONLY THERE GIVING G.P.S SOME MUCH NEEDED DIRECTIONS...

CAN THE NORFOLK HASH ACTUALLY RUN...

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF IN THAT IT IS A WIDE KNOWN FACT THAT THE NORFOLK HASH CAN NOT EXCEED THE SPEED OF TWO (STAGGERING!) MILES AN ANNUM, THIS WEEKEND PROVED US WRONG...TWORK HAD NEVER MOVED SO FAST IN ALL HIS BORN DAYS...UNTIL HE TRIED TO DRINK A BITTER SODA TOPPED WITH SALT...THIS WAS INTRODUCED TO TWORK BY THE 'STROLLING GOURMET' GILLIAN, THEN REINTRODUCED TO THE TOILET BY THE VERY PALE, BUT EXCEEDINGLY FAST TWORK...BON APPETITE!



TAKE 5 CHRISTMAS MENU

3 courses - £15.00, 2 courses £12.00
from Monday, 8th Dec. 1997

- 1 Terrine of Rabbit & Madeira
with mixed leaf garnish
- 2 (v) Squash & Apple Soup with Sesame Star
- 3 Braided Camembert
with Cassis Sauce
X X X X X X
- 4 (v) Chestnut & Red Wine Pâté en Croute with
Bourgogne & Mushroom Sauce
- 5 Hot Spinach Cheesecake (Feta,
Goats & Cream Cheeses)
- 6 Roast Goose with Chestnut & Cranberry Stuffing
in a rich Port Sauce
- 7 Roast Salmon on a Rosti
with Shellfish Sauce
vegetables: Swedes & Carrot Purée, Caramelised Shallots,
Red & Savoy Cabbage, Roast Potatoes.
X X X X X X
- 8 Caribbean Pineapple baked with Havana Rum &
Sugar, with Cream (vegan option available)
- 9 Steamed Plum Pudding
with Brandy-Orange Butter & Crème Anglaise
- 10 (v) Chocolate & Amaretto Bombe
- 11 Selection of Cheese & Biscuits

(v) = Vegan

(All Prices Include VAT, Service Not Included)

FULL BAR FACILITIES INCLUDE REAL ALES & CIDERS ORGANIC WINES & BEERS.

BOOKINGS: THIS MENU IS AVAILABLE STRICTLY BY ADVANCE BOOKINGS ONLY
(SEE OVER FOR DETAILS)

• Mary Almond lit six candles in memory of Diana on the day of the big funeral. Sadly, she fell asleep while watching proceedings on TV. A gust of wind came through an open window and caused the candles to ignite a sofa. Luckily, Mrs Almond escaped with her life — but lost all the possessions in her flat. "I tried to pick up the phone but it had melted. I did not even have time to take my glasses or false teeth."

Mrs Almond, who lives on invalidity benefit, was not insured for the loss of her possessions. It is not known if the Diana Memorial fund is going to help her. (Grimsby Evening

WANTED

GOOD HARRIETTE

MUST BE ABLE TO

**WASH TRAINERS, COOK, SEW
AND ERRECT TENTS.**

**MUST HAVE CAR, TENT
AND CLEAN DRIVING LICENCE.**

**PLEASE SEND PICTURE OF
TENT AND LICENCE.**

**UNMENTIONABLES MAY APPLY TO
JOSH 01949 860805.**

City of Leicester Hash House Harriers

City of Leicester Inaugural Trail

The Hash at the heart of the Country

Sunday 14 December 97, 11 am

Fuzzock & Firkin public house
203 Welford Road
Leicester

Contact

Showman 0116 222 0658

LEADS
to
LONDON
RD

Station

WELFORD RD

Tigers

GRAND
HALLS

Home base

WELFORD
RD

Fuzzock & Firkin

Prison

WOMEN SEEKING MEN

(describing themselves)

"40-ish" = 48
 "Adventurous" = Has had more partners than you ever will
 "Affectionate" = Possessive
 "Artist" = Unreliable
 "Athletic" = Flat chested
 "Average looking" = Ugly
 "Beautiful" = Pathological liar
 "Commitment-minded" = Pick out curtains, now!
 "Communication important" = Just try to get a word in edge-wise
 "Contagious Smile" = Bring your penicillin
 "Educated" = College dropout
 "Emotionally Secure" = Medicated
 "Employed" = Has part-time job stuffing envelopes at home
 "Enjoys art and opera" = Snob
 "Enjoys Nature" = Bring your own granola
 "Exotic Beauty" = Would frighten a Martian
 "Feminist" = Fat; ball buster
 "Financially Secure" = One Giro from the street
 "Free spirit" = Substance user
 "Friendship first" = Trying to live down reputation as slut
 "Fun" = Annoying
 "Gentle" = Comatose
 "Good Listener" = Borderline Autistic
 "Humorous" = Caustic
 "Intuitive" = Your opinion doesn't count
 "In Transition" = Needs new sugar-daddy to pay the bills
 "Light drinker" = Lush
 "Looks younger" = If viewed from far away in bad light
 "Loves Travel" = If you're paying
 "Loves Animals" = Cat lady
 "Mature" = Will not let you treat her like a farm animal in bed, like last boyfriend did
 "New-Age" = All body hair, all the time
 "Non-traditional" = Ex-husband lives in the basement
 "Old-fashioned" = Lights out, missionary position only
 "Open-minded" = Desperate
 "Outgoing" = Loud
 "Passionate" = Loud
 "Petite" = Wouldn't stand out in a pack of Munchkins
 "Poet" = Depressive Schizophrenic
 "Professional" = Bitch
 "Redhead" = Shops on the Clairol aisle
 "Reliable" = Frumpy
 "Reubenesque" = Grossly Fat
 "Romantic" = Looks better by candle light
 "Self-employed" = Jobless
 "Smart" = Insipid
 "Widow" = Nagged first husband to death
 "Writer" = Pompous
 "Young at heart" = Toothless crone

MEN SEEKING WOMEN

"40-ish" = 52 and looking for 25-yr-old
 "Affectionate" = Needy and looking for mother-figure
 "Artist" = Delicate ego badly in need of massage
 "Athletic" = Sits on the couch and watches ESPN
 "Average looking" = Unusual hair growth on ears, nose, and back
 "Distinguished-looking" = Fat, grey, and bald
 "Educated" = Will always treat you like an idiot
 "Employed" = On management track at Radio Shack
 "Financially Secure" = I will spend some money on you, in return for which I will expect you to obey my every whim for the duration of your mortal life.
 "Free Spirit" = Sleeps with your sister
 "Friendship first" = As long as friendship involves nudity
 "Fun" = Good with a remote and a six pack
 "Good looking" = Arrogant bastard
 "Honest" = Pathological Liar
 "Huggable" = Overweight, more body hair than Gene Ben
 "ISO Slim, attractive female" = Would be better off with a labrador retriever
 "Light drinker" = Headed for AA
 "Like to cuddle" = Insecure, overly dependent
 "Like romantic walks on the beach" = I read Cosmo and think this is what you want to hear
 "Mature" = Until you get to know him
 "Open-minded" = Wants to sleep with your sister but she's not interested
 "Physically fit" = I spend a lot of time in front of mirrors admiring myself
 "Poet" = Once wrote on a bathroom stall while constipated
 "Professional" = Owns a white button down
 "Reliable" = Shows up on time—give or take 3 hours
 "Self-employed" = Same as for women and eat nachos all weekend
 "Sensitive" = Needy
 "Smart" = Thinks Cheers is "the wittiest show ever on TV."
 "Spiritual" = Once went to church with his grandmother on Easter
 "Stable" = Occasional stalker, but never arrested
 "Thoughtful" = Says "Please" when demanding a beer
 "Virile" = Can read 3 Penthouse Forums without passing out
 "Young at heart" = Paedophile

HOW A MAN CAN SATISFY A WOMAN EVERY TIME

Lick, paw, ogle, caress, praise, pamper, relish, savour, massage, empathize, serenade, compliment, support, dig, floralize, feed, laminate, tantalize, bathe, humor, placate, stimulate, jiffylube, stroke, console, bark, purr, hug, baste, marinate, coddle, excite, pacify, tattoo, protect, phone, correspond, anticipate, nuzzle, smooch, toast, minister to, forgive, sacrifice, ply, accessorize, leave, return, beseech, sublimate, entertain, charm, lug, drag, crawl, tunnel, show equality for, spackle, oblige, fascinate, attend, implore, bawl, shower, shave, ululate, trust, dip, twirl, dive, grovel, ignore, defend, milk, coax, clothe, straddle, melt, brag, acquiesce, aromate, prevail, super collide, fuse, fizz, rationalize, detoxify, sanctify, help, acknowledge, polish, upgrade, spoil, reddi-whip, embrace, delouse, accept, butter-up, hear, understand, jitterbug, mosh, locomote, beg, plead, borrow, steal, climb, swim, hold her hair while she's puking in the toilet, nurse, resuscitate, repair, patch, crazy-glue, respect, entertain, calm, allay, kill for, die for, do a nickel in Attica for, dream of, promise, exceed, deliver, tease, flirt, enlist, torch, pine, wheedle, cajole, angelicize, murmur, snuggle, snooze, snuffle, hezbollah, jihad, elevate, enervate, alleviate, spotweld, serve, rub, rib, salve, bite, taste, nibble, gratify, take her to Funkytown, scuttle like a crab on the ocean floor of her existence, diddle, doodle, hokey-pokey, hanky-panky, crystal blue persuade, flip, flop, fly, don't care if I die, swing, slip, slide, slather, mollycoddle, squeeze, moisturize, humidify, lather, tingle, slam-dunk, keep on rockin' in the free world, wet, slicken, undulate, gelatinize, brush, tingle, dribble, drip, dry, knead, fluff, fold, blue-coral wax, ingratiate, indulge, wow, dazzle, amaze, flabbergast, enchant, idolize and worship, and then go back, Jack, and do it all again.

HOW A WOMAN CAN SATISFY A MAN EVERY TIME

Show up, naked.

HASH AWAY EVENTS		

Event	Date	Contact
Cambridge 1000th	28-30 Nov	Mark Robbins 01223 881028
Bicester 1200th / Xmas Run	13-14th Dec	Wha de Say 01865 881117
City of Leicester H3 Inaugural Run	14th Dec	Showman 0116 222 0658
MH3 50th Xmas Pub-Crawl Run	29th Dec	The Dobber 01332 512067
Chicago H3 1000th	17-19th Jan	Soar Balls +1 773 404 5685
3rd African Interhash Dar-Es-Salaam H3	6-8 Feb 1998	+255 51 152391
Edinburgh H3 1000th	1 Apr 1998	Adonis 0131 332 1534
Bajul H3 1000th, Gambia	10-12 Apr 1998	Wha de Say 01865 881117
Essex H3 666 / FUK Full Moon H3 111	5-7 Jun 1998	Windsock 01245 329514
Worthy Winchester 666	5-7 Jun 1998	Warbler 01962 882908
Copenhagen H3 1000th	5-7 Jun 1998	Stallion +45 3888 0874
Bicester H3 1234	17-18 Jun 1998	Swill 01280 847068
1st USA Nash Hash	3-6 July 1998	Whiz Kid +1 205 933 6292
Milton Keynes H3 500	12-13 sep 1998	Hustler? 01908 562696
INTERHASH 1998!!!!!!!	2-4 Oct 1998	Rob Scott +61 66 865278

Good news for women!

According to research, female managers are more popular than male ones. Such was not the case in Japan, however, where a female executive was recently arrested for attacking a male employee with a drill.

From the moment Matsuo Kabishi, 47, began work at Sappira Accountancy in Tokyo, it was clear she was going to be a strict disciplinarian. "She was terrifying," admitted one man. "I once sneezed and she hit me on the head with a Pyrex paperweight. I had to have three stitches." During her six months with the firm, Ms Kabishi sacked one man for having dirty fingernails, stabbed another for crying because his mother had died, and set a secretary alight for making a typing error. Things came to a head when a trainee accountant accidentally broke wind during a meeting, whereupon an outraged Ms Kabishi produced a cordless power drill from her handbag and drilled him in the ear, an incident that led to her arrest and subsequent sacking. "She made the simple mistake of equating firmness with extreme violence," opined Sappira's managing director.