

# Rash Hag

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October 1996

# QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT



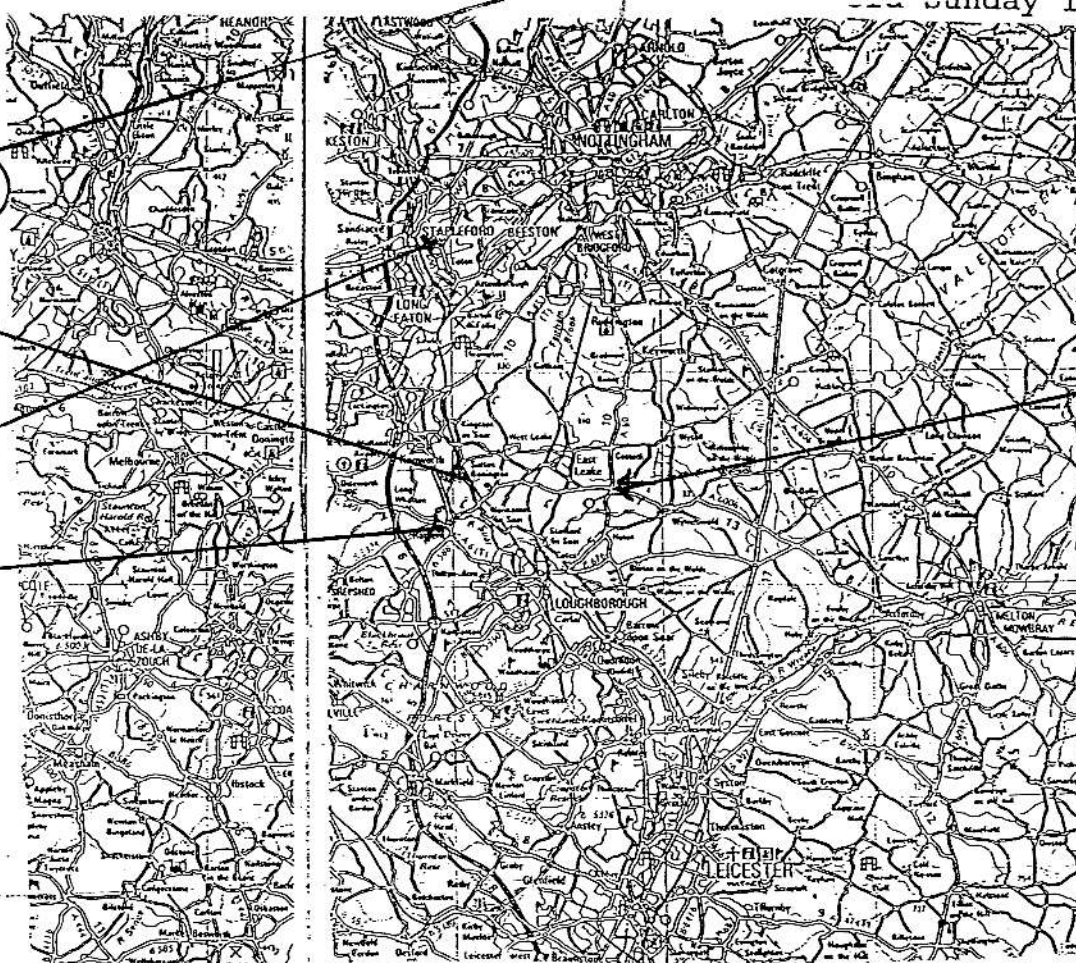
G.M.  
R.A.  
ON SEC  
HASH KASH  
MASTER OF THE PISS  
ORGAN GRINDER  
HASH FLASH  
HASH HORN  
POETUS LAUREATUS  
HASH SUPERGRASS  
HASH LECH  
MEDICAL ADVISER  
HASH HOUND

- Too Tuff (H) 0115 937 4505  
- Paxo (H) 0115 925 2075  
- Barritone (H) 0115 922 6050  
- Pleasure Gnome (H) 0115 937 4505  
- Lightning Rod (H) 01332 751580  
- Pigeon Shit (H) 01780 51615  
- False Fart (H) 0115 981 9566  
- Horny (H) 0115 925 2075  
- Oriface (H) 01332 691195  
- Gobalot (H) 01332 691195  
- Butt End (H) 0115 922 7873  
- Doc Crippen (H) 0421 509602  
- Sam (H) 0115 928 6532

## HASH HOTLINES: -

01509 415134  
0115 922 6050

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



## RECEDING HARELINES

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
188	Sun 20th Oct	The Dew Drop Inn, Hathern Grid Ref: 499225 (?)	Doc Crippen
189	Sat 2nd Nov 6:15 pm	<del>THE FOX &amp; HOUNDS, BLIDWORTH</del> <del>The Burnt Stump, Burnt S. Park?</del> 1st turning on right after Redhill Rdbt *** NOTE DATE AND TIME ***	Kentucky
190	Sun 3rd Nov	The Kings Head, Sutton Bonnington Grid ref: 505250 (?)	Lightning Rod & Oriface
191	Sun 17th Nov	The White Lion, Rempstone Grid ref: 578243	Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome
192	Mon 25th Nov 7pm	The Magpie, Stapleford Grid ref: 495362	Moby dick & Grope-Her
193	Sun 1st Dec	TBA	Josh

#### Hash news

Welcome to yet another in this fine organ's series. Inside you will find no less than Four write-ups - many thanks to everybody who's contributed one.

It's beer festival time again, which should interest most of you (Is the Pope catholic?) The **Nottingham** Beerfest in on Wednesday 16th Oct - Sunday 20th Oct at Victoria Leisure Centre. The **Loughborough** Oktoberfest will be the following weekend - 26th - 27th October in the Town Hall. In the meantime, if you feel your liver needs further punishment, there is a Czech Beer Festival in Newbury on October 11th - 13th.

Please note that the Annual Guy Fawkes Run will take place on **Saturday** 2nd November, and there will be an earlier than usual start time of **6:15**. At the time of publication I've been unable to contact Kentucky to get a venue or confirm the time (I think it's our friends in Diamond Cable), but there's a rumour of it being the Burnt Stump (Turn right off the A60 - First turning after the Redhill Roundabout north of Nottingham - it should be signposted) in Burnt Stump Park. You will be assured of some high explosives and other pyromaniac delights, plus a big bonfire - plus of course the chance to hash in some virgin Hash territory!! There will be the normal Sunday run the following day, so you'll be in for a whole weekend of QH3 Hashing!!! Crash space will be available at Barritone's if there is any demand for it, plus a possible minibus back, so you can get pissed without worrying about drinking and driving!!

Next Rash Hag: Run no. 189 (Guy Fawkes run)

Deadline for contributions and run venues: Thursday 31st October

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

Hareline: 0115 922 6050 (24-hour ansaphone)

Run: 163.

Venue: The Plough, Normanton on the Wold.

Hares: Too Tuff and Pleasure Gnome.

Scribe: Doc Crippen.

*Yes, I know I'm behind with this write-up but then I was behind on the run as well. So, this load of verbal diarrhoea should compensate for its tardiness.*

*There are some days when you know you won't actually "run" - a cardinal sin on the Hash, anyway - and this was it! My first mistake was to appear keen by arriving too early at the pub only to find Irish Mist greeting me at an open pub door. My heart jumped an excited beat as the picture of a pre-run drink formed longingly in my mind. But, such visions of paradise faded quickly as the Baremaid's (oops!) lusty words rejected my advances - strange? I was only after a pint!*

*Thus, entwined in Blarney Banter with Irish Mist, she revealed her mammoth efforts to get to the Hash from Leicester, climbing snow-capped mountains, sliding down dizzy dales, trekking through dense native-infested jungles and raging torrents, fighting off wild beasts and lesser-spotted road-ragers (No! Not me!), skiing down 1-in-1 pistes (yes, she'd had a few already), free-falling from 30,000ft. to ultimately land on the white cross marked on the tarmac outside the pub. What an amazing woman and all because the lady loves Hashing! Eat yer heart out, Barritone!*

*Enthusiasm boiled over as the Hounds frothed at the mouth ready for the start. But wait! There appear to be five virgins in our midst. Could these rampaging pacemakers give the wrong impression of the Hash by ACTUALLY "RUNNING"! - something alien to the experienced Hasher like myself and Cyranose. It therefore became imperative that Cyranose and I set a true example to our holier-than-thou, naive and fresh-faced novices by setting a conservative, controlled and well judged stroll at the back. This does, of course, offer various advantages to the scribe: 1) he can see bloody everything in front of him; 2) he can view all the female glutei maximi - including Bummer's!; 3) he can aerobically control the air intake required for a pleasant conversation with Cyranose and 4) it means NO CHECKING! Ha! Ha! So, for all you virgins out there, leave the checking to the fucking FRB's!*

*From the rear (!), we could see Dame Shame and Bleat bursting occasionally with rushes of blood into a canter, their off-yellow shirts looking like stale custard tarts dripping with rich-green snot, and calling confidently On! On! to those of us behind.*

*From where we were at the back, Josh, in his inimitable and individual Hashing style, was seen to be ignoring the hallowed flour and blazed his own trail for home, usually the quickest one back to the pub! Canny lad - especially as this was one of those rare, thirst-wracking, Indian Summer days that we get in freezing January!!*

*Now, naming no names, of course, and not wanting to implicate anyone in the serious misdemeanour of FRBing, Lightning Rod, Paxo, Horny and Rockhopper were noted by us, from the rear (!) for their absence from the pack. From our position at least 20 miles back (we were keeping up well at this point), and using Jodrell Bank's telescope which I always keep safely housed down the front of my shorts (Cyranose was impressed!), the casual term of "Headless Chickens" sprang to mind as we watched these silly sods aimlessly running their bollocks off totally clueless as to where the trail*



*led! Still, for us tactically positioned at the back, it gave us time to catch up to within 10 miles of the pack!*

*Dogbolter, our Mountain Sheep Visitor, seemed totally unimpressed by the Hash Mismanagement but, from a distance, showed considerable interest in the four-legged Knitting Machines which dotted the hillsides (home-from-home for him!) and appeared to be rounding them up in sheep-dog fashion, or was he heavily incognito as a confused nomadic ram not knowing where to turn next? Whatever, only he knows his true identity! Upon our return to the great Alcoholic Shrine, it was noted that Dogbolter had a woolier hairpiece to the one he started with. Amazing the places some Hashers will stick their heads on a run!!*

*And, what about the scenery, I hear you ask? Well, it was a nice trail laid by two nice Hashers in nice flour, followed by a grope (oops!) of nice Hashers, through nice countryside, blending with a nice sky and ending up at a nice pub serving nice ale! There! What could be nicer?!*

*Oh yes! One more thing. What do you call a Hasher who arrives late for the start of the run, is incapable of ever catching up with the pack or even hearing the Hash Horn, gets back after the Down Downs and STILL PAYS HIS SUBS?*

*Yes! It is, of course.....*

*EXCITABALLS!*

*On! On!*

### New from Professor Krankovski!!!

At long last, an end to your Remote Control TV misery!! Introducing the XR27207 - Simply point it at your settee and locate your remote control in seconds!!

Also from Krankovski laboratories:

XR27208 - Locate your XR27207

XR27209 - Locate your XR27208

### New from Professor Krankovski!!!

#### Hash Sock Composters

Don't simply wash away your Hash Shiggy and nutritious pedal juices, put them to good use!! Our easy-to-use composters will convert your old socks packed with goodness into compost in 24 hours

**Handcuff alert!** In Yorkshire, firemen rescued Christine Butcher after her three-year-old grandson clapped a pair of cuffs on her whilst playing Batman and Catwoman in the garden. Fortunately she was only stuck for half an hour, unlike Italian burglar Sergi Pienni, who spent four years in handcuffs after escaping from a police station. Having wriggled from the station window, Mr Pienni, of Ravenna, had vainly tried to remove his hand constraints. "They just wouldn't come off," he explained. "I tried picking the lock, hitting them with a sledgehammer, even cutting them with an oxyacetylene torch, but nothing worked." Realising that with such a handicap further burglaries were out of the question, the repentant robber decided to go straight, applying for a post office job and telling interviewers his arms had been joined at the wrists since birth. Amazingly he was given the position, serving as a model, if handcuffed, employee for the next four years until he was recognised by a retired policeman. The story ends happily, however, for judges ruled he had suffered sufficient punishment for his earlier crimes and ordered his restraints to be removed. "I feel naked without them," admitted Mr Pienni, windmilling his arms uncertainly.



**Run no: 182**

**Hares: Barritone & The Dobber**

**Venue: The White Hart, Stanley**

**Scribe: Barritone**

### **A rear view:**

It is now a month after the event, and so this write-up is subject to Scribe's Licence. Either some or all of the details contained herein may be false.

The hares were sipping their Pedigree as various Hashers started assembling in the beer garden out the back. It was almost too small to cope with the 48 (yes - 48!!!) who turned up. This motley crew included a number of virgins, and Roger, whose previous hashing experience is revealed in the exclamation, "Gosh, there are a lot of young people here tonight!". After awaiting the Coming of the RA (A truly religious experience) the trail immediately led through a field, where Moby Dick had an argument with a cow, and did a perfect Errol Flynn impersonation using a piece of stick. The cow was clearly not impressed - apparently they were watching a TV documentary about whether you can catch BSE from eating humans.

Stu then emerged after a particularly long false trail. He later explained that he had to tone down the usual sprinting because he was knackered doing a lot of exercise before the run (Well, that's one way to describe it). The long stride towards Dale Abbey really sorted people out, with Lightning Rod and Crazy Horse making a joint decision to ignore the regroup and keep on FRBing. Everybody continued checking in every direction except the right trail, until one of the checks had been obliterated, together with all the false trail marks leading off it, by someone thinking it would disturb their little Dunroamin. This meant Jester sprinted off for miles and miles until he realised nobody was following him.

The trail wound through a 5 ft. field of maize, where everybody was talking about the recent dramatisation of Stephen King's *The Stand*. What evil monsters would come crawling through the crops this time? Just then our worst nightmares came true, as an alien creature stood about 500 metres away from us, waving its limbs and making an awful lot of noise. We couldn't ascertain whether it was trying to communicate with us, or what it was trying to say - it was so far away. However, it was soon deduced that what it was shouting was "Stop shouting". It soon became clear that this life-form (*Latin name: Farmus Angrus*) was of limited intelligence. He was standing so far away that in order to be heard he had to do precisely what he was asking us not to do. Just then Mango and Warmers found themselves in a ditch, with 400 kg. of Mr Angry's prime BSE weighing down on them with honey-glazed eyes. Nethertheless we all got back in one piece, with only minor cuts and bruises.

The down-downs alternated in tandem. I can't remember who received a down-down, except both Lightning Rod and Crazy Horse got one for FRBing, and Tim was christened "Hen-pecked" for being dragged to a party in Stoke on Trent by his distaff side when all he wanted to do was hash. Barritone got one for availing himself of the £3.50 fish supper... with the usual result.

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What's the difference between Australia and a tub of yoghurt?  
If you leave yoghurt long enough you'll eventually get culture.

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**Run no: 174**

**Hares: The Dog's Bollocks**

**Date: 16 June 1996**

**Venue: The Crusader, Clifton, Nottingham**

**Scribe: Cyranose**

Special thanks to Dame Shame. Bleat, Grope-Her, Moby dick and Josh for turning up and bollocks to the rest of you! This was Dog's Bollocks' virgin hare run and where were you all????

This was a typical "Famous Five" (well seven actually) outing, minus the lashings of ginger beer. We all walked, and walked, and walked some more. The weather was glorious, the scenery was glorious and my only regret was that I did not bring along the cucumber sandwiches and bottles of ginger beer. Moby dick, recovering from his recent heart attack, loved the preamble (but what do we do if he suddenly collapses, thought the rest of us?) Anyway, he moaned a lot and sulked a lot. Oh and I mustn't forget his jokes. Well I think I might have to 'cos they were crap!

After two hours walking we all got back to the pub with:

- 1) Moby dick still sulking 'cos we hadn't laughed at his jokes
- 2) Dog's Bollocks still smiling although hardly anyone had turned up for his hash
- 3) Grope-Her still feeling the cold after 10 months in Qatar
- 4) Dame Shame still recovering from a night of shame at a local night club
- 5) Bleat still recovering from trying to extract a very pissed Dame from a taxi the night before
- 6) Yours Truly still wondering why she'd offered to do this write-up.

We decided to give the pub a miss and decided to go to the Nottingham Sailing Club, at Josh's suggestion. Disappointed at finding the bar "closed" (Minus two brownie points for you Josh) we were reduced to ordering sandwiches and teas, all washed down with lashings of Ginger Beer of course!

Thanks Dog's Bollocks for a very pleasurable, walking, talking trail, which is my idea of fun!



C  
F  
E

Run No.184 01/09/96

Hares : Bleat & Dame Shame

Venue : The Hemlock Stone, Wollaton

Scribe : Dr. Who

Your scribe turned up at The Hemlock Stone promptly at 10:50 (yes, for a change I was not late for a hash) to be greeted by Kentucky and I quote "some new bloke" on a fine September Sunday. Were we the three merry band that would be running today? Of course not. Soon after the hares appeared grinning like Cheshire cats as they knew what was in store for us. More Hashers dragged themselves out of their abodes and sauntered in up until about 11:15 when it was decided the proceedings should begin. After watching Sam and Leo (a new Hash Hound) joyfully taking up a CAREER in Lumberjacking it was decreed that I should be Scribe. The Hash started in the usual way with nobody knowing where they were going so Lightning Rod and I hopefully bounded off down the road. ON ONE! I called, ran for a bit, ON TWO!! I shouted getting excited now! Ran for a bit more. I just happened to glance over my shoulder to see who was following and to my surprise there was nobody. At all!! So after a sharp U-turn we caught up with the pack to find the hares hadn't even noticed we were missing. Anyway our tribe skipped, skirted and trousered there way around Wollaton Park until we came to a small fence with a ditch on the other side and a blob of flour seeming to point the way across, well I say ditch, I more mean moat or Beeches Brook. As Red Rum or Shergar were not on the run we decided to go round (we are Hashers not horses) to find it was a false trail anyway. But of course there was more Jigery-pokery to come. We had all been told at the start by our grand leaders the there would be a holding check and we had to do an activity beginning with the letter in the circle. The letter was 'P', it seemed very obvious to me but apparently the activity was 'play'. Well I wasn't to know. Eventually after much more confusion and running we arrived at The Admiral Rodney where upon my arrival I witnessed Lightning Rod attempting to break into a White 'C' reg Honda Civic. (He had been given the keys to one of the Hares car and told there was free beer inside). Upon Realalising we were in fact looking for a Blue Honda Civic we quickly called ON ON, hid our faces from the security cameras and ran on. (a small bribe will stop me from telling the police) A short time later we arrived at the bottom of Bramcote Hill and finding a check several Hashers set off up and down various tracks and as I waited at the check, listening to the calls of the aforementioned runners, I could hear ON ONE! ON TWO! then nothing. Not a peep. Not even a 'P'. Time Passed. Lots of time.

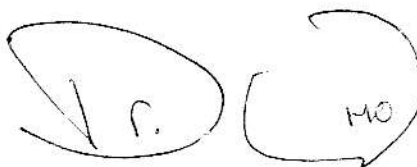


Either all other Hashers had been eaten by the three toed, purple eyed, green skinned, runner eating monster that lives in those woods or there was no trail. In fact it was the latter (the Hash monster had probably wiped it out) so common sense prevailed and we all climbed to the top of the hill where I was informed by an old friend from School that there was indeed a BLUE 'C' reg Honda Civic with a large 'B' (for beer) in the back window in the car park on the other side of the hill (thanks Gavin). After a quick drink and a regroup it was a short run back to the Hemlock Stone. Above all a great day for Hashing, a well laid trail (apart from Bramcote Hill) a stupidly long write-up. If you were not there tough, but Bleat and Dame Shame may give you a personal tour on request.

Apart from being chosen to scribe I was also stand-In R.A. for the day. Down-Downs were as follows:

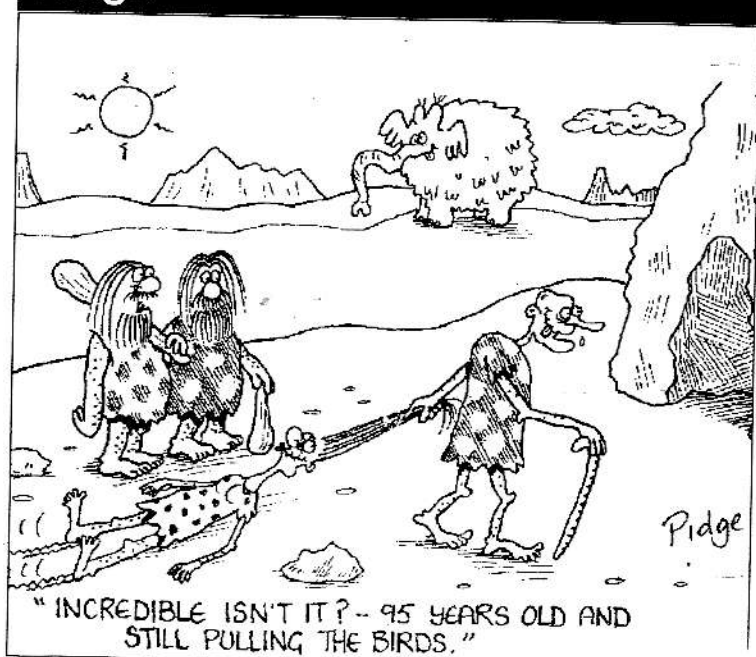
Bleat and Dame Shame for setting it  
 Barritone for always going the wrong way on it  
 Too Tuff and Pleasure Gnome for missing it  
 (that's my job)  
 Kentucky for making it look easy  
 then saying it was hard work  
 Lightening Rod for reading in the Hash circle.

ON-ON to the next one



Dr. Who.

## Pidge



**It's all been** going horribly wrong with soup. In Hungary, 4,000 people have been reported ill after eating poisoned strawberry soup. Equally disastrous were events in Poland, where a man was killed by 26,000 tins of turnip broth. The unfortunate victim was Mr Urban Mittens, who was at the time building the world's largest ever pyramid of soup tins. "I've never seen anything so beautiful," explained his grieving wife. "The base was mulligatawny, then there was a layer of lobster bisque, one of sweetcorn chowder and then 60 feet of creamy turnip." Tragedy struck, however, at Mr Mittens' moment of triumph when, after three years of work, and having built his pyramid to a height of 63 feet, he was placing one final tin of crabmeat pottage at its very apex. "He cried 'Eureka!'" recalled Mrs Mittens, "and then the

whole thing collapsed on top of him. Soup was his death; just as, in a way, it was his life."

# CZECH BEER FESTIVAL

When : 11th and 12th October 1996

Where : Stables Bar & Bistro,  
Newbury Racecourse,  
Newbury, Berkshire

Why : Very good beers!

No probably about it.....

Possibly the first one in Great Britain

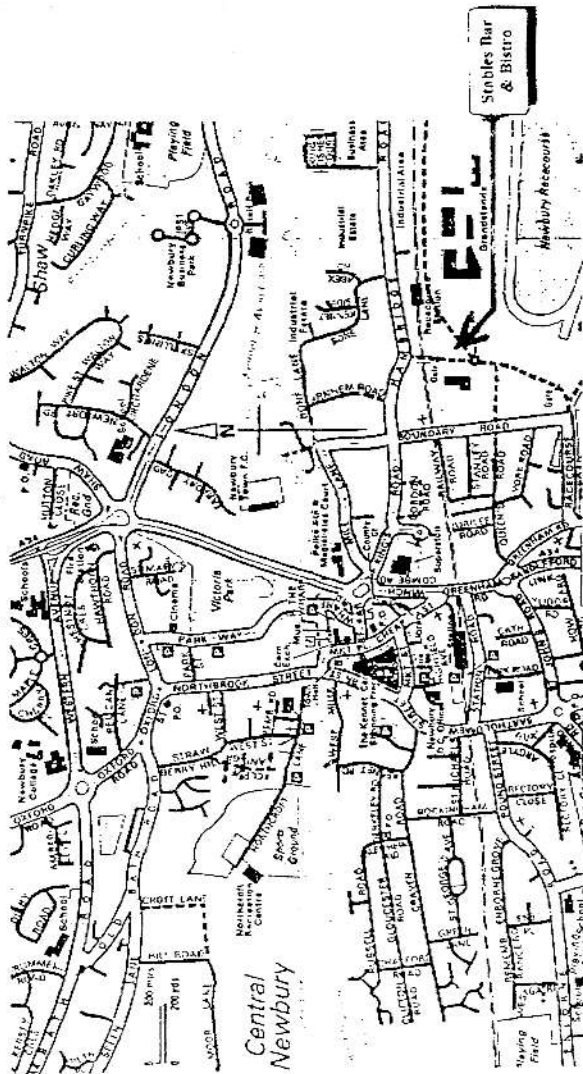
Times:	Friday 11th October	20.00	- 23.00
	Saturday 12th October	12.00	- 23.00

A wide variety of dark and light Czech beers will be available, both bottled and on draught. All the beers are from the smaller to medium sized breweries, mainly independent (non of them yet "Bass'ed"!); Typical Czech food will be available on both days.

Accommodation is available in the racecourse complex if required. Costs for a bed (not on straw...) are £10.00 per night, to include full wash and shower facilities. Breakfast will be available in the Stables Bar & Bistro if required. Please book accommodation in advance.

Some Thames Trains stop at Newbury Racecourse station, please ring enquiries for details - Tel: 01734 595911 or 0171 262 6767

No admission fee - Take away service available



BOHEMIAN BEER Co. Ltd  
P.O. Box 5537, Newbury, Berkshire, RG14 2YN  
Tel/Fax : 01635 47017

## Alternatively...

How about something a bit more local?

Nottingham Beer Festival - Victoria Leisure Centre, Sneinton  
Wednesday October 16th - Sunday October 20th

300 real ales on offer - plus a number of ciders and perries

£3 admission - Price includes beer glass and programme

Live music

## Moreover...

Mary had a little lamb  
Its fleece was snowy white  
But when Old Macdonald had a farm  
The doctor had a fright

Mary had a little sheep  
And with the sheep she went to sleep  
The sheep turned out to be a ram  
And Mary had a little lamb

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**** HASH AWAY EVENTS - REST OF 1996 AND INTO 1997		
Event	Date	Contact
East Lancs H3 Illuminations Run	October???	Captain Rabbi Haddock 01254 385971
Churn Valley H3 666	October???	01285 644715
JH3 10th birthday	Oct 11 - 13	Jumper 01534 872702
Italian Nash Hash	Oct 11 - 13	Higgins
Ghost on the coast	Oct 18 - 20	Fabulous Dambro
Black nose Taxi H3 in Dublin	Oct 25 - 27	Adonis 01932 824297
Helsinki 1000th	1st Nov 1996	Bloody Hanoi +358 02953241
Paris 400th	15-17 Nov 1996	Towering infernal
All-Africa Interhash	31 Jan - 2 Feb	Pele +254 2211436
Glasgow 600th	21 - 23 Feb	Hughiee 0141 3341711
London 21st anniversary	4 - 6 April	Wee Bev 0181 7433651
Assen 15th Onniversary	10 - 14 April	Big Chili Mama +31 592 345200
Isle of Man H3 3rd run	3 - 6 May	Oink 0141 3321987
Haunch of Venison 700th	5th May??	Torch Killer 01722 332219
Cheltenham & Cotswold 1000th	16 - 17 May	Eyebrows 01242 677480
Berkshire 1000th	11 - 13 July	Max 01344 52717
Eurohash!!	25-27 July	Higgins +322 345 8809
Brighton 1000th??	17 August???	Bouncer 01444 230903
Nash Hash!!!!	22 - 25 August	Buzby 01392 465290
Cambridge 1000th	November!!!!	TBA!!!!!!!!

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