

# Rash Hag

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October 1997

# QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT



G.M.	- Too Tuf	(H)	0115 937 4505
R.A.	- Showman	(H)	0116 222 0658
ON SEC	- Barritone	(H)	0115 922 6050
HASH KASH	- Pleasure Gnome	(H)	0115 937 4505
MASTER OF THE PISS	- Rockhopper	(H)	01509 414427
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: -

0115 937 4505

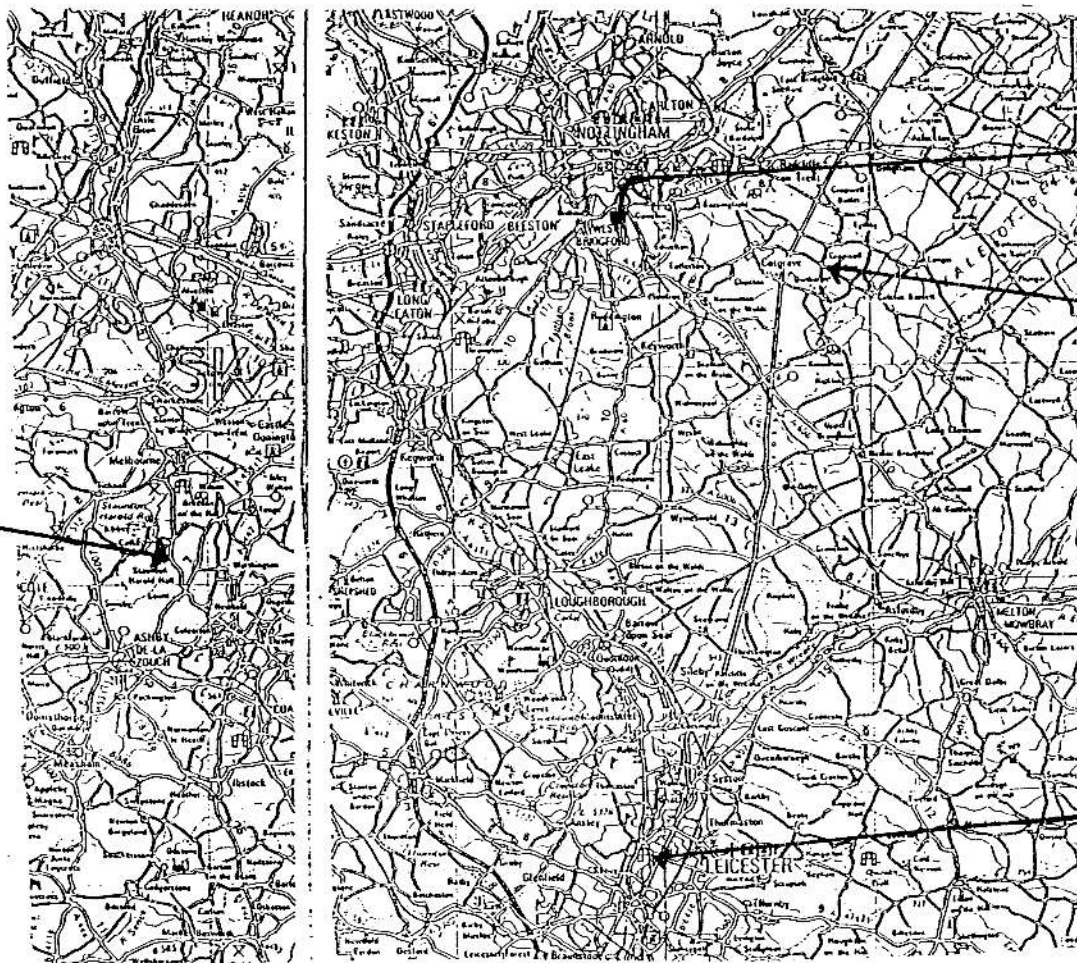
0115 922 6050

RUNS: -

Thrice monthly

1st & 3rd Sunday 11 am.

Last Monday 7 pm.



RUN  
226

RUN  
224

8.30

Bullshead  
Quorn

RUN  
225

## RECEDING HARELINES

n	Date	Venue	Hares
223	Sun 19th Oct	The Saracen's Head, Calke Village Grid: 369214	Lightning Rod and Oriface
224	Sun 2nd Nov	The Wheatsheaf, Cropwell Bishop	Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome
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	TBA	Hares please
228	Sun 7th Dec	TBA	Hares Please

### Hash news

Yes - it's official!! Some sad bastard has calculated the number of away hashes everybody attends and has concluded that Quorn is the **UK's most travelled hash!!** So - there you have it. QH3 go everywhere!!

A new hash in the East Midlands is forming!! Step forward the **Leicester City H3!!** This hash is being actively supported by the Firkin Pub opposite Leicester Railway Station (whose name escapes me at the moment), and the idea is that we hash in different locations round Leicester City, then return to the ??? and Firkin afterwards. The pub will advertise the hashes, and will support it in other ways (such as beer for the down downs). It will be run by a GM and RA who live in, or near, Leicester. It hopes to hash on the **2nd Sunday of the month**, though this may change depending on what the response is on the Inaugural run. And the date of the inaugural run? **Sunday 14th December!!** Be there or be square - should be good. This means that if you hash with both QH3 and LCH3 you'll be hashing once a week, though dropping to Monday instead of Sunday on the last weekend of every month.

After a spurt of hashers wanting to lay trails, there are only 2 trails left in 1997 - going going gone!! The dates are: Monday 24th November and Sunday 7th December.

As you can see, there has been a lot of confusion as to what has happened to our Monday Night Run in October - someone even rang me up to ask! The truth is it's been moved to accomodate a certain gentleman named Guy Fawkes, and we'll have our "October Monday Run" on **Wednesday November 5th!** We'll be starting and finishing at the Talbot, Thurstaston Road, Leicester, and crash some firework displays in the Leicester area en route. There will be traditional Guy Fawkes Fare at Showman's (23 Thurstaston Road) after the run, with a large barrel of beer, **Please bring a firework!!** If you're a pyromaniac, our 4th Annual Guy Fawkes Bash will be unmissable.

Meanwhile, if you want a Monday Night Run in October, Mickeover H3 are staging their annual **Hallowe'en Run** on ~~Monday October 27th~~ at **7:15 pm** at **The Punchbowl, Stapenhill, Burton On Trent**. Several QH3 Hashers will be going to this, including your Edit-Hare. Following on from that, **MH3** celebrate their 50th run on **Monday December 29th**, which will involve a fancy dress pub-crawl, either in Melbourne or the centre of Derby, with several other attractions thrown in. **THURSDAY OCT. 30TH**

Christmas is coming, and we will have another of Showman's excellent weekends at **23 Thurstaston Road, Leicester!** Provisional dates are the 3rd Weekend in December - **December 20th - 21st**. What do you want to do? Over to you (The Bierkeller has been mentioned - so has 10-pin bowling)

Please find inside a **Nash Hash Registration Form** - £55 up to the end of this year seems very good value, so get in now! You're not going to miss Nash Hash anyway, are you.

**Beer festival time** is here again. Inside you'll find details of beer festivals in both Nottingham and Sandiacre. If you went to the recent Tyne Mill Festival, you'll have witnessed how pissed I was.

Next Rash Hag:	Run no. 224 (Sun 2nd November)
Deadline:	Thursday 30th October 1997
Address:	4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA
Hareline:	0115 922 6050 (24-hour ansaphone always giving details of next run)

### QH3 Run #219, Wymeswold, September 9 1997

I'd emerged from slumber hoping for a nice relaxing day. What's a good remedy for a throbbing head and dodgy guts? Ahh yes, a hash. By this time it was almost eleven o'clock but I wasn't worried; hash time (a mysterious time zone where everything happens 20 minutes later than normal) would be operating. Sure enough, there were still heated debates going on about the meaning of flour marks when I showed up. A quick change of shoes (now it wouldn't do to wear new shoes, would it?) and I bound up to the circle. Now then, who shall do the writeup? Who looks foolish enough to turn up late? I know, we'll give it to logic...

This write-up has been particularly difficult to complete, and there may be certain events listed here that are actually not true, or perhaps have been altered a bit from the true flow of events on that clear Sunday in September. The primary reason for the difficulty is of course intoxication, not so much during the run but on returning home I rediscovered a bottle of Czech Becherovka that had been sitting peacefully in my freezer since Christmas. I was so excited about having the writeup to do that a (non-hasher) third party and myself drank half the bottle, quickly, along with half a dozen beer chasers. With that in mind, here are the facts as I see them.

There was a pretty good turnout for the run, a visitor from somewhere foreign, and a "virgin" trying desperately to look virginal. After the rest of the chalk talk, we were off, or shall I say Barritone was off. He found the wrong trail almost immediately, a remarkable feat. The rest of us took off in the opposite direction. There were a few checkpoints in the village, enough even for me to take the opportunity to collapse by a signpost, hold my head and say "never again" before being molested by Doc Crippen's dog and it's wet tongue.

The hare was obviously trying to confuse us, since we did almost a full circle of the pub at a distance of 400m before heading off into the countryside. There was an odd check half way up a grassy lane, Barritone naturally found the false trail and Durex was seen disappearing over a hedge. The rest of us milled about like a bunch of half-minds while the hare desperately tried to convince us that the possibility of a back-check was real enough to check out. Before anyone could be sufficiently encouraged, a great cry of On-On came from the hedge so we set off in pursuit of the oasis of the beer stop.

The said beer stop came much sooner than I'd anticipated and before long we were all enjoying out of date beer and lager. Actually the refreshments were otherwise very unlike hash beverages: it was nearly cold and quite strong (nearly 4%, wow!). All too soon it was time to leave this oasis and search for the true trail.

First we had to negotiate a farmyard and climb over a fence. This was surprisingly tricky for one of us: PG managed to foolishly sit on a thistle that was growing harmlessly on the other side of the fence. This caused much merriment amongst the masses...

Another couple of fields later and there was no trail to be seen. GPS, Durex, Barritone and Firkin were seen heading off in random directions while TT and I set off in an equally random direction across the stubble. Bugger enquired if we were following any sort of path but no, we were just shambling about in a vain attempt at finding flour amongst the corn stalks. As it happens we were short cutting as on the other side of the field was the On In.

On on,

*Mr. Logic.*



## Down-downs:

Doc Crippen	Hare.
The "virgin"	Claiming to be a virgin but proclaiming "I got away with that" loud enough for the RA to hear.
Chicken Choker	Choking his chicken.
Mr. Logic	Falling over in full view of the RA.
Firkin	Eating curry last night (and wanting to get rid of it).

Don't miss the QH3 web page: <http://QH3.aeschi.ch.eu.org/>

It's all been going horribly wrong at job interviews. In Germany, a man suffered a coronary during an interview for the post of consultant heart surgeon at a Hamburg hospital. In Australia, meanwhile, Mervyn Swayne, 23, of Sydney, hasn't landed a job for two years because he keeps breaking wind whenever he is being interviewed. Mr Swayne's difficulties began in 1995 when he attended his first ever job interview. "I was very nervous," he explained, "and as soon as I got into the room I started farting. I just couldn't control it. The interviewer had to sit with a handkerchief over his nose and I received a rejection letter the following day." Over the ensuing two years Mr Swayne has failed a further 38 interviews on account of his flatulence,

including one in which his interviewer actually stood up and left the room, and another which was adjourned to a car park so as to ensure plenty of fresh air. "It's a vicious circle," sighed Mr Swayne. "The more interviews I fail, the more nervous I get, and the more nervous I get, the more wind I break. I'm farting myself into permanent unemployment."

○ "I was just an ordinary man, but I was also very spiritual. I was deep into the occult" General Butt Naked told reporters in the headquarters of his Soul-Winning Evangelistic Ministry in Monrovia. "Thanks to God, I am no longer a slave to Satan, but when I think of how I used to make human sacrifices before going into battle, yes I feel very bad, so, so bad."

General Butt Naked, who now uses his birth name of Joshua Milton Blahyi, was recalling his role as leader of the Butt Naked Battalion during Liberia's civil war, in which a quarter of a million people died. "At the age of eleven, I had a telephone call from the Devil, who demanded nudity on the battlefield, acts of indecency, and regular human sacrifices to ensure my protection. So, before leading my troops into battle, we would get drunk and drugged up, and then I would go in search

of a teenager. Usually I would enter the water where teenagers were playing, dive under the surface, grab one, carry him off under my arm, and then break his neck. Sometimes I'd cause accidents. Sometimes I'd just slaughter the first person I saw.

"After drinking their blood, we would all strip down to our shoes, and then waltz into battle wearing colourful wigs and carrying dainty purses we'd looted from civilians. We would slaughter anyone we saw, and sometimes we'd cut off their heads and use them for soccer practice. We were nude, fearless, drunk, and homicidal. We killed hundreds of people, so many that I lost count. But in June of last year, God telephoned me and told me that I was not

the hero I considered myself to be, so I stopped and became a preacher. Please help me to atone for my past by buying a cassette of my sermons. \$20, all major credit cards accepted." (*Associated Press*,

• Could they by any chance be related? Russian police are hunting a man who took a locomotive for a joyride on a major railway in Siberia. The man had told a duty officer at Tynda Station on the Baikal to Amur line that he was a train driver and drove the locomotive off. It was found abandoned not far from the station, but the identity of the driver remains a mystery.

Closer to home, hundreds of InterCity commuters found themselves on a scenic mystery tour through rural Wales after their train driver got lost on the network of lines between Bristol and Swansea.

Perhaps Great Western

Trains and the Siberian authorities will soon be setting up an exchange scheme for disciplining wayward staff. Saltmines or Swansea? Who to pity more?

Date: 30th August 1997  
Place: Hanley Scout Hut

As this write-up is being done precisely one month after the event (plus ca change!), as always accuracy can't be promised! Well, these scouts must be the merriest in Staffordshire, with not one but two pubs directly adjacent to their little abode - one of which was already filling up with Hashers when your scribe arrived. Among the other visitors were Dobber and Gnome from Mickleover, Grutel and Five-Bar from Wirral & Chester, and several Hashers from Donnington.

The horn blew (well, farted) and we were off! The trail was excellent, and laid with enough cunning and guile to keep everybody together. We were first taken on a tour of the back-alleys of Hanley, before doing a loop of an industrial estate and going over a few landscaped slag heaps. There followed a check with at least 5 false trails going off it (I found two of them anywaay), and lots more devious loops round parkland, fields, canal towpaths and a bizarre overgrown football stadium. After about 90 minutes we emerged at a regroup outside a pub. First to dive into the bar was The Dobber, followed by your Edit-Hare and Dave from Donnington. The remainder of the trail looped back along another section of the canal, allegedly (!!)

Back at the Scout Hut, as we ate the generous supplies of burgers and sausages and emptied the crates of beer, Angus's kids were taking great delight in the contents of the Nash Hash Goody Bag. A member of the public was so taken by the flying balloons he asked if he could keep one to take to a party he was going to - what a sad bastard! Meanwhile the sight of people getting pissed and having fun outside a normally staid, sober scout hut, plus the Potteries Dialect on the T shirts caused a lot of interest among local people. All this meant Angus completely forgot about awarding down-downs until 8:30, by which time all the lightweights and most of the visitors had already left. He promptly delegated the job to Potteries Harriette Herpes, who had obviously never been RA before and was extremely nervous. However, after a little prompting from the pack she was encouraged to give one (A down down, that is!) to Angus for forgetting the down downs in the first place. Next up were the hares, though I can't remember who else got one, except that it was lucky I'd brought my 100th run tankard, as there was no other drinking vessel in sight.

Despite the fact that there was still a crate of beer left, the hard core of alcoholics who were left (The Dobber, the Gnome, Angus, Hampo, Herpes, Dave the B&B, Roy, plus of course myself and a few others) decided to seek out the local watering holes and find some real ale. Our hosts took us on a tour of the pubs which adopted the terribly civilised practise of staying open all night. At the Fountain we managed to find a group which could wreck an Oasis song like no other. The next morning we were treated to Staffordshire Oatcakes - delicious oaty pancakes filled with bacon and cheese

Overall, a very friendly welcome and an enjoyable thrash.

**Yet again sex aids** have been making the headlines. In Russia workers at a Volgograd sex factory are being paid in dildoes because there's no money available for proper wages. In Italy, meanwhile, a man was almost caressed to death when his computerised sex machine malfunctioned. The man in question was inventor Luca Morelli, 61, of Padua, who had developed the machine specifically for "those of a solitary disposition". On the day in question Mr Morelli had stripped himself into the machine - reminiscent of a large dentist's chair, with various rubber extensions protruding from the sides - and started the 'Buxom Girl' in a 'flaystack' programme. "I knew immediately something was wrong," he recalled. "The motorised lips began sucking my nose, and the padded thighs locked around my neck and almost squeezed me to death." As he struggled to free himself the perspiring Paduan felt his genitals being vigorously pounded by a mechanised hand, and his manhood was only saved when a neighbour, alerted by his screams, broke into his workshop and unplugged the machine. "I'm bruised all over," admitted Mr Morelli. "She was obviously a very buxom girl indeed."

It's been a week of bungled marriage proposals. In Colorado, a man broke both legs while parachuting into his girlfriend's garden with a wedding ring. Equally disastrous were events in California, where a marriage offer was spoilt when a

chimpanzee went berserk. The chimpanzee in question was part of an elaborate proposal scheme hatched by Alan Pamperfeed, 29, of Monterey. "I wanted to do something different," explained Mr Pamperfeed, "so I bought a chimpanzee and spent three months training it to hand my girlfriend Clara a ring." On the day of the proposal Mr Pamperfeed rang Clara's doorbell and then hid behind a bush in her garden, leaving the chimpanzee standing on the doorstep holding the ring. Clara duly answered the door and, seeing the ring, endeavoured to take it. Unfortunately, however, this wasn't at all to the chimpanzee's liking, causing it to let out a loud scream, bite off the tip of Clara's finger and then scamper off down the street, never to be seen again. "I'm training a wart hog to deliver her grapes in hospital," said a contrite Mr Pamperfeed. "I think she'll really appreciate the gesture."

When does Michael Jackson know it's time for bed?

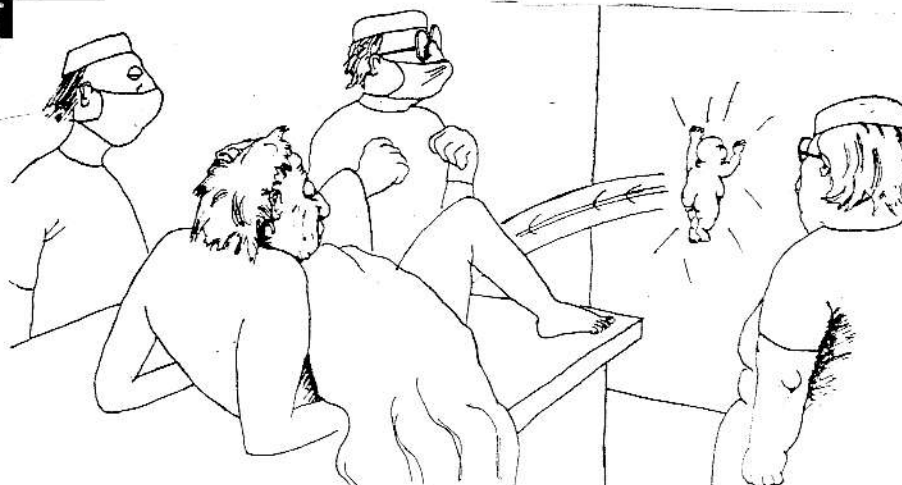
When the big hand touches the little hand.

What's the difference between Michael Jackson and Israel?

Israel withdrew from Jordan.

**It's all been going horribly wrong** with banisters. In London, a female executive fractured her skull after attempting to slide down the banisters of her office. Equally distressing were the experiences of South African burglar Anton Schletz, who ended up with a large splinter in his bottom whilst robbing the house of a Johannesburg millionaire. Mr Schletz, 36, had broken into the house whilst its owner was out at dinner, duly making his way upstairs and ransacking the master bedroom. "I don't know why," he recalled, "but I decided to slide back down the banisters. They were long and shiny, and I thought it might be fun." Unfortunately, on his way down he lost control, smashing backside-first into the ornamental mahogany pommel at the bottom which snapped off, impaling his buttock on a 12-inch splinter. Efforts to free himself proved ineffectual, and he remained astride the banisters for two hours until the house-owner returned. "The poor guy was well and truly buggered," commented one policeman.

**HURST**



ONE OF THE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF CROSSING A WOMAN WITH A TOASTER

Date: 13-14th September 1997

Place: Reedham Village Hall

QH3 Attendees: Too Tuf, Pleasure Gnome, Barritone, Showman, Mudsucker, Blow, GPS, Josh and Pigeon Shit. If I've missed anybody out, see disclaimer below.

NORFOLK AND GOOD!

The usual disclaimer about the accuracy of this write up applies!! What's more, I missed aall the action on Friday Night, as I was partying in Norwich with my brother until 3am:~instead. However, by pure coincidence of course, the local pub (right next to the station!) was staging a CAMRA beer festival, which all the Friday Night naturally attended. Apparently the King and Barnes was in fine form. The next morning everybody found somewhere that would serve them breakfast, from the aforementioned pub to Asda. Pigeon Shit had breakfast in Great Yarmouth; the reason for this escapes me at the moment. I had great fun putting my fly sheet up in the strong wind - luckily Rab C was kind enough to lend a hand.

Reedham Village Hall has won a competition for being the best Village Hall in Norfolk. It was certainly well proportioned, with the roof just high enough to throw Joanna's sleeping bag and most of Twonk's clothes, and just the right height for Pleasure Gnome (and only Pleasure Gnome) to climb up and retrieve them.

A month before the event I had a dream about the Norfolk 700th - I dreamed I drank some delicious beer, then the run started. Buzby and Teasmaid sprinted off across flat fields like lunatics, and I had a job catching them up. It's spooky that that this premonition partly came true - indeed Buzby and Teasmaid did actually turn up from the opposite end of the country! The beer was Scotts from Lowestoft, and very drinkable it was too. However, one fact that nobody could predict was that Blow had been given a map and was entrusted with the safety and welfare of the pack - on his third ever hash! What's more, he still managed to get lost! The trail was fairly predictable, and after about four miles we ended up at a pub on the Broads, next to a sugar factory. The sailing boats kept up an impressive rate of knots in the gusty wind, and Josh wished he was sailing.

After a loop round a flood barrier the next four miles were all on long, straight roads, and at the next pub stop a lot of people got pretty fed up and stayed in the pub (including most (all?) of the QH3 Contingent). However, we managed to make the circle afterwards, where sinners had to lie in a bath that gradually filled with beer. JJ brought Too Tuf in, and renamed him Tufty the Barbarian, corrupted to Tufty the Librarian.

After a plate of curry, the bow ties came out. I felt totally embarrassed at not being able to tie a bow tie, but I needn't have worried - nobody else could either. Fortunately we had one saving grace - Max (From Berkshire H3) He was suddenly in great demand, tying up every bow tie in sight. There was a Blues / Rock group (Sweet Home Alabama, etc.), while Wong expertly spinned the vinyl. At the end of the first set, a lot of us felt the urge to see a little of the local burghers, and give them the benefit of the Hash (Especially Showman, who had turned up, deciding he was *not* going to work for Dad after all, and who had missed the beer festival the previous night). Last Night of the Proms was on, so we had "Land of Hope and Glory" to sing along to. Meanwhile Joanna was dancing freely...

The next day we were taken for a tour of the back streets of Reedham Village, before having to climb a huge precipice that was nearly a metre high (a mountain in Norfolk). From the lofty heights of this flood barrier you could see for miles and miles! We ran along this structure for nearly 2 miles, which was broken up with a stop to find a squash ball in the reeds and grass. Miraculously somebody found it! A false trail lead to an abandoned windmill and a second squash ball, while the real trail bent back over private land through a



field of cattle. Some hashers tried alternative trails because some of the cattle didn't have udders, but me - I was fearless. At the final check the hares told the FRBs (of which I was one at this point) the way to go - how very kind and helpful!!

Lunch consisted of soya mince accompanied with soya mince. There was an optional second course of soya mince. This incidentally produced some pretty impressive flatulence, which caused all the lights to go out in the train home. Unfortunately we had drunk 5 of the 8 barrels of beer, and Mismanagement didn't want to tap another (despite the fact that we'd paid for it). The remaining 4 pints of beer were used for down-downs, of which Showman used one to give to Blow for being given a *map* for the previous day's run. With no more beer, the weekend ended rather abruptly at 2 pm.

● "Why spend \$10,000 on a velvet-lined coffin-only casket, especially if you'll only use it once? Instead, why not treat yourself to one of my economical Carpenter Caskets and enjoy a lifetime of pleasure?"

"Imagine having fine furniture in your living room, specially designed so that, when the time comes for you to face the final frontier of death, the shelves can simply be pulled out and in you go. \$19.95 will secure you a copy of my instruction kit, which shows you how to build your own Carpenter Casket that can double as a coffee table, bookshelf, armoire, television table, foot stool, or hope chest. The total cost, including lumber, will be under \$300.

"But the Carpenter Casket is not just about saving money and owning fine furniture. By crafting your own box, you also become spiritually and physically attuned to your ultimate fate. Because, when you build your own coffin, you're forced to face the facts.

"For a full catalogue, contact the Reverend Richard Johnstone, Southern Baptist Church,

● "Really, it's a question of respect for the deceased and their relatives," said Baptist Pastor Lennart Nilsson, protesting against plans by a Swedish crematorium to burn corpses for use as fuel. "I know that the crematorium in Boras has been providing heat for local restaurants for the past six months, but we here in Helsingborg think differently. After all, on a cold November day, recently bereaved relatives might feel awkward about Aunt Astrid being used to heat up their house. It may be environmentally sound, but it isn't polite." (Reuters, 29/7/97. Spotter.

Seafood alert! In the Falklands, a Korean fisherman was hospitalised after a lump of frozen squid fell from the sky and hit him on the head. At least he survived, which is more than can be said for French thief Gerard Collon, who died recently beneath an avalanche of refrigerated anchovies. Trouble started when Mr Collon, 24, of Biarritz, hijacked a lorry he believed was full of cigarettes. "We stopped it and forced the driver out at gunpoint," explained accomplice Maurice Andart. "He kept shouting 'Anchovies! Anchovies!' But we thought he was just hysterical." Having removed the driver, the hijackers made off with his lorry, taking it to a disused aerodrome where they broke open the rear doors. "Gerard cried: 'Here's to healthy lungs!'" recalled Mr Andart, "and swung open the doors. We thought it would be Benson & Hedges, but instead four tonnes of anchovies fell out, straight on top of him. He didn't stand a chance." "It sounds cruel," opined one police officer. "But basically he got his just hors d'oeuvres."

Dates: 2<sup>nd</sup>/3<sup>rd</sup>/4<sup>th</sup> October, 1998

## INTERHASH '98

c/o P.O. Box 13603

50816 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Tel: (+603) 242-9798 Fax: (+603) 242-9796



Name:- ..... Sex:- ☐ M ☐ F

Address:- .....

Country:-

Phone:-..... Fax:-..... E-mail:-.....

Nationality:- ..... Passport No:- ..... Date of Birth ...../...../.....

Home Hash:- ..... Hash Name:- .....

Does your Hash wish to contribute a Hash act? ☐ 1st Night ☐ 2nd Night ☐ 3rd Night

Are you the Voting GM of your Hash, for the Interhash '98 Delegates Meeting? Yes / No (Circle)

Circle previous Interhashes attended ..... '78 / '80 / '82 / '84 / '86 / '88 / '90 / '92 / '94 / '96

Circle T shirt size 38", 40", 42", 44", 46", 48", 50"..... Circle preferred run length S(45 min), M(1 hr. 15 min.), L(2 hrs.)

For registrations received before December 31<sup>st</sup> 1996 .....

For registrations received between January 1<sup>st</sup> 1997 and December 31<sup>st</sup> 1997 .....

For registrations received between January 1<sup>st</sup> 1998 and August 31<sup>st</sup> 1998 .....

For registrations received on or after September 1<sup>st</sup> 1998 .....

Malaysians	Personal Cheque	Bank Draft Money Order
RM240	US\$105	US\$100
RM380	US\$157	US\$150
RM505	US\$210	US\$200
RM630	US\$262	US\$250

I enclose my Bank Cheque / Bank Draft / International Money Order\*, made payable to INTERHASH '98

No. .... for US\$ ..... Dated .....

Please debit my Master Card A/C (only Master Card Cards Accepted) For US\$ ..... Issuing Bank .....

No. 

				X					X					X			
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 Expiry Date: .....

**Please note that we will take the usual strict line with late, or incomplete registrations.**

### THE FINE PRINT

I understand that my consent to these provisions is given in consideration for being permitted to participate in this event. I am aware of, and voluntarily assume the risks of coming to this event. If I am injured, I agree that I will not sue, or otherwise hold responsible, The Interhash '98 Organising Committee, or any affiliated individuals, or any run sponsor and/or their employees. In other words, I take responsibility for my own actions and I will not try to screw anybody connected with this event-and maybe, for the first time in my life, I will be responsible for myself and my actions.

Signature ..... Date .....

**(Please note that this form is not valid without a signature and a date, and full payment of registration fees)**

**For Official Use only:**

Date received ..... Date entered ..... Reg. No: .....

Remarks: .....

## A LITTLE ABOUT MALAYSIA (THE HOME OF THE HASH)

Malaysia is a tropical hash paradise situated 7 degrees north of the equator in the heart of South East Asia. It comprises Peninsular Malaysia and the two States of Sabah and Sarawak on the island of Borneo. The climate is warm and humid throughout the year. Temperature range from 21c to 32c.

Malaysia is a multi racial country with a population of 20 million (With an estimated 8000 of the population being crazy hashers in 116 clubs) in a territory covering 329, 758 sq.km. That tells you the hashing potential. Malaysians are made up of mainly Malays, Chinese, Indians and a very diverse group of indigenous people. Bahasa Malaysia is the National Language but English is widely spoken and hash songs are widely sung as well. Islam is the official religion but Buddhism, Hinduism, Christianity and other religions are practiced freely.

Malaysia is 8 hours ahead of GMT and 16 hours ahead of U.S. Pacific Standard Time. VISA EXEMPTION for citizens of Commonwealth countries (except Bangladesh, India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka) British Protected Persons or citizens of the Republic of Ireland and citizens of Switzerland, Netherlands, San Marino and Liechtenstein.

THREE MONTHS VISA FREE VISITS apply to citizens of :

Albania	Algeria	Austria	Bahrain
Belgium	Czech Republic	Rep. of Slovakia	Denmark
Egypt	Finland	Germany	Hungary
Iceland	Italy	Japan	Jordan
Kuwait	Luxembourg	Lebanon	Morocco
Norway	North Yemen	Oman	Qatar
South Korea	Sweden	Saudi Arabia	Turkey
Tunisia	USA	UAE	

ONE MONTH VISA FREE VISIT applicable to citizens of ASEAN countries.

14-DAYS VISA FREE VISIT applicable to citizens of Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Libya, Syria and South Yemen.

7-DAYS VISA FREE VISA applicable to citizens of Bulgaria, Romania and Russia.



**'TAKE THE HIGH ROAD'**  
**to NASH HASH 1999**  
**27/28/29/30 AUGUST 1999**

## REGISTRATION FORM

Visit our Web Site on <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/stephentaylor/>

<i>Please Complete in BLOCK CAPITALS</i>									
Surname:				Nationality:					
Forename:									
Address:									
Post Code:									
Tel:		Home		Work		Fax/E mail:			
Reg. Fee enclosed		18 yrs and over £55 till 31/ 12/97:		Kids 6-18 yrs; £25 till 31/12/97:		Kids 0-5 yrs: £0 (no food provided)			
PAYABLE TO		£		£					
NASH HASH 1999									
Home Hash:				Hash Office:					
Hash Name:				Sex:		Age:			
<i>Please tick relevant box:</i>									
Run length:		Short (45min)		Med (1hr.15m):		Long (2 hr)			
T-Shirt Size:		Medium		Large		Ex-large			
Shorts size		Medium		Large		Ex-Large			
Food		Veggie		Non veggie		Porridge/ Haggis			
Beer		Lager		Redwine		White wine		Cider	
								Softies	
OFFICE USE ONLY Date Received:					OFFICE USE ONLY Date Entered:				
Complete and return to: Nicola Cameron (AKA Ms Blobby)					203 Crow Road, Broomhill, Glasgow G11 7PY				

Neither the organising Committee, Glasgow Hash House Harriers, the other Scottish Hashes, their servants, agents or assignees accept any responsibility for any loss, damage or injury, howsoever caused, sustained by any participant in this event. Participants expressly waive their right to pursue any of the above in respect of any loss, damage or injury or any other claim sustained while travelling to or from or participating in this event.

Signature .....

Date .....

**REMEMBER TO SIGN THE FORM!!!**

**N.B. THERE WILL BE AN ADMINISTRATION CHARGE IF YOU SWAP REGISTRATIONS.**

If you require any further information please contact  
 Ms Blobby - 0141 334 1947 or Auntie - 0141 634 4760



OVER 400 SPECIALIST BOTTLED BEERS  
 DOUBLE CAPACITY 2 HALLS  
 FAMILY ROOM TILL 8PM

# 21st BEER FESTIVAL

NOTTINGHAM CAMRA

at the

VICTORIA LEISURE CENTRE, SNEINTON

THE BIGGEST FESTIVAL EVER!

THURSDAY 23 OCTOBER  
 FRIDAY 24 OCTOBER  
 SATURDAY 25 OCTOBER  
 SUNDAY 26 OCTOBER

Opening Times  
 Thurs, Fri, Sat 11am-3pm & 5.30-11pm  
 Sun 12noon-3pm

JUG BAND

Live music Fri & Sat  
 7-11pm

Thursdays night is drinkers' nights - NO MUSIC  
 Admission: includes commemorative glass & programme  
 LUNCHTIMES £2.00 \* FRIDAY EVENING £4 \*  
 OTHER EVENINGS £3.50 \*  
 \*CONCESSIONS FOR CARD CARRYING CAMRA MEMBERS

SAUNDIACHE IN THE LAND  
 SPOBINS CUPPERS

BEER FESTIVAL 1997

FRIDAY 14TH NOVEMBER  
 6:00pm - 11:00pm

SATURDAY 15TH NOVEMBER  
 12:00 noon - 11:00pm

LIVE MUSIC CLASS

14th & 15th Nov 1997

14th & 15th Nov 1997

SAUNDIACHE IN THE LAND  
 SPOBINS CUPPERS

HOW ABOUT THIS FOR A HASH WEEKEND?

# On yer bike for al fresco ale festival

BRITAIN'S smallest town will be bustling at the seams with beer lovers both on foot and on two wheels during the Mid Wales Beer Festival from 14-23 November.

The event is unique not only because it is held in Britain's smallest town, Llanwrtyd Wells, but also because three of the bars are set up in the nearby Cambrian mountains to serve the needs of mountain bikers and walkers.

The first weekend sees the Real Ale Wobblers, when hundreds of cyclists take off into the hills following courses of 15, 20 or 30 miles.

The Wobblers got a bit of a reputation when unfounded national press reports spoke of hordes of drunken cyclists terrorising local sheep.

The police took an interest and event organiser Gordon Green had to agree to ration the beer. Matters have been smoothed out now, though, and this year Gordon is expecting some of the boys in blue themselves to take part. Wheels give way to feet for the second weekend for the

## Ride, ramble or simply sit at Welsh celebration

by WB Reporter

Real Ale Rambles. A charge is made for participation in the event, which includes a medal for those who complete it.

Local CAMRA members help serve the beers, many of which come from Welsh micro-breweries, and are available to give advice about pubs and real ales in the area.

Regional Director Rick Zaple has worked at every Mid Wales Beer Festival since the first in 1983.

"I've done many festivals but no other is remotely like this one," he said. "It's long hours and you're never more than a stone throw's away from chaos, but it's great fun."

"It's only here that you climb into the boss's Rover with a few casks in the back and drive off to some remote picnic site to stillage them."

"The casks look really incongruous sat on picnic tables in the middle of the woods. I don't know what ordinary passers-by make of it. Fortunately we've never had anyone take undue advantage."

Back in town, the festival's main bars at the Neuadd Arms Hotel and the Stonecroft Inn - both Good Beer Guide-listed - have 25-40 real ales on at any one time between them, with perhaps 60 appearing in total during the course of the festival.

At the weekends, the town's population of 600 triples with all the local bed and breakfast accommodation occupied.

Even Wales' national sport plays second fiddle as the rugby ground is used as a temporary camp site.

Tuesday 20 November is Ffaribont, the traditional festival from which the beer festival grew.



## ★27th Potteries HASH★

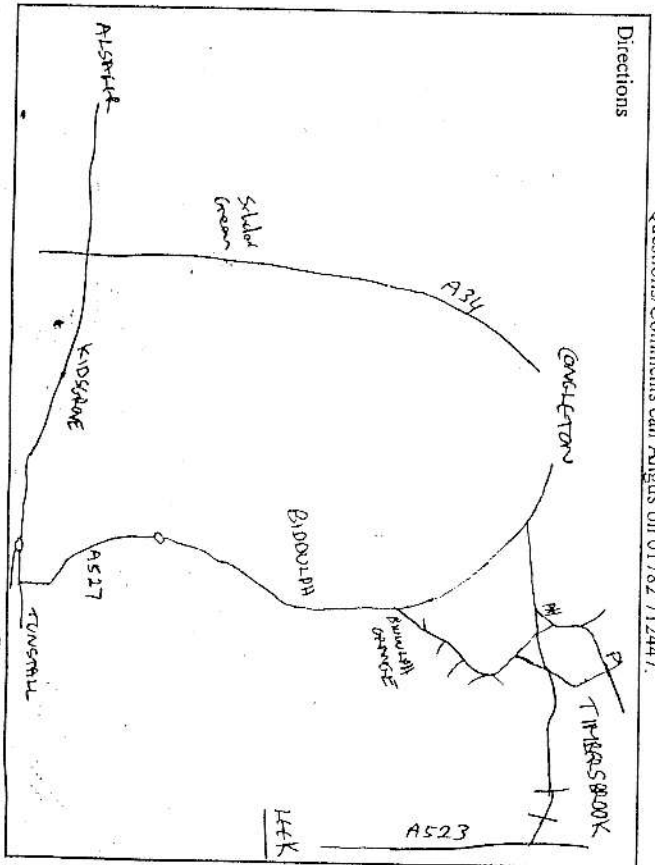
### A RUN thats FUN!

On Saturday the 18th of October 1997 at 12noon.

Start & Finish at the Coach & Horses Inn, Timbersbrook, Congleton.

Hares - Yan Holmes

Questions/Comments call Angus on 01782 712447.



What is a HASH? Hashers follow marked trail on country paths and quiet road rewarded by a good drink in the Pub. It may be exercise, but its good fun too! A Free Drink to all newcomers, after the event!

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***** HASH AWAY EVENTS *****		
Event	Date	Contact
TNT H3 700th Edinburgh	5th - 7th Sept	Mintsauce 0131 445 3916
Pan Asia Hash - Jakarta	5th - 7th Sept	+62 21 769 0238
Pan Indonesian Hash Yogjakarta!!	13-15th Sept	Tantri Rijanto
Norfolk 700th	12th - 13th Sep	Woolly Jumper 01603 483337
Elgin 700th	26th - 28th Sep	Dave Dougal Elgin 544219
3rd 3 Frontiers Weekend (Ardennes, Belgium)	19 - 21st Sept	Higgins? +322 345 8809
Oktoberfest Hash V (Munich!!)	26-28 Sept	Axel +49 891 712 255373
Italian Nash Hash (Lago di Bomba, Pescara)	26-28 Sept	Holes +39 854 492793
Rome H3 500th (5 runs in 5 days)	1-5 October	McSperm +39 694 180682
Blackpool Illuminations Run	October	Capt Rabbi Haddock 01254 385405
Cambridge 1000th	28-30 Nov	Mark Robbins 01223 881028
Bicester 1200th / Xmas Run	13-14th Dec	Wha de Say 01865 881117
MH3 50th Xmas Pub-Crawl Run	<del>Christmas</del> <del>some time</del> DEC 29TH	The Dobber 01332 512087
3rd African Interhash Dar-Es-Salaam H3	6-8 Feb 1998	+255 51 152391
Edinburgh H3 1000th	1 Apr 1998	Adonis 0131 332 1534
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 +1 205 833 6292
Milton Keynes H3 500	12-13 sep 1998	Hustler? 01908 562696
INTERHASH 1998!!!!!!!	2-4 Oct 1998	Rob Scott +61 66 865278

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