

# Rash Hag



September 1997

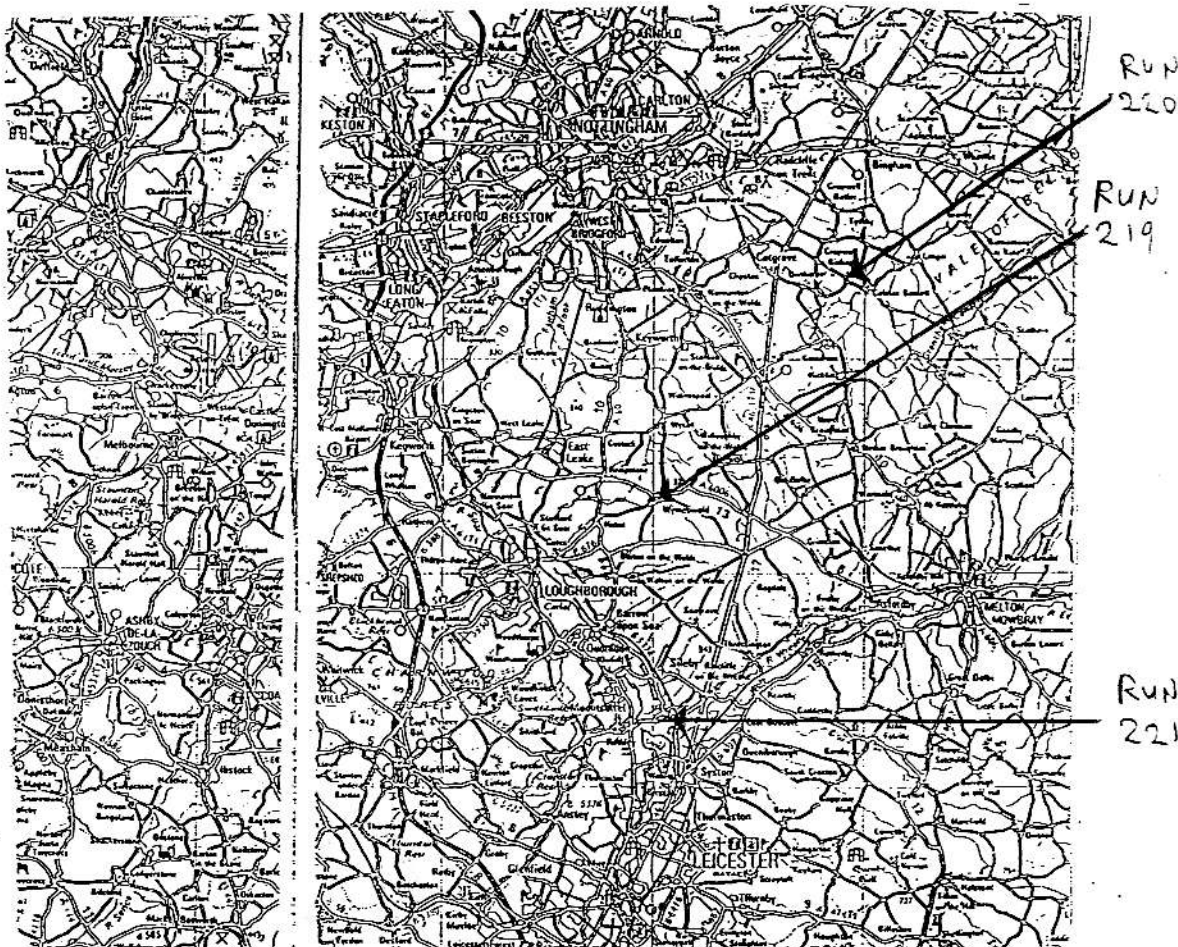
# QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS MIS-MANAGEMENT

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: -

01509 415134  
0115 922 6050

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



## RECEDING HARELINES

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
219	Sun 7th Sept	The Hammer and Pincers, Wymeswold	Doc Crippen
220	Sun 21st Sept	The Lime Kiln, Grid: 677345 between Colston Bassett and Cotgrave ON ON AT JOSH'S!!!	Josh
221	Mon 29th Sept	The Royal Oak, Cossington	GPS and Womb Service
** FIRST TORCHLIGHT RUN **			
222	Sun 5th October	The Rising Sun, Middleton, Cromford	Miss Whiplash
** CROMFORD SPECIAL **			
223	Sun 19th October	TBA	Lightning Rod and Oriface
224	Sun 2nd November	TBA	Too Tuf & Pleasure Gnome

## Hash news

Welcome to yet another packed edition of Rash Hag. If you haven't already heard, the QH3 Spoof Bid went wump, having been had all our ideas nicked by Darwin Road H3, who completely upstaged us!! In the end it was a straight fight between Scotland and Wales, with the Glasgow Bid winning 2:1.

Regarding run 222, please come to the right Middleton - it's the Middleton near Cromford, not the Middleton near Youlgreave!!

If you're going to Norfolk, let me highly recommend going by public transport instead of going by car. The little village where the event is held has got a **railway station**, with regular trains from Norwich. There is a regular direct (i.e. you don't even need to change trains) service to Norwich from both Nottingham and Loughborough. Just think, if you go by train, you won't spend many sweaty hours in traffic jams, or sitting in laybys perusing maps wondering where the fuck you are. You will also get in a whole extra day's worth of **free beer** without worrying about driving home.

After a rush of people wanting to lay trails, the next available date is the **Guy Fawkes Run** on 5th November. Any pyromaniac volunteers? At the time of going to press, I still haven't been able to get a venue for Run no. 221, so I hope it'll be a biro job

Inside, you'll find run reports (including one from Ffrigin!!), and a fully updated list of Away Events.

Next Rash Hag: Run no. 222 (Sun 5th October)  
Deadline: Thursday 2nd October 1997  
Address: 4 Clifton Crescent, Attenborough, Nottingham NG9 6DA  
Hareline: 0115 922 6050 (24-hour ansaphone always giving details of next run)

**Beans explosion:** Beanz meanz art for student Lucy Howell when she put on a one day exhibition. Lucy, 22, poured 60 cans of baked beans onto an orange plastic sheet to make it impossible for anyone to get into the room where the show was held. The idea was to put the world of advertising under the spotlight. Lucy, a graphic design student in her final year at the Wolverhampton University's school of art and design, said: "I wanted to explore the frustration caused by advertising and the mass media."

● **Correction from The Journal, Grantham:** "In a letter printed in the July 25 issue of The Journal, Mr Edward Pimlott, of the Nobody Inn, Grantham, apparently described himself as a 'pillock' of the community. This was our error. Mr Pimlott described himself as a pillar of the community. We apologise for any embarrassment."

## Crazy motorist amazes police

POLICE were called to the M1 for an apparent car fire and discovered a motorist changing his tyre - on the outside lane.

He was eventually moved on to the hard shoulder to complete his piece of on-the-spot mechanics just after 7am yesterday morning.

A police spokesman said: "It's incredible what some people do - believe me, this is just the tip of the iceberg."

Run no: 213  
Venue: The Manvers Arms, Cotgrave  
Hares: Too Tuf and Pleasure Gnome  
Date: 30 July 1997  
Scribe: Ffrigin

An ominous start to a run as we hear the hares have set the run several days earlier - we had little hope of finding flour and were not disappointed. The reason we found little flour had nothing to do with Hurricane Felix but had everything to do with "Too Tuf's" method of setting a trail, too lazy to lay falsies and the first sign of flour 200 metres from the check. If you found flour, you knew you were on. The location, pub and length of trail were all brilliantly chosen and the beer stop most welcome. "Pleasure Gnome" redeemed the hares by running, leading the pack for the first half of the trail. The sin of a hare leading the trail was ignored just because of the novelty of the situation. Thinking back to the beer stop - why do hashers that pride themselves in being drinkers with running problems drink such crap beer? One to ponder. All in all a well-rounded hash. As the sun went down and we listened to jokes from the RA becoming worse by the minute there was no sound of tree frogs in the distance and there was no view of the sea. We welcomed "Necrophiliac" from New Zealand, that rather large group of islands where they have lots of sheep. As I write I am recovering from a strenuous dip in the sea, temperature 85 Deg. F and life is tough. If anyone is passing by, we live at :

44 Seawall Drive, Sandys, MA 01, Bermuda. Tel (Home) 234 5794 (Work) 297 7612  
On On! Ffrigin and Hamshanker



## Arm a Nag...

All these people have been front page news recently. Can you identify them?...

1. BMW - ♦ Real Pillock's Area
2. A Molten Spender
3. If a deadly do...
4. Pains and Creep
5. Tory in Lab.
6. Meek in throat

Event: Lundy Island Weekend

Date: 11th August 1997

This extraordinary weekend started at a camp site at Hele Bay, which is a mile walk from the centre of Ilfracombe. After everybody had pitched their tent (everybody except "Caravan full of beer - shhhhh!" Buzby, that is), we predictably headed off to the nearest pub. After its wonderfully laid back last orders of 11:30, we wandered back, where some of us, including Nail, B day and your scribe performed a pincer movement on Buzby's caravan (Shhhhh!) Nail thinks he located B day's tent afterwards, though couldn't be sure.

While on some days the ferry leaves the same port that it returns to, today the ferry was to leave from Bideford and return to Ilfracombe. The bus trip to Bideford passed without incident, apart from two of the Greyhound Harriettes getting out to puke. Fat controller was most impressed by the colour of it (luckily I couldn't see it).

The 2.5 hour trip to Lundy really is quite extraordinary. On getting aboard, everyone is given a green boarding pass with a number on it, the significance of which should become apparent later. As there is no way the ferry can land at Lundy, it has to anchor about 400 metres offshore, while everybody is offloaded via a small trawler and a rubber dinghy. The people with boarding passes with the lowest numbers get off first, and it takes nearly half an hour to empty the entire boat. Some of us tried to swim it, but with some quite enormous jellyfish in the water (I think they were dead) I didn't want to risk it. Then it was a steep climb up a track and lots of steps, past the Governor's House (very imposing) until, at about 100 metres up, Heaven - a pub serving home-brewed beer!!

Eventually Fat Controller managed to get a circle together and we were off. Your scribe immediately went up a false trail through the camp site, but the trail went straight on through the farmyard. There was little chance of getting lost on an island three miles long and half a mile wide, but there were numerous false trails down the many cliff paths (Well, I had to see as much of the island as possible!!)

A quick circle was held back at the pub, where a farm chicken seemed to be particularly partial to pork pies. A couple of beers later and it was time to board the ferry again - by the same process, of course. No - not a single puffin was seen - they're sunning themselves in the Outer Hebrides this time of year.

At Ilfracombe a function room was booked with a disco, and I was one of the first to arrive, along with B-day, Nail and Pigsey. I stopped off at the chippy on the way down, but some quiche was provided - or maybe scrambled egg on soggy cardboard would be a better description. Still, the disco was excellent, and with everyone by the end standing on tables and singing, the DJ, who'd obviously never done a Hash Event before, didn't know what to make of it. Anyway, who needs a sauna when you have the LIH3 Disco!!

After an excellent barbecue breakfast, we were offered the NERD Run (North East Rural Devon), five miles away from the camp site and no transport. I managed to get a lift with Knead, but the effort of getting there was well worth it. The trail took in part of the Tarka Trail on the spectacular Exmoor Coast (one of the most beautiful stretches of coastline in England). At the first regroup (a spectacular precipice with a deserted beach below) Nail went down an incredibly long false trail, whereas I for once went the right way and cut across inland. It was then two more major hills back to the seaside pub, where everybody jumped straight into the sea.

Verdict: Absolutely great, but maybe a little pricey (£35)



## Quorn Hash - Run 212

Sunday 20 July 1997 - sunny and hot.

The Plough at Ratby

Hare - JetSlag

It's a little after 5 in the afternoon, it's hot (35°C), I'm on my nth beer, feeling totally at peace with the world ('cause I'm on me hols) ready to break open a 5 litre (smallish plastic barrel of Vin de Pays du Var - prix FFfr38.50 - roughly translated means 7 bottles of local plonk at 75 pence 'une bouteille).

The clue is On 'Vin de pays du Var' - the 'Var' region is the Cote d'Azur, south of France. Sorry to drift off like that - back to reality.....Yes even better was the Quorn Hash of 20 July, also a sunny and hot day from the OFF at the Plough at Ratby, somewhere in Leicestershire (I think). Those of you who attended the 200th at nearby Kirby Muxloe will be forgiven for constantly experiencing 'deja - vu' on this run. (By the way I'm wearing the 200th run T-Shirt here, it mingles in well with all the Benetton / Versace (late of this world) / Gucci etc. designer and over-priced crap they're all wearing here.

Anyway, off we all set at 11:17am on the dot up hill in the scorching heat, clinging to water bottles running over fairly parched shiggy and such. Wait though...as I recall many of our Hashers set off at a walk - more like a Sunday School outing than a HASH run. This group included -no! no! I cannot name names - oh! bugger it of course I can, Too Tuff, Chicky or Pleasurenome, Bugger (again! a second mention!) and lots of others.

By now Frigga was friggin' banging along in front until he lost the trail - that'll teach him! Lightning Rod was also playing at clever buggers until he got lost (6 km down a farm trail I think) that's when I picked up the lead. This was not to be taken lightly -the responsibility!- the leadership skills! -could I handle the pressure? mais naturellement! So I took up the lead -what a hero- soon cocked that up though and was very quickly skulking along at the back in with JetSlag, Warmers et al.

Anyway quelle une delightful jour! The hare got us lost once when he failed to put bars on the false trails and some of us stitched it together anyway and we ended up in a wood running in ever decreasing circles ( mein gott - what is this place I'm inside?)

So we continued ON! ON! Was this March and the 200th run or was it July and the 212th?? It was the same trail wasn't it? Never mind, it was at least a Sunday and you're allowed to be confused. No point in switching on a second brain cell - such a waste on a Sunday! (As an aside: Did you see Alexi Sayle in a repeat of the 'Young Ones' recently -charging round half demented with a shot gun - threatening anyone who was either sane or "Sarcarstic" - his name? - Why Brian Damage of course. He wouldn't tolerate Sarcarsm from anyone. Yeeess? - They don't make 'em like that anymore do they).

So back to the run, walk, Hash. That's it Hash. Next me and Lightning Rod 'Sussed out' the beer stop -we knew the lady in the car, looking totally relaxed and nonchalant in the in the car park was really JetSlag's lady and she had a boot full of Beer (in a cool box to boot!) ( That's the trunk to Warmers and BigFoot).

Anyway it was a fantastically brilliant run (yes, I've always been good at Bullshit - I have a PHD in it). So to the Down Downs! Showman had everyone singing something - the locals looked pretty perplexed at this -like most of us Hashers!

So who got a Down Down? Buggered if I can remember really. That's it! Of Course!

- Bugger, for not recognising TWONK on a Welsh Road Sign - well, obvious isn't it? (Explain it to me next time in that case then).
- JetSlag, The hare. A good trail really even if he cocked it up a bit. He was awarded the order of the BOG SEAT for his expertise in trail laying.
- Frigga (I think) for going off somewhere exotic.
- " \_\_\_\_ " apologies to " \_\_\_\_ " I can't remember who it was? This cheap wine gets you pissed easily (or are you just a light weight -Ed). The Down Down was for Smuggling a Red Dragon out under his hat and I think I remember the hat was 6 feet tall? Crazy this Hash - no wonder I keep coming (now! now! manners please)

That's all for now.

Bon soir you Bastards! (Not really you darling sweet people).

#### The Truth About Pub Refurbishment



Before



After

Event: UK Nash Hash 1997

Venue: Bickton College, Devon

Dates: 22 - 25 August

Attendees: Barritone, Too Tuf, Pleasure Gnome, Showman, Mudsucker,  
Bugger, Cobblers, Leanne and Lewis. Gatecrasher: Mudflaps

I arrived with TC and several other Hertfordshire souls who had decided to avoid the traffic jams and get in an extra day's drinking by coming by train. TC dived into a chippy, and we figured out that he would have finished his chips by the time the taxi came, provided he stopped talking enough to eat them. On arrival, it was a long trek back down to the Quorn Village.

The college had laid on a selection of delicious real ales, independently of the Hash Beer, and they challenged the Hashers to drink them dry by Midnight. However, several people were completely unaware of this, and had to be guided to the beer by Buzby. The beer kept on going down in price, from £1.50 to £1 a pint, and eventually they were proved right. However, one great thing about Nash Hash is meeting all the people you haven't seen for yonks, the list being far too long to mention everybody. There were also some embarrassing photos of Lundy Island, loads of information about the runs over the next three days, and a dazzling array of haberdashery. Plus of course all this lovely cheap beer.

At Midnight we were all called into the marquee to view the Opening Ceremony, which involved a drill sergeant and about 20 TVH3 wenches in fishnet tights. They received several orders, the last one of which was "Piss orf...to the bar". Everybody was expecting something else to happen until Buzby said "The Free Beer's open - what are you waiting for?" There were six different real ales available, and they had at least two on the go at once (usually three), so if you didn't like one it didn't matter - just drink it anyway and have another. It was like being at a beer festival where all the beer's free - can't be bad. My favourite was the Branscombe Vale Branoc - the real amber nectar!! We danced into the small hours, happy and pissed.

There was a bewildering choice of runs available - forest runs, coastal runs, Dartmoor runs... I chose a Dartmoor run - going up various tors surrounding Haytor and eventually up Haytor itself. This run had something for everyone - lots of open moorland, a dodgy bog you sunk in up to your knees, and plenty of hills to go up. Unfortunately it was misty, so the views weren't that spectacular (the last time I climbed Haytor it was in glorious sunshine), but it was great all the same. One false trail and I had to cross lots of gorse to get back on trail - Ouch! The beer stop was held in a dramatic quarry, and you had to cross a lake on a log to get to it. A Bicester Hasher stood at the top of the quarry, wondering how the hell he was going to get down. The hares received down downs for wearing the special Hare T shirt with an anchor on the front together with the letter W, but not understanding what it meant. After all the other sinners and whingers had been dealt with, one of the rangers gave us a talk praising for using public transport instead of cars (Hooray!) and then giving us advice about how to reduce erosion. He was promptly given a down down. One of the hares was telling of the problems of laying trails in a National Park - they had to inform the National Park authorities even if keeping entirely to public rights of way. Most of the other QH3 contingent did the shaggiest run possible, and got plastered from head to toe with the stuff.

Late afternoon and time for the obligatory soap slide, before a delicious but vicious hot chilli (there wasn't the problems of queuing we had 2 years ago). Then it was back to the beer and disco. Life's a bitch, isn't it!!



The main band on Saturday were Joey and the Lips, and they were an absolutely shit hot 10-piece soul band, playing covers of almost anything with their own unique arrangements, style, stage presence, musicianship and utter, utter professionalism. In fact they drove everybody wild, and we wouldn't let them off the stage. Mustang Sally is still ringing in my ears now. However, after two hour-long sets they did, and then the Glam Rock came on. This really did bring out the swinging hips, air guitar etc. But the highlight must have been the Ballroom Blitz! Unfortunately the stage was higher at one end than the other - was this an optical illusion, was the floor sloping or was I really pissed?

On Sunday different people did different runs: Too Tuf and Showman did the Party Run at Alice's House (who the fuck is Alice?), which was actually a stagger between various cocktail stops, arranged by BJ. I however plumped for the Ballbreaker, a coastal romp to the appropriately named town of Beer. Here I found a padlock together with a key. After five miles of hills and streams, we were rewarded with a beer stop at the Camra UK Pub of the Year 1996! This was a real traditional pub with wooden seats and floorboards, unspoilt with trappings such as fitted carpets, red-jacketed waiters, sparklers, etc. I loved the Branoc so much I had some more! We then went along the clifftop in the mist, and a steep precipice, before running along a river to the beach. Jumping straight into the sea was absolute bliss! One of the hares laid out his nice dry clothes on the shingle before jumping in, but they weren't dry for long!! The weather was extraordinary - sunshine on the beach, but thick fog on the cliffs behind us. From there it was on to a second beer stop, and then on to Beer Quarry and the coach full of beer. We decided to have the circle back at the site, but the nominated RA was completely upstaged by BJ, fresh from his clowning.

When we arrived back I noticed the sheep were gone from the neighbouring field. Was this to protect them, or was it a coincidence that lamb casserole was on the menu tonight? Anyway, after an afternoon Ceilidh who should we bump into but Mudflaps!! Apparently she'd got past Security by saying she was going to see Buzby, so didn't need to use the IRA Tactics, whatever they were. She wanted to look as inconspicuous as possible, so gladly accepted the offer of a beer. More about this later. Meanwhile Darwin Road H3 had taken all our ideas for an English Nash Hash bid and completely upstaged us. In the end it was a straight tussle between Scotland and Wales, with the Glasgow bid winning decisively.

On On to the Nautical Fancy Dress and Cabaret. Among the most ingenious efforts was someone who had red paint splashed all over him (I've been marooned!) The best of the Cabaret was undoubtedly Barnes H3, who repeated their "Vice Girls" sketch first seen at Eurohash. Their rendition a Nazi singing "Deutschland Uber Alles - Who the fuck is Alles" was just brilliant. The disco then started up again, with Too Tuf lying flat out, obviously suffering from Alcohol Withdrawal Symptoms. Pleasure Gnome applied the necessary linctus. We were then treated to another live band - this time a blisteringly good rock outfit, playing anything from Pulp to Oasis, romping through them incredibly well. They were as tight as a pair of lycra shorts, with energy to match. Meanwhile some tosser had complained about the noise, and the police were called three times (it was *not* loud, and the nearest inhabited building must have been at least a mile away! At 1 am. the band stopped, but everybody wanted to continue, including the band, who had obviously never played at a Hash Do before and were absolutely loving it. Still the disco went on, and Too tuf was up again, minus the trousers. Mudflaps then removed her skirt and wrapped it around Too Tuf - now that was a much more pleasant sight. And so it continued... I assume Mudflaps slept somewhere...

Monday morning saw the "Mega-Hash" - and with 650 people all on one trail it must be a record only surpassed by the Beach Run at Interhash last year. The venue was a Royal Marine Assault Course, with various tunnels about 20 metres long and half a metre wide - I wimped out of all of them, although Showman did several. There were quite a few injuries in the tunnels, the most serious of which was sustained by the Milton Keynes Cow which Showman was helping through the holes. There was also a sump and two very muddy lakes in which you were up to your tits in sludge. East Grinstead H3 were on hand to make sure any exposed parts didn't stay exposed for long! Before the run started, Showman prepared Twonk for all this shiggy. The second lake was towards the end, and after going through water the colour of Butterscotch Whip you were actually cleaner than going in!!

Back to the site, and everybody except the car drivers continued to drink the delicious beer (God, my heart bleeds!!) The final closing ceremony found two star-crossed lovers being given a completely nude down down, plus predictably all the GMs (except Too Tuf, who'd already buggered off), and all the Mismanagement. There were a few other sinners, and Nash Hash closed. However, the bar was still open, and free.

All in all a superb weekend. Nash Hash gets better and better. The music (both the live music and the disco) were brilliant, and you really couldn't flaw any of it. On On to 1999.

○ "The first I knew about it was when the floor started to shake" Anthony Catania told reporters at his riverside restaurant in Seattle. "We thought it was an earthquake and ran outside. But then I saw a group of hard hats staring

into a hole and muttering that they'd lost their mole, and I realised what had happened.

"Sewer-diggers have been tearing up the street in front of the restaurant for weeks, using a mole. That's a tunnel-digging robot that can chew through hundreds of feet of soil a day. They pre-program it to tell it which direction to go. This time they misprogrammed it, and instead of tunnelling along the street, it dug a 700-foot hole right beneath the restaurant floor. When I told them what had happened, they shrugged and said they couldn't stop it, because they'd bought the cheap version without any remote control. So we went along to the river and waited until it came out there. Now we'll have to close the restaurant for a month, while they fill the hole in with concrete."

○ "I was blowing my nose yesterday morning when I felt something peculiar," Goeran Rudolfsen told reporters in Stockholm. "At first, I thought it was a dried bogey, so I tried to pull it out, but it just kept coming. After a few inches, I realised it was a piece of cloth, so I kept pulling, and eventually all thirty-one inches came out. My wife thought I was doing a magic trick and was laughing uncontrollably throughout. I wasn't laughing though. I had an operation for a brain tumour in June, and ever since I'd been bothered by congestion in my head and a stuffed-up nose. This must have been the cause."

"Even so, I won't sue the hospital. I've been breathing much more easily ever since I pulled it out. I'm delighted, so why should I sue?"

○ "When Wanayama told us that he wanted to suffer the way Jesus did," Godfrey Olukya told reporters in Lubango Village, Bukooli, "we didn't believe him at first. But when he bought some timber from the village carpenter to make a cross, and some six-inch nails for the crucifixion, we started to take him seriously."

"At about lunchtime on Good Friday, he told his fellow Christians he was ready. He asked them to sound a drum, so that all the villagers could come and witness his heroic deed. For added authenticity he'd even got a sponge, a bottle of vinegar, and a crown of thorns made out of crepe paper and barbed wire. Volunteers helped him erect the cross, and he stood by it with his arms stretched out, just like Je-

sus. He beckoned to one of the Christians, who had a hammer and the nails, and asked him to do the necessary. The Christian stepped forward, placed a nail in Wanayama's palm, and hit hard with the hammer. Wanayama screamed out some obscenities, pulled the nail out of his hand, and then started hitting the man who was nailing him with a stick.

"Everyone began insulting him, and we tried to hold him down so we could crucify him like he'd promised. The mayor said that if he didn't go through with the nailing, he'd be arrested for fooling the village, but Wanayama slipped free and ran away. He wasn't seen again until Monday. He was spotted in a bar drinking Chairman's beer, and showing everyone his hand wound and claiming that he'd risen again on the third day. He is not a good Christian."

## McCondom?

A US man who claims he found a rolled up condom when he bit into a Big Mac is suing a McDonald's restaurant. The company denies any wrongdoing and says the burger was not contaminated. Jeff Bolling, of Alabama, says he tried to bite into what he thought was a pickle and found it was a condom.

Dear Editor,

I have come to see over the past few issues that the time for a transfusion of intellectual material into this worthy tome is long overdue. Until a candidate for such a submission can be found, here are a couple of old poems that I have shamelessly plagiarised from The Oxford Book of English Verse, both of which seem to indicate that hashing has an even longer pedigree than might previously have been thought.

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prison'd birds must find in freedom  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark-green fields; on; on; and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the setting sun.  
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror  
Drifted away .... O but every one  
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will  
never be done

Siegfried Sassoon  
1886 - 1967

Bacchus must now his power resign -  
I am the only God of Wine!  
It is not fit the wretch should be  
In competition set with me,  
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine!  
Stock'd with nothing else but Wine:  
Let Wine its only product be,  
Let Wine be earth, and air, and sea -  
And let that Wine be all for me!

Henry Carey  
1693 - 1743

Laurence Howard  
(X-Sightaballs)



## Worthy Winchester 1993

### 666 Weekend 5<sup>th</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup> June 1998



Come to the Worthy Winchester 666 weekend at the Solent Scout Training Centre. The whole thing will be to the usual & renowned high standards:- Food, T-Shirt, unlimited beer etc, goody bag, music, dancing, entertainment, runs, camping (with some beds available on a first come first served basis for £5 extra), and a mismanagement team par excellence! COST: Book by the end of September for the special advance price of **£ 30**. (Horror's under 14, £ 25.) Price after 30 September 1997 will be **£ 35**.

*Please duplicate forms as necessary.*

Return this form before 30 September 1997, together with a cheque for £30 per head (all cheques payable to H & W H3) to: Barbara (Warbler) Kearns, 9 Elizabeth Close, Kings Worthy, Winchester, SO23 7PE.

(More information available: Phone: 01962 882908 or 01264 337393)

Name: _____	Hash Name: _____
Address: _____ _____ _____	Home Hash: _____ _____ _____
Post Code: _____	Phone Number: Home: _____ Work: _____
T-Shirt Size: Sm/Med/Lge/XL/XXL	I eat meat/I am a veggie
I want a bed/I want to camp/bring a caravan.	I drink: Beer/Lager/Red Wine/White Wine/Cider/Other





MILTON KEYNES HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

# RECEDING HARE LINE

All runs start at 19:00 unless otherwise stated, so please be at the rendezvous for around 18:50 ish.

RUN	DATE	VENUE	HARES
430	25th AUGUST 97	Shoulder of Mutton Calverton	Eog Roll Mr Muscle
431	30th AUGUST 97 SATURDAY 11:00	Harbury Beer Festival Joint run with Spa, Bicester & others	Dossier Khade Say Romble
432	1st SEPT 97	Old Beams Shenley Lodge	Winnie
433	8th SEPT 97 Us Gtllies like a Bitter Sausage Run!!!	Hungry Horse Bradville	Snatch Tiny Twat Turd
434	14th SEPT 97 SUNDAY 11:00	Some pub in Maulden Joint Run with Hare and Hounds H3	Reeover White Rabbit
435	15th SEPT 97	The Cock and Bottle Great Gaddesden	Reeover Sheila
436	22nd SEPT 97	Three Fishes Turvey	Dossier Dutchess
437	29th SEPT 97	The New Inn Buckingham	Annual Fisting Duty

HUSTLER'S HASH HOTLINE

01908-562696



728	17.08.97	11.00	Booked, to be confirmed.	Oxy Moron OR Jake
729	25.08.97	19.30	*VACANT* VENUE, ETC REQUIRED 20 JULY LATEST TO GET INTO NEXT HASHEET	*HARES REQUIRED*
730	31.08.97	11.00	Weavers Arms, Burnley Rd, Luddenden Foot, Halifax OS 104 GR:SE037252 From Lds take M621, then take M62 west. Exit 126. Take A58 towards Halifax through Sowerby Bridge, turn onto A666 & go along Calder Valley towards Hebden Bridge for 3-4 miles. Pub is on Rt side before 'The Coach & Horse' - you reach Mytholmroyd you've missed the pub!	Spiderman Bogthopper
731	08.09.97	19.30	*VACANT* VENUE, ETC REQUIRED 20 JULY LATEST TO GET INTO NEXT HASHEET	*HARES REQUIRED*
732	14.09.97	11.00	Triangle Inn, Rochdale Rd, Triangle, Sowerby Bridge. OS 104 GR:SE043222 Take M62 west from Lds. Exit 122, turn Rt onto A672 towards Halifax. Continue thru Ribworth. At Ripponden, join A58 towards Mytholmroyd. Continue to Triangle. Pub is on main Rd on the left.	Foot-in- Crutch
733	22.09.97	19.30	*VACANT* VENUE, ETC REQUIRED 20 JULY LATEST TO GET INTO NEXT HASHEET	*HARES REQUIRED*
734	28.09.97	11.00	Kings Arms, High St, Sutton-in-Craven. OS 104 GR:SE006437 Take A660 from Bradford/Shipley to Keighley. Then A629 (local Cragg) towards Skipton. At 2nd Round turn Ld onto B6172 towards Skipton & Sutton-in-Craven. Arrive in Sutton. Kings Arms is 2nd pub on the right.	Spiderman
735	06.10.97	19.30	*VACANT* VENUE, ETC REQUIRED 14 SEPT	*HARES REQUIRED*



UK NASH HASH GREETING'S

FROM THE UK'S VERY OWN HASH MAGAZINE  
- HASH HACK -



It's a very special weekend here in deepest Devon. Devon is the country's popular Hashing county and it's fitting that it should play host to the largest gathering of Hashers EVER on these shores. Did you also know That Teign Valley are the youngest H3 to organise the 'Big One', only being formed in 1984? Their 500<sup>th</sup> celebrational milestone being October 1994.

The Hash Hack magazine is full of useless trivia like that - you might say we're an authority on it! Born out of a Nash Hash (a Scottish one!) eight years ago, we have gone ONON to produce 31 issues to date, and we keep on running!

We know our place and continue our quarterly updated and insight on all that is UK hashing - we have the best stories, reports, and features anywhere on the planet. Honest!

#### Attendance Record:

We think this is a good one and have been lucky to be at most of the hash majors which happen here in the UK. Have you? No one can do 'em all but there's a fair chance you'll be able to 'read all about it'.

We also work as a team with the UK On Sec swapping new contacts and new formations of H3. Plus we will soon have our very own web site.

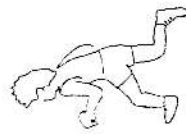
If you haven't had a chance to read Hash Hack (or it's over somebody's shoulder) or perhaps forgot to renew - why not fill in the form and post it back to the 'Hack'?

#### Nash Hash Trivia

1. Name the smallest H3 to organise Nash Hash
2. Which was the wettest Nash Hash on record?
3. Which H3 boasted the same brand in Beer and Tea?
4. What was the name of C2H3's '93 mascot?

**THE  
HASH  
HACK**

## NASH HASH 97 SPECIAL HASH HACK SAMPLER SUBSCRIPTION FORM



NAME: .....

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Issue 31 (now): including EuroHash/Berkshire 1000<sup>th</sup>  
and

Issue 32 (Nov 97): including Nash Hash 97 Report. Can you remember?

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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	Christmas sometime	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	Warblér 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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