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## SUMMER 1999



**Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag**

## BUMPER SUMMER SPECIAL ISSUE

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# Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

## '99/00 MIS-MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

GM	Too Tuf	0115 937 4505
Grand Mattress	Warmers	01509 415 357
RA	Doc Crippen	01572 823166
On Sec	Bugger	01530 564 900
Hare-Razor	Barritone	0115 922 6050
Hash Kash	Pleasure Gnome	0115 937 4505
Master of the Piss	Rockhopper	01509 414 427
Webmaster	Kentucky	0115 916 3857
Haberdashery	Malteaser	01332 556 150
Social Sec	SkidMark	01509 672 390

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### Joke of the Week

Teacher asks her class to use the word "contagious". Ronald, the class swot, gets up and says, 'Last year I got the measles and my mum said it was very contagious.'

'Well done, Ronald,' says the teacher.

'Can anyone else try?' Katie, a sweet little girl with pigtails, says 'My grandma says there's a bug going around, and it's contagious.'

'Well done, Katie,' says the teacher. 'Anyone else?' Little Johnny jumps up and says 'Our next door neighbours painting his house with a two inch brush and my dad says it will take the contagious!'



Run 268 The Rancliffe Arms, Bunny :-

A Dedicated Harriette's Diary

Entry logged: Saturday 16th January 1999

7.30p.m. Attend surprise birthday party for an old college friend in St. Helen's.

7.45p.m. Said friend turns crimson as he is greeted upon entering his local, by a gang of people, singing rousing choruses of "happy birthday!". He feigns a smile and pretends to be pleased, that the quiet night out with his girlfriend, has snowballed into dinner for 30.

9.00p.m. The table has turned into a group of Joe Pasquale sound - a - likes, as everyone has inhaled more helium than is probably good for them.

11.00p.m. The same table has turned into Oliver Reed/ complete pisshead sound - a - likes and decide to retire to the only licensed liquor hole in the vicinity... the local Conservative Club.

11.45 p.m. I announce in an unintentionally loud alcohol induced voice " Well I wasn't the one that said they had a wank in Thailand!"

11.45p.m. and a few seconds (that feel like hours) later, The Conservative Club regulars conversations grind to an abrupt halt and suddenly lots of eyes are upon me. The one's boring the biggest hole belong to those of the parents, of the chum I am visiting. I smile weakly over, half-hoping that they would imagine that I must have said "bank."

11.47 p.m. Time for a sharp exit. Leave to mutterings of ".." in my day.."

Entry logged: Sunday 17th January 1999

12.30a.m. The party's back in full swing. No old bingo goers to worry about offending now. Everyone's talking the same language. It is gibberish.. but it sure as hell is funny gibberish. Suddenly Blow announces that if he is to drive back tomorrow it is time to stick to water. I take pity - these are my friends - Blow probably needs to keep drunk to understand them. I apply for Martyrdom and state that I will drive in the morning. I start supping water - at least there is plenty of it on tap.

3.30a.m. Everyone's increased drunkenness is beginning to clash with my sobriety. The gibberish is still gibberish - but it's just not funny any more.

3.35a.m. We make our excuses and retire to bed.

No One despite being completely arseholed can fathom any good reason why we are waking up in a few hours time to travel 200 miles to go for a run... But then they are not HASHERS are they?

7.00 a.m. Rudely awakened by a digital beeping. Decide that another half an hour's kip is in order and set about fondling the walls in near pitch black to locate the light switch. A puzzle the Krypton factor could bear in mind - as it is extremely taxing in a weakened state.

7.30a.m. Up and out. Retrieve Tom Cruise from his nannies - literally kicking and screaming. Young hash blood doesn't see the need to attend hashes as desperately as older hash blood.

8.00a.m. De - ice car. Set Off down the frosty M62 into the sun-rise.

8.10a.m. Stop car. pull over. Announce to Blow that there is something drastically wrong with his car. Blow does his best not to panic. Indeed not to even look slightly perturbed. He opens the car door, observed the 2" of ice coating the road and declares it to just be a case of A.B.S. that is causing the car to judder as I brake. We continue.

9.00a.m. The sun is still glaring in my eyes and despite sun glasses it is a constant effort to see the road ahead. The icy road conditions do nothing to calm me and I grip the steering wheel for dear life. Blow keeps announcing that he feels like shit. It reminds me that the three hours I suffered without alcohol last night might at least be rewarded with better health today. Right now my concentration is so intense any health issues would be secondary.

10.40a.m. Arrive in pub car park. 200 miles away hours earlier and we are still the first to arrive. After my hands have become unlocked from their stiff driving position I seek relief behind a bush. (Don't get excited I just meant I had a pee). Then I head to the garage for a thirst - quenching Lucozade.

11.00a.m. The pack begin to gather - Including the hares Tufty and pleasure Gnome. I sidle up to Too Tuff and ask for a short cut, since Tom is still being unforgiving about his removal from a nice warm bed.

He tells me we come to a check at one point, and I can follow the road back from there.

11.15a.m Blow is nominated as R.A., I (Creamy) am nominated as scribe. My excuses that I might not be going on the whole run are not accepted and Goblin offers to fill in any blanks. We charge off. Seconds later, Jetslag coats me with puddle water and his Dick - Dastardly laugh signals this is no accident.

11.17a.m. (ie. two minutes after setting off time) We run along the road and reach a check. As people race off here and there checking, I ask Tuf if this is the check, where I can run back along the road to the pub. as usual he does not get my joke and with a deadpan face says "no, that comes later".

11.47a.m. We reach a check that has everyone scurrying off into the woods. I receive a tip off that this is "the one" and head back along the road with Tom.

12.10p.m. We arrive still not shattered, and decide to back track. A shady character sits inside his car in the car park reading a newspaper. There is something familiar looking about him, but we pass on.



*12.20p.m. We meet the front runners Blow, Durex, et al and return to the pub for a pint or so. The shady character steps out of the car..Kentucky! Not dedicated enough a hasher to run. More of a Sunday drive/reader rather than a runner.*

*Not like some of us....some of us would travel miles on not much sleep to attend a hash!*

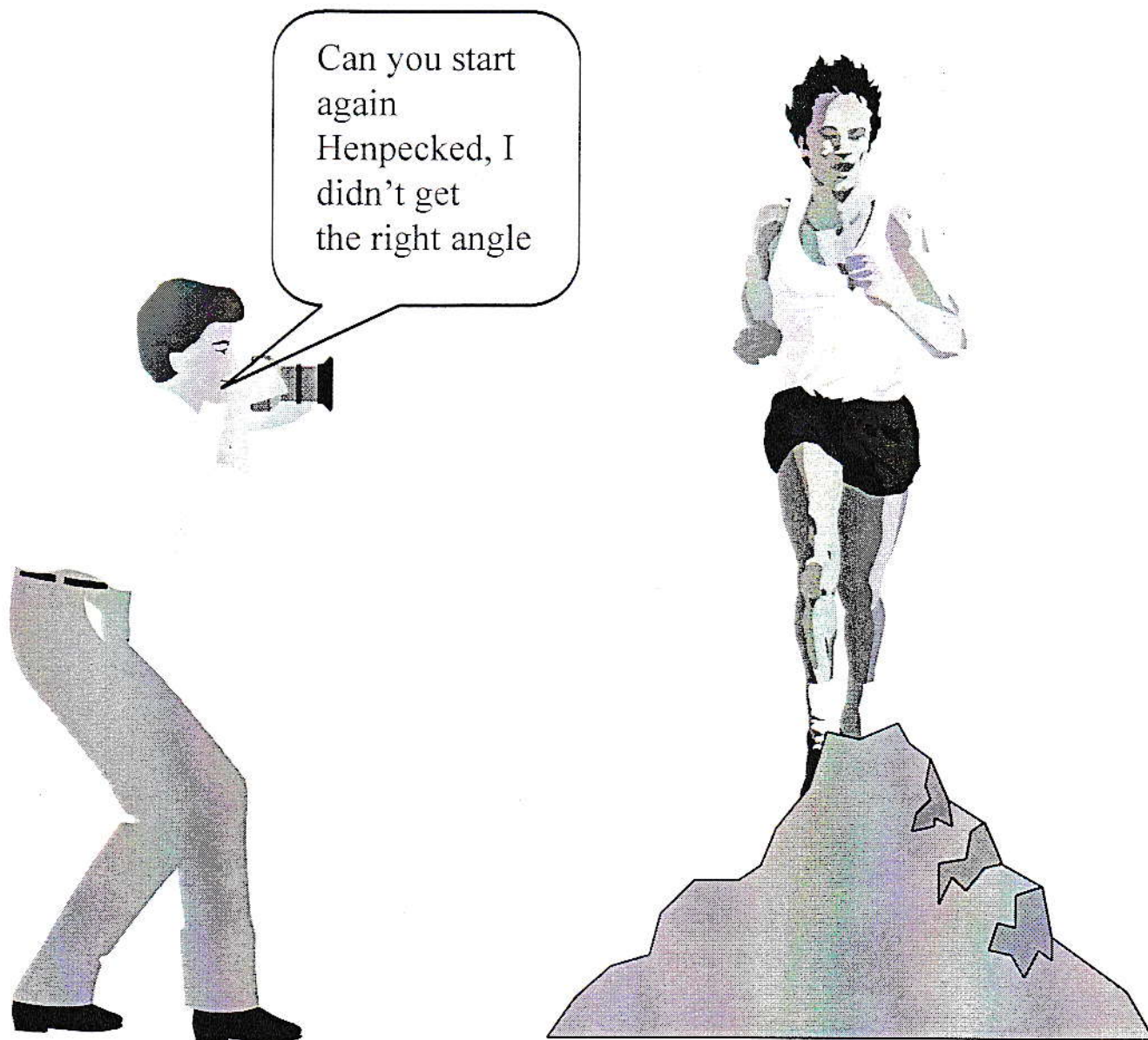
*Now there's dedication!*

*On! On! Creamy!*

*\_ What about the Down Downs? Well there were 4 or 5 but the only one I care about is that Blow gallantly gave Jetslag one for splashing me. I suppose it is fairly worthwhile noting another dedicated comrade - Too Tuff - got one, and a rather smashing drinking tankard for completing ..... 15 years of Hashing!*

*- Oooh! And let's not forget this is the run on which we were treated to Barritone's rendition of Indian Rhapsody. Talking of which just when did we say we were going to rehearse these fine lyrics?*

1. Why didn't JFK Jr take a shower before he left for the Vineyard?  
He said he'd wash up on shore
2. What's the Kennedy's Flying motto?  
Your luggage will arrive before you do
3. What do Kennedy's miss most about Martha's Vineyard?  
The runway
4. What will it take to bring the first family back together?  
One more bullet.
5. Why was JFK Jr flying to the Vineyard?  
He wanted to crash his cousin's wedding
6. What will they name the movie about JFK Jr.?  
Eyes wide shut; or Three Funerals and a wedding
7. It used to be that the Kennedy's drowned their women one at time.



## Leicester Mercury

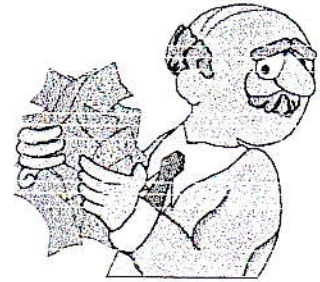


Firkin, why do have  
to have as snake  
around my neck in  
the photo?



## **JONATHON JIZZ, THE FINANCIAL WIZZ**

*Answers your money queries*



**Dear John**

**I've recently acquired a job and I am getting paid £500 per week cash in hand. Can you advise me of secure places I should put my cash?**

**S O'Murphy, London**

**Jizz replies:** Well AB I recommend you find a good quality tin, preferably one with a lock, perhaps an old cash tin. Then you need to find a good location that's both accessible without being obvious. Try at the back of the drinks cabinet or behind the spoons in the cutlery draw. One final piece of advice, don't take the tin with you when you go out or you may leave on the bus etc....

**DEAR JOHNNY,**

**I'VE JUST WON £152,000 ON THE NATIONAL LOTTERY. I FIND THIS AMOUNT OF MONEY DOESN'T ALL FIT INTO MY WALLET, SO I HAVE TO CARRY IT ROUND IN TWO SUITCASES. I FIND THIS A BURDON ON MY SOCIAL LIFE. CAN YOU OFFER SOME BETTER ALTERNATIVES? CEDRIC WILSON, SWANSEA**

**PS I DON'T TRUST BANKS SINCE ONE SWALLOWED MY YOUNG SAVER CASH POINT CARD IN 1988.**

**Jizz replies:** Spend the chuffer

**Dear Jon**

**Every month for the last 24 years I have given 20% of my wages to my accountant to invest, so that I can enjoy my retirement. In 1975 I earned £42 per week basic, plus call out charges, overtime at weekends & evenings after 6.00pm, though this was paid at only 33% above basic. If I was called out at weekends or evenings, I was entitled to claim a meal allowance of £1.50 per day, but I didn't spend it as the wife made me a pack up. Since 1975 I have received on average a payrise of 4.75% net each year, except in the years 1984 – 1986 where I received 2% and 1995 where I received an extra rise of £5000 for being long serving no-hope arse licker. Can you tell me how much to expect from my investment?**

**Jizz replies:** No idea, what do you think I am, a bloody Accountant or sometut, you should have used a Turf Accountant

**Dear Johnny**

**Can you recommend how I would select a reputable jeweller as I wish to acquire some quality items for a wedding present.**

**R & R K. East London**

**Jizz replies:** I would suggest which ever Jeweller's window responds best to a housebrick.

# Quorn Hash House Harriers — Rash Hag

This bloke is in bed with his missus when there's a rat-a-tat-tat on the door. He rolls over and looks at his clock, and it's half three in the morning. Sod that for a game of soldiers, he thinks, and rolls over. Then, a louder knock follows. "Aren't you going to answer that?" says his wife, so he drags himself out of bed, and goes downstairs. He opens the door and this bloke is stood outside.

"Eh mate" says the stranger, "can you give us a push?"

"No, sod off, it's half three. I was in bed" says the man and shuts the door.

He goes back up to bed and tells his wife what happened and she says "Dave, you're a mean bugger!! Remember that night we broke down in the pouring rain on the way to pick the kids up from the babysitter and you had to knock on that man's house to get us started again? What would have happened if he'd told us to sod off?"

So he gets out of bed again, gets dressed, and goes downstairs. He opens the door, and not being able to see the stranger anywhere he shouts: "Eh mate, do you still want a push?" and he hears a voice cry out "Yeah please mate."

So, still not being able to see the stranger he shouts: "Where are you?" and he replies: "I'm over here on the swings."

A kid gets a job in a small department store.

On his first day, the manager shows the kid round, and explains that the company policy was to sell a product, with a product. The kid looked confused....so the manager said he would show him what he meant.

Now, it just so happened that a customer approached the manager and asked if they sold grass seed. "Certainly", pointing to the wide range of seed "and what sort of lawn mower would you like?" The customer looked baffled, so the manager went on "Well, you will sow the grass, the grass will grow, and you will need a lawn mower to cut it." "I hadn't thought of that," says the customer, "I'll take the lawn mower as well then."

The manager then looks at the kid and says "Now do you understand our policy?" to which the kid replies "Yes...it's good!"

Just then, a bloke walks into the store. The manager says to the kid "Go on, you can deal with this guy". So the kid asks the bloke if he can help. "Yes" replies the guy hesitantly, "Do you sell tampons, as I need some for my wife..." "Certainly", pointing to a shelf with tampons etc on it, "and what sort of lawn mower would you like?"

The customer looked baffled and the manager's face drops, so the kid went on "Well, the weekend's bugged....you may as well cut the grass."



# Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

## Comments from your On Sex.

Congratulations to Skid Mark & Malteaser who have managed to raise £84 towards the £100 required to purchase a debenture to fund the UK Interhash 2002 bid. I'm not quite sure how they raised the money, but I'm told it involved them demanding money with menaces. The club has agreed to fund the difference and the cheque has been sent.

There have been some excellent away weekends so far this year and yet we are constantly hearing about more. News has eventually filtered through to me at Hash Towers about some forthcoming Quorn events:-

**Snowdonia      27/ 28 October**

Using Sleazy Rider's cottage as a base, with a Hash on Saturday & a walk on Sunday. Beer Stop at the top of Snowdon (in the Restaurant)!!!

**Bonfire Nite      5/6/7 November**

Using Showman's house as a base, another stonker of a weekend similar in format to the last one, to celebrate the 300<sup>th</sup> Quorn run.  
Watch this Space.

Have you planned what you going to do at New Year? Spend £8 on beer after paying £50 to get into the pub. Well if you want to avoid all that jazz, our good friends at Cardiff have booked out a hostel for the event. More details next month.

**On On**  
**Bugger 11<sup>th</sup> August 1.27am**

**See you all in Scotland at Bank Holiday!!!**



# SPOTLIGHT ON FITNESS

DON  
NORCROSS  
FITNESS FANATICS



## Harriers break out glad rags

**T**he retired Army colonel showed up in a red body suit with a matching red tutu. He proudly demonstrated his mastery of the ballerina's difficult No. 5 position: feet turned inward at 90 degrees, one directly in front of the other. With his hands cupped overhead, he illustrated a virtuoso plié. The 25-year-old Navy helicopter pilot opted for a sequined red dress, Victoria's Secret underwear, blonde wig, lipstick and body glitter.

"I got off work early for this," said Jeremy Neuner, who days later left on a deployment aboard the U.S.S. Constellation. "You have to start early to look this good."

No, this wasn't a drag queen convention. It was the San Diego Hash House Harriers' annual Red Dress Run, an exercise partially in exercise, but mainly in fun and frivolity.

Some brief history: Hashing is a recreational form of running. Its roots date to 1938 when a British officer stationed in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, organized Monday runs. The workouts were designed to purify soldiers' bodies after consuming mass quantities of weekend libations. After their workouts, the military men retired to a local restaurant known as the Hash House.

To enliven the runs, the men patterned their workouts after an old English children's game called "Hares and Hounds."

Using flour, "hares" set a trail. The "hounds" follow the markings. Hounds in pursuit of hares are dubbed "harriers." Owing to its military roots, the Hash House Harriers expanded globally. Today, there are an estimated 900 chapters and 100,000 hashers worldwide. (For information on San Diego hash clubs, phone 760-599-7448.)

Poway's Lee White hashed one winter in St. Petersburg, Russia, where the snowy course was marked by beet juice.

"You find the same characters over there as you find here," said White, 60. "Somehow, it seems comfortable wherever you are."

As for the Red Dress Run, the recent rendition was the 12th annual affair. According to local legend, after a day of hashing and a night of revelry, a group wound up in a Solana Beach hot tub.



FRED GREAVES / Union-Tribune

*That's no lady . . . That's San Diegan Frank Rapallo, kicking up his heels with like-minded (and garbed) Hash House Harriers at the Red Dress Run.*

walks of life, they also draw a variety of runners. Some are sub-three-hour marathoners. Some are pedestrian. Some walk.

As for the Red Dress Run, that's primarily a party on the move.

The recent race started in Little Italy about 6:30 on a Friday evening. Illustrating their disregard for the participants' physical well-being, the hares immediately led the 400 runners on a wicked uphill stretch into Balboa Park.

Traffic would sometimes be stopped for minutes as a parade of red-clad men and

(Kurt wore a tuxedo shirt, black bowtie, cummerbund and black shorts. Sharon wore a white dress and tennis shoes. Rain had turned the Camp Pendleton course into a quagmire. Minutes after the ceremony, friends dumped the bride and groom into a mud puddle.)

The Red Dress Run sped down Park Boulevard, stopped for tequila shooters near San Diego City College, then headed downtown.

Some of the runners wore thong underwear beneath thin see-through dresses. Most were men. Watching the wave of men and women adorned in dresses, one man at an intersection said, "That's frightening."



One of the men escorted a date attired in a skimpy red dress. The ogling men gave the woman a bit of attention. At the next hash, several of the hot tubbers showed up in red dresses.

A tradition in ribaldry was born.

To be certain, hashing, and particularly the Red Dress Run, is not intended for the easily offended. Hashers are slapped with nicknames, few of which can be printed in a family newspaper.

Raunchy songs fill the prerace and post-race revelry.

In some runs, hounds who catch up to the hares have been known to relieve hares of their shorts; other hashes have featured men and women changing clothes in the middle of the run, right down to the skivvies.

The recent four-mile Red Dress Run featured three rest stops. Beer and water were served at one stop. Tequila shooters greeted runners at the second. The third stop was at a downtown bar.

Given the itinerary, it's easy to understand why hashers are self-described "beer drinkers with a running problem." Describing the hashing spirit, San Diegan Jeff Hulett said, "It's a lot more like OMBAC than the Bonita Road Runners."

Said Donna Woodford, 53, of Tucson, Ariz.: "I like it because it makes you get back to real life. Sexy isn't dirty. I'm not one of those women libbers. It's OK sometimes not to be politically correct."

Just as hashes attract people from all

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women jogged past.

"Go to the traffic light and use the sidewalk!" said one motorist.

"!%@&\*," replied a hasher.

The group ran past hundreds in the park who were attending a choir performance, turning many heads.

"More ladies in red dresses," said a wide-eyed woman to her toddler.

Across a bridge, runners came to their beer and water break. Kurt and Sharon Bodmer of Chula Vista were among the 400 hashers stopping for a sip. They met in 1991 at a hash and married two years later to the day. Their wedding ceremony was during a beer break at a Camp Pendleton hash.

From a downtown bar, the running bash headed to a postrun party at Children's Museum. One of the main orders of business at the party was a costume contest, which no doubt taxed the judges.

There were lycra-T bodysuit dresses. There was a '30s shag flapper dress. There were psychedelic retro Austin Powers numbers. There were men in earrings, makeup, wigs, nail polish, fishnet stockings.

"Lace, sequins, leather, satin, vinyl — frankly, women love that stuff," said a woman. "Now they get it on their man. It's a perfect match."

Others jokingly wondered about how much pleasure males derived from the event. Said San Diegan Susan Shon: "They ought to call it the Cross Red Dress Run."

Personally, I opted for a conservative, loose-fitting maternity dress.

"Lots of room. No problem running. Nice choice for a first-timer," said a hasher.

When I returned home late at night, I sneaked in the back door, only to be busted by my 15-year-old daughter, Alyssa, whose howling laughter woke up the entire house.

My wife took one look at the ensemble and said the words I usually long to hear: "Take it off."

I deposited it in the laundry hamper. My wife tossed it in the garage.

Next year, it'll be back to the thrift shops for Red Dress Run XIII. Something tells me I'll have to do my own shopping.

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NOT NOW KID



## Another Quiz for Wallington (He should know about the opposition as well)

### Clues for Vauxhall / Opel / Bedford cars & light Vans sold in UK since the war

1. 21<sup>st</sup> letter of the Phonetic alphabet Victor
2. Spanish sandpaper, not finer
3. U.S. member of Parliament
4. Half of a famous sledge race track
5. Opponents of the roundheads
6. Almost a strippy cat
7. Sound of the 3<sup>rd</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> letters
8. James Bond film about a casino
9. New capital of Germany + 1<sup>st</sup> letter
10. Junior army person
11. Sugar free chewing gum
12. Big flat fish, Ray
13. Italian Grand Prix track.
14. Chocolate biscuit wrapped in foil
15. 25<sup>th</sup> letter + Big character in Viz who always blows his brains out in the end.
16. Ice Cream on a stick covered in thick chocolate - white or milk
17. 1<sup>st</sup> half of US car maker, french for and
18. Rhymes with 10, shout of Japanese dive bombers.
19. Medical term associated with brewers, black stuff up chimneys + n
20. Instrument rung in playgrounds at the end of break, Prefix of St Michel's hill
21. High Naval rank
22. TV Company
23. 2<sup>nd</sup> letter of the phonetic alphabet - a + o
24. Spurn on, afternoon meal
25. Abbreviation for West US state, 1<sup>st</sup> name of alleged Kennedy assassin, item of women's underwear



# Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

The true high point of the e-mail year has arrived. Yes it is the 1999 Darwin Awards. For those sheltered few of you who are not fully aware of the **Darwin Awards**. These awards are given annually (and posthumously) to those individuals who did the most for the human gene pool by removing themselves from it.

## DARWIN AWARD RUNNERS-UP:

#1 - LOS ANGELES, CA. Ani Saduki, 33, and his brother decided to remove a bees' nest from a shed on their property with the aid of a pineapple. A pineapple is an illegal firecracker which is the explosive equivalent of one-half stick of dynamite. They ignited the fuse and retreated to watch from inside their home, behind a window some 10 feet away from the hive/shed. The concussion of the explosion shattered the window inwards, seriously lacerating Ani. Deciding Mr. Saduki needed stitches, the brothers headed out to go to a nearby hospital. While walking towards their car, Ani was stung three times by the surviving bees. Unbeknownst to either brother, Ani was allergic to bee venom, and died of suffocation en-route to the hospital.

#2 - Derrick L. Richards, 28, was charged in April in Minneapolis with third-degree murder in the death of his beloved cousin, Kenneth E. Richards. According to police, Derrick suggested a game of Russian roulette and put a semiautomatic pistol (instead of the more traditional revolver) to Ken's head and fired.

#3 - PHILLIPSBURG, NJ. An unidentified 29 year old male choked to death on a sequined pastie he had orally removed from an exotic dancer at a local establishment. "I didn't think he was going to eat it," the dancer identified only as "Ginger" said, adding "He was really drunk."

#5 - MOSCOW, Russia-A drunk security man asked a colleague at the Moscow bank they were guarding to stab his bulletproof vest to see if it would protect him against a knife attack. It didn't, and the 25-year-old guard died of a heart wound. (It's good to see the Russians getting into the spirit of the Darwin Awards.)

#6 - In FRANCE, Jacques LeFevrier left nothing to chance when he decided to commit suicide. He stood at the top of a tall cliff and tied a noose around his neck. He tied the other end of the rope to a large rock. He drank some poison and set fire to his clothes. He even tried to shoot himself at the last moment. He jumped and fired the pistol. The bullet missed him completely and cut through the rope above him. Free of the threat of hanging, he plunged into the sea. The sudden dunking extinguished the flames and made him vomit the poison. He was dragged out of the water by a kind fisherman and was taken to a hospital, where he died of hypothermia.



# Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

#7 - RENTON, WASHINGTON, USA. A Renton, Washington man tried to commit a robbery.

This was probably his first attempt, as suggested by the fact that he had no previous record of violent crime, and by his terminally stupid choices as listed below:

1. The target was H&J Leather & Firearms...a gun shop.
2. The shop was full of customers, in a state where a substantial portion of the adult population is licensed to carry concealed handguns in public places.
3. To enter the shop, he had to step around a marked Police patrol car parked at the front door.
4. An officer in uniform was standing next to the counter, having coffee before reporting to duty. Upon seeing the officer, the would-be robber announced a holdup and fired a few wild shots. The officer and a clerk promptly returned fire, removing him from the gene pool. Several other customers also drew their guns, but didn't fire. No one else was hurt.

AND THE 1998 DARWIN AWARD WINNER IS.....

THOMPSON, MANITOBA, CANADA. Telephone relay company night watchman Edward Baker, 31, was killed early Christmas morning by excessive microwave radiation exposure. He was apparently attempting to keep warm next to a telecommunications feed-horn. Baker had been suspended on a safety violation once last year, according to Northern Manitoba Signal Relay spokesperson Tanya Cooke. She noted that Baker's earlier infraction was for defeating a safety shut-off switch and entering a restricted maintenance catwalk in order to stand in front of the microwave dish. He had told coworkers that it was the only way he could stay warm during his twelve-hour shift at the station, where winter temperatures often dip to forty below zero. Microwaves can heat water molecules within human tissue in the same way that they heat food in microwave ovens. For his Christmas shift, Baker reportedly brought a twelve pack of beer and a plastic lawn chair, which he positioned directly in line with the strongest microwave beam. Baker had not been told about a tenfold boost in microwave power planned that night to handle the anticipated increase in holiday long-distance calling traffic. Baker's body was discovered by the daytime watchman, John Burns, who was greeted by an odor he mistook for a Christmas roast he thought Baker must have prepared as a surprise. Burns also reported to NMSR company officials that Baker's unfinished beers had exploded.

USA, Palo Alto, CA (AP) -- "Yesterday scientists revealed that beer contains small traces of female hormones. To prove their theory, the scientists fed 100 men 12 pints of beer and observed that 100% of them gained weight, talked excessively without making sense, became emotional, and couldn't drive. No further testing is planned."



# Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

RUN : #284 STAMFORD ARMS - GROBY, 20 JUNE 1999

HARE: JET SLAG

SCRIBE: WARMERS and BIG PHUT

RA: DUREX

HOUNDS: Bugger, Goblin, Wallington, Kentucky, Creamy, Blow, Big Phut, Warmers, Durex, and Rock Hopper

Stamford Arms, 11:10 Am and still no hare in sight. BUGGER and BLOW search the immediate area for flour, find some, and we know that our trail is being laid. We impatiently wait, and JET-SLAG arrives, says he is tired, and runs across the street to a liquor store. WARMERS says he must be getting us our beer check liquid. Maybe we'll have a beer check before we start. No such luck! He runs out of the shop and into the adjacent chemist shop. We wonder what is up?

BUGGER says he is buying vaseline. Wrong! Just a particular grape fizzy drink to restore his strength. Guess he couldn't get Viagra. JETSLAG tells us it's a long run.

WARMERS asks DUREX to be RA and BIG PHUT to scribe. Off we go making the sound of eleven race horses pounding the turf out of the gate. Well, almost all of the trail was over new ground through a beautiful woodland recently opened to the public. We ran by Groby pool, then through open fields and two more lovely woods. The trail ran through a brook, with most of the hounds getting their feet wet, not seeing a bridge, just 50 feet away, concealed by a tree. But we found it and callously ran through the flour bar that JETSLAG had put right in front of it. Dry feet, what a pleasure!

The beer check was long and lazy with harriers stretched out on the grass, whilst Harriets had intellectual conversations on the local bug life. (not BUGGER). CREAMY describing in detail the colours and names of various creepy crawlies that landed on her legs.

Down Downs were delayed due to the voracious appetites of hashers. (GOBLIN and 10 lbs of chips on a huge loaf of bread as a snack for energy before they went home to dig their garden. It took her a while to manage the mound.)

DUREX gave a welcome back to ROCKHOPPER. WALLINGTON for a T-reg car as hash snob. BIG PHUT for poor note giving (poor imitation of Barritone), CREAMY BRISTOLS for green fly, blue Fly, DUREX then asked for Dobbers (who does the pack propose for Down-Downs).. So it was Father's day for JETSLAG, (welcome To NICOLAS, his new baby boy who stayed home with his Mum.). KENTUCKY for not short-cutting, and neglecting to bring his better half, SAM. Then BLOW dobbed on DUREX and made him drink from his new shoes. (they didn't look very new, but then compared to his usual... he probably got athlete's mouth from them). JETSLAG for a damn good run ( Noble BLOW volunteered to drink his down-down)

# Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

## You know you work in the nineties if...

- 
- You've sat at the same desk for four years and worked for three different companies.
- Your company welcome sign is attached with velcro
- Your CV is on a diskette in your pocket
- You really get excited about a 1.7% pay rise
- You learn about your redundancy on the 9 o'clock news
- Your biggest loss from a system crash is that you lose all your best jokes
- Your supervisor doesn't have the ability to do your job
- Contractors outnumber permanent staff and are more likely to get long-service awards.
- Board members salaries are higher than all the Third World countries annual budgets combined.
- It's dark when you drive to and from work, even in the summer.
- You know exactly how many days you've got left until you retire.
- Interviewees, despite not having the relevant knowledge or experience, terminate the interview when told of the starting salary.
- You see a good looking, smart person and you know it must be a visitor
- Free food left over from meetings is your staple diet
- The work experience person gets a brand-new state-of-the-art laptop with all the features, while you have time to go for lunch while yours powers up.
- Being sick is defined as you can't walk or you're in hospital
- You're already late on the assignment you just got
- There's no money in the budget for the five permanent staff your department is short of, but they can afford four full-time management consultants advising your boss's boss on strategy.
- Your boss's favourite lines are:
  - When you've got a few minutes
  - Could you fit this in
  - In your spare time
  - When you're freed up
  - I know you're busy but
  - I have an opportunity for you
- Holiday is something you roll over to next year or a cheque you get in January
- Every week another brown collection envelope comes round because someone you didn't know had started is leaving
- You wonder who's going to be left to put into your 'leaving' collection
- Your relatives and family describe your job as "works with computers"
- The only reason you recognise your kids is because their pictures are on your desk
- You only have makeup for fluorescent lighting
- You read this entire list, kept nodding and you understood it.





First U.K Full Moon H3/Trossachs H3  
Full Moon Run-Pre amble to Nash Hash 99  
Thursday August 26th 1999,  
Bridge of Allan, Nr Stirling Scotland.

Sign up now before its too late for the premier Nash Hash Prelude.  
For the measly sum of £10.00 you get a glorious evening run in a  
Scottish Victorian Spa Town, followed by a piss up in a brewery,  
grub and more. Best chance to find where to put your finger this  
summer!

Yes I think that F.U.K. Full Moon H3 and Trossachs H3 can  
organise a piss up in a brewery, and I want to be there!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Hash Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Hash: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_



Please send completed form with Cheque for £10.00 payable  
to Paul Owens, 14 Inverallan Drive, Bridge of Allan, Stirling, FK9 4JP

Any problems phone Paul 'Trolley Dolly' Owens on 01786 ~~XXXXXX~~ 832227  
or Alan 'Smartarse' Drew on 01277 354968 or Email him at  
Smartarse@fukfmh3.freemove.co.uk

Other chances to get your arse out:

Tuesday July 27th 7pm The Sydney Arms, Chiselhurst, Surrey

Fri Sept 24th 7pm Coach & Horses, Billericay, Essex

Sat October 23rd Liverpool Street-Southend (all 21 Stations!) Pub Crawl Run

Meet Hamilton Hall, Liverpool Street 12.00





# **Worthy Winchester H3 Nash Hash 2001 Bid**

## **Latest News – “2001 A Hash Odyssey”**

Worthy Winchester are bidding to hold Nash Hash in the South of England on the August Bank Holiday weekend in 2001.

### **Why?**

- We have found a great Nash Hash site in the heart of our hashing area offering all the necessary ingredients. We think it would be unfair not to use it for a good cause!
- Although we think the chances of losing the main site are very small we have already got a couple of backup sites up our sleeve.
- We can provide good beer and a variety of excellent run sites, and can meet all the other Nash Hash mandatory requirements.
- We have the support of an extensive membership and the unanimous backing of an experienced Mismanagement team that are still stupid enough to offer to organise the event!
- Our recent successful events have included the South Hants 750<sup>th</sup> and the Worthy Winchester 666 – we want to build on this.

### **What can you do?**

- Talk to any of our hashers on away-days to find out more about the bid or come and run with us on a Monday night.
- Pass the word on to other hashers.
- PLEASE ASK YOUR REPRESENTATIVE GM TO VOTE FOR US AT THE GM'S MEETING AT NASH HASH 99 IN GLASGOW THIS AUGUST.
- Make sure you register and join us for Nash Hash 2001 in Hampshire if we win the bid!

**THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT – WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!**

**W2H3 – phone 01962-882908 for more info**



Mr. Fixit, On Sec Mainland H<sup>3</sup> Abu Dhabi

Dear Mr. Fixit,

Further to my account of The Ringer and myself chasing around the countryside after film crew cars when following HHH signs, here, as promised, is an outline of how REAL Hashing is done here in the good old UK.

Would be hashers meet up in the early hours of a Sunday morning at CLOSED alehouses - now have you ever heard of such a thing! ? It's no wonder the church's are empty. Then after some long rambling and somewhat complicated explanation of that week's trail markings (they vary from Hare to Hair) it's On-On to find the trail. Flour is the preferred medium here. Something to do with a law against spray painting the countryside I think.

Last week's run, a prime example, was called "*The Teddy Bear's Picnic*" and was hared by WALLINGTON, a deceptively agile leveret, starting from The Black Horse in Market Bosworth, that well known pretty town with such history and scene of such brilliant scrapes way back when you were a nipper.

The trail, or is that trial, took us via footpaths, gorse, nettles and through fields of fluffy white sheep. Indeed it was the sight of all these warm virgin-like creatures, which proved too much for JET SLAG and SLEAZY RIDER who, like dogs with cars, took chase. If it hadn't have been for the man discarding rubbish over his fence stopping them in their tracks, they may have even caught one. However being neither Welsh nor Arabic, and just like the dog and the car syndrome, would have been scratching their heads as to exactly what to do with their captured quarry.

Back on the flour trail! Over gates and stiles, through fields and what do WARMERS and ORGAN GRINDER see as they bring up the rear turning round the corner of a hedge - was it a giant condom hanging from a tall pole and flapping in the breeze or was it a wind sock? It was then that we heard the panic cries from the sheep in the next field and instantly knew that the item in question was BLOW's cycle shorts and the sheep were definitely in for a hard time.

The balmy (barmy?) trail took us through a field of blue flowers and along the side of a picturesque canal where the barges drifted by in the afternoon sunshine. Indeed, it was a day that Abu Dhabi could be proud of. It was here that we finally obtained proof that Hashers were not the only sad bastards out that day. A weekend barge captain was seen meandering down the canal reading a map! Question? How much navigational skill does it take to follow a canal in a straight line? Answer: Just a little less than Hashers need to find the piss stop. This being the second on this trail, and fair dues to the hare, both were different. The first was unusually early on in the run when the opportunity was taken up wholeheartedly by SCROUGE when he pissed all over this guy's unmentionables! The second was partaken on the edge of a field, miles from anywhere (keen hare) and fortunately consisted of the imbibing of the amber nectar.

On-On again to the hare's delight, a sadistic little deceptively agile leveret, when he got the pack knee deep in water as the trail took us up through this grotty, leech ridden stream. Shit, Hashers really are sad bastards! Hares are even worse.



After a thorough soaking followed by a good de-leeching the hash races off again – confused, as the hare had jokingly “barred” the trail. Sneaky little deceptively agile leveret!

Now, I know you won’t believe it but the sunshine was so good and it was so hot that a couple harriettes were overcum with . . . exhaustion and proceeded to disrobe, finishing the run minus T-shirts and displaying their feminine athletic supports! That’s all I’m saying – the rest Mr. Fixit is left to your imagination. As to names, there’s just no pack drill either – I know how jealous Gnasher can be

Well THE RINGER excelled himself on this particular run and kept up near the front somewhere – how should I know where that is! As usual ORGAN GRINDER and BIG PHUTT were bringing up the rear accompanied today by WARMERS. So she will voucher for the astonishing incident as we cross a sheep filled field near the end of the run. BIG PHUTT starts talking to the sheep! (Dr. Dolittle eat your heart out). There he is loping along and bleating! God, I used to think Nurd was queer!? At least he didn’t try to seduce the camels by cooing at them.

After the On-In was sighted some saw CREAMY BRISTOLS break into a run for the last few hundred yards or so to the pub – only to find it was the wrong establishment! Realising the error of her ways she did the unthinkable - competitive hashing, racing others to get back to the real pub first. We wouldn’t have minded, but she didn’t even buy the round!

After sampling the amber nectar it was decided to have the circle down at the Park where a BBQ Teddy Bear’s Picnic was to take place.

The Hash re-located to the Park after and impromptu and unintended tour of the local historic battlefields, and the circle commenced.

Each week sees a guest RA. This week it was none other than THE RINGER complete with dick glass but minus ice – shame. His first victim was the Hare and as a song was being sung for this gallant chap, each member of the circle discharged their vessel of water over the him in retribution (remember the stream?). The poor little deceptively agile soggy leveret was soaked – shame on you RA. Various other misdemeanours were highlighted and their perpetrators brought to justice. It was while one of these charges was being administered the “new” shoe of MALTEASER was lobbed by SLEAZY RIDER about 30 feet heavenward and landed about 20 yards away right on top of the 18 inch barbecue, sprawling the contents onto the grass. – That’s that green stuff that provides good ground cover over here! The circle had to be adjourned for the picnic fodder to be re-instated on the BBQ with a cry that the onions were “Off”. It was after this enforced respite that the RA called the circle to order again and a small fracas between two harriettes, namely MALTEASER and SKID MARKS, took place and the RA lost control of the circle. The harriettes decided to entertain us with a little “friendly” inspirational interlude and the RA did what any self-respecting RA would have done in such circumstances – stood back, viewed the “entertainment” and had a beer. As you know he has long since learnt his lesson in coming between two feuding women. Talk about Market Bosworth being the place for “scrapes”!

The situation now being a little like Lilo Lil having a bad hair day the RA called On-On to the BBQ.

Love & Kisses - Organ Grinder



## Medical Matters with Doctor Bazal



**Dr Bazal, has worked in the medical profession for 35 years, and for the last 5 years has specialised in sports injuries. He has previously worked as a GP for 20 years, a surgeon (volunteered for service during Gulf War), and as a Paediatrician.**

**He has now offered to give Quorn Hashers professional medical advice relating to sports injuries.**

*(Please note that reports of your injuries may appear in a forthcoming article in the Lancet!)*

Dear Dr Bazal

Whilst running with the Hash last week, I twisted my ankle while climbing over a stile. Knowing this was a stupid thing to do and that if the RA found out I'd have got a down down, so I kept quiet about the injury. However my ankle has now gone black and has swollen to the size of a Size 4 chicken. I realise I should rest it for while, but should I be doing anything else?

B. Leicestershire

Well B, I'm afraid you've left too long before contacting me. It sounds like you need to take serious action. Pop along to your local butcher and ask him to lop it off, just below the knee should do. If it is still swollen it won't hurt and won't bleed much and you'll have something to throw on the Barbie tonight.

Dear Dr Bazal

On a recent Hash, I tried unsuccessfully to get through a submerged concrete pipe and in doing so gouged the top of my head on the roof of the tunnel. On exiting the water, blood spouted out the top of my head like a bloody fountain. Fortunately Para-medics were standing by and they managed to stop the bleeding very quickly. I am concerned that did not put any dressing on the wound, and that my head my fall to bits or I have suffered more permanent damage. What do you recommend Dr Bazal.

B. Leicestershire

Well B, in my professional opinion I would recommend that you acquire some 'Cartoon Plasters' and stick one of them on the hole, which should stop any muck getting in and in the unlikely event of you collapsing will give the Para-medics something to laugh at.



# Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

For all you jetsetters out there....

Occasionally, airline attendants make an effort to make the "in-flight safety lecture" and their other announcements a bit more entertaining. Here are some real examples that have been heard or reported:

"There may be 50 ways to leave your lover, but there are only 4 ways out of this airplane..."

"Smoking in the lavatories is prohibited. Any person caught smoking in the lavatories will be asked to leave the plane immediately."

And, after landing: "Thank you for flying Delta Business Express. We hope you enjoyed giving us the business as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride."

As the plane landed and was coming to a stop at Washington National, a lone voice comes over the loudspeaker: "Whoa, big fella. WHOA!"

After a particularly rough landing during thunderstorms in Memphis, a flight attendant on a Northwest flight announced: "Please take care when opening the overhead compartments because, after a landing like that, sure as hell everything has shifted."

From a Southwest Airlines employee.... "Welcome aboard Southwest Flight XXX to YYY. To operate your seatbelt, insert the metal tab into the buckle, and pull tight. It works just like every other seatbelt, and if you don't know how to operate one, you probably shouldn't be out in public unsupervised.

In the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, oxygen masks will descend from the ceiling. Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face.

If you have a small child travelling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are travelling with two small children, decide now which one you love more.

Weather at our destination is 50 degrees with some broken clouds, but they'll try to have them fixed before we arrive. Thank you, and remember, nobody loves you, or your money, more than Southwest Airlines."

"Should the cabin lose pressure, oxygen masks will drop from the overhead area. Please place the bag over your own mouth and nose before assisting children or adults acting like children."



# Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

"As you exit the plane, please make sure to gather all of your belongings. Anything left behind will be distributed evenly among the flight attendants.

Please do not leave children or spouses."

"Last one off the plane must clean it."

And from the pilot during his welcome message: "We are pleased to have some of the best flight attendants in the industry... Unfortunately none of them are on this flight!

Overheard on an American Airlines flight into Amarillo, Texas, on a particularly windy and bumpy day. During the final approach the Captain was really having to fight it. After an extremely hard landing, the Flight Attendant came on the PA and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Amarillo. Please remain in your seats with your seatbelts fastened while the Captain taxis what's left of our airplane to the gate!"

Another flight Attendant's comment on a less than perfect landing: "We ask you to please remain seated as Captain Kangaroo bounces us to the terminal."

An airline pilot wrote that on this particular flight he had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. The airline had a policy which required the first officer to stand at the door while the passengers exited, smile, and give them a "Thanks for flying XYZ airline." He said that in light of his bad landing, he had a hard time looking the passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment. Finally everyone had gotten off except for this little old lady walking with a cane. She said, "Sonny, mind if I ask you a question?" "Why no Ma'am," said the pilot, "what is it?" The little old lady said, "Did we land or were we shot down?"

After a real crusher of a landing in Phoenix, the Flight Attendant came on with, "Ladies and Gentlemen, please remain in your seats until Captain Crash and the Crew have brought the aircraft to a screeching halt up against the gate. And, once the tire smoke has cleared and the warning bells are silenced, we'll open the door and you can pick your way through the wreckage to the terminal.

Part of a Flight Attendant's arrival announcement: "We'd like to thank you folks for flying with us today. And, the next time you get the insane urge to go blasting through the skies in a pressurized metal tube, we hope you'll think of us here at US Airways."

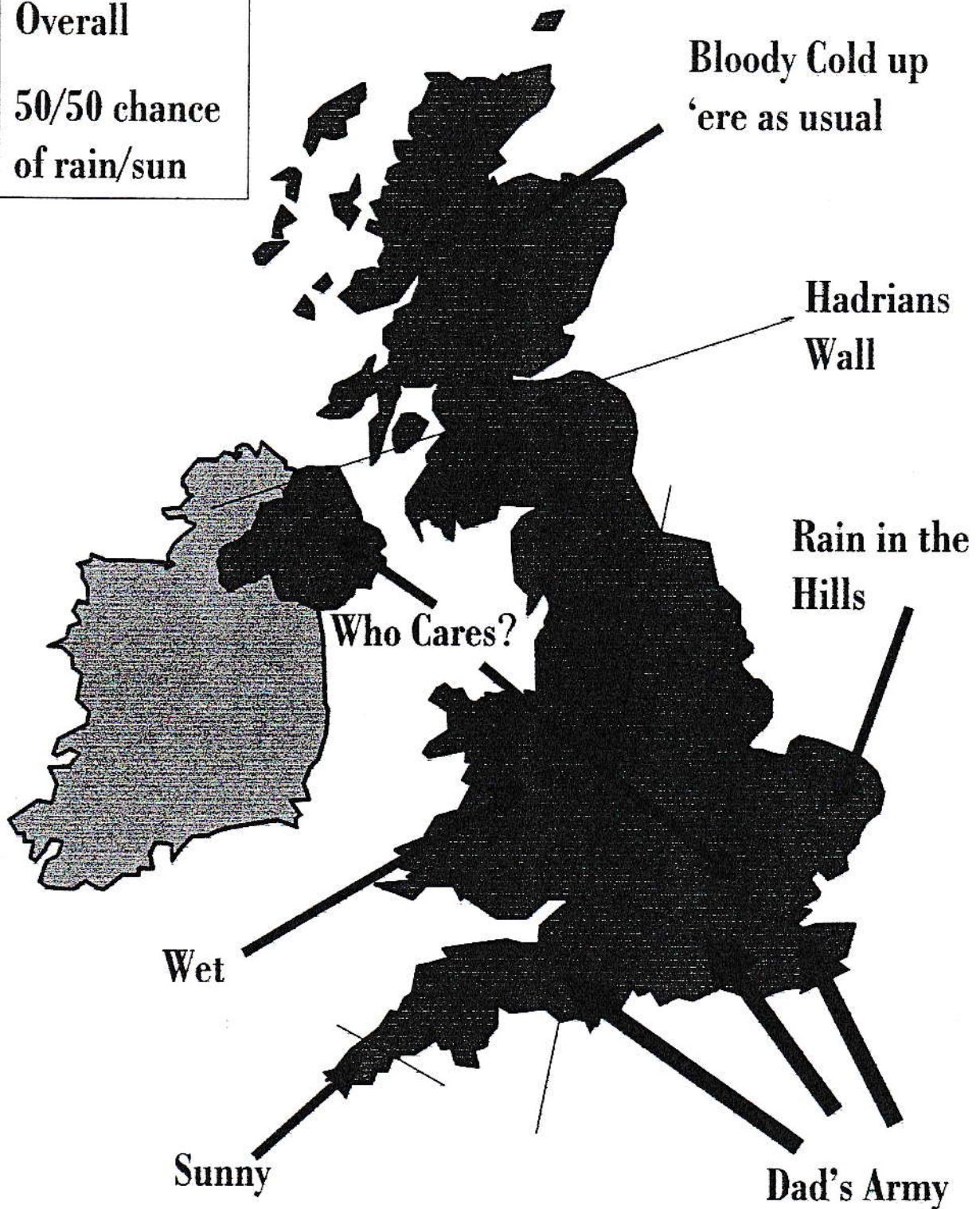


# Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

## Today's Weather Map

Overall

50/50 chance  
of rain/sun



Bloody Cold up  
'ere as usual

Hadrians  
Wall

Rain in the  
Hills

Who Cares?

Wet

Sunny

Dad's Army



## FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

When	Where	What	Details	Cost	Contact
<b>August</b>					
26	Nr Stirling		NASH HASH pre-amble by the 1st UK Full Moon / Trossachs H3 at the Bridge of Allan Nr Stirling. Includes piss up in a brewery!!	£10	Paul 'Trolley Dolly' Owens 01786 832 227
28,29,30	Glasgow		NASH HASH, If you haven't booked. Why Not? You need to have been to at least 1 Nash before you can say you're a hasher, it has to be seen to be believed.	£75	ourworld.compuserve. com/homepages/ stephentaylor/
<b>September</b>					
11,12	Anglia		London Hash House Harriers Campout at Wisbech in an Orchard.	£35	kathgod@aol.com Kathy 0181 567 5712
17,18,19	Turkey		EUROHASH 99 Cappadocia, Turkey - fancy a late summer hols on the Med? 138 others do.	US\$299	www.dominet.com.tr/ users/ersin/hash
<b>October</b>					
16,17	Wales		Walking / Hashing weekend staying in Sleazy Riders' Cottage in Snowdonia.	????	Sleazy Rider
<b>November</b>					
5,6,7	Leicester		Another stonker weekend is planned at 23 Thurcaston Road for Bonfire Weekend. Showman's last weekend is still talked about as being the best weekend ever. You won't want to miss this one.	????	Showman
<b>December</b>					
31	Greenwich		Millennium Hash - I guess it might be a tad busy in Greenwich at this time of the year !		Crystal Balls 0181 859 3262
31 ish	Cardiff		CH3 are at it again. This time they've got a hostel somewhere near Cardiff for a New Year Bash. With beer at £8 a pint after paying £50 to get into the pub, you'll be begging to go somewhere. CH3 always do a good 'un. So might sell out	?????	b'day helen@cardiff-h3.demon.co.uk
<b>2000</b>					
<b>April</b>					
1,2	Edinburgh	1000	No details as yet		The Brewer 0131 557 2391
<b>July</b>					
7,8	Essex	777	Rumour has it this is likely to happen Hope it does, 666 was a hot one!!!		Windsock

Quorn is planning to stage an event (the 321) in 2000, (punters should have forgotten about the last one by then) but are in need of a venue. Any ideas please let us know.



# QH3 Composite Receding Harelines QH3

Hash	Run	Date	Venue	Hares
CLH3	35	Sun 8 Aug	Rose and Crown, Hose	Scrooge
MH3	74	Mon 9 Aug	The Cock Inn, Mugginton	Pete and Bev
<b>QH3</b>	<b>292</b>	<b>Sun 15 Aug</b>	<b>The Man Inside Compass, Thringstone</b>	<b>Bugger &amp; Goblin</b>
CLH3	36	Sun 22 Aug	The Bulls Head, Nr. Whitwick	Josh
MH3	75	Mon 23 Aug	The Red Lion, Repton	Lightning Rod
<b>QH3</b>	<b>293</b>	<b>Tue 31 Aug</b>	<b>Lay-by between Cossington &amp; Rothley</b>	<b>Rockhopper</b>
<b>QH3</b>	<b>294</b>	<b>Sun 5 Sep</b>	<b>The Red Lion, Stathern</b>	<b>Scrooge</b>
MH3	76	Mon 6 Sep	TBA	TBA
CLH3	37	Sun 13 Sep	The Carpenters Arms, Dale Abbey	Barritone
<b>QH3</b>	<b>295</b>	<b>Sun 19 Sep</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
MH3	77	Mon 20 Sep	TBA	TBA
CLH3	38	Sun 26 Sep	TBA	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>296</b>	<b>Mon 27 Sep</b>	<b>The Stratford Haven, West Bridgford</b>	<b>Too Tuf</b>
<b>QH3</b>	<b>297</b>	<b>Sun 3rd Oct</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
MH3	78	Mon 4th Oct	TBA	TBA
CLH3	39	Sun 10th Oct	The White Lion, Bramcote	Barritone
<b>QH3</b>	<b>298</b>	<b>Sun 17th Oct</b>	<b>Snowdonia Weekend</b>	<b>Sleazy Rider</b>
CLH3	40	Sun 24th Oct	TBA	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>299</b>	<b>Mon 25 Oct</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
MH3	79	Mon 1 Nov	TBA (Hallowe'en)	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>300</b>	<b>Fri 5 Nov</b>	<b>23 Thurcaston Road, Leicester (Guy Fawkes!)</b>	<b>Showman</b>
<b>QH3</b>	<b>301</b>	<b>Sun 7 Nov</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
CLH3	41	Sun 14 Nov	TBA (Poppy run?)	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>302</b>	<b>Sun 21 Nov</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
CLH3	42	Sun 28 Nov	TBA	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>303</b>	<b>Mon 29 Nov</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
<b>QH3</b>	<b>304</b>	<b>Sun 5 Dec</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
CLH3	43	Sun 12 Dec	TBA	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>305</b>	<b>Sun 19 Dec</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
CLH3	44	Sun 26 Dec	TBA	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>306</b>	<b>Mon 27 Dec</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>
MH3	80	Fri 31 Dec	TBA (Millennium Hash)	TBA
<b>QH3</b>	<b>307</b>	<b>Sun 2 Jan 00</b>	<b>TBA</b>	<b>TBA</b>

**HARELINE: 0115 922 6050 (24-HOUR ANSAPHONE)**

Other hash contacts: CLH3: Blow 0115 854 7577 MH3: The Dobber 01332 512087  
Please ring the above numbers for up to the minute information about CLH3 or MH3.