



Inside this month's issue:

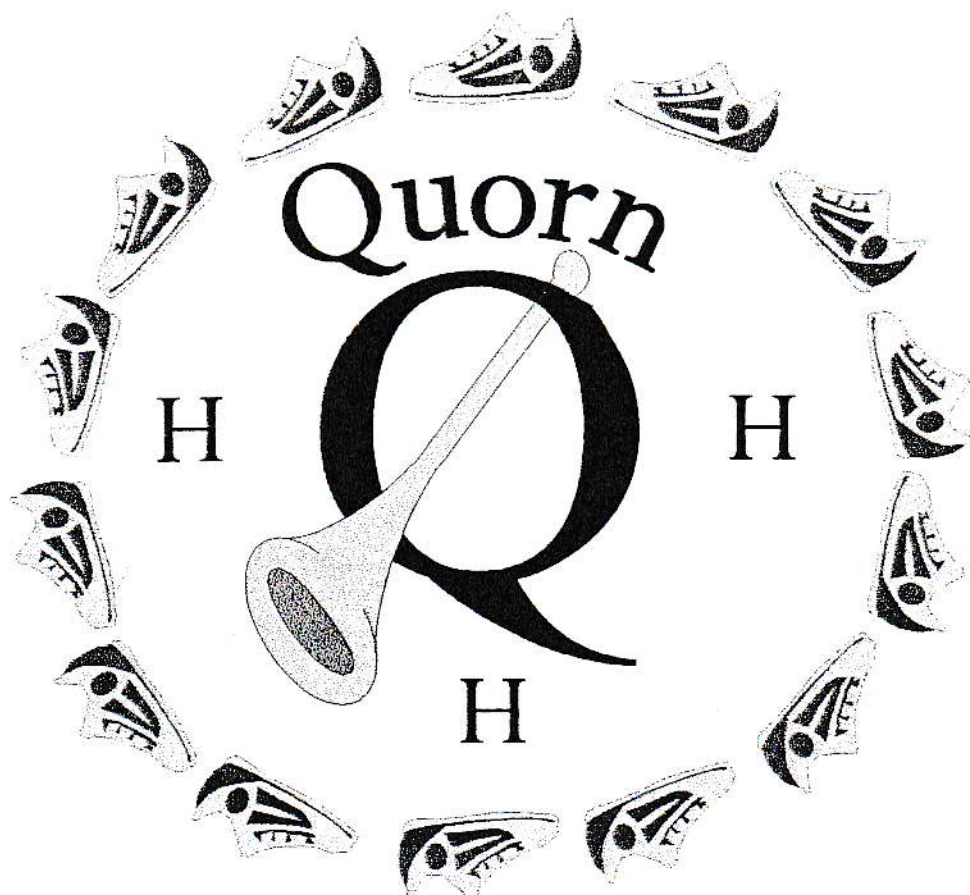
- Write Ups for Runs 289, 294, 296, 297 & 304
- Bollock paper for the 1999 Awards
- Run List for 1999
- A few jokes

Volume 12 Issue 7

Newsletter Date 20/12/99

Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

WINTER 1999



**SPECIAL
WRITE
UPS
ISSUE**

Inside this issue:

Contact

Write Ups

Write Ups

Write Ups

Write Ups

Flyers

HareLine



Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

'99/00 MIS-MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

G M	Too Tuf	0115 937 4505
Grand Mattress	Warmers	01509 415 357
R A	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

Contact Rash Hag

Phone	01530 564 900
E-mail	L.Kingscott@Tesco.net
Postal	6, Chapmans Meadows, Ashby de la Zouch Leics. LE65 1JE

One liners of the Week

What do you call a murderer standing in a field of wheat
- A cereal killer

What's the difference between a dog & a fox
- About 8 pints!

What's the difference between oral sex & anal sex
- One makes your whole day, the other makes your hole weak.

What's the definition of a Yankee?
- Same thing as a "quickie", only you do it yourself.

What's so good about an Ethiopian blowjob?
- You know she'll swallow.

Quorn Hash House Harriers - Rash Hag

Comments from your On Sex.

One or two hashers have actually noticed that they have not been getting their regular dose of Rash Hag. There's a good reason why I haven't published an issue since August - only I've not thought of it yet. Basically summit else always seems to take precedence - very similar to studying - well for me anyway. I'd rather cut the lawn with a pair of nail scissors than, do some Strategic Management Accounting questions.

You'll notice that I can actually fill most of the pages with write-ups this issue, which is a reason why this didn't come out earlier - I got fed up writing 16 pages out of 20! Especially when no one completed any of the puzzles or quizzes!. (Ahhhhh Dee Dums - Edithare) One thought though, there's been 25 runs since the last issue, including a weekend in Anglessey / Snowdonia, a red dress run & a bonfire night weekend, but I've only had 6 write ups - fascinating.

You'll notice from the flyer if you didn't already know, that Quorn is staging another weekender 21st-23rd July. Hopefully we will get nearly double the number for the 250th, however this going to mean double the effort from the club. We are only a small club, so its going to be an all hands to the pumps type affair - if we all do a bit to help, then we can all enjoy it fully and still make it a stonker!!!! of a weekend.

One final note, back page is the annual bollox paper, for you to vote for the highs & lows of 1999. Please complete it, as it gives you the only chance to nominate your fellow hashers for their efforts. Feel free to add your own categories, but *try* not to vote for yourself in everything.

Bugger (off) 15/12/99 22.34:43

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIER Run No 289

Venue:- 34 Valley Road, Chilwell, Notts

Date:- FRIDAY 30th July 1999

Hare - CREAMY BRISTOLS R.A. Arkileez Scribe - WALLINGTON

Once again the idiot scribe got lost on the way to above venue, cos the above den was tucked or hidden away in the Roman town, But still I arrived on time. My god it was so hot there, having just got out on my ice cool tin car. I decided to go straight to the bar for pint of bitter to cool off and at the same time greeting the hosts and fellow member of the Quorn hashers.

I cannot remember the pub crawl runs very well, as we were all too hot and bother. As usual Barritone and Arkileez was the F.R.B., and doing most of the checks back, while I being so lay back. Well, I just thought sod the checking just sticks with the hare, that way you don't have to run too hard, as you guess the weather was far too hot to handle let alone run or jog. We were almost dying of dehydrated but I did arrive to the following pubs in order. They were "The Sporting Chance" where not much happening! "The Double Top" but no entertainers! "The Chilwell Inn" at this pub we all adored the beautiful German Shepherd puppy with one ear lopped over. "The Carlton" having full of Australian Budgies and Parakeet birds, and finally "The Cadland" having interest of the racing horses. Before we arrived to The Carlton pub Creamy Bristol lost Arkileez at check point and beginning to panicking, only to discovered Arkileez did find his way to The Carlton pub. How did he do it, of course our silly hare Creamy Bristols told him the name of pub to go to, having forgotten herself. On in back to the den, the beers were still flowing to our desire contents. Down down was as follows, first was Creamy Bristols for being excellent hare and finally Wallington for what ever reason almost did it in Full Monty. The camera was out and flashes all over, only to discovered the following morning there was no film in the camera! Phew what a relief, it could have gone on the web site!!!

DOWN DOWN AWARDS WENT TO:-

CREAMY BRISTOLS for being a Hare!

WALLINGTON for something to do with White Tennis

Short with Pockets!

Quorn Hash House Harriers – Rash Hag

RUN : #293 - LAYBY BETWEEN COSSINGTON AND ROTHLEY – 31 AUGUST 1999

HARES : WARMERS and BIG PHUT

SCRIBE: WARMERS

DOWN DOWN MASTER, RA: BLOW

HOUNDS: Wallington, Firkin, Creamy, Blow, Tom, Durex, JetSlag, Skidmarks, Multiteaser, Scrooge, Arkileez, Barritone, Erection.

The substitute hares, Big Phut and Warmers had trouble deciding where the run start was. After a bell to our injured former hare ROCKHOPPER, the start became a little clearer. Not the layby on the A6 but off the connecting road from Rothley to Cossington. Following The QH3 rule of “no run start can be changed once it’s been published” we zoomed to the spot and found virgin territory. It would be a pleasure to set this run.

Evidently the hounds were all smarter than the hares, except for an exploratory call from SCROOGE (who probably informed everybody) as everybody turned up in sufficient time.

The Pre-run circle formed with instructions of circle = check, 3 blobs of flour is on-on-on. Less than 3, false trail. No bars or other check back marks. (a variation of jungle rules). The plan according to WARMERS was to slow down the F.R.B’s, BLOW, DUREX, JETSLAG, SCROOGE, BARRITONE, WALLINGTON, FIRKIN, & ARKILEEZ. And keep the pack together. It didn’t work that well, except for ARKILEEZ, who continued running past two marks through to Leicester. (These Derby hounds).

The run was a candidate for the most picturesque of ’99. Beautiful lakes, swans, canals, locks, weirs, fields of 5 foot high nettles, earth movers, gravel pits, and footpath diversions. £450,000 vicarage with fountain and lake. BLOW said “there weren’t many checks!” Proof he shortcut along with DUREX. I think they probably always shortcut, so... they should be called SCB’s (short cutting Bastards) Not FRB’s We set 7 checks.

The run was A to A then to B at the Red Lion in Rothley. At A, the run start and finish, there was a beer and soda pop check, allowing us all to stand in the twilight and watch the stragglers come in. It was a lovely evening and hashers lingered until BIG PHUT urged them on to the Red Lion.

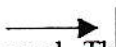
We all sat outside in a large cozy circle of chairs with tables in the center. It was a treat to sit together as one big group rather than separate small groups, the way we have to after most runs. ROCKHOPPER joined us and down-down’s began. BLOW was our articulated Down down master, and gave the following Honours. ARKILEEZ, child-beater, (after his run to Leicester, he was just able to get in before TOM by cutting in front of him); BARRITONE, cult leader; SKID MARKS, backward runner (BLOW helped her out with her down down); ROCKHOPPER, temporarily named TREEHOPPER for falling out of a tree and cracking a vertebrae; BIG PHUT & WARMERS, hares. We sang the Hash Hymn. SKID MARKS ask SCROOGE why he always pretended to spit on his hands just before the ‘coming home’ line in the hymn. Maybe this question could be answered by another hasher who practices this spitting during our Hash Hymn. SCROOGE did not ejaculate an answer. Afterwards the group sat around enjoying the warm evening with interesting hash conversations about Nash Hash and future runs.

ON ON from WARMERS

Run no: 297
Venue: The Bricklayers Arms, Thornton
Date: Sun 3 October 1999
Scribe: Barritone

Leicestershire County Council had set a cunning pre-ramble to today's trail – the object of the exercise was to find Thornton. The civic ~~h~~ares had laid a few cunning false trails in the form of signposts saying "Thornton 3 miles", but we weren't fooled, we ignored them all. After the first signpost, we travelled a mile, to find another saying "Thornton 2 ¼ miles". Another said "Thornton", but we ignored that one of course. Eventually we found a signpost saying "Thornton 3 miles". At that point SCB Doc Crippen had short-cutted, following the first signpost, and had gone straight to Thornton. We followed him.

Our reward was to find that our intended pub (Not the Bricklayers Arms) had changed its name in line with some corporate pub-owning consortium's Silly Name Policy, and the car park was locked. Wallington had a word with the landlady and soon it was opened. We welcomed a virgin (David from Beeston), and refugees from Too Tuf's West Bridgford trail, and off we went.

The first check got Durex excited, running round the lake quipping "This is nice" as he burned the rubber in his diamond-studded trainers. This led to a picturesque regroup, beside a cove with two swans. Pigeon Hole relayed Mudflaps' problems with the Bradgate Park authorities, who accused her of laying "Illegal substances" on the ground and poisoning the deer. Well, it's only 12p a bag from Sainsbury's – what a bargain! Too Tuf ~~them~~ appeared – he must have had insider information as he correctly predicted the remainder of the trail. However, one novel feature of the trail was a Benchmark Symbol similar to this:  After one of these after six blobs, Jetslag seemed not be to amused. The trail looped back round the church, as Too Tuf predicted.

We returned to the pub, where the bar staff were instantly recognisable by having the pub's name and logo emblazoned on their sweatshirts. We sat at Table 26 for some idle gossip, or so we thought. You see, to sit at any of the tables you had to book it at least two weeks in advance. Creamy pleaded with one of the corporately clothed staff, who said she would ring the boss on her mobile phone to see what she could do.

We contributed to the Pubco's profits by holding the circle in the patio in the rain (the only place where we could sit down). Wallington and Pigeon Hole received beers for sins already mentioned, and followed by virgin David and Geoff representing the second-timers. Just as the circle was winding up ("It's always like this", we assured David) it pelted down, and we all made a mad dash for the other pub, the Bricklayer's Arms.

The Bricklayers Arms is everything the other pub was not. It was a genuine village local, where locals gathered and conversation flowed. They served Adnams in supreme condition, the food was delicious and the portions huge, and the bar staff were courteous, friendly and helpful. And who should pop in but Showman, Mudsucker and friends!

Scribe's eye view

Date:- 5th September 1999.

Run No:- 294.

Venue:- The Red Lion, Stathern, Leics.

Hare(s):- Scrooge.

'Crash, Bang, Wallop, Shame I didn't get a picture!'

Have you ever had one of those days, one of those days where you think that maybe, just maybe you'd have stayed in bed, well this must have been one of them...

...I arose out of my bed, only semi-hungover from the nights B-B-Q festivities the night before, to find that the good weather had, as promised, stayed all weekend, as did Mudflaps, Bugger and Malteaser.

Obviously the first order of the day was to get some fluid down our necks, and as most of the beer had gone, I had to suffice with corporation pop, filtered, not shaken but stirred...

...On gazing out of the window, several beams of sunlight smacked me clean on the back of the retina, which wouldn't have been too bad if the eclipse was going on, as I'd have something to blame it on, but as we were eclipseless, I put the grasping of my head and eyes down to the tremendous headache that I was sure I would gained during the days events...

...As the little hand pointed to the ten, and the big hand gradually made it's way to the twelve, we all wondered whether or not we would receive that phone call off of Barritone asking for a lift, or had he gone away...

...Two minutes to, 'Ring, Ring', "hello it's Barry here...", of course I presumed he was phoning to ask for a lift, rather than breaking into conversation...so I offered the service to him, to which he told me that he'd come up to us...I informed him that we'd be leaving at 10:15 on the dot...

...Ten fifteen came and went, tried to phone, got the hareline message, ten twenty came, and I went, but as I was pulling out of the drive, I saw this straggly haired silhouette down the end of the road, standing still..."What is he doing!"...

...As we approached him, we noticed that there was a fair amount of blood intermingled within the usual amount of sweat dripping off his body...he must have over exerted himself trying to get to us in time...no that wasn't the case...he'd actually decided that he substitute himself as a 'crash test dumble' and had thrown himself threw the rear windscreen of a parked Volvo...much, I must say, to the annoyance of it owner!

...As Barritone stood there, bent bike, dented pride, and a windscreen to pay for we sped off, Mudflaps in tow, towards Stathern, a place I recalled from a City of Leicester hash...not that hill again!

...Mudflaps ain't renowned for her directional skills, nor her 'keeping up with Blow! Skills, as several times we had to pull over and await the arrival of the 'Red bullet'...

Scribe's eye view

'Hot, and why did he bother!'

...Arrived at Stathern with a minute to spare, that is a minute to spare before Tom decided to throw both his breakfasts up all over the pub car park...watched by many a pale faced hasher...

...Entered the usual, "Hello, how are you..." Routine, making sure that I approached the hare and asked him about the only memory of Stathern that I had... 'that bloody hill!'... "That's later!", he replies...

...The temperature by this time must have easily been in the late twenties, early thirties...a bit like Mudflaps...

...The early pace was surprisingly gentle, with only myself and a couple of car drivers topping thirty miles an hour...but I was soon over took by the rest of the pack, as I recced a field that only had the one blob of flour...but headed for 'that hill!'

...After what seemed like twenty six miles of tarmac, we reached a check, by the side of a canal...three blobs left...three blobs right, and three blobs straight head...now he wasn't going to make this easy...luckily Durex found the 'right' way...

Swan leak

...AS I turned the corner of the canal, I was greeted by the site of Jetslag tool in hand leaning over canal, doing and impression of 'The Mannekin Pis'...when question about his choice of location, he informed me that he was admiring the swans as they swam gracefully down the canal...yeah, or was it more the fact that you couldn't wait any longer...at least the swans saw the funny side...

Killing field

...Then all I could hear was Durex's voice and a pair of waving arms in this field of maize...but by this time I was just totally drained, and I'm not sure whether it was the fact of the heat, the length, or the fact it was up a bloody hill, but I just had to walk at this stage...temperatures must have soared another degree or ten as the sun climbed higher into the sky, and as we climbed higher up the field, we could see the rest of the pack strung out for miles, but this didn't deter us from leaving them behind...

...The trail then took us down a dis-used railway, full of the usual nasties...and I don't mean Jetslag...even though he was the first to venture down the embankment, it seemed a safer option than to wrestle with the bramble bush, like which Durex chose to partake...

Scribe's eye view

'Boy's on the black top'

...Funnily enough, we'd actually managed to find some more tarmac, a nice long, demoralising stretch of it...luckily this didn't lead to the 'bloody hill', but wasn't far off it...but as we plodded on down (or was it up!) this road, and the sun belted down, mirages of bars kept appearing, with tall glasses of ice cold beer awaiting our parched lips, and maidens wafting cooling fans, to tending to our every need...then they faded away as we knew they must have been dreams, because you know how rare it is that women get the first round in...

'Hold on a minute'

...As I ran across the parched and barren lands of Stathern, I noticed Jetslag running off in to the distance like there was no tomorrow, little must he have realised that the end of the world had passed by with little incident...so crawling on my hands and knees as fast as I could, trying to catch him up to make him have a holding check...as he finally realised what the words, "Jetslag, hold!" meant, he turned back and stood and awaited the arrival of the rest of the pack...and waited...and waited...and waited...first Doc Crippen and Leo, who immediately decided to go off a 'check it out', R.A's ten a penny, next was Too Tuf and Pleasure Gnome, and the poorly Lucy, who I tried to encourage to drink, by showing her how it was done...but she just seemed to ignore my help...

...Pleasure Gnome at this point decided on what seemed a very late New Years resolution, "That's it!" She cried, "I am giving up smoking!"...well see, she didn't also seemed that confident in her marathon bid anymore as she slumped to the ground, and decided that she'd wasted the eleven pounds entry fee...

...Well we held it as long as we could, and as Wallington got within two hundred meters of us we went off a checking...Doc Crippen choosing the wrong route even though he'd tested the ground not ten minutes earlier...at this point, with that 'bloody hill' in front of us, Too Tuf and Pleasure Gnome decided to leave us, something about tipping some stagnant water over a baby's head to invoke it's Christian believes...

'The man that climbed a hill, but came down a mountain...'

...Well it had finally come around, that bit that we'd all not been waiting for yep, that bloody hill..."On On" shouted Durex, or should it have been "Up Up", as the gradient got steeper and steeper, and the pace got slower and slower...and the shiggy got shiggier...but then, all of a sudden, it leveled out, why weren't we going all the way, 'I know you like to!', was Scrooge being kind, well lets not question it

Scribe's eye view

ay, and so we headed on down that vast mountain, at a pace only liken able to a heard of mountain goats rushing to catch the number ten into town on a Friday night, back to the welcoming sight of the hostelry, or was this just another mirage..."Well I'll have a pint of your finest mirage, please!"...

'Little bow Scrooge has lost his pack...'

...Bit by bit the flock returned to the welcoming hostelry, all looking worn out and suffering from a total lack of beer, so a trip straight to the bar was required to boost life back into most of them...

'I counted them all out, and I counted them back again'

...Apart from two, and we waited, and we waited...well we waited a good half hour after Big Phut had returned, and there was still no sign of Creamy Bristol or Tom Cruise...I was getting a bit worried, as the Lager and Coke that I'd bought them had started to go flat, and I was also getting consciously concerned that...I might have to start my car up and waste some diesel trying to find them...

...So I set off in one direction, and Wet Wet Wet set off in exactly the same sort of direction, obviously this'll narrow the search down, then again the ten air sea rescue helicopters that the local bobby had phoned in might have more luck...where they were!...

...They were last seen....at the canal, turning back to the pub, so dredging began. As this carried on, I followed the roads as far as I could to the field entrances where hoards of police tracker dogs began sniffing the trail, in a hope that they could pick up on the scent...

...I returned to the pub to give everyone the news, only to find a waiting police car, and my heart skipped a beat, 'Oh god no...not another speeding fine!'

...I then decided to follow the trail backwards, just in case they'd carried on...and sure enough, who came hurtling down the hill...Creamy and Tom...the search was called of, and the circle began....

...Down Downs went as follows:-

Scrooge....Hare....'Hot, but why did he bother'

Mudflaps...Sitting in the circle

Big Phut...Berry picking...'Exclusion Zone'

Blow!...Confusing people in the Ratted...'Mis-Leader'

Creamy Bristols...Not returning to the pub... 'Mis-Leader 2'

Jetlag...Birth of Nicholas...'Sperm Bank'

Doc Crippen...Barritone stand in, and welcome back...

Penned by Blow!

Run # 296
Hare Too Tuf

The Stratford Haven, West Bridgford

27/9/99

Dark clouds rolled across the sky, driving the twilight quickly into full night. Dark, ominous clouds full of foreboding, moving with a heavy menace. The wind picked up, straight out of the West. Rain began to fall, a heavy rain being driven into sheets by the wind.

Suddenly lightning cracked, lighting up the sky towards the Trent. For a split second the old blasted Oak was silhouetted against the angry sky. The blasted Oak, survivor of many a fierce storm but bearing cruel scars from these encounters. The rain came down with renewed vigor.

"All right, it's quarter past seven, let's get this Hash underway." With varying degrees of enthusiasm the pack left the shelter of the pub and ventured out into the rain. After 10 minutes, all spent in the side streets of West Bridgford, the rain eased and the trail reached the banks of the Trent. Here our 3 Hashers new to the Quorn held a conference to debate, in a full and frank way, whether to short cut. They decided to press on but before actually moving anywhere held another conference. They were now going back. Turning to walk off to the pub, Maxipad changed their minds once again and it was on with the whole trail.

Along the riverside path and across some fields the trail took the pack to a footbridge over the Trent. And a check...

Well, look on the bright side, the pack had a chance to regroup. Looking on the darker side, how did Barritone and Durex make such a cock-up of finding flour? Barritone was even armed with a torch to assist with spotting flour that was laid next to bloody lamp-posts. Once the hare had pointed the flour out to a skeptical Pigeon Hole the pack lumbered off.

From here the trail was a straightforward one. Along the other side of the river, over the pedestrian suspension bridge, through some more side streets and home to the pub. Back for 8 o'clock, perfect.

Here we found Bugger, who had arrived 5 minutes late and set off on the trail by himself. After catching up with Wallington they had executed a masterly, if unwitting, short cut and were back in the pub after 20 minutes.

Sleazy Rider was kept busy in the pub writing directions to his cottage on Anglesey and taking deposits for the Snowdonia weekend. You may notice from this that the Snowdonia weekend isn't in Snowdonia. Ah well, that's clarity in advertising for you.

The most common conversation subject was time/aches/pains/blisters following the previous day's ½ marathon. What is the Hash coming to, some sort of bloody running club? However, of the Hash entries, Durex did manage to knock out a half in 1 hour 35.

Arkileez produced a Hash Masters crib sheet he was used to using when Hashing on Java. Get the On-Sec to fill in the boxes and the all the information required in the circle was there. And printed off in colour too. Arkileez's job obviously doesn't keep him fully occupied.

Finally to the circle, outside under now clear skies. Stand-in R.A. Too Tuf awarded Down Downs to:

Durex "Percy Thrower" After yesterday's ½ marathon, 10 Hashers retired to this same pub for a few beers. Not so Durex. He went straight home to do a spot of gardening.

Maxipad Vacillating on whether to short cut or not.

Arkileez "Gordon Brown" His run details sheet was full of strange European words the likes of which I can hardly bring myself to type. Run length in Kellumeetas, whatever they are? He's in league with the Chancellor to quietly introduce the Euro through the back door.

Dan Watts Maxipads son, using the Hash to avoid studying.

The third of our new runners was George Hultan. Malteeza arrived a bit late while Scrooge was very late after playing five-a-side kiss ball.

On On

Too Tuf



2001 - A Hash Odyssey

Nash Hash 2001 29th - 27th August 2001

Cost: From August 99 - End November 1999 £80

Please complete a separate form for each person

Name:		Hash Name:	
Hash:		Phone No:	Email:
Address:			
I drink: beer / lager / red wine / white wine / cider / softies		I like my runs: Ball breaker / long / medium / short / walk	
I eat meat / I am a veggie	T-Shirt size:	Date of Birth:	
I want to camp / to bring a caravan / to stay off site. Or I want to book accommodation as follows:			
I want a bed (£25 per person for the weekend) I will share with _____ / please allocate me a room mate (same sex / either)			
I want to book a pre-erected tent for up to six people (£40 per tent for the weekend)			
Total amount enclosed £		Cheques payable to: Nash Hash 2001	
Neither the organising committee, Worthy Winchester Hash house Harriers, their servants, agents or assignees accept any responsibility for any loss, damage or injury, howsoever caused, travelling to or from or participating in this event.			
Signed:		Dated:	
Send to: Barbara Kearns 9, Elizabeth Close, Kings Worthy, Winchester, Hants, SO23 7PE Tel: 01962 - 882908 Email: w2h3@beer.com			

SORRY NO DOGS

SORRY NO DOGS

Plympton Hash House Harriers



1000 runs and still going strong!!

PH3 Invite YOU to help them celebrate their 1000th run deep in darkest Cornwall on 15th/16th April 2000

**Free optional night: Friday 14th - join us on the evening of the 14th for a pre-ramble (7.30pm start) and enjoy an extra night's accommodation free! Saturday 1000th will be at 2 pm*

The Venue:

Looe Valley TOURING PARK

Accommodation:

1/2 nights (Fri/Sat) in luxury 4-6 berth caravans (linen provided)

Essentials:

Good Runs, Great company, Real Ale, Late bar,
Saturday Evening Meal and Sunday full English breakfast
Optional 3 course Sunday lunch available (£6.95)

Entertainment:

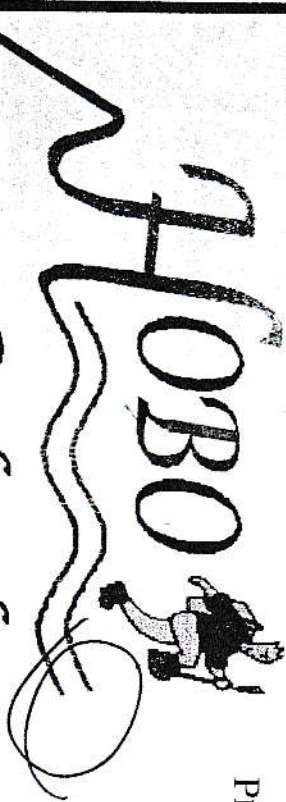
Live music, disco and Karaoke (optional)
Playground and entertainment for rugrats and horrors
Find the hare Easter egg hunt!

Other:

Goodie Bag, souvenir Hash Hack, optional T-shirt + more.
Hash Granines, Dragon and Bassett offer free minder service for young men between 25 and 35 - please provide photo! We will look after your virtue and protect you from all those young, nubile rampant harriettes - your safe with us boys (we won't tell if you won't!)

Cost: only £25 per adult. (Special rates for families) £20 without T-shirt

Interested? See your On Sec for booking form and more info.....



PLAS-Y-GWELY
MORGAN ST
TREDEGAR
SOUTH WALES
NP22 - 3NB

Backpackers 01495 718422

Self Catering Budget Accommodation

For Singles or Groups up to 30

On the Southern Edge of the Brecon Beacons

Great Hashing + Bashing location

Trails from our door. Lots of pubs to choose from.

MTB guides and information available

Run by Hashers for Hashers and others

Regular Buses to

Cardiff, Brecon and Abergavenny.

20 min from M4 (J28). 30 min Cardiff

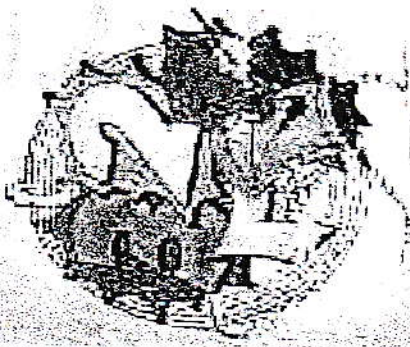
We have LARGE secure storage room
We Provide Sheets Pillows and Duvets
We are open all year, No Day time curfews

Email Hobo_backpackers@hcliff.freemove.co.uk

Quorn

Hash House Harriers

21st-22nd-23rd July 2000



**'Wed's Bin
Rogered'
3-2-1 Run
Weekend**

**"So what do my points
win me...?"**

Friday pub crawl, then all your beer for the weekend...

Saturday 'Toga 2000' run, Live Band till late

Sunday The 321 'Dusty Bin' run...

Food? Five meals...

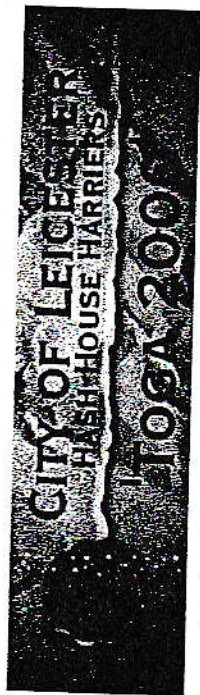
Showers? Yes, and hot too...

Camping or bunks, the choice is yours...

For more information on the weekend, contact:

Phil 'Too Tof' Baker Tel: 0115 9374505

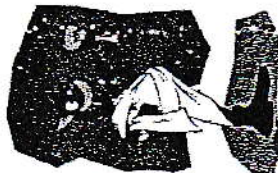
Webpage: <http://www.quornhhh.freemove.co.uk>



To include:- Saturday 22nd July 2000

**The 'Toga 2000' Run
C.L.I.T or A.R.S.E II
'The second cuning'**

Friends, Romans and Hashers, the village members of Ratae Corieltavorum formally invite you to gather within our midst, and to partake the festivities of this the second cuning of the Toga run.



The run will consist of the following:-

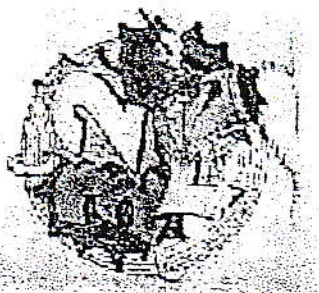
- I) A Short run (4-5 Miles)
 - II) A Medium run (6-7 Miles)
 - III) A Long 'Ball breaker' run (10 Miles)
- Water/Beer stops.

A presentation will be made in the forum for 'The Best Toga', 'The Most Revealing' and 'The Eunuch of the run'

For more information on the 'Toga 2000 Run', contact:- Ade 'Blow!' Snow Tel: 0115 8547577(Work 0116 2342141)

E-Mail : blow@clhhh.freemove.co.uk

Webpage : <http://www.clhhh.freemove.co.uk>



Quorn

Hash House Harriers

Present:-

Ted's Bin Rogered '3-2-1 Run'

Featuring the

CLH³ 'Toga 2000' Run

"10 points will win you..."

All your beer, food for the weekend, and a goodie bag...

How much is it going to cost?

£30 before April 1st

£38 before May 30th

£46 upto July 7th

Bunks available at £5.00 (for weekend)

"...And what do points make?"

A prize piss up!

Send your entry forms to:-

Too Tuf,
26, Elm Avenue,
Keyworth,
Nottinghamshire.
NG12 5AN

Make cheques payable to:- Quorn Hash House Harriers.

Confirmation/Direction sheets will be sent out nearer the date.

Dogs welcome, but kept on lead in campsite, please.

QH3's 3-2-1 Run

Contestant's Name:-.....

Sex:- ☐ M ☐ F Hash Name:-.....

Hash:-.....

Address:-.....

.....

Arrival:- Friday Evening ☐ Saturday Morning ☐

Drinks:- Real Ale ☐ Lager ☐ Cider ☐ Wine ☐

Eatables:- Meat ☐ Vegetables ☐

Do you require a bunk:- Yes ☐ No ☐

The bunks will work on a first come first served basis, the rooms are communal and sharing will be a factor...

Total cost for the contestants:- £.....

Small print

Neither the members of the Quorn H3 Mis-management committee, their servants, agents or assignees accept any responsibilities for any loss, damage or injury, howsoever caused, sustained by any participant in the event. Participants waive their right to pursue any of the above in respect of any loss, damage or injury or any other claim sustained whilst travelling to or from or participating in this event. (Basically you haven't got a leg to stand on!)

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

Run 304

The Steamboat / The Navigation

5th Dec 99

Trent Lock, Long Eaton

Hare: Scrooge

Long Eaton. What can I say about Long Eaton?..... Well, it's halfway between Nottingham and, er, Derby.

So that's the scene set, what about the trail? Well, the pack set off at exactly the GM's car is pulling up o'clock. I'd timed it perfectly again. The trail weaved between the two pubs that guard Trent lock from tee-totalers, over some fields and along a lane that led into the outskirts of Long Eaton. At a junction on this lane was a check with two possible routes but Bugger knew it wasn't left as, like the prayer says, "Lead us not into Trent Station" as it don't go nowhere. (This joke is copyright Buggers dad c:1967)

Briefly through the side streets of Long Eaton to the wide open spaces of the Trent flood plain. We were certainly fortunate that the weather was sunny and the wind gentle. Thank you Doc Crippen. At this check Lightning Rod was in luck as Durex went off on a falsey. "Stuff the trail, just as long as I'm in front of Durex." It lasted, but only to the next check.

The trail now followed the riverbank as it curved towards Ratcliffe on Soar power station and on to a holding check. Not often you come across a 3 ft long Celtic cross made out of flour. After re-grouping and collecting the hare the trail was along some lanes then the towpath and the pub.

Into the Steamboat – but not for long. The only beer on was Theakstons XB, or extra best vinegar. Bloody awful so into the Navigation. Much better.

Down Downs awarded by Doc to:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| Oriface | Flew out of East Midlands recently and took a map with him so he could confirm the earth hadn't secretly changed after the map had been drawn. |
| Wallington | Gleefully insisting that the last person to arrive gets the job of scribe.
Gee, thanks mate. |
| Pleasure Gnome / Too Tuf | PG going on Turkey Trot training runs and making Too Tuf go with her. |
| Lightning Rod | Competitive running and slagging Durex off. |
| Sex Slave | Visitor from Berkshire Hash. |
| Barritone | Bought a pint of the bloody awful XB but didn't stop anyone else from buying one. A down down of bitter, mild, tomato juice, Worcester sauce and cream. Which stained his head when not all drunk. |
| Scrooge | Hare. The circle gave our still non-running hare a good <u>Ribbing</u> about the trail. |
| On On | |
| Too Tuf | |

QH3 Composite Receding Harelines QH3

<u>Hash</u>	<u>Run</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Hares</u>
QH3	305	Sun 19 Dec	The Packe Arms, Hoton	Doc Crippen
		*** Christmas Run!! *** (Gluhwein & Mince Pies!)		
MH3		Mon 27 Dec	Burton on Trent (Fancy Dress)	TBA
			Theme: Millennium	
MH3		Fri 31 Dec	TBA (Millennium Hash)	TBA
CLH3		Sun 9 Jan	The Three Crowns, Old Dalby	Too tuf & Pleasure Gnome
QH3	306	Sun 16 Jan	The Squirrel, Nailstone	Firkin, Hen Pecked,
				Jetslag
CLH3		Sun 23 Jan	Rutland Arms, Melton Mowbray	Durex
QH3	307	Mon 31 Jan	TBA	TBA
QH3	308	Sun 6 Feb	TBA	Josh
CLH3		Sun 13 Feb	TBA	TBA
QH3	309	Sun 20 Feb	TBA	Creamy Bristols
***		25-27 Feb	Showmania Weekend!!	Showman (TBC)
			(Not a QH3 Weekend)	
QH3	310	Mon 28 Feb	TBA	Blow!
QH3	311	Sun 5 Mar	TBA (Diseworth?)	Lightning Rod & Oriface
CLH3		Sun 12 Mar	TBA	Chocolate Legs & Josh
QH3	312	Sun 19 Mar	TBA	TBA
CLH3		Sun 26 Mar	TBA	Mudflaps
QH3	313	Mon 27 Mar	TBA	TBA
QH3	314	Sun 2 Apr	TBA	TBA
CLH3		Sun 9 Apr	TBA	TBA
		** Hawaii 5 'O' **		
QH3	315	Sun 16 Apr	TBA	TBA
QH3	316	Mon 24 Apr	TBA	TBA
QH3	317	Sun 7 May	TBA	TBA
QH3	318	Sun 21 May	TBA	Barritone
QH3	319	Mon 29 May	TBA	TBA
QH3	322	Sun 4 Jun	TBA	TBA
QH3	323	Sun 18 Jun	TBA	TBA
QH3	324	Mon 26 Jun	TBA (MidsummerMadness)	TBA
QH3	325	Sun 2 Jul	TBA	TBA
QH3	326	Sun 16 Jul	TBA	TBA
QH3	320	Fri 21 Jul	TBA	321 Weekend!
CLH3		Sat 22 Jul	TBA (Toga 2000)	
QH3	321	Sun 23 Jul	TBA	321 Weekend!
QH3	327	Mon 31 Jul	TBA	TBA
(Date may move - dependent on MH3 dates)				
QH3	328	Sun 6 Aug	TBA	TBA

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.

--- Hares please --- Venues please --- Hares please --- Venues please --- Hares please