



Run no: 197
Date: February 2nd 1997
Venue: Rancliffe Arms, Bunny
Hares: Too tuf & Pleasure Gnome
Scribe: Cyranose

The hares were late, very late. We all thought we knew why - a Sunday Morning Bonking instead of a Sunday Morning trail laying? They both blamed each other, but this is what really happened:-

The alarm went off at 7:45. Pleasure Gnome suggested to Too Tuf, "Tea in bed would be nice, darling." Too Tuf obliged. An hour later (obviously Too Tuf had to give Pleasure gnome a 10th hashing anniversary pressie, so he obliged again), they emerged from the bedroom. "A full English breakfast would be nice, darling". Too Tuf obliged again. An hour later (after an obligatory fag for Pleasure Gnome and maybe another shag for Too Tuf) they finally got round to laying the trail.

Meanwhile, back in the car park, Kentucky is seen to be overtly athletic, having a fag (without the shag).

At approx. 11:20 am, we all set off, in the wrong direction of course! But it did mean that Lightning rod, Oriface and Cum-Over caught up with us.

Earlier in the day, Yours Truly had decided to walk and shortcut the best part of the trail (so what's new?) The rest of this write-up is therefore written with the help of ghost writers.

According to Mr Logic (his first Quorn Hash, having come all the way from Zurich, and he wasn't late!) there was plenty of shiggy. According to Rockhopper there wasn't enough!

They all ran across fields, over fields, up hills, down hills, up roads, down roads without much happening - apart from Mr Logic who short cutted through gardens and was abused by an old lady who was sunbathing naked in her bath (Glad I wasn't there!)

Back at the pub, Barritone disappointed us all by ordering his lasagna without chips (he knows very well that we all like chips). Down downs were awarded as follows:-

- Paxo** - A welcome return to our R.A. and a more welcome relief for Too tuf?
- Barritone** - Our fine editor of Hash Rag who somehow managed to award himself Best Harrier and Best Trail (Can I have a recount please?)
- Pleasure Gnome** - For best Harriet (I'm upset but don't show it!)
- Mr Logic** - for being a visitor, a Viz Reader, a short cutter, getting a wrong trail, nearly beheading himself, not shouting ON ON, usurping Lightning Rod in FRBing. Is that enough?
- Lightning Rod** - For shopping with his missus, thus making himself late to be picked up for the Hash. Inexcusable!
- Wallington** - For being a beer abuser. His pub choice for our 200th bash sells only keg beer. too Tuf and Pleasure Gnome are investigating!

See you all at OUR 200TH!!!!

BE THERE OR BE SQUARE!!!

With love from Cyranose

BEING a beer buff does have its down side. Pity poor Stephen Frost of Ipswich, who has been

dumped by his girl friend because of his devotion to the amber nectar.

Stephen travels the country in search of ale and his long-suffering partner gave him the elbow after he had sipped his 3,097th brew.

Said 34 year-old, 14-stone Stephen poignantly: "She wasn't a beer drinker so we didn't have a lot in common.

"When I find an ale I really like to have several - followed by a vindaloo."

Was it the ale or the curries that turned his love life sour, I wonder?

In spite of being down in the dumps, Stephen kindly came up with his Top Ten beers based on his extensive research: Hop Back Summer Lightning, Felinfoel Double Dragon, Whim Black Christmas, Nethergate Umble Magna, Star Brewing Dark Star, Brunswick First Brew, Kelham Island Pale Rider, Woodforde's Great Eastern, King & Barnes Broadwood, and Cain's Formidable Ale.

Cain's is also known as "FA" for short, which seems to sum up the unhappy situation.

It's all been going horribly wrong for fat policemen. In India a study has found dangerously high levels of obesity in the country's police force. "We have many good officers," said one official, "but also many who eat too much fried banana." In Bangalore, over half the town's police have been deemed too chubby to perform their duties properly. Precisely why Bangalore's police should be plumper than those of any other city is uncertain, but that it is affecting their performance is beyond doubt. In one instance a robber escaped because the policeman chasing him became wedged in a narrow alleyway, while in another a police mounted unit had to be disbanded because its horses kept collapsing beneath the weight of their riders. Bangalore's portly policemen have now been put on a strict weight-loss regime, with daily yoga and a ban on mangoes, chips and, for some reason, Horlicks. "Fat-bottomed girls might make the rocking world go round," opined one official, "but they have no place in a modern police force."

"This whole thing has rocked my faith in God," Eduardo Sanchez, 35, told a press conference in Barcelona. "Some people might say I'm lucky, but I think it shows a sick and twisted sense of humour on the part of the Almighty."

Sanchez, a Spanish businessman and Roman Catholic, recalled the bizarre sequence of events that had befallen him in recent months. "I was in Stockholm on business, and I was worried about my health, so I stopped at a nearby church to pray. The church was empty except for a coffin containing the body of a man, and there was a condolence book beside him, with a note saying that anyone who prayed for his soul should enter their name and address. It was blank, so I prayed for him as well as for myself, and then I signed the book.

"Then, yesterday, I got a call from a Swedish legal firm telling me I was now a millionaire. It turned out that Jens Svenson, the man in the coffin, was a 73 year old estate dealer with no close relatives. He'd specified in his will that 'whoever prays for my soul will inherit my estate' and, apparently, I was the only one who did.

"So why am I not happy? Because I'd just found a lump in my testicles, and I was praying to God to please let it be benign. And instead, the hospital told me last week that it's an inoperable cancerous growth, and I am now a terminal case." (P)