



# REHASHING THE TRASH – TRASHES GREATEST HIST ((ANAG))

Issue 38 (ish) RUNS 1014 – 1021

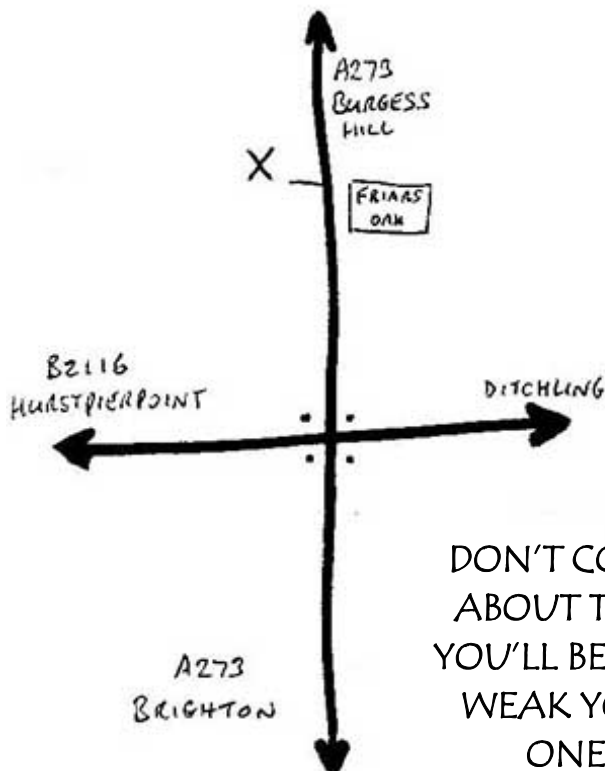
Winter 97/98

It's almost 5 years now since the subs were put up from 30p to 50p and the trash was bored. Time is ripe for the oldies to hash down memory (resisted) lane and a chance for newcomers to see the best bits (editors decision is vinyl!) what they missed! So in amongst the new there's a lot of awful old in the seasonal tradition of rock stars everywhere.

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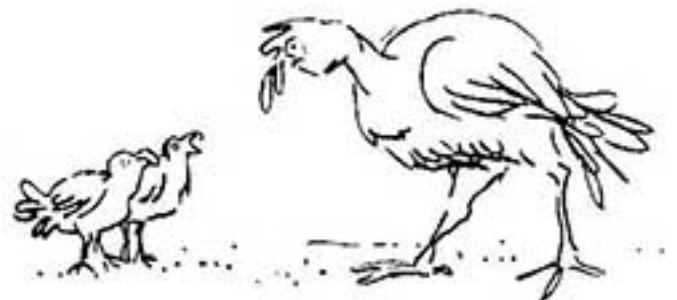
1. Front cover – you're looking at it.
2. The beer page
3. Hareline page 1 – 1014 – 1017
4. Change programme
5. Hareline page 2 – 1019 – 1021
6. zum zongs
7. BH7 hashers hit the punchlines
8. Assorted bits & pomes
9. Flow charts
10. Leftovers – haven't decided yet!

Run 1018 - BACCUS RESTAURANT, HASSOCKS GOLF CLUB  
22ND DECEMBER, 1997 - LES & SIMON



DON'T COMPLAIN  
ABOUT THE BEER.  
YOU'LL BE OLD AND  
WEAK YOURSELF  
ONE DAY

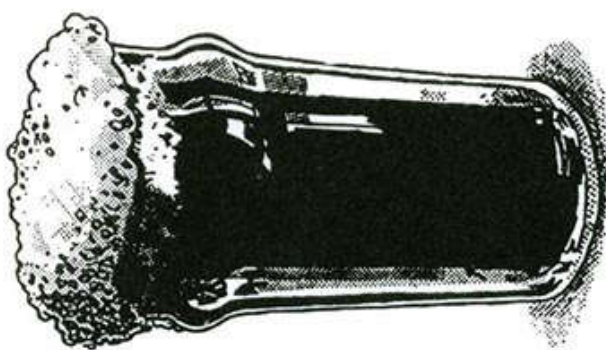
To start the ball rolling we return to an old run with Les and Simon who are again setting the Christmas hash from Hassocks Golf Club. Can't believe we haven't been banned yet so get your name down on the board and make sure you're there for some festive misbehaviour! Try and bring a bit of cash on the run as the festive cottages are now collecting for charity.



"Mummy – is there really a Father Christmas?"

# DRINKERS FAULT FINDING CHART

SYMPTOM	FAULT	ACTION TO BE TAKEN
Drinking fails to give satisfaction and taste, shirt front wet.	Mouth not open while drinking, or glass being applied to wrong part of face.	Buy another pint, and practice in front of mirror. Drink as many as necessary until drinking technique is perfect.
Drinking fails to give satisfaction and taste, beer unusually pale and clear.	Glass empty.	Find someone who will buy you another pint.
Feet cold and wet.	Glass being held at incorrect angle.	Turn glass the other way up so that open end is pointing towards the ceiling.
Feet warm and wet.	Incorrect bladder control.	Go and stand next to the nearest dog – after a while complain to its owner about its lack of house training. Demand a pint as compensation.
Bar blurred.	You are looking through the bottom of your empty glass.	Find someone who will buy you another pint.
Bar Swaying	Air turbulence is unusually high, - may be due to darts match in progress.	Insert broom handle down back of jacket.
Bar moving.	You are being carried out.	Find out if you are being taken to another pub – if not, complain loudly that you are being hijacked by the Salvation Army.
You notice that the wall opposite is covered with ceiling tiles and has a fluorescent light strip across it.	You have fallen over backwards.	If your glass is still full and no-one is standing on your drinking arm, stay put. If not get someone to help you up and lash yourself to the bar.
Everything has gone dim, you have a mouthful of dog ends and broken teeth.	You have fallen over forwards.	See above.
Everything has gone dark.	The pub is closing.	Panic.
You have woken up to find your bed hard, cold and wet. You cannot see your bedroom walls or ceiling.	You have spent the night in the gutter.	Check your watch to see if it's opening time – if not, treat yourself to a lie-in.



**A Harmfully Strong  
Traditional Ale**

**DR O'REILLY'S**  
**Blitzkrieg** 109

Dr. O'Reilly's Beers and Agrochemicals Ltd., Unit 6, Purston Industrial Estate, West Yorks.

"I have absolutely no recollection of anything that happened after 9 p.m. last night. Thanks very much!"  
B.K. Glasgow

"This morning I awoke with my head in the fridge, the kettle had melted on the stove and I have vomit in the arm-ups of my trousers. What a smashing beer!"  
A.M. Newcastle

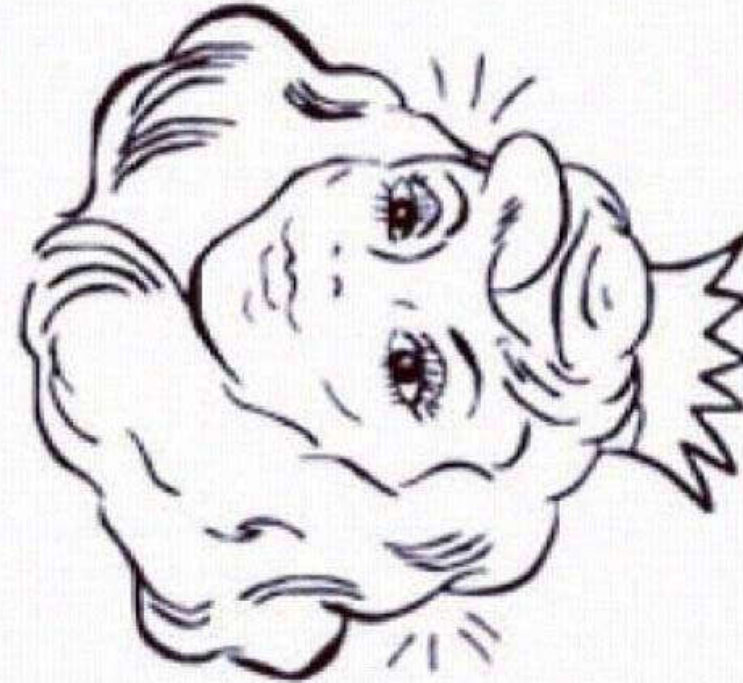
"I came around at about 8.30 a.m. in a police cell, I had dried blood on my shirt and my trousers were cold and damp with urine. I have been charged with Drunk and Disorderly. Cheers! I would recommend your fine beer to anyone!"  
F.W. Birmingham

"I have appalling diarrhoea and my bottom lip has turned green. I am in hospital being treated for serious head injuries. Is your magnificent ale available in cans?"  
D.P. Manchester

"... I had locked my three children in the coal house and later awoke in my neighbour's dog's kennel with a galvanised steel bucket on my head. I have no money left. My wife has left me. Your beer is a winner!"  
J.F. Stockport

"I cannot remember my own name. Where am I? God help me I think I'm dying. What a beer! What a beer! Thanks!"  
Anon. Sunderland

**BEFORE 6 BEERS**



**AFTER 6 BEERS**

Fancy a quick lay  
Mrs. Hare?



receding  
harlequin

**10:** Thou shalt SING HASH SONGS in a loud and hearty voice and not STAND AROUND AT THE BACK talking to friends about FOOTBALL or the BOLD AND THE BEAUTIFUL. ■

[illegible]



# NORTH POLE CHANGE PROGRAMME COMMUNICATION

Dear <name>,

Seasons Greetings from the North Pole.

The recent announcement that Donner and Blitzen have elected to take the early reindeer retirement package has triggered a good deal of concern about whether they will be replaced, and about other restructuring decisions at the North Pole.

Streamlining was appropriate as the North Pole no longer dominates the season's gift distribution business. Home shopping channels and mail order catalogues have diminished our market share, and we can not sit idly by and permit further erosion of the profit picture.

The reindeer downsizing was made possible through the purchase of a late model Japanese sled for my annual trip. Improved productivity from Dasher and Dancer, who summered at the Harvard Business School, is anticipated and should take up the slack with no discernible loss of service. Reduction in reindeer will also lessen airborne environmental emissions for which the North Pole has been cited and received unfavourable press.

I am pleased to inform and yours that Rudolph's role will not be disturbed. Tradition still counts for something here at the North Pole. Management denies, in the strongest possible language, the earlier leak that Rudolph's nose got that way due to substance abuse. Calling Rudolph "a very relaxed employee who never did pull his share of the load" was an unfortunate comment by one of Santa's helpers and taken out of context at a time of the year when helpers are known to be under executive stress.

Today's global challenges require the North Pole continually to look for better, more competitive measures. Effective immediately, the following economy measures are to take place in the "Twelve Days of Christmas" program:

- The partridge will be retained, but the pear tree never turned out to be the cash crop forecasted. It will be replaced by a plastic hanging plant, providing considerable savings in maintenance.
- The two turtle doves represent a redundancy that is simply not cost effective. In addition, their romance during working hours could not be condoned. The positions are therefore eliminated.
- The three French hens will remain intact. After all, everyone loves the French.
- The four calling birds will be replaced by an automated voice mail system, with a call waiting option. An analysis is underway to determine who the birds have been calling, and how often and how long they talked.
- The five golden rings have been put on hold by the Board. Maintaining a portfolio based on one commodity could have negative implications for institutional investors. Diversification into derivatives as well as a mix of gilts and high technology stocks appears to be in order.
- The six geese-a-laying constitutes a luxury which can no longer be afforded. It has long been felt that the production rate of one egg per goose per day is an example of the decline in productivity. Three geese will be let go, and an upgrading in the selection procedure by personnel will assure management that from now on every goose it gets will be a golden one.
- The seven swans-a-swimming is obviously a number chosen in better times. The function is primarily decorative. Mechanical swans are on order. The current swans will be retrained to learn some new strokes and therefore enhance their outplacement.
- As you know, the eight maids-a-milking concept has been under heavy scrutiny by the EOC. A male/female balance in the work force is being sought. The more militant maids consider this a dead-end job with no upward mobility. Automation of the process may permit the maids to try a-mending, a-mentoring or a-mulching.
- Nine ladies dancing has always been an odd number. This function will be phased out as these individuals grow older and can no longer do the steps.
- Ten lords-a-leaping is overkill. The high cost of Lords plus the expense of international air travel prompted the Compensation Committee to suggest replacing this group with ten out-of-work MPs. While leaping ability may be somewhat sacrificed, the savings are significant because we expect an oversupply of unemployed MPs next year.
- Eleven pipers piping and twelve drummers drumming is a simple case of the band getting too big. A substitution with a string quartet, a cutback on new music, and no uniforms will produce savings which will drop right down to the bottom line.

We can expect a substantial reduction in assorted people, fowl, animals, and other expenses. Though incomplete, studies indicate stretching deliveries over twelve days is inefficient. If we can drop ship in one day, service levels will be improved.

Regarding the lawsuit filed by the law society seeking expansion to include the legal profession ("thirteen lawyers-a-suing") action is pending.

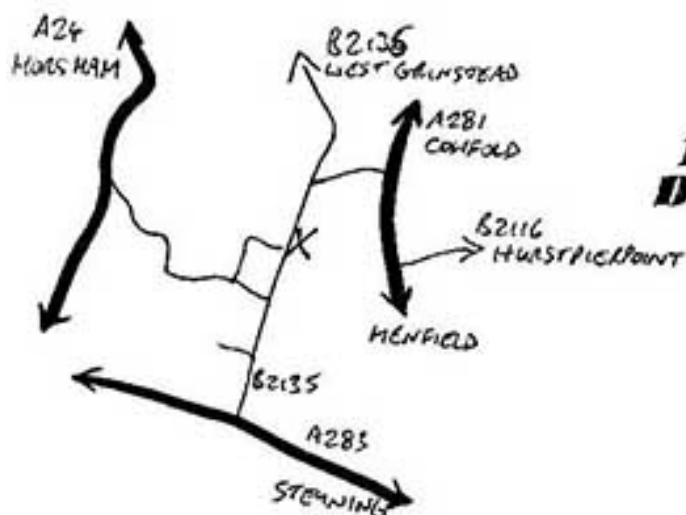
Lastly, it is not beyond consideration that deeper cuts may be necessary in the future to stay competitive. Should that happen, the Board will request management to scrutinize the Snow White program to see if seven dwarfs is the right number.

Happy Holidays!

Santa



Run 1019 - 29TH DECEMBER, 1997  
 FOUNTAIN, ASHURST - THE EVERLY BROTHERS



SEXIST  
 CORNER

**Fantasy  
 Doodle Pad**

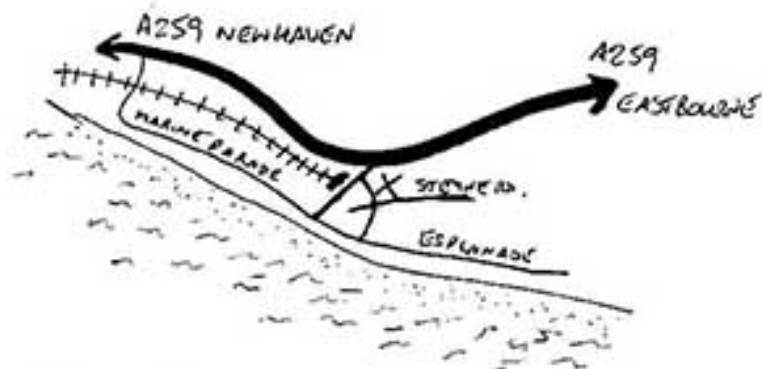


**LAI BY THE BEST**  
 Vinyl Flooring, Linoleum Carpet Specialist

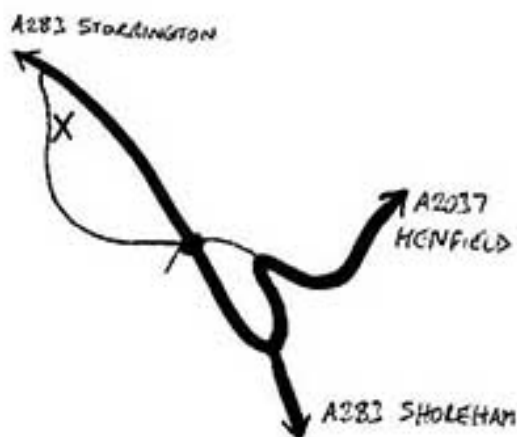
- COMMERCIAL & RESIDENTIAL
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**D. J. FLOORING**  
 TEL 01273 697584  
 0410 900216

Run 1020 - 5TH JANUARY, 1998  
 WELINGTON, SEAFORD - NIGEL, PETER & CO.



Run 1021 - 12TH JANUARY, 1998  
 STAR, SEWING - MIKE & MARIONA



Hasher: n. The hasher is a multisized, perpetually drunk organism, and probably the oddest thing in the universe. It feeds on physical abuse absorbing vast amounts of booze, then running tortuous distances fueled only by the desire to consume more booze, thus being in almost constant state of oblivion; the practical upshot of which is that if you meet one, it can instantly understand anything said to it in any form of language, then direct you to the nearest supply of alcoholic beverage. Now it is such a bizarrely improbable coincidence that anything so mindbogglingly useful could evolve purely by chance that some thinkers have chosen it as a final clinching proof of the nonexistence of God. The argument goes something like this:

"I refuse to prove that I exist" says God "for proof denies faith, and without faith I am nothing." "But," says Man, "the Hasher is a dead giveaway, isn't it? It proves you exist, and so therefore you don't. QED". "Oh dear", says God, "I hadn't thought of that" and promptly vanishes in a puff of logic. "Oh that was easy" says Man, and for an encore he proves that black is white and gets killed on the next zebra crossing.

## HORACE – A POEM

*Written by Terry Jones; never performed, but should have been*

Much to his Mum & Dad's dismay  
Horace ate himself one day.  
He didn't stop to say his grace.  
He just sat down and ate his face.  
"We can't have this!" his Dad declared,  
"If that lad's ate he should be shared."  
But even as he spoke they saw  
Horace eating more and more.  
First his legs and then his thighs,  
His arms, his nose, his hair, his eyes...  
"Stop him someone!" Mother cried.  
"Those eyeballs would be better fried!"  
But all too late for they were gone,  
And he started on his dong...  
"Oh foolish child!" the father mourns  
"You could have deep-fried that with Prawns,  
Some parsley and some tartar sauce..."  
But H. was on his second course:  
His liver and his lights and lung,  
His ears, his neck, his chin, his tongue;  
"To think I raised him from the cot  
And now he's going to scoff the lot!"  
His mother cried: "What shall we do?  
What's left won't even make a stew..."  
And as she wept, her son was seen  
To eat his head, his heart, his spleen.  
And there he lay: a boy no more,  
Just a stomach on the floor...  
None the less, since it was his  
They ate it – that's what haggis is.\*

\*No it isn't. Haggis is a kind of stuffed black pudding eaten by the Scots and considered by them to be not only a delicacy but fit for human consumption. The minced heart, liver and lungs of a sheep or calf or other animals' inner organs are mixed with oatmeal, sealed and boiled in maw in the sheep's intestinal stomach-bag and ..... Excuse me a minute. Ed.



## THE PHILOSOPHERS SONG (for Julia)

As performed for Monty Pythons Flying Circus  
by the four Bruces, University of Woolamaloo

Emmanuel Kant was a real pissant,  
who was very rarely stable,  
Heidegger, Heidegger, was a boozy beggar,  
who could think you under the table,  
David Hulme could out-consume  
Schopenhauer and Hegel,  
and Wittgenstein, the drunken swine,  
was just as sloshed as Schlegel  
There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach  
about the raising of the wrist,  
Socrates himself was permanently p\*ssed

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will,  
On ½ pint of shandy was particularly ill.  
Plato they say, could put it away,  
½ crate of whisky every day,  
Aristotle, Aristotle was a b\*ggar for the bottle,  
Hobbes was fond of his dram,  
And René Descartes was a drunken fart.  
"I drink, therefore I am."

Yes, Socrates himself is particularly missed,  
a lovely little thinker but a b\*ggar when he's p\*ssed!

## A WARNING TO ALL LAGER DRINKERS

Eric Spiggot, while a lad,  
Would go out drinking with his dad,  
Who caring for his only child,  
Brought him up to drink draught mild,  
But at the age of seventeen,  
Young Eric hit the disco scene,  
And met new friends who made him think,  
That lager was the thing to drink,  
He tried it once, he tried it twice,  
Ignored his fathers stern advice  
He shrugged it off with a laugh,  
Drank lager a pound a half,  
His white haired mother begged in vain,  
"Don't throw your money down the drain,  
Oh give it up, it turns you blind."  
But he did nothing of the kind.  
One night he took the fatal step  
Of drinking with the Fosters rep.  
All through the day and night they drank,  
And pints of lager Eric sank,  
Until too late he cried "Alas!  
Oh woe is me I'm full of gas"  
Indeed his words were all too true,  
Ten pounds per sq'inch of CO2  
Inflated him four times his size,  
So listen as the poor lad cries  
"Oh look my friends, behold my fate,  
Give lager up, it's not too late.  
Don't let me die to no avail,  
Pledge yourselves to drink REAL ALE."  
And then poor Eric staggered home,  
And blew up in a cloud of foam.  
So learn a lesson from this song,  
Drink lager and you won't last long!

Origin Unknown

## THE HASHERS SONG

"Now listen, Fred", me missus said,  
"you're getting far too fat!",  
She prodded me in the belly and said  
"You'll have to shift all that.  
You'll have to take some exercise,  
you have to understand  
A balanced diet doesn't mean  
a pint in either hand"

So I became a hasher  
to get that healthy glow  
Come hash with us,  
it's fit or bust,  
a-hashing we will go.

*Hashing, Hashing  
Makes you big and strong  
Hash with us it's fit or bust  
And sing the hashers song.*

A quick half in the Star  
and then I started on me run,  
Going like the clappers  
and shouting Wembley 'ere I come,  
But after several minutes  
I began to feel the strain,  
And just outside the Robins  
I got this terrible pain.

### Chorus

It was chronic dehydration  
and it made me feel quite faint,  
So I popped into the public bar  
and downed a couple of pints,  
But to keep me sense of purpose  
and to see my time well spent,  
Every fifteen minutes  
I went hashing to the gents.

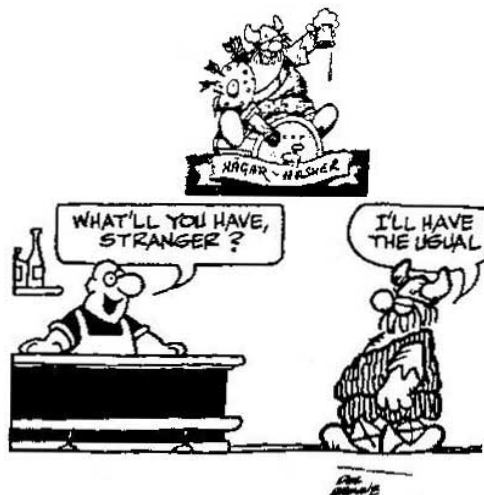
### Chorus

I hashed up to the Miners Arms  
and the chip shop on the way,  
The Cross Hands, the Kings Head  
and the Chinese takeaway,  
And seeing it was closing time  
I had one for the road,  
Two for the pavement,  
three for the kerb,  
and then I set off home

### Chorus

I was tired but I was happy  
as I merrily hashed along,  
That's why I kept falling down  
and bursting into song,  
But what a disappointment,  
cos when I staggered home,  
I stepped upon the scales  
to find I'd put on half a stone.

Now I'm a clapped out hasher,  
my nose is all aglow,  
I wear a truss and catch the bus  
and hashing I'll not go!





THE FOLLOWING WAS STOLEN FROM SINGAPORE HASH  
AND FEATURES A MAN WE ALL KNOW ON HIS FIRST SOLO FLIGHT!

RUN NO : 919  
TIME : Monday, 11<sup>th</sup> June 1979  
HARE : 5:45 P.M.  
LOCATION : Robert Desmond LUCK  
MAP REFERENCE : End of HARVEY AVENUE  
ON ON : Off Upper Changi Road  
CAMERON HOTEL CHICKEN BARBECUE \$10/-

RUN 919

Flight FAR-Q-919 left the tarmac O.K. but very shortly thereafter the flight engineer shot his bolt and those on board went in all directions. Fortunately the paper I.L.S. (Instrument Landing System) had no deviation and a soft touch up was experienced by the paying passengers on arrival. The Engineer concerned had his pylon x-rayed for fatigue at debriefing and several cracks were detected in the immediate surrounding bodies.

**VERDICT** Engineer Hard ---- uck has been grounded as investigations revealed the fatigue extended to other pylons due to the excessive distance covered.

AN EXTRACT FROM BIG DADDY'S AIRFORCE TROUBLESHOOTING MANUAL

(Not as some would suggest, from "Bloody Awful" or "Funny Bum")

**SUBJECT** ALL JET ENGINES. ENGINE SHAKE TOO MUCH: HOW FIX, HOW FIND OUT, WHO BLAME, INFORMATION ON.

**REF.** : (A) Jet Engine Bulletin No. 199A

1. **PURPOSE:** For sake easier for read and savvy reference (a). Don't say whatsamatta when engine shake, when got Bulletin 118 or no, but only for list of things what make engine shake, sometimes.
2. **APPLICATION:** All engine that sneak by Government inspector at factory.
3. **INSTRUCTIONS:**
  - (a) If engine shake in sky and no shake on ground, get new flyboy shaking because no trust engine, this because Take Care Aircraft Officer poor salesman or about to detach.
  - (b) If many flyboys say engine shake too much, may be good idea ask, whatsamatta?
  - (c) Get ground boy sit in gunpowder chair and work kerosene handle. When engine turning and shake like hell, stop and check whatsamatta.
  - (d) Loose electric machine number one for make engine shake, tighten like devil.
  - (e) After whatsamatta check-up all outside small machines and no find, take off hot pipe and count buckets on fire wheel. If fire wheel lose buckets, because flyboy work kerosene handle too fast. If engine "kafloom-kafloom" too many times, hot-boy and fire wheel go to hell soon. If fire wheel good wind, go see whatsamatta air compressing wheel.
  - (f) Take-Care-Flying-Machine men all time lose tools in front air tunnel. make compressing wheel heap sick, also make engine shake.
  - (g) If engine still shake in sky, tell flyboy drive airplane straight so front air tunnel don't make "duck turbulence" (No savvy what kind bird that. Engineer got deep talk for something don't know nothing)
  - (h) Sometimes ball bearing lose marbles and engine shake like hell, This because Get-Ready-Flymen don't pre-oil bearings.
  - (i) If ground boy no find whatsamatta, then call electric man with black box. Man with black box tell whether fire wheel shake on front and shimmy. Black Box always tell truth whether flyboy or ground boy feel engine shake by seat or not.



STOP PRESS

LILY'S LAWYERS  
LASH TRASH

The much publicised print on page three of topless pictures of Princess Lily of Rio de Janeiro ran into problems today and the offending page confiscated along with all prints and negatives when lawyers of Auntie Lil successfully obtained an injunction preventing their publication. It has transpired that the photos were in fact taken illegally by hidden cameras in very specific locations indeed in pub car parks throughout Sussex over the last three years. The member of BH7 responsible has since been annihilated and all memory of his existence erased from the minds of those who knew him. The trash being a prestigious publication, apologises profusely for any embarrassment caused to Liliana and her family by this unhappy incident and we can now confirm our re-attachment to the PCC. Hopefully our advertising revenue will shortly be restored and people will again start buying the publication. Please.

WOOLWICH  
— BUILDING SOCIETY —

Your reference

When replying please quote PR/DC

March 13, 1992

Mr John R Biggins  
Mrs Alexandra I Biggins  
35 Partridge Green  
Fitsea  
Fitsea SS13 3EF

BOUNCER'S BIRTH  
CERTIFICATE

Basilidon Branch  
46 Southernhay  
Basilidon  
Essex SS14 1ET

Dear Mrs Biggins & Mr Biggins

Account Number: [REDACTED]

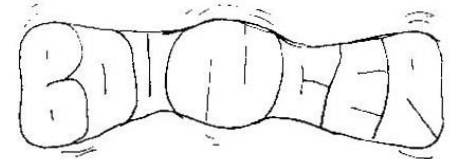
I write to advise that the following item presented for payment against your account has been returned unpaid for the reasons stated.

ITEM: Cheque PAYEE/SERIAL NO: 000130 Essex hash house harriers  
AMOUNT: £10.00 REASON FOR RETURN: cheque reported lost

Should you have any queries with regard to the above, please contact the Manager, Customer Services at the above address.

Yours sincerely

Pay and Returns Section  
Banking Services



**WHAT????** Who leaked that out? Oh well I can no longer deny that my name derives not from any talent for blocking peoples entrances, or even from a fearsome presence on the hash ensuring that anyone who gets in the way is likely to get 'bounced' (although I must admit it's been a whole lot of fun) but from an inability to keep my eye on my cheque book for more than five minutes whilst on holiday in Tenerife last March. This coincided with the presentation of the Essex Hash cheque for their 321 run and after a show of Thumper bouncing round the car park I was finally baptised (I do mean baptised cos most of the beer went over my head!) Bouncer.



## HOW TO OPEN A PACKET OF DRY ROASTED PEANUTS

1. Hold the packet upright in your left hand.
2. Turn it round so that the front is facing away from you.
3. Grasp the packet  $\frac{3}{4}$ " from the top with the thumb and forefinger of your right hand.
4. Grasp the opposite edge of the packet  $\frac{3}{4}$ " from the top with the thumb and forefinger of your left hand.
5. Pull gently but firmly.
6. Turn the packet round so that the front is now facing towards you, and rotate through 90 degrees.
7. Place either end of the packet in each palm, close the fists and grind them in alternate clockwise and anticlockwise directions as if wringing out a small towel.
8. After 20-30 turns, place packet down on bar and order a large whiskey.
9. Approach the packet quickly and silently from below, grabbing it round the neck with one hand and ruthlessly scoring the obverse edge with the thumbnails.
10. Without giving the packet a chance to react, bring it up to the teeth and clamp hard on the bottom edge.
11. Worry the packet to and fro, champing and twisting with the teeth and pulling with a steady pressure with both hands in the other direction.
12. In the same movement rip the whole packet along the metallic bevelled top, cutting your hands open, throw it on to the floor and jump up and down on it, grunting and screaming.
13. And rest.
14. Order another large whiskey.
15. Wait another six hours.
16. Scrabble viciously at the packet all over using nails, eye-teeth and key-ring. Rub packet harshly between now unshaven chin (or calves if woman) and surface of bar.
17. Stab packet suddenly and without warning with pair of ice-tongs.
18. Still using tongs raise packet high in air and slam down on to one of the ornamental beer-cans atop the beer-taps.
19. Repeat mercilessly, sobbing aloud. Rush outside cursing obscenely.
20. Find small child (there is usually one locked in a Cortina in the car park) and ask them to do it.

Next week: How to open a locked Cortina using only a packet of dry roasted peanuts.

## The National Association of Indian Restauranteurs

### Code of Practice

We hereby pledge:

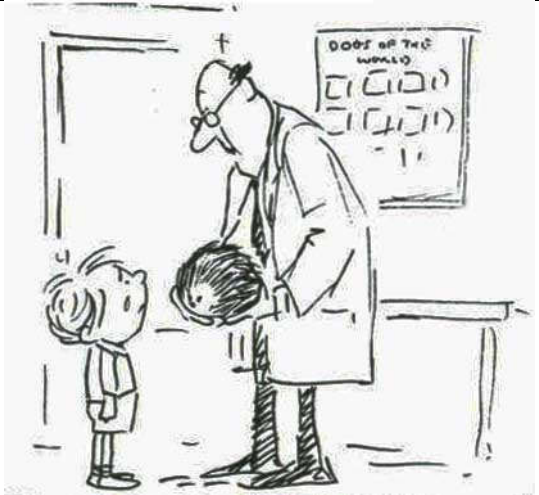
To position the payphone inside and/or underneath the coat rack.

To store cooking oil in cans in the toilet.

To employ six waiters to each guest, of whom five shall be employed solely to pass messages on to the sixth.

To always appear about to close but never to do so.

To take customers at their word when they say "the usual kattomeat Abdul and some of those things that look like slices of stale Yak's turd."



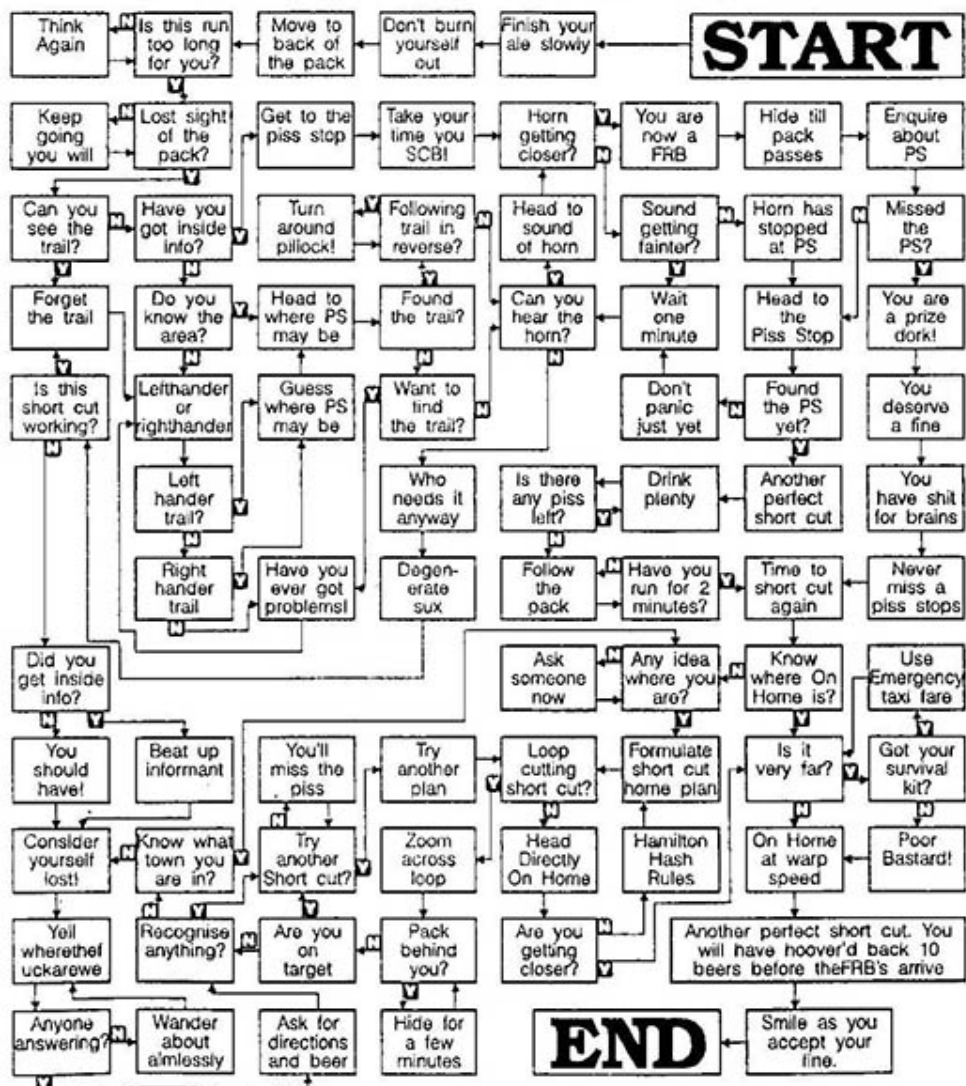
"Well, your hedgehogs not so much ill – he's more a coconut."



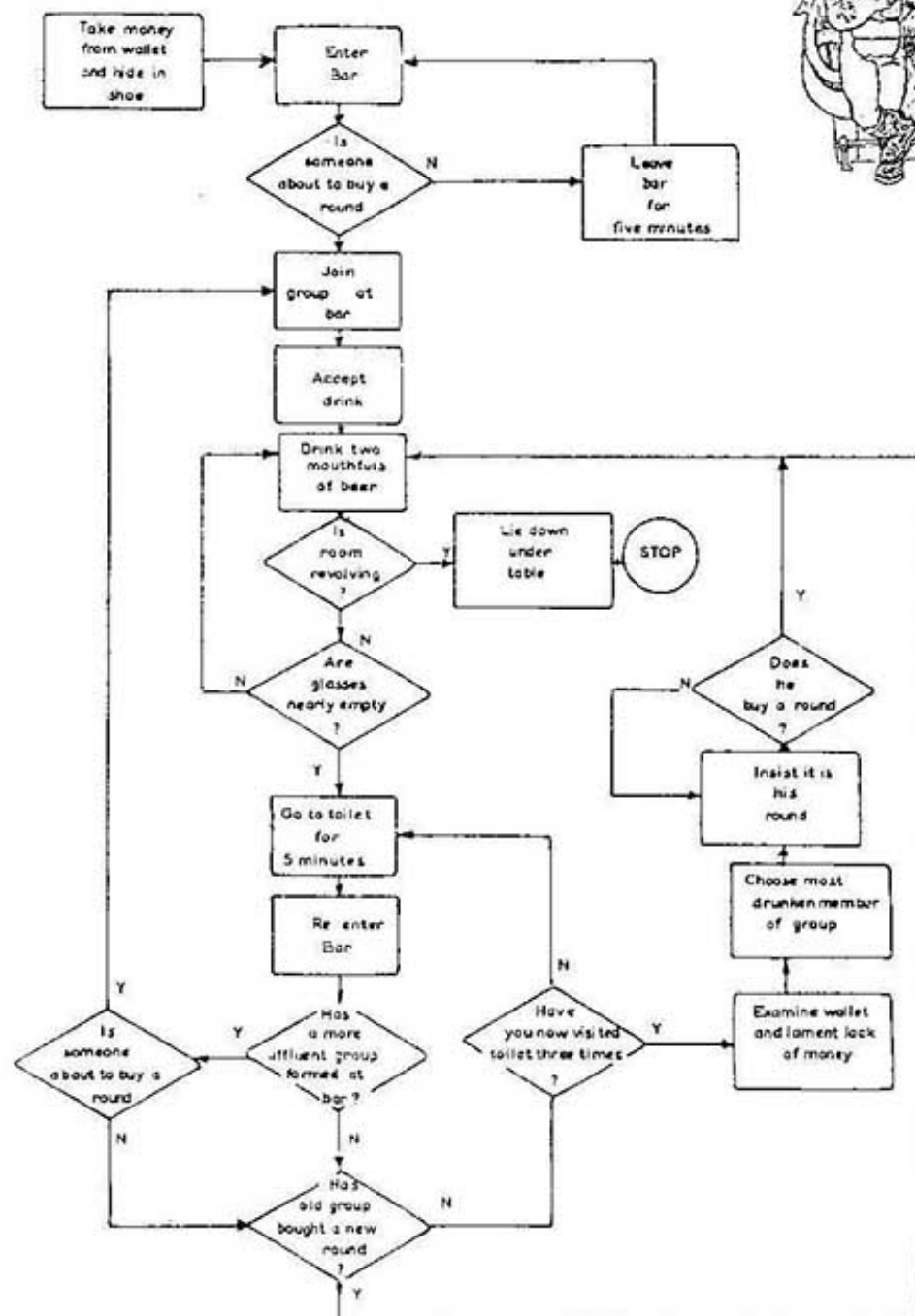
I had 18 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink. OR ELSE. I said I would. I proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork for the second bottle and did likewise with it, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink, and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next, and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the corks, bottles, glasses, and sinks with the other hand, and found there were twenty-nine. As the house came by I counted them again, and finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank. I am not under the affluence of incoher as some tinkle peep. I am not drunk as you might drink. I fool feelish. I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here, the longer I get.

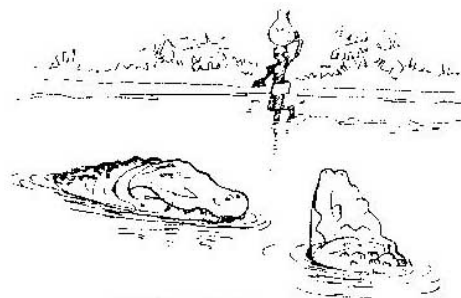
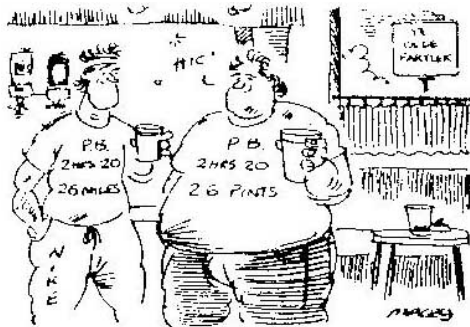


# HAMILTON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS OFFICIAL SCB FLOW CHART



ROUND -AVGIDT ROUTINE FOR  
ECONOMIC BA ATTENDANCE





"Yeh... tit's are alright, but I'm a leg man myself."

"HASH Line"

## Christmas Prize Draw

Readers of Hash Trash are invited to suggest what words of wisdom Phil Mutton might be extolling to runners prior to the 1000th Hash at the Dyke on the 18th August 1997.

Please submit suggestions to David Evans or the editor on a card with your name and telephone number.

Entries to be submitted no later than 15/12/97

The most amusing or pithy entry will be announced at the Christmas Dinner on the 22nd and a prize of a bottle of wine presented to the winner



THIS EASY QUIZ will tell you whether you're made of the right stuff or if you should hang up your trainers and go back to flower arranging. Simply pick one answer for each question, then add up your score and check your total against the table at the end of this column.

### 1) Which of these drinks would you choose?

- a) Mineral water.
- b) Champagne.
- c) Beer.

### 2) Given a choice at the cinema, would you choose:

- a) Something intellectual in a foreign language.
- b) A Western.
- c) Anything containing lot's of sex and violence.

### 3) What appeals to you most about a person of the opposite sex?

- a) Their intellect.
- b) Their generosity.
- c) Their body.

### 4) What do you want out of a job?

- a) Meeting interesting people.
- b) Power and money.
- c) Long lunches and lots of time off.

### 5) What do you prefer to spend your money on?

- a) Tasteful presents for family and friends.

- b) Quality possessions which will last.
- c) Vulgar T-shirts and beer.

### 6) How do you see children?

- a) Endearing souls who need your love and care.
- b) Good, boisterous fun.
- c) Best done on the barbecue.

### 7) What is your chosen style of dress?

- a) Classically elegant.
- b) Smart but casual.
- c) T-shirt and shorts.

### 8) Which of these would you most like to live in?

- a) A Manhattan Penthouse.
- b) A villa in the South of France.
- c) A pub.

### 9) In order to get closer to an attractive member of the opposite sex would you?

- a) Engage them in a deep and meaningful conversation.
- b) Flash your money.
- c) Invite them round to look at your collection of Hash T-shirts.

### 10) On arrival at your holiday hotel you find that your room has been double-booked. Do you?

- a) Stay where you are and refuse to move until you get your room.
- b) Try to come to an arrangement with the management taking a smaller room and some

- financial compensation.
- c) Offer to share the room as long as the other party doesn't mind your drinking, smoking, swearing, bonking, farting and snoring.

### 11) Does your perfect holiday feature?

- a) Luxurious hotels, top-class restaurants and designer shops.
- b) An unspoiled tropical paradise.
- c) Lots of booze and sex.

### 12) If at first you don't succeed do you?

- a) Try and try again.
- b) Give up.
- c) Cheat.

### 13) What is your favourite breakfast?

- a) Fruit and muesli.
- b) Bacon and eggs.
- c) 20 Bensons, 5 pints of ager and a packet of crisps please.

### 14) What is your favourite sport?

- a) Synchronised swimming.
- b) Rugby Union.
- c) Mixed mud wrestling.

### 15) What is your favourite conversational topic?

- a) Literature, Art and Theatre.
- b) Sport.
- c) Sex, drugs and Rock and Roll.

### 16) On the way to the hash you see the beermaster involved in a nasty accident; Do you?

- a) Rush him to hospital in your

- own vehicle even if it means missing the run.
- b) Call the emergency services and render first aid until they arrive.
- c) Stop, grab the beer and leave him to sort out the mess.

### SCORING:

Now add up your score, giving yourself one point for every a), two points for every b) and three points for every c).

### Less than 20:

How on earth did you get hold of this publication? We suggest you give your trainers to Oxfam and take up something more suitable like flower-arranging or origami.

### 20 to 35:

You appear to have the potential to become a real hasher. Although you still occasionally display a little too much good taste and common sense you could still make the grade. We reckon a modest increase in your alcohol intake (say 200%) should just about do the trick.

### Over 35:

Congratulations, you really are a committed hasher. Sadly you're unlikely to have many friends and you've almost certainly reduced your life expectancy by 20 years, but this is a small price to pay when compared with the social stature you have acquired (if you live in Hammersley). ■

## “FUCK”

Fuck describes many emotions, no other word can be used in such varied grammatical nuances. It can be used as a noun - "I don't give a fuck", as an adjective – it's a fucking beauty, as a verb in its transitive form – the game was fucked up by the weather and the intransitive form – he well and truly fucked it up. Everyday expressions show its true versatility.

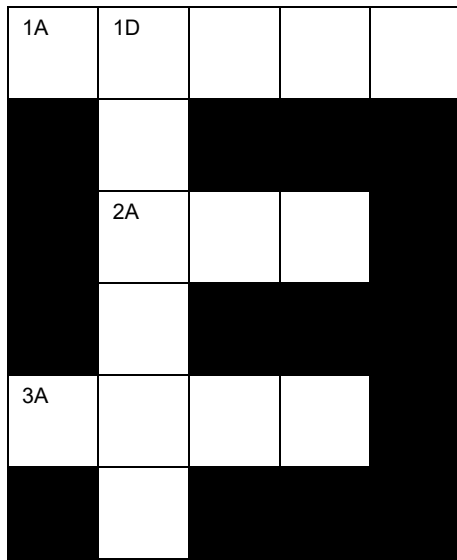
Denial	I'll be fucked if I did.
Perplexity	I know fuck all about it.
Apathy	Who gives a fuck, anyway.
Greetings	How the fuck are you.
Goodbye	Fuck off.
Resignation	Oh fuck it.
Derision	He fucks everything up.

The word has of course been used by some very famous personalities through the years. The more notable of them being:-

"What the fuck was that?"	Mayor Of Hiroshima
"Look at all those fucking Indians"	General Custer
"Where's all that fucking water coming from?"	Captain of the Titanic
"What a place to plant a fucking tree"	Marc Bolan
"That's not a real fucking gun."	John Lennon
"The fucking throttles stuck"	Donald Campbell
"Who's going to fucking know?"	President Nixon
"I'm outside the fucking exclusion zone"	Capt. Of General Belgrano
"Heads are going to fucking roll."	Anne Boleyn
"Who let that fucking woman drive!"	Space Shuttle Captain
"Watch him he'll have some fuckers eye out"	King Harold
"I thought I could fucking smell petrol"	Nikki Lauder
"What fucking map?"	Mark Thatcher
"It <b>is</b> my best fucking coat"	Michael Foot
"She's just a fucking secretary"	Cecil Parkinson
"He's just a fucking mate"	Jeremy Thorpe
"Any fucker can understand that"	Einstein
"It fucking looks like her!"	Picasso
"You've just had a fucking pay rise"	Major Clarke







BSN 09.42 (UP-2) MEN INJURED DURING BIZARRE SEXUAL PRACTISE

LAKE CITY FLA (AUG 5th) UPI- Two me were seriously injured today during, what authorities say, is a deviate, dangerous and highly illegal sexual practice. Vito Bustone sustained second degree burns to his face and scalp. Kiki Rodriquez, his partner, suffered first and second degree burns to his anus and lower intestinal tract.

The act that caused so much trouble is known to the gay community as 'felching.' This involves the insertion of a cardboard tube into the rectum of one's partner. After insertion, a live rodent (usually a Gerbil), is forced up the tube and into the lower intestinal tract.

The problem started when Bustone could not retrieve the Gerbil from Rodriquez' anus.

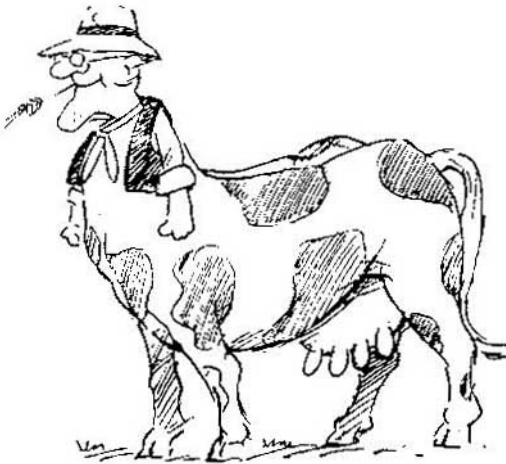
Rodriguez had orgasmed and demanded the removal of the rodent. Bustone could not see up the tube. To help him see, he lit a match which ignited some internal gas. The flame shot up the tube lighting the fur of the Gerbil and detonated a much larger pocket of gas behind the hapless animal.

The ensuing explosion fired the flaming creature down the pipeline and into the face of Bustone, setting fire to his right eyebrow and heavily lacquered hair causing the burns.

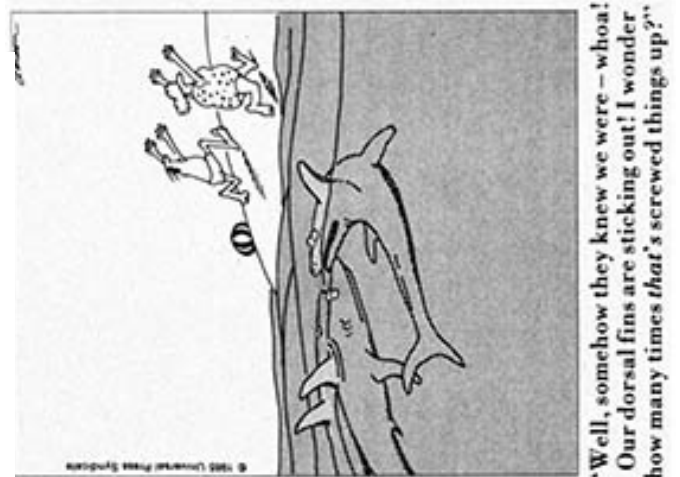
Report ends  
09.43

- 1A – Big sea beast – healthy we hear!  
2A – North sea gold – or is it myself?  
3A - Mad cows and Englishmen go hashing in the midday sun, so that's how it all started! Product.  
1D – Caught up – as in small sea beast.

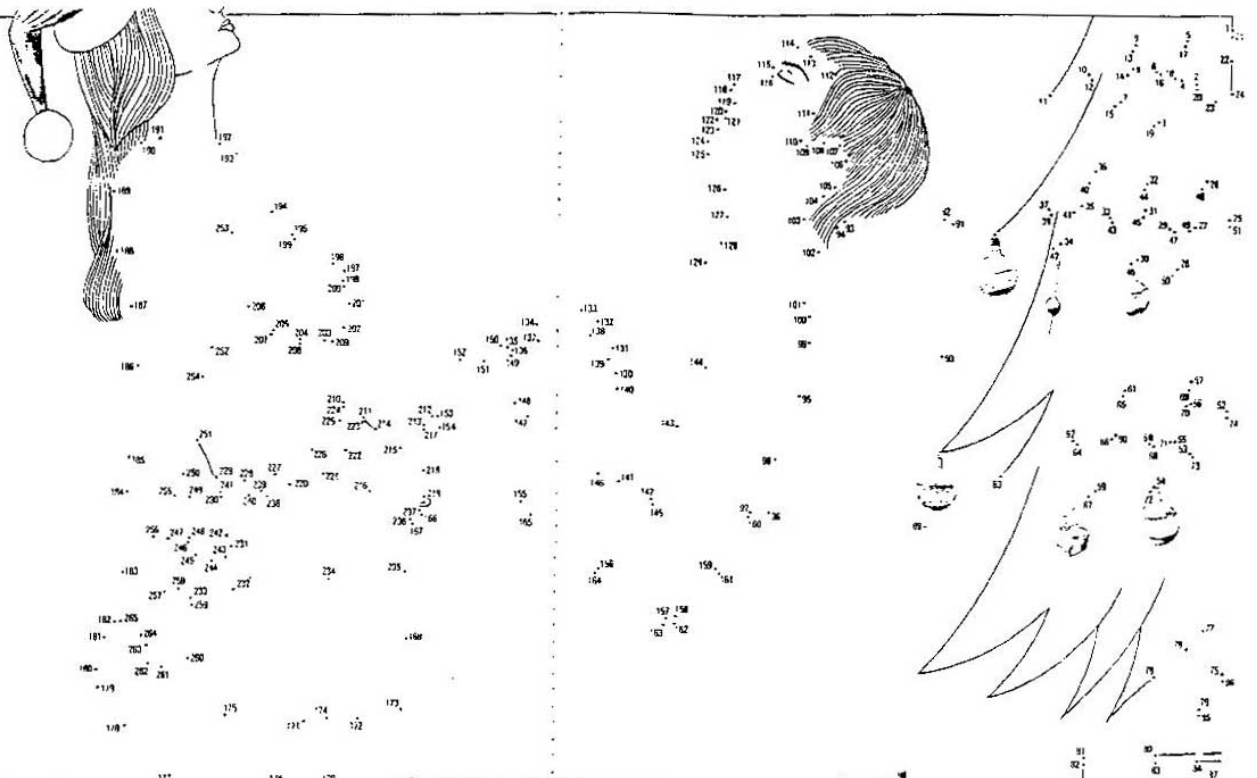
Pronounce with a slight Irish lilt – thanks Bunter.



**BEER VAT DEATH**  
The Walthamstow coroner, Dr Harold Price, recorded a verdict of death from natural causes on 20-stone Mr Ronald Fincham, aged 60, of Romford, Essex, who died after climbing naked into a vat of beer on the day he celebrated 25 years' service with Romford brewery.



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SEASONAL DOTS

Merry Christmas everyone!