

BAGHDAD HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

150TH RUN MAGAZINE

Yes, 150 runs On-On, three years of hashing, overcoming all adversities, least of all the weather. There can't be many sportsmen in the world who run for pleasure in temperatures over 40°C and there certainly aren't any in Baghdad Hash House Harriers. Dysomaniacs, alcoholics, lechers, groppers, foul-mouthed Celts and the occasional wanker are our speciality and it is to these extroverts that this, the third annual magazine, is dedicated.

EDITOR.

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HIS MASTERS VOICE (SIDE 3)

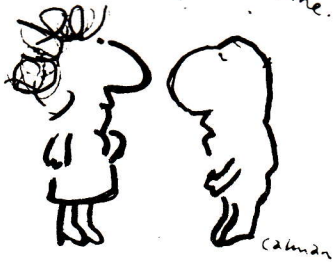
Having penned the preface to the 50th and 100th run magazines, there's not a great deal more to add about the success continuing with BH3 except to say that, despite losing many old faithful hounds, including some of the pioneers and stalwart leaders, fresh blood materialises and lends an equal hand. So BH3 lives on and will continue to do so as long as there are enough crazy Expats in Baghdad with the right attributes of an interest in a bit of exercise, a bit of booze, a bit of fun and a warped sense of humour. So often when trying to describe the Hash to non-cognoscenti I find myself thinking that I must sound like a cross between an eleven year old Boy Scout and a moron, so stupid does it all sound when you try and analyse it, but the proof of the matter is in the degree of support we get from all walks of life (which goes to show the world is full of Boy Scouts and morons).

One point of particular pleasure to me is that before arriving in this corner of the earth, two independent Hashmen at different times and places told me that a Hash could never happen here. Well, they were wrong and I'd love to give them a Down-Down if they ever chanced by this way.

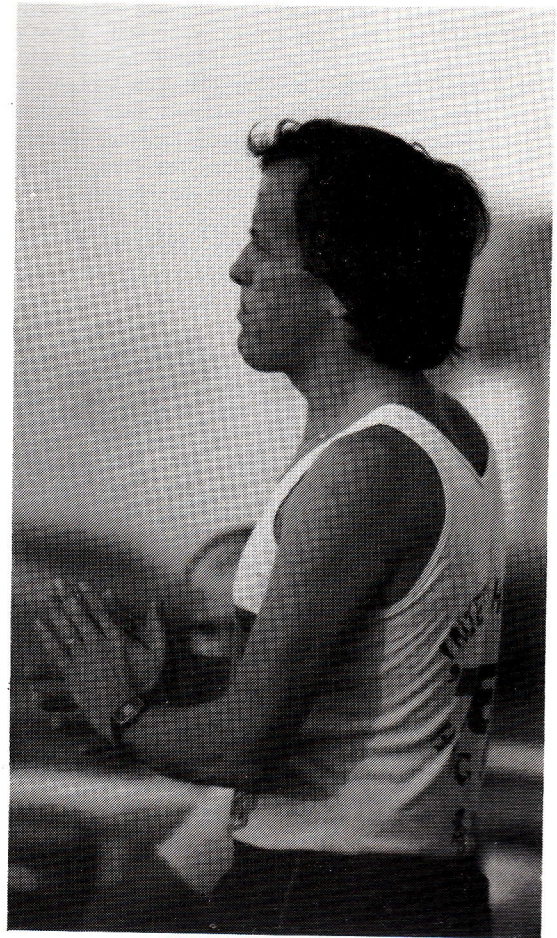
ON—ON to the 200th.

John Haiste.

*One of us has to make
the decisions
and I've decided it's me..*



"... et tu, Brutus?"



Grand Master — John Haiste.
Guardian of the Hash Ethos,
his repartee and hatred of
poofers are a wonder to behold.

Hash Cash — Doreen Shelley.
Guardian of Hash funds. As a
non-runner she gets more out
of hashing than anyone else.
She took over from Debbie
Caulfield-Brown, that well-
known lover of all non-members.

Hash Scribe — John Barrett.
A libellous, rambling, illiterate
whose only forte is defamation
of character. Took the pencil
from Alan Hardisty when it
needed sharpening.

Hash Ice — Harry Lloyd.
The importer of Arctic icebergs.
Said to have the coldest hands
on the Hash and the coldest
hands on the harriettes.

Hash Advisor — Colin Smith.
The perpetrator of all deeds
which require the minimum
of tact or decorum.

All characters are fictitious and bear no resemblance to those who run every Saturday, whether living or dead.

BAGHDAD

HASH

HOUSE

HARRIERS

1983 — 84

COMMITTEE

On-Sec — Colin May.

An honorary title bequeathed
by his predecessor Ray Dalton.
Neither of them actually do anything
but they like to be asked.

Hare Raiser — Don Robertson.

'The persuader' who by flattery and
deceit cajoles we mugs into setting
next week's trail. Attends all inter-
national Hash functions but still
doesn't know the rules.

Baptismal Consultant — Ross Calder

The unacceptable face of tyranny who
could divine an ice-cold douche in the
desert. Fortunately parted these shores
to vent his anger on Edinburgh Hashers.

**Beer Raisers — Derek Dixon
Dave Bland.**

The acceptable face of scavenging.
Whatever they can't drink they bring
to the On-Ons.

Hash Horns — Anyone who turns up.

The arduous role of blowing an ancient
wind instrument in the hope that it will
keep the pack together.



*"If you hurry and change you should catch them as
they loop back past the cars."*



"See anything you fancy?"

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF BAGHDAD HASH HOUSE HARRIERS.

The origins of the Baghdad Hash can in a way be said to go back to early 1977. At that time one young naive fresh faced Yorkshire pudding left his homeland in search of streets paved with gold and instead found streets unpaved with potholes and ended up in a small settlement of about three and a half million people some 700 km. ENE of Baghdad. Said youth, in his search for the noble, pure, virtuous, ascetic things in life, stumbled across the local bunch of Hash House Harriers and mistakenly believed that they were dedicated to his (then) worthy ideal of "mens sana in corpore sano" and enthusiastically signed on. Soon realizing that there was a bit more to Hashing than pure athletic masochism, our hero was not too disillusioned but rather took to the idea and soon became a devoted follower of the cult.



Don Goodwin about to get his leg over.

Don Goodwin getting his leg over.

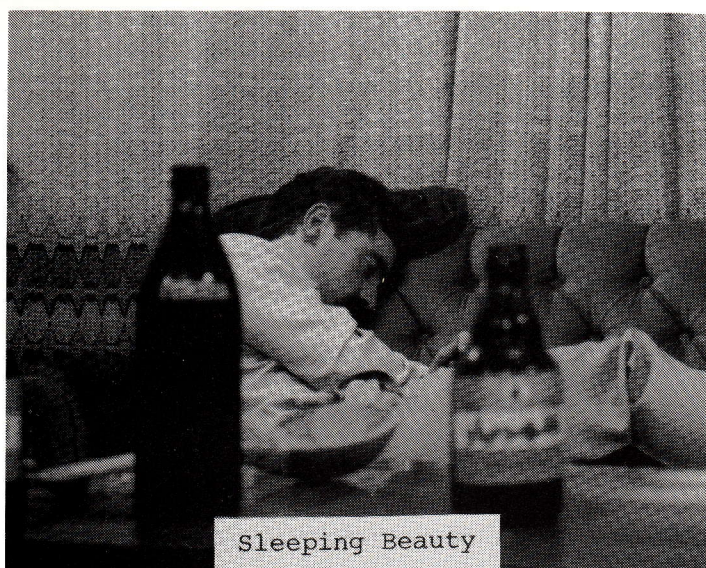


On departing from those shores in the wake of the Return of the Bearded Wonder our noble lad picked up a bit of the UK Hash scene over a few months in Cambridge before travelling east once more to another middle-eastern emporium some 1000 km. SSE of Baghdad, but this one we can call Riyadh. Being exiled there in the company of the ex-Grand Master of the Above-First-Mentioned-Hash the youth was not

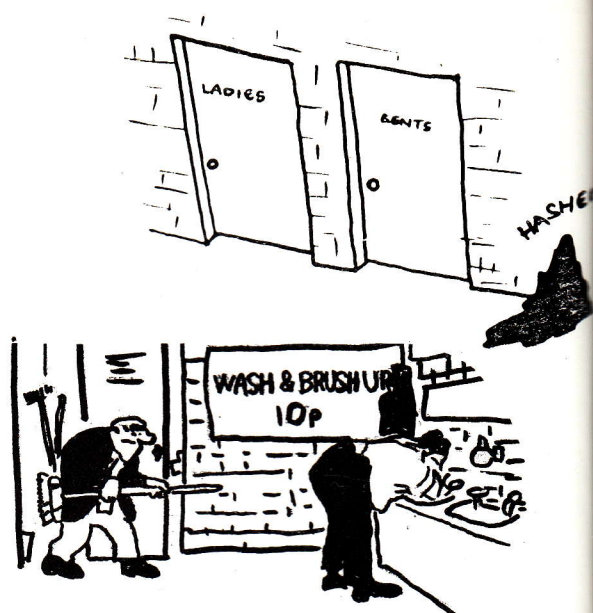
too reluctantly cajoled into helping set up a chapter in that barren land which miraculously prospered despite the lack of one basic ingredient. By now a true devotee of the cause, when the time came to gird up his dish dash and dash across the desert to Baghdad, your Master (for it is he) was eager to find some like minded souls to try and spread the gospel to yet another middle-eastern outpost. Now it must be said that despite all the above individual's personal history the original idea of the BH3 did not come from his great mind, he merely chanced to arrive at the right time when some other layabouts had been talking for some time about getting off their nether regions and running through the palm trees shouting On-On. Nevertheless, few of the other instigators had any Hashing experience and so at a memorable meeting at the Oasis Club in July 1981 your still surviving Master was conned into the job of Master of the fledgling Baghdad HHH. Foremost among the pioneers was one Bob (Wrecker) Shead then temporary Administration Officer at the British Embassy, who'd served his apprenticeship in the Seoul Hash and had escaped from there before the Russians started shooting down airlines known to contain Hashmen. Another pioneer with outstanding credentials (and good Hash experience too) was Ray (Lips) Dalton, who'd served his time in the oldest and original Mother-of-us-all Hash, Kuala Lumpur. Notwithstanding the lack of other experienced Hashers, the spirit was strong and we soon got the show on the road, following the sacred tenets established years ago in KL but with a particular style based on that never-to-be-mentioned place with a Hash where your Master cut his teeth. The main divergence from the above was the acceptance of WIMMIN. On the first run on that magic day, July 25th 1981, there was but one Harriet, Ms. Debbie (I Hate Guests) Caulfield-Browne; since then we have become swamped. Do you know, a photograph can be produced to show that on the 25th run there were no women at all (except for Rachel McFadzean-Ferguson age 8). Back to that first run, from that day there are only four living survivors in Baghdad (it's amazing how the cholera gets 'em), Colin (Marathon Man) May, Don (Geeza-drink) Robertson, Alan (Adonis) Charles and the Hash Master. The first two runs were laid in (unused) toilet paper, things have become a bit more sophisticated since then and also the first On-Ons were a bit amateurish: it wasn't until the first decent spread was instigated by Ross (John the Baptist) Calder that affairs started to improve. The first Lake Bash at Tharthar shouldn't have been the success it was at all because it was a bitterly cold night, the site was poor and the trail was laid with paper plates, but what else can be expected from Jimmy (Come Lately) Doyne's organization. This was also the first time acquaintance was made with Don's cardboard cut out look alike brother Peter, who spent more time prostrate on the sand than Don did. The first toilet seat didn't appear until about Run No. 20. Memory fades as to who was the first recipient but chances are it was either Jimmy or Don. The Wanchor shirt was a donation of Don's and was first awarded (to himself of course) at the 25th Run.

Other Hash Heroes and other Hash Happenings are documented elsewhere or are remembered by other surviving Hashmen. But there being so few of the original stalwarts left, the origins and early days of the Baghdad Hash had to be recorded for posterity before the onset of senility in the author's brain. May the Hash live on and its members beget other Hashes.

ANON.



Sleeping Beauty



THE BICC BAGHDAD MARATHON

On the 9th of December 1983 Baghdad Hash House Harriers organised the first annual Baghdad Marathon sponsored by British Insulated Callender Cables. The event was a tremendous success attracting 107 entrants and hundreds of spectators. The following articles by Tom Duffy, Colin May and Mike Walsh describe three aspects: the build up; the battle of the leaders; and the finish.

The Build Up — Tom Duffy.

Sometime during May or June, word circulated at the Hash that a few people were running a 7 km circuit once or twice per week from Don Robertson's (alias McLecher's) house. "Well, there are always a few freaks in every group of people and they are entitled to indulge in their mid-summer madness" I thought. However, through curiosity, or for the want of something better to do, I and a few others started going along.

The group consisted mostly of Hashers, but in contrast to the Hash, the gatherings were more physical with the social content usually confined to a short chat (about running) in Don's house. Strangely, our hospitable host rarely graced us with his presence on the track.

The track itself around the new University grounds, was quite pleasant, with most of it in a rural setting. Sometimes one was confronted with a wall of hot humid air along the Tigris. That and the occasional howling dog and one's blood alcohol level were the only problems with the circuit. Most people tried to give full throttle on the home stretch and felt that they were keeping in reasonable shape.

That was all fine until some enthusiasts talked about doing 1½ or 2 laps. Most of us worked our way up to the 11 and 14 km but not without a considerable amount of moans and groans, especially in the hot weather. We were graduating from a light jog to a fairly long run. Next, the idea of the Hash holding a Baghdad Marathon was mooted. "This is mid-summer madness turned into sheer lunacy" said I. "They will be flagellating themselves next." I resolved to leave them to it and to continue with my own 10–14 km runs. But it was a bit like placing Mount Everest in front of Chris Bonnington — it was difficult to ignore it. The half-Marathon option was there as a carrot and appeared to be a reasonable objective to work towards.

A certain amount of 'esprit de corps' was building up

among the group at this stage. So I decided to work up to a half-Marathon, "just to be sociable".

To give people something to aim for, it was decided to have an organised 16 km run. The route — a pleasant one from the New British Club to the New University and back was marked out by Colin May. The core of our back-up/organisation team formed for this event in the shape of Derek Dixon, Don Robertson and John Barrett — the former as time keeper and the latter two manning the water/sponge stops. The smug look on John Barrett's face as he quipped "only another ten kilometres to go" made me feel that he was deriving satisfaction from our misery. My suspicion was confirmed as I exited from the University on the return leg, with my tongue hanging out for water, to see through a cloud of dust that Barrett had driven off. I cannot be certain whether he was just waving or giving a two-fingered farewell as he disappeared around a corner. It was a good run, through one of the more pleasant suburbs of Baghdad. The group of applauding spectators, with Rosie Pressland out front and Doreen Shelley checking us in, gave great encouragement on the last furlong, as darkness fell. The "boys out front" were Malcolm Withers, Colin May, Pete Brown, Soren Holbjerre and John Haiste. The middle of the field of 38 runners was made up of HHH stalwarts who had been training around the University, plus a number of French visitors. Forming the rear guard were the Romeo and Juliet of the evening, Neil Gilbert who whispered sweet nothings into Lorraine Dixon's ear, and could still manage a respectable time with no training.

From then on, the training runs on Monday and Wednesday evenings became more hectic as runners were increasing distance and reducing lap times. Jimmy Beveridge was regularly eating up the track as he puffed and panted out last night's beer to make room for tonight's. Don's "hoose" was open as ever to us, but our hospitable host still stayed clear of the track. Himself and Barrett were Marathon veterans and were quite happy to watch. In keeping with the times, the fair sex was well represented, amongst the runners. We had Lynn Gower keeping Mike to it, Jill Barrett who must have said to John "Anything you can do", and Liz Lawlor, training to keep ahead of her suitors. This female presence did not go unnoticed by the locals and escorts had to be close by to keep the more amorous advances at bay.

The next notable event was the half-Marathon, on the 15th October 1983. The course consisted of two 10½

km laps around the University and Abu Nuwas. Again it is a scenic route, but the race had to be held on a Friday morning because of the short evenings. It was a pleasant morning and forty-five runners participated. For example, we were joined by that prominent socialite, Harry Lloyd, who came straight from a party. He didn't even stop to change his clothes, as he attended the party in his running attire. The placings up front were basically unaltered, but there was a bit of jockeying for position down the field.

A lot of uncommitted runners like myself, having completed a half-Marathon, felt confident enough to continue training and aim for twenty miles, as there was a twenty mile race scheduled for the 11th November, four weeks later. The commitment to training increased, with longer distances being covered each week. The twenty mile (32 km) race on the morning of 11th November was a totally new experience for a lot of runners. Forty eight started and twenty three finished. A lot learned (the hard way) that it was quite easy to get carried away initially and be burned up by twenty five kilometres. For example, Len Leviathan Hensgen was reduced to walking towards the finish. This was also the kind of distance at which injuries became more frequent, even among very fit people. Malcolm Withers, Pete Brown, John Haiste, Phil Pressland, Mike Walsh and Brian Gore and myself incurred injuries around this time. (Brian Gore went prematurely grey as a result.) It was a good race, nevertheless, with no big change in the placings. As ever, the back-up team and supporters were marvellous, especially as they had to forfeit another Friday sleep-in.

The 32 km run was an achievement in itself. In the four weeks that remained before the Marathon, most runners would not exceed that distance. Anybody who completed the 32 km felt that if they could do so again on the 9th of December, they would be able to walk the rest if necessary. The training continued, but runners took great care of themselves, with many avoiding "occasions of sin", especially on Thursday nights.

Soon the training was over, carbohydrate build up was complete and the 9th of December arrived. The weather was kind to us on the morning. There were approximately fifty entries for the Marathon and sixty for the half-Marathon. Many were HHH people but we had many others from inferior ways of life. The back-up team were at their best and the rest was up to the runners. The time was 7.06 am and we set off in an attempt to run a marathon — a dream come true.

The Battle of the Leaders — Colin May

Certainly it was the hardest tactical race which I had ever faced. I've never had to think about tactics before or the possibility of being 'in the frame' at the end. In the last London and Commonwealth Marathons the leaders were not in the leading pack until 30 km but this was not to be in Baghdad.

After my experience on the 32 km run I reckoned that I wasn't on for a sub-three hour time. I told Malcolm Withers at the penultimate Hash, Pete Brown said he would watch and follow. I was knackered over the last 2 km of the 32 km run and only just around a three hour schedule. Subsequent training runs indicated a three hour ten minute marathon as being a comfortable pace to settle in at. Further thoughts of placings would be kept as a low priority until after half way. For the first time in my experience I had a time chart scrawled onto my hand.

Months of training, and the build up events, were over. Competitors lined up under the BICC banner, and after the obligatory photographs, starter Derek

Dixon set the 1983 Baghdad Marathon in motion.

Hashers and Harriettes comprised the bulk of the field, but on this day it was a serious running game (Dave Fyffe excepted, who insisted on a fag during the half-Marathon).

At 300 metres the leaders were 'belting it out'. I remarked to John Haiste that they had covered the first kilometre in under four minutes (equivalent to a 2-48:0 marathon pace). Some runners slowed up and settled.

The first time past the 5 km station saw the absence of Ian McKelvey, after dodgemes and late night revelries. I remarked to Gentleman Harry Lloyd, at the next station, about the brisk pace.

At 10 km, the 'full' runners dominated the lead (Janzow 9 seconds on Withers and Brown with Nibblinger 30 seconds behind them). At 20 km, the 'halves' peeled off to the finish with Huhtinen, Hanto and Kotola clocking 86:38, 88:42 and 97:22 respectively.

Withers had taken the lead decisively with a 2 minute lead over Brown, Nibblinger maintaining the same interval, while Janzow dropped back to fourth place. Both Janzow and Brown were caught at about 22 km, now I ran at Nibblinger's shoulder for a couple of hundred metres. His reaction was a tactical slow down, then acceleration after I had passed. Who said afterwards that he was inexperienced?

Between 30 km and 33 km, I wasn't sure if I was in 3rd or 4th position. Entering the last lap of four, 3 minutes behind Withers confirmed second place and left a thought that second place it would be. Successive reports from marshalls indicated a narrowing lead, which was down to 1 minute at 36 km. At 38 km I was in Withers' wake, as he made a brave attempt to recover from an exhausted situation.

So there we were at 39 km, 3 km to go, Malcolm Withers a few metres in front but obviously suffering badly. Just behind me and gaining all the time was Aige Nibblinger, nibbling at my heels. Who would make it to the tape first?

The Finish — Mike Walsh

At 10.06, someone called out "No bugger's going to break three hours now", and then he came into view around the last bend. "He's just gone around the bend", was the shout. Colin May 'breasted the tape' in a time of 3-03:36 to win the inaugural BICC Baghdad Marathon to tumultuous applause and screams of "well done, Robin", "But isn't that Sebastian Coe?"; "Merde Alors", "Isn't he a professional?", "Boring, bloody boring" and "Are his nipples bleeding?"

I watched a seemingly out of condition Ed Strange be the 46th (or second last) official entrant to cross the line, nursing a strained groin muscle, and carrying a half empty, two litre bottle of non-degassed Pepsi, in 5-09:52. There were twelve of us standing at the finishing line by then, including Colin May, to show where it was because, after a 'working shift' on the road, he was bound to be unclear on details like that. The start-finish banner had been taken down, his driver had gone home and it was raining. I was pleased to be there. I'm sure that Ed was even more pleased.

And now a word about the sponsors. As everybody knows, BICC make ballpoint pens. There is a franchise with a local company, who sell under licence, hence the double 'C'. Peter Brown is the Company's sole expatriate representative in Baghdad and finished the race in 3-48:41.

A description has been given of how the race developed into a titanic struggle between well matched Olympians. I think that it would be pertinent to mention that the peaceful, early Friday morning saunters, along the flood bund, of many a city dweller, were disturbed by the antics of a bunch of sweaty, dishevelled joggers, who spat much-gargled orange cordial, and hurled empty Kawtha bottles, sodden sponges and plastic cups in the general direction of the drinks station marshalls. I shall mention some of these people for their sterling efforts: Angela and John Bullivant, Gus and Shay McLeod, Don Robertson, Harry Lloyd, Dave Bland, Dave Webster, Ian McKelvey. There were many others.

The ladies performed well. Jill Barrett fought off a valiant challenge from Liz Lawlor to be the first lady finisher in a time of 4-20:03. Her time would have been even better had she not sustained cramp at the 25 km stage. Charlotte Eriksen finished third lady, having intended only to run a half-Marathon.

Creditable performances were given by those runners who suffered injuries while training for the race, especially Toms Duffy and Mulcahy, Mike Thomas, Phil Pressland and the Hash Master himself, who finished joint fourth with Jerry Hall, in a time of 3-21:50. Colin May says of the Haiste/Hall pact, "I would have asked 'the question' to break my opponent's concentration, and then I would have sprinted for the line". Other pacts were formed — between Liz Lawlor and Wally Curran, who finished hand in hand, and those shy, insecure, retiring chaps from the Southern Hemisphere, Mark Wellington and Andrew Goodman.

Ross Calder required the bucket of cold water for his strained groin, but completed the 'half'. There were some brave souls who completed the 'half', as had been their intention from the outset, and who then went further to complete the course. In this category we can name Don Goodwin, Neil Gilbert, Alan Charles and John Lawrence who (ever the

gentleman) escorted young Kirsten Neymark to the finishing line before completing the full distance.

The prize-giving ceremony was an interesting affair. In anticipation of an 'in-house' victory, Colin May signed a contract with Rank Films Inc, who provided him with three large gongs. Mr. Nibblinger and Malcolm Withers received silver and bronze gongs respectively. Mr. Nibblinger produced a truly remarkable performance for a 55 year old or even for a 25 year old. His result gives everyone the incentive to start training for the 1993 marathon.

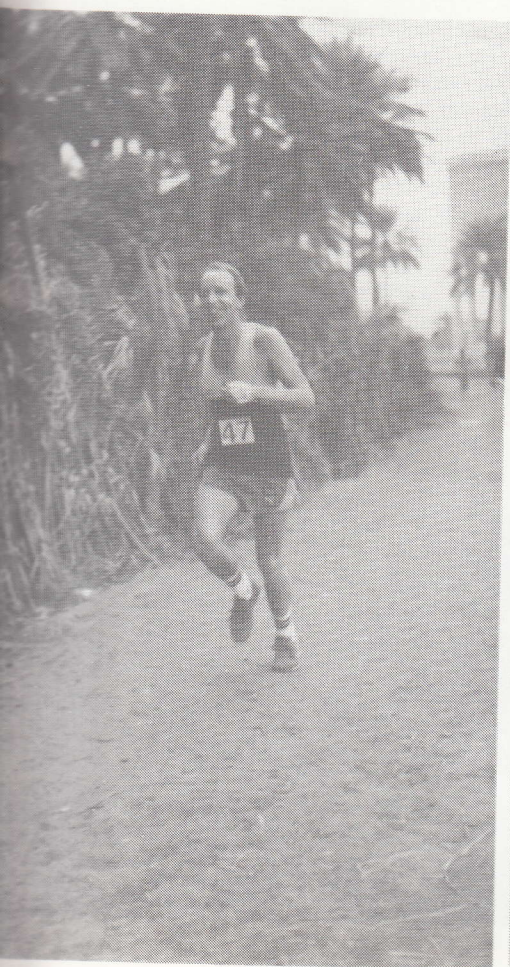
Laurie Walker of the British Embassy presented the prizes, which, in addition to the 'Rank' gongs, included 'Flying Lady' statuettes, that had been lifted from some of the Rolls Royce vehicles parked in the Embassy grounds. Well done, Laurie.

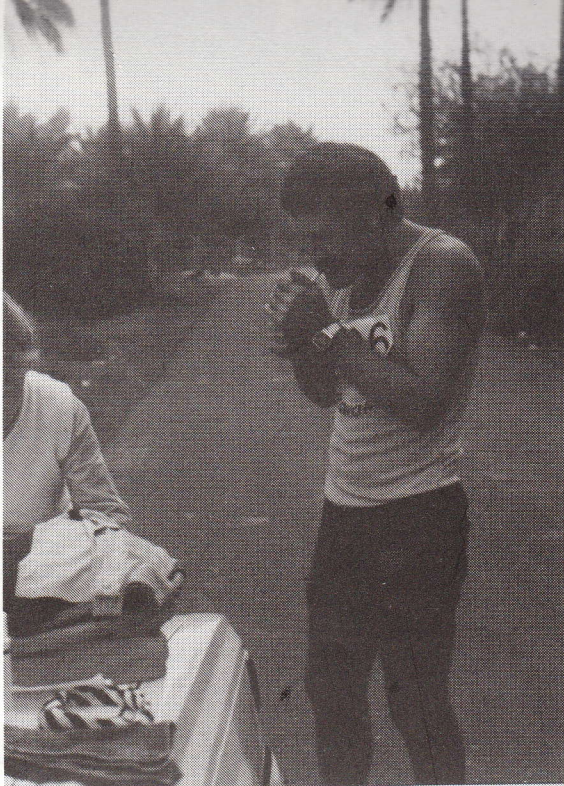
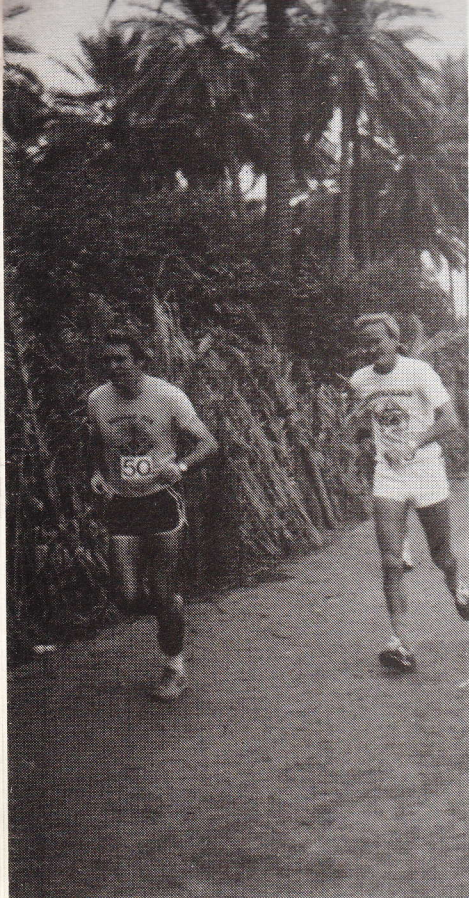
The race was well organised, as was the Marath-On-On at the '345' Club. The spectators helped to create atmosphere and I'm sure that all runners achieved their goal.

Before the race, Andy Jones quipped that he had not yet decided how to finish. Should he stagger over the line in emulation of Jim Peters' brave attempt to finish the 1936 Olympic Marathon, or should he sprint through with clenched fist in the air, in a victory salute? I thought of this during the race. After 32 km I couldn't lift my arms, so the victory salute was out. At the 40 km stage I felt so tired that I was convinced that the 'Jim Peters' Stagger' was going to be a certainty for me, although I was determined to hide the staggers.

My wife underestimated my finishing speed along the home straight and so she was forced to sprint with me to the line carrying collapsible chair, towel and camera. She was greatly relieved to reach the line before me so that another photograph could be taken of what, for everyone who participated, was an unforgettable day.







You Pommie bastards don't take this marathon running seriously enough.



If you don't hurry up you'll be grabbed by the fuzz.

"He's training himself to boycott the 400 metres hurdles."



The Hash has developed a new shape in super athletes.



It's not essential for Hashers to be lechers. But it helps!

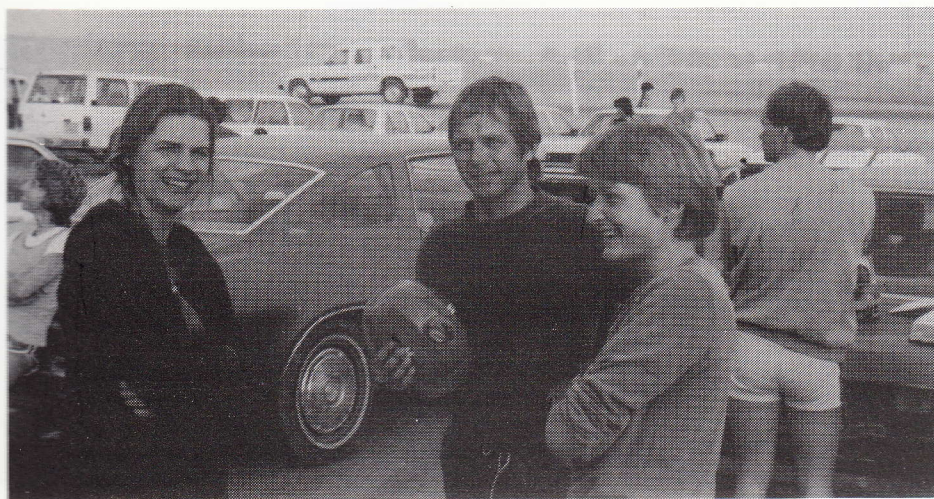
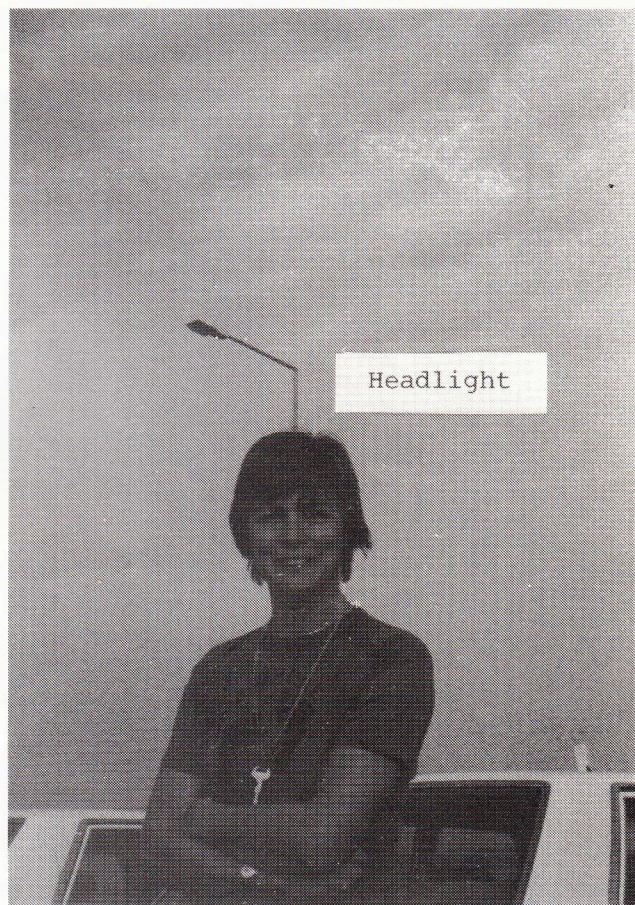


SECURITY SPECIAL

A problem facing every hasher today.

I well remember my first Hash. There I stood, a stranger amongst the experienced; a novice not knowing what to do. At last someone noticed my predicament and offered me some friendly words of advice; 'Why don't you stick it in your sock', he said. I thought this a little strange but decided to follow his advice. Surprisingly enough it remained in place over the next 45 minutes, but was, to say the least, uncomfortable. Over the next few weeks I tried hanging it around my neck, strapping it to my leg and finally just letting it dangle in my hand. None of these methods was satisfactory as I always thought it was going to drop off. I resorted to desperate action — I brought my wife along to hold it when I ran. Needless to say she soon got fed up with that and I was back to square one, not knowing just what to do with my car key while I ran.

On the advice of another I left it in the biscuit tin when I paid my subs, but when I went to retrieve it there was only one bunch of keys left in the tin and it wasn't mine. 'Hide it under the car bumper', said a veteran, 'Or along the sill, or on top of the wheel, or under the wheel'. My biggest problem then was remembering which of those secret locations I had chosen five hours and several Feridas later. Once or twice a year just to be on the safe side, I actually lock it inside the car — it's a good way to check on who your friends are. It seems to me that there really isn't an ideal solution and therefore security will remain one of the most significant problems facing Hashers today.



Wife: "Don't I look younger without a bra!"

Hubby: "Well it certainly takes the wrinkles out of your face."

**BAGHDAD HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
(OFFSHORE BANK UNIT) – FINANCIAL
STATEMENT**

Principal Subsidiaries:

AYSER HAMBURGERS

HAMED'S ICE FACTORY

This year was a remarkably successful year for BH3 as the Hash membership is substantially greater than the previous year.

Mainly due to sponsorship of the running vests and their subsequent sales to the members and the repeated persuasion, cajoling, wheedling and badgering by the Committee in the collection of membership fees, coupled with the fact that active bullion trading has also taken place throughout the year, cash in hand has risen dramatically especially in the first half. In the light of international stabilities, your Hash Committee increased liquidity and carefully monitored credit risk and interest rate movements. We also enlarged our capital resources which at year end stood at ID 7,600 plus three and a half crates of Ferida.

The Hash's growth has brought it to the point where it is the largest Hash on the Tigris – nay even in Iraq – and the past year has again proved a record one for earnings, membership and wankers.

The Hash's equity capital at year end amounted to ID 2,310 plus 3 Heineken, 1 Seven Up and an empty Lulua crate.

Ayser Hamburgers WLL of which the Hash holds 61%

raised its dividends twice in the year reflecting an earnings increase of nearly 1.21% at year end. Hamed's Ice Factory had made a cool ID 1,250 profit.

During the year the combined Hash sold half its strategic gold investment at a profit of ID 12,000. This is treated as an exceptional item in the financial statements. Since the year end the Hash has sold the remainder of this investment producing a further exceptional profit of ID 5,000.

While the Hash cannot count on a repeat of the exceptional bullion trading conditions of 1983 the new year has started promisingly and your committee is recommending an increase in regular dividend from one Shahrazar to half a can of Fosters per share together with a special 3rd anniversary bonus of two cans of Guinness XXX per share for the Irish.

The following is an extract from the accounts and further details may be obtained from the clutching hand of Hash Cash.

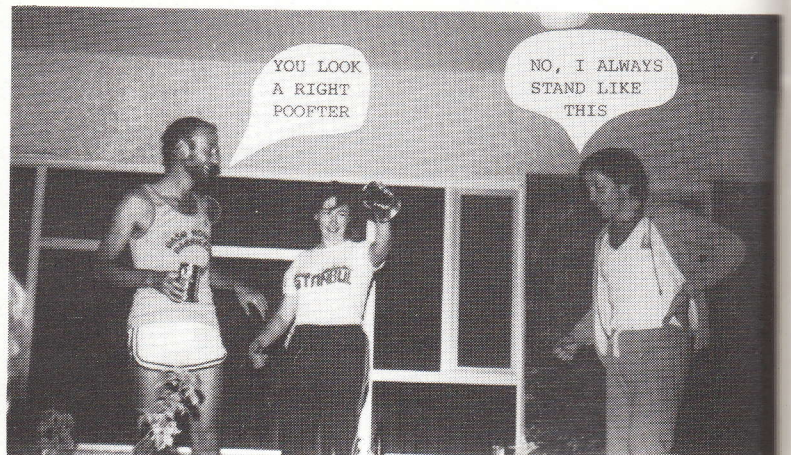
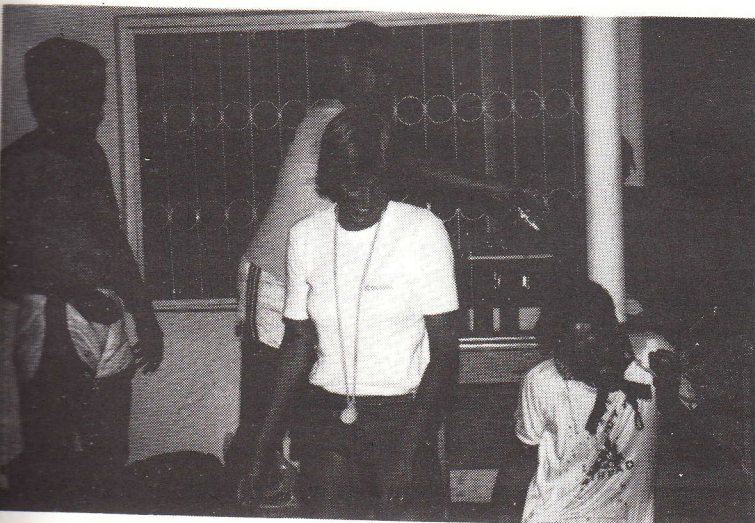
INCOME	EXPENSES	ID
Expenses plus a bit	Committee Refreshment	307
	Slander (out of court settlements)	83
	Libel (out of court settlements)	71
	Ice	2
	Ferry Rides	15
		726
	Monies Under Bed	83

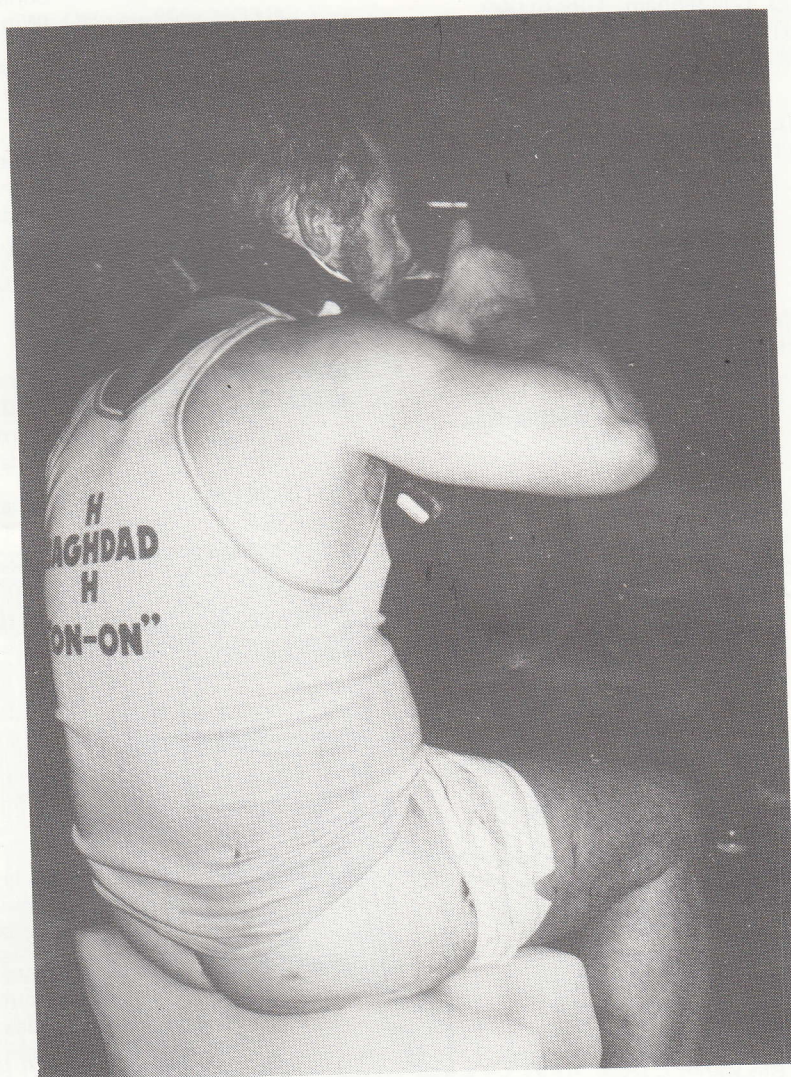
Paddy got a job working as a Slot Meter Collector for the Electricity Board. Before he went out on his first morning's work, he was told by the foreman, 'And don't forget to come in for your pay at 4.00 pm on Thursday nights.'
'BE JAASUS,' said Paddy, 'DO WE GET PAID AS WELL?'

"If God had meant us to live within our means He wouldn't have given us credit cards!"



down—downs





HAD ENOUGH?

List of UK Hash Chapters

TITLE	CONTACT	PHONE	RUN DAY
Aberdeen	Mark Thompson Petroleum Development c/o British Petroleum Dyce Aberdeen UK	(0224) 832607 (O) (06513) 2405 (H)	Sunday
Berkshire	On Sec c/o Breckland House 27 Warfield Road Bracknell Berks RG12 2JY UK	(0344) 58763 (O) (0734) 56611 (H)	Monday (Summer) Sunday (Winter)

CHRISTMAS FANCY DRESS PARTY

It is not often that Mae West dances with Batman. It is rarer still to behold two Superwomen and two Jimmy Beveridges. When three Neros and two Dennis the Menaces turned up the scene was set for a game of snap.

The occasion, of course, was the Hash Christmas Fancy Dress Party at which 60 immodest exhibitionists cavorted around the 345 Club unashamedly mimicking 'famous personalities'. Many people went to a great deal of trouble to acquire their costumes and much ageing make-up was in evidence. Some people were so convincing they were immediately recognisable. Colin Smith wore a pom-pom hat and said he was Logan Smith. No one had heard of Logan Smith, no one has since heard of Logan Smith. At least we only had one of them — thank God.

The stars of the evening were Jimmy Doyme and Nancy Moran, alias Mickey and Minnie Mouse (not necessarily in that order). Apparently they were a much bigger hit at their previous function that evening where they wore their costume to a formal cocktail party. They were the only people wearing tails.

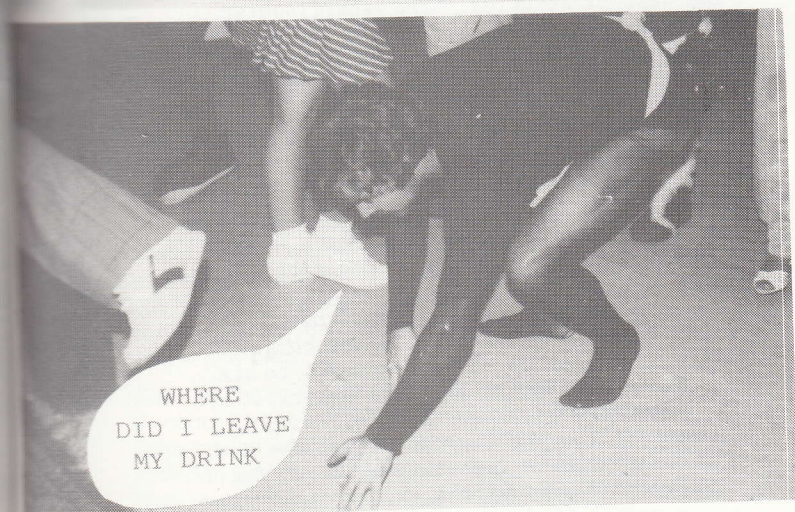
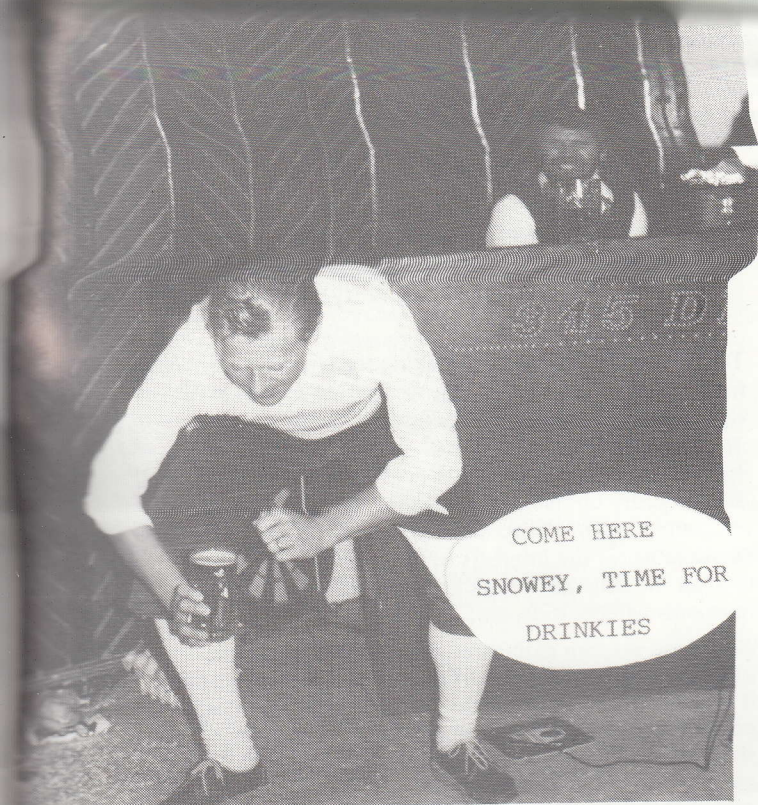
The Master of Ceremonies was Man Friday (Don Robertson) who gave prizes to the eight people he recognised before he fell over. He wore a loin cloth with as much padding as Doreen Shelley's Mae West.

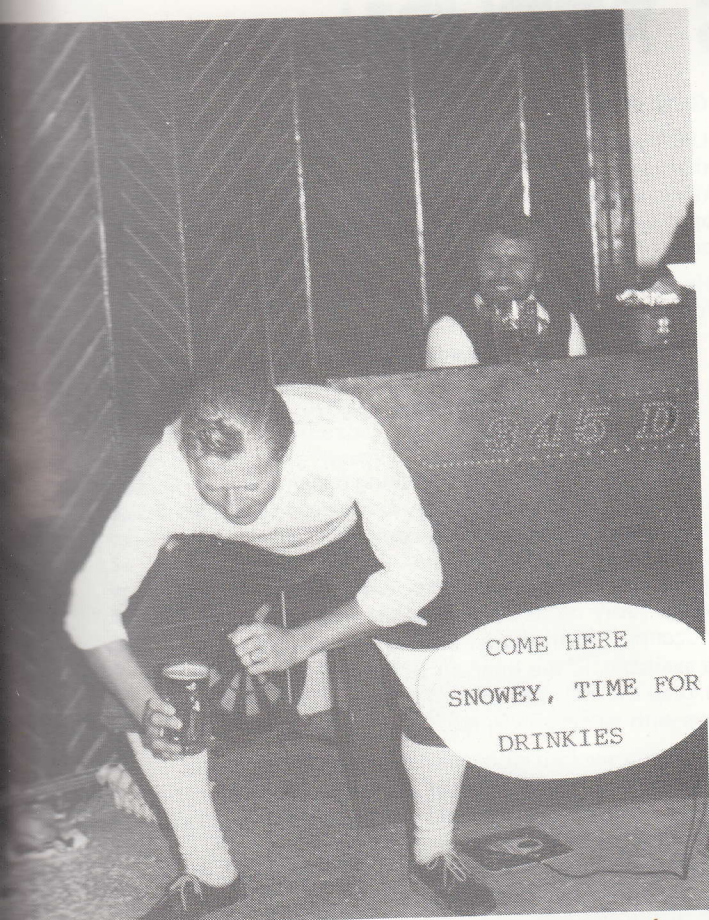
Lorraine Dixon came as Noddy who this year came as Margaret Thatcher who didn't attend, having heard that Sir Robin Day (Colin May) was likely to be there prepared for an in-depth interview.

Alan Charles was the spitting image of Herges creation, Tin Tin. You knew it was him because he was always under tables calling 'Snowey, Snowey'. As you can imagine, towards the end of the evening Tin Tin got canned. Brian Clancy on the other hand put no effort at all into his costume. He wore his everyday scruffy apparel and carried a Ray Gun. The idea — 'President Raygun' was supplied by someone else, the gun itself having been made by his next door neighbour. That's what's known as delegation. Other pistol packers were John and Kirsten (overdressed) as Bonnie and Clyde, John and Patzie (well dressed) as Al Capone and his patsie, Jenny May as Dick Turpin and Mike Jones as The Lone Ranger.

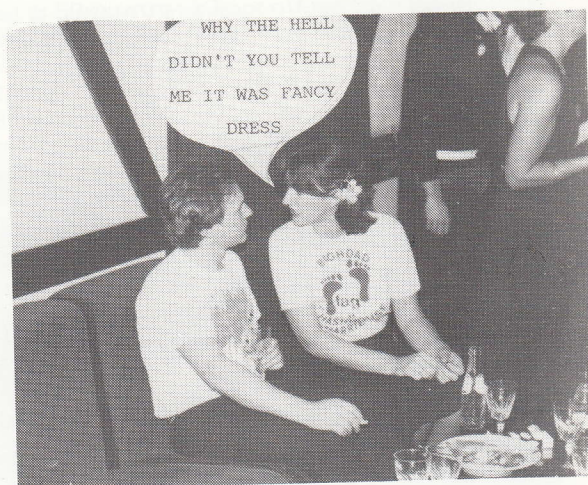
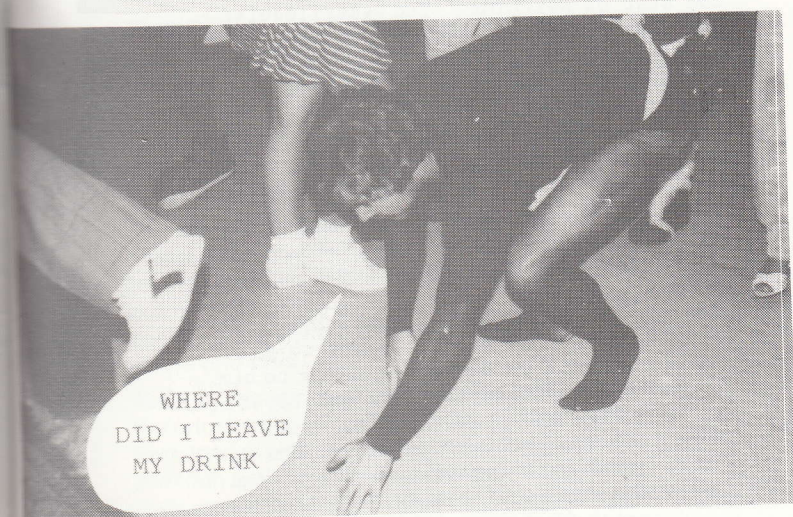
There were many more people some of whose costumes I did not recognise and some people whom I had never seen before anyway, but it all made for a very pleasant evening with an overabundance of alcohol of all descriptions and a good meal provided by Laings. Our thanks go to the orangutan (Bob Davis) who acted as Disc Jockey, and the rest of the committee and staff of the 345 Club for the use of their excellent facilities.







The Dopple-Ganger Effect



A HASHERS RETURN

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

You are hereby warned of the forthcoming return of
in the month of

He will be dehydrated, demoralized, somewhat darker in colour and suffering from withdrawal symptoms. Do not be alarmed, remember the rude environment that has been his miserable lot for the past months.

We ask you therefore to read and remember the following submitted for your guidance but without prejudice.

DO'S

When he arrives, send someone to meet him. In the interests of public decency, this **MUST** be undertaken by a male member of the household, an old friend or a relative that is capable of holding up a slightly inebriated male adult.

Lock up all females between the ages of 9 and 90. Fill a cupboard with his favourite beer/spirit/wine. Note: Serve chilled or with ice to gain his confidence.

Warn all non-whites living locally not to make any sudden moves in his presence.

Purchase an English/Arabic Phrase Book. With this you should be able to engage him in conversation in a very short time.

DON'TS

Do not mention any of the following in his presence:

Iraq; Dollars Mister; Exit Visas; Mercedes Tippers; Lovely sunshine; Desert; Gulf War; State Organisation for; Sand; Holidays by the lakes; Exchange Control; Dates; Creamed Cheese; Toyota; Driving Standards; Taxi Drivers and Iraq Air.

DO NOT feed corned beef; kebabs; Bulgarian beans; Pepsi Cola; Brazilian Chickens.

DO NOT be alarmed if:-

He reads old newspapers;
Screams with delight when it rains or when he is given such rarities as pork and bacon;
Mumbles "Maa salaama" to everyone he meets;

or Upon hearing a car horn yells:
"Get knotted Bloody Rag Head" (this is an Arabic courtesy expression, loosely translated as "After you, Sir").



GENERAL

Until you feel that he is his old self again, (should that ever happen), do not let him out on his own. When shopping, if he bargains with local traders, apologise to them, explain that he meant well, comfort him and lead him from the shop.

He will probably be frightened of seeing the following:

Orange Taxis; Low flying Toyota Land Cruisers; Trees; Pork Pies; Pubs; and especially women — be very patient and try to explain their uses.

Try not to let him see you making tea with water from the cold tap, as this may bring on a psychomatic recurrence of the ailment known as "Caliph's Revenge" or "Baghdad Trots" — if this should happen, ensure that the bathroom door is ajar and swings easily on its hinges and that the bathroom is unoccupied at all times. Should no downstairs toilet be available, in the interests of hygiene it is advisable to keep the stairway clear of objects such as marbles, toys with wheels, kids, etc.

When you see him stub three quarters of a cigarette in an ashtray, remind him of the price. While motoring, if you allow him to drive, do not be upset if he continually hits you on your right ear, he is only showing his intention of turning left. Each time the vehicle moves out from stationary dangle your arm out of the window.

Bear in mind that beneath the rugged tan, there beats a heart of gold. Treat him with kindness and tolerance and you may be able to rehabilitate the hollow shell of the happy man you once knew.

This handout has been prepared for your guidance by:-

The Iraqi Agency for the Resettlement of Expatriate Workers.

Paddy came over to England for a holiday. While there, he went to see a show at which there was one of the best ventriloquists in England. Paddy was so impressed with him that he waited outside the stage door to have a word with the man. 'Oi thought you were great. Oi would very much like you to come and visit me when you are in Ireland. Oi have a big farm, and if you would put on a show for our village, Oi would gladly let you stay at my house, and Oi would see that you had the best of evryting.' The ventriloquist was very flattered, and so the two exchanged addresses and he promised that as soon as he landed in Ireland, he would contact Paddy.

Two months passed and Paddy received a card to say 'Jack the Ventriloquist' was to land at his farm in two days' time. Paddy's wife had the house cleaned from top to bottom, and Paddy had words with all his farm hands to be on their best behaviour.

When the ventriloquist arrived, the first thing Paddy wanted him to do was to get all his animals to say a few words to him. So they walked round the farm and first of all they came to a cow. 'Hello,' said Jack, 'who are you?' 'I am Daisy, the Cow, I have lived here for six years now, and I supply the farmer with milk, and I am very happy here.' 'Dat is brilliant,' said

Paddy, 'dat cow has never said a word to me ever before, now how about de horse?' They walked across the field to where the horse was grazing. 'Hello,' said Jack, 'who are you?' 'I am Neddy, the Horse, I have been here for lots and lots of years, the farmer rides me when he rounds up his sheep, and I am very happy living here.' 'Brilliant,' said Paddy, 'now how about seeing de pigs?' So they walked over to the pigsties. Jack saw the big sow on her own in the corner so he went up to her. 'Hello, who are you?' he asked. 'I am Grunter, the pig, I have not lived here very long, when I get fat the farmer will kill me for bacon and ham, but it does not bother me, I get lots to eat so I am very happy.' Meanwhile, one of the farmhands had been watching the ventriloquist from behind the trees and he had been getting very worried. So he ran to the field in which the sheep were kept, and over to the corner where Fleecy the Ewe was busy eating grass. He got her by the neck. 'Listen 'ere, dares a man coming round 'ere and e'll be asking you a lot of questions, and mention my bloody name, and Oi'll bloody strangle you!!'

THE BAQUBA EXPRESS

In 1917 the Baghdad to Baquba railway line was constructed with a unique one metre gauge by an international workforce. On the 27th of January 1984 an international workforce of a different hue made the line even more unique by depositing an empty beer can on every 25 metres of its length.

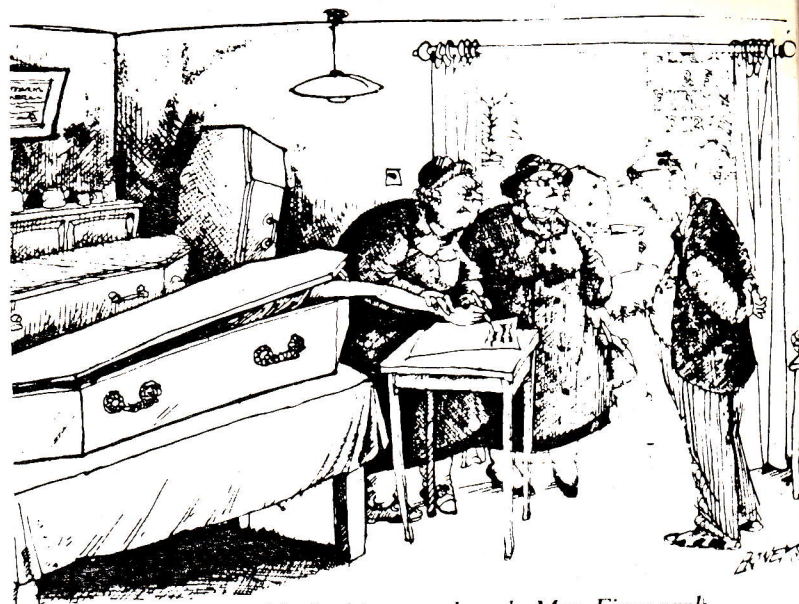
For this was the warm and sunny day of the long awaited train ride to Baquba and Muqadadiya, organised by DEC, the German Engineering Consultants. Of the 480 people who gathered at Baghdad East Railway Station for the trip the most distinguished contingent was the Hash. We checked in, deposited our bags and began to investigate our means of propulsion.

The oil fired steam engines, one duty, one standby, were polished to a state of gleaming pristine beauty and admirers photographed them at length. For those interested in the specification of the engine I suggest you read "Middle East Railways". I believe the engine was an Indian-built 4-6-0 but then again that could have been the time of the next train. The carriages were previously in a similar state to the engine but the organisers had gone to a lot of trouble to clean and glaze them for the trip. We will never forget those loos.

The bustling scene at the station reached its climax when the 'express' left Platform One at 9.05 am shrouded in steam and accompanied by many shrill blasts on the whistle. The stoker at this stage was Alan Charles who, as he had no coal to shovel, contented himself by pulling his whistle whilst riding on the tender platform.

The scenery through the outskirts of Baghdad (spoil heaps, disused water coolers, mud walled shanty towns, upturned rusted cars) eventually blossomed out into the true Iraq; spoil heaps, disused water coolers, mud walled shanty towns, upturned rusted cars — and sand.

Many of the non-Hash day trippers looked noticeably disconcerted at the vast quantity of alcohol that had been loaded into the Hash compartment and the gay abandon with which it was being consumed. Their fears were exacerbated when the drunken tuneless rendition of a song more suited to a football special



"Just because it's in his own hand, Mrs Figmarsh, doesn't automatically make it a legal will."

filtered through the carriages. "We're on the piss again," droned Robertson who subsequently collapsed — thank God.

By now we had crossed Port Said Street, Palestine Street and were testing the strength of Laing's new bridge over the Army Canal. Our speed had increased to 25 km per hour and we were really steaming — some more than others. We had just found out how to open the windows as we passed through the Corporation rubbish tip for Saddam City. The windows were immediately closed again to avoid the stench and the hordes of flies. Ed Strange found that the putty on his newly glazed window was a little soft as the glass crashed down onto the track.

Eventually the 'express' pulled into Baquba where it stopped to take on water. The Hash however did not take any water at all; conversely they had an excruciating 20 minute wait so as not to use the unflushable loos while the train was standing in the station. Most restrained themselves but one unknown body was observed crawling along the corridor to avoid recognition having just broken rule No. 1 of the Iraqi Republican Railways.

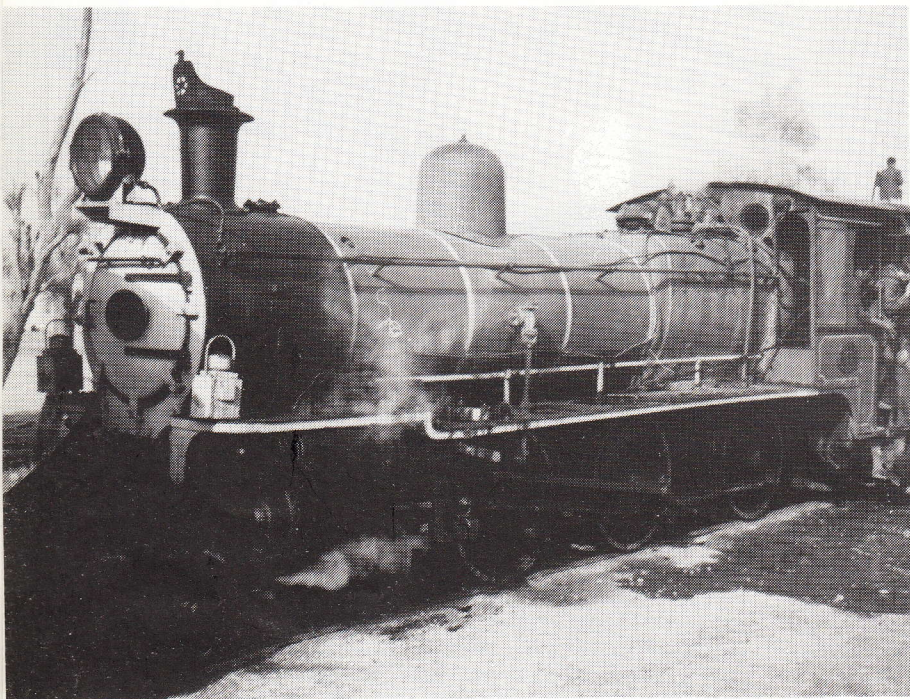
The eventual destination — Buggared Ear — was reached at 12.15. The local inhabitants looked astounded as 50 expatriates leapt off the train and ran off into the distance. There have never been as many foreigners in Nuqadadiya since the end of the Mesopotamian Campaign in 1918. The trail we followed had been previously laid by Walter Grubl and Alfred Zuber and was a fast dash through the countryside and back into the town. Mike Green and Ian McKelvey took a short cut at the first water hazard and ended up sitting in an irrigation ditch but in true Hash tradition they carried on regardless.

The exercise helped to wear off some of the beer but as soon as the run was over of course we topped up again and enjoyed a pleasant picnic in the station grounds. We packed the barbecues into the guard's van, the whistle blew and once more we boarded the train ready for the return journey.

By now most of the Hash were saturated with alcohol and the children were put up into the luggage racks to allow more room for hashers to keel over prostrate on the seats. Meanwhile the lascivious

lady in Coach 6 Seat 88 was ensnaring anything that passed in trousers, not that she allowed many to pass, still in trousers. Many romances blossomed on the return trip or perhaps it merely appeared so as couples collapsed together on the same seats.

And so the day moved inexorably to its successful conclusion. Nobody knows at what time the train drew into Baghdad East Railway Station but everybody, once they had got their hangovers and surplus food and drink out of the way, was appreciative of the great efforts of Alfred Zuber and Walter Grubl whose organisation made for such a wonderful excursion.



FAMOUS W'ANCHORS I HAVE KNOWN

A Year's Roundup of the Most W'anchable Offences

<u>Name</u>	<u>No. of Penalty Points</u>	<u>Offence</u>			
Entire Membership	2 each	shortcutting			
Glyn Llewelyn	6	finding the biggest pot-hole and a bill for ID1800			
Jim Shelley	3	forgetting pay subs for one year			
Walter Grubl	5	asking how to use a bottle opener			
Soren Hogberre	2	not stopping at checks			
Harry Lloyd	4	being a smoothie			
Gemma O'Byrne	3	playing rugby for Ireland			
Lorraine Dixon	5	burning her nipples at Tharthar			
William Henry Huntley	4	having a poofter's name			
Colin Smith	4	spotting cars half-way round a trail and shouting On-In			
George Bradley	7	dancing like a poofter			
Neil Gilbert	8	not being able to dance like a poofter			
Don Goodwin	4	pretending to have strained his groin so as to get physiotherapy treatment			
Angela Bullivant	5	giving groin massages			
John Bullivant	6	living off immoral earnings			
Haiste & Partners	6	paying for groin massages			
John Haiste	2	putting his son before the hash			
Patzie Haiste	10	despising the hash			
Glyn Llewelyn	2	forgetting to lay chalk marks on the trail			
Nils Middleboe	3	not noticing that there were no chalk marks			
Don Robertson	5	reversing into a crater after the On-On			
Dave Fyffe	4	driving into a ditch			
William Henry Huntley	9	having an accident under the influence at the Presidential roundabout			
Walter Grubl	5	going to the kalaboosh			
Kevin Mulligan	5	associating with Irish nurses			
Andy Jones	5	associating with Danish nurses			
Min Buggy	8	having a silly name			
Geoff Bryce	10	asking for the rules			
		having been hashing for four years			
Phil Pressland	7	returning to Baghdad			
Brian Gore	3	having his hair tinted			
Lynn Gower	2 each	holding hands during a down-down			
Mike Gower		falling asleep at On-Ons			
Don Robertson	3	coming first in his own Marathon			
Colin May	8	drinking too slowly			
Neil Gilbert	3	drinking too quickly			
Jimmy Beveridge	2	not drinking at all			
Don Robertson	4	failing to get a note out of the hash horn			
Mike Walsh	8				

FINALISTS:

Geoff Bryce	—	12
Neil Gilbert	—	13
Glyn Llewelyn	—	10
Patzie Haiste	—	12
William Henry Huntley	—	15
Walter Grubl	—	12
Don Robertson	—	13

W'ANCHOR OF THE YEAR

— WILLIAM HENRY HUNTLEY

TALES FROM 1001 RUNS

The Historic Fart

It is related that in the town of Baghdad, in Iraq, there was once a hashman of the DG Jones tribe called Don Robertson, who having given up his life in Elgin settled down and, after much diligence and enterprise, became a Quantity Surveyor of considerable wealth.

His friends were always pressing him to marry and, weary of a bachelor's life, he at length gave in to their persuasions, and engaged the service of an experienced marriage broker, who found him a bride as beautiful as the moon when it shines on the Tigris. He celebrated the wedding with a sumptuous feast to which he invited all of his hash acquaintances. The whole house was thrown open to the wedding guests. There was rice of every hue and flavour, sherbets, lambs stuffed with walnuts, almonds and pistachios, and a young camel roasted whole. Everyone ate, drank and made merry and the bride was displayed, according to custom, in seven different robes and yet again in another robe as befitted such a grand occasion — to the great joy of the women, who marvelled at her exceptional beauty.

At last came the moment when Don Robertson was summoned to the bridal chamber. Slowly and solemnly he rose from his divan, but, horror of horrors, being bloated with meat and drink, he let go a long and resounding fart. The embarrassed hashers, whose attentions had been fixed upon the bridegroom, turned to one another, speaking with raised voices and pretended to have heard nothing at all. Don Robertson was so mortified with shame that he wished the ground would open up and swallow him. He mumbled a feeble excuse and instead of going to the bridal chamber, went straight to the airport and caught the first Iraqi Airway's flight to South Yemen. From there he boarded a ship ready to sail to India and in due course arrived in Calcutta. Here he found further employment and joined the Calcutta Hash.

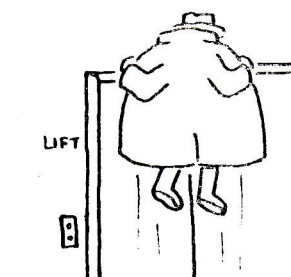
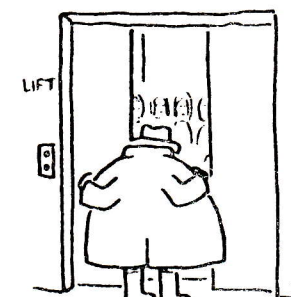
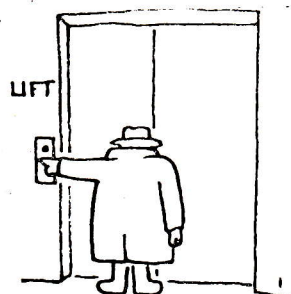
He lived there in peace and contentment for two years and at the end of that time he was seized with a longing for the Baghdad Hash as strong as that of a lover pining for his loved one so that he almost died of his self-imposed exile.

One day, unable to resist this yearning any longer, he left work early, boarded a 'plane, and eventually landed in Kuwait. Here he disguised himself as an athlete and, keeping his name and identity secret, travelled to Baghdad on foot, enduring hunger, thirst, exhaustion and braving a thousand dangers from lions, snakes and ghouls. He reached the Hash Venue on the Saturday evening and gazed upon his old friends with tears in his eyes, saying to himself "Pray God, no-one will ever recognize me. I will first wander amongst them and listen to the latest Hash gossip. Allah grant that after all these years no-one will remember what I did."

As he walked past the queue of Hashmen waiting to sign in, he heard a young Harriette asking about the number of runs she had completed. "Why?" replied Doreen Shelley "your first run was on the night after Don Robertson's fart".

When he heard these words he fled. "Don Robertson" he said to himself, "the day of your fart has become a date which will surely be remembered 'till the end of time'".

He travelled on until he was back in Elgin where the swish of the kilt has muffled many a fine fart.



A man was strolling by the side of a river, when he saw a scruffy, long-haired hasher lazing on the river bank with a fishing rod poking into the water. "Do you know you have a fish on the end of that line?" asked the man.

The hasher looked at the rod and nodded. "Would you mind pulling it in for me?" he asked, and the man obliged.

"Now would you mind taking the fish off the hook and throwing it back into the water?" asked the hasher. The man obliged him yet again.

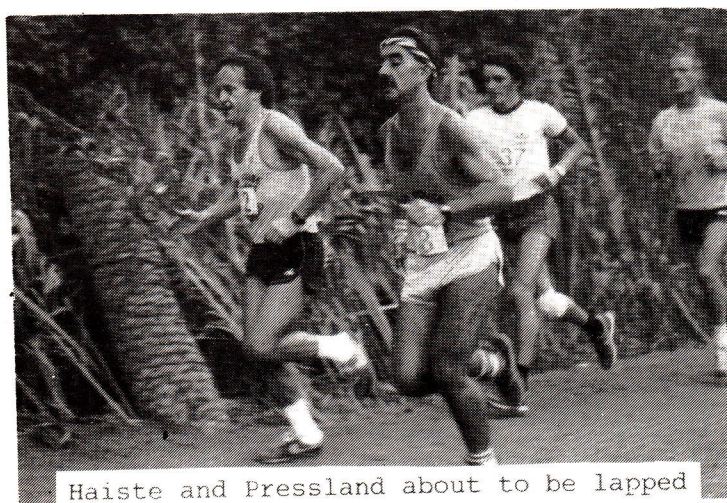
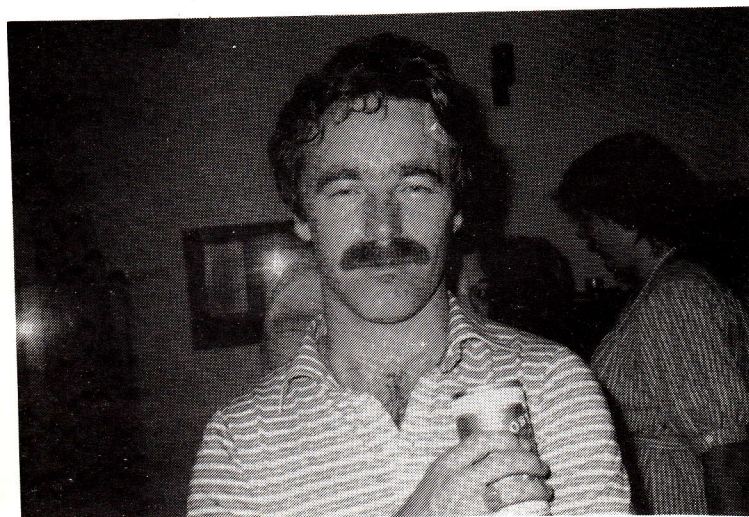
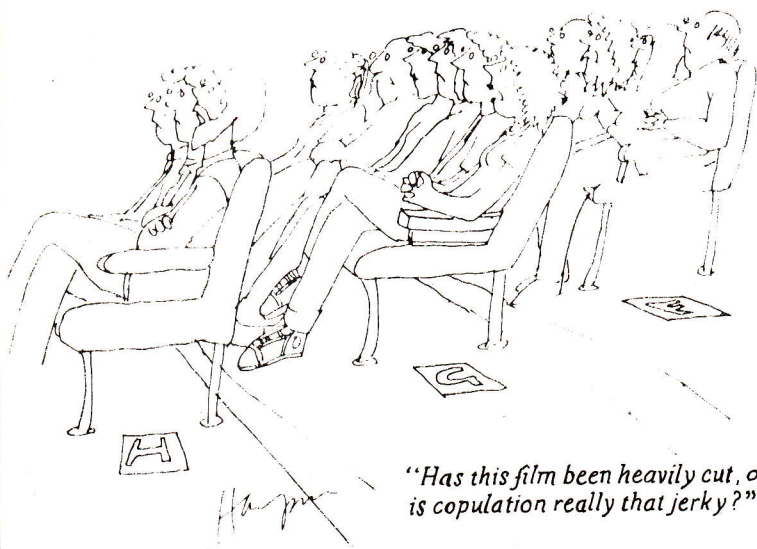
He decided to give the hasher a piece of his mind. "It's disgusting" he said. "You're plain lazy, no-good and wasteful. You spend your life doing nothing because you just can't be bothered. Laziness is a terrible sin. Why don't you get married and have children."

"Hey, that's not a bad idea" said the hasher, "Know where I can find a pregnant woman?"

The Harriette and her Five Lovers

There lived in Baghdad a rich and beautiful young harriette whose husband was a great traveller. It so chanced that he once journeyed to a distant land and was absent so long that at last his wife succumbed to the temptations of the flesh and fell in love with a handsome hashman who himself loved her dearly.

One day the hashman heard that his contract was being terminated and that he would therefore only be able to complete 46 runs. The



Haiste and Pressland about to be lapped

young harriette was deeply grieved that her lover would not receive his 50th run tankard. Without losing a moment she put on her finest robe and hurried to the On-Sec's house.

As he was listening to her tale of woe the On-Sec let his eyes devour the young harriette's charms and was so smitten by her seductive looks that he fell in love with her at sight. 'Wait in the harem of my house,' he said 'whilst I arrange for the run records to be changed. I will join you there presently.'

The young harriette, who lacked neither cunning nor knowledge of the ways of men, at once perceived the On-Sec's intent and answered

'You will be welcome sir, at my own house, but custom forbids me to enter a stranger's dwelling'.

'And where is your house?' asked the On-Sec transported with joy.

She informed him and added 'I will expect you there this evening.'

Taking leave of the enamoured On-Sec she went to the Hash Scribe's house 'Consider sir, I pray you the unfortunate circumstances which I now relate.'

As she was describing the hashman's demise the Hash Scribe's heart began to throb with a violent longing for her and he said 'I shall instantly request Hash Cash to amend the run record. Meanwhile, wait for me in my harem, I will join you there presently'.

'My pious master' she replied 'it is more fitting that I should wait for you in my own house where there are neither houseboys nor servants to intrude upon our privacy.'

'And where is your house?' asked the Hash Scribe eagerly.

She informed him and added 'I will expect you there this evening'.

The young harriette then hastened to the Hare Raiser's house. She told him of the problem and implored him to act on her behalf. Captivated by her beauty the Hare Raiser agreed to do as she desired and pressed her to accompany him to his sleeping chamber. But the young woman put off his advances with winning grace saying 'I shall be delighted to receive you at my own house this evening'. And she informed him of its location.

Then she sought an audience with the Hash Master. She kissed the ground before him and begged him on her knees to present the hashman with his 50th run tankard. But as soon as the Hash Master's eyes fell on the young harriette he was seized with a passionate desire to lie with her.

'I will at once instruct Hash Cash to change the books' he said 'meanwhile wait for me in my private chamber.'

'A helpless harriette cannot but obey the command of a mighty Hash Master,' she answered. 'If this indeed be your wish I shall regard it as a mark of high favour, but if you will graciously consent to vouchsafe me a visit at my own house this evening you will do me an even greater honour.'

'It shall be as you wish' replied the Hash Master.

After directing him to her residence the young harriette left his presence and went to look for a carpenter's shop. When she had found one she said to the carpenter 'Make me a large cupboard with four compartments, one above the other. To each compartment let there be a separate door fitted with a stout lock, and have it delivered to my house early this evening. What will be your charge?'

'Seventeen dinars' answered the carpenter, 'but if you consent to step into the back room of my shop I shall do it without charge.'

'In that case' said the young harriette, 'you will be welcome at my own house this evening but I have just remembered that I require five compartments in my cupboard and not four.'

'I hear and obey' replied the carpenter, beaming with joy. He set to work at once whilst the young harriette waited in his shop. In a few hours a large cupboard with five compartments was completed and his fair customer hired a pick-up and had it trans-

ported to her house.

Early that evening she prepared meat and drink, arranged fruit and flowers and burned incense in the braziers. At sunset she arrayed herself in splendid robes, putting on her richest jewels and sweetest perfumes and sat waiting for her distinguished guests.

The first to arrive was the Hash Scribe. She bowed low before him and, taking him by the hand, led him to a couch. No sooner had they seated themselves than the Hash Scribe began to dally with her, and it was not long before he was roused to a frenzy of passion. But when he was about to throw himself upon her the young harriette said 'First take off your clothes, you will be more comfortable.'

Burning with desire the Hash Scribe consented but scarcely had he cast aside his clothes when a knocking was heard at the door.

'Who may that be?' asked the Scribe, withering with impatience.

'Oh dear, that must be my husband!' exclaimed the harriette in great agitation.

'What is to be done? Where shall I go?' cried the Hash Scribe.

'Have no fear' she replied 'I will hide you in this cupboard.'

The young Harriette took the Hash Scribe by the hand and, after he had crouched low she pushed him into the lowest compartment of the cupboard and locked the door upon him. Then she went to admit her next visitor.

This proved to be the On-Sec. The young harriette kissed the ground before him and said 'Pray, regard this dwelling as your own, what do you desire of me? The night is still young, quick, take off your clothes.'

Delighted at the suggestion the On-Sec quickly stripped himself and showed the harriette the amended run record book. Then they dallied with each other, but as he was on the point of mounting her, there came a knocking at the door.

'That must be my husband!' exclaimed the young woman in terror.

'What is to be done?' cried the On-Sec, greatly perturbed.

'Climb up into that cupboard until I get rid of him' said the harriette, as she bundled him into the second compartment and locked the door. Then she went to admit her third visitor.

This was the Hare Raiser. She kissed the ground before him and gave him a courteous welcome. 'Sir' she said 'you do me great honour by stepping into this humble house.' Then she begged him to take off his clothes, saying that it was more suitable for a night of revelry and merrymaking. The Hare Raiser eagerly complied and was just about to enjoy the young harriette when the Hash Master arrived.

The young woman made the Hare Raiser climb up into the third compartment of the cupboard and locked the door upon him.

When the Hash Master entered, the young harriette kissed the ground before him saying 'Your slave lacks words to thank your eminence for this honour.'

Having invited him to sit down she soon prevailed upon him to take off his splendid garments. When the Hash Master was on the point of achieving his desire, however, a violent knocking at the door sent him scampering into the fourth compartment of the cupboard. Then she went to let the carpenter in.

'What kind of cupboard is this you have made me?' snapped the young harriette at the carpenter as he

stepped into the reception hall. 'Why the top compartment is so small that it is quite useless.'

'It is a very large compartment' protested the fat carpenter. 'It could hold me and three others of my size.'

'Try then' she said. And when the carpenter had climbed up into the fifth compartment the door was locked upon him.

The young harriette took the amended run record book to her lover, the young hashman, and she told him all that had happened. He fell about laughing but suggested that the harriette should pass the next few days at his residence.

Not daring to utter a sound the five men stayed in the cupboard without food or drink for three days; and for three days they resolutely held their water.

The carpenter was first to give in, and his piss fell on the Hash Master below him. Then the Hash Master pissed on the Hare Raiser; and the Hare Raiser pissed on the On-Sec and the On-Sec pissed on the Hash Scribe.

'Filth, filth,' shouted the Hash Scribe, 'has not my punishment been cruel enough? Must I be made to suffer in this vile fashion also?'

The Hare Raiser and the On-Sec were the next to speak, and the three recognised each other's voice.

'A thousand curses be upon this woman!?' exclaimed the Hare Raiser 'she has locked all the senior officers of the Hash in this cupboard. Thank God the Hash Master has been spared!'

'Hold your tongue' muttered the Hash Master, I am here too, and if I am not mistaken I must have been the first to fall into the hands of this impudent whore.'

'And to think that I made her this cupboard with my own hands!' groaned the carpenter from the top compartment.

It was not long, however, before the harriette's husband returned from his journey to distant lands. On entering the house what should he find in the hallway but a large wooden cupboard echoing with the groans of famished men. The husband threatened to call the police.

'Do that' cried the On-Sec, 'and we will set the run down this street every week!'

Hearing this the husband broke open the locks and the naked, bent, smelly, luckless lovers poured out of their compartments.

The husband firstly stared in disbelief but then it slowly dawned on him that these creatures must be the remnants of another of his wife's on-ons. He honourably offered them a beer and found them their clothes.

The Hash Committee members eventually departed and set off to their own residences vowing never again to let women on the Hash and, moreover, never again to piss on each other.

And before they parted they had already formulated the vengeance they would wreak on the harriette and her lover on the night of his 50th run.

After a round of golf, two men were changing their clothes in the country club locker room. One of the men started putting on a girdle and the other quite astonished said, "since when did you start wearing that thing?" The first man replied, "ever since my wife found it in the glove compartment of our car!"

Auntie John's Problem Page



MARATHON MAN

Sir,
I'm a nondescript sailor that would like to run a marathon next week. Can you give me some advice eg training, diet, etc. I have a wooden leg.
Disabled Seaman Phil Pressgang.

Dear Phil,
This is a tough one. Our running expert and celebrated columnist from "Athlete's Foot" writes: It's a bit late so I shall pick the meat from my three year warm-up programme.

1. Start running now. Your goal by the middle of next week should be a daily mileage of 22. Slow the pace after that, giving yourself at least a ten minute break before the race.
2. Vary your routine eg Aerobic, jogging and fartic (see later). Try free-fall parachuting before breakfast (if nothing else it will take the weight off your leg).
3. Load up with carbohydrates. Your daily consumption should be equivalent to four times your weight. Don't relieve yourself — use body plugs if necessary. The propulsion gained from the ignition of spent wind at the beginning of the race should take you halfway round the course (see fartic).
4. Buy clothes that are comfortable and roomy (see carbohydrate loading). Some fairies wouldn't venture forth without matching headband and jockstrap in gunmetal grey. Ignore them and take some sartorial advice from Dave FFFfyffe.

Good luck!



LOW PROFILE

Sir,
The Hash has been my life for the past three years.

I was present on the inaugural run, but you probably didn't notice me (well hidden in the pack). I suffer from acute agoraphobia and total lack of confidence.

I try so hard to 'blend in' that, when running from the Metro Village, I smear excreta over my shorts. I never drink at the On-On in case I have to endure a Down-Down. I regularly babysit for the Hash Scribe in exchange for anonymity. Please help?

Low Profile.

Dear Mr. Profile,

You are obviously insecure, weak and incompetent and totally useless. I think that you are a snivelling, insignificant little shit. People like you should be put up against a wall and stoned. The Hash needs you like it needs a beer shortage.

Stand up and be counted man. Politely tell the Barretts to sod off. Fondle an Irish nurse. Gorge yourself with Ferida, expose your derriere and then vomit over the Hash Master's wife's new Spring collection. In a word or two 'be seen', or have a positive mental attitude.

Grow Up!

DIRTY DEVIL

Sir,

I have this insatiable urge to cleanse people both spiritually and physically.

Whenever I see a vulgar act, or a nubile young body scantily-dressed in a diaphanous tee-shirt, I must shower it with water. I also throw water at girls.

Every night in the front row of the Moulin Rouge, I sit chained to my chair, while wicked nymph-like visions perform. It's vile and loathsome.

Could it be that I am a prophet sent to protect the world from the Goat of Hades and all his demons?

Your Messiah.

Dross Scaldar.

Dear Dross,

Obviously you've been bitten by a rabid dog and have contacted hydrophobia, hence the urge to throw water.

A rabid, raving, homosexual, megalomaniac with sado-masochistic tendencies is an expression that I could use, but quite simply you're a nut.

Why don't you apply for a job with D G Jones.

Go to Hell!

MICK O'MOUSE

Dear Sir,

I pride myself on having shown a bit of initiative at the Hash Fancy Dress last year, unlike the rest of my fellow countrymen (Duffy couldn't even find the bloody '345' Club and Chambers never wears fancy dress in case he forgets his real identity).

However, I have this problem. Super Glue 3 Treble Plus, as you know, is very effective and although I was able to remove braces and boots without too much trouble the Mickey Mouse mask suddenly refuses to peel away.

At first I laughed it off, but after four months the joke is wearing thin. Don't get me wrong, I've nothing against the mask. In fact my girl friend thinks that it is an improvement and I've never lost a hand of poker in four months. It's just that I don't command the respect of old. The problem is compounded because my beard is slowly choking me and the doctor has warned me to drink only through a straw, but that I vomit at my peril.

Please help?

JD.

Dear JD,

Boiling water is the only solution — buckets of the stuff. A brave header into a boiling hot bath is no

pantomime however. Perhaps Len Hensgen or Mark Wellington could knee you in the groin, to take your mind away from the agony of having your flesh boiled. Remember this is also a cure for cholera (refer Life of Tchaikovsky) so if you are lucky enough to suffer from this horrible enteric disorder then you'd be killing two birds However, I digress. Why don't you trim the ears, puncture the nose and then change your name to Mickey or perhaps that disney appeal to you.

Good luck.



Paddy was talking to Mick. 'It's not true dat the English are against us. Why, you can go to London, and if you meet an Englishman, he'll take you home, even share his bed with you, and give you breakfast in the morning, all free.' 'Did that happen to you, den, Paddy?' asked Mick. 'No, but it happened to my sister.'

There was the Irishman who applied for a job at his local Grand Hotel. 'You've got the job,' said the Manager, 'but first will you fill me in a questionnaire, please?' So Paddy went and beat up the doorman.

ANZAC IN IRAQ

Gud dye ter yuh Sport,

I arrived in Baghdad last week and, Jesus, I'm bored out of my sodding aboriginal brain. Back in the 'Old Country' I'd be guzzling ale and banging sheelaghs every sodding night.

Where's the action?

Desperate Boots Bananas (Australian)

Dear Boots,

You must spend an evening at the Chaldean Literary and Philosophical Society — Hit Branch or CLAPS (HIT) where scholars from every corner of the earth discuss, ad nauseam, the impact that King Shalamaneser II had on Akkadian life. They sell 'Fosters' too.

Or you could enter the hallowed walls of the Baghdad Archeological Society, Town and Rural Digs. There's

a raving little member who will gladly show you her mound.

Wherever you decide to go you must avoid making contact with quiet and unassuming fellows like Brother Don Robertson (lay preacher) or fellow countryman Colin Smith (teetotaler and flower arranger).

You could, of course, join the Hash.

Cheers!



This Australian hails a cab. "Do you mind if I put a case of prawns and 20 cans of lager on the front seat?" "Be my guest" said the driver. So he leaned over and threw up.

Did you hear about the Australian who went into Earl's Court chemist for a bottle of meths and was heard to expostulate, "Stupid Pom, ain'tcha got a cold one."

THE LAST 50 RUNS

Run	No.	Date	Hares	Location
	101	04.06.83	Don Robertson	Jadriyah
	102	11.06.83	Brian Greenhaugh, R Brenchley	Rabia St
	103	18.06.83	Don Goodwin	Palestine St
	104	25.06.83	Derek Dixon	Airport
	105	02.07.83	Rick Elliot	Lainas
	106	09.07.83	Gerd Nonneman	Jadriyah
	107	16.07.83	F Stann, J Beveridge	Zublins
	108	23.07.83	Evan Anderson et al	Airport Rd
	109	06.08.83	Glynn Llewellyn, Andy Jones	Mansour
	110	06.08.83	Ray Dalton, Pete Brown	Rasafa
	111	13.08.83	Don Robertson, Harry Lloyd	Jadriyah
	112	20.08.83	John Haiste, Colin May	Diyala
	113	27.08.84	Peter Jennings	Karada
	114	03.09.83	Andy Jones, Ray Dalton	Kadhamiya

115	10.09.83	Dave Bland, Andy Lawrence	Karada	132	25.12.83	Colin May	Airport Rd
116	17.09.83	Jim Beveridge et al	Taji	133	31.12.83	Glynn Llewellyn	Mansour
117	27.09.83	Andrew Harris	Mansour	134	01.01.84	Colin Smith	Jehad Q
118	29.09.83	Jim Shelley	Tharthar	135	07.01.84	Jimmy Doyne	Jordan Road
119	01.10.83	Robin Green, Phil Keightley	Al Muthana	136	14.01.84	John Haiste, Colin May	30th July Br.
120	08.10.83	Bo and Asa Severed	Al Riyadh	137	21.01.84	Kevin Mulligan, Liz Lawlor	Taji
121	15.10.83	Brian Gore, Dave Saunders	Airport Rd	138	28.01.84	David Atkinson	Al Riyadh
122	22.10.83	The Bullocks, Terry Chambers	Sha'ab Stadium	139	04.02.84	Neil Gilbert	Rabia St
123	29.10.83	Kevin Mulligan, Tom Duffy, Gemma O'Bourne	Taji	140	11.02.84	Andrew Goodman, Mark Wellington	Jadriyah
124	05.11.83	Martin Cox, Bob Cotterill, Hady Jones	Metro	141	18.02.84	Brian Clancy Colin Smith	Rabia St
125	12.11.83	Gengis Ertuna, Glynn Llewellyn	Martyrs' Mosque	142	25.02.84	Andy Jones, Paul Haughton	Mansour
126	19.11.83	Alfred Zuber, Walter Grubl	Palestine St	143	03.03.84	Derek Dixon	Airport
127	26.11.83	Gowers & Barretts	Adhamiya Br.	144	10.03.84	Jim Beveridge, Kevin Mulligan	Jadriyah
128	03.12.83	Bob Kerr, Steve Haley	Jadriyah	145	17.03.84	Don Goodwin, Phil Pressland	Palestine St
129	10.12.83	Colin Smith, Trevor Stock	Zawra Park	146	24.03.84	Don Robertson, Dave Bland	Jadriyah
130	17.12.83	Don Robertson	Jadriyah	147	31.03.84	Fred Stamm	Ctesiphon
131	24.12.83	Ross Calder, Jim Beveridge	Jadriyah	148	07.04.84	Colin Smith	Airport Rd
				149	14.04.84	John Haiste	Baghdad
				150	20.04.84	Jim Shelley, Don Robertson	Lake Tharthar

summertime hashing too much for you?



you need **perspireade**tm
to replace lost body fluids

If you work or exercise in hot conditions then you need to regularly replenish your depleted electrolyte level to prevent cramps. **perspireade**tm is a stimulating fresh tasting drink containing 100% pure sweat. Because of its natural formula **perspireade**tm is the sure and simple way to put back what the day takes out. Collected under hot and fairly hygienic conditions from famous ex-world class athletes **perspireade**tm is suitable for all ages.

HASH WIDOW'S LAMENT

How I hate Saturdays, the same old routine week in, week out. I get all the inconvenience while he gets all the so-called exercise. Exercise? That's a bloody joke. The only thing this lot exercise is their right arms, I get more exercise doing the ironing than he ever gets on the Hash.

I suppose he will be home in a minute shouting and raving that his running shoes aren't clean or that his shorts and vest aren't laid out. I think one week I'll leave him a pair of pink knickers to wear - he probably wouldn't notice until everyone else did! Two minutes of frantic searching for the map and

he's gone and I'm stuck here for hours on end. He's promised to be back by 'eight-ish' tonight but I know he won't. I used to cook his dinner as he invariably lost his hamburgers through the grid of the barbecue, but I don't bother these days because more often than not I would have to eat his and mine when he didn't turn up. Occasionally when he did turn up and eat his dinner he normally threw the lot up half an hour later, and even on the rare days when he managed to keep it down, he could never remember what he had eaten by the next morning.

I think I'll try sleeping in the spare bedroom on Saturday nights to try and avoid even seeing or

hearing him. It's impossible though, even with the racket of the AC he always wakes me up when he falls over the dustbin. Here he comes absolutely legless again covered in a crusty layer of mud, barbecue sauce and mosquito bites — he'll be expecting a bit of sympathy for those tomorrow, especially that one at the top of his leg.

I think I'll lock him out one week — in fact I might as well, he's no bloody use to anyone, the state he's in. I could swing from the chandelier in the black leather negligee I wore on our honeymoon and he wouldn't even bat an eyelid — or anything else for that matter.

Ever been annoyed by crumbs in the bed? Well if you think that's bad you should try spending a night with the great unwashed if you really want to experience discomfort. Most people just collapse when they get this pissed — not him — he kicks and struggles through the night in a determined and usually successful attempt to stop me from getting any sleep at all. The only pleasure I ever get is to watch the suffering that inevitably comes with Sunday morning. "Did you have a good Hash dear?" I enquire politely — the answer's always yes. "Where did you go for the On-On?" — "I think it was some villa in Mansour but my head's a bit thick this morning, it may have been Jadriyah."

Bloody Hash — I go through this performance every week and he can't even remember where he's been.

The husband answered the phone
 "I don't know, call up the weather bureau!" and hung up.
 "Who was that?" asked the wife.
 "Wrong number, some chap wanted to know if the coast was clear."

HAS
 THE LOTUS
 POSITION HELPED
 YOUR LOVE LIFE



"It was rather sordid, actually — about a middle-aged husband who comes home at eleven with a rumpled collar and a thin story about working late at the office."

hash statistics

Runners and Runs As of 21.01.84

Runner	No. of Runs		
Evan Anderson	63	(Left)	
George Ascroft	42		
David Atkinson	61		
Ruth Barres	18		
Jill Barrett	78		
John Barrett	83		
Udo Bernhald	4		
Jim Beveridge	58		
Mike Bews	1		
Robert Blacklock	1		
Stewart Blair	48		
David Bland	82		
Clive Bonniface	10		
George Bradley	36		
Richard Branchley	18	(Left)	
Peter Brown	45		
Jenny Brown	18		
Jim Bruce	60		
Geoff Bryce	27		
Sheila Byrne	11		
Mini Buggy	9		
Angela Bullivant	6		
John Bullivant	6		
Frank Bullock	42		
Jennifer Bullock	42		
Delia Burke	6		
Alan Caestensen	16	(Left)	
Ross Calder	101	(Left)	
Anders Carlson	13		
Louise Carmody	7		
Ken Carney	14		
Chris Caulfield-Brown	50	(Left)	
Deborah Caulfield-Brown	84	(Left)	
Alan Charles	75		
Terry Chambers	61		
Steve Chell	7		
Brian Clancy	35		
Margaret Clancy	11		
Babs Clark	6		
Dave Clark	8		
Bob Cotterill	55		
Kate Cownice	1		
Martin Cox	9		
Doug Crafts	8		
Sara Cregan	16		
Mike Coughlan	10		
Ray Dalton	101	(Left)	
Evan Davidge	1		
Jurgen Decker	4		
Derek Dixon	47		
Lorraine Dixon	34		
Jim Doyne	78		
Tom Duffy	51		
Rick Elliott	34		
Gengiz Ertuna	51		
Deirdre Frayne	6		
Fukama	32	(Left)	
Dave Fyffe	37		

Runner	No. of Runs			
Bernadette Gallagher	8		Kevin Mulligan	27
Neil Gilbert	46		Paul Neil	77
Alan Gilding	21		John Nesbit	2
Andrew Goodman	15		Kirsten Neymark	6
Don Goodwin	42		Gerd Nonneman	36 (Left)
Lynn Gower	57		Gemma O'Byrne	11
Mike Gower	61		Helen O'Donoghue	1
Brian Gore	16		Caithin O'Gorman	5
Robin Green	10 (Left)		Jim Park	86 (Left)
Mike Greene	4		Tricia Park	38 (Left)
Brian Greenhaugh	28 (Left)		Jan Podkolinski	4
Walter Grubl	15 (almost left)		Phil Pressland	14
John Haiste	112		Rosie Pressland	8
Steve Haley	27		Willy Reilly	61
Paul Haughton	8		Alex Rendu	30 (Left)
Alan Hardisty	77 (Left)		Carry Roberts	1
Andrew Harris	9 (Left)		Don Robertson	111
Hatano	33 (Left)		Gerdette Rooney	16
Len Hensgen	62 (Left)		Michel Rufas	13
Soren Hojberre	19		Julia Ryan	1
Val Hurley	14		David Saunders	37
Henry Huntley	9		Gerhard Schlager	13
Birthe Jensen	5		Asa Severed	17
Andrew Jones	45		Bo Severed	16
Mike Jones	17		Jim Shelley	95
Diana Jones	17		Frank Shern	18
Diana Johnson	13 (Left)		Wendy Shern	13
Phil Keightley	44 (Left)		Alison Smith	3
Breege Kenny	5		Colin Smith	73
Ger Kenny	2		Gordon Smith	90 (Left)
Bob Kerr	27 (Left)		Liz Smith	23
Kirsten Larsen	5		Steve Soper	2
Karin Lambrecht	17		Birthe Sorensen	7
Liz Lawlor	18		Bruno Speed	48 (Left)
John Lawrence	69		Fred Stamm	52
Sylvie Liber	31 (Left)		Trevor Stock	37
Glen Llewellyn	67		Ed Strange	6
Harry Lloyd	73		Mike Summerfield	30
Tony Lockyer	3		Neil Taylor	51
Barrie Lyman	41 (Left)		Malcolm Tennant	8
Hayden Maddock-Jones	15		Achrim Thielem	2
Christine Madsen	20		Gay Walshe	1
Colin May	123		Mike Walsh	66
Jenny May	14		David Webster	71
Joan McCardle	1		Mark Wellington	26
John McCardle	1		Barry Williams	6
Ken McFall	38		Lesley Withers	5
Ian McKelvey	5		Malcolm Withers	24
Gus McLeod	8		Alfred Zuber	15
Nils Middleboe	30		Martin Zwamenburg	10
Nancy Moran	16			

DRIVING IN BAGHDAD

The Driving Code (SODORF) State Organisation for Driving on Roads and Freeways.

- Prior to embarking on any journey, test essential controls, ie horn and accelerator.
- Grease both sides of the car liberally.
- Practise the Baghdad drift (sliding from lane to lane without indication or motive).
- Never use indicators, unless in the hazard position to indicate that you are about to have an accident.
- At an accident, always lose your temper first, with much arm waving, create as large a crowd as possible.
- All signals to be given with a limp wrist movement, the passenger to be trained for right hand movements (we drive on the wrong side of the road, for the uninitiated).
- Always use full headlights and make sure that they are adjusted for maximum blinding effect.
- Rear lights are not obligatory, unless on the front of the vehicle.
- Always fill every available spare gap during hold-ups, irrespective of the lane actually required. A 'U' turn in front of six lanes gains maximum points.
- Ignore all pedestrians, especially on crossings.
- Use maximum brinkmanship in stopping and starting at traffic lights.
- Horn to be sounded 10 seconds prior to lights changing, to keep other drivers awake, to alleviate boredom, and to generate premature getaways by those who have crept past the lights.

13. Give maximum space to tanks, army trucks, khaki colours, new cars, green number plates (all army with no rules)
14. Remember that taxi drivers are looking for business and have fewer rules than the army.
15. Ignore one way signs and no parking signs. There is only one direction and that is the direction you want to go in.
16. Do not keep to traffic lanes, this reveals social and sexual inadequacies. You are likely to be pulled in for interrogation by the traffic police.
17. Remember that the shortest route is a straight line, especially on roundabouts.
18. Ignore oncoming traffic totally.
19. Keep repeating "I am the only driver on the road and I will survive". You should believe this, everyone else does.
20. Remember the Golden Rule:-

MANOEUVRE — INDICATE — MIRROR.



This sign appears 10m after a major road-work. Its approach is normally preceded by broken suspension.



If the car in front of you will not move out of your way, you can go over the top of him on this section of road.



As above BUT: — beware on this road cars coming from the opposite direction are doing the same thing.



1. Red Light:- engage neutral and obtain maximum revs.
2. Amber:- all lights 2 phase only — obsolete.
3. Green:- Micro chip sensor connected to all waiting vehicle horns — sound automatically immediately.



This symbol indicates Martyrs with pre-front line suicidal tendencies.



To use this facility you must be in extreme right hand lane 10m from junction move to outside lane and complete manoeuvre — all other traffic will stop during this operation.



"Let me through, I'm a necrophiliac!"

After Murphy had jumped a red light and smashed into another car, he dashed over to the other car to discover that the other driver was a priest. "Good God man, you nearly killed me," said the badly shaken priest. "I'm really sorry, Father," said Murphy, taking a bottle from his pocket. "Here, have some whisky, it'll steady your nerves."

"Thank you son, there's more than an ounce of goodness in you," said the priest gratefully, taking a few healthy gulps. "Here son, why don't you have a swig?"

"Oh no, Father," said Murphy. "I'll just wait here until the police arrive."

HASH HABERDASHERY

A statistical analysis of sartorial sales over the past twelve months reveals that the expanded chest measurement of your average Hashman has increased by 11.38mm. Regrettably there has been a small but significant reduction in the vital dimensions of the ladies, excluding one pair of outstanding exceptions! (She may be contacted in room 703, Rashid Hotel).

This pectoral reference reminds me that the Boob of the Year was made by our outgoing Haberdasher the hirsute Ross Calder who ordered 50 large tee-shirts without physically measuring them first. The resultant massive feature has proved rather popular for face swabbing, nose blowing and other unmentionables. Unconfirmed reports indicate that Brian Clancy attended a Tart Night wearing his vest as a maxi-dress but kept tripping over the hem.

The committee is seriously considering the introduction of a tastefully decorated Hash Jock-Strap which would include a special plain panel for collecting the autographs of Harriettes oft encountered on sneaky shortcuts through the palm groves. Birthe Jensen has already placed an order for a rubber stamp bearing her signature, so that she can cope with the demand.

The misappropriation of the weekly awards, the W anchor of the Week tee-shirt and the 69 tee-shirt was a heinous crime and it has been determined that the miscreants will be deported.

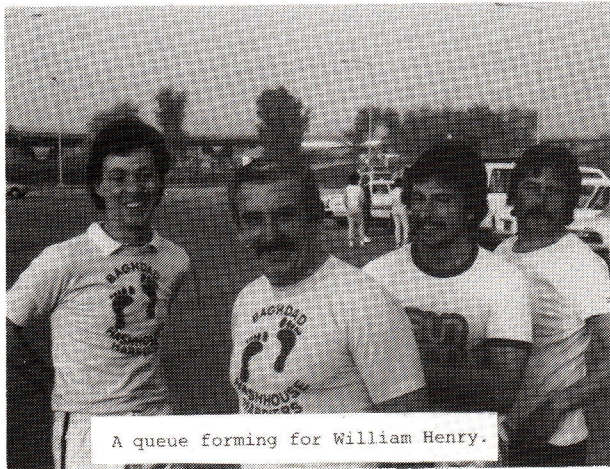
Throughout the year the running shirts and vests have proved very popular, not only to be worn here in Baghdad but also to be exchanged with Hashers worldwide. The income has been substantial ensuring that life in the Bahamas, from where I am sending this report, is extremely pleasant.

Thanks a million.

Hash Haberdasher.



"Well I don't find it all that thrilling being a transvestite"



An eighty year old woman who had outlived eight husbands died, and at the funeral service a friend was heard to remark, "They're together again at long last." When asked which of the woman's husbands she was talking about, she said, "No, I meant her legs."



'How did you get that mink coat?' one Irish girl asked another.

'By struggling hard for years.'

'My advice is - stop struggling and you'll get another in no time.'

Himalayan Hash Trek - October 1983

It was with a little trepidation that I consented, along with my bosom buddy and brother PCR from Amman and the two intrepid Hashers Bristow, to attend the "Highest Hash in the World" in Nepal. Still, Nepal is warmer than Bonny Scotland in October so there we were in the fabulous Khatmandhu Valley at a mere 4280 feet on the 16th October 1983. Little were we aware when we arrived of the heights we were to reach in both real terms and the friendship and camaraderie we were to find among the 175 hashers from all over the orb. We were to stay in Nepal until the 1st November and the following is a brief account of our hashing activities before departing.

Our official welcome by the Himalayan Hash House Harriers (H4) was at a "Beer Bash" in the Shanker Hotel on Wednesday evening the 19th October.

The evening started as a mild introduction to Nepali culture in that as we entered a garland of flowers was placed around our necks and a "tikka" applied to our foreheads. "Tikka" is a daub of coloured rice which was to bless our arrival in Nepal. As the night wore on and each Hash was introduced over the public address system the attendant company degenerated into a bunch of drunken, slobbering hashers. There were a good few "sair heeds" next day - mine included.

The next day, Thursday the 20th October, H4 had arranged various site seeing tours commencing early in the morning and culminating in Valley Hash One at Gokarna Safari Park. The runs were set in beautiful terraced rice paddies and forest areas. Unfortunately our run was very long and the trail was set, not too

cleverly, beside an ageing septic tank. After the previous night's debauchery the On-On was mild but nevertheless very pleasant with free food and beer.

Friday the 21st brought us all down to earth with a bump as we attended a safety lecture in the British Embassy grounds on what to expect "up the mountain". Unfortunately the advice was not heeded by all present which resulted in a fatality on the actual trek. This sobering information was still in our heads as we set off on Valley Hash No. 2 which was a much more satisfactory run although much longer and harder than any we run in Baghdad. The run commenced and finished in the British Embassy grounds. Wouldn't it be nice to do the same in Baghdad more often?

The next day was to see the start of our trek. We had been split into four groups: Blue, Green, Yellow and Brown. We were fortunate enough to be in Blue Group, which left on the 22nd October, along with Yellow Group, by bus at noon for Chautara, our trek starting point. Here we camped the night to start early next morning. The unfortunates in Green and Brown Groups to follow us next day leaving Khatmandhu at 3 am.

On arriving at Chautara we chose our tents and became aware for the first time of our Sherpas and porters who were to guide us and provide our food for the next eight days. We were quickly briefed on camp etiquette and behaviour and it didn't seem too long before we were snugly in our sleeping bags sleeping soundly from the excellent meal cooked by our Sherpas and the draughts or run and whisky which laced our evening cups of tea or coffee. The trek was to last for eight days and each day followed much the same pattern. As we arrived at each camp site a steaming mug of lemon tea was served to refresh us from our day's walk. We normally arrived at each camp site in early to mid afternoon and relaxed with a book or a can of beer. Our tents were normally up by the time we arrived, our porters having carried ten times our loads at twice the pace. Dinner was served at about 5.30 each evening. The food was fresh — it walked up the trail with us — chicken, buffalo, goat — and was always served piping hot. This was usually followed by a small sing song and joke swapping session over hot chocolate and rum. The mornings saw us up and about by 5.15 am with hot breakfasts served, usually omelettes and porridge. Before we had finished our breakfasts the tents were down and already on their way. We then set off each day at our own pace with the Himalayan range in front of us all the time.

Our first day's trek took us from Chautara to Phusie Maidan at 8500 feet. We spend a day here acclimatising and on day 3 set off for Goche Got at 11,500 feet. This area is used as a stopping place for the nomadic Sherpa and Tamanz herdsmen. Every year, in May and June, before the monsoon rains, they drive their herds of cattle, sheep and goats up to pastures at 18,000 feet. They spend the monsoon months at these high levels and return to the lower levels in early October. Day 4 we set off before 6 am and stopped at 13,500 feet for lunch, descending in the early afternoon to 11,500 feet and Camp 3. Most of us turned in early that night as the next day's trek was to take us up to Panch Pokhani at 14,500 feet. This proved to be the hardest of the trekking days as the trails became very steep. We had by this time left the treeline and each had to carry a small bundle of firewood for cooking at the 'top'.

And there we were — Panch Pokhani — the name means 'five lakes' and the five lakes are glacial in origin. Panch Pokhani is venerated by Hindus and

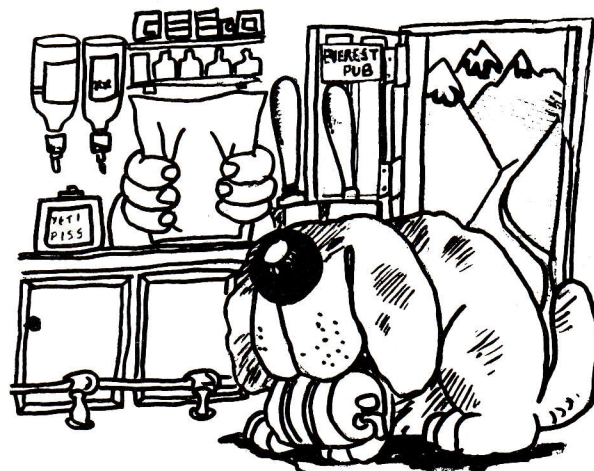
is one of the places God "Shriva" "The Destroyer" is said to have visited.

We were at this point just ten miles as the crow flies from Dorje Lakpa, at 22,929 feet one of the highest unclimbed peaks in the world.

The views from here were spectacular and this was evident on next morning's "run". Most of our time was spent taking photographs of the Himalayan range which stretched before us. That day and the next day were spend descending to Chautara where our very welcome buses ferried us back to Khatmandhu and our first bath for nine nights.

Nevertheless H4 still had another Valley Hash to offer and a superb Dinner and Disco to say farewell on the 31st October. A very memorable evening was had by all and it was with much regret that we all departed Nepal.

D Robertson



Four brandies, two Campari and sodas, twelve beers and six whiskeys. Always the bloody same when the Hash comes to Katmandhu.

Poet's Corner

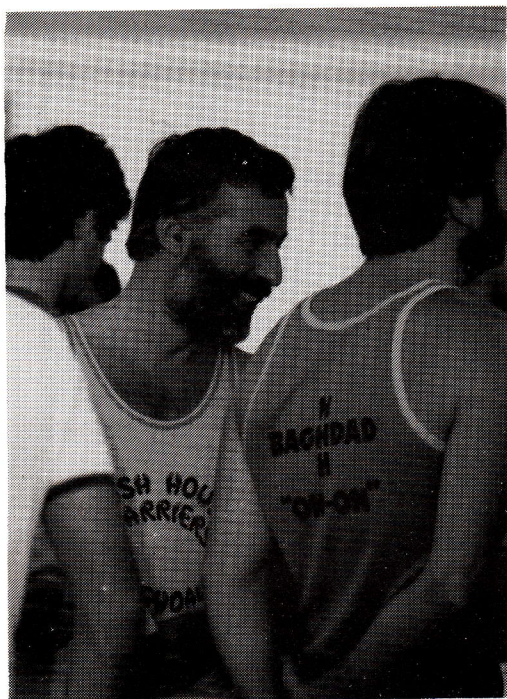
A HASHMAN'S SUNDAY MORNING

I woke up with an aching head
As usual
I can't remember going to bed
As usual
My stomach's feeling very queer
There's a muezzin in my right ear
It must have been Lulua beer
As usual.

We sucked the dri-inks up like mad
As usual
The Lulu and the Sheherazad
As usual

And somewhere deep inside my brain
I seem to hear my wife complain
And I promise not to hash again
As usual.

I woke up in a Mid Mac trench
As usual
My arms around a hashing wench
As usual
I'd better see just what I've got
Oh Jesus Christ I've caught the lot
I must have been a drunken sot
As usual.



S.C.B. BLUES

Oh I wake on Saturday morning feeling just like
death warmed up,
I'm like a Dolly Parton tit stuffed into a 32C cup,
And when I go out Hashing sure I'm going to have
to short cut.

When the Hash Horn blows, there's me struggling
along behind,
I'm so damned tired, I can't even see the signs,
Got to get back quick, take the shortest short cut
I can find.

Well I can smell the beer and I haven't run too far,
I'm pretty shagged out but I'll make it to the car,
And when the pack gets back I'll be into my
second jar.

— to be continued —

HASHIT BLUES

Oh I'm going to have a shit and I'm going to have
a chunder,
After last night's piss and curry well it's hardly
any wonder,
I've really got to hurry and I've really got to dash,
Because today I'm laying a trail for the Hash.
I've tried taking Eno's and Lomitol too,
But there's no better cure than a shit and spew.

The chalk's in the car and now I am departing,
But my head is spinning round and my arse it
won't stop farting,
I'm really in a panic and I'm really in a flap,
'Cos I've got to stop and spew and have another
crap.
I'm not sitting here to look at the view,
I've had to stop and have yet another shit and spew.

I can't let the Hash down, I'm going to lay the trail,
I've got chalk held in one hand, the other holds a pail,
So when it comes on again I merely say "Oh ----- it",
I sit right down there and then and do it in the bucket.
Most people lay their trails in chalk and cement too,
But I could lay a trail in shit and spew.

Ballad of the 'Late' Hashmen

(To the tune of Old Uncle Tom Cobbley)

John Haiste, John Haiste where have they all gone?
Driven away, flown away out of Baghdad.
They've stopped checking runs and gone back to U.K.
Barry Lyman, Phil Keightley, Andrew Harris, Bob Kerr,
Gerd Nonneman and all
Gerd Nonneman and all.

Debbie and Chris are "Whizzing" around,
Sail along, drift along, round the Greek Isles.
Now we know where all the Hash Cash has gone
So please pay your subs to — The Shelleys — Jim
and Doreen
Not Debbie C.B. any more
Not Debbie C.B. any more.

Now Evan (he parked his car in the lake)
Drink along, sing along, at the Hash Bash,
Scrib Alan saw it happen, as he emptied a crate,
Wrote it all down in the Hash Trash, and we all
had a good laugh.
Even Evan himself in the end.
Even Evan himself in the end.

There's more room on the grill now that Hensgen has
gone
Fry along, grill along at the ON-ON,
We all miss "Flash Gordon" with his dirty mac
And his bango, and his cloth cap,
Sylvie Liber with her "French ways"
Baptismal Ross Caulder and all
and Baptismal Ross Caulder and all.

Where are they now all these Hashmen of late?
Packed their bags, gone away — out of Baghdad.
Are the dole queues of Europe their unhappy fate?
Are they hashing? are they bashing?
Brian Greenhaugh, Richard Brenchley,
Fukuma, Hatana and all
Fukuma, Hatana and all.

When the wind whistles cool on old Ilkley at night,
All around, down around the Cow and Calf,
The Parks (Jim and Trish) do appear ghostly white.
Are they looking for false trails? of the ON-ON?
or Victoria?
Or Ex-horn Ray Dalton and all,
Our Sergeant Ray Dalton and all.

Anon-on-on.

AN ODE TO THE ROAD

Tune — The Streets of London.

Let us all go running around the streets of Baghdad.
Twenty six miles on the Marathon.
On and on forever till we feel like dropping.
On and on forever until we reach the end.

So how can you tell us we're silly.
For all those hours of training.
Vaseline on our nipples and vaseline on our willy.
Mile after mile — lots of guts and blood and pain.

First lap is so easy, O what a lovely morning.
Second lap is not so bad but it doesn't hurt much yet.
Third lap is agony I must do some walking.
Fourth lap is hell but I must go on.

Must try to make it to the next water stop.
Round another bend and it's Shey with the fizz.
On to Angela for a quick quick rub down.
I hate leaving Don cos it's too far round to Liz.

The legs have siezed up, the heart is pumping.
Round the last bend and the end's in sight.
All the crowd are clapping all the people cheering.
The pain all gone and your body takes flight.

Blisters on our hands from clapping all the winners.
Pain in the head from drinking too much beer.
Next day doesn't feel so good the legs just won't bend.
But the big question is will we do it next year?

NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER.

Don Goodwin.

AN OUTSIDER'S VIEW OF THE HASH

My initial contact with hashing was made on a hot summer's day just prior to the Baghdad HHH first run when two well known imbibers, Duncan Kirby and Andy Hines, invited me to join them. As the temperature was about 120°F in the shade and I had just had a problem walking from my house to the bar (almost 60 yards) you may well imagine into what category of person I relegated those two gentlemen, plus any other foolish enough to join them that day. Whilst quenching my thirst I conjectured that it was definitely a 'one-off' thing, for once it had been tried, running would be forgotten and they would all get back to more serious things (like snooker and darts) for exercise. I had not, of course, reckoned on such stalwarts as John Haiste, John Curry or Don Robertson. Nor, of course, the expat wife who was looking for a way to get things done without the old man cluttering up the place.

Hence hashing was born here and I probably know most of you, past and present, and you probably know most of me! Ladies, no conferring please. If only I had realised what an acceptance might have led to! I could now be a permanent member of Alcoholics Anonymous, or have spent my entire leave training and then participating in the London Marathon! Wow! I am sure most of you who know me will agree I made the right decision — almost certainly from the HHH viewpoint. Anyway, to run 5 km or so at any time seems pointless to me but to run it in the knowledge that there is no point to it, except what comes after, seems a total waste of drinking time, especially as 5 km to me means about two hours — without false trails adding to the problem.

What my housemaster couldn't get me to do, even though compulsory, I am sure a few friendly heat-affected expatriate males won't. When I did consent to join my school chums, that was in winter when it was considered necessary during cold weather to 'get the circulation going'. Even in our so-called English summer we were not expected to do anything more physical than play cricket for exercise.

This is not to say I won't ever join you one Saturday evening. Any well-endowed Harriette whispering a suitable suggestion such as an "off-off" after the "on-on" could well sway me. I have been known to

weaken considerably in my resolves after such an advance. After all I have even attempted popmobility — but that's another story!

Having witnessed the progress and sometimes regression of the Hash, my initial comparison tends towards the British expatriate of the colonial era, which of course is when it all began. Mad Dogs and Englishmen and all that. Then I thought of undergraduate humour and even comradeship during hard times in the trenches of the two world wars.

I suppose as an Englishman in a one-time British colony working at a university in a country at war is sufficient excuse therefore to join such an organisation. It doesn't though, as I still have the jungle instinct for survival, which means exercise only when necessary.

What about the serious part of hashing I hear you all say — the "on-after"! Now, this is more like it! But wait a mo! Next comes the "down-down"! I'm afraid that is where I draw the line, a definite "no-no". As someone who has been unsuccessfully trying to purchase beer in long queues for four years without ever getting my stocks up to an acceptable level, that what beer is available is poured over one's head as a punishment for not consuming at speed! Definitely this is not "on-on"! Then to be followed by such penalties as sitting astride a block of ice. I wonder how many of you suffer from piles, and I wonder how many more now do! After this, one lucky soul has the honour of wearing a multi-person used, excessively sweaty, never washed 'T' shirt this would never go "on-on"! A pair of used scanty knickers, now that is more up my street — Hash Master please note.

What the Hash has done for the good, as probably the most successful organisation in Baghdad, is bring nationalities together on an equal footing, the only requirement for membership being participation. There are no second class members, supernumeraries, associates, out-of-towners, etc. If you are in you are definitely "in-in".

As a Socialist, monarchist, woman-loving capitalistic democrat this equality is a principle that appeals to me in big-brother 1984. In fact, when I heard you were having a Hash Bash I almost thought it was worth being branded an SCB by semi-participation that day — until I was informed it was nothing like a gang-bang (me being the recipient of course). Mind you I did hear that after the Marathon a little sharing went on! With my luck though, I'd get Jim Beveridge (or should it be Beverage?)

Having given my views on the present set-up, I feel a few suggestions for improvement would not be amiss.

I think a permanent clubhouse or centre would be a distinct advantage. Being constructive, may I suggest the Danish Nurses Home or the Moulin Rouge Night Club? Any of us, (and yes, I would include myself if this proposal were to be adopted) who inadvertently missed the run could therefore have a message left for them at either venue or could be contacted immediately afterwards. Come to think of it anyone who misses the run now could be contacted via a message left at either location.

Next, following almost immediately, would be the addition of a mixed sauna — compulsory for those who have over-indulged in liquor. I suggest for men six pints drunk on Hash night, and for women anything consumed in the preceding week!

You could then introduce the Hash Pet of the Month and at the end of the year you could make it into a calendar which would rival Pirella. As a keen photographer (well, I like looking at such photos) I would offer my services each month.

I've no doubt you could also have an equivalent Hashman of the Month as a sop to the girls. The resultant calendar would, of course, have no rivals. Except perhaps the Zoological Society's Ugly Beasts of the Century.

One final thought. Would I advise any newly arrived expat to join your group? Aha, there's the rub.

If he likes drinking and women and socialising Yes.

But if he doesn't like running Hmmm.

If he doesn't like drinking but likes women

..... Again, Hmmm.

If he likes running but doesn't like drinking or women?? There can't be any, surely!

In the long run (excuse pun) I would probably say yes to all, join the Hash. If he likes it — he will be satisfied. If he doesn't like it — then he will be occupied and he wouldn't come drinking my beer for one night a week at least.

Brian Turner.



MEDICAL PAGE

A
Doctor
writes



BALLS AND TTTS

As a doctor I am often asked whether running is a hazard to the floppy parts of the body, i.e. bosoms (*titus sagus*) in women and testicles (*ballus danglies*) in the male of the species.

Well, the short answer, is that there is a danger in exposing these parts to constant up and down rhythm, and precautions should be taken.

Before partaking in exercise, breasts should be rubbed gently with the palm of the hand, using a balm oil or camel dung linctus. The breasty substance should be placed in a tight brassiere with plenty of nipple room, to avoid irritation and embarrassing erections.

Men, especially married men, should ensure that their balls are well rested, avoiding *coitus excitus* for at least 48 hours before running. During the run, the runner should examine his testicles every two or three miles to ensure that they are still there. Tight underwear should be avoided at all costs as this constricts *erectitus regulus*. It is a little known fact that marathon runners experience voluntary erections every $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

Running during rutting should be avoided where possible.

Defecation during the course of a run should be avoided except in *rectus extremis*. In any case toilet paper is not easy to find in rough terrain.

Runners and joggers often complain to me of muddy running shoes. It is advisable to wash mud off the shoes at the conclusion of a run. It is also advisable to wash underwear occasionally, but soiled socks can have beneficial affects on *athleticus footus* sufferers.

Fluff in the navel can lead to early complications, and untethered bulls can cause heart attacks.

If you have any serious worries it is advisable to consult your family doctor. Hallitosis sufferers should choose their sexual partners with great care.



"Do you have an appointment, Mr Cartmell?"

A woman went to see her doctor, complaining of pains below her navel. He put her on the table, poked around a while, then asked, "Have you had sexual relations recently?" She said "No, but if you think it'll help, you've got me hot and ready."

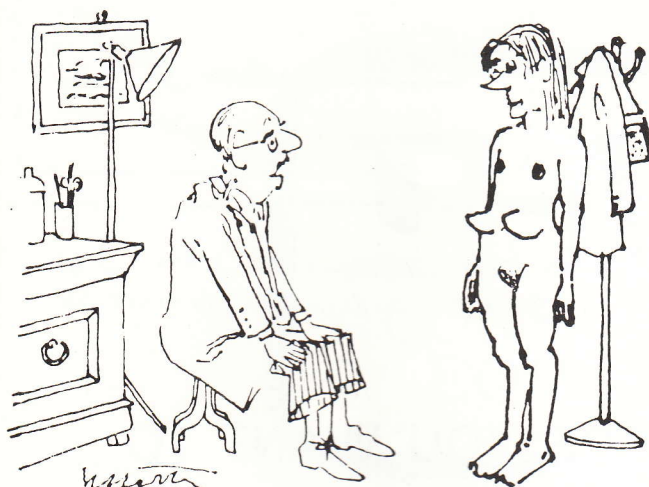
He was in hospital and he had to be fed with a rectal tube. During this process one day he suddenly screamed. The nurse stopped and said, "What's the matter, too hot?" and he answered, "No, not enough sugar."

Then there was the retired gynaecologist who did part-time work to keep his hand in.

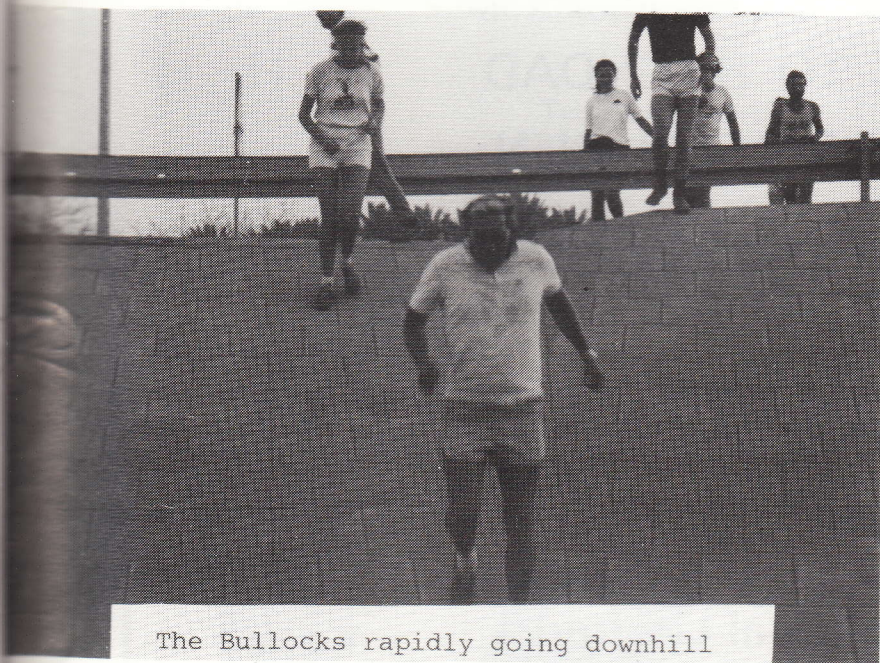
His partner papered his hall through the letter box.

Why are pubic hairs short and curly?

If they were long and straight they would poke you in the eye.



"Well Cindy I'm afraid you'll have to cut down on the hashing".



The Bullocks rapidly going downhill

HASH THANKS TO:

British Airways for their sponsorship of the tee shirts.
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The Danish nurses for their lack of support.
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All those who contributed articles and photographs.
John Haiste for several reasons — all of which escape me.
Those who gathered in the advertisements.
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All the periodicals and cartoonists whose material was considered 'good-enough' to be included.

Editor: John Barrett

Printed by Margaret Fenton Ltd.



"That's nice Miss Smith but it doesn't correct the typing errors."

A girl who had just come back from holiday abroad told her mother she was pregnant.

"Have you had a checkup?"

"No," she replied, "It was a Hungarian."