

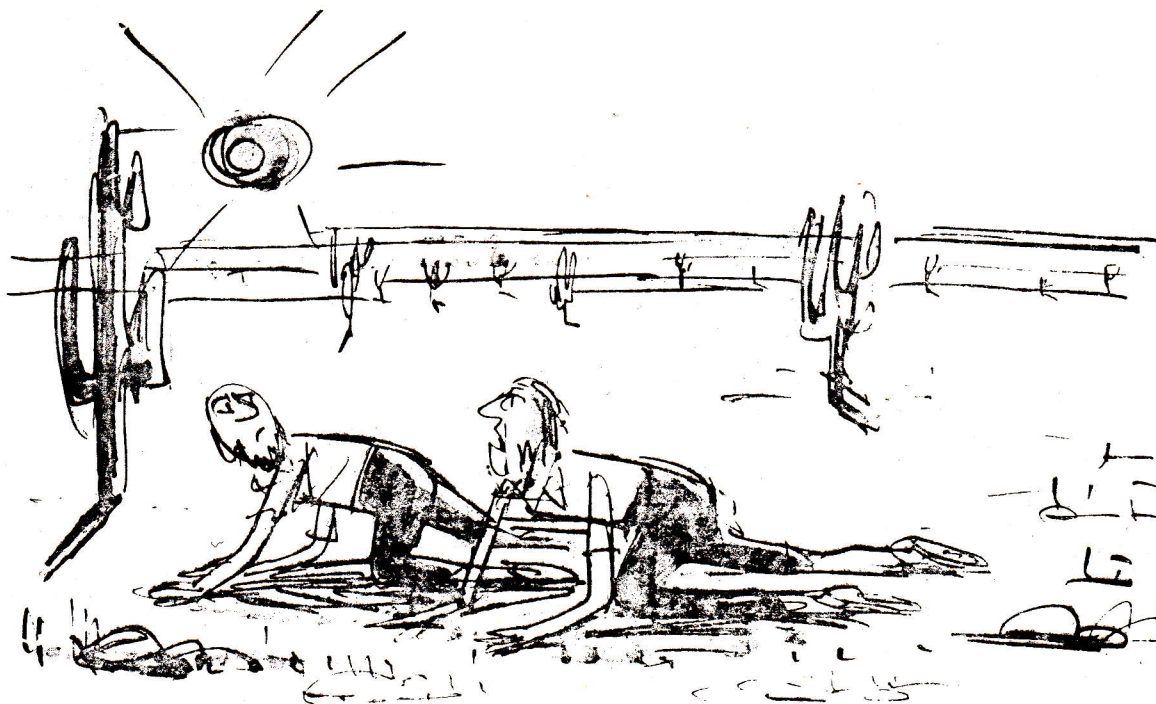
Ladies and Pissheads of the Hash

Here we are well into the fourth year of the Baghdad Hash, and upon reaching our Bicentenary Run your Committee, well ... er ... me because I got conned into the bloody Scribe's job, have pleasure in presenting for your indigestion the following load of codswallop.

Hashing came to Baghdad in July 1981 and the only two remaining members are Colin 'The Haberdasher' May and John 'Boyo' Haiste. Along the way they have collected, processed and despatched many a budding harrier, and latterly harriette, but our numbers have continued to swell, running on what we consider is the hottest city hash in the world, and we challenge any chapter to contest this fact.

Welcome to all the new blood that has discovered the Hash during the past year. You too can plunge to the depths, become an extrovert, and stand alongside (or pop up) all the current extroverts, to which this bicentenary Magazine is dedicated.

EDITOR



"Are you sure it's not one of Barrett's false trails?"

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His Master's Voice (Side 4)

As I write my fourth preface to a Baghdad Hash Magazine it makes me think I'm growing old, senile, boring and tedious, and maybe it's time I resigned. It also makes me think what the hell can I write about that's original as I've said all the wonderful things there are to say about the Hash in the 50th, 100th and 150th Run Magazines.

But at the risk of being repetitive and soft, I think I can still fairly say that the standard of the Hash, be it the quality of the runs, the On-Ons, the bashes, the beauty of the nurses, etc, continues to improve. This is largely attributable to several individuals who have successfully taken over Committee functions where others left off and whilst not belittling the efforts of the early pioneers because their groundwork was invaluable, the continued improvement and development of the Hash is due to their hard work.

To name a few significant improvements during the last 50 runs or so I think there have been more out of town runs, the 'train runs', bulk catering, more diverse nationalities and better organisation and support for competitive events. Highlight of this list was the extremely successful Melia Bash in November. I have no doubts that the next fifty runs will show further improvements.

ON-ON to 250!

John Haiste



*"ladies and gentlemen
of the hash"*

HASH COMMITTEE



HASHMASTER:

JOHN HAISTE

Long on standing but short in make up, our ebullient Hash Master has seen the Baghdad HHH through from the first run and even maintained his marriage to Patsy, who just adores the Hash. His astute guidance obtained with the 'other lot' across the Gulf has regularly been totally ignored by all and sundry. Has achieved over 150 runs in Baghdad.



ON-SEC:

COLIN MAY

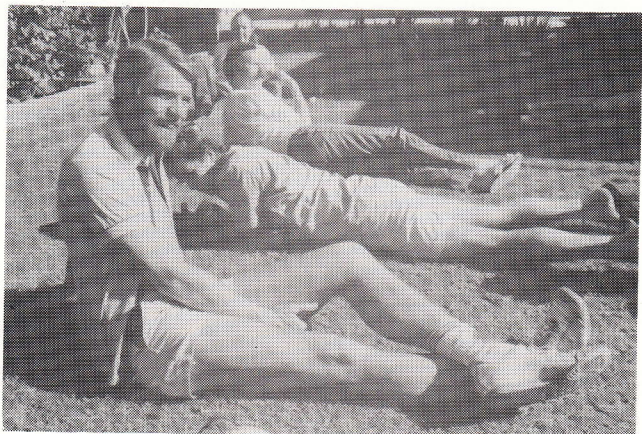
The second of our geriatrics having suffered a slight injury of late, although movement of Ferida to the mouth has not been affected. As Hash Habberdasher, he spends many hours fitting small sized tee shirts to XL size harriets' bodies. Having reached 150 runs already, he has probably set more trails than anyone else in Baghdad Hash history, all over the same course.



HASH CASH:

DOREEN SHELLEY

Has made the handling of the Hash funds look so easy with three different currencies. Never produces a balance sheet and is trusted explicitly. Just returned from a world cruise after purchasing a mansion in Hampshire. Always a welcome sight to hashmen as she lays prostrate over the boot of her Corona to collect the weekly subs.



HARE RAISER:

JOHN BARRETT

A popular figure with his 1984 Noddy diary as he recruits unsuspecting harriers to become future hares. Hash playwrite, stage manager and rugby songs lead singer, he was responsible for the last Hash magazine debacle. Having completed well over 100 runs and an ever present during his time, he can be heard regularly at bashes explaining the traditions on the Hash to the nubile young harriets experiencing the '69' shirt for the first time.



HASH ICE/ADVISOR:

HARRY LLOYD

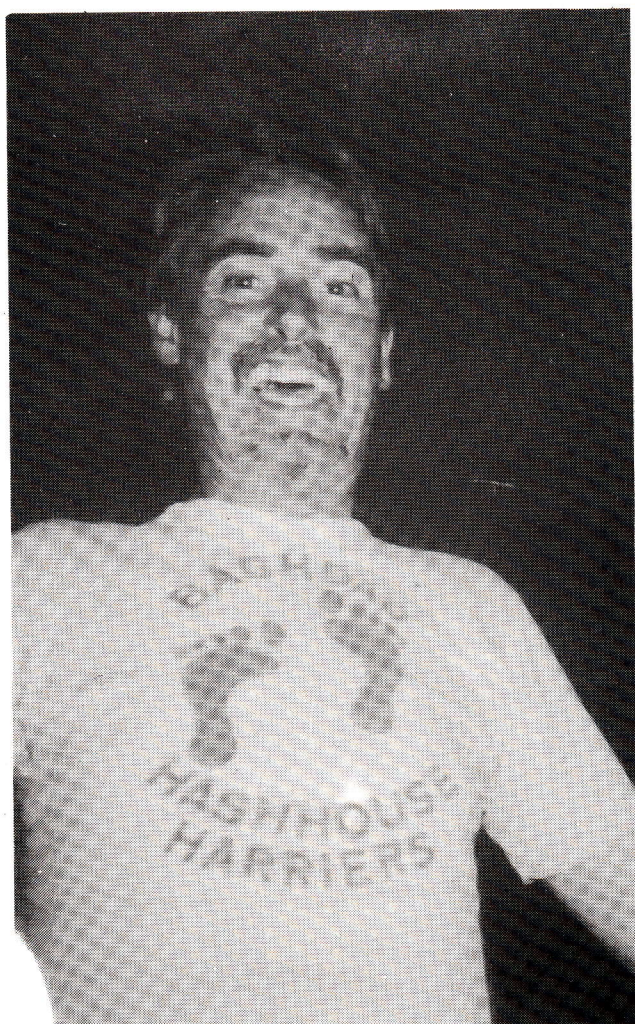
A true gentleman and the Hash cultural advisor. Owing to the problems created by different nationalities Harry has spent many hours working on harriets to improve their grasp of the English language, and other things. Always in great demand during summer months when harriets are wanting something cool to slip their hands around. Has managed over 100 runs in between servicing everybody's needs.



HASH SCRIBE:

DAVID BLAND

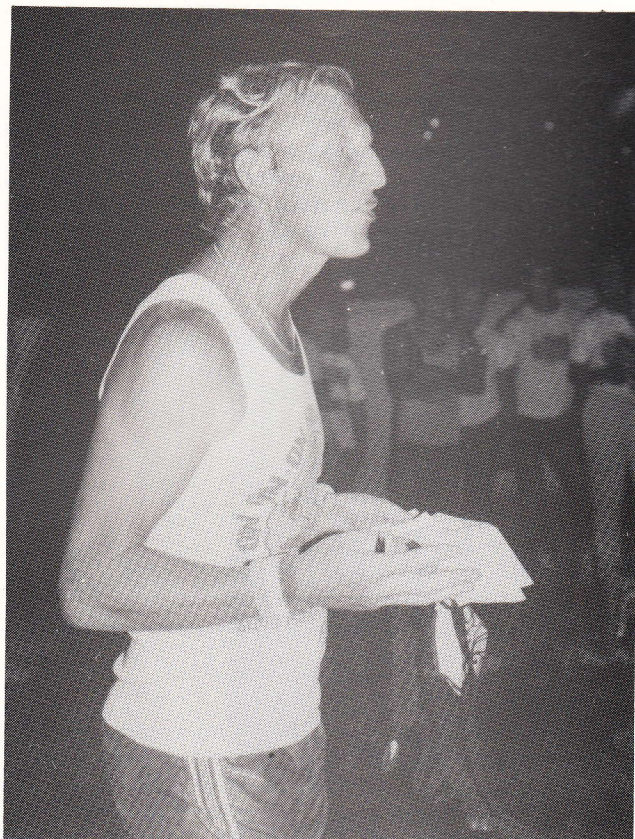
Very little can be said about this illiterate wit who records the weekly events and misgivings of his hashing colleagues on the false assumption that the Baghdad Hash needs an historic account of what happens after we become inebriated. He has completed well over a century of runs and was transferred from Beer Raiser to his present position after keeling over the beer tub on numerous occasions pretending to look for empty bottles but always finding full ones.



HASH BEER RAISER:

DEREK DIXON

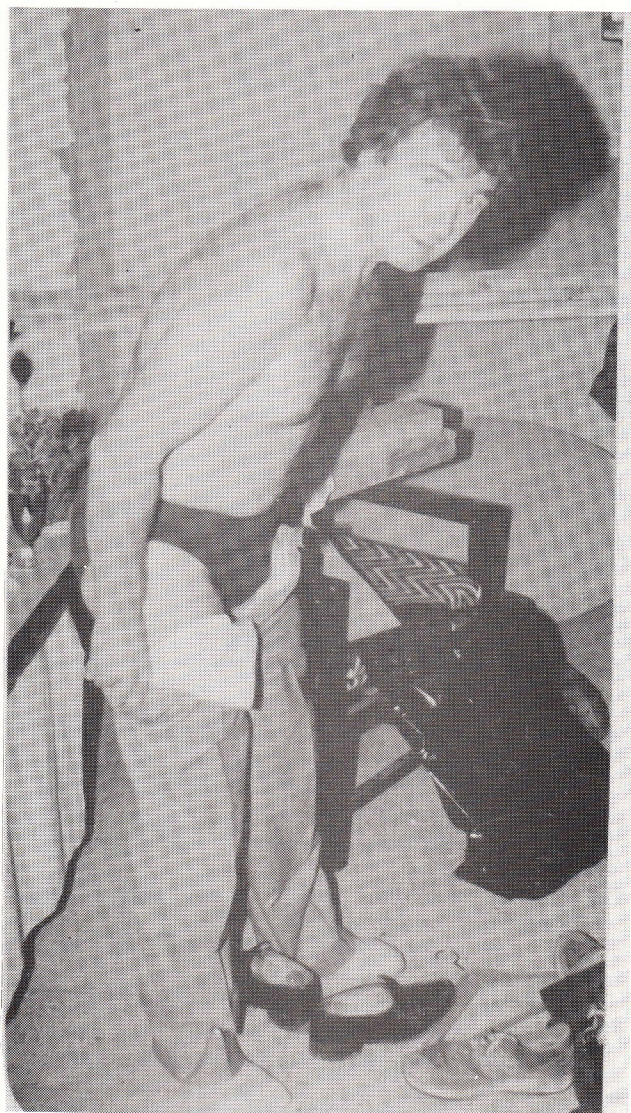
Soon slotted into the post of Beer Raiser because he appears to have the capacity to remain upright in a drunken stupor when others about him are falling in all directions. Don't be fooled by his grey hair (it's not his) because Derek is frequently seen teaching the harriets his drinking habits, and any other filthy habits they let him. Soon to reach his 100 runs, he assumes the position of stand-in Hashmaster when the Hashmaster is unable to stay standing.



HASH HORN:

*COLIN SMITH
(deported)*

This fine specimen of an Aussie from Leicester was renowned for his utterances, sometimes with the Hash horn, but mostly inaudible. Reverts to his aboriginal tendencies whilst out on runs, and insists on keeping his beer in a baby bottle warmer. Finally got the sack after 100 runs but was reinstated when Iraqi airmail wouldn't touch him. Responsible for the setting of many mediocre runs, the last one being a run up the Nile to Cairo, where he disappeared screaming "check-back, check-back".



HASH CATERER / RELIGIOUS ADVISOR:

BRIAN CLANCY

This versatile stalwart of Baghdad hashing can be seen preaching the gospel from the rooftops with a bucket of water in one hand, a bucket of water in the other, and wearing a Fanny Craddock pinny. Well on his way to his 100 runs and currently the Hash wine merchant, he is well known for his culinary exploits, eg. 5 tons of salad per week; and his green fingers - cultivating snake infested overgrown gardens for hash bashes.



HASH FLASH:

MALCOLM ELLIOTT

Latest appointment to the Committee, this jovial youngster who resembles a loo brush, eventually began to photograph events after he'd found where to put the film in his camera. He can be seen regularly these days pointing his telescopic canon at unsuspecting harriets and hoping that they smile. They usually do.

THE TRUE ORIGIN OF THE HASH

Iraq, site of one of the earliest known civilizations and, according to legend, of the Garden of Eden, has witnessed the coming of many cultures, empires and races, including Sumerians, Semites, Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Mongols, Ottomans, Hashemites, the British, and finally the Arabs.

The chequered history of the Land of Two Rivers does not really take off until the arrival of the Mongols, who destroyed the civilization that had reached a peak in the time of Haroun Al-Rashid, the celebrated Caliph of the 'Thousand and One Nights'. Baghdad had become one of the world's most renowned cities, the capital of a great empire, famous for its buildings, its learning, its University and libraries, and its luxury. The destruction of this culture by the Mongols in the late thirteenth century was so complete and ruthless that it took Iraq centuries to recover.

From the sixteenth century until the end of the First World War, Iraq was part of the Ottoman Empire. The Mongols therefore held sway for over 200 years, with as little to do during their leisure hours as the average latter-day expat. getting pissed out of their minds palled after the first half-century and it was as a result of a brainstorm of a descendent of Ghengis Khan after a particularly heavy week's drinking that the first burgeoning of the modern world-wide organisation known as the "Hash" could be said to have been observed.

The usual after drinks session of your average red-blooded Mongol was to cleave at his comrades' limbs with the first implement that came to hand, and generally to go berserk in the best tradition of the Vikings of old. (Or perhaps it was at about the same time - the facts get a bit cloudy here.)

It was during one of these apres-inebriative interludes that the abovementioned descendent, who we'll call Ibn Ghengis for convenience, finding himself disarmed by his drinking chum, had to scarper, or find himself without the wherewithal to lift the next flagon of ale to his lips. During those times artificial limbs were a bit on the primitive side and, not to put too fine a point on it, had to be paid for with hard currency.

So off he sodded through the palms with his mate in hot pursuit. It wasn't long before Ibn, weaponless as he was, started to outpace his crony, and to encourage him a bit commenced hurling the odd abusive remark.

At this point it has to be stated that the records are a bit obscure, but the most reliable sources inform us that "Oon-Oon" was heard to be bellowed, with the odd "chicken" thrown in for good measure when Ibn had managed to disappear from his pursuer's sight. It is also recorded that the greater the distance between the two, the more goading would be his cries, ranging from "chicken-one" to "chicken-three". When Ibn was finally caught it was by being tripped and falling heavily on his knee, giving rise to a congenital defect that has been observed to afflict subsequent generations of his ilk.

The rest of the story can be told very quickly. From these obscure beginnings a whole jargon has developed, although the pronunciation of Ibn's calls has changed over the centuries, and the heavy drinking now occurs after the run instead of before.

The Ottoman Empire rose and fell, the British Mandate appeared briefly, but it was not until 1932, when Iraq became an independent Kingdom under the Hashemite King, Faisal Ibn Hussein of Mecca, that the name "Hash" was coined.

Started by the Mongols, kept alive through the centuries, given a royal blessing - it can be seen that the other version (something about a few Aussies starting it all somewhere in the Far East) is a load of old cobblers, and that the true home of the Hash is in fact Baghdad.

Anon-On

A little boy and girl were playing in the garden shed. They decided to take their clothes off, and the little girl was very upset to see that the boy had got something she hadn't. The little boy tormented her about his superiority, and she ran home crying to Mummy.

"What's the matter then?" said mother," has Johnny been hitting you?"

"No," said the little girl, pointing to her fanny, "but he's got something there I haven't got."

"Don't worry dear," said Mother, very relieved, "believe me darling, as long as you've got one of THESE, you'll always be able to get one of THOSE."

HARES 'N DISGRACES

"Oi, you!" said somebody.

I looked round and, not knowing many people apart from our company chronies at the bash, discreetly returned my gaze to the shrivelled hamburger I was trying to cremate on the barbecue, pretending not to have heard and hoping to remain inconspicuous.

"Oi, Fred isn't it?"

Well it wasn't, but being curious I again glanced over my shoulder in the direction of the utterance. And there, staring me in the face was this lanky bearded wonder porporting to have been a bit of a w'anchor in Riyadh according to his ill-fitting tee shirt. A bottle of Shahrzad in one hand didn't merit a second thought, but according to the scruffy little notebook, or whatever it was, in the other, his name might well have been Edward Ian. Then suddenly I remembered that this same person has regularly been propositioning some of the harriers, and most of the harriettes on previous occasions gathering by the insults he'd received.

"Oh, sorry. It's not Fred, is it. My name's John Barrett."

Before I completed my introduction the little book has been opened and something has been written.

"25th March alright for a run, is it? Good. Thanks for volunteering. It makes life so much easier."

Well, so this was how the Hare Raiser operated! Still, do my bit I thought. After all, there's not many hashers who get away with twenty odd runs or so without getting lumbered.. Maybe some of the hares even volunteer to set a trail. Must be mad.

I got one of these 'How to set a run printouts that used to get thrown about in people's gardens, but never read apparently. I read it. Bloody hell! I've got to do all *that* and get pissed of an evening? Do a recce it said. So after three hours driving around the urban clearways I decided to set it from my house, because then at least I wouldn't get lost.

Some silly sod offered to help so I bit his hand off. And on the appointed Friday off we set around the streets of Baghdad with a bag of cement acquired from a building site in the back of the Hilux.

Everything conceivable went wrong. The kids scrubbed out the marks; the security gave us hassle; we got lost; and then the heavens opened and washed the effing lot away. It'll be alright on the night, advised my colleague. Yeah.....

We returned to the On-Off, or whatever you call the mass orgy of a start, at 5.15 pm for the five o'clock run, to be met by the Hash Master anxious to get the complaining pack going, as the garden was left looking like an Oxfam bring-and-buy stall. There were crutches, walking sticks, screaming kids pulling up the flowers; the lot. We'd gone over the trail quite well and the run went surprisingly smoothly, apart from the bit where the street cleaners has swept up the marks. Crazy - they leave the locals rubbish for weeks on end and clear up marks laid by us 40 minutes earlier. I reckon they did it deliberately. Still it wasn't as bad as last week's where a JCB dug up the first check and started a drainage trench along a false trail!

Back to visit Doreen at the table, and hopes of a few beers in peace after all that effort. No chance! First the bottle opener breaks; then little Willy's mum wants to know where the lav is because little Willy won't go in the flower bed. Dunno why, 'cos all the bloody harriers do. In fact the other week the Scottish contingent got more inebriated than usual and were soon laid out horizontally on the lawn playing at 'Ali Baba fountains' under the coloured spotlights.

Fat chance we'd got of avoiding a down-down. The Hash Master teased us by waiting until last before having a field day. And it had to be the first occasion this year that the Baptismal Consultant decided to dust off his bucket and drench us with iced beer-tub water, didn't he. Effing freezing! I got the Hashit Award for some utterly obscure reason but at least I thought that was it - until the next time - if I'm idiotic enough to stay in this Middle East backwater.

But it didn't end there. The garden was in need of clearing up, resembling a combination of a brewery, sewage pumping station, and railway lost property office. Luckily the last few drunks departed when the beer finally ran out, and I went to bed.

None of the hassle today, I thought, as I turned up for the following week's bash. But still it wasn't over as the Hash Scribe now took his turn to castigate us hares and dish out derogatory comments about the previous week's run. You just can't win.

So next time the Hare Raiser starts being inquisitive and looking worried, volunteer yourself. Don't point the bloody finger at anyone else - particularly *me*!

Anon

PS. I'd do it again, but then I'm not revealing who 'I' is!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

DAY 1

Dearest John,
The Postman delivered your present, a Partridge in a Pear Tree. How original and what a thoroughly delightful gift, you spoil me terribly.
With deepest regards and affection,
Mary

DAY 2

Darling John,
Today the Postman brought your very sweet gift of two Turtle Doves, they're simply adorable and I'm absolutely delighted.

All my love,
Mary

DAY 3

My Dearest John,
Aren't you the extravagant one. Three French Hens. Really John, I must protest. I don't deserve such generosity. They are beautiful but I insist you are too kind.

Love,
Mary

DAY 4

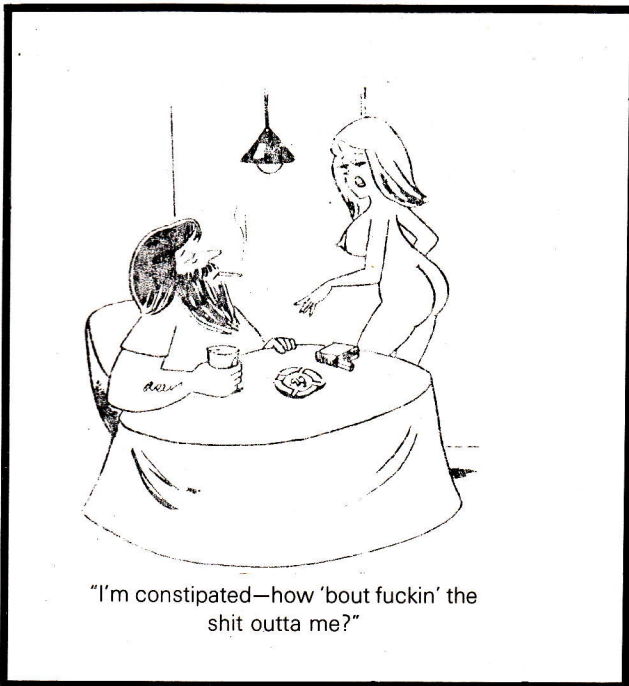
My Darling John,
The Postman has just delivered Four Calling Birds. You really are romantic, but don't you think enough is enough?

Affectionately,
Mary

DAY 5

Dearest Darling John,
Today's post brought Five Golden Rings, one for each finger. You're impossible, but I love it. Frankly, those birds were beginning to get on my tits anyway with all their squawking.

Love,
Mary



"I'm constipated—how 'bout fuckin' the shit outta me?"

DAY 6

Dear John,
So you're back to the birds again. When I opened my door there were actually Six Geese A'laying on my door step. Where am I going to keep them? I can't sleep for the racket.

Cordially
Mary

DAY 7

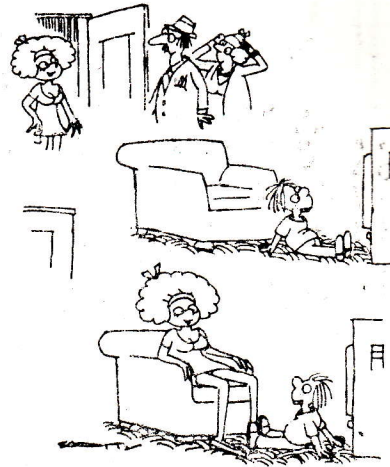
John,
What's with all these birds? Now Seven Swans A'swimming, what sort of bleeding joke is this? There is bird shit all over the house, and they never stop their racket. I can't sleep and I'm fast becoming a nervous wreck. It's not funny, so don't send any more sodding birds.

Sincerely,
Mary

DAY 8

Okay You Wally,
I think I preferred the birds What the hell am I to do with Eight Maid A'milking? It's not enough that there should be all those birds plus eight maids, but they've brought their bleeding cows with them. They shit all over the lawn and I can't move in my house. Just lay off shortarse.

Mary



DAY 9

Listen Shithead,
What are you, some sort of sadist? Now it's Nine Pipers Playing, and they don't give a damn what they're playing with either. They've never stopped chasing the maids since they got here. The cows are getting upset, and there's shit and screeching birds everywhere. The neighbours are getting up a petition.

Mary

DAY 10

YOU PRICK,
Ten Ladies Dancing. Now some bloody ladies. You should see what they and the pipers have been doing all night. The cows are so upset they've got diarrhoea and my living room is a river of shit. The health office has asked me to give good reasons why the house should not be condemned.

I'm putting the police on you
Mary

DAY 11

Listen Fuckhead,
What's with this Eleven Lords A'Leaping. They've been leaping alright, on and off the maids and ladies. Some of them aren't fussy and there's been as much leaping on and off the cows. All 23 birds are dead, having been trampled to death in the orgy, or drowned in the sea of shit. I hope you're satisfied you sadistic pig.

Piss off
Mary

DAY 12

Sir,
On behalf of our Client, we acknowledge receipt of Twelve Fiddlers Fiddling. Any attempt to contact our client at the Happy Hale Sanitorium will result in your being shot on sight.

A MARATHON WIDOW'S LAMENT

Once upon a time I was married to a Hashman. He used to go running once a week, have a few beers and come home to me thinking he was an athlete. He was happy. I was happy. I never criticised his athletic prowess and once in a while he would invite me along to his Hashing evenings. But now this has all changed.

It was my fault really. You see I bought him this fancy watch for Christmas with all those knobs on this side. Not only did this impressive chronometer wake you up, it also gave you lap times, body temperature, heartrate and even wiped your brow with it's absorbent cotton strap. So just to see how wonderfully it worked he began jogging around the streets of Baghdad, pressing buttons all the way and trying to guess what the watch was reading as his arm bounced up and down, and his head rocked from side to side. I assumed that, as with all the other novelties he tried, he would soon get bored and forget it all.

But he didn't, did he? No, my heartless selfish spouse now disappears for hours every evening and when he eventually returns he is good for absolutely nothing. All he wants me for is to cook his macaroni and to wash his sweaty, greasy running kit.

It's not as if he is cut out for running. All the long distance runners I have ever seen carried withered upper torsos above their powerful muscular legs. My man however is what I would describe as 'cuddly all over' i.e. he has a beer gut and spindly legs, a typical hashman you might say. He's not daunted by this however, and presses on with his training each evening clocking up the kilometres.

You see he has decided that he is going to run in the Baghdad Marathon and like all the other budding Ron Hills his life is now centred around his legs. The house stinks of 'Deep Heat', all he reads is jogging magazines and all he talks about are ligaments, mileage, Colin May, pronation, carbohydrate loading and hitting walls. He has never been able to explain to me what this hitting the wall is all about. Perhaps it is what happens when you try to take a short cut or it may be peculiar only to Marathon runners from these parts with stiff legs when they are taken short and have to relieve themselves on an Asian toilet.

Anyway to get to the point, his love affair with the gutters of Baghdad gets right up my nose. He is so concerned with his own body that he completely forgets about mine. There he is regulating his diet, high in protein, high in glucose, plenty of vitamins, plenty of salts, and lots of fruit to keep his movements regular. He is forever rubbing embrocation into his calves, putting vaseline on his toes and massaging his thighs.

But what about me? Has he forgotten about me? Am I not a normal doting wife who enjoys a bit of passion every now and then? How about him massaging my thighs for a change - I wouldn't object but I never get the chance. He comes in from his runs, throws his dripping kit somewhere, showers, devours his pasta, and collapses into bed. By the time I join him he is flat out. Where is that randy sod of yesteryear?

No, as I say, I have had enough. the sooner this bloody marathon thing is over the better. He won't win it. All he will get is a medal which he will try to put in a pay phone the next time he has had a few beers. My worst nightmare is that he will not be satisfied with his performance and that he will be going off to London, Oslo or New York in an attempt to better his time.

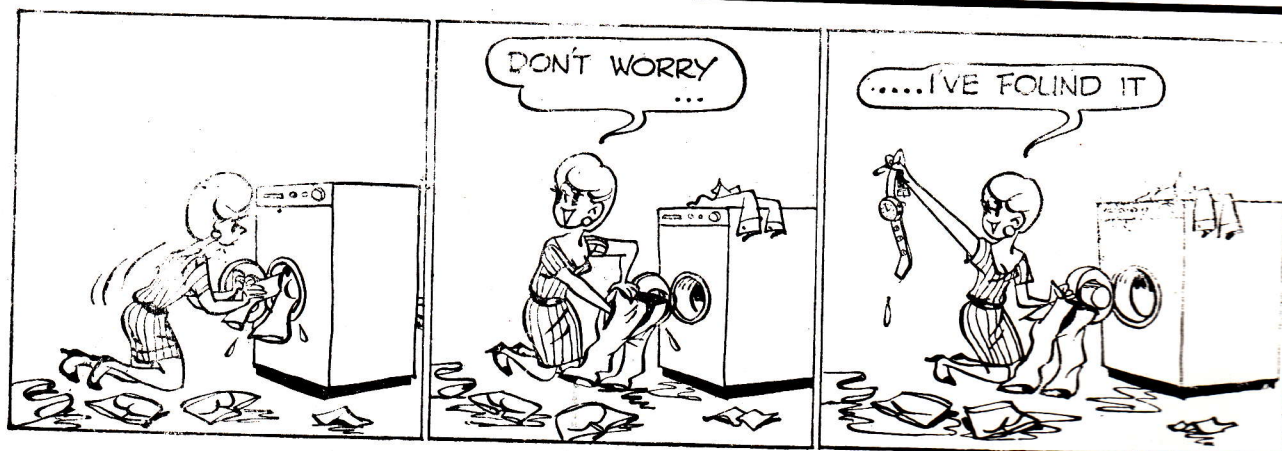
Give me back my cuddly Hashman! Never again will I complain if he come in a little late of a Saturday evening leaving the car lights on and stumbling over the cat. You wives of true Hashmen have never had it so good and whatever you give your husbands next Christmas make sure it's not a bloody sportsman's watch!

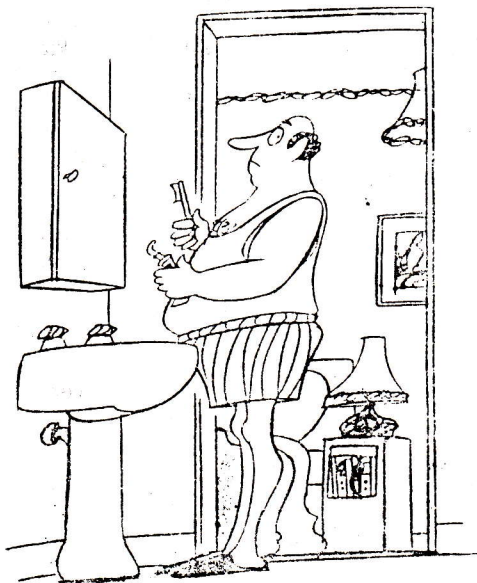
Anon

THE HORN

I suppose for any greenhorn who has not left the pleasant shores of home that the horn is taken for granted; it is not discussed generally in public and it is not used to the discomfort of others. It therefore comes as a shock when one is thrust into a Middle East environment to find the horn being used with much more frequency, and at such unusual times. The shock being more apparent to the virgin traveller who has resigned himself to a possible monk's existence for long periods up to three months. Our local friends have developed such a closeness to their horn that it has been known for one's neighbour to rush from his bed on the roof top with many a guttural warning, should his horn fail, as he staggers downstairs, dishdash in hand to ensure all his credentials are in order; a short sharp blast before breakfast gives the satisfaction of knowing that the day has started on the right note.

The drive to work is a cockophony of sound; they cannot leave it alone even in a queue of stationary cars, they amuse themselves and arouse others. It is not clear whether this horn banging is intended as a sign of virility or just a plain fact that if done often enough it has a tendency to make one deaf, and therefore one has to do it more and so on ad infinitum - the circulating fly and the puff of smoke syndrome. With the anticipation of an imminent change in the colour of the traffic lights, the sound of horns rises to a climax, only to be frustrated by the slow withdrawal of the index finger from the nasal passage while the hand brake is let off.





"Have you got clean underthings? It's your office party today!"

After a while in this noisy environment it is found that the use of the horn is contagious and that it is brought into action more and more until one becomes ethnic. What is the use of the horn? Is it a personal plaything, or to be used for the satisfaction of others? However after only a short period of tossing and turning it dawns that the depression is caused by the loss in one's life of the lack of the use of the horn and its use, in preference to flashing, ends the frustration.

Upon returning to the pleasant shores of home what is the second thing to do, you're right - reach for the horn and have a good 'ole bleep much to the total embarrassment of all around.

"What bad habits you have picked up, when will you get back to normal."

Don Goodwin

HASH STOP PRESS

THE RUSSIANS FORBID FOREIGNERS TO RUN THROUGH MOSCOW'S STREETS AND SQUARES

Crows flew away cawing; shocked pedestrians strolling in Moscow's '50 years October' Park exclaimed 'My God!' All because about 40 Western runners were jogging happily past. One of them blew a horn now and again, while the others called to each other 'On On'!

The pack consisted of diplomats, businessmen and journalists. They were all taking part in a pastime begun in Kuala Lumpur in the 1930's by bored British Colonial officials: a type of paperchase, in which the runners follow a trail marked with arrows.

More important than the run itself is the conviviality

afterwards. New contacts are made over beer and barbecue and newcomers are given an initiation requiring the downing of a pint of beer at a single draught. The organiser of the Moscow Hash, an Australian diplomat, Clint Halloran, says: 'We are jogging socially'. The Soviet reaction to this lighthearted activity was to deliver an unsporting blow: in a 'Note Verbale' (ref: 413 PR) to all Diplomatic Missions in Moscow the Foreign Ministry forbade 'all sporting activity', including jogging, in Moscow's streets and squares.

What is a common sight around the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, or around the White House in Washington, is no longer permitted in Moscow. Jogging, by Foreign Ministry Decree, is henceforth allowed only on sportsgrounds or in parks; and the same applies to the Russians, too.

The reason given is that joggers obstruct traffic and pedestrians leading, in some instances, to accidents and serious injuries.

This concern for the life and limb of foreigners and locals alike may be not altogether unfounded. The hashers did not always strictly obey traffic rules, and would occasionally run on the roads at peak times. According to Clint Halloran, however, 'We have never got in anyones way'!

A more likely explanation is that this Western habit goes against the communist grain. Jogging in public, in the eyes of conservative functionaries, offends against tradition and the good taste of the Russian people who, with the exception of state-sponsored top athletes, have always preferred sitting comfortably by the fire to engaging in sweaty activities. It is a long time since the Soviet Union produced any top-class runners.

Foreigners regard jogging through the city as part of a Western life-style. Russians, on the other hand, are shocked at the sight of Westerners chasing through the distinguished revolutionary district of Krasnaya Presnya in tight shorts, sweaty T-shirts and funny hats. Only thieves run as fast as that here.

The Russians have probably also not failed to notice that after the run certain individuals, even in the eyes of their fellow runners do not exactly behave like diplomats. Some of the songs sung in the foreigners' compounds are not calculated to endear a loyal follower of Lenin: 'I read it in a book, and it was not a farce: Lenin had a carbuncle on his arse.'

Moreover, a group of 60-80 joggers represented a security risk, for they were not registered, and in the eyes of an over-zealous security official a run might end up as - Lenin forbid - a political demonstration.

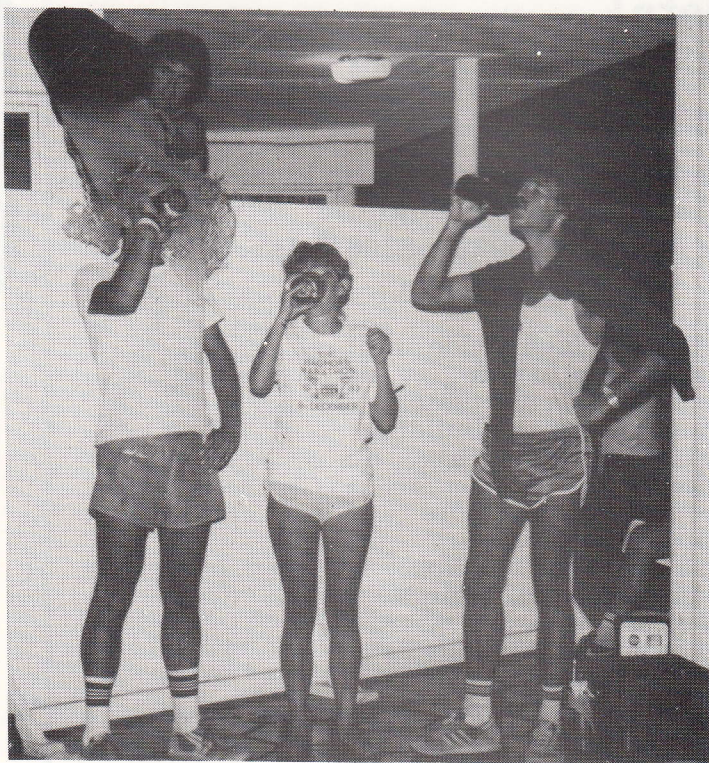
Even so, the authorities put up with them running about the streets for over a year. But as their numbers increased, and as Hashers charged through underground stations in the search for red arrows, even approaching to within a few kilometres of the hallowed Red Square, the Russians decided enough was enough.

To avoid a noisy confrontation in public, a Colonel of the militia stopped a British businessman at the back of the pack and asked to see his passport, alleging a 'contravention of Moscow Mores'. According to eye-witnesses, KGB agents cordoned off the area from inquisitive Russians.

Only after a long discussion and on being informed that in Peking a Russian diplomat hashed too, was the Colonel persuaded to let the Englishman go. A subsequent request by Western representatives for an official clarification of the status of joggers received the time-honoured response - 'it's banned'. The parks remain available to them - until further notice.

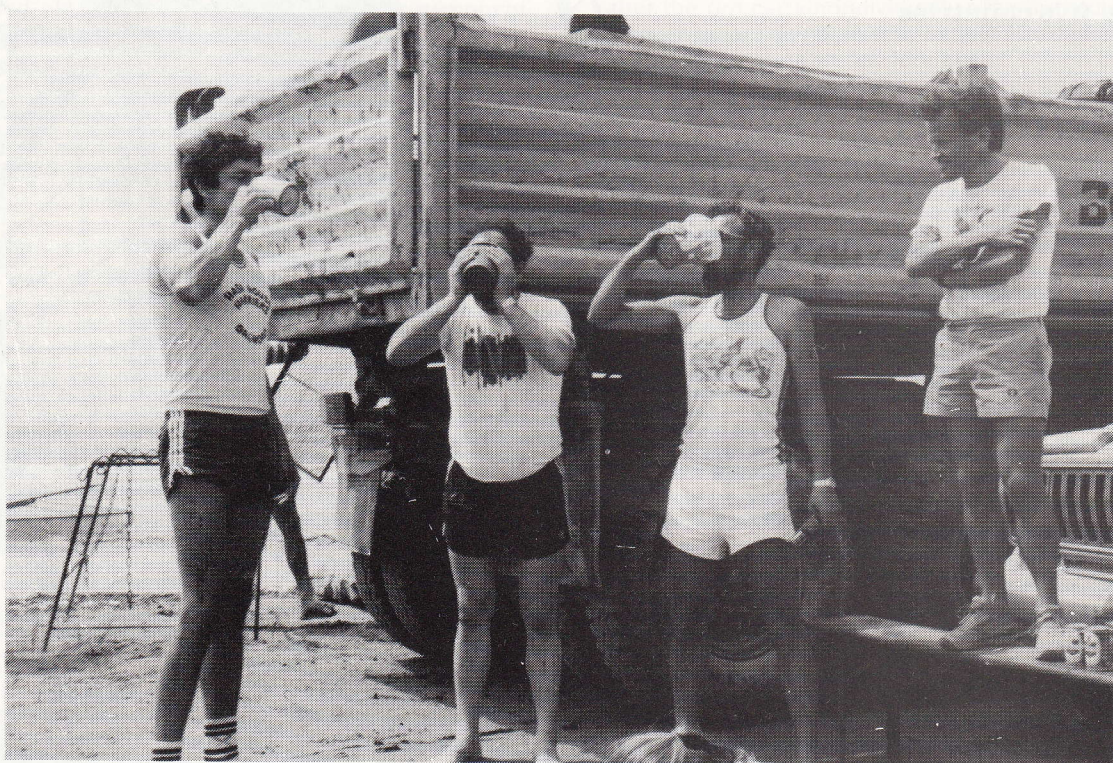


Gemma and Liz stand to attention, ready for instruction.



Broon picks the right end as Clancy swoops.

D-D-D-Down Downs



Gerhard and Alfred sup as Fred looks for a hole in his bucket.

Smithy confirmed as a right shower.



Poser Duckworth makes advances as John waits for the hormones to work.



Erik the Noggin

Beveridge perspires in all directions as Mary and Ursula pounce.



Frank applies
Grecian 2000
- Jenny
thinks it's a
load of
Bullocks.



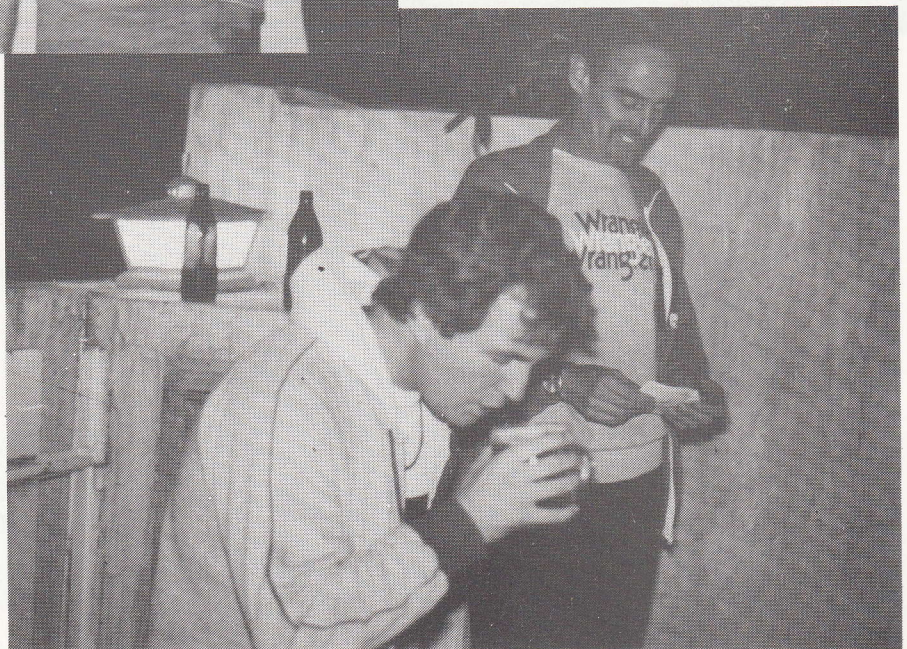
Which one
got the lulua?



Mike plays charades



Dixon prevents bad
language



Will Brian suck or
blow?

HOW HASHING CHANGED MY LIFE:

"No women here, mate" said this chap I met at the New British Club during my first week in Baghdad. That's a joke - New British Club - have you seen it? It resembles a station waiting room still suffering from the Beeching axe. We used to play 'spot the barman move' and measure the chips to see who got the biggest.

Anyway it was somewhere to go, and so was this 'Hash'. So Saturday evenings I joined the motley bunch whenever I could slip away in my Suzuki from Baghdad's water pipes and stay awake long enough to follow some idiot's map to the venue. I'd played a bit of football, some squash, windsurfed, etc, and was game for any bit of sport I could get, if you know what I mean.

I remember the cold winter of 1981/82 when the couple of dozen of us used to hang around the last crate of Lulua until a certain Scotsman decided he was legless enough to drive home. It was all men then, apart from a couple of wives who used to drink their own under the table. There was a lot of piss-taking but I gave as good as I got, even though I must admit that my legs were a bit bandy and I couldn't in fact ride a horse.

After a year or so I'd had my fair share of down-downs, set the odd run, chatted up every spare bit of crumpet there was, got home well pissed and not remembered doing it the next day - you know, all the things that normal harriers do. Mind you, I did come in for a bit of stick after I agreed to take part in a fashion show with a colleague. In fact I almost got the "Poofter of the Year" award but some guy who had highlights put in his hair beat me to it.

I hung around with the in-crowd and one day there was talk of 300 odd Irish nurses coming to work in the city. Eventually they came, and the hash has never been the same since for me. My body has been in great demand. Footloose and carefree, I've done all the usual things like run out of petrol; lose my car keys and had to stay the night; I've even borne the pain of a gashed leg on one run just to become the centre of attention. I love the Hash.

I can now recommend hashing to newcomers to Baghdad without any fear of complaint. As long as I'm here I will endeavour to make the run each week - other engagements permitting of course.

Old Diehard

HASH FLASHING

It all started one quiet summer evening as everyone was enjoying the ON-ON after another Hash run. Everyone downing a few dozen Feridas, eating some barbecued leather bought from a local butcher. Then it was time for the usual announcements.

The first announcement that evening took me a little by surprise though. They were asking for a Hash Flash. Well there were no immediate takers until it was explained that the type of flasher required did not have to wear a dirty old man's raincoat, but was required to carry a camera. Ah, they want pictures I thought as quick as a flash, which is very good for a hashman who's on his 'n'th Ferida. So without a moment's hesitation I signalled my desire to do a little flashing.

So there I sat very pleased with my new job, thinking of the nice little side line I could have selling negatives of hashmen in compromising positions. I was looking forward to this task when I suddenly has a very nasty thought. I had a very big problem (not medical). I had no camera.



Hash Flash exploring the possible orifices for insertion (of film) with Mary

Well with a little bit of cheek and the help of a lot of Ferida I managed to borrow a camera. So everything should be plain sailing now. Or so I thought. But I had not considered the problems of flashing in Iraq. There I was turning up eagerly (well turning up anyway) to take my first set of photographs only to find the batteries I had bought in the local shop were no good. There I was, the official hash flash who could not muster up a single flash.

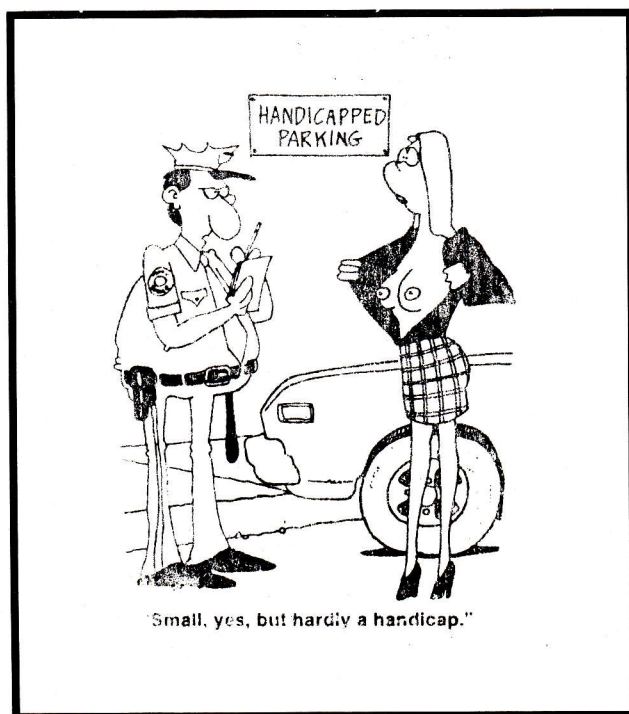
So the following week I finally took some photos on a locally purchased film only to snap the film on rewinding it, another waste of time.

In fact the first few weeks were enough to put anyone off the job of flashing on the hash, but as I am a little on the thick side (one of the requirements of a hashman) I kept on flashing. and with the help of some imported film and some fully charged batteries I finally managed some decent photos for the 200th Run Magazine.

When all is said and done, and a lot has been said and done to the hash flash, it has been great fun taking the photos, and I hope you enjoy the results of those used in the magazine.

ON ON

Hash Flash



*Sue shows
her intentions.
Aine says, "I'll
drink to that."*



*Margaret and Melody the trouserbaggies move
in for some more.*

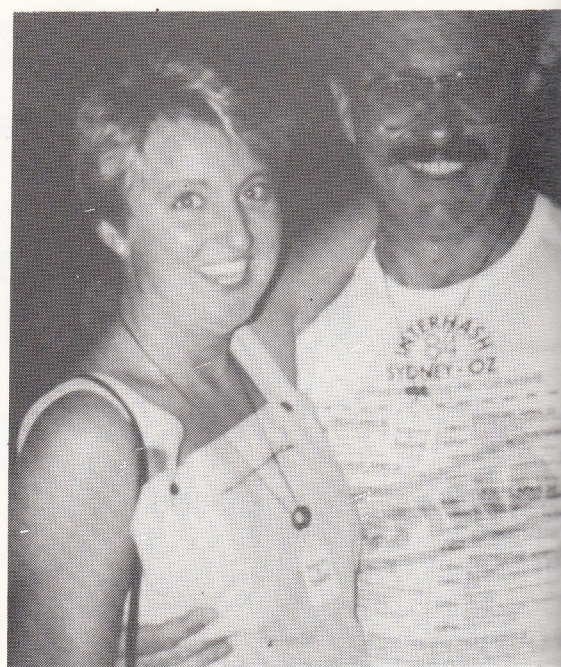
HASH CRUMPET VOLUNTARY



Marguerite spies a big sausage.



Sandy examines the Hash Horn.

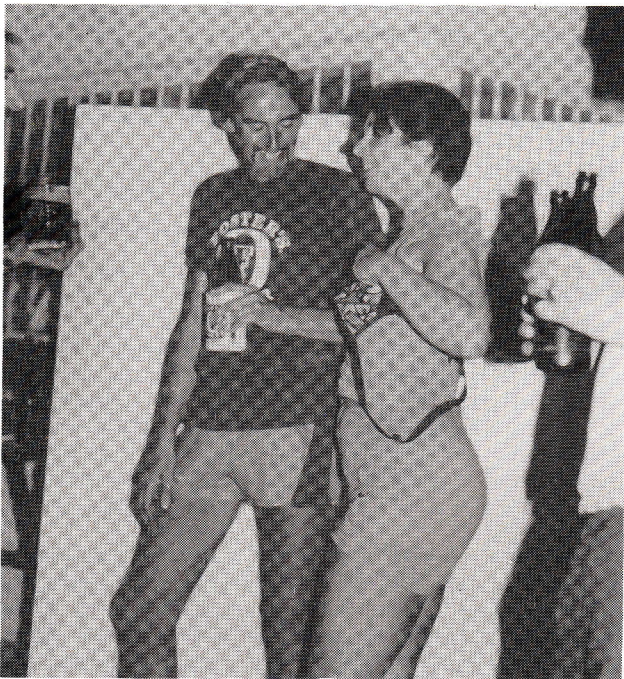


Nancy goes for it.

MY TYPE OF HASH

Once upon a time this was a Hash which always had a story, a list of drunks or intrepid drivers who did something bloody stupid or spectacular. Now as I reflect on the past and compare with the present I am forced to conclude that we are just a bunch of wankers.

Since the departure of Don Robertson there has been little to talk about, or if there has it's been kept quiet and sinister. I remember the night when the deadly D.D. (Derek Dick - son) and the infamous Lady Di were seen sneaking on to



Derek! Everybody'll know I got dressed in a hurry.

FIRST AID FOR HASHMEN AND WOMEN

When cries of "On On" fill the air there is no sorrier sight than a Hashman not running after the pack, through injury. So here are a few first aid hints to use, immediately following injury, which will help you get back into your running shoes more quickly.



the roof of a house in the wilds of Ameriya. They went to have a quick look at the stars and the moon. Now at 35 minutes, Sue Jones was heard to say, "Mike would have been down for a cup of tea by now;" at 40 minutes Kate Smith and Alison Smith had compared notes and decided it was bloody disgusting; and at 45 minutes several inebriated hashmen had been made aware of their shortcomings. It was time to check out the star and moon watchers, now the only moon we could see was not in the sky and the only stars we could see were in her eyes. So the question which has arisen is why was there no public reprimand, no down-down? Has the Hash Master got slack again - since Patsi is not around I cannot ask her.

What about driving? - Well what about it, since Harry Lloyd gave up the honorary position of chief location officer for Midmac outside trench division, it's been plain downright boring. Okay, Ferida Fyfe did come close with the 'car in the bund with two Irish nurses' act, and Walter Grubels' famous deportation act of a U turn outside THE PALACE was fair, but not spectacular. There was a time after a Hash when you could see the attempts of Hashmen to cross Sindie-Bads island, they were usually parked in the fountain (failed). Even Haiste and Co. have given away the sole right to impact test Toyotas - it's been taken by the Amman Hash.

Now the Hash is about drinking Ferida and Shizz, and swapping stories about one's weekly exploits, not about running or bloody marathons. It does not discuss runner's nipple (unless they happen to be Kirsten's) or the day at the office. It does discuss the lecherous advances of Irish nurses, driving feats carried out, and the advantages of having the next interhash in Pataya (Bangkok). It is only organised because it has no organisation, and has only one rule - no poofters. On-On!

Anon

SWELLING

When muscles or ligaments are torn they release fluid and hence the injured area becomes swollen, and often due to gravity the areas below the injury can swell; for example in case of a knee injury the ankle can become swollen, and with this in mind, you should rest your leg up above the level of the hip, thus aiding the circulatory flow in the direction of the heart and thereby helping to reduce the swelling.

SUPPORT

If a joint is swollen, give it some support to help control the swelling, doubled tubigrip is the best, crêpe bandages don't give much support unless a thick layer of cotton wool is placed between two layers of bandage. Make sure that the bandage extends at least 10 cm above and below the joint. Don't impede circulation by having it too tight - watch for blue toes!!

ICE

Ice helps to relieve pain, muscle spasm and swelling by stimulating blood flow to and from the affected area. The most effective method of applying ice is by using a wet towel with about two trays of ice cubes in the middle - turn the sides and ends into the middle to form a packet, and put this over the affected area for 20-30 minutes or until it begins to drip. On removal the skin should be a bright pink colour.

Another good method for ankles and feet is contrast baths. Using two buckets or bowls, fill one with cold water and ice cubes and the other with water as hot as you can bear - you may need to top it up during treatment, use the hot first for one minute and then plunge your foot straight into the cold for 2-5 minutes and repeat the process five times, finishing with the cold - this is a very effective method of reducing swelling and promoting healing.

STRETCHING

Within one or two days of injury start gentle stretching exercises, holding each stretch for a count of 10. Do not force the muscle through pain but hold the position where you feel a slight pull over the injury site, gradually extend the stretch as the muscle heals. Stretching is important for regaining muscle and tendon flexibility and it also prevents the danger of a muscle becoming tight and reinjured.

Remember always to stretch before and after a run.

Above all remember to save enough ice for the gin and tonic and if you have any problems you will find me somewhere near the back of the pack, gasping my way round!!

Angela Bullivant.

A hashman thought he would give his wife a birthday surprise by buying her a bra. He entered a shop all flurried, but the lady assistant looked after him. What colour....? He settled for pink. The price...? Four pounds....very good.

All that remained was the size. He hadn't the faintest idea, and B or C cups completely confused him.

"Now, sir, can we say a pair of Melons? Coconut? Grapefruit? Satsumas?" encouraged the assistant.

"No," he replied, "nothing like that."

"Come on sir, think! There must be something your wife's bust resembles."

He thought long and earnestly, then looked up and said, "Have you seen a spaniels ears?"

RUNNING IS GOOD FOR YOU?

At least that was what I thought until I read a book by Dr. George A. Sheehan MD entitled 'Medical Advice for Runners'.

A brief extract of running ailments from the INDEX alone is enough to put you off for ever . . .

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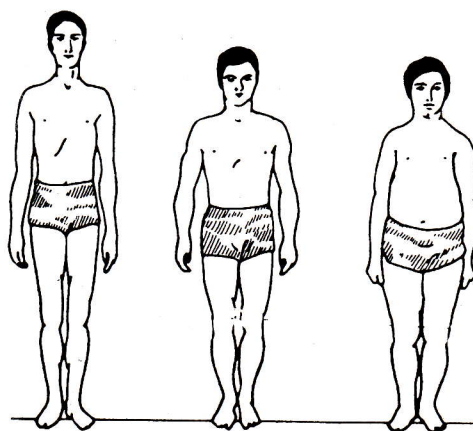
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Tonsilitis
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ECTOMORPH

MESOMORPH

ENDOMORPH

BODY TYPES

Endomorphs have large intestinal tracts and tend to be spherical in shape, they have heavy bodies which are wider through the abdomen than across the chest. They like to eat and drink and socialize, and when under stress they seek other people. Their main assets are good insulation and the ability to float. They are best suited to sports that do not call for speed and strength, swimming, cycling, skiing, walking, jogging, tennis, golf or bowling, for instance. Endomorphs need company. They are Pickwickian extroverts.

Mesomorphs are also extroverts. They, however, are strong, muscular people who are natural athletes. Their extroversion is the desire to compete, to go head-to-head with an opponent. They like contact sports and like to hit something or somebody. Mesomorphs tend to be courageous, adventurous, noisy and have a Spartan indifference to pain. They prefer energetic games involving skill and danger. They can be induced into running, cycling or the like if they can add the challenge of personal goals.

Ectomorphs tend to be skinny, fragile, linear people with a low threshold for pain, both physical and psychic. They are anti-social, dislike noise and confusion and body contact. They are natural loners and are most happy by themselves. Should they compete, they prefer contests where the other players are simply witnesses to what they do. They know that the world needs endomorphs but would rather not have them in the immediate vicinity. The ectomorph, therefore, is the ideal lonely long-distance runner, cross-country skier or walker.

Now, we know that we are made for our sport, made for our play. We have the body to do some things better than others, and a temperament that tells us how and with whom. We must listen to the message from our cells, the tune our body-mind is singing. Only then will we be authentic and find our true play. Only then will we discover the "why" behind every successful fitness program.

Beer

Q: I view with some scepticism the conclusions drawn by those who drink beer before or during a race. From my own experience, it seems that beer drinking has three physiological effects.

First, it seems to dehydrate the body, thereby robbing it of valuable fluids needed during a long race.

Second, it causes an increased need to use the toilet, which could be a great embarrassment during a long race.

Most important, we know that beer is one of the best cures for sobriety known to man. On the basis of that alone, it would seem beer consumption disqualifies the imbibing runner.

Your friend, Dr. Bassler, may find great pleasure in "jogging a six-pack," but if he does that during a marathon, he would not be sober at the finish unless it took him eight hours to run the course

A: Water loss in running is generally through sweating, not through urine formation. The effective blood flow to the kidneys is greatly diminished. Hence, the diuretic action of alcohol seems to be minimal. What actually robs the body of valuable fluids is sweating. I have a friend who dropped out of a terribly hot Boston Marathon at the 15-mile mark. He had lost 12 pounds. This represents more than five quarts of water, none of it lost through urine.

I also know of people who, despite extremely high fluid intake after the marathon, have not urinated until the next day. So, diuretic or not, you need a higher renal blood flow and some excess water to have any significant urine formation.

Even before going to beer, I drank enough fluids on the way to have to urinate once or twice. In fact, Dr. Noel Nequin in Chicago says that the need to urinate twice during a marathon is the best indication that you have taken enough fluid.

You should also note that tea, another established drink, and Coke, which is used extensively in the Honolulu Marathon, also contain a diuretic, caffeine. Now, the exercise physiologists tell us caffeine helps mobilize free fatty acids, a prime fuel in long-distance running.

It is one thing to theorize using available information, quite another to put it to the personal test. Running is a chancy sport, and we should be reluctant to see cause and effect too readily. However I can, at a minimum, attest to the absence of any bad side-effects from drinking beer on the run.

Dick Walsh, 54, Las Vegas, wrote this letter to me after the 1977 Boston Marathon:

The beer discussion is very interesting, and I'd like to let you know of my own experience involving beer and marathoning.

Prior to the Boston Marathon, my best effort was 3:27. I had run at least two dozen marathons prior to that race, usually in the 3:40 range. The night before Boston, I consumed at least six beers by midnight, along with a pizza. During the marathon, I drank two beers, at about the nine-mile and at the 17-mile mark. I was as a child while running. I stopped at least four times to hug a child or to chat with a girl, etc. I finished with a great euphoria, suffering no hurts whatsoever, in a time of 3:17.

I am happy to see that you do not summarily close yourself off to possibilities of things from left field helping a fellow's running.



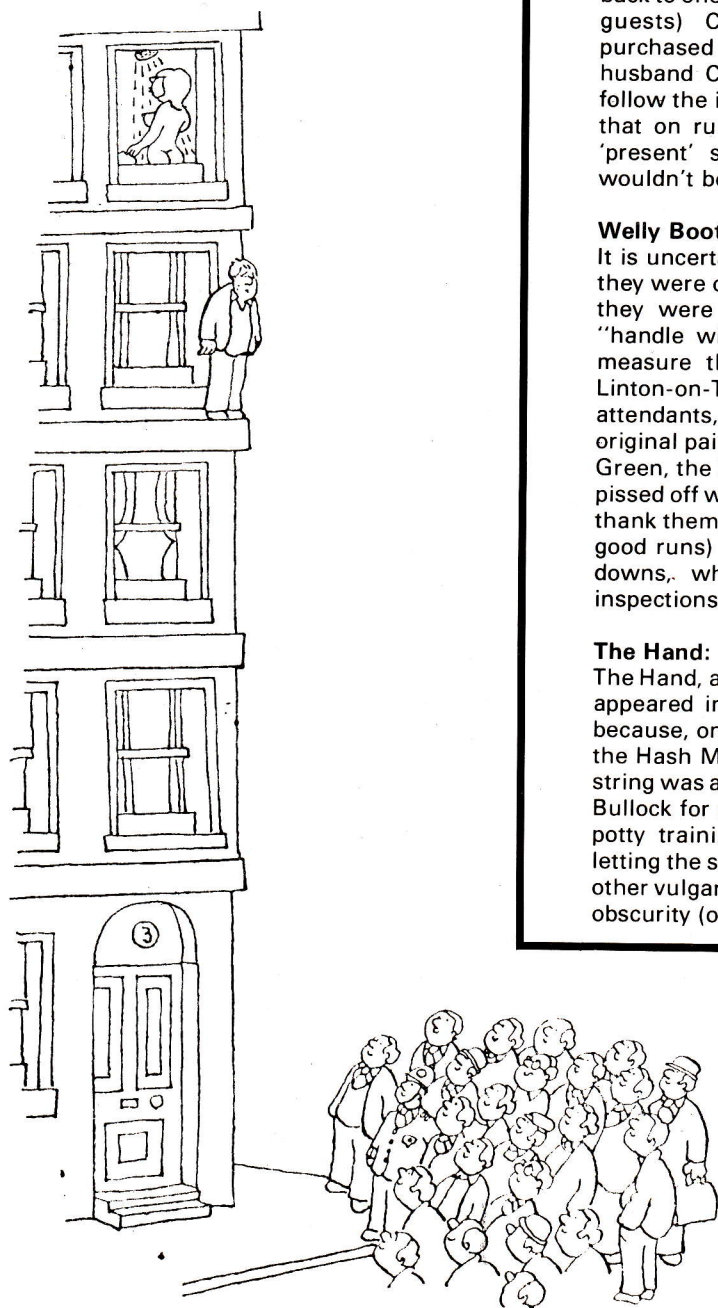
A hashman lived an average sort of life, and he died and went up to meet St. Peter, and said, "Can I come into Heaven?"

"Heaven," said St. Peter, "this isn't Heaven." He went on to explain that the Pearly Gates were much higher up, and could only be reached by very long ladders, which varied according to circumstances. "you take this chalk and start climbing. For each sin of adultery, fornication, lechery, calling a false trail, or whatever, you chalk off one rung."

The hashman kept going for ages, his legs ached, his arms ached, and he met no one. All at once he saw a fellow in a curious garb descending a neighbouring ladder.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "are you by any chance an angel going back for more candidates?"

"no, indeed, I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury and I'm going back for more chalk."



Thermal Underwear:

Somewhere between run No 38 and 40 back in '82 this enormous Welshman, an inflated version of Mike Jones by the name of Mervyn John, lost his maroon sweatshirt across which was emblazoned 'Baghdad H3' in three foot high letters. Upon departing, the generous Welshman kindly donated this tent to the Hash, which became known as the Thermal Underwear Award, the reason being that when Mervyn had had sufficient lubrication, there was no way he could get the damned thing over his head, so it was a case of twice round the deck and up between his legs. This award is sometimes presented by the Hash Master when not being used as overnight accommodation at Lake Tharthar.

'69' Tee Shirt:

Present day hashers are under the false impression that this award was presented by John Barrett, as he gleefully ogles each week at some poor unsuspecting harriette who is expected to yield to cries of "There's a tradition on the Hash." Nevertheless his ploy has worked on several occasions, and young ladies have coyly revealed various shapes and sizes of boobs in true Hash tradition, as committee members groped to assist in adorning these nervous females with this coveted award. It's origins go back to one former Hash Cash by the name of Debbie (I hate guests) Cauliflower-Browne who, rumour has it, purchased the tee shirt in Cyprus because she wanted husband Chris to stop complaining about his gout and follow the instructions properly. Chris promptly suggested that on run No 49 a recipient should be found for this 'present' since, if he ever managed that position, he wouldn't be able to work for a month!

Welly Boots:

It is uncertain who originally inaugurated the wellies, but they were obviously intended for our Irish contingent, since they were marked "L" and "R"; "This way up;" and "handle with care" with a piece of string at the top to measure the standard hash stride. First recipient was Linton-on-Thames Bradley, one of Haiste's lavatory attendants, for leading the pack home on run No 66. The original pair didn't last and were replaced by Robin 'Hood' Green, the biggest mooner on the Hash, before some Scot pissed off with them, but thanks to RMD (well, we've got to thank them for something, and it's certainly not for setting good runs) two left wellies still predominate Hash down-downs, when the On-Sec isn't using them for site inspections.

The Hand:

The Hand, a rubber version known as the W' anchor's hand, appeared in the eighties' runs, but it's uncertain which because, on displaying the prize award, it was retained by the Hash Master for some considerable period before the string was adjusted and the first presentation made to 'Doc' Bullock for synchronised running with Jenny, and lack of potty training. Glen Llewelyn also received the award, letting the sand out, inflating it and using it for a number of other vulgar reasons. The Hand has since disappeared into obscurity (or has the Hash Master now got the set?)

Multi-Coloured Bra:

The D. G. Jones bunch must take sole responsibility for this award. It was first presented on run No 92 after a weekend interhash with the Amman morons. Rumour has it that it was exchanged for a 12 year old bottle of Lulua (now in the Baghdad Museum) after one shy and reserved Baghdadonian (Neil Taylor) spent three hours trying to fit it to the female Hash Cash in Amman, one Janet Bristols. It was returned immediately for reshaping by the Baghdad harriettes, not to mention John Taylor, who tested the elastic with his size 48" bust.

Checkin' Chicken:

Somebody by the name of Clive Bonniarse introduced this little number, pink obviously to cover the blushes, on run No 129. It has survived the test and is waiting for the hash electrician to fit batteries and a flashing light to the orange bit on the top

**Pink Knickers:**

These were awarded weekly after run No 136 for some considerable time, until it was discovered that certain hashmen's voices were becoming rather high pitched, and coincidentally Angela 'the hashing physio' Bullivant had reported an unusually large occurrence of groin strains which she couldn't handle all at once. These now appear to have been suspended from duty.

Willy Warmer/Peter Heater:

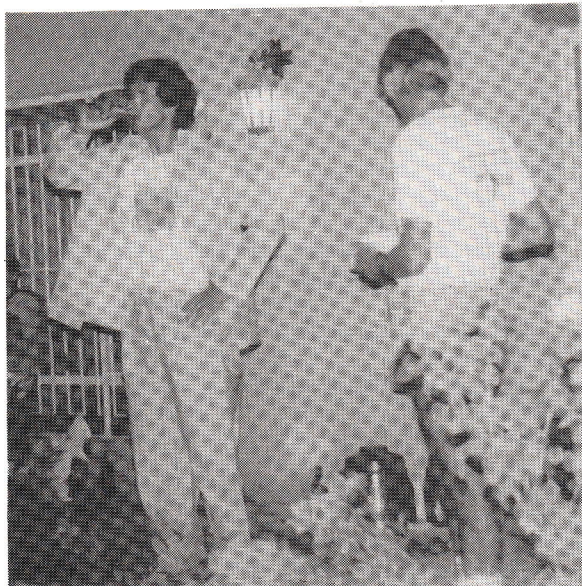
A fat lot of use this appliance of science was to Geriatric Armstrong who ended up with it on run No 152. Since then it seems to have disappeared. Own up - who's been stretching it?

Poofter Pinny:

Awarded generally for feats of a culinary nature, eg trampling in the bowl of salad, or defaulters under rule no. 1, this butcher's apron was donated to the Hash upon Roger Davies' haistey departure after run No 166. His spectacles still remain at the bottom of the DEC swimming pool.

Irish Sunday Suit:

Otherwise known as the yellow all-weather yashmak, this was yet another throw out from RMD Jones' wardrobe on run No 177, and has since been used for incorrectly dressed hashers. At the date of going to press the current holder was Dave Clark (Five) for wearing his 'le coq sportif' shorts back to front. The award was thought necessary to avoid him backing into trouble.

**SECTION TWO: LONG SERVICE AWARDS**

Mainly for the benefit of newer members, we do have certain statutory awards for long service to loyal and true hashers. These are:

Baghdad Hash Leaving Tee Shirt:

XL size tee shirt which doubles as a baggage tag to ensure you don't get lost, and *never* come back. Don Goodwinky obviously lost his.



Ramblin' Sid Goodwin tries the old patter

50 Runs:

A tankard with straight sides, plus handle (optional) suitably inscribed. (It says "Piss off you runt!")

100 Runs:

The same tankard reshaped to look posher and inscribed with one's name if you're lucky. Underneath the lettering reads: "Can't you read what it says on your 50th Run mug?"

150 Runs:

A broken leg (choice of left or right) plus a free ticket to visit a reputable U.K. osteopath. Crutches are modelled by 'Hoppy' May and plaster casts are administered during the bash following confirmation of a successful break inflicted by a Jenny May dropkick. Only two Baghdad hashers have attained this superior award and neither has fully recovered.



Jenny lines up an unsuspecting candidate

HASH CRASH

Good fun this hashing
In the suburbs of Baghdad
I'm not much good at running
But I like my Shahrazad.

Now I'm not a Neil Gilbert
Who cannot take his beer
I can drink for evermore
Without feeling pissed and queer.

This Iraqi beer is fairly strong
And at nashes these days a'plenty
So I always have my six or nine
Rarely leaving till the garden's empty.

Now the maps to weekly venues
I can follow with casual ease
But the problems seem to start
When searching for my keys.

In which pocket did I leave them?
As the minutes slowly pass
Not like last week, I hope
When we all searched the long grass.

I find it more convenient
To leave when most are home
Finding when I reach the street
My Toyota's all alone.

But when I get behind the wheel
My calmness seems to change
And weird things start to happen
A feeling somewhat strange.

It all started last Christmas
After one of many hashes
Having trained in the Robertson school
I should be used to crashes.

I came one helluva cropper
Outside the President's Palace
The machine gun men came running
And my heart began to race.

Kalaboosh for sure, I thought
No New Year celebrations
But to my complete surprise
Most jovial and friendly relations.

For this year's Xmas festivities
No Hashing in Baghdad
I'll risk instead the U.K. fuzz
Breathiliser and little bag.

Then back I came to this fair city
Refreshed and fully laden
Another season of drunken hashes
... And another Irish maiden?

Toyotas here are two a penny
So I thought what the heck
A few beers up the Jordan Road
Wouldn't put me on the deck.

My first hash back, disaster struck
A kerb loomed large in front
A triple somersault in the air
The bodywork took the brunt.

My passion wagon is no more
A write off so they say
I've joined the Hash wrecking club
The Robertson/Llewelyn/Fyfe way.

The moral of this sorry tale
Rests solely with the Hash
But if you see me thumbing you
Please take me to the bash!

One morning bright and early an old farmer set off to market to do some shopping and sell a few piglets. He and his youngest daughter put the horse in the cart, but mother decided not to come. They sold the piglets, bought a few necessities, and set off back. Passing through a lonely wood they were set on by a bunch of robbers, who took everything including the farmer's watch. The farmer was broken-hearted, "We're ruined, we're ruined," he kept saying.

"No, father, we're not," said the girl, "we've still got the pig money; I hid it."

"You hid it? But they stripped you!" exclaimed the farmer. "I know, but I stuffed the fivers up my you-know-what."

"Oh, what a pity, what a pity we didn't bring your mother, we'd have saved the sack of flour as well."

A SHRINK'S GUIDE TO HASHING

It is a widely held belief that hashing has no intellectual merit whatsoever and that it is a pastime for those of low I.Q. So this leads one to ruminate on what is the secret ingredient of the Hash that makes it so popular, and what is it that makes a Hashman tick.

Firstly let us take a look at the history and the amazing expansion of the Hash. As is (or should be) well known to all readers, the Hash originated some 46 years ago in what was then one of the few remaining parts of the good old British Empire. After the second world war the idea spread somewhat slowly throughout the rest of Malaya. Because much of the expat population there was comprised of ex-cons from down under, it was only natural that the idea should spread thereto, but simultaneously it also moved to other locations throughout the Far East. This movement proceeded gently during the 50's and 60's but it was not really until the 70's that the idea of the Hash began to break away from its Asiatic origins in a big way. Then it started to spread to the Middle East in the wake of the oil boom and the expat influx to the region. Subsequently and consequently it spread even further afield and gradually but at an increasing rate, chapters were opened in nearly every corner of the earth. Even the Iron Curtain has not been able to resist penetration and there are now a few Hashes operating in the Eastern Bloc. Indeed the Moscow Hash has been the subject of some publicity recently due to the alleged anti-social nature of its activities (see an article on the matter elsewhere in this mag.) This exponential growth has led to there now being approximately 400 Hash chapters around the world. It would be interesting to know if any other philanthropic organisation such as Rotary, Lions, Foresters or even the Masons can boast such a wide spread of membership and support.

So what is it that makes the Hash so popular? Is it the fitness ethic that prevails? Undoubtedly running has been a growth activity in the last decade and "Le Jogging" is now worldwide, at least in developed countries. Therefore the Hash must surely attribute some of its popularity to the physical fitness fad sweeping the civilized world. But there must be more to it than this. Even our own statistics show that relatively few Hashpersons take part in the competitive events. What about the rest? They are obviously not completely turned on by the masochistic running idea. There must be some other appeal and this is of course the social aspect, but then again it is necessary to ask why it is that the Hash is so often the number one social organisation wherever it is to be found.

To search for the reason for the social success we will look at the national origins of Hash members and we can see an immediate preponderance of Brits and other old colonials (Yanks, Aussies, Kiwis etc.) Perhaps next in number are the Scandinavians and Germans. Now these are not particularly Baghdad statistics, they seem to be general wherever the Hash might be although subject to geographical and, dare I say, political influence. For instance, there ain't a lot of Yanks in Baghdad at the moment although the situation could change with the reinstated diplomatic relations which is the news as I write. Of course there is a smattering of many other nationalities but the aforementioned layabouts predominate. For some reason Latins come well down the list. What is the common bond? - the simple answer is of course the language but this alone does not explain the national proportions even though the Swedes do seem to speak the best English. Years of study of the matter have left me with the conclusion that it is the humour and the booze.

Now the booze is something to think about; the nationality distribution above shows a definite tendency towards beer

drinkers rather than the other varieties of alcoholics and hence this accounts for the dearth of Frogs, Eyties and Dagos who are by custom winos rather than imbibers of the amber ale. So we can fairly say that beer drinking is a main preoccupation and temperamental (as distinct from temperant) requirement of Hashing. What an amazing conclusion, I hear you all say.

But again this is not all and sense of humour must enter into the scheme of things somewhere, but what kind of humour is it? It is not mainly the obvious slapstick variety, neither is it a particularly subtle kind, but a somewhat warped blend of belittlement, ridicule, cynicism, sarcasm, under or overstatement and of course crudity and vulgarity. The desire to encourage a straightforward and earthy approach to life is foremost to Hash humour and poseurs and w'anchors are subjected to the abuse they deserve. Perhaps this particularly gruesome recipe appeals mainly to sick besotted barbaric Anglo-Saxon minds rather than to the more refined gentle romantic natured races. But its appeal seems to be strong and it seems to suit the expatriate need for a safety valve in an alien environment where it is necessary to reduce certain events to laughable matters where otherwise stress might be caused.

In many Hashes, single sexism exists and male macho chauvinism can be a strong draw and the chance to get away from the wife/girlfriend/boyfriend (oops!) must play a part. However, here in Baghdad this cannot be said to be the case as with a mixed Hash including loads of luvly nurses it must be entirely the opposite motive which brings the men along (excluding those who still leave their wives behind!)

Yet another essential feature of the Hash is the very casual but effective nature of the organisation. Bureaucracy is Hash Enemy No. 2 and a lack of formality and simple approach is again a good antidote to life in a heavily red-taped environment. By relying on a willing band of active members to largely do their own thing, organisation is reduced to a minimum. A lot is left to the "it'll be alright on the night" philosophy with surprisingly few disastrous results (of course it's bound to go wrong sometimes) and the Hash can boast a wide range of social successes apart from the running.

So summarising all this boring analysis, the Hash appeal is a blend of sport and camaraderie coupled with a considerable social spin-off, all revolving around an earthy humour and based on a loose relaxed organisation. Whilst its Anglo-Saxon origins are revealed in its humour and refreshment, its membership is truly international and that it is growing at such a rate throughout the world is proof enough of the successful ingredients.

WORLD HASHING

The fastest expansion of world Hashing in 1984 appears to have been in Australia, where the number of chapters has risen from 56 in 1982 to no less than 75. Other rapidly expanding areas include the USA and the UK. The following list, which is by no means right up to date, gives some idea of the distribution of Hashing throughout the world.

Country	Hash Packs
AUSTRALIA	75
BAHRAIN	1
BANGLADESH	1
BRUNEI	4
CAYMAN ISLANDS	1
CHILE	1

CHINA	1	NIGERIA	1
COSTA RICA	1	NORWAY	1
CYPRUS	2	OMAN	2
DENMARK	1	PAKISTAN	3
EGYPT	2	PANAMA	1
ETHIOPIA	1	PHILIPPINES	3
FIJI	2	QATAR	2
FINLAND	2	SAMOA	1
FRANCE	1	SARAWAK/SABAH	14
GERMANY	5	SAUDI ARABIA	4
GREECE	1	SEYCHELLES	1
HOLLAND	2	SIERRA LEONE	1
HONG KONG	6	SINGAPORE	4
INDIA	1	SOUTH AFRICA	2
INDONESIA	17	SRI LANKA	1
IRAQ	1	SUDAN	1
IRELAND	1	TAIWAN	3
JAPAN	3	TANZANIA	1
JORDAN	2	THAILAND	2
KENYA	1	TONGA	1
KOREA	2	TUNISIA	1
LAOS	1	UNITED ARAB EMIRATES	6
MALAYSIA PENINSULA	37	UNITED KINGDOM	33
NEPAL	2	USA	32
NEW GUINEA	11	VANUATU	1
NEW ZEALAND	29	YEMEN	1
NETHERLANDS ANTILLES	1	YUGOSLAVIA	2

BAGHDAD HASH HOUSE HARRIERS ACCOUNTS AT 17th DECEMBER 1984

Report of the Auditors to the membership of the Baghdad Hash

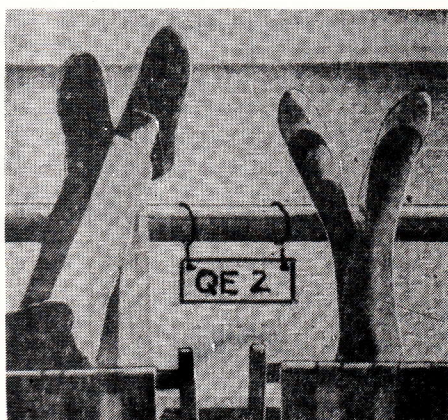
We have audited the financial statements, as submitted by the Committee, in accordance with the approved Auditing Standards.

In our opinion the financial statements give a true and fair view of the state of the Hash's affairs at 17th December 1984 and of its surplus and source and application of funds.

Signed *Mae West*
Chartered Countess
Lately of Baghdad

London
18th December 1984

P.S. You was robbed



Justin learning to count.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS AND HASH ASSETS

INCOME

Subscription and entrance fees
6,500 washers
6,000 foreign washers

Other income
Percentage (undisclosed) Pysiotherapist
fees from hash induced injuries
5 groin rubs

Confiscated goods
from members attempting to bribe
Hash Cash
1 pair trousers
150 kg potatoes
3 trays of eggs
1 bag of flour
1 pair 'Y' fronts

EXPENDITURE

Hash Cash fees
150 kg potatoes
3 trays of eggs
1 bag of flour

Artist fees
 Audit fees
 Other operating and administration
 expenses
 Contribution to State Orgasm
 for Hash Shirt

1 knee joint
 50 kg Plaster of Paris
 Moth Balls

Appropriated

The remainder

Surplus?
 (member did not come
 forwards)

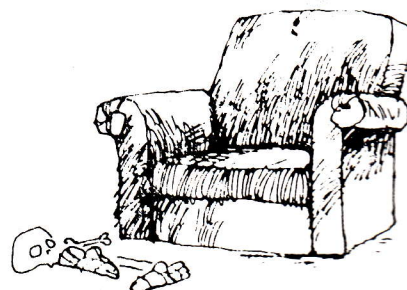
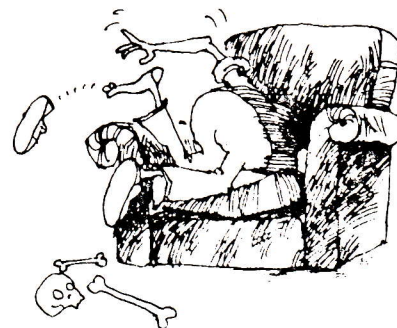
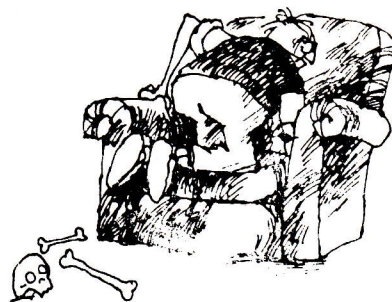
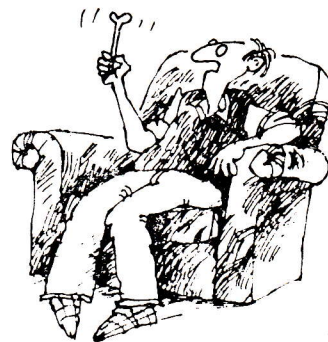
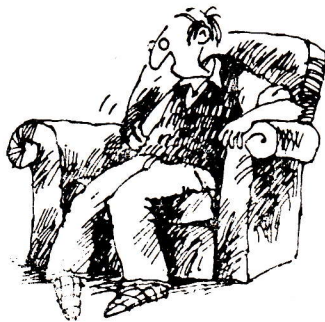
1 pair 'Y' fronts
 1 pair trousers

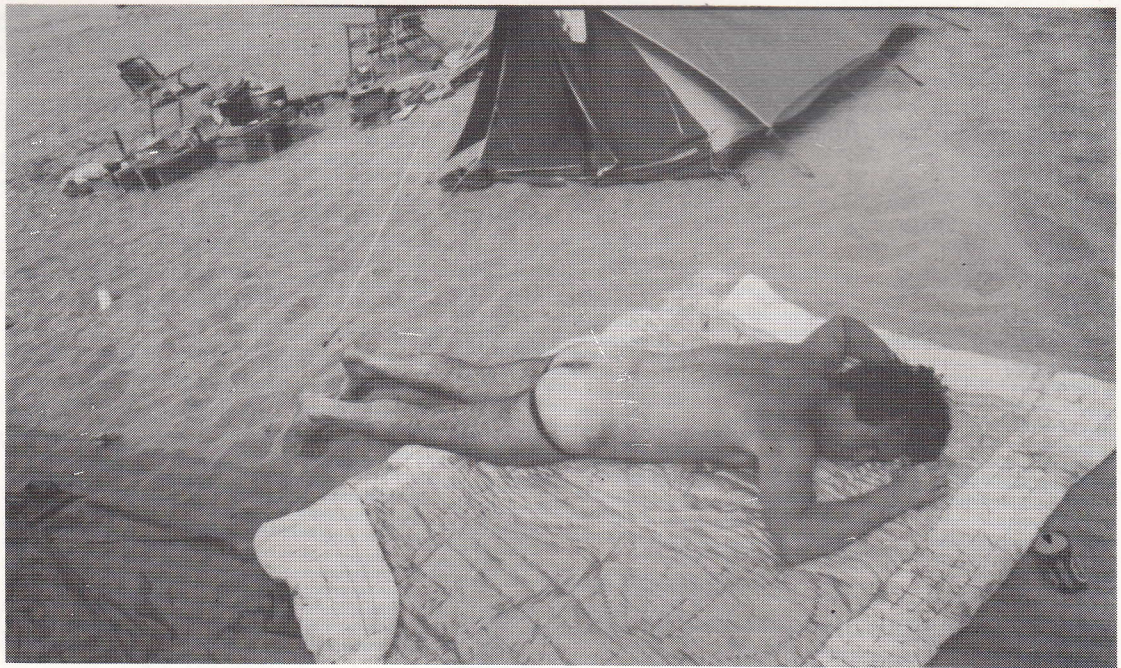
Dear All,

The fund raising was not as I had expected and I am now
 only seen riding around Justin Bentley.

Yours
 Mae West

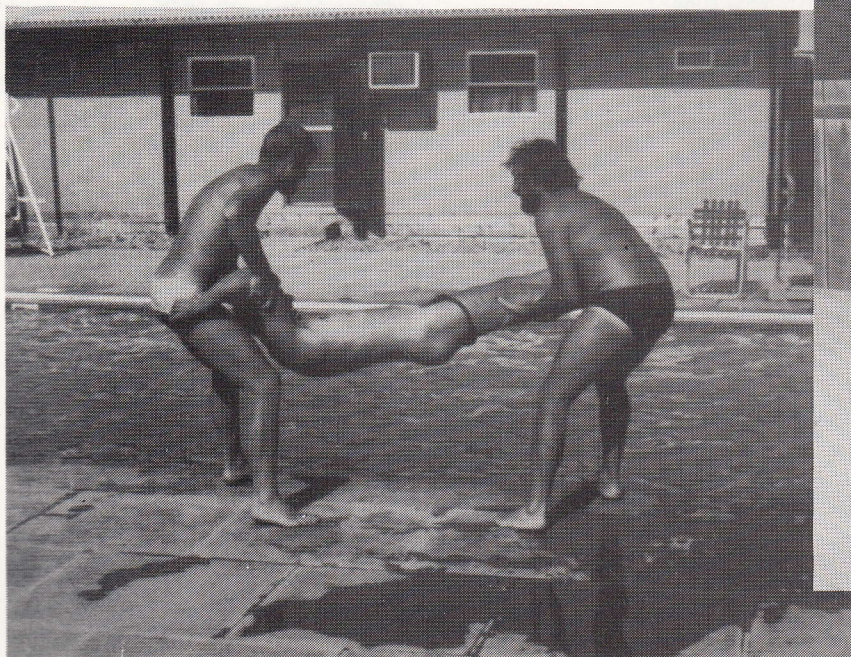
*A shapely girl was being forced to marry for money
 a man she did not love. On the night before her
 wedding she decided to have one last fling with her
 former lover. He was not expecting her, and had not
 got a sheath. In desperation they decided to use the
 skin of a savoloy, but owing to their passionate
 exertions, it came off and could not be recovered.
 On the wedding night she put up a very good show
 of violated innocence, but her rich husband took his
 lust in five minutes and withdrew. He was amazed
 to find himself decorated with what looked like a
 sausage skin.
 "I told you," she sobbed, "Its my maidenhead, and
 you've half killed me."
 "Märy," he replied, "I've seen a good many, but I
 never saw one with 'Marsh & Baxters' printed on it
 before."*



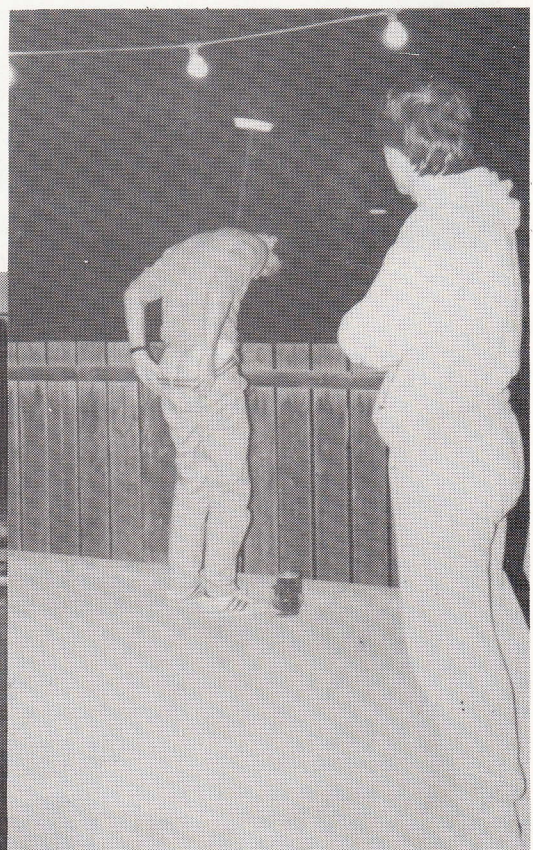


FIXED ARSETTES

. . . . AND TIGHT ARSES



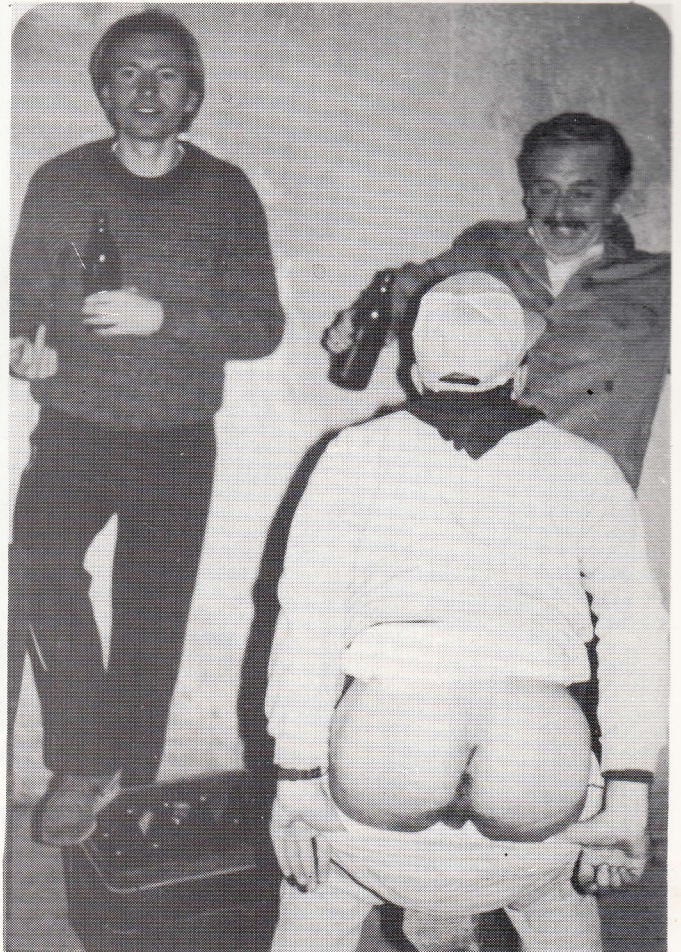
Captain Birdseye and the Hooligan despatch yet another



Hole in the fence trick



Watch out! THAT dog's about.



somebody has piles of trouble ahead!



The finger up the bum trick



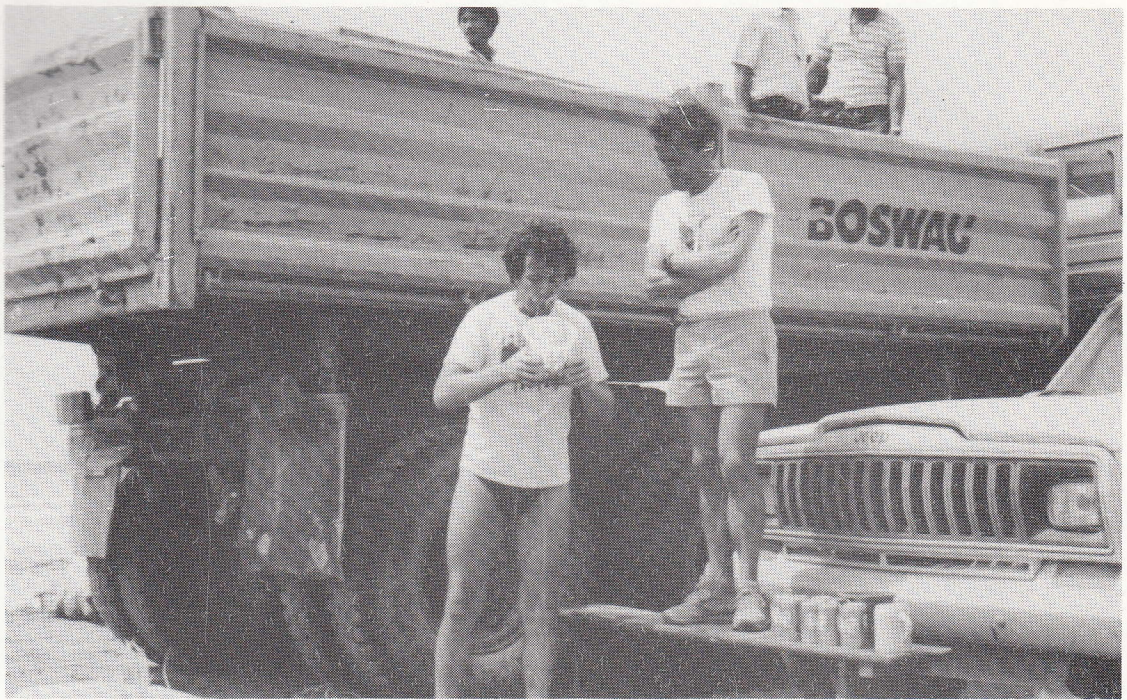
The On-In

150th BASH

Lake Tharthar



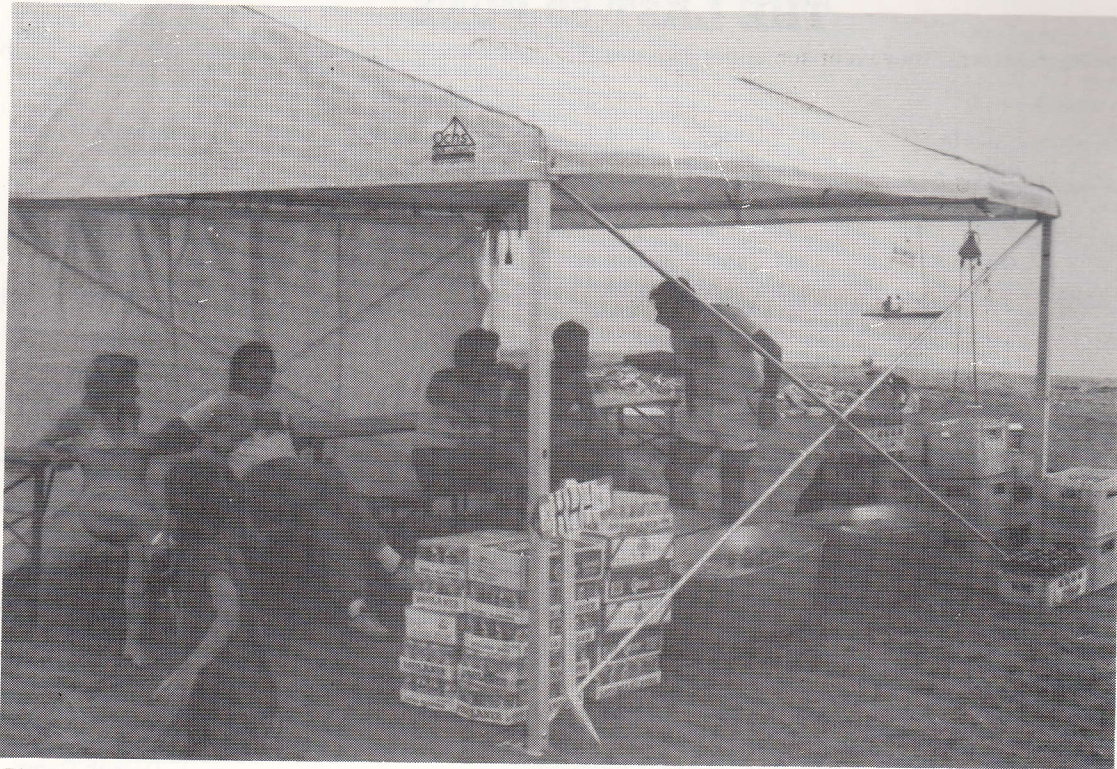
S.C.B.s through the residential complex.



Clancy develops a leak, while the Hash Master gains height



The beefburgers will get cooked - high tide or not!



The nerve centre of any bash



THE LAST 50 RUNS

According to Hash records, they went something like this, E. & O.E. owing to the state of the Hash Scribe (permanently pissed).

Run No.	Date	Hares	Location
151	21.04.84	Ruth Barres, Don Goodwin + suitcase	Al Idrisi
152	28.04.84	Alan Gilding, Peter Welek	Ameriya
153	05.05.84	John Bullivant, Dave Clark	Al Idrisi
154	12.05.84	Mike Walsh	Muthanna Bridge
155	18.05.84	Geraint Parry with the Treorchy Male Voice Choir	Tarmiyah
156	19.05.84	Justin Bentley, John Bullivant	Palestine Street
157	26.05.84	Bert Van Burik, Dave Webster	Al Muthanna
158	02.06.84	Harry Lloyd, Klaus Reinke, and William Henry Huntley	Jadriyah
159	09.06.84	Jurgen Decker, Tom Duffy	Taiji
160	16.06.84	Ed Strange, Nick Rose	Zawra Park
161	23.06.84	Peter Brown, Glen Llewelyn	Kaa'fat Suburb
162	30.06.84	Fred Stamm	Jordan Road
163	02.07.84	Ian Richter	Masbah
164	07.07.84	Derek Dixon, Dave Fyfe	Dorsch Camp
165	14.07.84	Neil James Gilbert	Rabia Street
166	21.07.84	Dave Webster, Roger Davies	Diyala River
167	28.07.84	Malcolm Tennant, John Lawrence	Qadissiya
168	04.08.84	John and Jill Barrett	Army Canal
169	11.08.84	Colin May, John Haiste	Hilla Road
170	18.08.84	Brian Clancy, Geraint Parry	Saidiyah
171	25.08.84	Alfred Zuber, and Gerhard Schlager + Iraqi Railways	Sarafiyah Bridge
172	01.09.84	Kirsten Larsen, Charlotte the Harlot	Palestine Street
173	08.09.84	Malcolm Elliott, Ursula Costello and Mary McCarthy	Zawra Park
174	15.09.84	Dave Bland, Malcolm Elliott	Yusifiyah
175	21.09.84	Phil Owen, Dean Martin	Baiji
176	22.09.84	Earle Johncock, Steve Brine	Saddam Great Bridge
177	29.09.84	Mike Jones, Geraint Parry	Ameriya
178	05.10.84	Dave Henderson?	P.C.I. Karkh
179	06.10.84	Neil Gilbert, George Bradley	Hurriyah
180	13.10.84	Jim Bruce, Stewart Blair	Jadriyah
181	20.10.84	John Bullivant, Wolfgang Johnner	Daura
182	27.10.84	Frank and Jenny Bullock, Geoff Brice	Shaab Stadium
183	03.11.84	Jurgen Decker, Kevin Mulligan	Kadhimiya
184	10.11.84	Nils Erik Olausson, Jurgen Decker	Taiji
185	17.11.84	Alan Gilding, Peter Welek, Colin Smith	Jihad Quarter
186	24.11.84	Cengiz Ertuna	Qadissiya
187	01.12.84	The Gowers and Dave Webster	Aadhimiya
188	08.12.84	Glen Miller, Orest Bilas, Dave McKenna	Wathiq Sqaure
189	15.12.84	Malcolm Tennant, Henry Huntley	Karrada
190	22.12.84	The Dobsons with Terry Parnell	Airport Road
191	25.12.84	Colin May, Dave Bland	Jadriyah Bridge

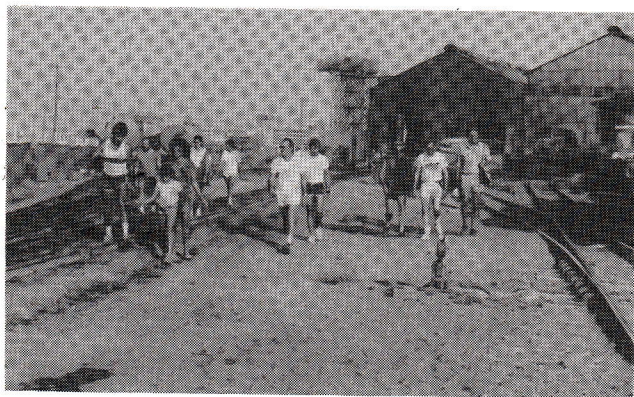
192	29.12.84	Neil Gilbert, Orest Bilas, Yushio Koyama	Al Hamra
193	01.01.85	Dave Clark Five	Army Canal
194	05.01.85	Fred Stamm, Wolfgang Johnner	Jordan Road
195	12.01.85	Andrew Offler, Alan Templeman and David Henderson	62nd Street Area
196	19.01.85	John Haiste	?
197	26.01.85	Mike and Elizabeth Walsh	?
198	02.02.85	Bert Van Burik	?
199	09.02.85	Derek Dixon	?
200	15.02.85	John Barrett and Brian Clancy	P.C.I. Karkh Camp

A RUN FOR A TRAIN OR A TRAIN FOR A RUN

25.08.84

"We will use this run to train for the Marathon" said Alfred. This was his opening gambit on run No. 171. He and Gerhard Schlager had been out to set the run which generally followed the old narrow gauge railway line from Baghdad East towards Baghdad West by way of the viaduct and crossing the Tigris at Sarafiyah, and it was all of 12 km long.

However, it was not as simple as that. The hounds, some 100 in number set off to rendezvous at Sarafiyah halt near the British Military Cemetery with the observers who took a very modern train, well it was modern in 1775, but, with three wheels to each bogey and drawn by an ancient steam locomotive with a man walking in front carrying a red flag, it rattled along carrying amongst other paraphernalia, a valuable cargo of beer to quench the parched throats of the



Checkin' one Choo-Choo

pack of hounds. From that point the trail went to the Sarafiyah Bridge, north along the banks of the Tigris, over Aadhamiyah Bridge and then south to join the old railway line, and to the train which was three clicks further on.

I was detailed, "You will take the ladies (Irish nurses) and others on the wankers' trail to the finish" by Alfred. "OK" said I, and by Sarafiyah Bridge I tried to collect them. But no, off went the colleens all along down along the banks of the Tigris, no doubt hoping to find a local who could provide something new or old and I was left with only four lesser mortals to take the short cut! On the other hand Alfred was having his hands full of Irish derrieres: they kept on lying down wanting some sort of injection to keep the femme fatale image going.

Whilst all this was going on big Malcolm, who had arrived late, took to the track, the rail track that is, and lucky for him followed the correct line at all the junctions lest he end up at Mosul. He joined us on the short cut just as we were about to cross the Tigris.

We ran, jogged or walked along the rail track for some 4 kilometers and finally found the train with all the observers standing around in a drunken state; yes you've guessed it, the piss artists who were posing as observers had drunk all the beer. So as the hounds came in they had to resort to other methods such as wringing tee shirts out and drinking sweet sweat to satisfy themselves. And so to the "On-On". Alfred got a ducking for setting such a long run. Dietrich Theurer got a down down for allowing the drunken bums to snaffle the Heineken, and of course I was butted into the deep end by Big John Barrett but I managed to do the honours to H.M. (J.H.) and by the end of the evening everyone was in and drinking, or feeling full bodied or engaging in some such activity.

Terry Armstrong

There was a young harriette who went to a priest to confess that she had been naughty with a man. She said it was her first experience, and she was certainly a bit vague about it.

"look here, child," said the priest, undoing her blouse, "did he do this?" - "Yes, father." The priest began to fondle her.... "And did he do this?" - Yes father."

The priest took her knickers off.... "did he do this?" - "Yes, he did."

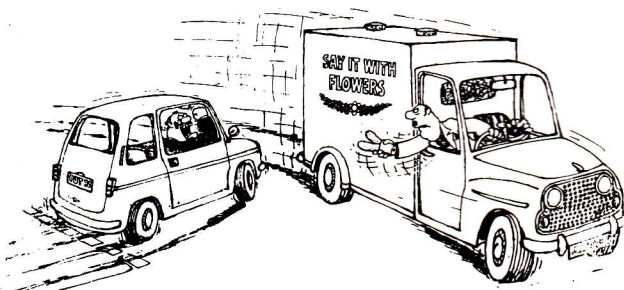
Shortly she was on her back and the priest's trousers were open

"did he do THIS?" - "Yes, indeed father."

After the job was fully completed they were both doing up their clothes, when the priest said, "Well, you've told me everything, you can have absolution".

"but father, he did something else."

"Something else?" his mind visualised several unpleasant ideas. "Yes, father, he gave me the pox."





First Class train for a first class hash

THE BAIJI RUN OR CRAWL - FRIDAY 21.09.1984

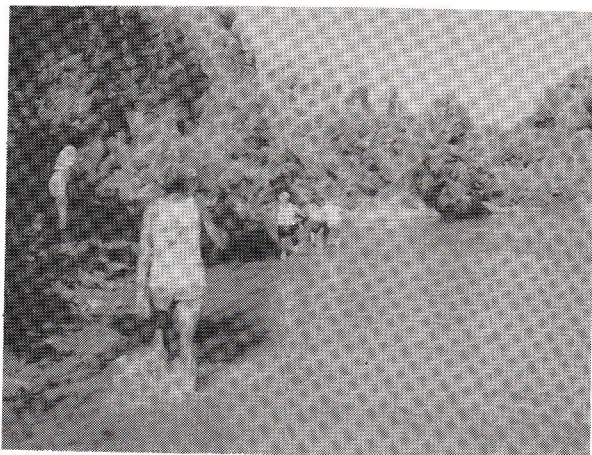
There was a foregathering in Baiji on the evening of the 20th September in preparation for the assault on the mountains of Niourn, Baiji style. Phil Owen organised the run but forgot to tell all they had to eat their own makings on Thursday night, so the night revellers feasted upon oriental dishes (minus chopsticks) provided by Koreans. Well fingers came first!

Early next morning as the sun was rising Jill said to John "Lay off the children are watching" so he downed another Ferida for breakfast and set out with the other fat heads for the run, crawl, climb, fall or swim on the trail. Some ran up the hill, and when they were up they were up; others ran down the hill, and when they were down they should have been up, others never had it up at all, and some had it up all night. Others only got if halfway up so were neither up nor down. Others suffered a hangover or Brewers Droop but all managed somehow or other to struggle, wriggle or crawl to the on-in. The castle proved a big attraction, especially when a back door exit meant one hell of a step down, 20 meters or so!!

Temporary showers were provided by Namkwang by way of tankers full of water, which helped to sober up Colin May and Co.

The on-on was held at the DEC Camp, Baiji, and by the time the revellers and the runners had reached base the chickens had run from Baghdad, where upon they were roasted whole guts and all and also liberally coated with flies and devoured with lashings of more beer, after which all had a good sleep before setting off on the road to Baghdad.

Dec Lads



Checkin for underwater marks!



COMPANY DIRECTORATE OF HASHING

Don't be misled by the flash advertisements and posh emblems purported to represent the advertisers in this edition. We all know their Iraq branch is different . . .

John Haiste & Partners

(founder member of HHH)

Much abused consultants, full of bullshit most days as they plan the future of Baghdad's sewers from the N.B.C. and other sleezy haunts, ably led by a non-related namesake better known for his exploits in Paris loos.

D. G. Jones & Partners

(founder member of HHH)

Bunch of professional Queer Sods who run in string vests and torn shorts. It is doubtful whether any other hash company has downed as much Ferida as this lot in their time, particularly their horizontal Scottish contingent. Renowned for their driving skills.

Binnie & Partners

Often known as the Geriatrics section of the hash for the abundance of wheelchairs and walking sticks. Experienced at fluid treatment, particularly of the throat.

Deconsult

Main suppliers to the German branch of the hash of a load of eccentric trainspotters who can be seen any evening belting up and down the tracks somewhere between Baghdad and Haditha. Specialities include 'Awayday' excursions to the battlefield with picnics for the whole family thrown in.

British Airways

A fall off in trade has led to a two day week - Thursdays and Sundays - for the Baghdad office of this national airline. Once the passengers have disembarked from the Dakota, and the cases have been located in New York, it's back to ale and the hash for this bunch of flag wavers.

R.M.D.

Never could put together even a mediocre run so it's anybody's guess how this lot manage to get scaffolding up twelve or so storeys. Only company to supply wellington boots all year round to Baghdad hashers.

Zublin Ag

Very good at constructing trails in the desert and in those out of the way places. Sturdily built camp for those delightful On-Ons where nobody leaves until ze last bier hast been getrunken.

JIMMY BEVERIDGE - THIS YOUR LIFE'

The first ever Baghdad HHH Dinner Dance held at the Al Mansour Melia Hotel on 22nd November gave the chance for hashers young and old to let their hair down (or their toupée fall off), but just for a change in suits and evening dresses instead of out-of-shape tee shirts, clinging 'le coq sportif' shorts and mud-splattered Nike trainers. There was no hunting in murky water-filled tubs for the last few beers, or tying sausages to the barbecue so that nobody pinched them whilst taking some light relief. A rose for the ladies; the champagne welcome; the wine flowing freely all evening (155 bottles of it!); and a buffet which provided a feast for everyone.



Al Mansour Melia Hotel



Jimmy McLoosemorals at work on the floor. Cengiz sleeps upright

A great success thanks to the sterling efforts of John Barrett, Colin Smith, Brian Clancy, and the rest of the committee. No down-downs, apart from a celebratory birthday drink for Herr Fred Stamm after having reached the age of 85, for the second time around? But unbeknown to most, a little surprise was in store for our jovial Jimmy as he arrived in his usual inebriated state, but on this occasion minus his outsized hashing vest which he obtained from the deck of a redundant Peterhead trawler.

The History

It all started at a normal Hash Committee meeting (there's one per year - the rest are always abnormal) when, after all the beer had been consumed, it was decided that before Doreen milked the funds yet again, a good piss-up would be had by all. John Barrett wanted a "Secret Policemen's Ball" theme but it was considered a security problem so close to the Iraqi TV studios. "Tarts and Vicars" was the next suggestion, but getting through the foyer fifty or so tarts would have attracted half the Arab population of Baghdad, and laddered a few pairs of stockings into the bargain. And nobody wanted the task of locating which calabooosh 50 drunken vicars were likely to have spent the

night in! So the "This is your Life" theme was adopted and John Haiste was soon volunteered to prepare the script. Being Hash Master, he immediately applied his casting vote and promptly sublet the task to the Hare Raiser - probably to raise a few more grey hairs.

The Script

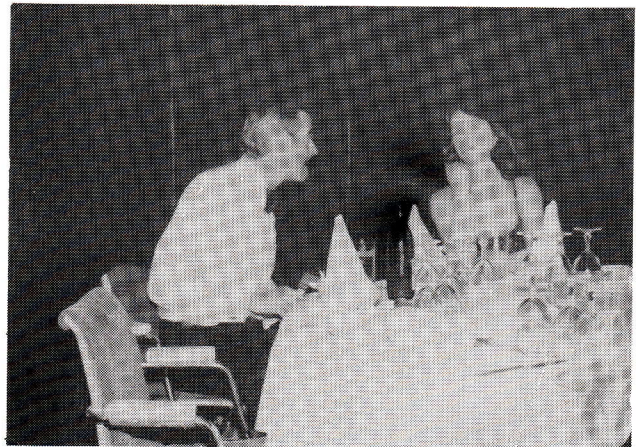
Poor John Barrett was so disgusted he booked a ticket on Inshallah Airways to Albania and locked himself away for two weeks, whilst Jill and the family sunned themselves in Cyprus. It was there that he bumped into the old friend of our Jimmy (well, he only had the one) and the story began to unfold. Refreshed and equipped with all the information he wanted, he returned to Baghdad and commenced the arduous task of contacting all the relations and past acquaintances in an attempt to get them over for the special evening. But to no avail. Not even Super Club could persuade them. Every time he mentioned James Beveridge Esq, he met with abuse, suggestions of what to do with the air ticket and even threats to his life. Only one oriental gent would even contemplate the offer, and he only wanted the judo suit back that Jim pinched from him a few years ago!

The Rehearsals

The Hash came to his rescue. A cast was born, to resemble as closely as possible the people in the script. Mind you, those rehearsal nights were hard work. Props had to be made, costumes located and Jim would have to be pumped with Feridas so he didn't rumble the actors. That was the easy part. Tucked away somewhere behind Plasticine Street the rehearsals progressed, and the beer flowed. Questions like . . . could Jeugen say "porridge factory" instead of "pollidge factory" . . . would Doreen smash the Melia furniture with one karate blow . . . would Alison's tinsel stay in those important little places . . . would Jim notice that the "This Is Your Life" theme tune had been replaced by the 1812 overture?? Would fifteen or so pissed hashers be alright on the night?

The Real Thing

The nearest thing we had to Eammon Andrews (he wanted dollars, mister) was an Irish nurse, so we enlisted the help of Derek Dixon, who would accept a Czech in dinars. Having



Eammon Feeny discretely socialises

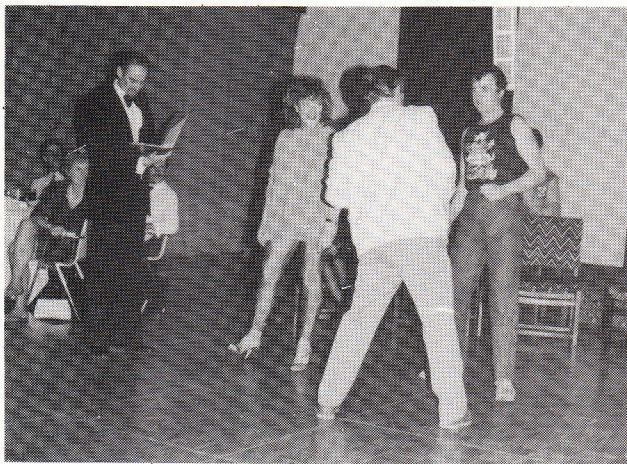
convinced the audience that he actually was Eammon Andrews, he opened proceedings on the unsuspecting Scotsman: "Tonight, James Kennell Beveridge, This Is Your Life."

The story unfolded in the war years in a small croft in Fife, where Jimmy's parents Maggie and Jock had just gone to bed. Suddenly - an air raid warning; Maggie looked out of the window:

"Fokker" she cried.

"Auck Aye" replied Jock, "Why not, come back to bed, hen."

The pilot of that German airplane, Captain Jeugen Von

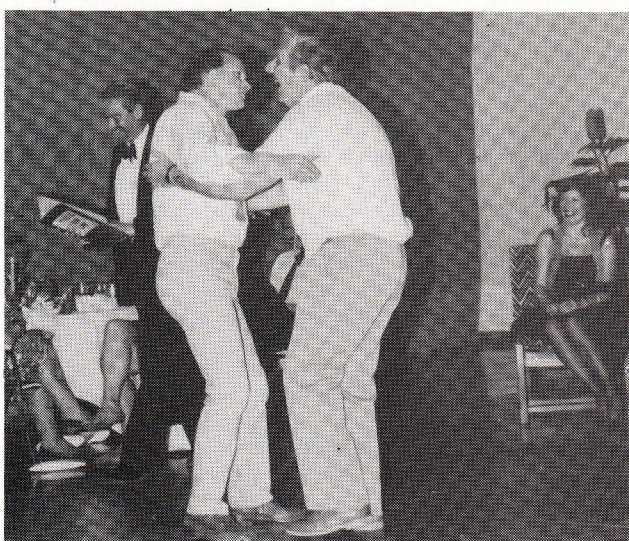


The McWinklepickers about to pick on the winkle

Yes, it was his old cell mate, Justin Bentley (Jim Shelley) who went on to tell the audience what a lovely friend Jimmy had been, even enquiring if he was still a nice boy. Mrs B had had enough, attacking Justin with her mop and suggesting that he takes his perverted advances elsewhere.



Doreen smashes furniture



Jim remembers Justin's intentions just in time

Moving on a few years and National Service was in force to 'make a man' out of James Kinnell Beveridge. (probably National Tyre Service! Ed) He forgot his approved past and turned to cross-country skiing in Salisbury, plumbing, and German girlfriends. He learnt to ski very easily and he was regularly observed on the piste.

After a lot of searching, we eventually found another piste artist, Jim's former ski instructor Jean-Claude Higginbottom (Mike Walsh). Unfortunately Jean-Claude could not recall poor Jimmy's piste exploits, even when prompted by Eammon, who J-C insisted on calling Paddy Feeny. Eammon, in an attempt to keep the dialogue going: "But wasn't Jimmy the British cross-country champion?" J-C replied: "He must be having you on - you know as well as I do that it never snows all across Britain." J-C left after commenting about Jimmy's Arabic belly and demanding his fee for attending.



Mike picks his nose

It was quite evident to Mrs B that Jimmy had not been telling all about his previous exploits with the fairer sex. A voice behind the curtain proclaimed: "Guten Abend James. Es bin ich, deine kleine Brunhilda."

Brunhilda Tittenbummen (Babs Clark) revealed a sad and sorry story of how Jimmy had left her in the Rhineland with 'die grossen belly'. She had even brought along her little boy Ludwig (Dave Clark) six feet twelve inches and still growing! He immediately recognised his papa, to Mrs B's

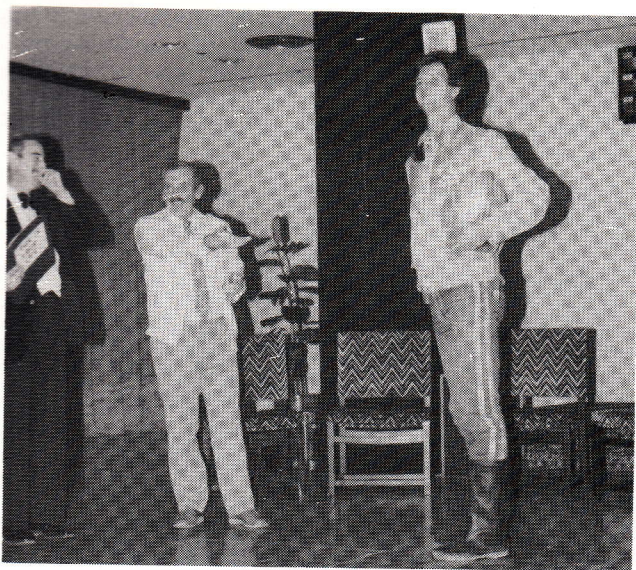


Babs about to make contact with the Beveridge konk

amazement. The Fraulein then attempted to get some maintenance out of Jimmy. but he, being a clerk of works, knows only too well there isn't any maintenance in Baghdad (Corn at its best! Ed) Other notable exploits, such as bier keller wrecker were mentioned, and so were the unpaid bar bills.

With a dishonourable discharge under his Brown Belt, Jimmy settled down to civilian life as a plumber - one of his

Rippenkoch (Jeugen Decker) who unknowingly caused the conception of our Jimmy also commented on his bombing of the local porridge factory. When asked by Eammon if he realised his presence was such an aphrodisiac, he commented:



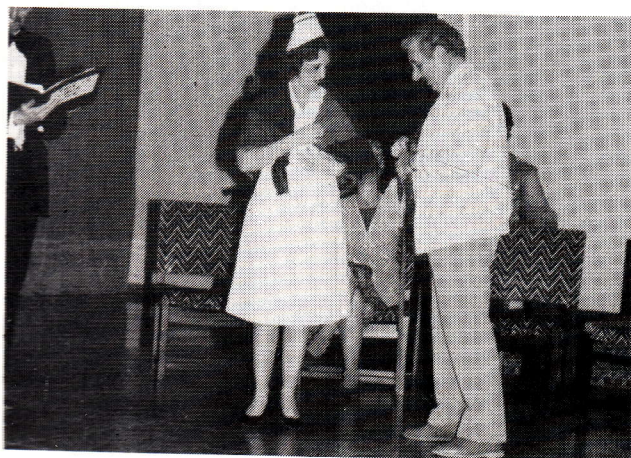
Anyone for pollidge?

"No, not until I came to Baghdad and met the Irish nurses." This slip could have caused a minor disaster, but Jimmy, lapping up his stage spotlight was far too drunk to notice.



I should keep your legs together if I were you, Jim!

Next we met his wife, Flora Beveridge (Jenny May) suitably attired in her working gear, i.e. mop, curlers and fag in mouth. The story of Jimmy's childhood was unravelled . . . "Naughty boy, if you do that again you'll sleep in your own bed tonight."



Show us yer willy, Jimmy

Wet nurse Kitty McTitty (Alison Smith) explained all about Jimmy's nasty little habits. Even threats that it would drop off failed to deter the little master, but when nurse McTitty attempted to check his credentials, Flora Beveridge would have none of it. Well, she has probably been used to getting very little of it anyway!

Jimmy's schooling progressed well and at the age of 14 he was thinking about going to college; he wasn't sure which one. He thought about Eton but eventually decided to stick to drinking. But being caught in a compromising position late one afternoon with his saucy French teacher caused his expulsion. Madame de la Rue (Elizabeth Walsh) arrived to explain, after she'd mauled him for several minutes - Eammon had to butt in because Jimmy was liking it - about the little games they used to play in the stock room: "He was very supple. He could do things with his legs that none of the other boys could do." Like put his big toe in his ear, maybe?



Jim gets stuck into a bit of French

Jimmy began to associate with layabouts and teddy boys. The fifties being the age of rock'n roll, he soon became a good jiver, helped of course by his rubber knee joints, and was known as Greasy Jim to his dancing partners, winning competitions as far apart as Cockermouth, Maidenhead and Wick. At great expense we managed to locate two of Jim's old dance hall rivals Mr and Mrs McWinklepicker (Brian and Aine Clancy). Eammon, very close to being landed a right hook with his pointed questions, had to tread carefully when enquiring what Greasy Jim and the pair of them used to get up to. The chat led to a demonstration of what sort of dancing they did:

"I'd show you myself but I'm afraid we overdid a flying shuttle last week and I twisted my ankle," Mr McWinklepicker informed us. (This man Clancy is injury prone! Ed) The McWinklepickers were obviously still smarting from numerous defeats on the dance floor in the days of Greasy Jim's fame and left wondering why they'd ever bothered to come to see the miserable little runt.

Jimmy's lifestyle slowly degenerated and he began to hang around street corners and generally become a burden on society. And where does society put its burdens - that's right, behind bars. He spent six months at Her Majesty's pleasure, learning how to become tough, and live without girls. (Rule no. 1! Ed) He learnt the martial arts, demonstrated at this point by Miss Karate (Doreen Shelley) although we never did find out the connection here! Then another voice from the approved school . . .

"What is a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?"



Dave in those ridiculous trousers

special attributes being his ability to straighten pipes for young ladies. One such young lady was the then Miss McScrubber, now Mrs Flora Beveridge (Jenny May). When asked by Eammon what first attracted her to Jimmy, she retorted:
"It was the size of his ballcocks."



Jim's belly starts to shudder

Abu Dhabi . . . Ascension Island . . . then Baghdad, but James didn't tell his beloved about hashing, living in the 345 Club and his adventures in the Rasheed Hotel.

Nor did he tell her about his illegitimate daughter Fatima (Alison Smith) now a belly dancer in Abu Dhabi, and his illegitimate son Christopher Coconut (Dave Bland) all the way from Ascension Island. It was all too much for Mrs B who fainted.



Yes - James Kinnell Beveridge - this certainly was your life!

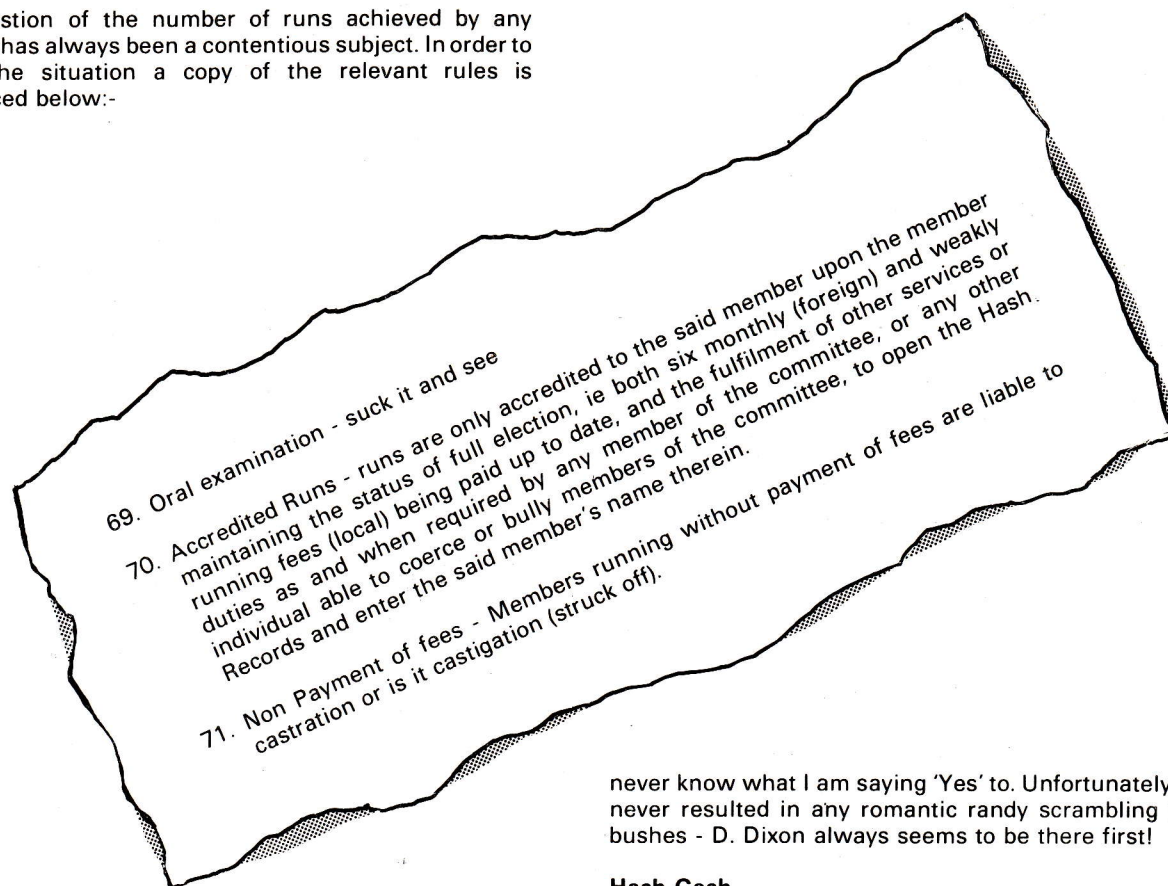
Hash Scribe



Will I make the On-On at least, next week, Doc?

THE MEMBERSHIP

The question of the number of runs achieved by any member has always been a contentious subject. In order to clarify the situation a copy of the relevant rules is reproduced below:-



never know what I am saying 'Yes' to. Unfortunately it has never resulted in any romantic randy scrambling in the bushes - D. Dixon always seems to be there first!

Hash Cash

Many members state that they keep accurate records of when they have had runs. Personal information about your bowel movements should be kept to yourself as the Cash finds this sort of information distasteful. Only information witnessed by a loyal serving member will be taken into consideration during any dispute. It should be remembered however, that any two or more members of the same sex joining together for any purpose risk violating Rule No. 1. One of the unwritten rules, employed by the Cash, is to use a rubber on members who accidentally forget their fees, conversely it is a well known fact that members who forget their rubbers get their just rewards.

Despite all the rules, in exceptional circumstances, the Cash is willing to review any member's query. After all one only has to read the saga in the 150th magazine of how to adjust your loved one's member's details. No one has taken Justin up on any proposal and the same had better apply to Mae West too!

Recently members have been known to offer bribes in order to enhance their chances of receiving a Hash Award. Obviously the Cash cannot be seen to accept such things as eggs, chickens, flour etc, please place them carefully in the boot of the Cash's car. Such goodies do not act directly: they do, however, produce such a euphoric state in the Cash that Justin is allowed to develop Ferida shakes, and become generous with the ticks.

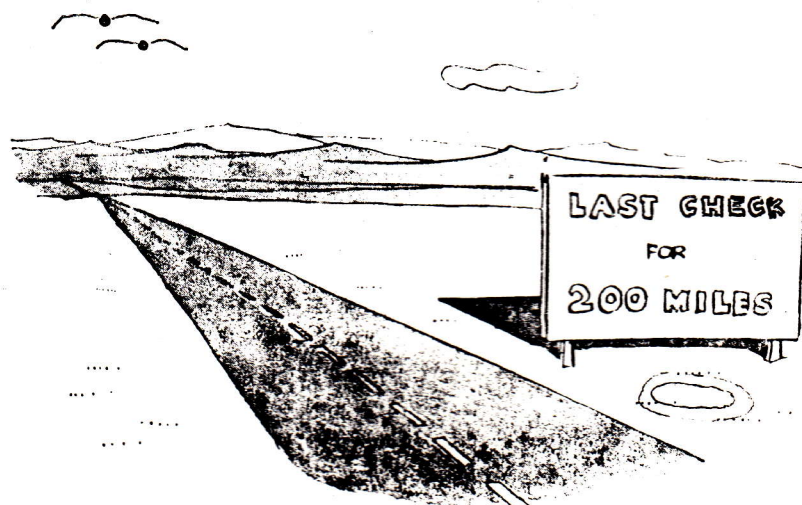
For the third year running the membership growth rate has increased. This is mainly due to the huge influx of Irish and Danish nurses who have helped to swell the members to over 150. However, with the coming of winter, the cold is producing the usual shrinkage. The nurses have greatly assisted with the hardships encountered on the Baghdad Hash and several Hashmen have found that in their hour of need there has been a friendly hand around.

The Hash has become so cosmopolitan and the wide variety of different languages has presented some problems. I

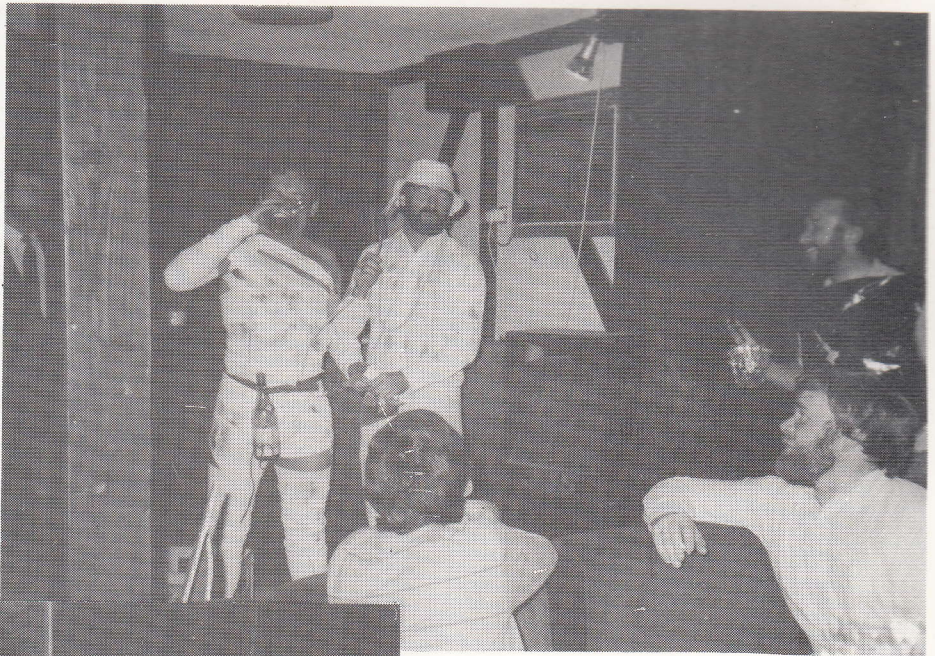
MEMBERSHIP AND STATISTICS

Name	No. of Runs	No of times as Hare
Georgina Alatrobolis	2	-
Roland Anderson	5	-
Terry Armstrong	24	1
David Atkinson	86	1
Ruth Barres	35	1
Jill Barrett	116	3
John Barrett	124	7
Justin Bentley	N/R	-
Jim Beveridge	96	3
Orest Bilas	19	2
Hazel Blair	N/R	-
Stewart Blair	69	2
David Bland	124	9
Albin Blum	7	-
Leslie Boudrot	1	-
George Bradley	62	1
Steve Brine	32	1
Jenny Brown	39	-
Peter Brown	75	2
Jim Bruce	95	1
Geoff Brice	48	2
Angela Bullivant	49	-
John Bullivant	49	3
Jennifer Bullock	67	2
Frank Bullock	69	2
James Bullock	3	-
Marie Byrne	4	-
Sheila Byrne	31	-
Lewis Case	6	-
Terry Chambers	81	2
Aine Clancy	N/R	-
Brian Clancy	94	6

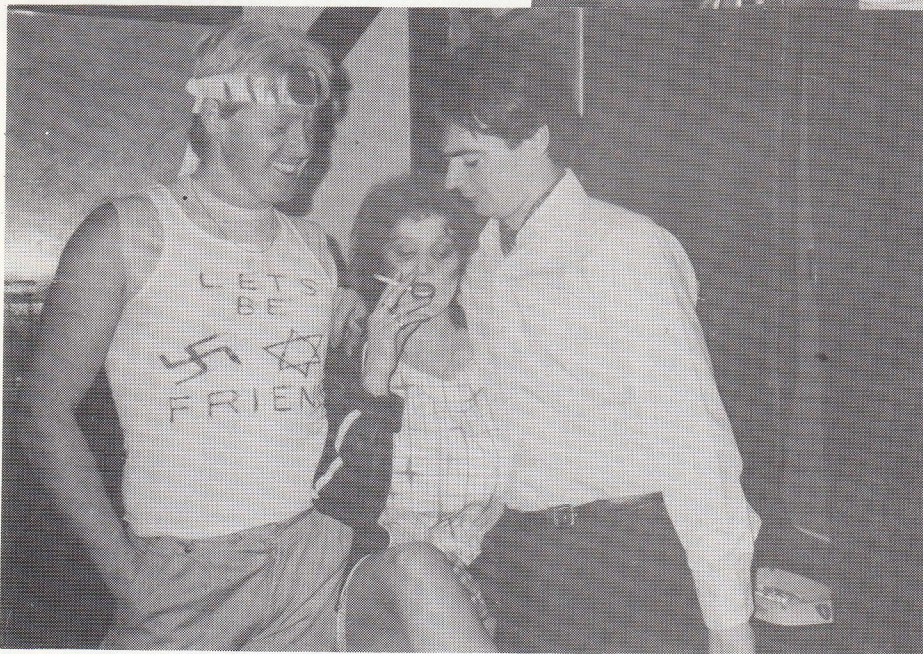
Babs Clark	40	-	Frank McFall	34	2
Dave Clark	49	2	David McKenna	10	1
Barry Cooper	12	-	Joe McKenna	3	-
Ursula Costello	36	1	Patricia McKenna	2	-
David Daniels	11	-	Kevin Mulligan (left)	61	3
Keith Dearing	5	-	Sean Norton	20	-
Jurgen Decker	47	3	E. Oakden	3	-
Derek Dixon	92	4	Gemma O'Byrne (left)	30	2
Stephanie Dobson	26	1	Odiada	15	-
George Dobson	30	1	Helen O'Donaghue	2	-
Sheila Dolan	7	-	Marilyn Offler	21	-
Jimmy Doyne	93	6	Andrew Offler	24	-
Eddie Duckworth	6	-	Nils Erik Olausson (left)	18	1
Sandy Duncan	10	-	Terry Parnell	13	1
Malcolm Elliott	34	2	Phil Parker	7	-
H. Emomoto	1	-	Geraint Parry	27	3
Cengiz Ertuna	95	3	Rosie Presland	20	-
Tony Flanagan	1	-	Phil Presland	33	1
Callum Forsyth	11	-	Carl Prestelle	25	-
Lena Fredrickson	16	-	Klaus Reinke	5	1
Porec Flynn	8	-	Ian Richter	24	1
Dave Fyfe	77	2	Shirley Richter	7	-
Brida Gahan	7	-	Gerdette Rooney	28	-
Neil Gilbert	83	4	Antti Ruotsalainen (left)	10	-
Alan Gilding	53	2	David Sanders	76	1
Brenda Golden	21	-	Ortrud Sandmann	17	-
Mark Gommers	29	-	Gerhard Schlager	46	2
Don Goodwin	71	3	Phillip Schorsch	1	-
Margarite Gordon	19	-	Margaret Shannon	7	-
Lynn Gower (left)	91	2	Doreen Shelley	N/R	-
Mike Gower (left)	100	2	Jim Shelley	139	6
Mary Griffin	4	-	Alison Smith	N/R	-
Ray Griffiths	7	-	Colin Smith (left)	113	9
Patsi Haiste	3	-	Liz Smith (left)	53	-
John Haiste	156	11	Birthe Sorensen	50	1
Mary Hargadon	8	-	Fred Stamm	97	6
Paul Haring	3	-	Jan Stening	9	-
Bill Haugh	2	-	Mike Somerford	80	1
David Henderson	9	-	John Taylor	24	-
Lou Herzina	21	-	Malcolm Tennant	53	2
Richard Hindle	11	-	Alan Templeman	16	-
Henry Huntley	52	2	Bert Van Burik	33	1
Melody Jellett	6	-	Elizabeth Walsh	15	-
Earle Johncock (left)	21	1	Mike Walsh	104	3
Tanya Johner	N/R	-	Peter Welek	28	2
Wolfgang Johner	45	2	Wantanabie	14	-
Diana Johnson	7	-	David Webster (left)	111	5
Sue Jones	N/R	-	Mark Wellington	45	1
Mike Jones	51	2	Ian Wilson (left)	28	1
Deborah Jones	4	-	Trevor Wilson	6	-
Patricia Kellar	14	-	Alfred Züber	56	3
Josephine Kelly	4	-	Karen's Dog	22	3 dead ones
Tove Kissmeyer (left)	43	1			
Karen Knipe	8	-			
Yushio Koyama	6	1			
Bobil Knudsen	11	-			
Ingle-Lise Knudsen	13	-			
Karen Lambrecht	29	-			
Kirsten Larsen	22	1			
Ann Lavin	11	-			
Liz Lawlor (left)	29	1			
Pierre L'Enfant	3	-			
Patrick Levens	4	-			
Harry Lloyd	108	3			
David Longstaff	1	-			
Fiona Lowry	4	-			
Mary Madda	2	-			
Barry Mather	13	-			
Harvey Mattinson	3	-			
Jenny May	48	-			
Colin May	161	13			
Glen Miller	13	1			
Nancy Moran	49	-			
Vera Morrissey	7	-			
Tom Mulcahy	5	-			
Mary McCarthy	18	1			
Davie McCluire	9	-			



"Huh! Another one of Gilbert's runs."



Robertson disconnects George's drip to administer down-down



Fanny Faggot accepts Jonah's advances while Charley looks on

BAD TASTE PARTY March '84

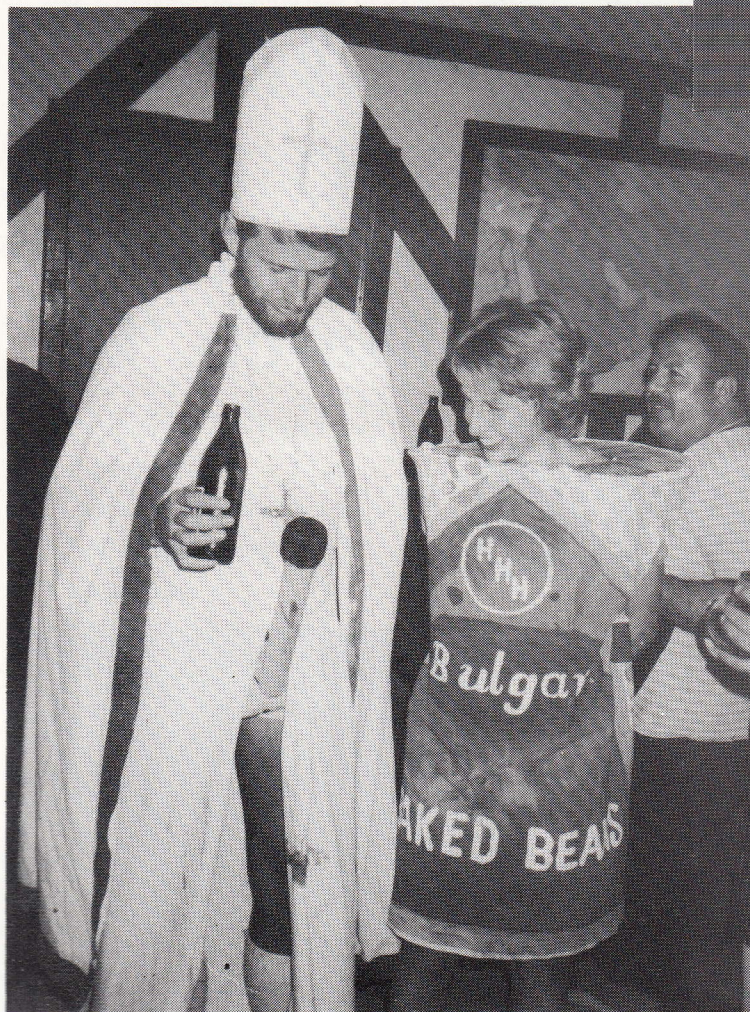


Dave takes a rest from flashing to watch leg show

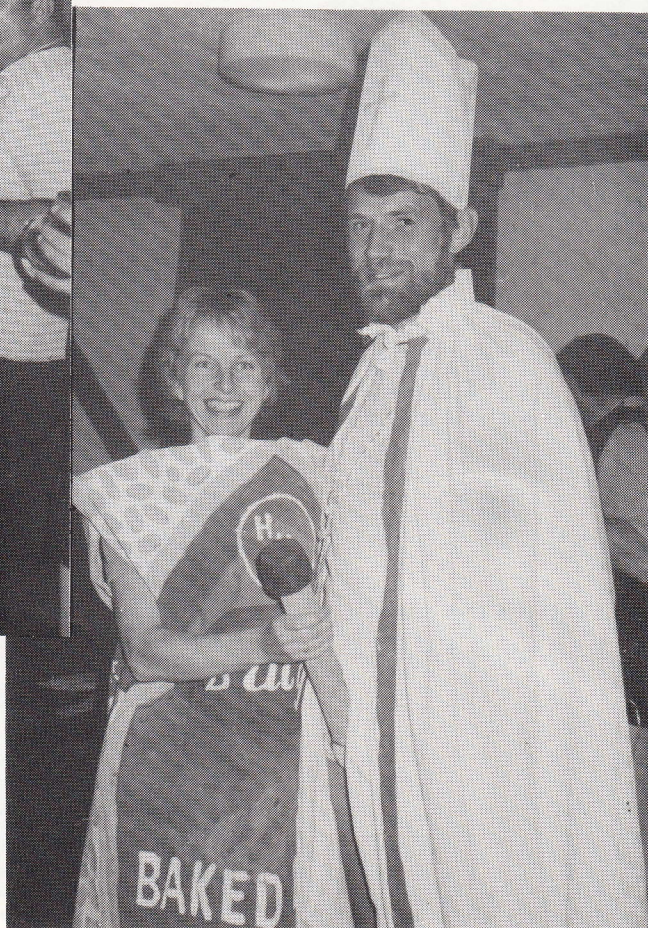
SCENES FROM THE ACTRESS.
AND THE BISHOP



Go on, Colin, only the fish you catch are THIS big



Jill coaxes after removing cobwebs



Church organ gets holy blessing

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

British Hashinalism (or anything worth fighting two world wars for . .)

Sir,

I have been hashing in Baghdad for two years and have enjoyed the camaraderie and conviviality generated every Saturday afternoon. It has come to my attention, of late, that there is more than a significant number of supernumerary members benefitting from full membership of our organisation. I will go even as far as to say that there is an unacceptably high percentage of foreigners running on the Hash!

Now, I have nothing against foreigners, and I'm quite prepared to live side by side with them, in a spirit of harmony and co-operation, but I cannot stomach the insidious way in which they creep into what is, after all, a British institution.

Let us mull over a few facts. Last year British lorry drivers had their meat lorries hijacked and burned, all because some wine-swilling, 'frog' peasants didn't like the colour of their skins. There have been incidents where unarmed British football supporters have been intimidated by Dutch fascist authorities just because they were having a bit of innocent fun turning over a few cars and breaking a few windows.

The cabbage-eating Krauts, the greasy wops, the slanty-eyed little Nips are just as bad. Being able to speak our language better than we do, is no reason to assume that they are our equals.

There's only one language these foreigners have ever understood.

We gave it to them in 1914 and again in 1939.

And by golly, in the immortal words of Sir Winston Churchill, we're going to give it to you again.

Yes, it's bloody war.

Keep the Hash British.

Rule Britannia

Rule Britannia, we're not doing so well these days, you know. We lost Iraq in the early part of this century and bits have been falling off the British Empire for ages. We're even kissing goodbye to Hong Kong in 1997, and with the miners strike and all that at home, have we really got time for another world war? (This lot are all in Nato as well - that means they're on our side) And don't tell me you've never tried the favourite hash pastime of ogling at 'les derrières des harriettes' on the run. What are you - some kinda poofter? Let's keep it international - ask the treasurer, because we need the subs.

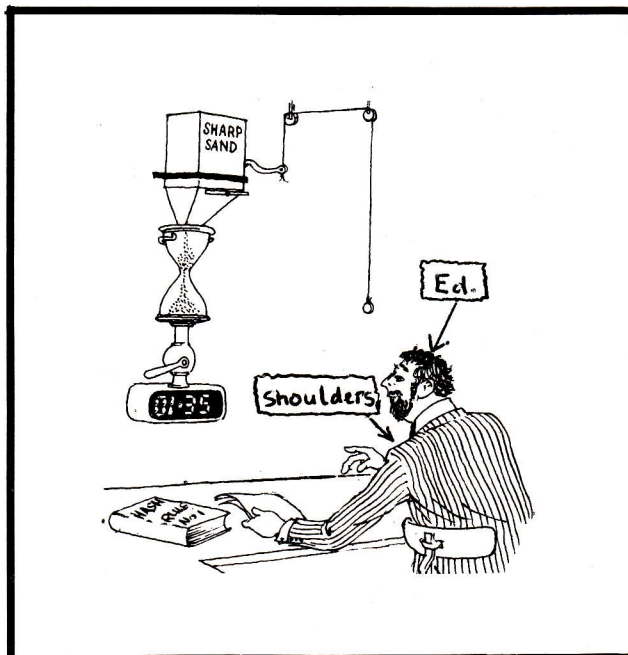
Ed

Silly games (or she was married to a Butlin's Redcoat)

Sir,

Doreen and Jim Shelley were invited to luncheon by a prominent Hash Committee member the other day. "Informal," they were told. They dressed smart but casual!

The pre-lunch cocktails flowed and the tidy gathering was glowing by the time the hostess served the meal. It was a memorable 'repas', with the strings of Julian Bream in the background. Everyone was gloriously replete and looking forward to a pleasant afternoon of drinks and stimulating conversation. They should be so lucky!



Having opened with 'middle and leg', it took Jim three attempts to make contact with an Andy Offler delivery. It was full toss and he made a glorious dive through the covers. The ball whistled past Alison Smith's ear, who was fielding behind an armchair (Offler had placed his field badly), before crashing through the dining room window. Unfortunately for Jim, the hostess, who had nipped outside to do a few kilometres before serving coffee, caught him for a duck, in the street. (Jim is a bit ducky. Ed)

Dave Clark was the next man in. Andy's fourth delivery was a vicious bouncer. The batsman stumbled on a piece of 'Lego' that someone had left, carelessly, on the living room floor, before swinging his bat aimlessly. He made contact and the ball ricocheted off floor, walls and ceiling, at least twice. Before Dave could recover his balance, Marilyn cupped the ball in her hand and whipped off his bails, in a flash.

By the end of the cricket match, some people were flagging. The living room was in a shambles. However, the tennis match brought everybody back to life. The Gowers were paired against the Bullocks in what promised to be a titanic struggle. When Jenny rose to meet a Lynn lob, everyone thought that it had to be 'match'. Unfortunately, she smashed the crystal chandelier, sending shards of glass towards a sofa full of drunken spectators, lacerating them in their sleep. There was blood all over.

"Leave everything," the host said, "It'll scrape up more easily when it congeals."

The number of guests was falling rapidly, and so they moved away from team games. The object of the next party game was vague. People were attempting to disappear up their own anus, while eating an orange, wearing someone else's car keys around their necks and brandishing broom handles. Dave Bland and Alison won the mixed doubles event. Frank and Jennifer, eating 'Jaffas', could only manage sixth place.

Later there was a knockout competition in bottle fighting, where Babs Clark defeated Doreen in a thrilling final. The Bullivants entertained everyone with an improvised game of blow football. They were using compressed air and billiard balls.

When Jim and Doreen left the party, the host was sealing doors and windows as a preliminary to filling the living room with water for underwater anaconda wrestling (free-style).

Hashtoolwart

This behaviour is quite normal. I suggest that next time the third man is moved to silly mid-on (i.e. in the kitchen doorway). And 'Outspan' are a bit better than 'Jaffas' in this particular location. By the way, what happened with the game of 'Sardines' in the downstairs loo?

Ed

The Pie-Eyed Piper of Baghdad

Sir,
Anyone out for an evening stroll, near the Central motorway, some months ago, might have noticed a strange happening at the Haiste home. What would you make of the Hash Master wearing yellow and red tights, a long cloak, pointed shoes and sporting a felt hat with a bell? He was sitting on a pouffe, in the garden, smoking his pipe. He had a horn.

"What's new?" I asked.
"Ten minutes," he muttered. "Who would've believed it possible. I had my foot on the cage for ten minutes. It must have been wearing a bloody aqualung."

Oliver, wearing a natty rat-skin siren suit and clutching a bloodstained kitchen knife, was giving his father a look of disgust. Then the horrible saga unfolded.

They had come in the night. There were black ones, brown ones, heavyweights, lightweights, some carrying torches others dragging siege weapons.

Patsi had never seen a rat on 72nd Street, so she was a little alarmed when she opened the oven to take out a lasagne, and came face to face with one. Being shy and retiring, she grabbed Oliver, dropping the lasagne, and barricaded herself in the bedroom. That's when the lights went out. The rodents had severed both power and telephone cables.

John staggered home from the Hash to a scene of chaos and destruction. The rats had formed a scrum, and were headbutting the living room window, which was about to go. It was just like a PCI Rugby training session under Dave Henderson.

In true hash spirit, HM sprinted for the front door, treading on as many of the horrors as he could. Some of them were still hanging on to his shorts, as he entered the house. It was just like Don Goodwin fighting off the Danish nurses. John made straight for the kitchen (his first mistake). The lasagne had been devoured, at a rate that would have shamed John Barrett, and the bubonic plague-carrying little bastards were looking for their next meal. They were upon him in a flash. He fought valiantly, but he was inebriated, it being Saturday night, and he was going down.

It was up to Patsi and Oliver to save the day. Young Haiste, remembering his nursery rhymes, began cutting off their tails with a carving knife, while Patsi screamed at them in Italian. It was too much for the rats and so they beat a 'haisty' retreat.

John quickly recovered, put on some of Patsi's clothes, blew his horn and led the pack to the Tigris. I arrived as he was attempting to drown some stragglers in a bucket of water. Meanwhile, Oliver was collecting rat skins. Is it time for the 'happy home' for our ebullient Hash Master?

Ratted

No. Probably time we had another Hash fancy dress party. Don't you remember last year, he had this fad about guns and gangster films. Patsi made the mistake of buying him a pair of spats for his birthday. He pinched one of Oliver's toy machine guns and went to every public function dressed like al Capone. Bear with him He'll get over it!

Ed

THE 2ND BAGHDAD MARATHON

It was a bitterly cold morning at 7.10 am on Friday, 7th December 1984 as the entrants for the Second Baghdad Marathon gathered at the Jadriyah University start line. The event attracted 80 entries this year, somewhat down on the first marathon last year, but nevertheless an assorted bunch raring to get going. The runners were almost entirely European, with a large contingent of Scandinavians and Britons overshadowing the smaller numbers of mainly French, Aussies and Germans. There was a notable number of female entries. Once again the event was organised by the Baghdad Hash House Harriers, with the help of sponsors Deconsult and Boswau. Entries were taken for the half marathon (22.2 km) and 28 runners went for the full 42.195 km.



Commentary and the Finish - by Hash Scribe

Unfortunately I'm one of those bone idle hashers who find that it's as much as I can do to complete an average hash trail every Saturday. Running a marathon is beyond me - it was an effort for me to even run for a bus until I stumbled (literally) across this bunch of morons running over rubbish tips and into open sewers in the 'land of two rivers'. Having acted last year as marshall at the last watering station, I decided that target practice for marathon men wielding soggy wet sponges was not for me this year. Even 'Freda' Fyfe wasn't entering this time so I couldn't have a chat with him over a fag as he gasped from watering station to watering station - and fag to fag!

So I joined the wives, dogs, lap timers and the flock of Lord Litchfields at the finish as the entrants came home in dribs and drabs. Steve Brine put in the best time for the full marathon from the Hash entries, followed a few seconds later by John Haiste. Jill Barrett was the first lady home, while Birthe Sorensen and 'Sandy' Sandmann also made worthy efforts. Dave Clark, Derek Dixon and David Atkinson formed the Hash veterans group. Last man in was Brian Clancy, ably paced towards the end by young James Clancy.

Medals and certificates were presented at the Boswau social club by a member of the German Embassy staff, whose name has slipped my memory (Thanks anyway, to

Herr... Restorer??). Thanks also to the lads from Deconsult, who provided the commemorative tee shirts; Carl Prestelle and Boswau for the post run buffet, among other things.



The Geriatric Marathon - by David Atkinson
(being the tale of tail ender No. 159)

The outstanding feature of this marathon run on a bright but freezing morning was the success of the "oldies". The winner was a French grandfather of 50 summers who pipped at the post in a storming finish the 49 year old Swede who had also been second last year.

The winner of the veteran's prize (over 40 years old) was therefore the third veteran actually to finish. At 51 years I won no prizes but succeeded in getting round the 42.2 km course in 4hrs 50 mins or 40 mins within the time limit. I say getting round rather than running because I am afraid that I walked most of the last 10 km. Following my bouts of flu during the first half of November, I was not sure whether I could do the full distance after 17 days jogging from being flat on my back. My entry was for the half race of 22.2 km which I decided to do steadily and review the position after 20 km or so deciding then whether to try the full distance.

The start was scheduled for 7.00 am so I had to get up 3 minutes earlier than a normal working day. Contrary to my normal Friday jogging practice I shaved before going out in order to be at least semi-respectable looking when getting my hoped for medal. It was very dark and desperately cold with some time being spent scraping the ice from the windscreen. In fact I was in the car park by the start quite early and sat there with the engine running and the heater

on until it looked as though the start was imminent around 7.10. I left my track suit in the car and in just my 20 yr. old B.G. shorts and tee shirt joined the shivering throng at the start which was delayed for another 10 or so minutes. This year I fastened my front number over my tummy so that the drag would not make my 'nipples' bleeding sore as last year.

After the start we were very soon strung out over a considerable distance with me at least three quarters of the way down the field. My intention was to maintain about 6 minutes to the kilometre for the 22.2 km which was rather slower than my pace for the half last year. I was in a loose group of half a dozen spread over a couple of hundred metres or so. There was not much passing or repassing but after 5 km I was overtaken by a couple of Danish nurses chattering away at twenty to the dozen as they went by me. Not a lot happened then for some time except that I kept jogging along. At 10 km we were given our times. I was 39 seconds within my schedule.

During the second lap I had become totally on my own and for most of the time couldn't see anybody either in front or behind. As I came towards the end of the second lap, I was entering a euphoric state, being numb from the neck down as well as the usual neck up. So I decided that I might as well carry on. In any case they were not going to produce the beer or food until the slower people finished. Therefore why not carry on to fill in the time?

It was however a bit discouraging to be lapped by the leading pair as I came up to the 22.2 km finishing point of the half marathon. They had done 32.2 km in about 2 1/4 hours and went past me like a train.

At 24 km I stopped to have my first sip of water at a feeding station largely for something different to do, and pass the time of day. I jogged on and had another sip at the next station but then about half a kilometre further on at about 27.5 km my legs felt it was time to give up running and walk for a little. However, I was so used to jogging along with the bouncy motion that my walk felt like the sort of silly walk that would qualify for a grant from the Ministry of Silly Walks. So after 100 metres or so it was back to jogging again. Later in this third lap I tried walking again and found that with a little practice I could walk normally. Several people were now lapping me going into their finish.

As I jogged up to and over the line to enter my last lap some of the crowd gave me a few mistaken cheers but I had to assure them that I still had another lap to go. My running days were then feeling to be over so I ran around the next corner and must confess to walking for the next half kilometre. In fact for the rest of the last 10 km I walked for much of the time but by half way round I had the satisfaction of realising that I could walk the rest of the way and still finish in under 5 hours.

At this stage I did not feel puffed or tired but my legs just did not seem to work too well at running. They write about the pain barrier and all that but at the lazy pace I adopted this did not appear. The finish gradually drew into sight and I just persuaded my legs to have a go for the last 100 metres or so and broke into a sort of semi shuffling slow sprint.

There was then a most welcome cup of coffee. The air temperature for the whole race had been quite low and a decidedly chilly wind round some corners encouraged you to get on with it. However, in the sunny stretches away from the wind it really was a very pleasant jog.

It was the first time that I had gone over 21.1 km in one fell swoop and so it was quite pleasing to finish but it would be nice to do a marathon where I jogged the whole way. I think that the terrors of it evoked by some people are really the Rugby Club type Hearties doubtful of their virility and terrified of being thought of as "pouffers". (This does not

Steve Brine in prone position trying to attract the attention of some Irish nurses



THE LOONS . . .



Big Daddy Blair makes a rare appearance



When I fart, you blow



"... only when you have completed 150 runs and can drink a Ferida in one, son ..."



Punishment for being an S.C.B.

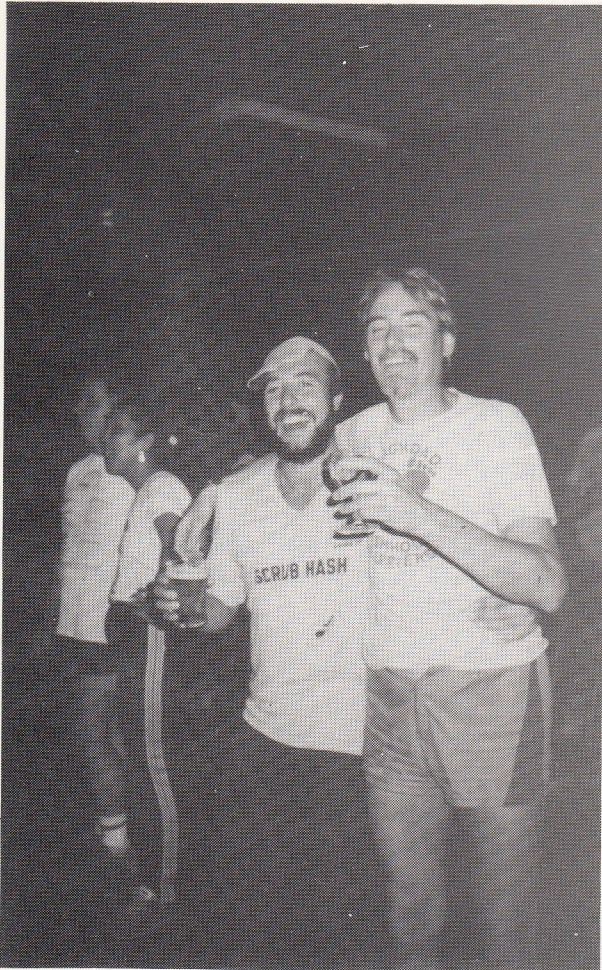
AND.....

*Thinks . . the wall's
got a moon and stars
on it?!*

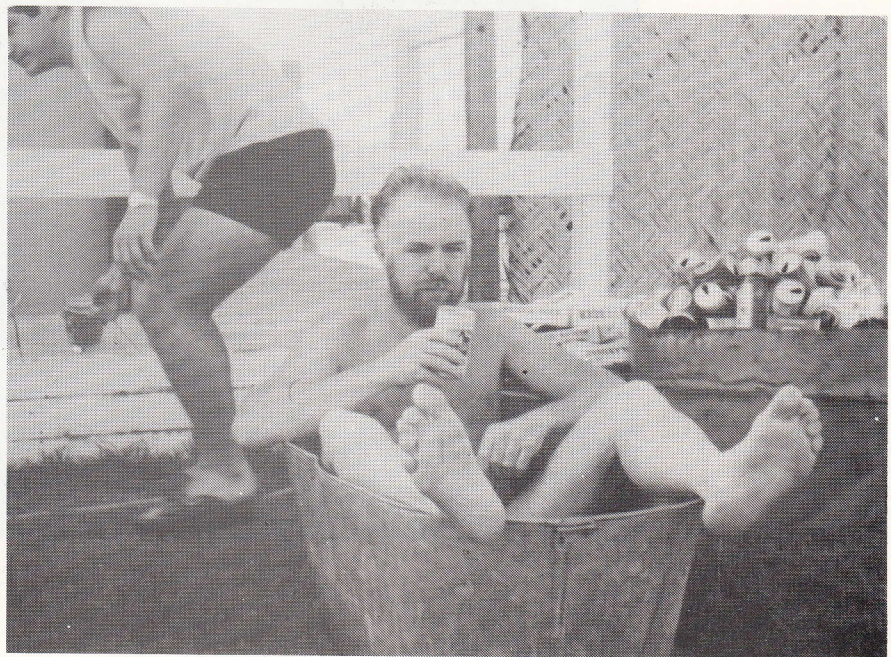




Popeye Huntley finds his man



Jimmy acts as prop to 'Pop' Dixon



NOT in my ear - I'm in enough trouble as it is!

**... POOFTERS
CLUB**

And so to the end. This magazine has been fairly well received by the critics . . .

AN IDEAL MOSQUITO SWATTER
Evening Standard

YOU JUST COULD NOT PUT IT DOWN - IT MUST
HAVE BEEN THE ADHESIVE ON THE COVER
Baghdad Observer

THE WIT OF THIS AUTHOR EQUALS THAT OF MY
PET FERRET
The Guardian

NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH AN UGLY BUNCH OF
EXPATS GATHERED TOGETHER IN A SINGLE
PUBLICATION
Resident Abroad

NOT FOR THOSE WITH WEAK STOMACHS
Medical Journal

THE WORST LOAD OF SHIT EVER TO GET INTO
PRINT. A BIGGER COLLECTION OF EFFING
ARSEHOLES YOU'VE NEVER COME ACROSS.
Church News

All the characters appearing in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to a person or persons living is purely malicious and fully intentional.

Finally I would like to offer my thanks to the following people:-

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- who contributed articles, photographs and material which enabled me to make such a hash of things!

ALL PUBLICATIONS
- other hash mags, etc which contained superior articles and jokes good enough to pilfer; do unto others and all that!

Dave Bland
Hash Scribe/Editor

THE END

