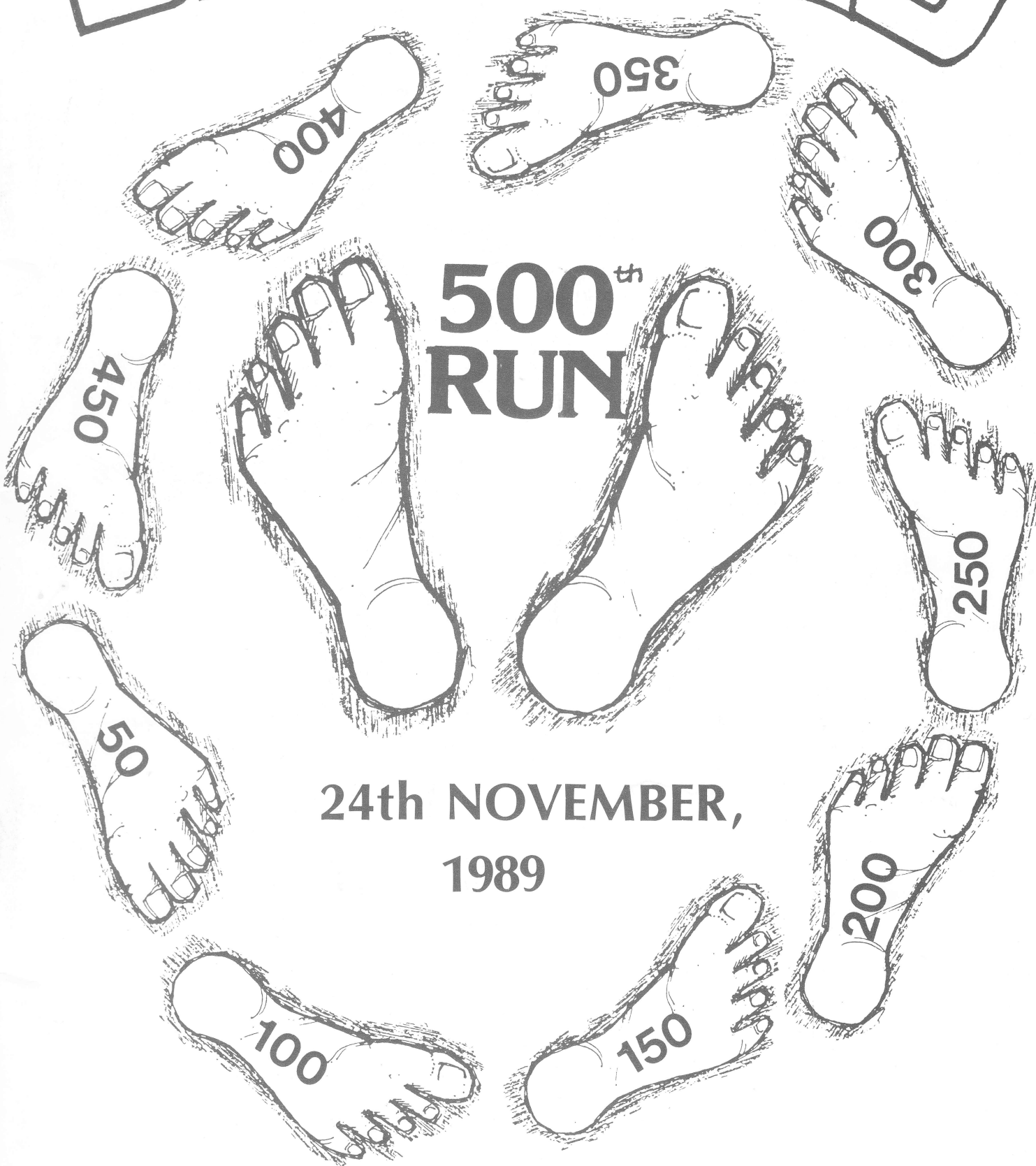


BAGHDAD



24th NOVEMBER,
1989

Hash House Harriers

WELCOME TO

THE HASH



HASHERS COME AND HASHERS GO but the Hash goes on forever (well at least 8 years in the case of the Baghdad Hash).

Now just in case you think I'm going to start in my usual fashion and tell everyone off for leaving things untidy and not putting bottles in the correct crates, etc., etc . . . I'll dissappoint you and just get the boring bit by the HM out of the way so that you can get into the meat of this magazine.

Five hundred runs over eight years (we do have special runs sometimes) and none of it would have been possible but for the Hashmen and Harriers who started the Baghdad Hash in 1981 and the rest who kept it going so well during the Iraq/Iran war. Even when the number of expatriates kept falling, the Hash kept going and nobody at present in Baghdad can remember any Hash being cancelled due to lack of numbers (shortage of beer has sometimes threatened but so far even that awful event has not occurred—yet!). We hope that with the easing of travel restrictions that this special 500th Run will see the welcome return of some of the original and past members of the Hash, who will of course be greeted in the traditional fashion (if we can stay upright enough to meet them at the Airport and they can be successfully poured from the aircraft).

On such an auspicious (suspicious?) occasion I would like to make mention of the previus incumbents of this noble office, with my thanks to them for keeping such a wonderful (grovel, grovel) group going. I hope that I can pass it on in as good condition as when I inherited it. The first and longest serving Master was John Haiste who was a leading light in starting the Hash in Iraq. When he left he handed over to John (Cringer) Coleman (he of the Upside-down Down-Down — provided that he hadn't had too many Upside-Up Down-Downs before he tried). After John it was Jim Frazer's turn (he of the "I'm going on leave for 2 months—see you in 12 weeks" fame); followed by Eric Schofield (you know—the one who used to be taken out for a walk each week by Fluffy) and then me (and the vote definitely wasnt rigged, I have been assured—again and again and again . . .)

It is also important to thank the members of the Hash itself for their support, to all of us who have been Hash Master and in particular all who have held any committee position. The Hash doesn't run itself (Ugh!) but needs a great deal of effort from what often turns out to be a small number of people. Thanks to those who have done this work whilst I have been HM.

Since the last celebration run there has been the usual turnover of faces, some returning after an absence of a couple of years and of course some leaving after many. Two social events have occured which must be mentioned as they show a dedication to Hashing unequalled by any other member of the Baghdad Hash. In July, both Wolfgang Johner and Malcolm (Pinky) Elliott achieved the distinction of having completed 250 runs (Wolfgang beat Pinky by one run). Wolfgang continues to clock up the runs but Pinky has since left. Congratulations to both on their achievement.

And so on to the next 500 runs, may the Baghdad Hash continue to flourish (it probably will so long as PARC fill block 34—so that Hashmen can fill Block 34). Thanks to everyone for their support—I shall wear it always.



David, are you sure these Nike shoes make you run faster?

WELCOME TO THE TRASH

Again we have struggled through overwhelming piles of contributions to bring you a Hash Special. The 500th Run is an occasion to be celebrated and what nicer way to do this than to say hello to old friends and meet new ones.

The Baghdad Hash has helped us through the difficult times when the cries of "On On" were punctuated by the odd whistle and bang of a few

kilos of high explosive donated from we knew not where. Times are better now and so from the editorial committee, welcome, have a good time and let's enjoy the 500th Run.

TANIA AND DAVID.

P.S.—Nearly forgot to tell you who is on the Committee at the moment:



Grand Master: Dave Wilcox Dave with his computer like brain, quick wit and repartee is the ideal Grand Master and liked by everyone. He also wrote the above.

'On Sec. : Dave Timney. A man full of wit and sparkling with ideas on how to make Hashing even better. No, he did not write this but I owe him money.

Hash Cash: Monika Ericsson. Monica has such a control on the Hash money that to get it out of her is like getting blood out of a stone. That is, when she is here as she seems to be able to afford very long holidays every year, returning just in time to collect the half year subs before booking up her next holiday.

Hash Mouth: Barry Cooper. What can we say about Barry that hasn't already been said about other men like him. We are referring to Hitler, Dr. Crippen, Frankenstein and the little man at the airport who always wants to see whats in your case when you are trying to sneak another supply of videos in.

Hash Horn: Geoff Taylor. When Geoff first came to Iraq, he was an instant success, he tells us.

Hash Scribe: David Smith. Modesty forbids saying too much but my reward will come one day.

Haberdasher: Wayne Handcock. Wayne was chosen for Haberdasher because of his ability to show off clothes when running. To many of the Harriettes he is known as "Spray on Shorts" This due to the tight nature of his apparel. It is sometimes said that his slight stutter arises from this same tightness.

Hare Raiser: Jo Jo Hennessey. Jo Jo, or Sybil as she is also known has delighted the Hash with her vagueness in remembering when events such as the date of the next Hash or where it is. It is only right that she has the position of Hare Raiser, a job that requires a keen memory and attention to detail.

Beer Raiser: Pete Livesey. Pete took over this important job from Graham MacEvoy when it was realised that only about 95% of the beers Graham collected ever got to the On After. The other 5% were described by Graham as wastage and collector's perks. Since Pete has taken over the job things have got better and the hash now gets more mortal than ever before.

Hash Softies and Ice: Graham MacEvoy.

Graham, known as "Dumpy" because of his fondness for this liquid has settled down into the job of sometimes offer to help Pete out with the beer. So far, Pete has resisted the temptation of allowing him to help.

Foreign Correspondent: Ernst Ischovits.

When it was realised that there was a group of people who came to the Hash and chatted among themselves in foreign tongues we did not shirk our responsibility. We absorbed them into the system and to make sure that this element was not ignored in such important decisions, such as—which foreign Company shall buy new T-shirts for a run—we told Ernst that he was in the new position of Foreign Correspondent. He has risen magnificently to this responsibility and now is paying for just about everything.



Sorry Fido, but they told me to bring my own meat along for the Korean Hash.



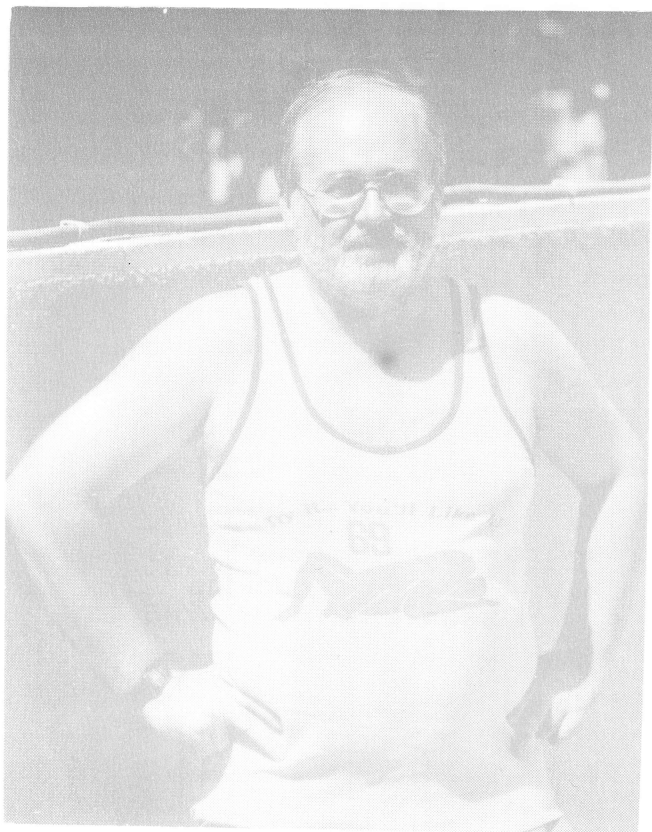
Telephones: 719 5740

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Baghdad Hash House Harriers

Run No. 450 — 24th February 1989

HARES:

SALMONELLA ROSSBOTHAM, CHERRY HENDO

THE COMBINED RUN

It was a pure coincidence that the Baghdad Hash had its 450th Run at precisely the same day as the Babylon Hash had its 200th Run. "Let's combine them," said some forward thinking person and as a result we all gathered at the PCI Camp to have *THE COMBINED RUN*.

Now, to the people who haven't been in Baghdad for some time the PCI Camp is out on the Taji road where the Headworks for the Khark Water Scheme is. It is noted for the wildness of the countryside and the even wilder-ness of the inhabitants of the camp.

And what a good day it was too. Brilliant running weather and a goodly bunch of us set off into the wilds of wherever we were. We had been told to expect mud and water. The fact that it had been pouring down two days before added a little to the mass of water already laying on the land and soon we were plodding through the clarts, which is Northern English for running through a rather muddy environment.

That wasn't so bad. Nor were the little ditches we jumped over, remembering, of course, the request of the Hares to help the fairer sex across the water jumps and so helping the GEC lads across the jumps the run really got under way.

Then we stopped.

Some sadistic minded so-and-so had put a bigger water jump in the way but we got over that and found an even bigger river on the other side! OK, it wasn't as big as the Tigris but it was filled with the same muddy water and had a more pungent aroma than its big brother.

Confusion became the order of the day as the first people tried to cross via a thin tree trunk that had been laid across. That soon became wet and slippery and the first of the many dropped into the water. I reckon about three quarters of us had our first baptism of the year. What made it worse was:

- (a) The water was cold.
- (b) The river was deep.
- (c) There were either crocodiles in the water or a fair selection of submerged tree trunks as we got out at the other side with gashes and cuts on various bits of us.

But not to worry. At long last we pushed our way into the jungle again and ducking to avoid the bran-

ches and at the same time trying to clear the acres of mud thoughtfully provided by the Hares, we made progress.

Dave Chimney, who had got more of him, percentage wise, covered than the rest of us, was so wet that he ran through all the puddles in order to share out the discomfort of mud-sodden clothes with the rest of us.

Then came the water stop. Lots of Dumpies and water gratefully received. The question then was were we going to be Wankers and get back to the cars before another spate of mud was thrown in the way, or be *real* Hashers and carry on Babylonian style with live Hares. Some did and some didn't—Chacune a son gout. (Franglaise for yer takes yer pick).

The long run was good. Still in the jungle we got ourselves split up into various factions, each claiming possession of the proper trail and at the same time listening to cries of "on ON" from about five other locations. We even saw one of the Hares coming back on himself, which as we know is a joy to behold and a prime reason for being branded a poofter.

The idea of following a chalk trail in the long grass had gone out of window ages ago and it was pure good navigation and luck that we finally got onto some firm ground that lead generally in the direction of the car park.

The highlight of the long run was the river that we found at the end of the run, just when the cars came back into site and in true African Queen style the river was forded by wading chest high through it.

A couple of us short-cutting bastards found a dry run home and didn't get our seats wringing wet on the way back to the camp.

BACK TO PCI CAMP

You would think that an organisation as well managed as PCI would have thought of having hot water in the showers. Perhaps they normally do. Perhaps, as an extra piece of Machievellian sadism, they turned the immersion heater off but in the event we had a cold shower each and with somewhat reduced appendages warmed up in the

pleasant sunshine that Eric, as GM of the Baghdad Hash had ordered from the great Hasher in the sky. A daring experiment as the GM's of both Hashes combined with the announcements and presentations and Down Downs. And it worked.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Salmonella and Cherryboy were thanked for their good work.

Salmonella got a birthday drink.

Heard from the other side of a wall in the camp—"I can see it but I can't get it out".

That was Maneater Somers talking to Dumpy MacEvoy and when last spoken to, he still hadn't got it out.

What? — A tenacious splinter in his leg.

During a particularly mucky part of the run, Jo Hennesy was heard to say that mud was good for the complexion and Pinkie Elliott asked her why she didn't dive in then.

All the visitors got welcomed, including Caroline, Graham, Roger and Mata.

I got a DD for offering to prostrate myself in front of Norma. I thought that was a worthwhile thing to do.

Angus got called up to explain how Hippo, his little hippopotamus had got lost and how he got it back and he really, really loved it. Real men hate Hippos.

At this stage, Eric, excited as ever, calls to Order and presents the
BAGHDAD HASH AWARDS.

The first award to be announced was **Best Run of the Year**. There were three nominations from the extensive list.

1. *The Pancake Run.*

The Hares for this superb run were Adrian Brown and John Burnham. A run well worthy of nomination.

2. *The Singsong Run.*

The Hares were Dumpy, Sid and Pugwash. This run was more noted for the singsong afterwards rather than the actual run, which, of course, was well up the standard always produced by these Hares.

3. *The Austrian Run.*

The Hares this time were Ernst, Paul and Helmut. A very good all round run and set in true Hashing Fashion.

And the winners were: THE AUSTRIANS.

Now the presentation for **Wanker of the Year**.

There were four nominations:

1. *John Boraston—*

This man had the audacity to spend the whole of a BA flight to the UK (and we all know how long that can be!) chatting up Eric's missus. Naturally, to no avail.

2. *Chris Duckling—*

A natural selection knowing the somewhat chequered history of Chris and the Hash. The crunch came when, at Eric's house, he overloaded the sanitary receptacles with the results of three hours steady (actually it was unsteady) eating and drinking.

3. *Barry Mather —*

His worst deed was putting engineering blue on the steering wheel of Pinkie's car. This caused great embarrassment to Pinkie who had to wash his hands many times to remove the offending colour.

4. *Geoff Taylor —*

Geoff, like Chris has a long list of reasons why he should join this elite gathering. The most recent and most spectacular was when he burst into the bedroom of Mr and Mrs B. Cooper while they were engaged in matrimonial activities not normally made public except about nine months' later when the end result of such exercises are produced.

The winner of the award was JOHN BORASTON for chatting up Pat.

Next was the **Poofter of the Year**.

Surprisingly, only three nomination for this award—we must be driving poofterism out at last.

1. *Geoff Taylor —*

His most serious offence was wanting to wear the Poofter's Skirt more times than Dave Chimney or Precious.

2. *Dave Chimney —*

He wanted the skirt more times than Geoff or Precious and once, actually stole it from Geoff.

3. *Precious —*

For needing the skirt for the Computer dating evening as nobody wanted him when he was wearing trousers.

And the Winner was GEOFF TAYLOR.

Now we had the **Driver of the Year Award**.

1. *Dave Henderson —*

Driving the flagship of the PCI Fleet back from Mivans when it was struck with great force by a stationary vehicle.

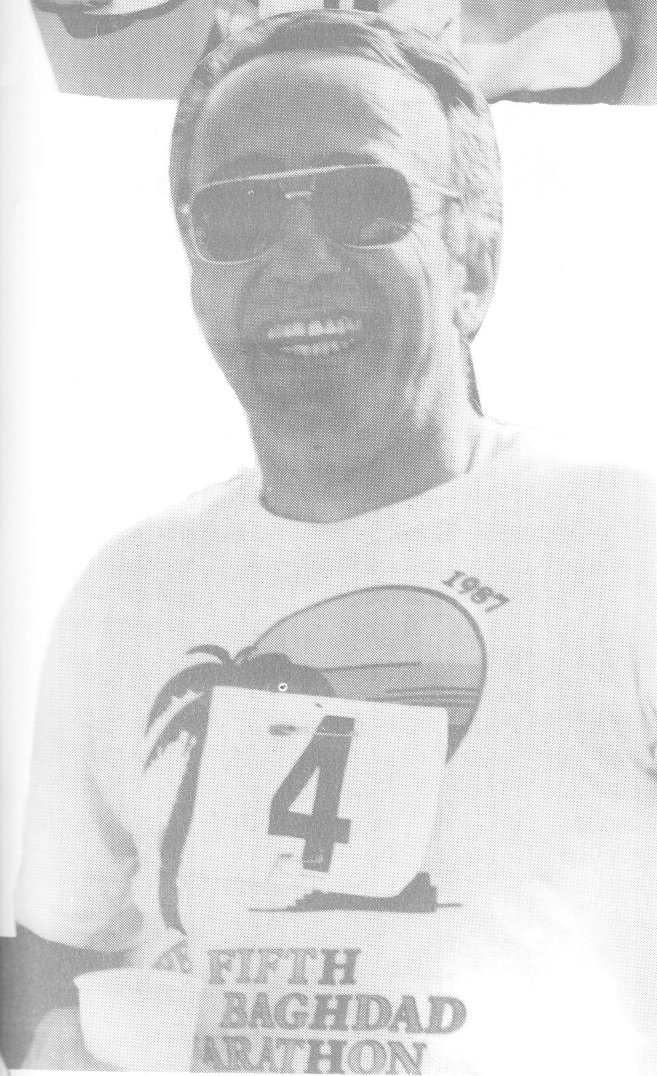
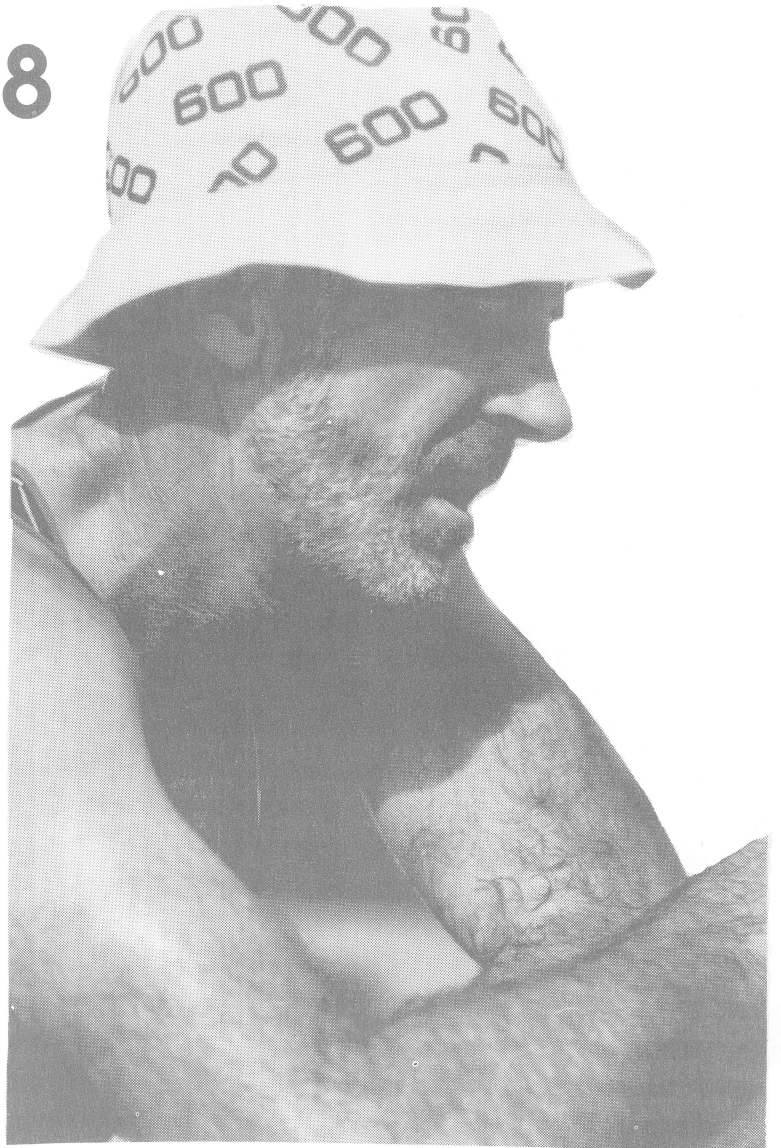
2. *Dave Chimney —*

Whilst in the process of performing an errand of mercy (returning two young females to Bloc 34) when an Armco barrier, complete with RSJ upright, buried itself in the front of the BA flying green monster.

3. *Mr. B. A. Cooper —*

He was driving quietly home (cries of "rubbish" as he is never quiet) when he comes upon stranded harrier (aforementioned Chemney, D) and whilst making sure of the Harrier's identity i.e. not looking where he was going) the same

MARATHON 1988



Armco barrier attacks the front suspension and wheels of the Super Saloon that now has joined the ICL vehicles awaiting repair.

The winner DAVE CHIMNEY.

A new Award this time **Driver of the Decade.**

Only one nomination but a person well worthy of this new award for the following reasons:

1. At the Dublin Hash—parked car, got pissed, goes to car, gets in, starts engine, selects reverse gear, reverses off quayside into 60 ft of water. Car still there and driver still pissed on return to surface.
2. Takes mum out for Sunday drive. Has parking problems. Mum gets angry and stamps feet. Floor of passenger's side drops out. Helpful motorist (male) offers to assist. Gets into car, engages gear and parks neatly. Applies foot-brake. Floor of driver's side falls out.
3. Car is stolen. Insurance Company pays up. Payment well above true value of car. Everyone happy. Three years later, policeman knocks on door. Police arrest former owner. Car has been found packed with explosives. Previous owner denies all knowledge of this but emigrates to Iraq.

Who else could the above person be but
JOAN SOMERS.

The afternoon went on with a good mixture of awards and quotes and such like from both Masters
The following is a selection:

Quote of the Week:

"Hepatitis B is not such a killer as AIDS"

—Jo Jo.

Sausage gets her 150th Run Mug at Last.
Wolfgang hasn't got his Babylon 150th Run mug yet.

Guido has done most runs in the Babylon Hash with 150 runs.

Joan Somers gets Down Downs for just about everything.

Returning to the Baghdad Hash we had a sad occasion—Pat and Eric have been a pillar of our society here and like some people, you tend to think that they have been here for ever and will continue to be here for ever.

Not so. They are leaving us in the near future and his Hash was the last where with Eric as GM. Being the Baghdad 450th and the Babylon 200th happens to be one of those happy coincidences that make it an auspicious time for Eric to give over his office to David Wilcox, who we know will be a worthy successor.

But we are speaking of Eric and at the same time, you cannot talk about Eric without Pat's name being alongside.

To remind them of the rigours of this land they

were given a collection of all the things deemed by experience necessary for survival in Baghdad.

The package included:

One beer opener; One bottle of Dumpy; One bottle of Lomotil; One cork; One roll of loo paper; One tin of baked beans; One rubber stamp; One dollar note; Two eggs and One hyperdermic needle.

Complete with all necessary instructions and two Rothman cigarettes and a box of matches if all fails.

On a more serious note, they have given the Hash a lot and so it was with a feeling of pleasure that we were able to give them a little memento of the Hash and their friends, both in the Hashing community and outside in the form of a carpet.

It was also with a feeling of pleasure that we were listening to them but sadness at what they were saying when they, in turn, said their adieus to us. But, as the man says, that's Hashing and we're sure that these two will turn up somewhere.

Well, folks, that was the 450th Run and by the time you will have read this we well have had the 500th Run. The big difference nowadays is that the country is a lot more peaceful than when we had the 400th Run and the previous ones and lets hope that this carries on and that the 600th Run will be even better.

ON ON ON.

SECOND CHANNEL PROGRAMMES

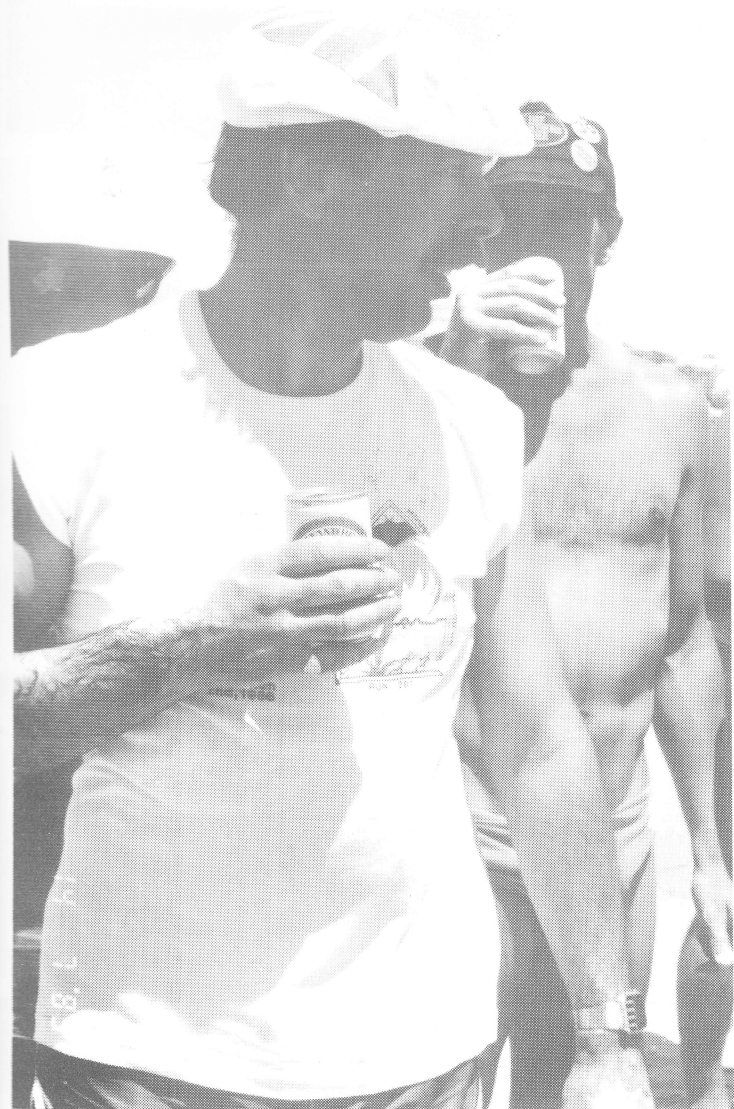
Sir,

Many readers have critisized Baghdad Television's 2nd Channel in this column. But I have nothing but praise for its programmes. "Sesame Street" and cartoon features are excellent, to name a few.

More medical programs like "Trapper John" would be welcome. There is one such programme being shown in Europe and the U.S. concerning oral exercise to correct speech defects. The programme is narrated by the eminent speech therapist Dr. L. Lovelace.

This type of programme is not only educational, but entertaining and would be enjoyed by a large section of the viewers.

Mrs. I. Suckett, Baghdad.



HASH MASTER AT WORK



HOT BEEF BETWEEN BUSINESS
AND PLEASURE

LAKE BASH



WOLFGANG'S 250th RUN

An Irishman's View of the Hash

"What the bloody hell is going on over there" said Pat to Mick. "Bejaysus, willya take a look at them eejits."

"Hold on there Pat" said Mick. "It looks as if them lot is running some kind of a race."

"In Baghdad, ah sure they must be crazy Mick".

"Not at all, at all, itn't the lot of them English", said Pat.

"Let's follow them and see who wins," says Mick.

"Don't be getting hasty now, let's finish the beer first and then we'll follow them," said Pat, who unwittingly displayed a real Hashmans first instinct.

The two lads finished off their beers and hared off down the road after the rapidly disappearing pack. The boys thought of themselves as being fairly broadminded and men of the world, but neither of them were quite prepared for what they saw and heard. "on on, On On" being screamed by about 100 dickheads.

"Look at them, look at them, I told you they were crazy," shouted Pat, completely caught up in the excitement of the whole thing. "Come on quickly now," said Mick. "Let's stay with this lot and see who wins."

But they're running in all bloody directions, which way will we go" said Pat. "We'll follow that lad over there running in the wellies and with the construction cap on his head, he looks like a sensible Irish lad" said Mick.

Keeping up easily with the wellie wanker the boys arrived at the "On after". The Hash Master being the fool that he is, extended Hash Hospitality to them and invited them to join in the fun.

"Be careful you now and don't say anything to upset anyone here," said Pat. "Do you think we'll have to pay for this beer," said Mick. 'Jaysus, didn't I tell you not to open your trap", said Pat, giving Mick an almighty punch in the gut.

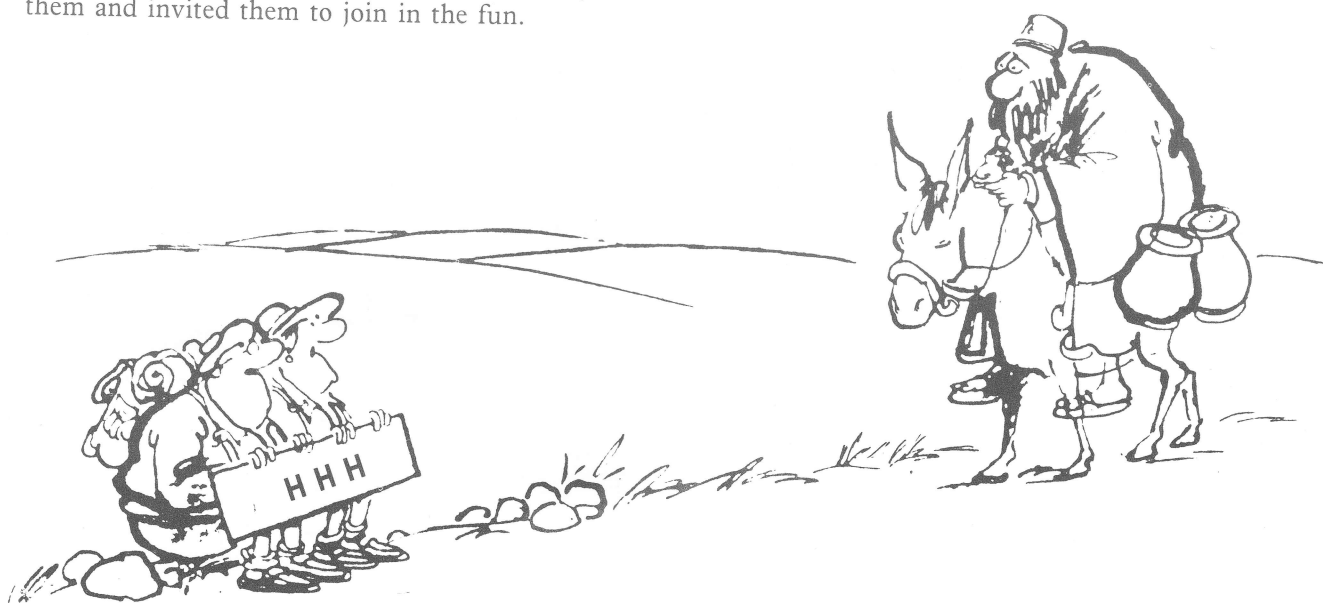
"Here, your man up there on the barrel is pointing at us, go on over there and see what he wants." said Pat. Mick staggered over to the Hash Master, had a few words with him and returned to Pat, beaming all over his face. "He wants to officially welcome us and he's asking us to join him for a drink. Get over there quickly before he changes his mind. Isn't this great crack altogether."

Up on the barrel the lads get and were presented with a pint of beer apiece. "Now boys, the folk out there are going to sing a little song for you. When they have finished, I want you both to drink the beer as quickly as possible in one gulp. If you don't down it in one, the remainder must be thrown over your head, explained the Master.

The boys looked at each other in amazement. Throw beer over the head! "I've always said they're crazy" whispered Pat.

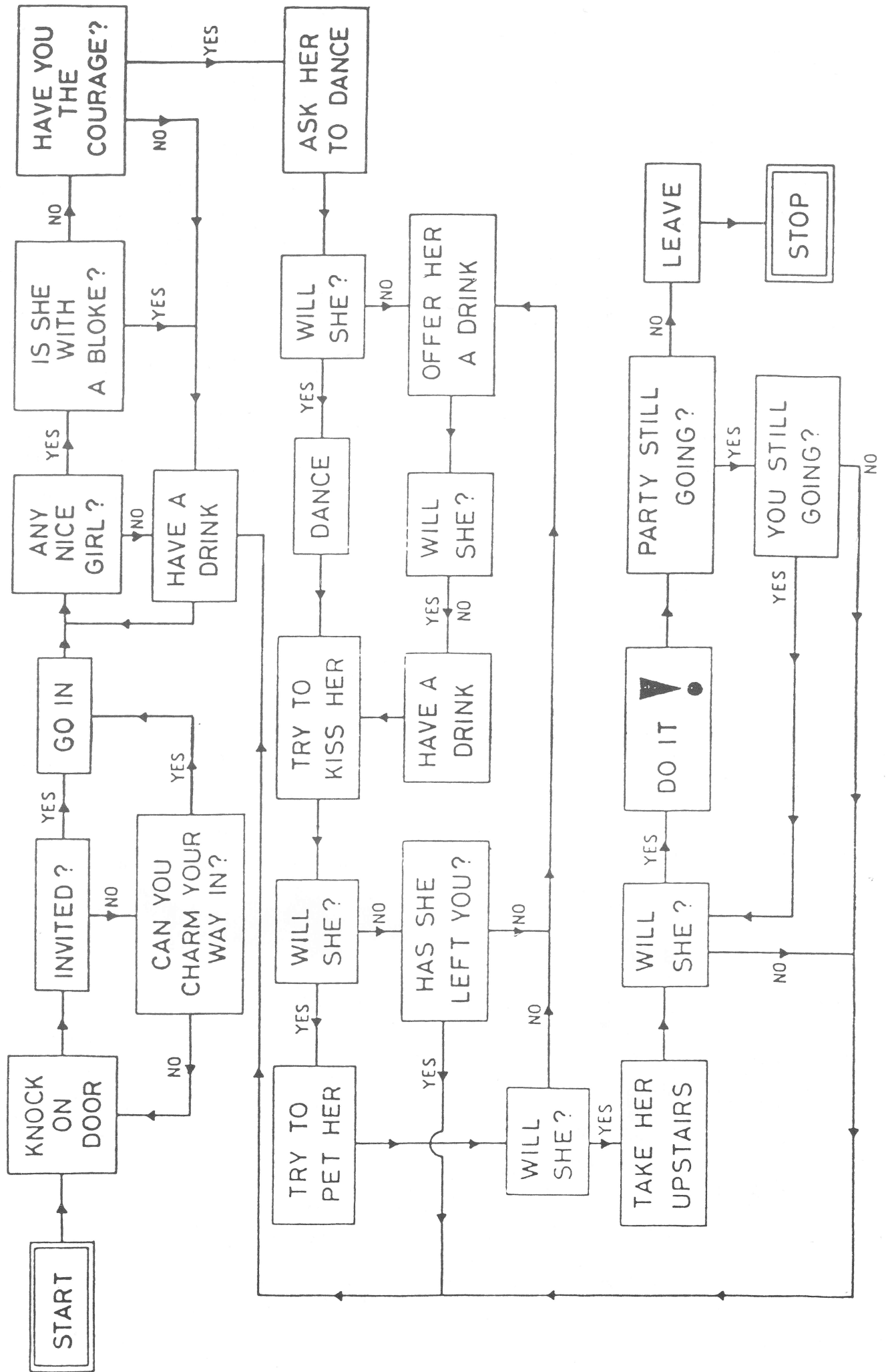
"Yeah, let's finish this beer, get the fuck out of here and go to a bar where we can pay for drink like any normal human."

ON ON and ON.



PARTY PROGRAMME

- A COMPUTERS GUIDE TO A SOCIAL EVENING -



So you created
Everything.



Yes.

Including
Black Holes?



Yes.



Which will eventually
Swallow up everything.



Yes.

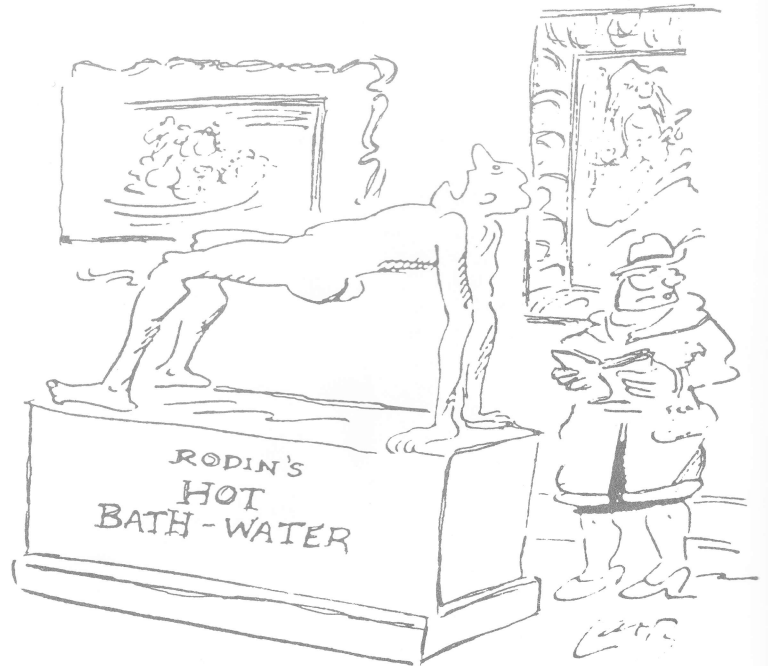
Including You?



I'm working on it.



HASHART



SIMPLE WISDOM

Celibacy is not hereditary.

Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it himself.

Diets are for people who are thick and tired of it.

Mainly Spike

George Dad, there's a man at the door with a bill.
Dad Impossible, it must be a duck with a coat on.
George Dad, I hate Mummy.
Dad Shut up and eat what you're given.
George Dad, why can't I help with the washing up?
Dad Because you'll get your hook rusty.
George Dad, why do I keep going round in circles?
Dad Because I nailed your foot to the floor.
1st Boy Why do elephants paint their toenails red?
2nd Boy I dunno, why?
1st Boy So they can hide in cherry trees without being seen.
2nd Boy That's daft, that would never work!
1st Boy Well, have you ever seen an elephant hiding in a cherry tree?



Q How do you fit an elephant into a match box?
A Take all the matches out first.
Q What's big and red and hides behind a tree?
A An embarrassed elephant.
Q Why do elephants wear pink tennis shoes?
A Because white ones get dirty quickly.
Q How do you get down off an elephant?
A You don't, you get it off a duck.
Q Why is an elephant grey, big and wrinkled?
A Because if it was small, white and round, it would be an aspirin.
Q Where would you find an elephant?
A Same place as you lost it.
Q What do you do if an elephant sneezes?
A Get out of the way.
Q Why do elephants float down the river on their backs?
A To keep their tennis shoes dry.
Q What's the brown stuff between the toes of elephants?
A Slow natives.
Q What do you give an elephant with the Baghdads?
A Plenty of room.
Q What's grey, got a trunk and weighs five grammes?
A An elephant—I lied about its weight.
Q What do you give a sick pig?
A Oinkment, I couldn't think of another elephant joke.

YOUR HOROSCOPE

Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18) You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal; on the other hand, you are inclined to be careless and impractical, causing you to make the same mistakes repeatedly. Everyone thinks you are a jerk.

Pisces (Feb. 19 - Mar. 28) You have a vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the FBI or CIA. You have minor influence over your friends and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisces people screw small animals and pick their noses.

Aries (Mar. 21 - April 19) You have the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient and scornful of advice. You are a prick.

Taurus (April 20 - May 20) You are practical and persistent. You have dogged determination work like hell. Most people think you're stubborn and bullheaded. You are nothing but a goddam communist.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20) You are quick and intelligent and a thinker. People like you because you are bisexual. However, you are inclined to expect much for too little. This means you are a cheap bastard. Geminis are notorious for thriving on incest.

Cancer (June 21 - July 21) You are sympathetic and understanding to other people's problems. They think you are a sucker. You are always putting things off. This is why you will always be on welfare and won't be worth shit.

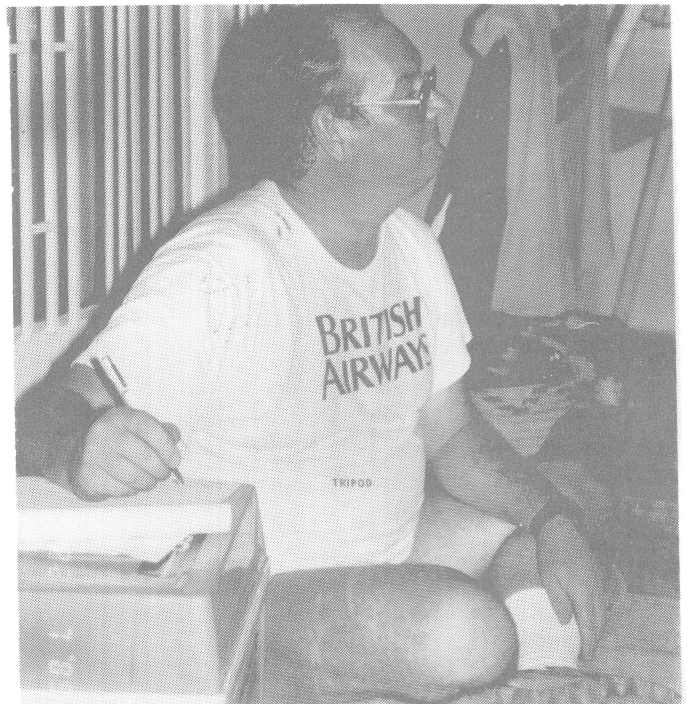
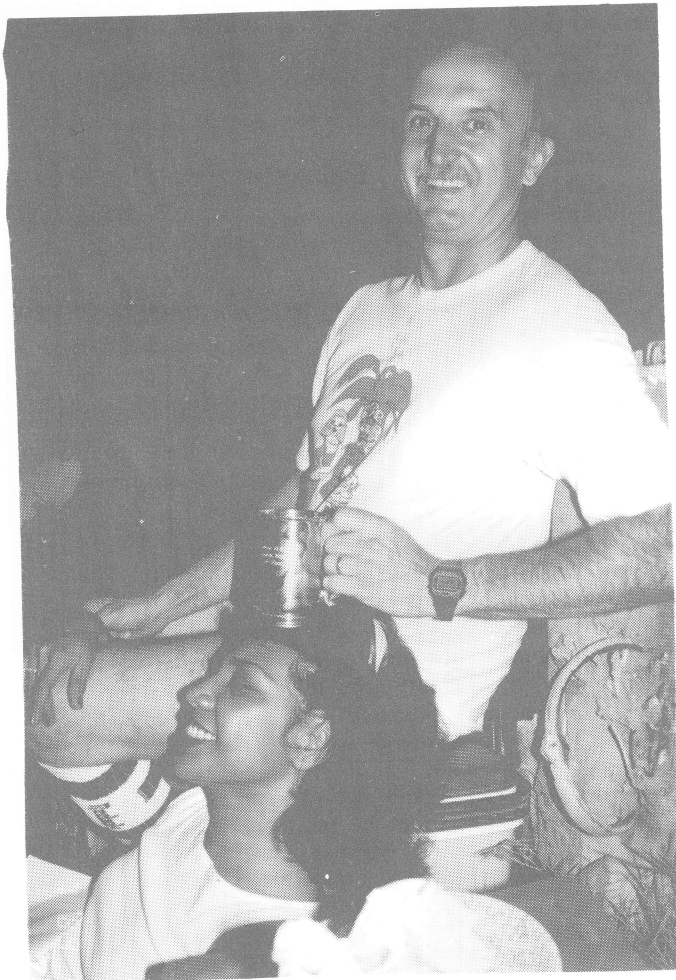
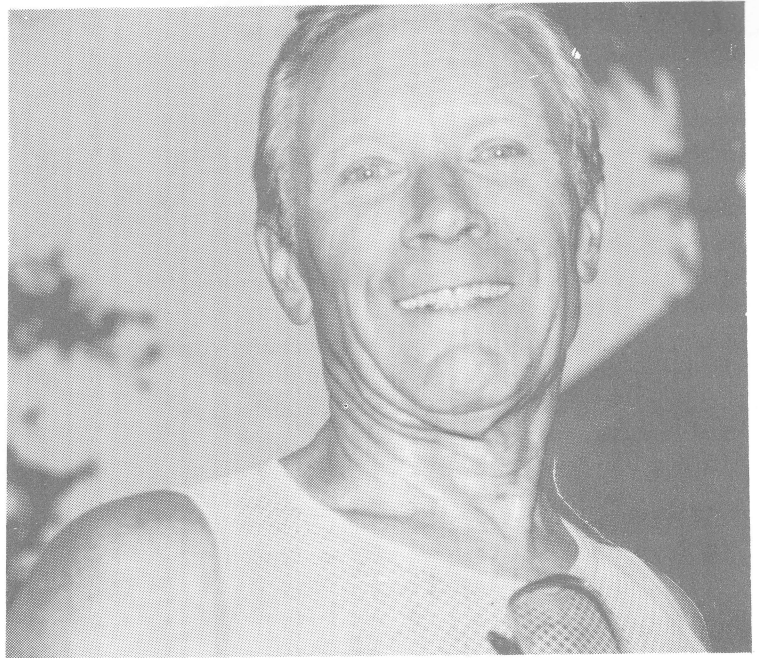
Leo (July 22 - Aug. 22) You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are pushy. Most Leos are bullies. You are vain and cannot tolerate honest criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are thieving bastards and kiss mirrors a lot.

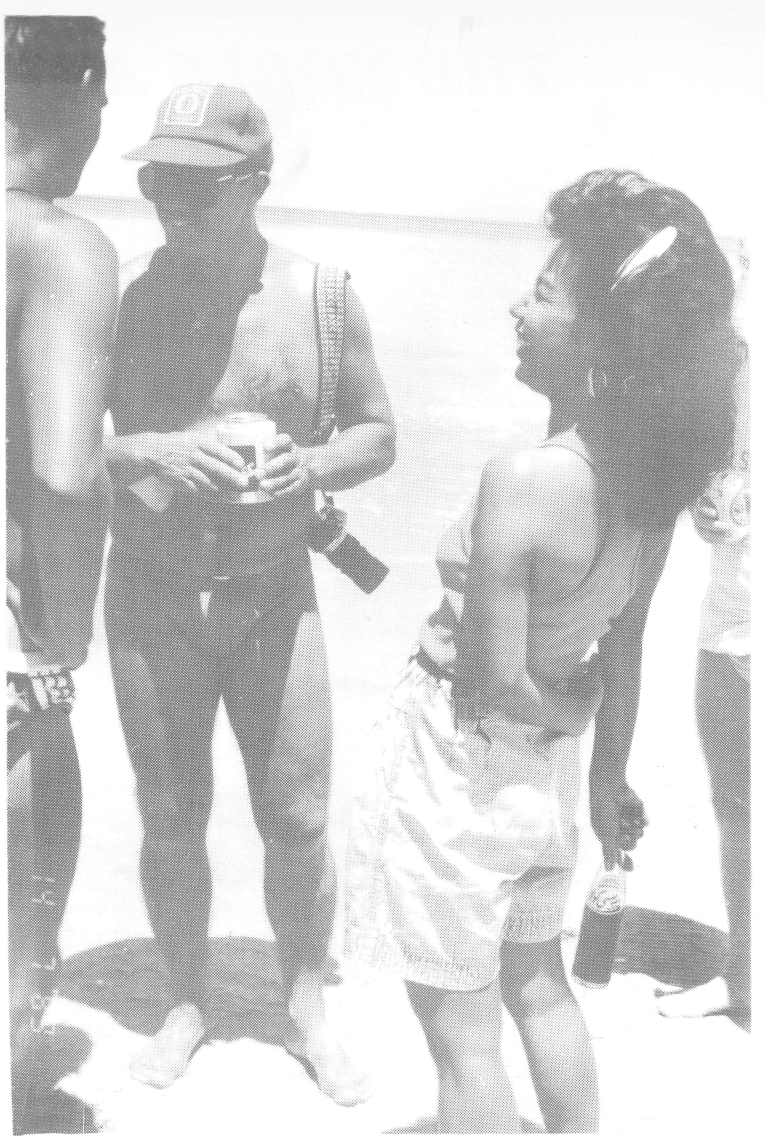
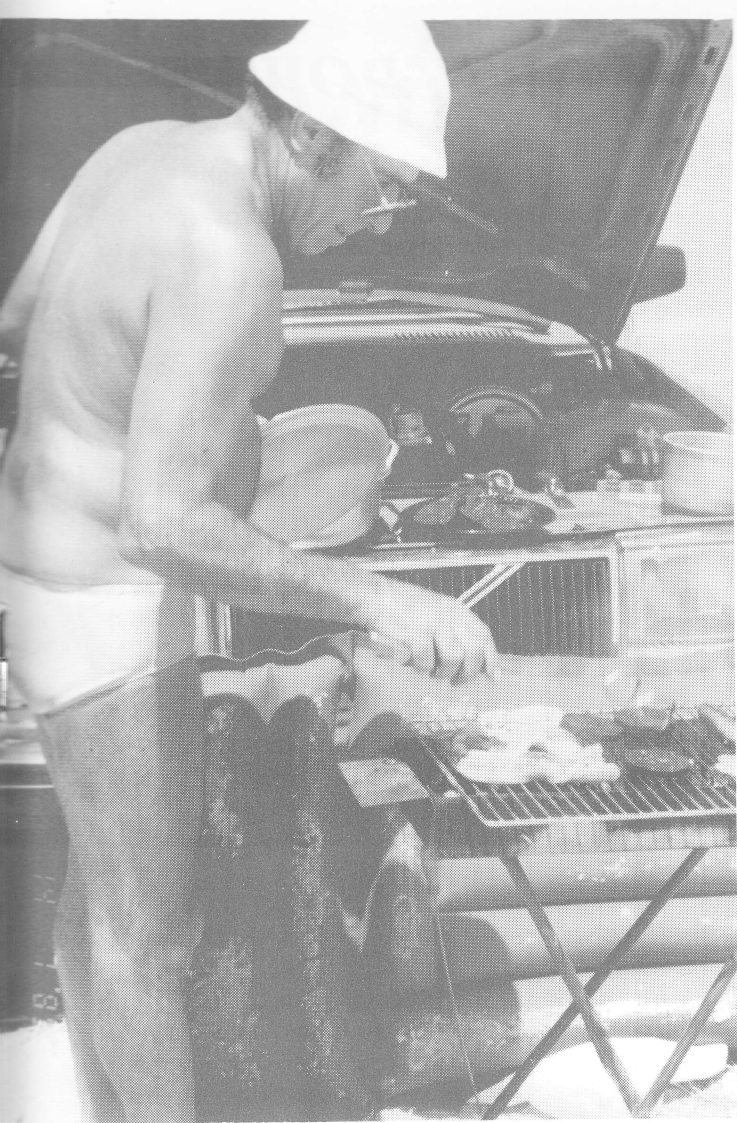
Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) You are the logical type and hate disorder. This shit-picking is sickening to your friends. You are cold and unemotional and often fall asleep while screwing. Virgos make good bus drivers and pimps.

Libra (Sept. 23 - Sept. 22) You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. If you are male you probably are a queer. Chance for employment and monetary gain are excellent. Most Libra women are whores. All Libras die of venereal disease.

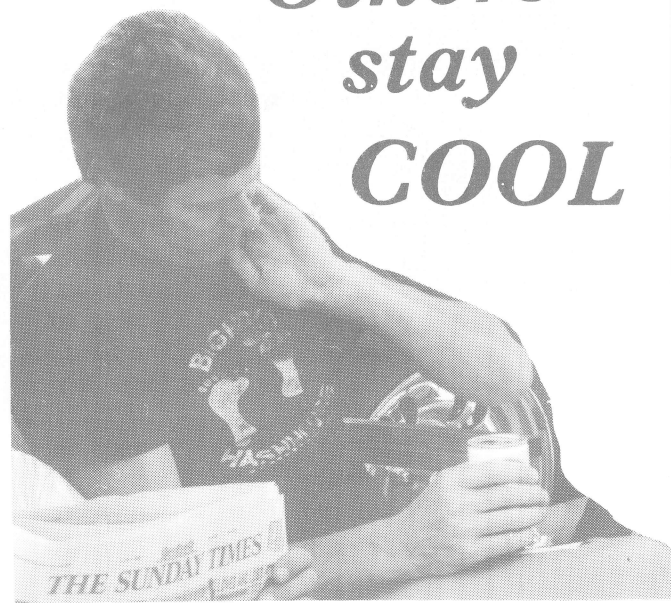
Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21) You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You shall achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics you are a perfect son-of-a-bitch. Most Scorpio people are murdered.

THE YOUNGEST AND THE OLDEST HASHER





*Some like it
HOT —
Others
stay
COOL*



THE NOBLE ART OF DOWN DOWNS

I was informed in such a casual way by Mr Hash Trash that as I had now been "volunteered" onto the Hash Committee as Hare Raiser — in such a cavalier manner, I might like to add — it was expected of me to write an article for the 500th Run Magazine.

I was somewhat taken aback at this as I sat down, trying to stimulate what passes as a brain for me, thinking about what the hell to write about. I mulled over, or was it muddled over, the last 18 months as a member of the Baghdad Hash. As keen as I am Hashing, I hate to admit to categorise myself as one of the good runners. But then, at the other end of the scale, I also cannot be slotted in the same class as Maneater or Flash and Dash as an expert in the gentle art of avoiding running any great distance and to trot about 2 klicks and get away with it!

In fact, the more I thought about the Hash and my experiences with it, it dawned, slowly but surely, that in fact I had got away with surprisingly little. I probably can count on one hand the times I have been to a Hash and not have to go up for a Down Down for something, whether it be fabrication or not.

So I thought that as far as expertise goes in the Hash, mine must be in the subject of Down Downs — not avoiding them but getting them and this article is written for anyone who has not yet been awarded a Down Down, (not counting the welcoming Down Down) and would like a few extra beers taken in swift succession in a near choking and drowning fashion. Take for granted you will feel downright ill because the beer was either too cold, too warm, too flat, too fizzy, too much (??) too little or just plain revolting.

Don't worry. All you have to do is to follow 10 easy ways to get called up for a Down Down plus a hidden bonus in the summer of a few cold sluices with buckets of water to round off a perfect evening of nearly killing oneself running around in temperatures of 100 plus, that one couldn't wait for the following Saturday to once again be off from the On On.

Ten Easy ways to get a Down Down

1. Pick your friends carefully. Make sure they all have a vindictive streak in them or that they are just sadistic. They must not be able to keep their mouths shut, love to gossip and have fertile imaginations or to be downright liars—it really doesn't matter.

2. Ensure that you, as a person, never engage your brain before opening your mouth to utter words of wisdom. This will undoubtedly put you up for "Quote of the Week".

3. It's quite helpful to be accident prone or even better, a walking accident looking for a place to happen. For helpful hints, see Walid the Wrecker who is an acknowledged expert in this department.

4. Ideally you should have a big bag of goodies to leave scattered liberally around the grounds of On After. Failing this make sure you know a few light fingered tea-leaves.

5. If male, make sure your tendencies incline more towards the female of the species. You will then be called up for invoking Rule Number One: "No Poofers". See Precious as he seems to have acquired some amazing tendencies during his stay in Baghdad.

6. Just being a driver in Baghdad is quite good for picking up a few Down Downs. The ultimate is to be a Kamakazee driver. Dumpy may be able to help you with this one—that is if he can recall any of his suicidal drives through Baghdad. If you can't find Dumpy, see Mr T — he is also good at this method of getting a drink.

7. Be generous, warm hearted and helpful and you'll be sure to be rewarded for a Down Down in recognition of your charitable work.

8. To have the skill of picking your "Counsellor" when off loading your frustrations when you are having one of those days when you're being bugged by Murphy's Law or when your carefully made plans go askew. the counsellor should be a big-mouthed Hash member who can bend the Hashmaster's ear. Gobsmack seems to have got the knack for this one.

9. Being inquisitive is a great attribute to have—as when asking simple questions of the Hashmaster when he is imparting info., such as what date or where is the venue. It seems to incite his wrath. Usually it's because he doesn't know the answers and will divert attention from him to you by giving you a Down Down.

10. The final one is basically being a Hasher. It simply means that you must be stark raving mad in the first place to go those silly, masochistic Runs in temps above 100 in such delightful venues as streets crowded with stone throwing children to thorn filled fields with stinking canals to swim across to the inevitable cry of "On On". Follow these few simple rules and you too could become an expert in Down Downs.
ON ON

Sybil.

Down Downs



Return to Sender

Baghdad, Iraq, 1989

Dear Mother,

Thank you for your weekly letter which I got the other day, which by the way is the same day that I receive each week your normal tripey letter. Glad to hear that the dog is alright, but what about the humans in the house? I suppose being Honory Dublin Hash members they are getting along fine. But, really Mother i wish that you would stop hassling me to write, do you not realize that I am so exhausted with the preparations for your trip out here shortly. I have to spend so much time covering my tracks (would not like you to hear of my inauguration in the ways of the 5 mile high club with Dave Henderson) enough of that, I digress, and I also have to find new alibis to my whereabouts each evening when you phone to say Goodnight, etc. Of course the only night that I do not hear from you is on Hash Nights, but as you know what harm can an innocent girl come to on the Hash!!!

Now, don't worry about the journey, I know that British Airways Motto is "We'll take more care of you" but Swissair is taking better care of my bank balance, so that's the way you come. However, they do speak English and I had asked them to put a sticker on you, but how was I to know that they would send you a sticker with "unaccompanied minor" on it, I suppose they consider children and OAP's in the same category. Anyway, friends of mine will also be on the flight with you and they will help you, I know how feeble and helpless you are, never mind Guido and Verni Largo have two kids with them so I suppose an OAP will cause no trouble to them.

Now what was that ridiculous comment about Dave Smith, no you don't have to sleep with him, however if you so choose . . . Yes you do have my bedroom, and I am on the sitting room floor so I hope you do not sleepwalk with open eyes . . . you have said yourself that P.C.I. seems a long drive in the night-time.

We are going out to lots of parties but as you are not fond of soft drinks and you cannot stay still when the music plays maybe it would be better if you stayed in my flat and did all the domestic chores you have been missing since I came to BGW. I was intending to have dinner one night, but the night in question was also Barry and Diane Cooper's birthday party, a sober night!! which might be a suitable night to let you out.

I am sure that we will get to Babylon, in fact Leeky and Norma are coming with us, a nice respectable couple from Wales, I must get a phrase book so you can understand them. Lots of nice folk, I am sure that you will get along fine even if you are very shy. When everyone meets you, they will see it wasn't from trees that I got what it is that I am.

Oh, don't forget the rashers, sausage, Club Milks and the Cadbury Choc and . . .

Take Care . . . Your daughter,
Joan.

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Dublin, Ireland, 1989.

My dear Daughter,

Thank you for a lovely holiday, it was worth all the trouble to come out and see you, it was just a pity that I could not stay much longer, but what a mean person you are, all you had to do was pay more money and I could have stayed. Never mind, I'll find an excuse to spend your money again.

I was amazed when I arrived at 4 in the morning that you offer tea—have you gone teetotal? Just as well you had a brandy in, you did not expect me to have anything less and I on my holidays.

I really enjoyed going to all the parties, hashes and darts even the bit of culture that you forced down my neck. Was surprised at all the people in Baghdad, I thought there were only a few ex-pats, I never expected to meet a Russian, the first I ever met, I think his name was Alex. There was another nice couple; cannot remember their real names but their Hash names were Waffler and Sausage (sounds more like brands of food in supermarket), any roads, I think they were a bit put out when I asked who Maneater was—as if I don't know my own daughter by this stage . . . Joan of Arc some witch you would make . . . pity it was some centuries ago and they could have burned you at the stake.

Talking of Russians and Vodkas leads me on to that nice young man from B.A. Tiny Tim. It was lovely to be able to act out one of the fantasies that I had. Tell him I am sorry about his butter . . . Yes, dear, I know I had a few too many at that party at Cooperman's but it really was not my fault, it was all the fault of Dave Wilcox and Dozy Downes; how was I to know what are reasonable measures in

Baghdad. However at the coffee morning in the B.C. I was reminded of the Toy Boy of the night before. Just as well Mr. Timney sen. could not see his son . . . I am sure he would be horrified, thought I did hear that he was coming on a trip . . . Has he come yet?

Another nice couple I met, the Browns, why did he get called A-drian? That Dave Hendo is another nice chap, any girl could bring him home. I hear he might tie the Knot in Ireland soon? Pity I did not meet the Elliots . . .

I enjoyed my day out with Norma Kelvin and your friend, though I was surprised that at the end of the day you were all too tired to go to the Rasheed, I hope I did not wake you and your friend up when I came back. It is a long way back to Kharg . . . he was right to stay overnight. He should have done that more often, he might not have looked so tired then.

Anyway Joan, I had a lovely holiday and it was great to meet everyone and I am sure I will meet more in the future.

A circular arrived recently about a Hash Reunion in Milton Keynes so I sent off the reply with a cheque and if you notice a debit in you account for Aer Lingus, don't worry, its only the last leg of my holiday in Baghdad, the part you would not pay at the time.

Your Mother.

Baghdad, Iraq, 1989.

Dear Mother,

I am glad to hear you enjoyed yourself, but I am glad to see the back of you, now I am returning to being Maneater and carry on where I left off. As I will see you soon with all the photos to bribe you with I will say no more. Just one last thing . . . After your holiday here, you can forget Milton Keynes or a return visit for the 500th Run. You cleaned out my account and the cheque has bounced so change that if you can.

Your Daughter.

On the Run



HASH QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"We're not allowed to wear anything in our unit." Must get along to IAB for a quick look!

"I had it in my hands, but didn't know what to do with it".

"I know what to do but I just can't keep my legs closed."

"I wish somebody would erect something my way."

"I'm only shy and retiring, well retarded actually."

"Dave Timney did it to me."

"Hmm I'm all wet, but not from your damp swimming costume."

"Would you like to come and see our sauna." What a chat up line!

"It is better in than out."

"When I was in Africa, something nice bit me."

"Where's Hendo? I want to give him a cold ere**ion."

"If I kissed Hendo last night, I'll show my bum in Burtons."

My thanks to: Diane, Alyson, Joan, Jo, Hendo and Precious.

I'll teach the swine to join
The Hash . . .

LAST BUT NOT LEAST,
LAKE BASH FACILITIES.



Hashing Unites





Aunty Mary's Page



Dear Aunty,

I am a desperate Harriette being blackmailed for something which was completely innocent. I have been receiving copies of photos of me and another Hasher. These photographs are accompanied by demands for vast sums of money.

If the photographs are interpreted correctly, their true innocent nature becomes apparent. The reason we had so few clothes on was because it was such a hot evening and as far as the positions we are in—well, it's obvious to anyone that he was demonstrating to me Kung Foo, the art of self defence. It is very useful to know what to do if you are attacked from behind by a dog whilst looking for a contact lens you have dropped.

Anyway, I think the Blackmailer is the Hash Flash and I would appreciate it if you could have a word with him. And when you do, ask him what is he doing peeping through my bedroom window, anyway!!

Yours anonymously,

KITTY.

Dear Kitty,

Thank you for your letter and I have had a word with the Hash Flash who kindly showed me the photos. Would you please double the amount of money to be paid and may I suggest you buy a foam rubber cushion to lean on while taking lessons of that type again.

AUNT MARY.

Dear Aunty Mary,

For quite a while now, I have been having a lot of fun meeting many nice people. Recently I met a young Harriette, of whom I have become very fond. Initially our relationship was very easy going and most satisfactory.

Lately, however, she has been making demands of me. I mean, I am no prude you know—a man of the eighties and know what's what. But there is a limit to a man's tolerance. Frequently she makes these demands at the On After or when we go out for the

evening. It is all very embarrassing! Can you imagine being at the On After and your young lady says "Don't you think you've had enough to drink?" or "you should have some 7-Up with your beer, dear."

What can i do?

Dear Pisshead,

Ditch her, there's plenty more fish in the sea.

G'day Aunty Mary,

I've got a bit of a problem when I'm Hashing. Y'see, when I run at the front, the sun reflects off the top of me bonce and the Hashers following me have difficulty seeing the trail. I've had a number of complaints from various Bruces and Sheilas so's I've taken to running at the back with the Hash Scribe.

This, too has it's problems as when we run through the outback all the dust gets kicked up by the frontrunners and I end up swallowing it and finishing the Hash with a mouth as dry as a Roo's pouch.

Can you suggest anything that would solve my problem?

Cheers, Mate.

Dear Baldy,

The solution is easy. If you get yourself some ridiculous form of headgear, such as a lifeguard's cap, this will stop the sun reflecting off your head. It will also be the source of quiet amusement to other hashers and you will get lots of Down Downs, thus solving the loss of lubrication.

Dear Aunty Mary,

I am a Harriette and have only recently arrived in Baghdad fresh from Nursing School. At the last Hash we were running through the woods and this Hasher I had met the week before suggested we follow a short cut he knew and before you could say Parc, we were in the bushes and having great fun.

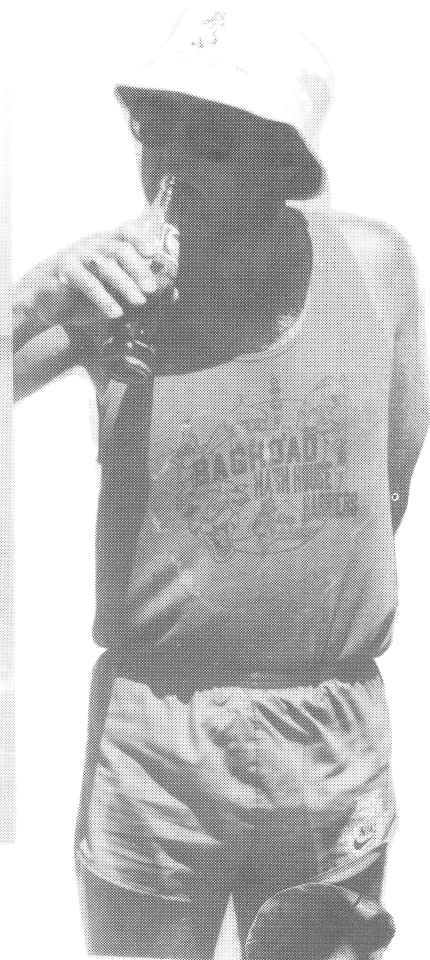
The question is—did I do wrong?

Worried Green Eyes.

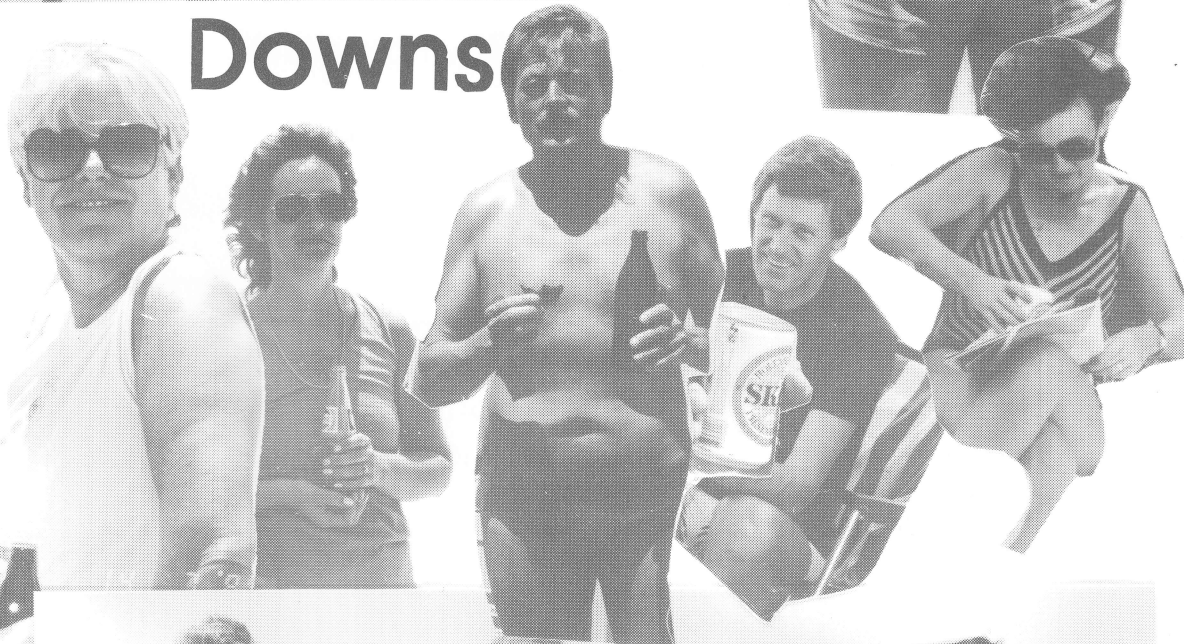
Dear Worried Green Eyes,

Try to remember.

Aunty.



Down Downs



★ Join the army, travel the world,
meet interesting people—and
kill them!

★ A definition of pornography:
reading material to be held in
one hand.

★ Masturbation is better—you don't
have to give your hand flowers
beforehand and apologise after-
wards.

★ Having an erection is like a
mathematical problem — the
longer you think of it the harder
it gets.

★ 27% of men prefer women with
fat legs and 15% prefer women
with thin legs. The other 58%
prefer something in between.

★ Incest—a game for the whole
Family.

★ At least masturbation is sex with
someone you love.

★ To all Virgins—thanks for nothing.



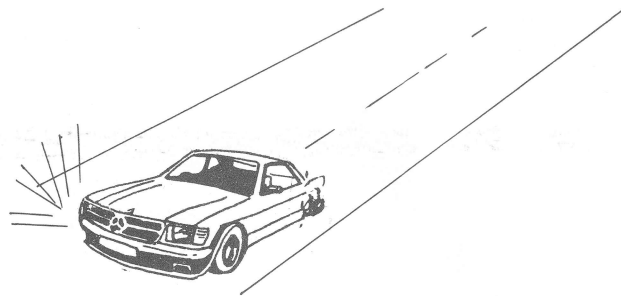
His Master's Voice



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 cocophony 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 son 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.

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

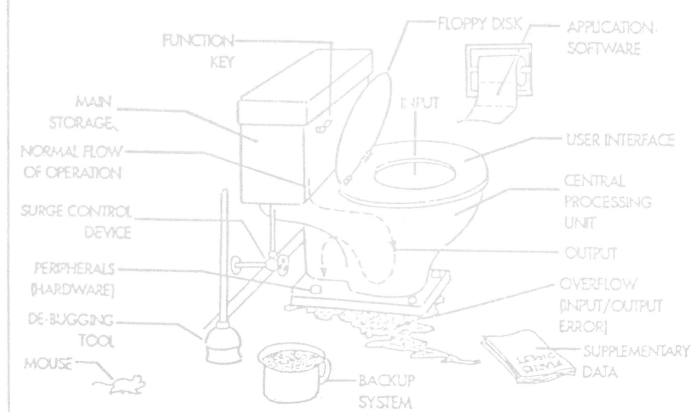


- ★ You have to go too far to see how far you can go.
- ★ We drink to drown our sorrows but when we're drunk things seem to swim.



Looks like a load of balls to me!

Understanding Computer Technology



- ★ We're always in the shit — only the depth varies.
- ★ Healthy people live longer—but they spend more time jogging.

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 Moscow Hash has been the subject of some publicity recently due to the alleged anti-social nature of its activities. 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.

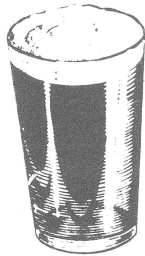
So what is it that makes the Hash so popular? Is it the fitness ethic that prevails? Undoubtedly running has been a growth activity in the last decade and 'Le Jogging' is now worldwide, at least in developed countries. Therefore the Hash must surely attribute some of its popularity to the physical fitness 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. 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 the beer-drinking is a main preoccupation and tempermental (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 belit-



tlement, 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.

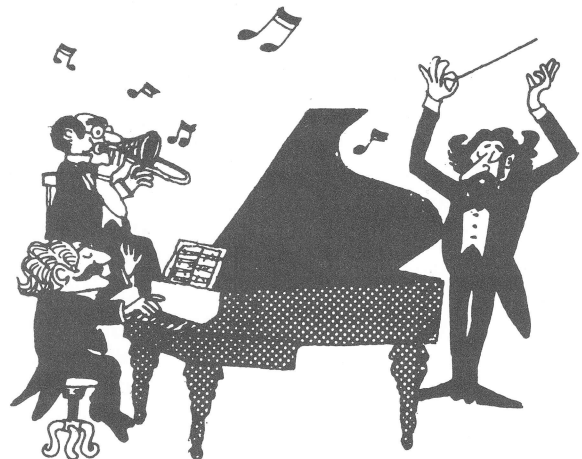
In many Hashes, single sexism exists and male macho chauvinism can be a strong draw and the



chance to get away from the wife/girlfriend/boy-friend (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 lovely 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. Beureaucracy 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 its 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 cameraderie coupled



with a considerable social spin-off, all revolving around an earthly 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.

THE LAST WORD

And so we reach the end of another Epic story of Baghdad. As we all know the magazine contains nothing but the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth (to quote a well known phrase or saying). 'Fabrication' many will cry (in particular if they work for I & B Architects) but we assure you that this is not so, the editors have searched diligently to ensure that no lies have been printed and wish to thank those who provided the alcohol whilst telling them the true stories.

So what did you think of the run (and the magazine)? Rubbish, I hear some crying, superb say others, too long comes from some quarters and too short from others. Whatever your views we hope that you have enjoyed both and for those who visited Baghdad for the celebrations we hope that happy memories were stirred up.

And so definitely ON-ON to the next 500,
DAVE WILCOX.

May I Feel Said He

May I feel said he,
I'll squeal said she,
Just once said he,
It's fun said she,
May I touch said he,
How much said she,
A lot said he,
Why not said she,
Let's go said he,
Not too far said she,
What's too far said he,
Where you are said she,
May I stay said he,
Which way said she,
Like this said he,
If you kiss said she,
May I move said he,
Is it love said she,
If you're willing said he,
But you're killing said she,
But it's life said he,
But your wife said she
Now! said he,
Ow! said she,
Tip top! said he,
Don't stop said she,
Oh.....! said he,
Go slow said she,
C....ome said he,
Uuuuuuuuuuuuu said she,
You're divine said he
You're mine! said she.