

# THE POET LAUREATE

## REHASH



Run #1252  
Venue: Holmen  
Date: Marts 23th, 2002  
Hares: ~~Sleeping partner, Speeding bump and Codpie~~  
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Run #1253  
Venue: Klampenborg Station  
Date: Marts 30th, 2002  
Hares: Hard On / Swamp Thing  
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Run #1258 - HHHNS run #200  
Venue: Jount run - P-lot of ~~Danish~~ Søborgvej and Lundegade.  
Circle in "Naverhuler" by Sct. Anna Gade 21  
Date: The run Monday 22 April 2002  
Hares: ~~HHHNS.~~ *So no this in Danish*  
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**The Songs in Copenhagen Hash House Harriers**  
To take out - middle pages

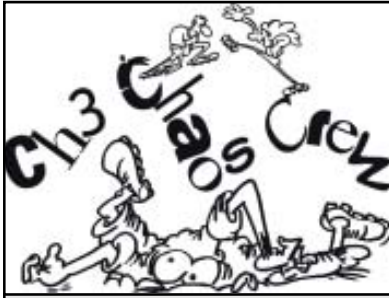
**Madrid Run 1111/1112 SPECIAL**  
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Dos thay go all the way in Madrid

Who is he and what has the jaket to do with this.



# The Chaos Crew



**GM (GRAND MATTRESS):**

Masochist

[Lene Haakonsen - 44361779]

**MC (MASTER OF CEREMONIES):** Bogey

[Dirk Baillie - 26939330]

**RA (RELIGIOUS ADVISOR):**

Dino

[Henrik Andersen - 27293520]

**HASH CASH:**

[Helene Dunbar - 39407774]

**HASH SEC:** Ib Von Täinen

[Michael Harly - 23241112]

**HASH MUSIC:** Stallion

[Erik Bruijn Brosius - 45410874]

**HABERDASH:** Hard On

[Michael Kristensen - 45767439]

**HASH BEER:** 2nd Class

[Claes Heerup - 45880107]

**AMBASHADOR:** Dollys Delight

[Frank Hatzack - 26554497 (w)]

**HARE RAISER:** Her Holynose

[Lene Kildegaard - 38711533]

**JOINTEE:** Woodstock the Bird

[Christina Kracht - 39290787]

**HASH FLASH:** Swamp Thing

[Torben S. Jensen - 32590657]

**HASH HORN:** Speedy Bump

[Jacob Appel-Hansen - 21903889]

## Hole News



2002-06-03 run 1263

Brønshøj Torv

Hares: Viking



2002-05-27 run 1262

Henningsens Allé 14, Hellerup

Hares: Ib von Täinen, Speedy

Bump & Swamp Thing



Welcome to Miss Moneypenny  
after 13 year and 50+ runs

The Poet Laureate

# REHASH

Run #1252

Venue: Holmen

Date: Marts 23th, 2002

Hares: ~~Sleeping partner~~, Speeding bump and Codpie

Despite the cloudy, chilly, windy. weather and three 3 different hares promising and then failing to set the run, it was an inspiring run, for it was not raining. And thanks to Codpiece the hashers could again take advantage of each others company and have an adventure also that Saturday.

Woodstock the Festival kindly welcomed two guests from Burkina Faso (Velvet Tongue) and South-Africa (The Tulip eater). After a

living quarters mixed with cafes and restaurants. After Knippelsbro had been trampled across a a left turn down a winding staircase led to a drink stop which was not far away.



starting point.

After the circle meeting some hashers chose to prolong their jabbering inside Gulliveris Pub.

Again Copenhagen a bit differently experienced. All in all, good memories from the second last Saturday run first part of 2002.

OnOn  
Flower Power



Små grå drinks were served in front of a water bus stop. The view also was interesting there. Buildings such as the Diamond and the headquarters of Nordea bank opposite. The eager runners took the tour back on their feet, running. For the rest of the pack a viable alternative was the harbour bus trip back to



small introduction to the run the hashers set off.

The tour started from a desolate building site on Holmen. The first flour tracks led the hashers past the new Architect School, some other art schools and some recently built apartments. Then on to Christianshavn where easy to follow tracks guided the hashers through some of the interesting old



## Soro this in Danish

# REHASH

Run #1258 - HHHNS run #200

Venue: Jount run - P-lot of Kronborgvej and Lundegade.

Circle in "Naverhulen" by Sct. Anna Gade 21

Date: The run Monday 22 April 2002

Hares: HHHHS.

Mandag d. 22. april 2002 vil blive husket som dagen, hvor vi løb vort løb nr. 200 (altså fordi vi løb nr. 201 ugen før, så det kunne passe vores GM bedre). Men hvis ret skal være ret, så var det da rart, at han



var med. Udover hans da meget festlige indslag, så betød det jo også, at Linda var med. Det er vi mange der satte pris på. Selvom vi hver især ser meget til hende i dagligdagen, så er det alligevel svært at passe ind, så ofte som man gerne vil. Derfor er det godt, at vi er så mange, der kan deles om opgaven.

Selve løbet var årets første melløb.

Glimrende lagt af PET, der excellerer med sin vandflaske fyldt med mel. Eller også er det børnepudder, som han rundhåndet hælder ned i bukserne på

GM, når hans hudafskrabning truer



(grundet det store og tunge udstyr, han må slæbe rundt på).

Løbet som sådant var naturligvis ikke så hårdt, som til dagligt, hvilket skyldtes hensynet til vore gæster; kvinder og Københavnerne. Vi fik bekræftet vort indtryk selv efter dette milde løb, at vi løb mere og drak mindre, end vore københavnske gæster er vant til.

Enkelte fra den flade stenbro gav dog udtryk for, at det var spændende at prøve bakker! – men brostenene på Kronborg syntes dog lidt for toppede. Men de klarede det og nåede ligesom vi andre frem til Naverhulen, hvor resten af det glimrende arrangement kunne tage sin begyndelse.

Ros i øvrigt til officials, der havde sørget for transport af tasker med skiftetøj fra

startstedet til målområdet. Også logistisk var arrangementet i top (herunder også en trillebørfuld øl ved pitstop undervejs).

Ved Naverhulen var der interimistisk

mulighed for omklædning. Enkelte (dog ikke nok, syntes

kvinderne som med én mund) glimt af bart kød kunne observeres. Kun få opdagede, at Helle klædte om (inderst til yderst) i brændeskuret, hvor man ved blot at stå let på tå kunne følge med. Det var Helle lidt ærgerlig over. ”Så kunne det være det samme”, som Helle efterfølgende udtalte.



Circle blev afholdt i Naverhulens gård og rummede down-down til Haren, til gæster (kvinder) samt til vor egen GrandMaster, som det lykkedes at besudle ikke blot HHH Copenhagens i forvejen skidne tæppe med sin løbesko, men også deres drikkehorn efter først at have checket, om der var mere børnepudder på de (u)ædlere dele.

Samme tæppe lagde tæppe til 2 x 200 løbs down-down til det umage par Masochist og Hash-Zeus eller hvad han nu hedder (Ivan the Terlebe, red.) med den gyldne hammer. Begge lagde an til russisk tungekys ved medlæje-overrækkelsen, men GM holdt sig i skindet.

Disse og flere andre  
ligegyldige indlæg og udbrud  
lagde fint op til Circlens



højdepunkt, da det samlede,  
veltrimmede mandskor af  
HHHNZ herrer gav en mindre  
demonstration i den disciplin,  
der normalt omgiver  
mandagsløbene. Som en  
hyldest til GM i vores midte,  
som har ført os mere eller  
mindre helskindede igennem  
(ca.) 200 løb, fremførtes  
følgende Grand Master Chant  
(med tilhørende koreografi):

Undertegnede ForHash må  
erkende at være så bevæget  
over korets præstation,  
at jeg under premieren på det  
nye andet vers, måtte tage et

øjeblik for mig selv. For at  
sige det, som det er, så led jeg  
af hukommelsestab og déjà-vu  
på samme tid: Jeg synes  
bestemt, at jeg havde glemt  
det her før.

Efter dette var der ikke en  
hals tør og vi måtte trække ind  
i Naverhulen til mere øl, sild,  
snaps og ikke mindst Hash  
(biksemad), og hvilken  
biksemad! Il presidente de  
Naverhulen fortalte os blandt  
meget andet, at ingen  
nogensinde er gået sulten fra  
Naverhulen. Jeg tror ham.  
Denne mageløse biksemad slår  
selv gule ærter, som vor Mor  
åbnede dem.

Derudover gav Præsidenten os  
en kort indføring i  
Naverhulens historie, hvilket  
var uhyre interessant.  
Endvidere gjorde han rede for  
de strenge optagelseskrav, der  
udover en vis tid ude af landet  
blandt andet indeholdt  
kravet om, at man skulle være  
respektabel og ædruelig.  
Præsidenten måtte således  
erkende, at vor egen GM var  
blevet medlem på dispensa-  
tion.

Samme GM og Hash-Cash  
havde begået et glimrende  
skriv (ikke skrev, Arne)  
under titlen ”200 Mondays  
without Women”

Nu er det jo en kendt sag, at  
HHH Copenhagen selv som  
gæster i vor landsdel konstant  
leder efter Mis-Management,  
hvor de kan finde det. De er i  
øvrigt kommet til de rette.

I tråd med dette følte et  
medlem af HHH Copenhagen  
sig kaldet til at påpege, at da  
både løb nr. 100 og 200 har  
indeholdt et antal af det  
omtalte køn, burde hæftet  
måske rettelig have heddet  
”198 Mondays without  
Women”. Boring!

Da samtlige medlemmer af  
HHHNZ af natur er åbne for  
kritik (andet kan ikke svare  
sig, har de lært på hjemme-  
fronten), så lad det straks  
kundgøres, at næste oplag af  
hæftet for også at ære HHH  
Copenhagens fravær i det  
daglige vil bære titlen ”198  
Mondays without Women and  
Wankers”.

Hæftet, der generøst er trykt  
hos landets bedste trykkeri, A-

### Grand Master Chant med tilhørende koreografi:

ForHash:

Every fucking grey Monday  
Grand Master will lead the way.  
He creeps up every other mile.  
He likes all things the doggy style.

In the forest green and deep  
there ain't now slope or hill too steep,  
and if he can help a friend  
he'll reach the climax in the end

HashKor:

Every fucking grey Monday  
Grand Master will lead the way.  
He creeps up every other mile.  
He likes all things the doggy style.

In the forest green and deep  
there ain't now slope or hill too steep,  
and if he can help a friend  
he'll reach the climax in the end

Print, rummer et bagudrettet retrohistorisk tilbageblik set i bakspejlet fra det første jomfruelige løb i 1998 til altså løb nr. ca. 200. Mange gyldne øjeblikke er fastholdt i denne nostalgiske tryksag. Personligt kan jeg anbefale et gensyn med løb nr. 141. Minderne formeligt vælder frem. Jo, det var glade og ubekymrede dage....



jalousi, antydning af dyresex og meget andet. Kort sagt, fire handlingsmættede linjer om GM, som vil kunne chokere selv hærdede Hashere, men næppe Linda.

Med tillæg af et par forårsløb, så ser det umiddelbart ud til at løb nr. 300 meget vel kan falde på mandag d. 8. marts 2004. Allerede her må jeg

råbe vagt i gevær! Som bekendt er d. 8. marts kvindernes internationale kampdag. Så at højtideligholde dette løb (med kvinder) på netop denne dag, vil være at gøre ideologisk vold mod hele HHHNZ' idégrundlag.

Det passer mig i øvrigt heller ikke så godt den 8. marts. Der har jeg vasketur.

Mikkel  
(Farum)



Uden at gå på kompromis med vores grundtvigianske grundtanker, må det være mig tilladt at glæde mig over, at vi disse få gange (offentligt) kan hilse på, kramme, kysse osv. hinandens koner. De er jo i grunden søde og har vel strengt taget også fortjent at blive vist frem en gang imellem.

Flere har vel ræsonneret ligesom jeg, at 100 kr. for en ekstra kuvert + lidt danskvand var billigere end at tage end taxa hjem.

Med henblik på løb nr. 300 (297 i københavnsk tidsregning) kan jeg allerede nu garantere et tredje vers i GrandMaster Chant. Det bliver et vers, der vil rumme spænding, erotik, intriger,

Jeg vil derfor foreslå den kætterske tanke, at vi den dag løber vort løb nr. 301, hvorefter vi kan løbe nr. 300 ugen efter...



# The Songs in Copenhagen Hash House Harriers

## Songs used in the circle

When the Master of Ceremonies awards a down down to a hasher the congregation sings the down down song.

### The Down Down Song

Here's to ...  
 He's so blue.  
 He's a bastard through and through.  
 He's a bastard so they say,  
 and he'll never get to heaven in a long long way.  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down,  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down.

Tune: Come Let Us Adore Him  
 Why are we waiting, why are we waiting,  
 why are we waiting, oh why, why, why?  
 Why are we waiting, why are we waiting,  
 why are we waiting, why are we waiting,  
 why are we waiting, oh why, why, why?



After a hasher has ended his down down, the congregation will sing one of the following two songs:

### Why was he born so beautiful?

Why was he born so beautiful?  
 Why was he born at all?  
 He's no fucking use to anyone.  
 He's no fucking use at all.

### He may be a joy to his mother

He may be a joy to his mother  
 But he's a pain in the asshole to me.

The circle is ended with "The Copenhagen Hash House Harriers Hymn". A crate of beer (with at least one full beer) is placed in the centre of the circle before the hymn is started.

### The Copenhagen Hash House Harriers Hymn

Tune: Land of Hope and Glory  
 Text: Carl Sodbuster Bondorff (1985)

Come on Viking Wanker's.  
 Lift your beers and shout.  
 We are Copenhasher's.  
 What we've got we flaunt.  
 Close the narrow circle.  
 Gather round the beer.  
 Hashing, wanking, drinking.  
 That is why we're here.  
 Hashing, wanking, drinking.  
 That is why we're here.



After the Hymn the boys shouts the Oggy Oggy Oggy followed by the boy's song:

### Oggy Oggy Oggy

Tune: A Cheer

Leader (Spoken/yelled)	Olly Olly Olly!
Unruly Mob (Mumbled)	Oi Oi Oi.
Leader (Louder)	Olly Olly Olly!!
Rabble (Faces turn)	Oi Oi Oi!
Leader (Really pissed now)	Olly!!!!
Crowd (Bellowing)	Oi!!!!
Leader (Red faced)	Olly!!!!
Audience (This is fun!)	Oi!!!!
Leader (Shits himself)	Olly Olly Olly!!!!
Followers (Gungho)	Oi Oi Oi!!!!!!!



### The Poet Laureate

# Sex Is Boring

## Boys, song:

I'm in love with the girl next door.  
Smell my finger.  
She's a big one.  
Smell my elbow.  
She's enormous.  
Smell my armpit.  
She's gigantic.  
Smell my ankle.  
She's just fourteen  
And your ...

*After the boy's song, the girls sing  
one of the following two songs:*

## Girls' song

I'm in love with the boy next door.  
Smell his moustache.  
He's a small one  
and a quick one.

## All I get is a bottle of beer!

Tune: 24 Røvere  
Text: Susanne Poodle K. Mikkelsen (1991)  
Majbritt Puffer Jørgensen  
Charlotte Plastered Dønvang  
Jannie Jannie the Nannie Petersen  
Lise Octopussy Bonde  
Christina Dung Heap Dønvang

(Chorus) Last night, a Hasher boy,  
tried to show me his own little toy.  
He opened up, took it out,  
but all I saw was a baby sprout.  
I said: Oh boy!  
Is that what you call a mammoth toy?  
Why... don't you give me a beer?  
I'd rather play with my dildo gear!

(Solo) He is hashing  
(Chorus) ... hashing.  
(Solo) He is wanking  
(Chorus) ... wanking.  
(Solo) I am waiting  
(Chorus) ... waiting.  
(Chorus) And all I get is a bottle of beer!  
When I find a man,  
he'll never use his hand again.  
He can use ... all his gear,  
but all I want is a bottle of beer!

Sex is boring, (Harriers)  
Sex is boring, Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun, Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun, Pain is fun,  
Gonna cut my fingers off, Pain is fun,  
Gonna cut my fingers off, Cutting off my gonads,  
One by one, Cutting off my gonads,  
One by one. One by one,  
One by one. One by one.

Sex is boring, Sex is boring,  
Sex is boring, Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun, Pain is fun,  
Pain is fun, Pain is fun,  
Gonna cut my toes off, Cutting off my penis,  
Gonna cut my toes off, Cutting off my penis,  
One by one, Inch by inch,  
One by one. Inch by inch.

Sex is boring, (Harriettes)  
Sex is boring, Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun, Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun, Sex is boring,  
Pulling out my pubic hairs, Pain is fun,  
Pulling out my pubic hairs, Pain is fun,  
One by one, Gonna cut my titties off,  
One by one. Gonna cut my titties off,  
One by one, One by one,  
One by one. One by one.

Sex is boring, Sex is boring,  
Sex is boring, Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun, Pain is fun,  
Pain is fun, Pain is fun,  
Poking out my eyes, Poking out my eyes,  
One by one, One by one,  
One by one. Gonna yank my diaphragm,  
Gonna yank my diaphragm,  
'Til it bleeds,  
'Til it bleeds.





# Swing Low Sweet charriot (Hash Hymn)

Chorus

Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,  
Cumin' four two carry me home...  
Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,  
Cumin' four two carry me home.

(3rd verse')

I'm sometimes up, I'm some-times down,  
Cumin' four two carry me home...  
But still my sole feels heav-en-ly bound,  
Cumin' four two carry me home..

(1st verse')

I looked over Jordon,  
And what did I see-ee,  
Cumin' four two carry me home...  
A band of An-gels,  
Cumin' after me-ee,  
Cumin' four two carry me home...

Options:

Songmaster says, 'Ray Charles', then pack closes eyes and sings chorus with gestures, moving head from side to side with the beat.

Songmaster says, 'Humming', then pack hums chorus with gestures.

(2nd verse')

If you get there be-four I doo,  
Cumin' four two carry me home...  
Tell all my friends I'm cumin' twoo,  
Cumin' four two carry me home...

Songmaster says, 'Silently', then pack does chorus silently with gestures only, following the lead of the songmaster. Songmasters who screw up the gestures significantly are traditionally awarded a down down after the song..

**CHORUS**

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME

1ST CHORUS

2ND CHORUS

**VERSE 1**

I LOOKED OVER JORDAN

AND WHAT DID I SEE

A BAND OF ANGELS COMING AFTER ME

COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.....

COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.....

CHORUS 3 TIMES

- First
- Second
- Third
- Normal singing
- Humming

# Father Abraham

Chorus

Father Abraham had seven sons.  
And seven sons had Father Abraham.  
And he never laughed,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this.



With a left.  
(Hold left arm out, moving hand to vertical and back again, and sing chorus while doing it.)  
(Stop moving arm and drop to side, then start over.)  
With a left, (Start moving left arm again.)  
And a right. (Start moving right arm in same fashion at same time as left, then sing chorus again while doing so. This goes on adding movements in order with each verse.)

With a left,  
And a right,  
And a left  
(Start moving left leg back and forth to side along with the arms.)

With a left,  
And a right,  
And a left,  
And a right,  
(Now you are doing jumping jacks)

(Repeat the limb positions, then:)  
And a Hooh! (Thrust out your butt, do chorus with the jumping jacks, shouting "Hooh!" and doing the butt thrust after "Father Abraham and at the end of each line except the last.)

(Repeat the previous positions, then:)  
And a Hah!  
(Thrust your pevis forward and ending with the chorus like this:)

Father Abraham (Hooh! Hah!) had seven sons (Hooh! Hah!)  
And seven sons had Father Abraham (Hooh! Hah!)  
And he never laughed (Hooh! Hah!)  
And he never cried (Hooh! Hah!)  
All he did was go like this-

(Thrust out your butt, grab your ankles, and make a loud farting noise.)



# REHASH

Haggissimo's Version

*SHIT !! Its 12:30 the r\*n starts in two hours.*

*SHIT !! It says to wear Xmas gear.*

*Guess it serves you right when you just decide at the last minute to see if there's a hash going on. Anyway thanks to Codpiece's Email and phone call we found out where it was all happening.*

## THE RUN REPORT

Well I thought I'd be clever and search the web for info on Klampenborg and copy and paste it into the r\*n report to save a bit of time but of course it's all in f\*cking Swahilee. But ..... I did find a sight that looks interesting [www.infobakken.dk](http://www.infobakken.dk) at least it mentions pub-crawl and there's a picture of a semi-naked woman on the front page ..... guess you guys could check it out and tell me what it's all about.

Anyway f\*ch that. I suppose I'm going to have to unravel the effects of Codpiece and Pop-Eye's Ale Sampling in Gullivers on Sunday evening and try and remember what actually happened the day before.

A last minute spur-of-the-moment bit of madness saw Bare Ass Burns of the Houston On-The-Rag Hash and yours truly book a ticket to arrive in Copenhagen 4 hours later for Easter. Being the careful planners that we are

we threw some hash T-Shirts and r\*nnng shoes into the already lightweight (NOT)



travelbags and fired off a quick Email to the two people I had in my Email list (coz your f'in Web Site was down wasn;t it). Anyway Saturday morning's hangover came around and Codpiece had sent us the r\*n details so it was back to the room to get changed. Stallion apparently is too busy changing baby's nappies these days to bother keeping in touch with his old drinking buddies that remind him only too well of his long gone bachelor days .... UNLUCKY !!! Party Prick had apparently recently robbed a bank and was moving into a castle just outside the city. Seconds later we nearly got arrested. Now in Amsterdam you can click your Strippenkaart Travel Tickets on the train ... not a lot of people know this (honest) but in Copenhagen you're apparently supposed to do this on the platform. EM ... Hello mister ticket inspec-

Run #1253

Venue: Klampenborg Station

Date: Marts 30th, 2002

Hares: Hard On / Swamp Thing

tor I've got a confession to make .... But thanks to BareAssBurn's pleading and a promise that she'd flash her tits we got let off with a potential 800 Crown fine that we later learned when we bumped into Jens at the station.

After about 30 minutes of wonder-

ing about with NO PUB in sight (hares take note) we found the pack in a car park. Spotted Bogey a mile off and later on another familiar face Elephant Cook arrived. BareAssBurn immediately descended on the Haberdasher and wanted one of everything ... but being the good Scots-



man that I am the wallet was safely in the car ... Phew !!! ...After the preliminaries we set-off.... Bogey had in-

structed the pack to look after us .... More of that later. We'd gone no more than 100 metres when BareAssBurn decided to show us how to handle Danish Motor Bikes. Straight ON...ON... to the middle of the road, looking in the wrong direction and nearly presenting CH3 with a King Sized Human Texan Burger (how the cyclist missed her god only knows).

Then it was a highly informative trail that we took (Elephant Cook was busy telling me that the stretch of water was indeed the Baltic Sea while PopEye was telling Bare Ass that the same stretch of water was in fact 'The Sound') ... seems funny that a nation of explorers would have problems with geography.

We then r\*n a good rugged trail through the shiggy of the King's Old hunting grounds where there were a few memorable moments – being confronted by a stag at close range, seeing some mad b\*st\*rd r\*nnng clean through a herd of deer that were crossing the road, the Aquavit stop courtesy of Hard On / Swamp Thing, Bogey playing The Stag and marking his own tree with his urine – proudly proclaiming that he was the M.C. this week and could do what the f\*ck he wanted (guess that'll be a down down at next week's r\*n then).

Seems like Popeye and Bare Ass Burn were the only two missing at the Beer Stop and

rumours abounded to where they'd got to when we literally 'came' across them as we were being chased by horses down the home stretch.

And so it was back to a highly entertaining circle with a lot of laughter and even more beer.

### ***BareAssBurn's Version***

Turned-up, met Popeye, got way'laid' for two hours, lost trail, missed the beer-stop. Thought I'd got lucky but then found out his name was Elephant Cook not Co\*k.



### ***Popeye's Version***

Turned-up. Met BareAssBurn, got earache.

### **THE CIRCLE**

This is where we need Bogey's help since he's got all the Down Down notes. Despite looking at the photo's I can hardly recall what happened. I do remember sitting on a carpet with BareAssBurn and being made to watch while she sucked on a Viking's Horn whilst I drank a can of Xmas beer.

ON...ON... Haggissimo & Bare Ass Burn

“Never Let The Truth Get In The Way Of A Good Story”

Thanks for a great week-end .... we'll be back .... For the 1500th !!

C U in GOA September 27-29 2002.



### ***Bogey's Version***

Bogeys Notes on the Down Downs (by Bogey):

1. The hares Hard On and Swamp Thing for setting the run.
2. Informed by absentee Ib (yes - “Hash Shit” Ib) via Flour Power that the most eligible hasher for the Yellow T-shirt is Hard On, I give him the shirt and down-down him. And Hard On - stupid bastard that he is - takes the down-down and THEN informs me that he was not present at last weeks run and is therefore NOT eligible for the Yellow t-shirt!
3. I then ask the circle if any of them think they are eligible, and Woodstock the Festival

immediately says he is. (Woodstock has a chip operated into his brain - what of it there is - which makes him think that he is ALWAYS the person who should have the Yellow t-shirt.) Woodstock gets the shirt and a down-down . . . . during which Father Abraham sidles up to me with the run sheet in his hand and says that it actually is Rusty Dick who should have the shirt.

4. Amidst much struggling, wailing and gnashing of teeth we manage to wrench the Yellow t-shirt from Woodstock's grasp. The shirt is given to Rusty Dick and he gets his down-down . . . . during which

Father Abraham, still at my side, says "No, actually Swamp Thing has more consecutive runs than Rusty - he should have the shirt."

5. Bogey says "F\*ck this - the shirt stays with Rusty!"

6. Half-Pint and Lene for being the CH3 Swedish Chapter. (After which the likely lad empties the rest of the horn over mum's head! "He may be a joy to his mother" - but I think NOT at that moment!

7. Flour Power for asking me: "Why do you go around making notes in that little note-book?" Why not just come up to me and say "MC; I want to be down-downed today, please"!

8. Elephant Cook (Hash-Christmas-Tree-Walking) for being a returner.

9. BareAssBurn for trying to get herself stuck to the front of a motor bike to become its decorative mascot.



10. BareAssBurn and Haggissimo on the Holy F\*cking Carpet to get their Visitors Welcome down-down.

11. Woodstock the Festival, Father Abraham, Loping Scrotum and Abu Nidal for silent front-running without helping the pack by calling ON ON. Concluded by Father Abe emptying the best part of a beer over his (ex) hash mate Loping Scrotum's head when the song got to the "over your head" part.

12. Slop Tank for the opposite offence - blowing our bloody eardrums out every time he yells ON ON.

13. Popeye and Public Hair for arriving in a taxi - and an open sports-car taxi at that!

14. Hard On, Swamp Thing and Loping Scrotum for being the only twits to take the Wear Christmas Gear message seriously and wear their red "Christmas elves" caps.

15. Her Holy Nose for being the only wrong-twit. (Took the Wear Christmas Gear message seriously - and then put on a yellow cap!)

16. Bogey down-downed as "Hash-shit" by Popeye for not having the horn at the previous run. Since Bogey himself was not at the previous run either, he had a little difficulty in seeing the logic of expecting the horn to appear there on its own, but took his down-down anyway.

17. Haggissimo for giving us his "Ring-arang-aroo" song.

18. And the Hash Hymn and Huggi Huggi Huggi, and ON ON.



# Run 1111 SPECIAL - The "We're On The Level" Nash Hash Featured Hares - But For What, Fat Boy Porteño, Shakespeare. Location - Navacerrada to Cercedilla - Saturday 25th May 2002

## Foreword

The build up to the MH3 1111 Nash Hash started about 5 months ago with the formation of the special 1111 sub-committee consisting of **Culchie, Too Long and Just In**. The hurdles overcome by these people - subsequently assisted by many others - were numerous and, as a result of their dedication and attention to detail the whole weekend, in the opinion of all bar none, was a complete success. RA arranged the sunshine, the Hares did a splendid job in setting the trails and the difficult task of moving 100+ hashers around was accomplished without too many loses .... apart from the loss of our beer tent that is. More later!



## Warm Up Events

The whole weekend actually kicked off on the Thursday (23<sup>rd</sup>) night with **El Porteño** organising a welcoming pissup at a traditional Spanish watering den. Well ... er .... it was in fact an Irish bar in Bilbao. Still, well appreciated, I'm sure, by the participants who by about 3.00 in the morning really couldn't have told the difference anyway.

Friday night saw the Puzzle Tour of Madrileño bars. About 50 hashers participated in this and anybody starting the tour in a sober state might have stood half a chance of answering the 15 questions which ranged from naming the benefactor of the horse statue in Plaza Oriente to putting the name to a budgie in Casa Boni .. and these were the cleaner of the questions. **Tight Fit** decided on which group had the

best looking Harriettes and marked the returned papers accordingly. It fell upon **Rat Without A Snatch** to introduce a decider round which involved the drinking of copious amounts of alcohol through very thin straws. Vaseline's group won by a head (Head? Who said ...). For most the evening went well past 2.00 am thus leaving Hashers in a perfect state for the trials and tribulations of the following days' s featured 1111 Nash Hash event.

## The 1111 Run

The 20 minute delay in the departure of the coach from Templo de Debod saw **But For What** munching on his nails, then his fingers and wisely stopping at his armpits. Problem was that logistics of getting the 100 odd hashers to Cercedilla train station to catch the 1.30 train to Navacerrada was a vital ingredient to the whole event. No Hasher on said train may have meant no Hash - a bit of a bummer for those who had travelled up to 3000 miles to be with us. As it was, everybody made it to the train with 10

minutes to spare - and from then on in it was all down hill - literally. Breathtaking views from 1800m were to be had as we dodged the laid-up chair lifts. The pack split 50/50 between the macho and the wimp trails and that percentage may have been slightly different had **Le Pro** not hoodwinked a few of us (including the author Godamnit!) into following him onto the Wimpy bit. "Follow me lads. I know what I'm doing". Apparently his Great Great Grandfather, Captain Angus Le Pro led the Charge of the Light Brigade. The RA got his own back, however, when he informed the air-punching **Le Pro** that he in fact was NOT the first person back from the Macho trail. Our Tartan Tart then spent the next hour telling anybody that would listen (that wasn't too many mind you) that the Wimp's trail wasn't really all that wimpish and

on a normal weekend it would really have been a macho trail. Yes ... quite!

Average timing for the run was 2 hours 15 ish. That average would have been much reduced had **Gang-plank** and Lady Caroline not decided to romp home an hour after the arrival of the stragglers. Romping being the operative word we suspect!

**And then there was the Beer Tent episode** .....

## Down Downs

This write up could go on all day as the circle went on for a good 90 minutes. Space and time - and the absence of **But For What's** notes - makes it impossible to list here all the newkummers, returnees etc so we'll have to skip it this week. Apologies to all those affected. A mixture of guest speakers and a plethora of snitching/stupidity provided a rich vein of humour to take us through the afternoon. Highlights as follows:

A Warm Welcome to Madrid .... **Rat Without a Snatch** thought that Freddy Mercury look-alike, **Loping Scrotum** (Copenhagen), was eyeing him up in the bar when in fact he was looking for a MH3 member. So, **Rat Was** gallantly ignored him and, at one point, was close to giving him a bloody good slugging if he didn't stop this perverted behaviour.

**Masticator** (Frankfurt) tried to pay for the weekend by overseas bank payment as advised by **Just In**. The instruction was rejected and for his pains the hapless hasher was charged a 20 dollar bank commission.

**Just In** (again) cheated on the Quiz Tour by instructing the barman at Casa Boni to give a false name for his budgie when asked by successive Quiz groups.

**Sad Bastard** flouted international "No Business on the Hash" rules by having his company name printed on the Hash 1111 vest in such a way as to suggest that, in fact, the Hash vest was an afterthought to his advertising spot.

**But For What and Spoons** - the Captain Manwaring and Corporal Jones of the MH3 - mislaid their bag of credit cards etc. They received a call from a guy who found the bag so they drove 10 kilometres to pick it up, only to find that **BFW** had misheard the directions and, in fact, the guy making the original call was only five metres away from where they were in the first place.

*Shit of the Day* candidates were:

**Le Pro** for leading the **RA** on a Wimp trail. Bastard!

**Too Long.** I dunno. **Luxury** can't trust this man with anything. She puts him in charge of the beer tent, turns her back for ten minutes and he's lost the bloody thing. Quite a feat really as it measured 30 cubic metres, had 30 chairs, 8 tables, a Ford Transit and a 2000mw generator attached to it. Apparently the police opinioned that the generator might be polluting what was the National Park ... so they toed it away on the back of a cabon monoxide-spewing police van. Bloody Hitlers! Luckily the MH3 had 6 coolers of beer floating around in the back of various hashers boots.

Quite normal really!

**El Porteño** took control of the situation when he advised the bus driver to "nip off home and grab lunch. You don't have to be back till 6.30" ignoring the fact that said bus contained personal belongings of half of the Hash.

**Godmother.** The lack of serrano ham at the picnic was noted and, under interrogation, was traced to the fridge of this, up until now, trustworthy committee member. (Just thought you should know **Godmother** that it was **Le Pro** who snitched on this one).

**Gangplank** (Mijas RA - poor bastards!). How can this man have a sense of direction if he doesn't have any sense at all? Don't sailors have an inbuilt compass? Apparently his sea-faring forefather was captian on the Marie Celeste.

**The Poet Laureate**

Turned up an hour late with his Lady Caroline in tow and looking the worse for wear. Hair all over the place.....

**Howler.** Had a crap during the puzzle tour in front of the King's Palace. At least she has some class.

**Toilet Tart** (Mijas) was selling Mijas haberdashery in direct competition to our own product. She had no licence, no permission .... and no customers. Serves herself right.

The wi\*\*er was our very own **Howler.** This must be the first time in Hash legend that a Harriette has won *Shit of the Day* for having a *Shit in the Night* in front of royalty.

## Give Me The Night

The coach left the site at 8.00 ish, by which time everybody was so pissed that nobody on the coach noticed that the driver had peeled



off from the Hash convoy. Panic phone calls from an equally pissed **But For What** in the lead car kind of got us back on track. Impressive restaurant organised by **Culchie.** Chandeliers to swing from, unlimited beer, excellent nosh the

likes of which rarely seen at Hashing events. No *Greasy Lil's* for the Hash tonight. .... and then the entertainment.....

Now, I'm not going to go into too much detail here because your scribe for Saturday, **Titus Fiticus,** has agreed to let the Sunday scribe, **Just In,** take over from this point on. But we all know what a shrinking violet **Just In** really is. His extreme modesty will surely prevent him from going into depth on his performance so suffice to say that this man (who's claim to fame is that he once sang accompanied by the Stranglers - until they let him out of Broadmoor that is!) is a man of many talents.

Over to you **Just In** .....

**W**ell, what can you say after that? I was going to give you an in-depth description of our entertainment that night, dwelling mostly on the most surprising re-appearance of Graham Chapman & the spectacular performance of **Benny Dover,** the "key" member (geddit?) of that fabulous Swedish quartet. But, my supposed modesty obliges me to concentrate on the other contestants of our Euro Trash Song Contest: there was **Brian DisMay,** the last-minute stand-in guitarist, who had been willing to lend a hand as Graham's back-up group had last been seen on a plane heading for Ulan Bator. In fact, he turned out to be willing to lend more than just a hand... (bit of a Queen, if you ask me). There was **AnniFridgid,** who in spite of her reputation, made all male hearts (and other parts of their anatomy) melt, during her performance of "Super Drooper". There was **Magneta,** obviously the epitome of female attraction and last, but not least, **Björn Again,** who had everyone up and dancing on "Do you screw?" ("Aaha!") with his ear-splitting riffs.

But, that was not all, since after the usual long drawn-out voting session (which surprisingly was won by **Stiff Nipple,** our Swiss contestant, without so much as a nursery rhyme for a contribution), we were feasted on a star performance by **Los Despreciables.** Eat your heart out Rosa!

Joking aside, I haven't seen such a tight band for a long time and very few groups would be able to produce that amount of well-harmonised noise with a 7-piece band! Their music was so contagious that even **Sidewinder,** who had broken both her legs (and what legs!) on the mountains and had been carried to the restaurant on a stretcher by our two male nurses, got up and boogied! In fact, even **Graham Chapman,** the Hash's own Lazarus undid his swathing and bopped till he dropped (once again). I rest my case.

Yes, she dit.



# Run 1112 SPECIAL - The "Do You Feel Lucky Punk? Do You" Run Featured Hares - ASH, Sixties Throwback, La Constitución Location - The Fleece ("El Vellón") - Sunday 26th May 2002

## The 1112 Run

Not everyone survived the night and there were quite a few changed faces on the bus and at the run-site the following morning. **Mijas HHH** had completely disappeared, **Frankfurt HHH** had been decimated and many a Madrid Hasher seemed missing as well. **Montreal HHH**, however, did show up again with full strength, only to be ignored once more...

Putting **A.S.H.** in charge of a Hair of the Dog run seems a bit like putting the founder of Opus Dei in charge of Chinese population control, but the organisers had got wind of the fact that he was going to receive the assistance of his brother **Sixties**, the very inventor of the term "laid-back", so not worry. Well, he did try to fool us into believing that the run would be long and arduous and there were a few people starting to moan 'n groan about supposed injuries during his announcement (**Sidewinder** obviously being one of them), but it was all for show. A nice hour-and-a-bit run, with a good variety of flat and hilly terrain was just the ticket to stretch our tortured muscles from the day before a bit and left enough time to enjoy the cool beer on tap waiting for us at the car-park Good show lads (and lass, of course)! - apparently there had been yet another couple of Guardia Civil spoilsports loitering around the beer-tent, possibly with intent to remove said marquee, but they took one look at the bar-maid and scuffled to safety -

## Down Downs

There were all sorts of appearances in the circle of guest R.A.'s, ex-R.A.'s and what have you (except Montreal, of course...) so things were a tad chaotic. Not to mention the constant "Chinese Fire Drills", used by certain Madrid Hash R.A.'s to get a better view of flashing Harriettes and the continuing on-slaught on innocent smokers. I'll try to make some sense of it anyway:

Competitive Haberdashery - **Bogey** (Copenhagen) had auctioned off Gabriella No Name's fleece the previous night on the bus to Chueca Boy, who in turn wanted 40 Euros from its rightful owner. "How to scare new Hashers away" in 1 easy lesson...

Competitive Finishing - Several Hashers (we know who you are!) were so inspired by the blow-up finishing arch that they asked **Too Long** for their finishing times... Some of us have only a very thin layer of veneer to disguise us from real people.

Spicks and Spats - **Wobbly Bob** commented that 25% of the newly founded Malaga Hash consisted of Spicks. Is this a new record? I guess it is, just as it is a record that 50% of that Hash are committee members, 100% of them have joined only this week and so on and so forth. Let's just say that 110% of them are ..... (censored by editor).

Favours - **4Skin**, one of the 4 (how appropriate!) members of aforementioned Hash was showing off a Goa-shirt, to which officially nobody is entitled until September; answers on a postcard as to what she has been doing to get one.

Down Under - Inch by Inch spent the whole Saturday with his head in the John. Lucky John!

Alien Humour - **Cherry Popper** did a little spiel about an Alien pissing, or something. It certainly involved a lot of beer and I'm not sure if RAT WAS saw the joke. He probably did, as his humour is usually quite extra-terrestrial as well.

Sock Swapping - As if by magic, **Pay Per View** showed up with **Cherry Popper's** socks on this occasion; this in spite of the fact that their hotels are 2 clicks apart. As neither of them could give a satisfactory explanation, **Cherry Popper** was forced to have a down down from the body of evidence.

The **Cunning Stunt** Show then hit the road.

No Madrid event would of course be complete without the contribution of "so much man in so little Lycra": **Cunning Stunts!**

On this occasion, he organised a little re-count of the vote for last night's song-festival, as it appeared that the Estonian jury had got it all wrong! You are not supposed to vote for the song, or even for the singer; you're voting for the country! Nobody normally gives a hoot about the quality of the performance, but thinks back to those singular characteristics of each nationality:

Germany (**Cherry Popper**): Lederhosen, Karl Marx and his brother Groucho and songs that go "Umpah, umpah!".

Scotland (**Alien Sex**): the Glasgow Kiss, indecipherable accents and deep-fried everything.

Ireland (**Culchie**): Daniel O'Donnell, and a local mafia that will make you an offer you can't understand.

The USA (**Euronator**): Grunge, the hydrogen bomb and the electric chair.

England (**Mothersucker**): Maggie Thatcher, football hooligans and the finest cuisine the world has known.

Turkey (**Black Bomb**): Midnight express, smelly belly dancers and bathhouses, where suspiciously only men go.

Israel (Butt For What): compulsory circumcision, compulsory military service and compulsory lack of BLT sandwiches.

Holland (**Just In**): Cheese that tastes of ear-wax, a football team that doesn't qualify for the World Cup and the only place where you are allowed to stick your finger in a Dyke.

These and many more things passed the revue, too many things to mention - so if you weren't there: tough!

After all this, we postponed to our favourite N1 restaurant, where we were yet again feasted on a scrumptious meal - enjoyed by all, except one wanker who had to insult the entire crew of waiters singing "I like Chinese"... Some people are impossible to please

One last remark: I would personally like to thank all visitors for contributing to the success of this event. Absolutely everyone was out to have a good time, without unnecessarily upsetting anyone else in the process; no mean feat! If someone from Madrid didn't go, simply because they couldn't be bothered, it was definitely their loss!

**This BullSheet Special was bought to you by your specially invited artists for the 1111 event - Slimey and Carbuncal.**

**A.K.A.  
Titus Fiticus MH3 R.A. FCMA, Dip (stick).  
Just Recently Arrived MH3 Ex-R.A. Ex-Dip (stick)**