

## ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

(to song of the same name)

Are you lonesome tonight?  
Is the hash out of sight?  
Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?  
Does your throat get real dry,  
Underneath the hot sky?  
When you think of the beer, do you wail?  
Do the sores on your feet seem to blister and pus?  
Do you gaze down the road and just wish for a bus?  
Are your legs filled with pain?  
Will you shortcut again?  
Tell me, fool, are you lonesome tonight?

From The Global Trash Hash Hymnal

He's the meanest  
He sucks the horse's penis  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass.  
Ever since he found it  
All he does is pound it  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass.  
So drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a lug  
Drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug  
Drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug

(start your down down when the circle starting saying “drinking it down down”)  
This song usually begins anytime someone inadvertently says the word “head”

HEAD!

Who said head?

I'll take some of that,

So I did, and it was good

And there was much rejoicing.

We fucked for hours

Uprooting trees & bushes & flowers,

We fucked like Vikings

With horns on our HEAD!

(repeat once)

Drink it down, down, down, down

Down, down, down, down

Why are we waiting,

Could be fornicating

Oh why are we waiting so fucking long.

## MACON HASHING

(to the tune of "Bad Moon Rising")

They know MGH4's out hashing.  
They hear our whistles in the woods.  
They know we're tearing through the briars.  
They know we're sloshing through the mud.

Our hare and hounds are on the move,  
And when we're in our hashing groove,  
We couldn't really give a damn if you approve.  
So why don't you leave us alone?  
Just lock your doors or go get stoned.  
Just let us run, 'cause we're all hashers to the bone.

Our hares love to make their runs stressful.  
"Survival of the fittest" is their creed.  
They don't judge any trail successful,  
Unless it makes all of the poor hounds bleed.

Among the trails they like to take  
Are wading through swamps full of snakes  
Or making us swim with the gators in the lake.  
While railroad tracks make their eyes gleam,  
A briar patch gives them wet dreams,  
At the thought of hearing us all curse and scream.

What could this damned hare have been thinking?  
I think he must be doing drugs.  
Who would have thought that just one hash trail  
Could have so many fucking bugs?

Well, I just hope the pain will pass.  
Don't know how long my blood will last  
With these mosquitoes doing down-downs on my ass.  
Up ahead a hasher roars,  
"Shit, I can't take this anymore,"  
As he looks down at a Check-Back fifty four .

But we'll run the trail just as they set it,  
Even through the swamps and fields and trees,  
For it's better to endure all of this bullshit,  
Than to be known as a sorry S. C. B.

Oh, my crotch feels like it's on fire,  
And I will sing a little higher,

Now that my joy stick's hanging up on that barbed wire.  
Yeah, there are times when we don't care,  
But there are other times we swear  
"There will be pay-back for that sorry fucking hare."

When our Grand Mattress calls out to us, "Hash attention,"  
We form the Circle as she tells us to,  
'Cause if we don't snap to it just as we're instructed,  
The bitch will have us doing down-downs 'til we spew.

Now slackers, hares and virgins, too,  
Must guzzle down the hasher's brew  
So fast that soon some may be puking on their shoes.  
For those who just can't dance the dance,  
It's o'er their heads or down their pants,  
And bear their shame until they get another chance.

I hear a Harriette a-singing.  
Her voice is pretty as you please,  
But I'll bet her ass is really stinging,  
Sitting on that ice, shorts 'round her knees.

But she knows that she can't refuse  
Or we'll all douse her with our brews  
And she'll be singing those old cold, wet T-shirt blues,  
So she'll just park it on the ice  
And sing that hashing song real nice,  
And then just maybe we won't make her sing it twice.

Why does the MGH4 keep on cruising?  
Everyone here must be out to lunch,  
What with all our bites and cuts and bruises,  
There can't be a brain in this whole bunch.

But we'll keep hashing on with pride,  
Our fellow hashers at our side,  
Following that hash trail through the night.  
Yes, we will keep that flour in sight,  
'Cause if we lose the trail we might  
End up in that shiggy on the right.

By Chemically Erect

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
They're the biggest drunks in history,  
From the town of Macon,  
They're the leaders in debauchery.  
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years,  
Watch them as they down a lot of beers,  
Down down, down down down down,  
Down down down down down down down down,  
Down down, down down down down,  
Down down down down down down down down.

OUR LAGER  
Prayer

Our Lager  
Which art in barrels,  
Hallowed be thy drink.  
Thy will be drunk,  
I will be drunk,  
At home as in the tavern.  
Give us this day our foamy head,  
And forgive us our spillages,  
As we forgive those who spill against us.  
Lead us not into incarceration,  
But deliver us from hangovers.  
For thine is the Beer, The Bitter, and the Lager,  
Barmen.

He aught to be publicly pissed on  
He aught to be publicly shot  
Bang, Bang  
He aught to be tied to a urinal  
And left there to fester & rot  
Now he may be a joy to his mother  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me  
Drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long



He's the meanest  
He sucks the horse's penis  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass.  
Ever since he found it  
All he does is pound it  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass.  
So drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a lug  
Drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug  
Drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug

Drink it down you Zulu Warrior  
Drink it down you Zulu Chief Chief Chief Chief  
I Zulu Zulu Zulu  
I Zulu Zulu Zulu  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting so Fucking long

HEAD!  
Who said head?  
I'll take some of that,  
So I did, and it was good  
And there was much rejoicing.  
We fucked for hours  
Uprooting trees & bushes & flowers,  
We fucked like Vikings  
With horns on our HEAD!

(repeat once)

Drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting,  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting so fucking long.

Her left tit hangs down to her belly  
Her right tit hangs down to her knee  
If her left tit did equal her right tit  
She'd get lots of weenie from me.  
Drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long

Here's to the hasher  
He's true blue  
He's a hasher through & through  
Hey!  
He's a piss pot so they say  
Tried to go heaven but he went the other way  
Drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long

Himmmmm  
Himmmmm  
Fuuuck himmmmm  
Drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long  
(Alternately use Herrrrrrr or Themmmmm)

He aught to be publicly pissed on  
He aught to be publicly shot  
Bang, Bang  
He aught to be tied to a urinal  
And left there to fester & rot  
Now he may be a joy to his mother  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me  
Drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
They're the biggest drunks in history,  
From the town of Macon,  
They're the leaders in debauchery.  
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years,  
Watch them as they down a lot of beers,  
Down down, down down down down,  
Down down down down down down down down,  
Down down, down down down down,  
Down down down down down down down down

Our Lager  
Which art in barrels,  
Hallowed be thy drink.  
Thy will be drunk,  
I will be drunk,  
At home as in the tavern.  
Give us this day our foamy head,  
And forgive us our spillages,  
As we forgive those who spill against us.  
Lead us not into incarceration,  
But deliver us from hangovers.  
For thine is the Beer, The Bitter, and the Lager,  
Barmen.

Where, Oh Where were you last week?  
Why did you make us hash all alone?  
You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.  
Down, Down, Drink it all Down  
Drink it all Down, Drink all of that Beer  
You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.  
Drink it down, down, down, down . . .

Why was he born so pitiful?  
Why was he born at all?  
He's no fuckin' use to anyone,  
He's no fuckin' use at all.  
They say he's a joy to his mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,  
So, drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long

The Safety Hash  
(to the tune of Safety Dance)

You can hash if you want to  
You can leave your friends behind  
Cause your friends don't hash  
And if they don't hash  
Then their  
No friends of mine.  
Drink it down down down down....

The way we like to fuck

Tits down

Ass up  
That's the way we like to fuck  
Drink it down down down down....

### Cheaper

Cheaper is a living legend on the hashing stage.  
The Harriettes all want to bed him, despite his old age.  
I only wish someone would teach the man to drink a beer.  
To down a single mug takes him about a fucking year.

### Two Breasts Knocking

Heard TBK might let an older man get in her pants.  
I said, "Shit, I could be her father. Maybe I've a chance."  
I saw her running trail today and I was sure surprised,  
The way those knockers bounced, they didn't put out both her eyes.

### Break Her Box

Breaker's wild love makin' power (Macon Power) heats his bed all year.  
He claims his "Die Hard" lasts for hours, the way it's engineered,  
But Thumper cried, as he applied it to her upturned rear,  
"It's too short, Breaker. I need more than just an inch in here."

### Thump Her Box

Thumper was a rabbit in the Bambi tale, I'm told,  
And we all know what rabbits do when nights get long and cold.  
What kinky bedroom games does our Grand Mattress like to play?  
Ask poor Breaker as he drags his worn-out ass to work each day.

### By Chemically Erect

The Safety Hash  
(to the tune of Safety Dance)

You can hash if you want to  
You can leave your friends behind  
Cause your friends don't hash  
And if they don't hash  
Then their  
No friends of mine.  
Drink it down down down down...

The way we like to fuck

Tits down

Ass up

That's the way we like to fuck

Drink it down down down down...

WHERE WERE YOU LAST WEEK?

Melody - Where Oh Where Were You Last Night (from Hee Haw)  
by Preparation H, Ft Eustis HHH

Where, Oh Where were you last week?  
Why did you make us hash all alone?

You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.

Down, Down, Drink it all Down  
Drink it all Down, Drink all of that Beer

You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.

Drink it down, down, down, down . . .



Why was he born so pitiful?  
Why was he born so small?  
He's no fuckin' use to anyone,  
He's no fuckin' use at all  
At all.

Now he may be a joy to his mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,  
So, drink it down, down, down, down  
Down, down, down, down  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting  
So fucking long

X-LAX THE HORNY, HEADLESS HASHER (MGH4 Version)

(to the tune of Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner)

X-Lax was a hasher from the little town of Pitts,  
With an appetite for cold beer and women with big tits.  
He went to Middle Georgia, his awful thirst to quell.  
He planned to hash in Macon and raise a little hell.

He checked out all the bimbos, Ice Queen and the rest,  
Then he drank a beer with Suck N Chuck, his eyes glued to her chest.  
On trail he almost suffered a fatal heart attack,  
As he watched the steady bouncing of TBK's sweet rack.

X-Lax the horny hasher.  
Talkin' about the man.  
Bedding down with a mattress thrasher,  
That was his only plan.

He cornered Poke A Hot Ass and kissed her on the mouth,  
Then he moved down to her nipples and kept on heading south.  
He skipped right by her G-spot and tongued her ass instead.  
In her surprise, Poke crossed her thighs and snapped off X-Lax' head.

X-Lax the horny, headless hasher,  
Searching for beer and his next great piece of ass.  
You can still find his headless body partying all night.  
In the morning he'll be passed out in the grass,  
In a sweaty heap with some drunken, happy lass.

X-Lax searched and spotted Bug. She was passed out by the kegs,  
So he made his way on over and dove between her legs.  
When Thumper wandered up on them and saw what X could do,  
She slipped right out of all her clothes and dove right in there too.

X-Lax the horny, headless hasher,  
Searching for beer and his next great piece of ass.  
You can still find his headless body partyin' all night.  
In the morning he'll be passed out in the grass,  
In a sweaty heap with some drunken, happy lass.

Some claim that they've seen X-Lax still stumbling down the trail,  
In a drunken stupor, looking for some tail.  
He's searching for a Harriette that's known as Dago Red,

He heard Red gives good head  
And head is just what X-Lax' neck lacks.

by Chemically Erect

## YESTERDAY

(to song of the same name)

Yesterday,  
All my muscles seemed to feel OK.  
Now my body doesn't work today.  
Oh, I went hashing yesterday.

Muscles ache.  
They'd be better if I'd stayed in bed.  
Now it feels as if they're made of lead.  
Wish I'd stayed at home instead.

Why I ran that hash,  
Was so rash,  
But what the heck!  
Now, it's clear,  
I'm a mere  
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,  
And my tongue is twice its normal size.  
It's at times like this I realize,  
Hashing isn't all that wise.

Why I drank that beer  
Isn't clear.  
It's just a blur.  
I don't feel so young  
And my tongue  
Is lined with fur.

Yesterday,  
Running seemed a healthy game to play.  
Now, my body is in disarray.  
Oh, I went hashing yesterday.  
(mmm-mm-mmm)

From The Global Trash Hash Hymnal

(start your down down as soon at the chant starts)

Drink it down you Zulu Warrior  
Drink it down you Zulu Chief Chief Chief Chief  
I Zulu Zulu Zulu  
I Zulu Zulu Zulu  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh why are we waiting so Fucking long

## ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

(to song of the same name)

Are you lonesome tonight?  
Is the hash out of sight?  
Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?  
Does your throat get real dry,  
Underneath the hot sky?  
When you think of the beer, do you wail?  
Do the sores on your feet seem to blister and pus?  
Do you gaze down the road and just wish for a bus?  
Are your legs filled with pain?  
Will you shortcut again?  
Tell me, fool, are you lonesome tonight?

From The Global Trash Hash Hymnal

He's the meanest  
He sucks the horse's penis  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass.  
Ever since he found it  
All he does is pound it  
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So drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a lug  
Drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug  
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(start your down down when the circle starting saying “drinking it down down”)  
This song usually begins anytime someone inadvertently says the word “head”

HEAD!

Who said head?

I’ll take some of that,

So I did, and it was good

And there was much rejoicing.

We fucked for hours

Uprooting trees & bushes & flowers,

We fucked like Vikings

With horns on our HEAD!

(repeat once)

Drink it down, down, down, down

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Why are we waiting,

Could be fornicating

Oh why are we waiting so fucking long.



MACON HASHING  
(to the tune of "Bad Moon Rising")

They know MGH4's out hashing.  
They hear our whistles in the woods.  
They know we're tearing through the briars.  
They know we're sloshing through the mud.

Our hare and hounds are on the move,  
And when we're in our hashing groove,  
We couldn't really give a damn if you approve.  
So why don't you leave us alone?  
Just lock your doors or go get stoned.  
Just let us run, 'cause we're all hashers to the bone.

Our hares love to make their runs stressful.  
"Survival of the fittest" is their creed.  
They don't judge any trail successful,  
Unless it makes all of the poor hounds bleed.

Among the trails they like to take  
Are wading through swamps full of snakes  
Or making us swim with the gators in the lake.  
While railroad tracks make their eyes gleam,  
A briar patch gives them wet dreams,  
At the thought of hearing us all curse and scream.

What could this damned hare have been thinking?  
I think he must be doing drugs.  
Who would have thought that just one hash trail  
Could have so many fucking bugs?

Well, I just hope the pain will pass.  
Don't know how long my blood will last  
With these mosquitoes doing down-downs on my ass.  
Up ahead a hasher roars,  
"Shit, I can't take this anymore,"  
As he looks down at a Check-Back fifty four .

But we'll run the trail just as they set it,  
Even through the swamps and fields and trees,  
For it's better to endure all of this bullshit,  
Than to be known as a sorry S. C. B.

Oh, my crotch feels like it's on fire,  
And I will sing a little higher,

Now that my joy stick's hanging up on that barbed wire.  
Yeah, there are times when we don't care,  
But there are other times we swear  
"There will be pay-back for that sorry fucking hare."

When our Grand Mattress calls out to us, "Hash attention,"  
We form the Circle as she tells us to,  
'Cause if we don't snap to it just as we're instructed,  
The bitch will have us doing down-downs 'til we spew.

Now slackers, hares and virgins, too,  
Must guzzle down the hasher's brew  
So fast that soon some may be puking on their shoes.  
For those who just can't dance the dance,  
It's o'er their heads or down their pants,  
And bear their shame until they get another chance.

I hear a Harriette a-singing.  
Her voice is pretty as you please,  
But I'll bet her ass is really stinging,  
Sitting on that ice, shorts 'round her knees.

But she knows that she can't refuse  
Or we'll all douse her with our brews  
And she'll be singing those old cold, wet T-shirt blues,  
So she'll just park it on the ice  
And sing that hashing song real nice,  
And then just maybe we won't make her sing it twice.

Why does the MGH4 keep on cruising?  
Everyone here must be out to lunch,  
What with all our bites and cuts and bruises,  
There can't be a brain in this whole bunch.

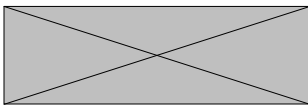
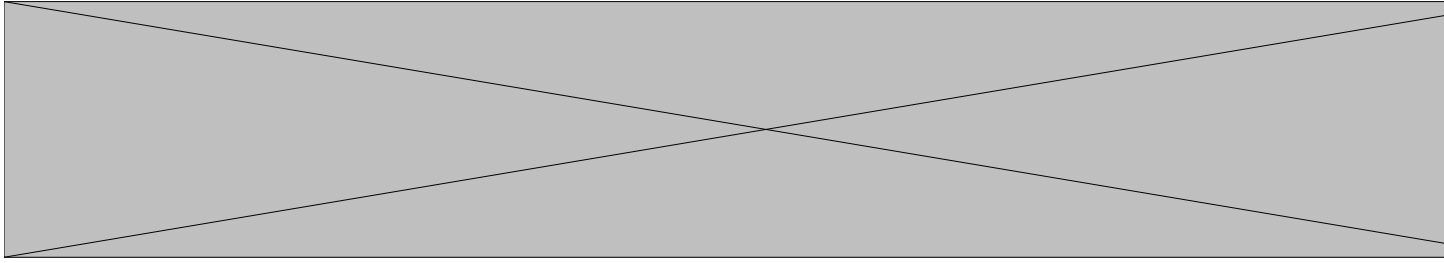
But we'll keep hashing on with pride,  
Our fellow hashers at our side,  
Following that hash trail through the night.  
Yes, we will keep that flour in sight,  
'Cause if we lose the trail we might  
End up in that shiggy on the right.

By Chemically Erect

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They're the biggest drunks in history,  
From the town of Macon,  
They're the leaders in debauchery.  
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years,  
Watch them as they down a lot of beers,  
Down down, down down down down,  
Down down down down down down down down,  
Down down, down down down down,  
**Down down down down down down down down.**

OUR LAGER  
Prayer

Our Lager  
Which sit in barrels,  
Hallowed be thy drink.  
Thy will be drunk,  
I will be drunk,  
At home as in the tavern.  
Give us this day our foamy head,  
And forgive us our spillages,  
As we forgive those who spill against us.  
Lead us not into incarceration,  
But deliver us from hangovers.  
For thine is the Beer, The Bitter, and the Lager,  
BARMEN.



## Words you will hear at the hash:

[Songs you will hear at the hash](#)

**BeerMeister:** The all important member of Mis-Management that is responsible for bringing the beer and munchies to the hash.

**Checking:** Yelled by hounds who are looking for trail off of a check.

**The Circle:** The end of the trail, the place where the beer is, the place where you want to get.

**Circle Up:** Demand made by the GM or his stand in when trying to get all the hashers to circle up to begin passing out down downs and handle any other "official" hash business. When you hear this get up (or move your chair) and form a circle!

**DFL:** "Dead fucking last" - the hound that reaches the circle last.

**Down Down:** Chugging a beer

( or other beverage ) in the circle.

FRB: "Front running bastard" - the hound that reaches the circle first.

Hare: The hasher that is setting the trail for everyone else to follow.

Hare Raiser: The member of Mis-Management that is responsible for scheduling hares and helping train virgin hares.

Hare Snare: When a hound catches a hare on trail.

Hash Shit: A dubious award that is handed out to a hare when he/she has done something really stupid with the trail. Normally received as a result of losing the pack with a poorly set trail.

Hound: The hashers that are following the trail set by the hare.

GM: Grand Master - the unpaid chump in charge who organizes and puts up with all the shit required to do this whole thing.

Joint Hash: Hash which is put on by two or more hash clubs.

Last Mark: Yelled by a hound when he suddenly runs out of trail & wants to let other hounds behind him know that he is searching for trail.

Mis-Management: The

collective ding bats that try to organize the club.

On-Out: Yelled by the hounds when they first leave the start in pursuit of the hare.

On-On: Yelled by the hounds when they are on trail

On-In: Yelled to welcome hounds to the circle

On-After: The place everyone goes to eat & drink after the circle is finished.

Pack: All the hounds on trail.

R U?: Yelled by pack members who are trying to see if anyone else in the area is on true trail.

Shiggy: Bushes, briars, vines, creeks, swamps, mud etc etc etc

Virgin: A mundane who is hashing for their first time.

Zen Hashing/ Going to the Dark Side: mysterious method of trying to find the circle without following trail. Not recommend for the inexperienced!!

## HASH SONGS!!!

(most of these are down down chants)

[He's the meanest](#)

[Zulu warrior](#)

[HEAD!](#)

[Her left tit](#)

[Here's to...](#)

[Hymn](#)

[He aught to be...](#)

[Hashers, meet the Hashers](#)

[Our Lager \(prayer\)](#)

[Where were you last week](#)

[Why was he born so pitiful...](#)

[The way we like to fuck](#)

[Safety hash](#)

[Some Selected favorites from  
Chemically Erect](#)

[Macon Hashing](#)

[The MGH4 Hounds](#)

[X-Lax](#)

[Yesterday](#)

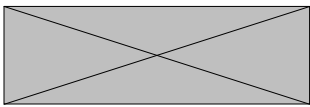
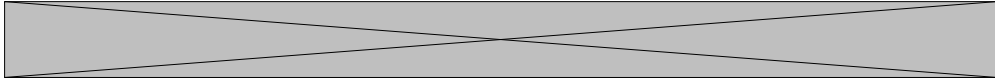
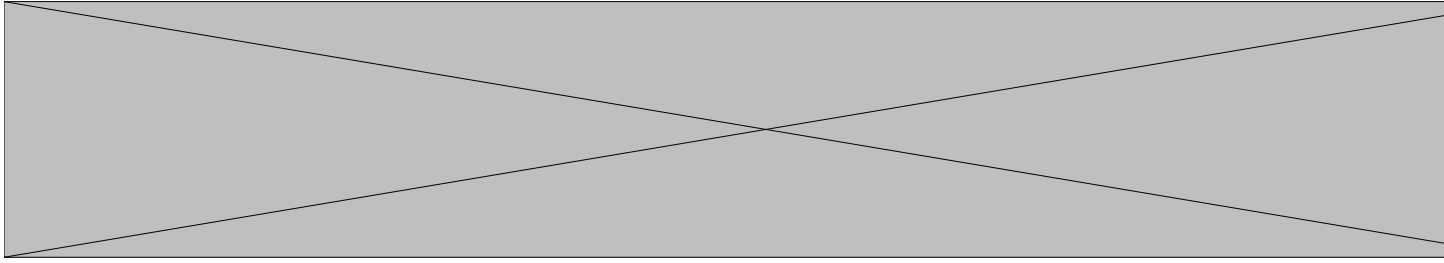
[Are you lonesome](#)

Got a song/chant you'd like us to start singing at the circle? Then start singing the damn thing the next time you're around and send me the lyrics so I can post 'em. And just in case you are a non-conformist wanker like Vegamatic and you



don't have MS Word, click [here](#)  
and you can see a text file with  
all the above songs & chants on  
it.

~Tink



**READ ALL ABOUT IT!!**

MGH4 #174

Hares: Cheaper & Thumper

It's been two days – and a hash – since Saturday and my memory sucks so I'll just apologize now for the crappy recollection.

Rarely does the opportunity present itself to run a trail hared by a pregnant woman and a retiree, but Middle Georgia offered just such an opportunity so Dain Bramage, Donny The Retard, and I loaded up and headed down to Macon. A good-sized pack gathered and the hares were blessed and off into the wilds behind Debbi Court, chased by the hounds five minutes later.

Trail kept to the higher brush/trees at first, with several hashers paralleling from a safe distance. Before the first dreaded check could be found, a count-back 16 was discovered and the pack scattered in disarray. Rumor had it that a mark was seen in a tree near the fence leading the other way so I backtracked there, seeing nothing, but eventually hearing calls far behind (I had actually stumbled on the trail leading to the count-back so it was going to be a long day regardless). The next several minutes involved a lot of hashers converging on the one or two people actually on trail, which was of course a moving target. All but Donny apparently made it (he showed up

later with dry shoes – the bastard) as trail lead down a very long, steep incline into some cool woods.

Sunscreen didn't matter as the sky above was pretty much blocked by the small trees and the hounds picked their way down to a swamp. Floppy Dick and Lemon Nads worked their way through, with the lead person finding the deep spots and everyone else trying to avoid them. It was slow going but fun (most of the swamps in Atlanta have dried up unfortunately – thank you, George W) and luckily never got much above navel level. At the end of the swamp a check awaited us and this one took a while to solve, giving me time to wander through the woods and get about 40 times my RDA of spiders – and spider webs. These things were everywhere! Once again the check lead almost the exact opposite way, and again hashers converged as Trust Me and Whoa Wilbur lead the way.

Exiting the woods (briefly, as it would turn out) lead to a rather large pile of dirt with a check on top. I stayed right so of course the trail was found to the left into some cool woods with big cypress-like trees thinly spaced. Dain Bramage caught up and we ingested still more spiders until we broke free again near a quarry atop a power line cut, where yet another check waited. I guarded the check while less-winded people looked for trail, with Wilbur finding another check off to the left and Tink finding trail to the right. Most everyone – everyone smart, anyway – took off to the right following Tink while I went left, only to hear Wilbur find a YBF-squared. Totally

demoralized at this point, we trudged along the power line cut following trail, eventually catching up with Lemon Nads. Unsure of why he was going so slowly, the reason soon became abundantly clear: the power line cut had been flooded and was now a swamp. Poor Donny had skirted the first swamp somewhat accidentally and was bragging about his dry shoes, but it was not to last. This swamp had the floating dirt about 2" thick through which or on which one had to try to go.

Eventually we were dumped near a small pond behind some sort of big plant. Following around, we were treated to sliding down a slope with a wall of briars on one side and a deep, deep gully on the other before being forced to scramble up a pile of bricks (well, that explains what the plant was doing there anyway). Lemon Nads and the rest of us were tiring quickly, but luckily there was just one trail feature remaining: railroad tracks. We bitched and moaned and finally made it to the end, which was a fun little area with lots of random strewn garbage, including watches, underwear, etc.

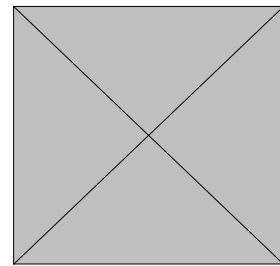
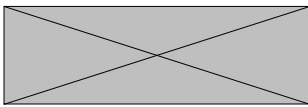
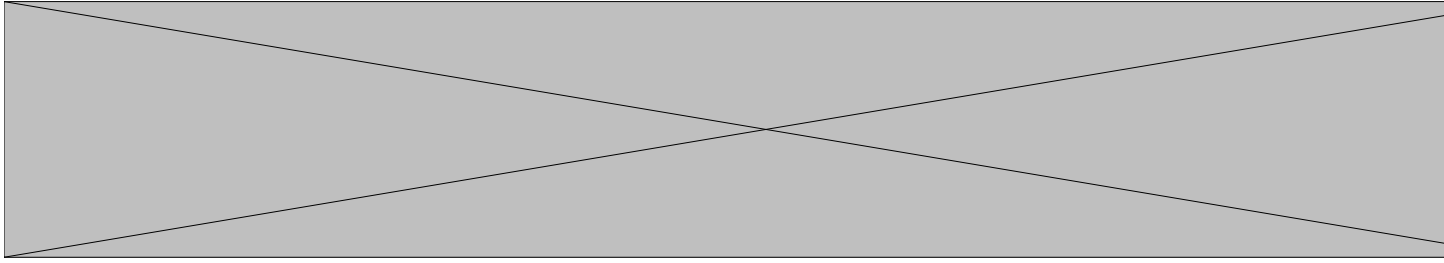
Chemically Erect and Donny the Retard brought up the rear and Thumper Box broke out her homemade brownies as Trust Me and Flip Her Over broke out the cigars. Circle consisted mainly of making the hares – and/or Tink as baby-daddy – drink for various real and imaginary crimes. There were a lot of back-sliders and some birthdays and Rule 6 violations – enough so that Cheaper had to keep getting more beer. But we survived and consensus was reached that trail rocked – but the hares still should drink. Thanks again for

the great  
trail, great  
circle, and  
southern  
hospitality.

On On to MGH4 175,

Davey

Trash from the Past!



Proudly contributing  
to the decline of  
civilization in  
Middle Georgia!

The Middle Georgia Hash House  
Harriers & Harriettes is your local  
branch of the world-wide

'DRINKING CLUB WITH A  
RUNNING PROBLEM'.

Anyone who wants to have some  
fun, drink some beer, and get a bit  
of exercise, can put on their  
running shoes and meet us for the  
next trail. There is no formal  
membership and we LOVE new



people to come out and join us!!!

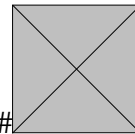
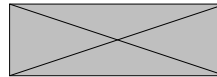
We normally run every other week on Saturday or Sunday around 3pm. Afterwards, we often meet for dinner at a local restaurant.

Your first run is free ("come on kid, first time's free...") thereafter the price is a measly \$6.00 for all the beer (or soft drinks/water) snacks and general camaraderie you can stand!

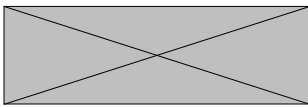
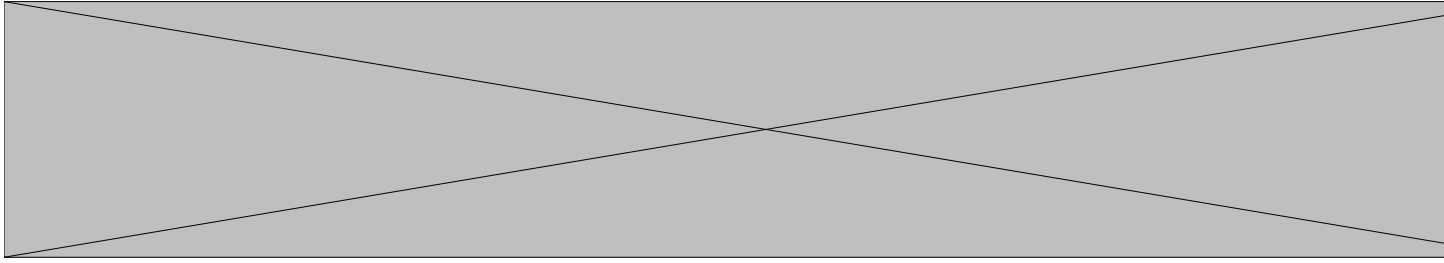
All it takes to be a hasher is a good sense of humor, an interest in the outdoors, and half a mind!

Sound like fun? Wanna know more? Check out the "So what is hashing" button to your left!

**A completely unofficial, unrequested, unnecessary, uncouth and unfunded Homepage**



Visitor #



- [Southern Comfort H3](#) - MGH4's Mother hash. Some shiggy loving folks up in south Atlanta. If you want to hang with the biggest shiggy loving pack of hounds around these are the folks for you. They run every Fri night, and several members of Mis-Management make the trip each week if you are interested in catching a ride of following someone to the start just email someone in [Mis-Management](#).
- [Houston H5 Hump Day Hash](#) - Our sister mid-Georgia hash. They run every other Weds night at 6:30. (and steal website content like a bitch)
- [SOT](#) - Slackers On Trail. For those that want

a gentler kinder trail, this is the one for you! Basically these guys do a shiggy free trail with a mandatory beer stop and the always popular beer dogs at the end. SOT trails alternate Weds nights with H5.

- [Warner Robins H3](#) - SOT's even drunker Saturday sibling. Runs on alternate Sats from MGH4.
- <http://www.atlantahash.com> - Atlanta H4.
- [Global hash page](#) - Find a hash anywhere in the world!
- [Half Mind](#) - THE location for hash paraphernalia, and lots of additional links.
- [Savannah H3](#) - These guys are willing to do a hash just about anytime if you are headed this way, so get in touch with em & let know to get a trail ready! They normally run

on

- [Slow Old Bastards \(SOB\) H17](#) - This is the Atlanta equivalent of SOT. If your up around Atlanta on the old Sunday and want to have a nice easy trail with lots of beer and lots of good folks, then check em out!!

## Non-Hashing links

- [Robins Pacers](#) - The Warner Robins running club.
- [Macon Tracks](#) - The Macon running club.
- [Run Fit Sports](#) - Local shoe store that likes runners & hashers (10% discount !!) they

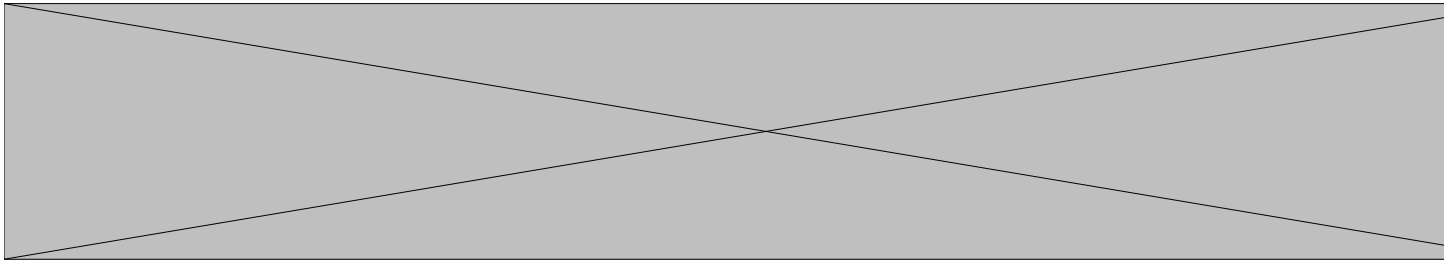
cater to runners specifically. Check em out and tell em MGH4 sent ya!

- [Macon Ultimate Frisbee](#) ( and other "different" fun things to do in the area
- [Something cool if you got a hog!](#)

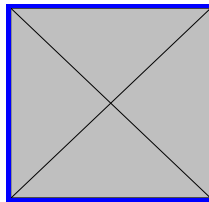
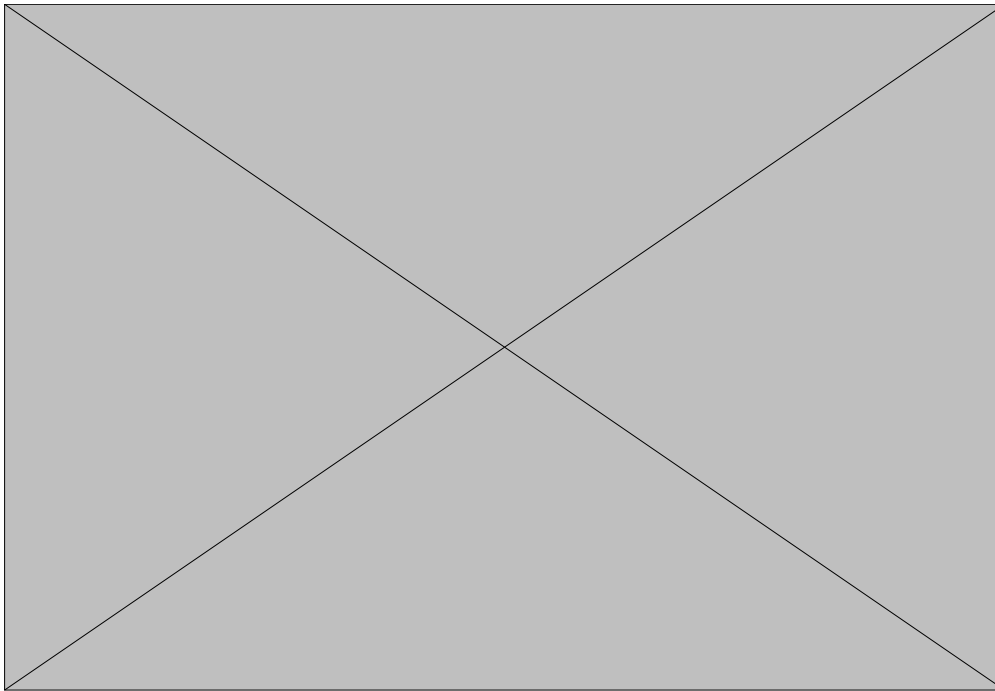
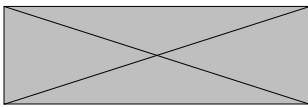
Wanna have your link added to  
our site?

[Tell Me!](#)

[CREDITS](#)



Mis-Management



Grand Master Emeritus

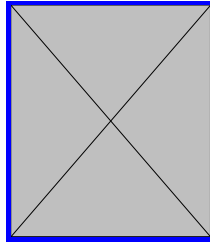
Webmeister

Religious Advisor

Sew Ho

and General dumb ass. Obviously. [Tinkerbell](#)

Grand Master: Trust Me

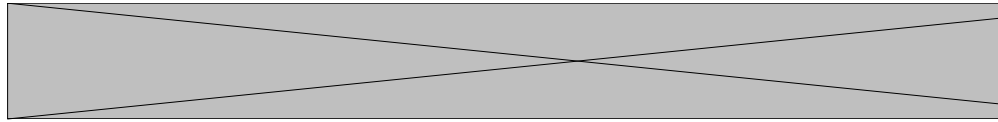
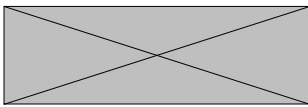
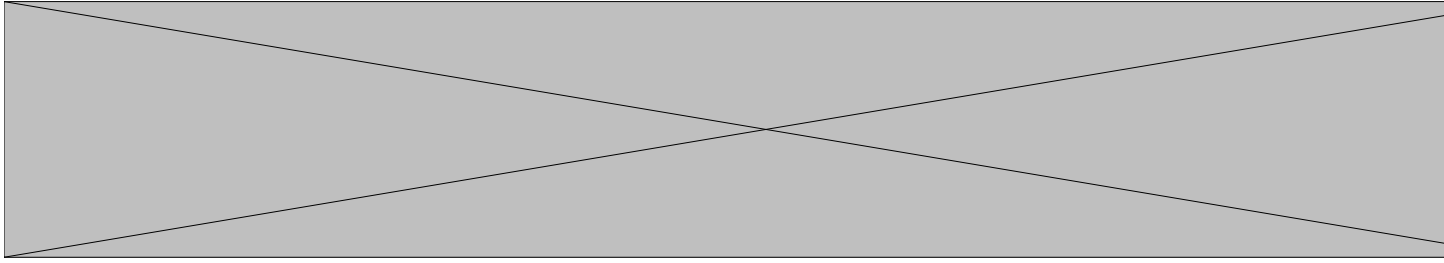


Hare Raiser & Hash Cash: [ThumpHerBox](#)

BeerMistress: All Ya'll Cum Eat

Hash Scribe: Fucking Choir Boy (Missing in Action...)

Hash Flash: (We need one. Feel free to email any pics to me  
and I'll post em - Tink)



So where the *hell* is the start

Wait one minute here...

...Before we discuss THIS weeks trail, lets talk about hares. What's that you say? You don't know how to set a trail? Well if you h then it's time you paid back all the other hashers that were thoughtful enough to you! Go to the [Hare Calendar](#) and schedule your date no

!!! Remember hares do *not* pay for the hash they are setting

Take a look at this fine bit of typing from Whoa Wilber regarding some suggestions [hares](#). I actually agree with most all of his ideas!! What's the world coming to agree about something.

Now on to....

MGH4 # 188

**FOUNDER'S DAY!!**



**Date:** Sat 04/19/08

**Hare:** Tinkerbell, Thumper & TrustMe

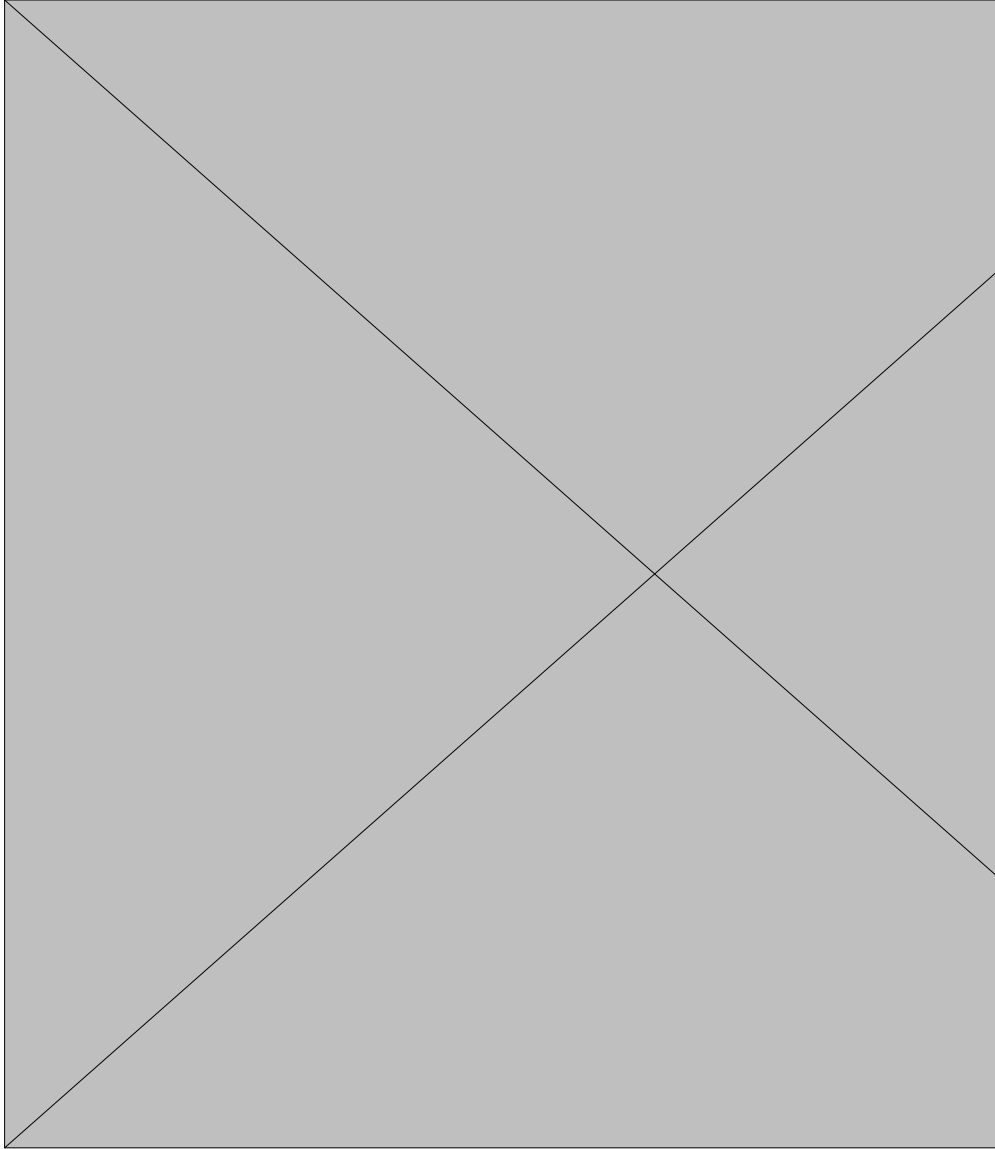
**Time:** Meet at 3:00 out at 3:25pm

**Start:** GWC "Working the Vision Center" on Gray

**Directions:** Take I16 to exit #1 - gray Hwy

Head North towards Gray/Jones County. 7  
miles past Shurling drive on the right.

You will go past the "Real Life" church on  
the way.



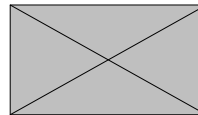
Follow the red line & you won't have any problems...

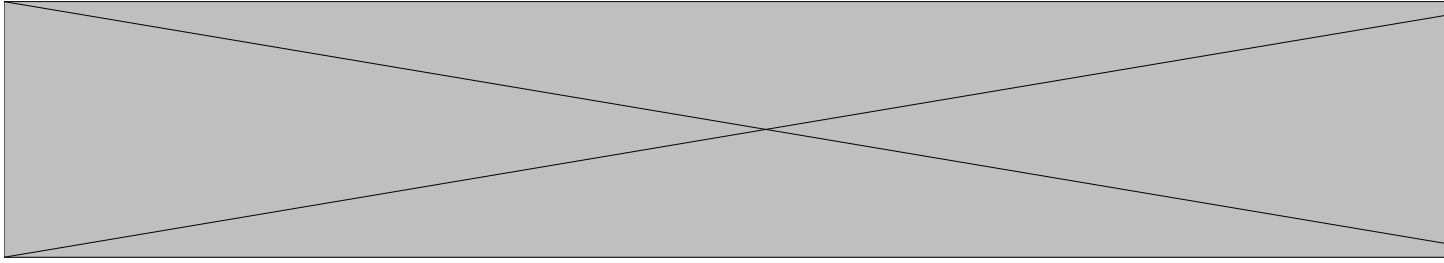
**Special Instructions:** If you are planning on attending, please email me an email and let me know your name & shirt size. I'm planning on having shirts this year but if we do I need your size. We are having an annual low country boil so I need a head count for the food. Please don't tell me you are coming you might not be allowed at the event.

So clear your calendars & make plans to attend. We don't  
too nasty so put aside your "OMG Tink's haring trail" fear  
silly self out to join us! Who knows, we might even have a  
year!!

## **Other local "Next Hash" pages**

Best viewed with





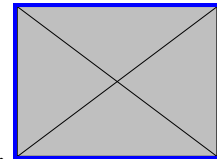
Whoa!

Holy Crap!

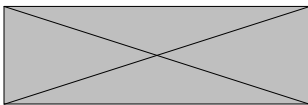
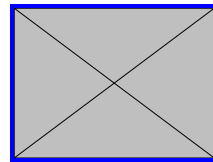
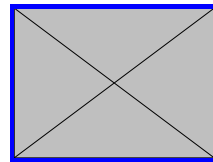
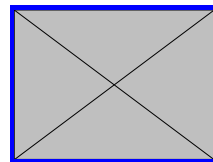
New  
pictures!!

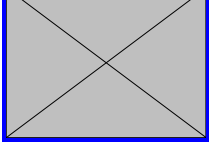
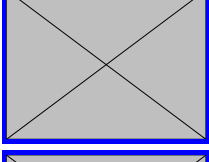
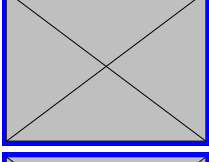
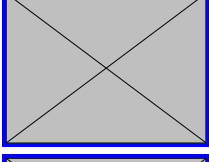
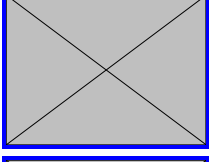
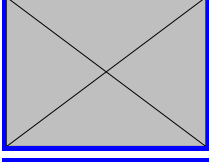
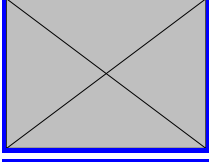
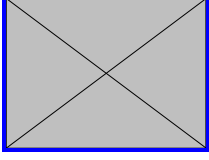
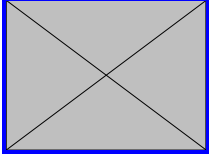
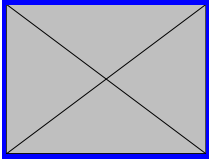
Must be the end of the world,  
stock up on water food and  
ammo...

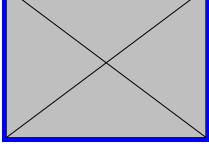
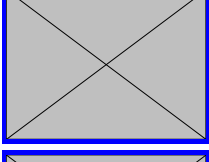
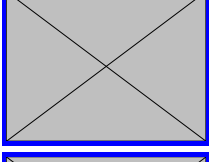
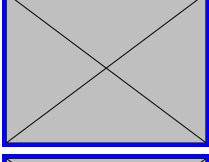
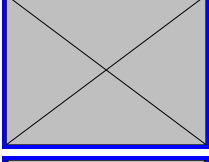
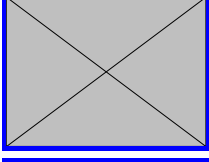
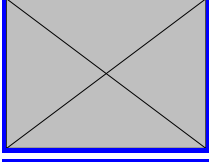
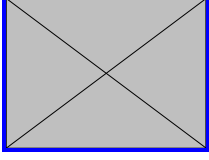
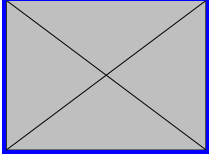
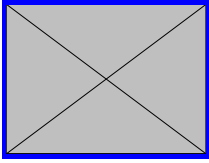
These are compliments of Chem  
from the last Lake BS trail

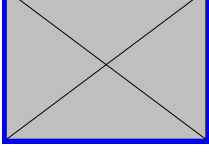
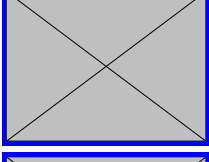
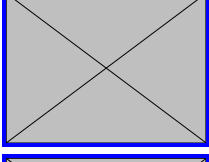
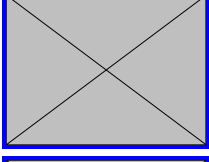
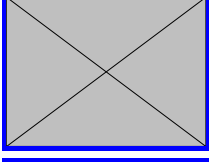
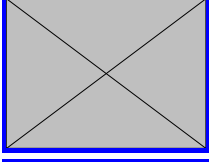
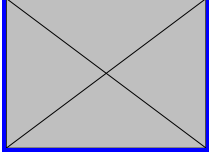
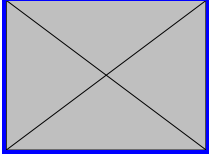
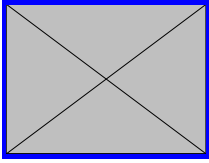


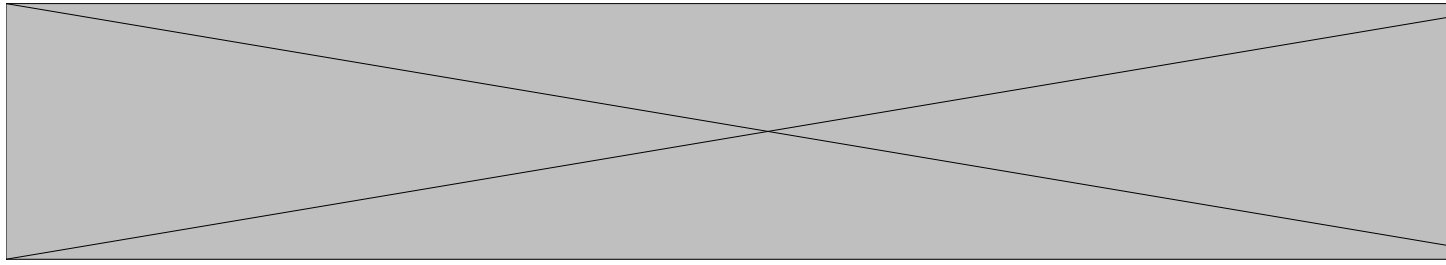
#171.





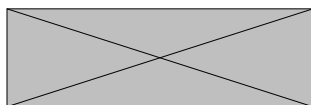








# MGH4 KENNEL



Hey! Got a digital picture you want to have next to your name? Maybe you are interested in having a forwarded email address that is "your hash name"@MGH4.com?? If so send an email to the [webmiester](#) and it shall be done!!

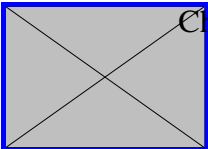
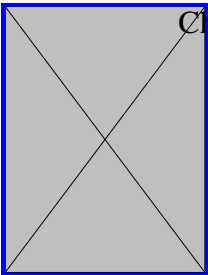
Click here for [retired/lost MGH4 hounds](#)

Also here's a link to our sordid & amusing [history](#)

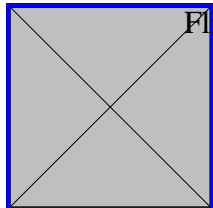
New? Wondering what's up with all the weird names?

[Find out!](#)

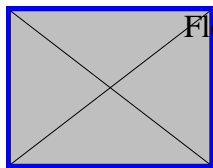
## NAME RUNS/HARES

Any Guy Will Do	11/0
Been there Fucked that	
	13/1
Butt his Nut	18/1
Camera Shy	6/0
 Cheaper	161/12
Cheddar Curtains	6/1
 Chemically Erect	79/8
Cracker Ho	2/0
<a href="#">Cum Shot</a>	17/0
<a href="#">Cums</a>	1/0

Dirty Sanchez 2/0  
Disfucktionall 1/0  
Davey Crochet 19/1  
Donny the Retard 9/0  
Dwarf Dick 10/0

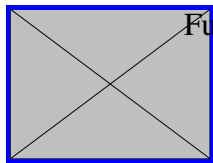


Flip Her Over 66/6



Floppy Dick 90/13

Front End Loader 2/1



Fucking Choir Boy 85/8

Hanging & Dangling 1/0

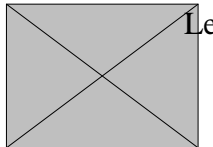
Head First 5/0

Hung like an Ewok 6/0

Ice Queen 41/2

Jedi Butt Trick 6/0

Jimmy Crack Cock 1/0



Lemon Nads 55/10

Moist & Chewy 1/0

Nancy Chew 1/0

Nut Cracker 10/0

Pick of the Litter 3/0

Porn Princess 31/5

Pull My Shit 5/1

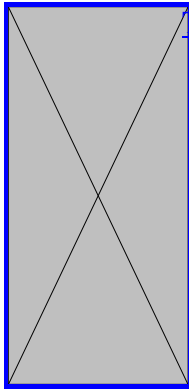
Side Show jesus 1/0

Soggy Sparks 2/0

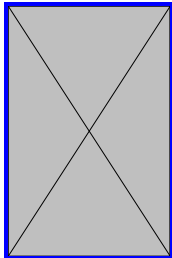
Sucker Punch Her 1/0

Takes it in the Buff 10/0

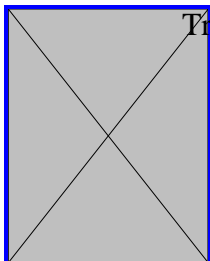
That's a Hole 12/2



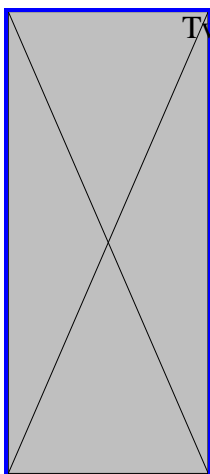
Thump Her 120/16



Tinkerbell 110/24



Trust Me 60/3

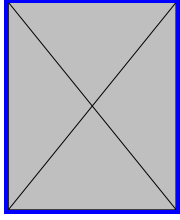


Twisted Pair 24/1

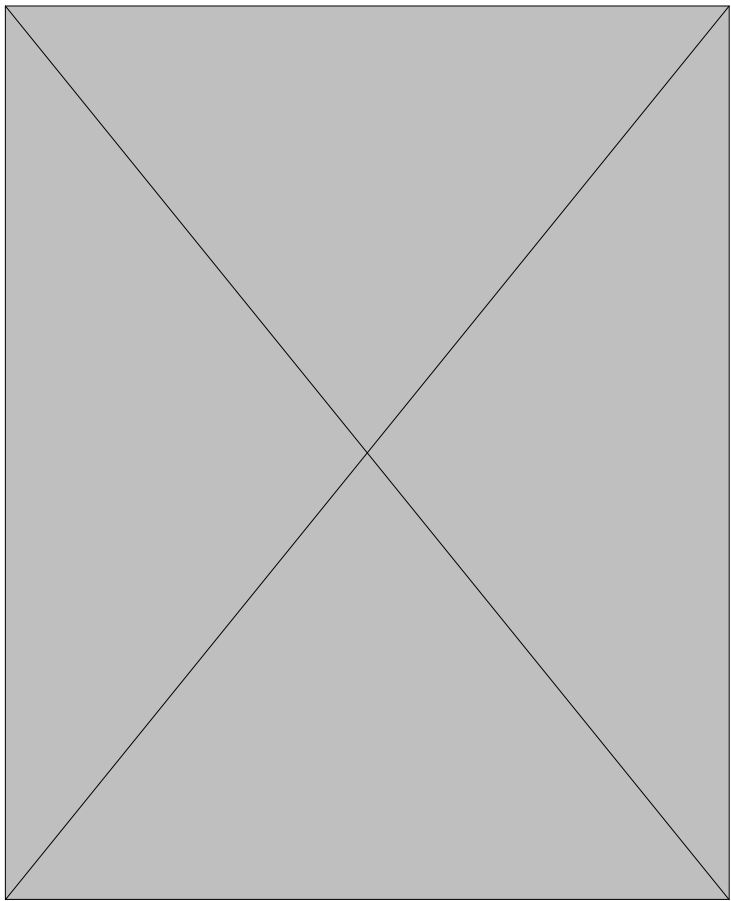
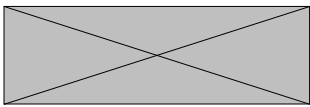
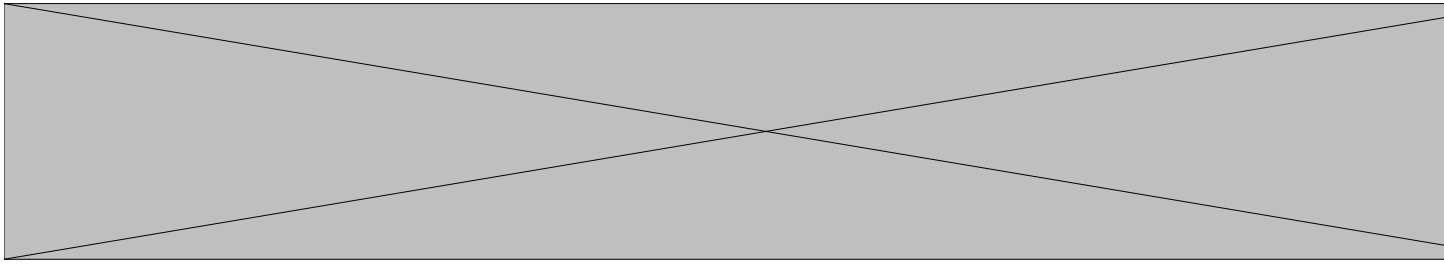
Wandering Woo 4/0

WeTT BuSH 48/5

Whoa Wilber 121/27



last updated for run#  
187



The new and improved version is up now so stop bitching about the order of the posts.

The username is, of course, "hashers".

The password is what BN stands for.

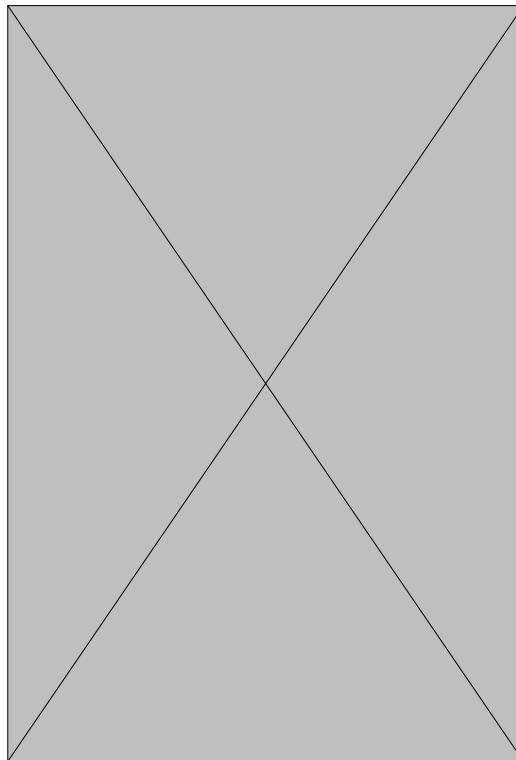
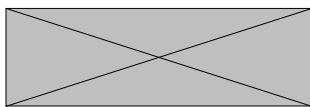
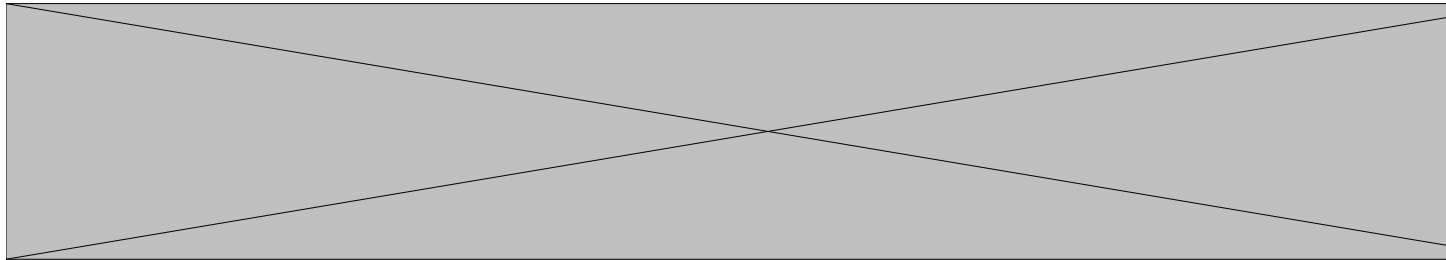
No spaces and caps off for both.

Thanks,

Tink

On to...

[The Rant!](#)



## **So, ya wanna know how to hash???**

The hash has been described as a 'drinking club with a running problem'. This is, more-or-less, true. The Hashers meet every other [weekend](#) and run/jog/walk a short course. Then, afterwards, they stand around, chatting, drinking beer, or coke, or water, or whatever they prefer.

The MGH4 was founded on April 8th, 2001

by a few local hashers that wanted somewhere to run on the weekends without having to go to Atlanta. We are a relatively small group with around 15 people at a good run. We come from all walks of life and backgrounds, married, single, male, female, young and old, professional & student. It is a social group where everyone gets to know everyone else.

So what to expect? The first and most important thing to know is that a hash is NOT a race (road races are referred to as the "R" word and are not proper topics of conversation at the hash!) the only goal of the hash is to get to the end. After everyone has gathered at the location specified on the "next hash" page (Click on the big red spinning icon above. Hashers are sometimes kinda slow...) one or more hashers (the hares) sets a trail for the pack (the rest of the hashers or the hounds) to follow, only the hare knows where the trail will go and where it will end. The trail can go through any type of terrain - we have been known to run on dirt roads, and down power lines, slog through swamps, jog down streets and back alleyways, cross shopping center parking lots, climb fences, ford streams and crawl through tunnels!

The trail can be live or pre-set (but only sissy, wimp hares pre-lay a trail!) and is marked by flour, strips of toilet paper, chalk or other means. The hares get about a seven minute head start (unless they want to be macho and they ask for only five) and use a variety of [special marks](#) to confuse the pack and avoid being snared. The hare doesn't want to be caught by the pack but, the *single most important job* of the hare is to lay a trail that gets all the hounds to the end & the



ice cold BEER! At least one hound will volunteer to be the "Bimbo" for the hash. The Bimbo will consult with the Hare and find out where the end is at. The Bimbo will then drive



a vehicle known as the "Bag Car" to the end. The bag car is loaded with everyone's stuff (see [hash bag](#) below).

We run off and on road (though your Grand Master, and several of the members of Mis-Management believe that the only purpose for trail being on concrete is to cross from one side of a road to the other), so it is always interesting. The speedy fast FRB's (front running bastards) usually find the way, and by yelling "ON-ON" and blowing whistles, guide the rest of the pack in pursuit of the hare. The distance can be anywhere between 2 miles to 5, though three miles is about average and normally even the slowest walkers finish after an hour or so. For a bonus the hare may leave a refreshment stop (beer stop) somewhere on trail and everyone can have a nice refreshing drink along the way.

After everyone has finished the trail (made it to the On-In), they all stand around and drink whatever & however they see fit ([See below!!](#)). Beer is usually the preferred drink, but non-alcoholic beverages are provided and often chips and other munchies are to be found. At some point the Grandmaster gathers everyone around in a circle and the hash ceremonies begin. Here we make fun of all the stupid things people did on the trail. The first one to finish, short-cutters, the last one to finish, all first time hashers ("Virgins") and the hares are pointed out. These notable people step into the center of the circle to do a "Down-Down" (chug a beer or other drink of choice ) after a few more ceremonies, the circle breaks up and people either go home or meet for dinner at another location.

## **What to bring.** (or, what's in a hash bag)

Below is a list of items you might want to bring to your first hash. If you have any

questions or concerns feel free to get in contact with any of the members of [Mis-Management](#) via email and we will be happy to answer any questions you may have. Items with an asterisk are mandatory for a comfortable hash experience. We hope to see **YOU** at the next hash!!!

\*1: Wear comfortable clothes that you can run/jog/walk in that you don't mind getting dirty, torn, and wet. DO NOT wear your best designer jogging outfit. You have been warned...

\*2: Running shoes - same warning as above. If you don't want them dirty, muddy and scratched up don't bring them. And don't wear new shoes, even if you don't mind them getting dirty. Again, you have been warned. hehehe.

\*3: A hash bag. You will need something to put all your other junk in to keep it together in the bag car.

\*4: A complete change of clothes, including shoes. After the trail you will want something comfortable to change into while hanging out at the On-In circle. Make sure the clothes are appropriate for current weather conditions.

\*5: A flashlight if it is a night run. Most of the MGH4 hashes will be during daylight hours, but we will have the occasional night trail just to keep things interesting.

\*6: A whistle. You will need this to communicate with the other hounds. Failure to bring a whistle is an offense that will earn you an additional down-down at the end...

\*7: If you wear glasses be sure to have a lanyard (something to keep them on your head).

8: A collapsible chair is always nice to lounge around in at the On-In circle.

9: Bug spray if it is the time of year for that sort of thing.

10: Rubbing alcohol to dress the miscellaneous scratches and scrapes you are subject to get whilst running through the woods.

11: A small towel is often useful.

\*\*\*12: A good sense of humor!!!

\*\*\*13: A willingness to act a little crazy and be around others that are of a like mind (or lack thereof ).

## **Our Drinking Policy**

The members of MGH4 and it's officers strongly enforce responsible drinking. Hash clubs world wide are known for being crazy & doing almost anything but drunk driving is stupid, not crazy, and this sort of behavior has no place in the hash. If you can't drink responsibly then we DON'T want your patronage & we WILL ask you not to come back.

Though we love for people of all ages to enjoy the trails & the circle at the end we do not allow underage drinking - Yes, we will check ID if needed. But please don't let your being under 21 keep you from running with us, we always have soft drinks, sports drinks, and water for those who can't imbibe the typical hash nectar!