

The HASH HOUSE HERALD

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Som Loi



Assistant Grand Master Nguyễn Xnitch in Hanoi recently, prior to being severely disfigured by an irate barber.

Saigon Link Denied in Puppet Scandal - Kermit Implicated

TOKYO JOE CHI MINH
HANOI

Rumours of infiltration of the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers by a Vietnamese puppet mismanagement committee has been categorically denied by its highest ranking cadre.

Speaking with the aid of a ventriloquist, Assistant Grand Master Nguyễn Xnitch stated that the Phnom Penh Hash was a completely independent Hash and that he in fact maintained no ties with the Sài Gòn Hash.

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Hash Scribe Nguyễn Duc Phuc stringently denied rumours that flour markers near the Vietnamese border had been moved westward.

Other mismanagement committee members refused to comment, with the exception of Nguyễn Uet Quàn, Hash Brew, who announced the replacement of Angkor, Fosters and Tiger beer with 333, Huda and Bia Sài Gòn in order to 'protect the fragile palets of our party members from the posion of the imperialist running dogs.'

Lower ranking cadre Nguyễn Bày Chuc Lan (70 times) was too busy applying several kilos of hairspray to comment, but Nguyễn Mô Bi was prepared to answer a series of probing questions on suspected political affiliations between the mismanagement committee and its supposed Vietnamese backers.

"Number one!" he stated categorically.

Threats Force Name Change

JOE TAM
AGENCE HASH PRESSE

In a week that saw a number of attacks on the notion of a free press, the latest newspaper to hit the streets of Phnom Penh - The Hash Weekly - has been forced to change its name following direct threats from a competing publication - The Cambodia Daily.

In a groundless accusation that The Hash Weekly copied the format of the popular daily paper, the Cambodia Daily Editor, Mr. Harry Krishna, made thinly veiled threats of reprisals and possibly even violence unless the Hash Weekly changed its name and its format.

"I'll tell my Mum, and she'll come over and give you a proper hiding" he was reported to have said, whilst calling the weekly paper's feature editor 'pooh-face' and 'Mr. wiffy pants'.

The weekly's editor, Mr. D.Fucker, refusing to make any comment, had this to say.

"I refuse to respond to such childish and baseless accusations.

"Flour off the Port Bow!"

JOE TAM
AGENCE HASH PRESSE

Responding to calls for military aid to assist the government in its fight against recalcitrant Khmer Rouge guerillas, a number of western and Asian countries last week began extensive training of government naval forces in Phnom Penh.

In a co-ordinated 'war game' involving elite Cambodian marines and a mixed group of foreign special forces veterans, organisers played out a mock invasion of the eastern bank of the Mekong River.

"Just listening to the banal language used by Mr. Krishna in his verbal assault on my character is enough for all to see how immature he is and how completely full of skid-marks his Y-fronts are."

The two hacks reportedly settled their differences by fighting and calling each other names, with Mr. Fucker eventually admitting defeat and agreeing to a compromise deal after being called a 'snotty bottom belcher'.

In the deal, the Hash Weekly agreed to change its name to the Hash House Herald - after the newspapers founder Harold Duchateau-Ganga- but will retain its distinctive format.

See story titled "Vapid Virgin Villifies Valiant Vegan in Vitriolic Verbiage",...

...or something like that.

About Cambodia

- 'It's bigger than Holland'
- 'It's quite near Japan'
- 'It has lovely food'
- 'They have a very odd King'
- 'It can be a little dusty at times'
- 'I once read a book on it'

In addition to some 40 marines, the operation also utilised 3 ships from the Cambodian navy as well as more than 70 land vehicles.

Bristling with stubble and sturdy underwear, the marines conducted drills throughout the voyage, taking occasional swigs from the Fosters 'energy drinks' that constituted the only refreshment they had access to, before storming the beach to the surprise of bemused locals.

"I look boat?", offered Cambodia resident Sponge Ng Git as the marines raced past.

Continued on page 2...

Flour ...

To simulate conditions in KR held territory, where residents speak Thai, all street signs were removed prior to the exercise and the soldiers had to find their way to the 'target' using only vague and unreliable signs left by the organisers, Lt-Gen Lee Forsythe and Lt-Col Craig "Toe Jam" Schwartzkopf.

The Cambodian forces remained on the boats where they manned the formidable anti-aircraft hammocks, supported by 2 foreign advisors, Col. Ruth Bottomburp and Cpt. Poppy "Red" Cheeks.

During the exercise the marines stormed several bridges and commandeered a number of motorcycles before arriving at checkpoint Hotel Charlie where the trail headed east towards the river.

The land and sea forces took control of a deserted yet strategic beach in a co-ordinated pincer movement where they established a large beach-head, leav-

ing a small contingent to scout the area to mop up any infiltrators, a move that was accomplished with minimal casualties.

As the flotilla headed back towards a Phnom Penh skyline darkened by dusk, the mariners engaged in a boisterous display of beer-drinking, back-slapping and mat-weaving, obviously considering the manoeuvres a success.

But serious work was at hand and a series of infingements were punished by courtmartial hearings conducted by Lt-Gen Duck Farquas.

Privates Tracy "Little Mermaid" Scunthorpe was punished for having a sappy hash name, unlike Pvts. Hailey, Katie, Trevor, Andy and Ted who were just punished for the sake of it.

This is the army after all.

Virgin Ruth Bottomley set a perfect Run/Hare record when she participated in setting up the course on her first ever run.

Rumours that she will be dubbed the "Harey Virgin",

Kuala Lumpur Hash - Lovely Scenery & Plenty of Ducks.

So you want to run the Mother Hash do you? Several thousand runs on it's still going strong on Monday evenings. But be warned: it's a little different from the Cambodian runs.

It's a paperchase. You follow the paper until it stops and then you start looking. The trail should start within 100yds but can be anything up to 250yds away. Easy? Not in a rubber plantation or on the side of a bloody great hill is isn't. The trail can be as difficult to find as a copy of Mao's "Little Red Book" on President Mahatir's bedside table.

Stick with the locals if you venture out and make sure you get the starting point written down for you - with a ban on runs within twenty miles of town it's a long way back to your hotel if you get lost. And the poor

old hares aren't going to like you for it. They have to find the stragglers and some have been known to crawl in at nine the next morning! But for most hashers the course lasts two, maybe three, hours and goes on for about eight miles. That's without a beer stop, by the way.

Why run it then? Well, the scenery is spectacular and if you've been in Cambodia a while you'll get to see hills again. We had a magnificent hillside sunset on our run. Pity we were using it as a compass really... They're a good crowd (half ex-pat, half local) as well. The down downs are relaxed and there's little chance of getting your land-cruiser nicked on the way home. And of course, you're running hash history.

However, if you thought that Mum lets the girls run then

however, are premature.

The list of sinners seemed to be longer than the list of participants by the end, and for the sake of expediency and rainforest protection there will follow a brief summary:

SINNERS: Goldilocks, Pekka, Vibrator, Margo, Lindsay, Kid Curry (thought he was executed ?), Lindsay (again), Klingon, Wet One (thoroughly deserved, I'm sure), Micheu (??? typos courtesy of Dresser Spelling Inc.), 70 Times, Margo (again), Phil, Potato Head, Vibrator (again), Toe Jam (a frame-up, he was completely innocent), Kid Curry (again - I'm beginning to believe in reincarnation), Tokyo Joe and someone with smelly socks and a hat.

DEPARTURES: Fuck I Don't Know, Kiwi Oui Oui and Puce (Wet One stood in for her on the basis that he is an English tart).

NEW SHOES, WET T-SHIRTS: Piscasso, Maeve (funny, her shoes didn't look

you'd be wrong. It's chaps only. But don't despair. If you're stuck in KL and feel like a jog they have fourteen different runs every week. Yes, fourteen. That's thirteen more than we have in PP! And there's another forty odd around the country.

Hassle the Secretary of the Royal Selangor Club (that's where it all started folks) for more information if you can't find an up-to-date Harrier International. Or, if you're feeling frisky on a Saturday afternoon, contact Michael Lyons (tel & fax 255 8988) for the latest on KL's biggest hash.

D. Fucker

Send your letters to the Hash House Herald, c/o any of the dictatorial team. The HHH fully supports the principal of 'Right to Reply', although our dog has a tendency to eat letters considered defamatory to HHH staff.

Articles can also be presented at the weekly editorial meetings, Heart of Darkness, every Wednesday night..

new at all), DuckFucker (traded them for his wellies in KL recently).

BIRTHDAYS: Legover and, just for a change, Kid Curry.

HASH NAMES: After much shouting, Andrew was to be dubbed either "Where's the Bundy" or "Thieving Cunt".

Presiding judge D.Fucker went for a compromise action that was later overturned by a panel of Grandmothers and henceforth he will be known as "Where's the Bundy?"

In another frenzied discussion, Dot was renamed "Feel Free to Feel Me" after making all efforts to draw attention to her ample bosom.

In a display of unabashed affection by many of her friends, Margot was dubbed "Town Bike" - apparently an Australian term of endearment.

HARES: Lee, Toe Jam and Ruth.

ON ON: Kirirom Restaurant and Duck Fucker went Dutch...

Know Your PNP Mismanagement Committee

Dresser

Position: Mother Superior
Real Name: Suella No-you-cant-have-a-green-card
Plumage: White (dry season); white, with muddy marks (wet season); white (French Open season)
Hobbies: Laying in bed on Sunday mornings until it's too late to set a run; watching Wimpledom; singing (badly); and collecting nail clippings
Duties: Making sure that other people set runs by not setting them herself; stitching up sinners. Vital Statistics: 1 in 44
Fashion: Hates bright colours, dull colours and all other colours. "White's all white with me."

Every week we'll feature a different member of the Mismanagement Committee.

Cigarettes are Good for You - New Evidence

D. FUCKER
ROOTERS

A new report from the Central Repository of Adult Populations suggests that, contrary to popular opinion, cigarettes are not bad for your health and may actually do you some good.

This should come as no surprise argues Philip Morris, one of the CRAP advisors.

"People say that cigarettes are bad for you and add an unnecessary burden to the hospitals" he said, "But look at the facts.

"If you go into any casualty ward on a Saturday night and you won't see many people with a cough."

Arguing that cigarette smoking should be put into the con-

text of a modern society, the report draws comparisons with fatalities caused by drunken driving and Irishmen.

Reports from the West Midlands Regional Crime Squad show that 37% of fatal car crashes involve drunk drivers and that 100%, or nearly all, fatal pub bombings involve Irishmen.

"How many accidents are caused by drivers who smoke?" asks Lucy Strike. "None. That's how many."

The report goes further and suggests that smoking may make for safer pavements.

Benson N. Hedges found that smokers are safer night-time drivers.

"Even if the drivers turn their lights off the pedestrians can see the glow of the cigarettes and get

out of the way in plenty of time."

There have been no reports of pubs being blown up by cigarettes.

Cigarette packs are coded to assist the smoker avoid potential health hazards.

Dr Lambert Anne Butler, the report's medical advisor, explained that male smokers are unlikely to experience problems during child-birth other than demanding wives and sleepless nights.

"And that" she quipped "is hardly the fault of the cigarettes now, is it.

So men should simply select those cigarettes that are likely to cause complications during pregnancy."

The report cites other examples of selective smoking. People worried about heart disease,

for example, can now choose from packs that concentrate on clogging up the arteries, lung cancer or halitosis.

"Just avoid the diseases you're worried about" advises Carmel Lights, "and you'll be puffing away til something else gets you."

So cigarettes are not as bad as some people believe, but are they actually good for you?

Indeed they are, according to Alfred Dunhill.

"We interviewed a total of five hundred and fifty-five smokers in our survey, and not one of them said they had any problems with their sex lives."

"I can smoke forty a day and still give me girlfriend a good shagging when I get in.", Mr Dunhill assured us.

Poppy Denies Bottom Slander as Hack Goes into Hiding.

TOM JISM
NEUTERS

In a disturbing challenge to Cambodia's recently gained press freedom, a reporter for the Hash Weekly has recently received a number of death threats over a series of articles written in the last issue.

The writer, T. Jam, is to receive 24 hour protection from a group of elite police equipped with modern flip flops and hammocks.

"I feel like Salmon Rushdie, forced to go into hiding for his book the Satanic Vases and now facing a lifetime of sit-coms and delivery pizza." said Jam, speaking from a secret safehouse at No. 30, street 322 that he shares with Rushdie and drug fugitive Pedlo Escobar.

Police have interviewed a number of suspects, including Poppy Moonchild-Dharm-Newlytwenty, whom Jam recently revealed as having a bottom the same colour as an Afri-

can member of the ape family.

Although she refused to show us her bottom, Poppy venemently denied that it was red and insisted that police were 'barking up the wrong sugar-palm' in trying to connect her to the death threats.

"You can probe me as much as you like, but you'll never get to the bottom of this", she said, filing down the barrel of a 12-bore shotgun in her picturesque riverside home.

Jam, claiming that all his

articles are researched thoroughly stood by his original allegations.

"I spent weeks looking into Poppy's bottom and went through it with a fine-tooth comb - it's as red as Lenin's jock-strap and I stand by every word I said" replied Jam.

Meanwhile, the probe into allegations that Margot is a Town Bike continues, with police recently travelling to Sofia to interview the former Bulgarian contingent of UNTAC.

God Questioned as Demonstration Turns Violent

BUDDHISTS BUMBLE ABOUT
BY I'BN SHAH GIN

Millions of Cambodians throughout the country took to the streets last Sunday in response to demonstrations organised by the NGO Dissemblers of Goad.

In every town, village and rural commune believers were seen ambling about, sitting down and even sleeping in protest.

A spokesman for DOG, Mr

Tonguekiss, said "I don't see what their bloody problem is."

Mr Dungpiss went on to explain that several banners that may have been considered offensive were removed before the march took place but denied rumours that one banner had read 'Buddha Is Fat'.

This failed to appease the restful crowds who stared mercilessly.

Attempts were made to convince the on-lookers of their sincerity by paying them twice as

much but the crowds merely gaped their contempt.

One DOG demonstrator complained of police harrassment on the march.

"They stood there with their mouths open wide and one of them even cleared his throat noisily and spat.

"It was like a vision from hell" he said, adding that hell is where the Catholics go.

In a rare interview in his modest bed-sit in Blackheath, God pointed out that freedom

of expression is something that he believes very strongly in.

"Human rights are a fundamental part of all religions, except fundamentalist ones of course.

"And as a supporter of individual rights, I myself reserve the right to torture, throughout eternity and with red-hot fondou forks, anyone who pisses me off."

Satan was attending an evening class on macramé and was unavailable for comment.

Rare Animals Head for Hotels in Customs Shocker but Still No Sign of the Bundy

O.J. MATE
AGENCE HASH PRESSE

In its first act as the official government import agency, FinchRape Services has uncovered an attempt to smuggle tons of sub-standard meat into Cambodia.

After receiving a tip-off from an anonymous source, customs officials swooped on representatives of the importers when they arrived at Kompong Som to take possession of the un-refrigerated container in which the meat was stored.

Giving only the name "Andrew" to investigators, the importer claimed that the meat was actually fresh emu, crocodile and Barramundi but officials became suspicious when they noticed dog and cat collars piled in a corner of the container and found a dust-covered saddle with the word 'Shergar' em-

bossed on the inside.

Samples of the meat were taken to Cambodia's state-of-the-art forensics lab near Pochentong airport where scientists poked the meat with a stick and announced it contained not only various body parts from Irish Setters, Dachshunds and Siamese cats, but also traces of fish saliva and gastric juices from 3 rare species of bat.

Indications that small quantities of rum were also in the meat was blamed on faulty equipment.

They even found traces of testicle from a Kouprey, a rare species of cow which is Cambodia's national symbol and of which only 10 are believed to exist.

The Hash Weekly contacted fellow journalist Nate Thayer in Madrid where he is leading an expedition on elephant back to try and find live specimens of

the believed-to-be-extinct Brontosaurus, and informed him of the dead beast.

"Really, save me enough for a burger would you, I was dying to know what they tasted like" a shocked Thayer said, before announcing the end of his expedition.

"We found a number of cats, a goat and a hamster but no sign of the Brontosaurus.

"Still, I consider the expedition a success and have some excellent photographs of me on an elephant with a gun."

Back in Cambodia, officials are preparing for a raid on a popular restaurant which they believe is masterminding the importation of the sub-standard meat into Cambodia.

Refusing to give the restaurants name for fear of tipping off the owner, customs officials admitted only that the raid will take place on Sunday evening.

When asked how he thought the operation would go, the team leader said "No Problem."

NEWS IN BRIEF

DEAD DUCKS. Malaysian Animal Rights Groups are approaching Interpol to assist in an investigation into the violent sexual abuse of over 200 ducks at a zoo in Kuala Lumpur recently. Many were found dressed in women's clothing and the cause of death was in most cases suffocation caused by bits of orange wedged in their beaks. Police have arrested a number of British politicians but the organiser of the Duckophile ring is believed to have fled to Cambodia.

NO OATS IF 4 INCHES STILL MISSING: The fate of Elizabeth "Oats" Weight remains a mystery. Last seen three weeks ago on the morning of 12th June, she failed to show up for a quiet drink later that afternoon. "I'm just going out and I may be some time" were her last words. Meanwhile, fears are also growing for the safety of Barry "Axle" Rogers. Rumours that he is Welsh have been confirmed. Police spokesman Dyffid Powys said "We seem to have lost Four Inches." A close friend confided that he was already short enough.

RECEDING HARELINE:

Run #97 (10 July 94)
Tokyo Joe and Duckfucker
Run #98 (17 July 94)
Bugs and Diaper
Run #99 (24 July 94)
Pekka, are you doing this one?
Run #100 (30 July 94)
Snitch, Klingon, Duckfucker
and Vibrator

Advertisement

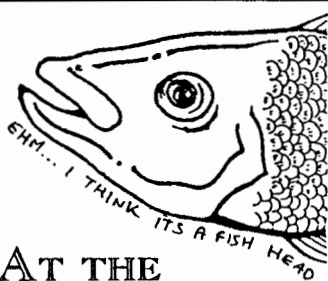
Hare Loss ?

Don't let your Hash go bald. Set a run! You'll be amazed at the results. Yes, in just one Sunday afternoon people you thought were your friends will jeer at you, curse you, and make you drink Fosters. So go on - lose friends, be damned and have a free beer. You'll be sorry if you don't!

TUCKER,
STUBBIES &
CHUNDER



BEARDED CLAMS



AT THE
AUSTRALIAN
PIE AND BEER
FESTIVAL
JUNE 23 - JULY 5

EAT THEM ALL AT:

also:
.Vegemite
.Kouprey
.Lard
.Bread
.Salt
and
much more...



Café **NO**
ATMOSPHERE
and Restaurant

La Mouton

No. 55 Kylie Street, Phnom Penh
For Footie scores & enquiries, call 23456

Le Slop and Australian Beer & Chunder

World Cup USA Football

Hands of God my Arse

In another rare interview, God denied that Irish goalkeeper, Paddy Pat O'Mick had his hands.

"It's absurd, my hands are over 400 miles wide and are so wrinkled you could lose an entire World Cup squad in them."

Independant verification confirmed that God's hands were indeed extremely big, and after comparing them with recent television footage of the Irish goalies digits, God has vowed to bring a lawsuit against Ireland manager Jack Charlton.

"Even all the money he earned doing the Bisto adverts won't be enough" God said.