The HASH HOUSE HERALD

Volume 1 Run 99 | Monday 18th to Sunday 24th July, 1994 | Halfafish

Bemused locals examine the impact crater of Particle Bugs-Diaper 27 in downtown Phnom Penh
(photo Klingon Klips)

Downtown Disaster Debâcle

SNITCH AND D.F.UCKER
SEXUAL BI-WEEKLY (ANAGRAM PRESS)

The first fragments of comet Spewmaker-Bevvy 69 began their bombardment of Jupiter early Saturday morning, raising a plume of heat consistent with a 2,160 km wide garlic sausage simultaneously released through the back end of the whole of Germany after a night on the sauerkraut and fizzy beer.

The plume of the explosion was visible through telescopes, and photographs clearly show scenes resembling what one scientist described as "Something like a large brown stain seeping through green lederhosen."

It was hoped that Cambodia's Hobble telescope would confirm these images, but it was facing the wrong way at the time.

Early fears of fragments being pulled into the earth's gravity and causing widespread damage were not realised. There was little effect on planet Earth, except for a small fire in Hanoi's Dong Xuan market and a collapsed apartment block in Buenos Aires.

According to the *Pansey Kampuchea*, however, one fragment of the comet, Particle Bugs-Diaper 27, span erratically out of its projected trajectory and crashed into the Srok Mean Chay district of downtown Phnom Penh, Cambodia. The impact was at 16:00 local time and caused widespread confusion amongst the inhabitants.

The unconfirmed reports suggest that the particle may have contained some sort of alien life. According to local market traders, about 50 strange life forms were seen scurrying through the devestated streets. Bystanders could only stand and stare in bewilderment.

Unusual signs had appeard in the morning, said local children, aged between 3 and 7, and it seems that these markings served as some sort of map. The aliens entered the Srok Mean Chay district from the direction of the Vietnam bridge and confidently made their way through the streets, pausing now and again to look for these signs. Some local children bravely tried to confuse them by erasing the marks wherever they found them.

At one point, the aliens stopped and appeared to take some sort of refreshment from space-tech style containers. This was a rare opportunity for the local inhabitants to observe these creatures at first hand.

Six year old Fi Dolar Ok suggested that "Kru call them." Others thought that maybe they had been summonsed by Vietnamese spiritualists to disrupt Cambodia's thriving economy. "They run in market," said Ri Poff, a snotty handkerchief seller aged 24. "They bad people. Stop work. Stand in mud. No take moto."

One local cyclo-driver said that most of them appeared to be "carbon-based, bipedal lifeforms. But there were two or three smaller creatures on four legs that seemed to be in charge."

These strange creatures appear to be capable of rudimentary communications. According to Mr Sper Nk, a 37 year old used condom dealer, they were making plaintive calls, apparently trying to find something. "I am very interesting in learning Englis. But I no understand" added Mr Nk.

Press Off!

D F UCKER
HAND SHANDY REVIEW

Cambodia's journalists, struggling with the new Press and Information Freedom and Fairness Legislation (PIFFLE), have suffered yet another blow. Following the closure of several papers and the arrest of local editors, the co-editor of the Hash House Herald fled to the relative safety of Myanamar on Monday.

This is the third recent departure from the ranks of the Herald staff: reporters Joe O'Tokie and Karl Bohydrate left last week and chief editor Duck Fucker is worried.

But he was quick to deny rumours of a split, which caused some minor disappointment amongst press-watchers. There had been speculation of vicious in-fighting in the editorial offices. However, Mr Fucker assured reporters that changes at the top had been agreed to amicably. They reflected his co-editor's increasing involvement with the paper and ability to use the computer.

Mr Fucker took over the Herald, a reputable expatriate paper, in May. But it wasn't until Mr Jam realised that he had

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About Cambodia

- It's small.
- It's small and war-torn.
- It's small, war-torn and in South East Asia.

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PEOPLE

Barry 'Axle' Rogers -The Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers seem set to get an extra four inches for their anniversary run on July 30th. The GMH, who is currently enjoying a short three month holiday, telephoned co-worker and hash stalwart Vibrator the other day to ask if he could have a few more days off. "No problem," says Vibrator. "But you'll be missing the birthday." "What birthday?" says our Baz, checking his diary. Only the hash's hundredth! Yes, that birthday. Keep an eye out for flight TG696 from Bangkok, arriving 12noon on the 30th carrying our very own Four Inches to a well deserved down down or three.

Kate Dixon - There's been a rush on runs and business is booming for Trail Mistress Bizzie Lizzie. Where the Receding Hareline used to be a question of "Who's setting next week's run?" it's now overflowing to mid-September. "It's been long and hard, but we're keeping it up," said her husband, refering to the number of hares. Mistress Lizzie won't reveal the secret of her success, but she was seen cornering several prospective hares last Sunday. "I don't think she's the easiest woman to say 'No' to," said a slightly flushed and out of breath Moby. And Late for Dinner. And Clive B. And...

From Page 1...

(Press Off)

nothing better to do on a Friday night that the paper assumed its now familiar format.

"Since then," according to Mr Fucker, "Toe-Jam has played a much greater part in the paper's production."

Mr Jam started in the traditional role of tea-boy, but soon set his sights higher. According to popular legend however, he couldn't make a cup of tea if his (sex) life depended on it.

His big break came when the editor left Phnom Penh for a dirty week in Malaysia. An exclusive scoop on the Prek Leap six put him in the fore-front of investigative journalism - although this was nothing to the handfuls the editor was getting in KL.

Toe-Jam's departure could not have come at a worse time for the Herald. Next week sees the centenary celebration of the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers, a society closely linked to the Herald. They have a controlling share in the paper. "If we screw up the coverage, we're going to be in deep shit," said Mr Fucker, aged 30.

Meanwhile, the editor confirmed Sunday that he did indeed have another job.

SPECIAL OFFER

It's the P2H3's 100th run on Saturday and to mark this special occasion the Hash House Herald is giving away FREE POSTERS. All you have to do to enjoy the benefits of this GIVEAWAY OFFER is remove the sheet of A4 paper inside and stick it up somewhere so other people can see it. There is also a FREE MAP to help you get to Pteah Tom all by yourself.

Know Your PNP Mismanagement Committee

Flip Flop

Position: RA (FRB)
Real Name: Ray Worner
Duties: Keeping it up and putting others down.
Hobbies: Golf, masticating and killing animals; tupperware dos.
Likes: Plastic clothes; the complete works of Tomas de Torquemada
Dislikes: Sinners; Catholics (see Sinners); trousers.
Motto: When did you last see your father?
Distinguishing Features: Extremely short shorts.

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

From Page 1...

(Downtown)

But this is all a load of bollocks according to Western observers. The 'aliens' were in fact members of the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers, a local running club.

There is nothing unusual in the locals being confused and staring stupidly," said one diplomat from the Consular Section of the US Embassy who declined to be named. "They do it every week. Legs. They especially like staring at the legs. You'd think that they didn't have any of their own." Ms Pipal is 56.

The Hobble telescope cost slightly more than the Peace Keeping Operation in Cambodia and so far has proved just as bloody useless.

POTTIE BLOTTIE

July 17 Police round up nine suspects accused of virginity. They are named as Roger Hyde, Jenny Peters, Paul "Pugwash" Gamache, Ian G (aka Hash Cam), Sarah Parker, Brian Clegg, Stef Preese, Dave Mansfield and Don Melville. In a further incident, Dave Mansfield was accused of being a friend of Snitch.

July 17 Fag End and Margaret are detained whilst re-entering Cambodia. Fears have been expressed for their sanity. Fears have also been expressed for Margaret's shorts.

July 17 Police foil an attempt by three desperadoes to leave Cambodia. Diaper, Rubber Doll and Sarah the Virgin are all sentenced to ingest frothy ale.

July 17 Hardened hasher Voyeur is surrounded by a vicious gang and made to drink beer after running 50 hashes. He is also accused of setting five runs.

July 17 An undercover investigation has revealed that Moby has run 25 hashes and Bugs has run 20. Further investigations show that Cyril Guth and Bizzie Lizzie have run 15 hashes; Balls 10; and Ann Harradine and Kid Curry 5 each. The accused are all found guilty and the potties charged.

July 17 Bugs, Duckfucker and Laura are all found guilty of anti-social behaviour. Bugs and Duckfucker are said to have raced, contrary to accepted practice; and Laura is accused of running in headphones, also contrary to accepted practice. All three are sent down down for a tin of beer.

July 17 Roger Hyde is found in possession of new shoes and skimpy shorts. He is made to drink from his left shoe on condition that he leave the skimpy shorts to Flip Flop.

July 17 Clive Baldwin is accused of wearing a fucking ridiculous green corduroy hat and sentenced to run with the wand. Police note that the incidence of silly hats is on the increase and warn the public that wearing them will not be tolerated.

July 17 A pile of wood is found in front of a holding check and hares Diaper and Bugs accused of making off without markings. They are sentenced to two beers each to be served consecutively.

THE LIGHT OF REASON

Exhibit your symptom! This is a chance for you hashers to really give your grievances an airing. Clear your tracheas and cough something up. Get what you've wanted to say off your chests and out into the open. We asked Town Bike to contribute something for this issue. But she didn't.

So, we are soliciting articles from YOU the tax exempt public. OK, we know that you pay taxes Dresser, but someone has to finance the imminent invasion of Haiti and the provision of a World Policeman. I mean, nobody expects Sweden to go and sort out some Caribbean tiff, do they? And over here they can't even direct traffic, let alone world affairs. What would happen to these places if you didn't invade them? After all, you can't expect them to sort their own lives out, can you.

Yes, we want you to write in and tell us any amusing anecdotes about your illnesses or enjoyable stays in hospital. And remember, Cambodia's just one big basket case.

We're sure you'll have us in stitches! No? Oh well, suture self. Any contribution accepted - especially if it comes with graphic photographs from before and after. Anything that includes the line, "Are you going for a wash and brush up?" is going to be strongly considered.

Write in and see. Maybe you will be the contributor chosen first. But remember, if you don't tell us, we can't tell them!

Your hash needs you.

Hash Cash Flows Freely

BY VOYEUR AND DEATHWISH
SWISS BANK SUPPLEMENT

"The problem," said Jeremy, leaning back as he took another luxurious pull on the fat Havana cigar, "is that people just don't believe us." This was readily confirmed by Carita as she sipped her Veuve Cliquot.

Jeremy and Carita (their real names have been changed in the interests of personal safety) are the financial wizards behind the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers. But the good times may be behind them as rumours of embezzlement gather pace in the run-up to the eagerly awaited 100th hash.

Their troubles started back in May when the registration fee suddenly leapt to US$5 a week, a dramatic increase of 66%. "It's quite simple," said Carita as she admired her Bermuda tan. "Three dollars a week wasn't enough to keep the hash going. We were losing money."

A General Winge was called and the matter was discussed. The price increase was overwhelmingly agreed to by those present. So far, so good. But where does the money go? Jeremy denies that the custom-made Ferrari parked outside his sumptuous villa was bought with the increased revenue.

"No. It's all straight," he told us. "The money collected each week is a registration fee that enables the Mismanagement Committee to provide and organize the Hash with a variety of facilities."

These include drinks each week for the hashers; ice to keep the drinks cold; buckets to keep both in; hash flash and trash; hash meetings; and there is the occasional charitable donation. "Last year," said Carita, "we were able to provide Continental IndoChine with an urgently needed Lear Jet."

There is also a cash float for ordering T-shirts, boat hire and other similar needs, and anniversary events.

This would appear to be the root of the hash cash scandal. Jeremy currently has something like US$700 of hash cash (US$100 of which comes from a sponsorship deal); has paid a US$500 deposit for the anniversary T-shirts and has another US$560 to pay. In addition to this, Carita has about US$300, having recently paid off outstanding debts.

That leaves less than US$500 for the 100th run party. At a recent meeting of the Mismanagement Committee it was decided that such a special occasion should be suitably marked.

"We want to make it the mother of all parties," said Assistant Grand Master Nick. These parties, it would seem, don't come cheap.

Unfortunately, the P2H3 is not as flush as it would like to be. Apart from the money, the hash has a small amount of liquid assets, 6 buckets (2 of which are broken and used for empties) and 7 T-shirts.

"That's why we have to charge the punters ten bucks," said Jeremy. "But look at what people will be getting for their money: T-shirts, booze, programmes, kramahs, booze, food, more booze. The list goes on."

And so, it would seem, will the show.

pizza ad

Plastic Pain

Acting GMH to the P2H3, HE Hung Sick has complained again about the plastic wrap on some of the bottles used by the hash. "You can't get the bloody things off!" he said peevishly.

"The problem is these funny plastic things that no-one knows the name of that go around the top of the bottle. If we knew what they were called we could ask the weekly brews to get their guards to remove them before the runs."

HE Hung Sick is 92.

WRITE TO REPLY!!

Sir

I really must complain about the numbering system on the so-called "Hash House Herald". Yesterday I paid my half a fish and received issue #98. The week before , I handed over my Som Loi and received issue #96! Have I missed an issue or just the point?

On another matter, I read in this morning's daily press that Prince Chakrapong has been seen in a pizza parlour in Kuala Lumpur. Yet this news failed to make it into the Herald. What gives? Here we are right in the middle of breaking ~~wind~~ stories and you ignore them.

Call yourself an editor? Huh!

And another thing. I've noticed that the fold isn't in the middle of the paper. What do you intend doing about this???

Yours
HE Hung Sick

HE Hung Sick is currently appearing in Uncle Vanya's Cherry Orchard where he will be averting a third world war and preventing earthquakes entirely through research into abstract uses for goats' bladders. Prince Chakrapong will soon be appearing in Paris.

Newts In Briefs

Metaphorically Speaking

PP - *The Cambodia Slimes* has been nominated for a special award in the Prolix Promotional Presentation for their leading article on Second Prime Minister Hun Sen "fielding questions... with the aplomb on a neurosurgeon applying a band-aid." Said Mr T Mohan, the paper's editor, "I'm as pleased as two birds in the bush."

Pong on Toilet

KUALA LUMPUR - After weeks in hiding, Prince Norodom Chakrapong was finally spotted on a fast-food outlet in a suburb of KL. Human Rights Organizations say that this invasion of a privy is likely to create a stink.

Dyslexia Found for Cure

KEY WORN - qweRdr der tUsk efty Ntf dhTax H ltEj i1d n0 vhdfkOTr kdHh sdrt HomA yndkSe lH opiOuy rNv jdbSsA aTlfn jcfjf uiyt e3dfg 0hm kdsT aqHwer tyulm kj h bJg vdUfs a wed rLf gjtuhj io pthY mcmxciv

Irish Mist

PASADENA, California - The lights finally went out in the Irish camp yesterday as Brazil clinched the World Cup for a record fourth time after Roberto Baggio fucked up in the penaltly shoot-outs, rather like Chris Waddle did four years ago. "We were hoping for a last minute reprieve," admitted Ireland's balding manager. However, he denied that his team were likely to be charged with the Guildford Pub bombings following their humiliating exit from the championship.

Innocent Ties

BANGKOK - New evidence has emerged to prove the innocence of the 14 Thais implicated in the failed coup. A Government spokesThai said that all 14 had professed their innocence and that was more than good enough for him. "Thais couldn't lie," he added.

Some Proposal! Wet One Gets It Out

BY JUSTIN KIDD
CURRY QUARTERLY

Stuck in the glittering trash of eastern Phnom Penh, the Royal Phnom Penh Hotel was an appropriate setting for the Phnom Penh Players recent one act plays by Anton Chekov.

Chekov, hash name Kay Gee Bee, is a past GMH of the Gorki Comrades Hash and has hashed throughout the former Soviet Union, showering behind iron curtains. He spent time, lots of time, with the exclusive Siberian Gulag Hash where he was a hit with his fellow hashers as Hash Lash and always set a cracking pace.

However, his most famous exploit was with the Moscow Hash when he and Mikhal 'Sportski' Gorbachev set the world-renowned live Breakaway Run through Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. This run was unique in that the Glorious Soviet People's Failing Flour Factory Number 27 forced the trail to be set with turnips.

The MosH3 Hashki Trashki reported the run as being "The most important run since the inaugral October 1st Run set in July 1917."

The October 1st Run so moved Kay Gee Bee that he sold all his worldly possessions for the sum of 6,417,000 roubles (9.6 riel) and went into self-imposed exile as a writer and used turnip salesman.

The first of his plays to grace PP was "The Proposal", starring the darling of the stage and gutter, the P2H3's very own Wet One. Wet One appeared under his professional name, Manic Rigrat.

The most recent of Kay Gee Bee's plays, "The Proposal" is actually based on Wet One's experiences in the FCC three weeks ago when he offered bodily consolation to Ann Boiler, a maiden best described as being in her twilight years. Wet One was apparently looking for her Twilight Zone, but as she later confided to The Hash House Herald, "I was pissed and seeing double. I thought he was twice the man he is."

Kay Gee Bee has cleverly disguised what was a moving first for Wet One into something less deep and penetrative - a marriage proposal.

Wet One played himself to perfection. And what a player he is. He had flashes, he screamed, he shouted, he palpitated often and violently - although the audience thought he was red in the face because his tie was tooooo hot! Such was his performance that the MCC (Men's room Critics Club) agreed anonymously that he should be in the running for the Oscar Fosters.

Yes, the audience were visibly moved to beers. This critic, however, sought to keep things in perspective and found that when you look through the bottom of a glass the actors seem further away.

That really sums up "The Proposal". The other actors said some stuff and the bird fainted when she realised that Wet One wasn't acting, but it was Wet One who stole the show and door takings.

RECEDING HARELINE

Run #100 (30 July 94)
Snitch, Klingon, Duckfucker, Vibrator

Run #101 (31 July 94)
Vibrator, Mr Diesel

THE HASH HOUSE HERALD
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July 18-24, 1994

Editor
Duck Fucker

Layout
KC Design

Reporters
D.F. Ucker
Snitch
Kid Curry
Voyeur
Deathwish

Contributions
We welcome contributions on any subject. Please contact members of the dictatorial team at their weekly meetings at the:

Heart of Darkness,
Wednesday evenings.

The Hash House Herald is an independent newspaper established through the support of Hash House Harriers Inc.

NOTICE

Next week's Hash House Herald will be published on Saturday 30th July and not Sunday 31st.

We hope that this will not inconvenience our readers and would like to wish them a Merry Christmas.

Bullshit

BEIJING - It has been announced that four tons of bullshit from the PR of C have been donated by Beijing for irritating projects. Poor agricultural workers who run short of shit are likely to benefit from the gift the fux said. The second deputy vice-governor of Battambang said that it could be used to smother other 'gifts' from Beijing that have a higher impact on the local communities.

THE ONE AND ONLY PHNOM PENH HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

are celebrating their

100th. RUN

on Saturday 30th. July

Free commemorative T shirt/singlet and Kramaa.

Registration fee a mere $10!
Meet on the Railway Station forecourt at 15.30

Run commences from Pteah Thom at 16.30

Long and short runs as well as a walk, all athletic tastes catered for!

Followed by the

MOTHER OF ALL PARTIES

Free food, free drink,

Only those registered for the run will be eligible for the party and giveaways!

Little Red Riding Hood's Navigation Course

Part 1. How to get to Pteah Tom (That's Khmer for Big F------ House)

Step 1

If you are at the Wat Phnom end of town, head south (that's down)

else if you are in Vietnam, head up and across.

Find the *corner* of **Monivong Boulevard (formally Achar Mean)** and **Issarak Street (formally Keo Mony Boulevard)** in Phnom Penh (formally South Bangkok).

Proceed *West on Keo Mony* (that's across) until you reach **Street 163** (that's the second road for the Russian market). Street 163 is easy to find as it is the second street on Keo Mony that has a steel archway over it.

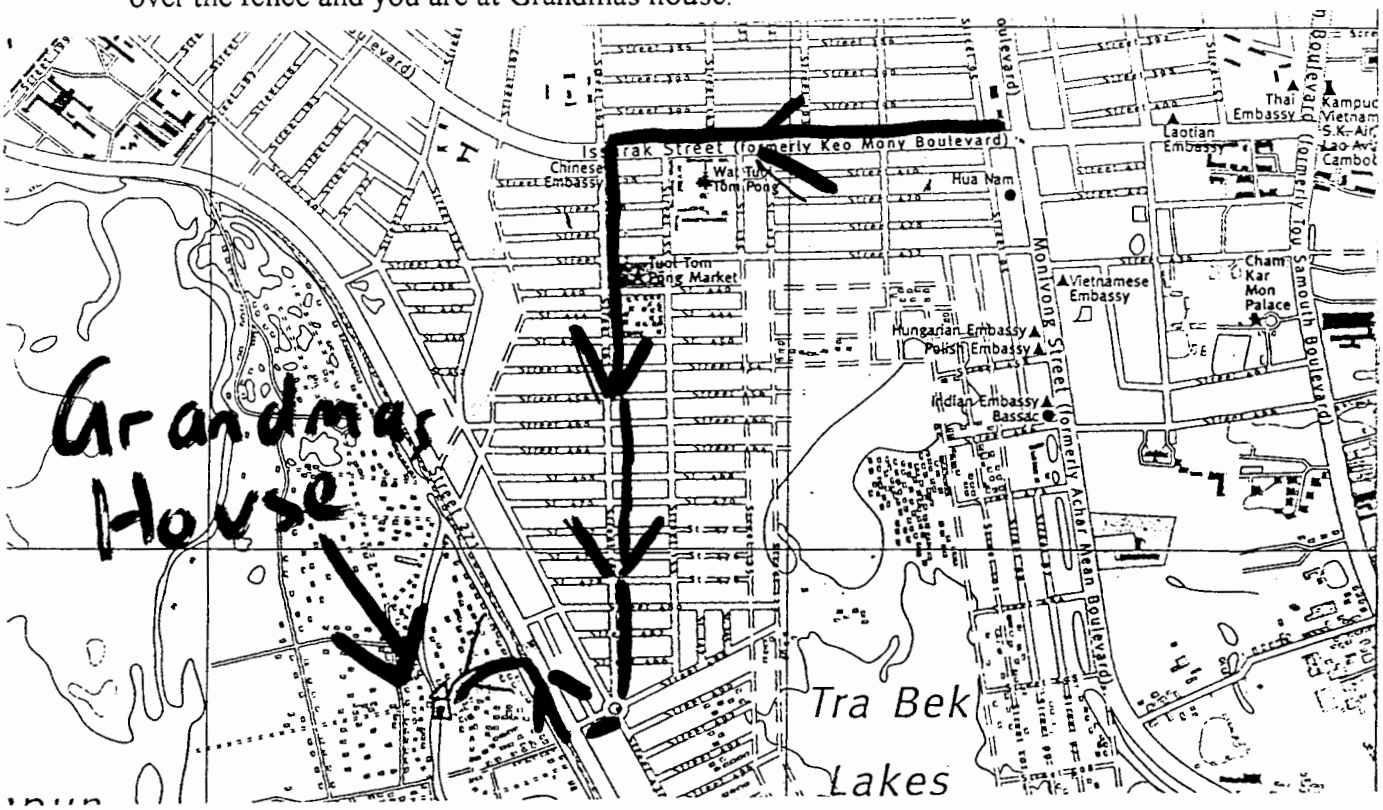
Drive, ride, run, walk or crawl down Street 163 (past the Russian market) until you come to the **roundabout** (the round thing with a bout in the middle).

Do not turn left. Do not turn a sharp right. Do not turn into your girlfriends driveway unless there is a coathanger on the Christmas decorations near the patio because her father will cut your balls off for being an adulterous little bastard.

Proceed almost straight ahead (with a little bit of a right skip), up the hill to **Street 271** (that's a big street about twice as big as street 135.5).

Turn right (for the men that's the hand with the crampy feeling, for the women its the one with the funny smelling fingers).

Proceed for about 300 or 400 yards until you see the first dirt road on the left. It isn't much of a road (none are here) and it drops away a bit (maybe 5 metres).

Turn left now dingle head. You're nearly there.

At the end of the dirt road, turn left and the big fence on you right is Pteah Tom. Climb over the fence and you are at Grandmas house.